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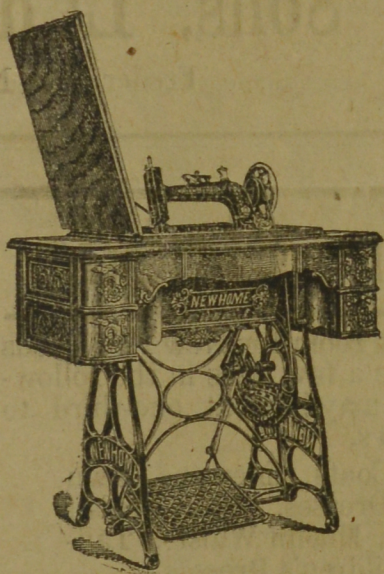
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The Herald Office

An Independent Miller.

When Frederick built his famous palace of Sans Souci there happened to be a mill that greatly hampered him in the execution of his plans, and he asked the miller for how much he would sell it. The miller replied that for a long series of years his family had owned the mill, which had passed from father to son, and that he would not sell it for any price. The king used every solicitation, offered to build him a mill in a better place and pay him, besides, any sum he might demand, but the obstinate miller still persisted in his determination to preserve the inheritance of his ancestors.

Irritated at last by his conduct, the king sent for him and said in an angry tone:

"Why do you refuse to sell your mill notwithstanding all the advantages I have offered you?"

The miller repeated his reasons. "Do you know," continued the king, "that I could take it without giving you a penny?"

"Yes," returned the miller calmly. "If it were not for the chamber of justice at Berlin."

The king was so flattered by this answer, which showed that he was incapable of an act of injustice, that he dismissed the miller without further entreaty and changed the plan of his garden.

A Philosopher's Fable.

Arthur Anll is responsible for this one:

"Folly, Genius and Common Sense once went walking and came to a stream. Genius, having his head in the clouds, naturally started to wade across, paying no attention to the depth. The waters soon went over his head, and he was drowned. Common Sense hunted for a safe way to get across, and finally he found a foot log. As he got out about the center of the stream the log swayed, and he fell into the water and sank to rise no more. Folly stopped at the bank of the stream to amuse himself by throwing pebbles into the water and watching the waves. He sat upon the moist, cold bank until he caught a cold which developed into pneumonia, of which he soon died. Moral.—It doesn't make much difference, after all, whether you are a genius, a sage or a fool. You'll get it sooner or later anyway."

Told to Earn His Own Salary.

Commodore Vanderbilt discovered in James H. Rutter, then in the employ of the Erie railroad, a man he believed the freight department of the Central needed, says the Baltimore News. It is related that some time after he took charge of the Central's traffic office Rutter called on the commodore to submit a plan for improvement. When he had stated the case the president looked at him sharply and asked:

"Rutter, what does the New York Central pay you \$15,000 a year for?"

The reply was, "For managing the freight traffic department."

And then the commodore said, "Well, you don't expect me to earn your salary for you, do you?"

Rutter went out and carried through his plan on his own judgment. The result was highly satisfactory. Rutter became president of the Central.

Up to Snuff.

A man in workman's garb one day called at a local dentist's, and the door was opened by a maid.

Workman—Is the gent in that draws teeth?

Servant—No, sir, but I expect he will be in shortly.

Workman (pausing on doorstep)—Does he give gas?

"Yes."

"What does he charge?"

"One dollar."

"What—one dollar! Do you mean to say, miss, a fellow's got to swallow down 1,000 feet of gas to have one tooth pulled out? No fear. I reckon I know a bit about it, for I work down at the gas works myself. I'll go to another dentist and have it pulled out without gas."—Exchange.

Not Interested.

"I have called," said the book agent, "to see if I can interest you in a little work."

"Young man," snapped the woman who answered the door, "just now I am interested in washing my dishes, dusting, cleaning up after the paper-hanger, making six beds, polishing the hardwood floors, ironing my husband's shirts, getting two more meals today, darning nine pairs of stockings and stringing my sweet peas, and I might say that that's more work than you men ever thought of doing. No; you can't interest me in any more."—Detroit Free Press.

