Don't Hack and Cough!

until you make yourself and everyone near you miserable. It is not necessary when

NADRUCO
Syrup of Tar
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will stop the irritation, heal the inflamed membranes of the throat and soon cure the severest cough. COLDS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and WHOOPING COUGH yield to the soothing and healing influence of this wonderful cough medicine.

You owe it to yourself and your friends to always keep a bottle in the house at this season. None genuine unless in a Red Package bearing the trademark Na-Dru-Co. 17

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A Poem for the Present

In these days of hurry and rush when every one seems to be working at high tension, there is need for us to stop and consider what is, all means, else in our haste to accomplish our own desires, we may find too late that we have missed the real meaning of things and the true joys of life. The following poem entitled "Outlook," by one of our most illustrious poets (Archibald Lampman) is quite applicable for the present:

"Not to be conquered by these head long days,
But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this,
What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
This is to live, and win the final praise.
Though strife, ill-fortune, and harsh human need
Beat down the soul, at moment's blind and dumb,
With agony; yet patience—there shall come
Many great voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity."

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

Macaroni with Nuts.

Break 2 ounces of macaroni into small pieces and cook until tender then drain well. Roast 1-4 pound of nuts slightly in the oven, then chop not too fine. Mix the macaroni and nuts together and stir in 1 tablespoon of tomato or brown sauce, 1 tablespoon of butter, a pinch of salt, a little pepper, and 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley. Pour into a buttered baking dish, cover over with dried bread crumbs, and dot over with small pieces of butter.

Some interesting facts regarding the work required in building a large modern airship are given in a recent issue of the Engineer, which states that the general problems of design are closely allied to those of naval architecture; although the airship designer must be a highly skilled mechanical engineer and also must have a knowledge of texile technology. For the work of construction owing to the multiplicity of parts required, a very efficient shop organization is necessary. In a rigid airship structure, excluding the machinery, there are 20,000 different parts, a total length of structural material of twenty miles, sixty miles or wire, and more than 2,000,000 rivets.

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PROVERBS.

You'll gain success at home alone,
Who seeks strange seas to cross,
Discovers that a rolling stone
Don't gather any moss.
And that is odd, because, forsooth
The wise bird soonest flits,
And furthermore, home keeping youth
Have ever homely wits.

Don't fail to look before you leap,
Remember, haste makes waste,
Be sure, when cliffs are high and steep
Your ladder's safely placed.
And that is strange, because thin ice
With swiftness must be crossed.
It is not wise to try things twice,
Who hesitates is lost.

By taking chances is attained
Both fame and goodly pelf,
For nothing ventured, nothing gained
Is truth as truth itself.
And that is queer, for learned rhymes
Have long informed us all
That any one who never climbs
Can surely never fall.

Help other people up the hill;
For you will always find
One prospers best who bears good will
To all of human kind.
And that is funny, for but few
Great things are ever done
Except by prudent persons, who
Look out for Number One!

'A British Soldier's Grave.'

The shades of night were falling fast
upon the battlefield,
And the moon shone o'er the dying
and the dead.
The only noise was heard was the
screech of some wild bird
As it fluttered o'er the dying soldier's head.

In that shady spot lay one who nobly
fought,
His comrades all around him stood
near,
He moaned and he cried and his comrades sadly sighed,
And with his hand he brushed away
a tear.

'Death is drawing near, pain is almost o'er,
Please raise my head once more
that I may see,
By the moon that gives us light and
our watchfire burning bright
We are happy, yes, as happy as
can be.

"Well do I remember the old oaken
tree;
When a boy I cut my name out of
its bark,
I arose early in the morning to reap
the golden sunshine,
And listen to the warble of the lark.

"That dear old shady spot by me can't
be forgot
It was there I met the girl that I
first loved,
Tell her not to weep for I hope that
we will meet
In a brighter and a better world
above.

"Tell my dear old mother not to weep
for me,
And while fighting we took the
leading part,
Bear it to her gently for when she
hears the news
I am almost sure that it will break
her heart

"Take to her this token that she placed upon my breast
The last time she said, 'God Bless
You, Child,' to me,
And what money there's to come send
it to her at home
For I am sure that it will to her of
service be."

Then he whispered good-bye to his
comrades so dear,
With his head upon his knapsack
lay so brave.
If you live to go home tell them all
that I have gone,
And am lying in a British Soldier's
Grave.

BRAINY BEES

What a bee does not know is supposed to be not worth knowing. That may or may not be true, but the two following incidents—one of which was witnessed by the writer—testify to the remarkable sagacity and efficiency of bees.

On one occasion a hive was being "spied upon" by a wasp. When a wasp ascertains that a hive is worth attacking, he carries the news to his friends, and sometimes succeeds in busting or severely worrying the bees. While the wasp-scout was nosing around, the bees stayed in the hive, but every time the wasp approached the small entrance hole a bee came out and walked round in a circle, doing sentry-work, till the wasp departed.

An hour later a wasp —presumably the scout—was found dead on its back on the top of the hive, and the bees were busy again.

How Fast Shot Travels

When standing within a few yards of a gun's muzzle at the time of discharge, a person would be amazingly astonished were he only able to see the shot go whizzing by. Experiments in instantaneous photography prove that the shot not only spread out, cometlike, as they fly, but they string out, one behind another at a much greater distance than they spread.

Thus, with a cylinder gun, when the shot of a charge reaches a target that is 40 yards away, the last shot is lagging full ten yards behind. Even a chokebore gun shot will lag behind eight yards in 40. This accounts for the wide swath that is moved in a flock of ducks on which a charge of shot falls just right. About 5 per cent only of the shot, according to the most reliable deductions from experiments, arrive simultaneously at the target aimed at, the others lagging in the ratio named above.

SUMMER'S DYING.

Summer's dying! Summer's dying!
Gently wanes her parting breath;
Melancholy winds low sighing,
Mourn her near approaching death.

Flowers droop their heads in sadness,
Sombre hues they seem to wear;
Birds have ceased their songs of gladness,
Sorrowing for summer fair.

The stream, a chilly semblance wearing,
Flows no more in sparkling sheen;
Trees, the gen'ral grief now sharing
Doff their brilliant robes of green.

E'en the sky, though blue as ever,
Seems to wear a darker glow;
And the sun, that waneth never,
Weaker in its warmth doth grow.

Lovely summer! summer fairest!
Fled and gone is nature's glee:
Earth and Heaven sorrow shareth,
Sorrow deeply felt for thee!

Thus doth beauty, slowly fading,
Pass to death away from life,
Frendship's brow with woe overshading,
Making hearts with anguish rife.

THE ENGLISHMAN WON

A good story concerning a conversation between an American and an Englishman, in which the latter scored, was told by General Pershing while he was in London recently.

My countryman (said Pershing) was telling one of yours a tall story about a wonderful sausage-making machine they had in Chicago.

"It's a big affair," he explained, but quite simple. All you have to do is to drive a pig up a plank, through a hole in a machine, and five minutes later out comes thousands of sausages."

"What becomes of the hide?" queried the Englishman.

"The hide, sir?" retorted the American. "Oh, that falls out of another slot in the machine, and out comes portmanteaux, purses, or if you like, shoes or saddles—merely a matter of turning a screw."

"Oh is that all " said the Englishman. "We've used that machine in England for the last thirty-five years. What's more we've improved on it. Sometimes we found the sausages not up to the standard. Well, what happened? All we had to do was to put them back in the machine, reverse the engine——"

"Go on!" cried the American. What happens?"

"Out walks the pig as fit as a fiddle!"

CHANGING NEWFOUNDLAND'S CLIMATE.

(The Canadian Engineer.)

"Newfoundland is contemplating changing its climate," states a despatch from St. John's, Newfoundland, recently published in a large number of newspapers.