Getting an Early Start.

"Father, what do you wish me to be when I grow up?"

"The same as I am, my son—a lawyer."

"Then instead of wasting any more time on arithmetic, geography and such truck I'd better be getting at the hypothetical question, hadn't I?"—Judge.

Defying Death.

There is no use of reading any more rules about how to live a long time. An old lady 100 years old has eaten New England doughnuts all her life.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Official Goat.

"Your wife doesn't seem to care much for that friend of yours."

"No. He's the man I lay the blame on when I'm detained downtown."—Philadelphia Post.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—La Rochefoucauld.

SIMPLY MARVELLOUS!

R. C. Tate, Ottawa—"Fruit-a-tives" cured me of Constipation and Biliousness."

Miss Mary Win, Kingston, Ont.—"Fruit-a-tives cured me of Chronic Headaches."

L. A. Brown, Avondale, N.B.—"Fruit-a-tives cured me of Dyspepsia."

Mrs. S. A. Sutherland, Taylorville, Ont.—"Fruit-a-tives entirely cured me of Severe Heart Pains."

C. J. Placey, Ulverton, Que.—"Fruit-a-tives completely cured me of Kidney Disease."

Mrs. R. S. Small, Ottawa—"Fruit-a-tives absolutely cured me of Rheumatism."

Mrs. M. Brelland, Ell, Man.—"I suffered with severe Womb Trouble for years. Fruit-a-tives cured me."

Mrs. F. Mailhot, Ottawa—"I took Fruit-a-tives and they cured me of Eczema."

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

QUITE FOGGY.

It Must Have Been Pretty Thick Back in the Old Days.

"Yass, it's foggy—quite foggy," said Hezekiah Torpyhue, filling his pipe and puffing vigorously on the stem. "But it ain't nothin' to the fog we had back in seventy-nine. By gorry, boys, but that was a fog, an' no mistake! Why, it was so thick that when I went out to the barn one night to feed the animals I had to git three of the farm hands to come along behind me an' push me through it."

"Yass," said Hiram Wigley, the egg king, "that was some fog. I remember that there seventy-nine affair very well, but it warn't a marker alongside of the two we had in seventy-eight, when me an' Joe Sillsbee had to take a plow to cut our way through to the henhouse, an', by ginger, when we got there we found the hens a-settin' on it instid of on their nests, an' some of 'em laid eggs right on to it like as though it was made of hay, b'gosh!"

"Yass," put in old Granter Smoggs, the village patriarch, "them there two fogs was dandies, an' everything you fellers says about 'em is gospel trewth, but fer real fog ye'd oughter been around here back in my young days. I tell ye, they was solid, them days. Why, we boys used to set on the fence down in front of the little chapel an' make fog balls outen 'em an' peg 'em at people as they went by. Seems to me I ain't seen no fogs sence that time that we could make snowballs out of. Have you, Bill?"

The Laborer and His Hire.

At a conference in New York of foreign missions boards reference was made to the increased cost of living of missionaries home on leave, which made it harder for them to get along than if they stayed in their foreign field of labor.

"Why," said the speaker, "a missionary must travel decently, and that reminds me of a story of Mr. Spurgeon and a fellow clergyman. The two were just starting on a railway journey and Mr. Spurgeon's friend showed him a second class ticket.

"See," said he, 'what good care I take of the Lord's money.'

"See," said Mr. Spurgeon, bringing out a first class ticket, 'what good care I take of the Lord's servant.'—Youth's Companion.

The Don's Opinion.

Fashion is as inexorable in men's as in women's dress. The undergraduate is perhaps the most telling example of this. It was so even a century ago. When Oxford led the way in adopting the new nankeen trousers that were to supersede tight breeches and top boots just about that period a don of Trinity met an undergraduate arrayed in all the splendor of the new fashion. "Young man," said the don severely, "you will come to no good. You wear nankeen trousers and keep a dog." The young man afterward became Dr. Sumner and bishop of Winchester.—London Chronicle.

Interested.

He was telling his wife about a small game of poker in which he had lost 45 cents.

"It was the worst game I ever played," he exclaimed, still angry over it, "and I got so mad I couldn't see."

"What did you do then, dear," she asked sweetly—"go it blind?"

Caught.

She—Did you hear they were going to tax bachelors? He—Yes, but they'll never get it out of me. She—It is nice of you to put it that way, but I must speak to mother first.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

CANADIAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

(Continued from Second Page.)

sent as a grant to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Our foreign population requires the scriptures in 90 languages, and in all these languages the Bible Society is disseminating the truth of God as widely as its means allow. The Diglot is a costly but effective method of work. Six and twenty of these Diglots are in use or will shortly be in use in the Dominion. There is an urgent opportunity for all this work at the foundations of manhood and citizenship.

WINTER PORT WORK.

In the "winter ports" of Halifax and St. John the agents of the society, in 1901, distributed among the migrants 25,000 scriptures in 36 languages. The settlements of foreigners now found in the maritime district, as well as the workmen on the Grand Trunk Pacific are visited by Rev. Dr. Heine, the agent and colporteur of the society. He visits the villages and camps, conversing with the people, preaching the gospel and selling and distributing the Holy Word.

The society holds the immigrant has a right to all the offices of evangelization and civilization and aims, by the power of the Word, to make him a faithful Christian and loyal Canadian. What will you do to put "the Book" in the hands of those who have never read it before?

The friends of the Bible and of Canada are urged to contribute the means by which this sacred work may be pushed. The Canadian Bible Society is the only Bible society appealing for support to the Canadian public of eastern Canada. It is not a book or tract society, dealing in Sunday school libraries and general literature. Neither is it connected with book or tract societies, nor in any way identical with them. If it were it would cease to be a Bible society.

The income is secured by collections and subscriptions taken in the branches and congregations. The collectors belong to the communities, consequently the revenue of the society is gathered by the people of the place—and no other person has the right to represent the Bible Society or solicit and receive funds for its support.

This helper and co-worker of all the churches will soon make its annual appeal. Its labors are receiving ever fuller recognition; but there is in Canada alone an opportunity and a call which will more than tax the society's resources. Though the committee feels the need of larger financial recognition, it does not, by voice or pen, plead immediately or mainly for money; but rather for a wider and more prayerful sympathy, satisfied that a people who enjoy the rich heritage of a civilization founded on the Word of God will not fail in that full expression of sympathy and financial support the magnitude of Bible work demands.

HAVE YOU A HORSE?

If you want to keep him in shape, never let him suffer pain. Rub on "Nerviline" it is noted for curing strains, swellings and stiffness and sore muscles. For internal use in curing cramps and colic, Nerviline is a perfect marvel. In every good training stable you'll find Nerviline, because it keeps horses in trim and reduces the veterinary bill. Farmers stockmen and all horse owners should buy Nerviline and prove how powerful it is. Good for man or beast. 25c

WAS HOTTEST DAY.

Yesterday Thermometer Reached 95 In Toronto—Man Dies.

Toronto, Aug. 9.—Everybody guessed right yesterday. It was the hottest day of the year, and a little bit hotter than any day of last year.

From the lakes region to the Atlantic the heat wave prevailed, with Ontario getting the worst of it. In Toronto the observatory recorded 93.3 degrees of heat, which was the highest temperature registered, while London came second with 93 degrees. It is probable that some parts of interior Ontario had a higher temperature than Toronto. Last year's high temperature, 92.2, was recorded on July 12, followed by 92 on Aug. 4. Prior to yesterday, the warmest day this year was June 21, when 90.4 degrees were recorded.

One death and several prostrations were reported during the day, resulting from the excessive heat.

Timothy Walterhouse of 163 Munroe street, Toronto, died suddenly at his home early yesterday morning. During the night he complained of the heat and went down stairs. In the morning his family found him dead in a chair. About a year ago he suffered from a sunstroke, and ever since had not been feeling in the best of health.

Crazy With the Heat.

New York, Aug. 9.—The heat yesterday moved two citizens of Staten Island to exhibitions of eccentricity that called out the police and fire departments. Anton Civohe, 36 years old, climbed a high tree and hung swaying to the topmost branches, chattering like an ape. Threats to shoot from the police and to chop down the tree failing, a thorough drenching of the firemen were finally compelled to run up a 60-foot extension ladder and snare their man from his perch with an improvised lasso. He fought actively.

A Little Later Ole Anderson, 37 years old, peeled off all his clothes, and climbing to the ridgepole of his three storey house, tried to jam himself down the chimney. The fireman caught him alive.

World's Greatest Flight.

Mourmelon Le Grand, France, Aug. 9.—Roger Sommer, a French aviator, who has been driving aeroplanes only for the last three months, Saturday beat Wilbur Wright's record of 2 hours, 20 minutes, and 57 seconds, by circling around in the air for 2 hours, 25 minutes and 15 seconds, and covering more than one hundred miles.

Sommer started at fourteen minutes past three o'clock in the bright moonlight. In the beginning he traveled slowly near the ground at elevations running from six to sixty yards. After the machine had become limbered up the aviator increased his speed, and the coming of daylight showed him traveling and manoeuvring easily. When it became evident that he had beaten the duration record held by Wilbur Wright, the assembled crowd cheered wildly, and as Sommer came to the ground at forty-one minutes and fifteen seconds past five o'clock he was given an ovation.

A PAINLESS CORN CURE.

Easily applied—costs but a quarter—that's Putnam's Corn Extractor, fifty years in use. Insist on "Putnam's" only.

LINCOLN.

Aug. 9.—A very severe wind and rain storm passed over Lincoln about 5 o'clock yesterday, doing a lot of damage to the lumber on the river, breaking loose several joints and sending them adrift. Mr. Kimball was on hand with a crew of men, otherwise the damage would have been greater.

The I. O. G. T. lodge installed their officers on Tuesday evening. A large number was present from Cloverdale and Bell lodges. Rev. T. Bell made a stirring address on Temperance, which held the members spellbound for three-quarters of an hour.

Miss Pearl Mitchell, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Mitchell, arrived from the West on Friday for a few weeks' visit with her mother, Mrs. Harry Mitchell.

Miss Jennie Johnson is spending a week with relatives in Burton.

Miss Annie Williamson of St. John, is spending a few weeks with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. True.

CHILDRENS CHEST TROUBLES

Nurse Carrington Says Her Long Experience Proves the Safest Remedy Is to

RUB ON NERVILINE!

Every mother knows how difficult it is to get a young child to take a cough mixture. Seldom will one help unless given in large doses, and the result is to completely upset the stomach and make the child sick.

Speaking of the prompt cure for chest troubles and child's colds, Nurse Carrington says: "In all my experience in nursing I haven't met any preparation so dependable as Nerviline. It is the ideal liniment. Every drop you rub on is absorbed quickly, sinks through the pores to the congested muscles, eases, relieves and cures quickly. Especially for chest colds, pain in the side, stiff neck, earache, toothache, I have found Nerviline invaluable. In treating the minor ills of children Nerviline has no equal. I think Nerviline should be in every home."

A million bottles of Nerviline used every year—this is itself a burden of proof that it is the ideal liniment for the home. Refuse anything your dealer may offer instead of Nerviline. Large bottles 25c, five for \$1.00. Sold everywhere, and by The Cattaraugus Co., Kingston, Ont.

Pineapple Pie.—Take one pineapple and chop fine, add two cups of sugar, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of water; bake between two crusts. This makes two or three pies, according to the size of the plates.

Almond Ckge.—The whites of four eggs, two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, two-thirds cup of milk, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor with almond, three and one-half of flour. Frosting with yolk of three eggs; flavor the frosting with vanilla.

WHY COUGH SYRUPS FAIL.

They slip quickly over the sore irritated membranes, drop into the stomach and do little else but harm digestion. It's different with Catarrh—honzene—you inhale it. Every breath sends healing balsams to the inflamed tissues. Tightness, soreness and inflammation are cured by healing pine essences. The cough goes away, throat is strengthened, huskiness is cured. Nothing so simple, so convenient, so certain to cure as Catarrh—honzene. Try it. 25c and \$1.00 sizes. Sold everywhere.