"The climate of Newfoundland would be changed if a breakwater were built across the Straits of Belle Isle, between the island and the mainland, and the cold Labrador current were shunted out into the Atlantic ocean. Such a dam is being seriously considered. It would cost an immense sum of money, but engineers say it presents few difficulties.

"The Labrador current at present is the chief factor in moulding the climate, not only of Newfoundland, but of the Maritime Provinces and New England. Coming down from the Arctic Ocean it pours through the Straits of Belle Isle and, circulating around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, washes with its cold flood the coasts of Newfoundland, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Then pasing through Cabot Strait, it turns south and sweep along New England. It's strong southward flow acts as a cold wedge which pries the Gulf Stream away from all these coasts and shunts that ocean river, bearing the warmth of the tropics off northeastward across the ocean.

"If the Belle Isle dam is built, the Labrador current would be blocked out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and, shearing off southeast, would miss the mainland and continue to affect only the northeastern coast of Newfoundland. The Gulf Stream then would ease in against the continent, and, flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, warm all the surrounding shores and islands.

"The Gulf stream is responsible for the mild winter climate of England and Northern France. England is farther north than Newfoundland. If, after cooling off in its long passage across the northern seas, the Gulf Stream is still such a factor in tempering England's climate, it would have an even greater effect, it is believed, in tempering the winter climate of Eastern Canada and New England.

String-beans and wax-beans will cook in less time than is usually required, if they are cut lengthwise in narrow strips.

ROSEBUD

Smoking Tobacco

TO the man who enjoys a rich, satisfying pipe tobacco, ROSEBUD is as sweet and fragrant as the flower after which it is named.

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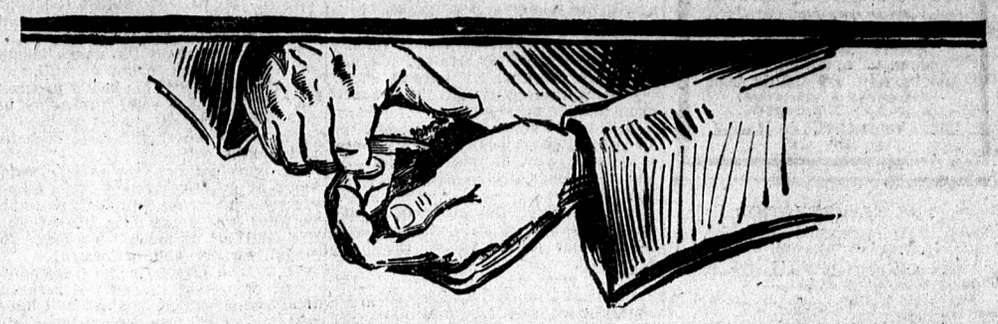

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

With the very best of intentions Miss Araminta Muffit sought and obtained permission to visit the occupants of the local prison, to talk with them kindly, and seek to help them to begin life anew.

One man, obviously well educated, interested her very much. He always rose when she spoke to him, and bowed politely when she left. One day she screwed up her courage to put the question:

"May I ask why you are in this distressing place?"

"Certainly, madam," he replied. "I am here for robbery at a seaside hotel."

"Oh, how interesting!" stammered Miss Araminta. "Were—were you the proprietor?"—London Answers.

When Romance Faded

He got her name and address in a Red Cross package and that was all he knew about her. So he did the thing that a lovesick soldier usually does—wrote her a sweet little letter telling how he longed to correspond with some one. How did he know but that a real romance might start? This was her answer:

"I think this war is horrid. I am doing my share. I buy War Savings Stamps and eat corn bread, which I don't like. Also I am learning to knit."

"But the cruel part is that she added: "I am ten years old."

HEAT BETWEEN PARTNERS.

He was not a good card player. He admitted it. But that was no reason why his partner should be so disagreeable whenever he made mistakes. After a particularly glaring error the pestering partner turned on him.

"Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's, sir," exclaimed the novice, hotly, "it certainly wouldn't be yours."

His partner snorted and subsided. But in the next hand he threw down his cards in desperation.

"Look here!" he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have," cried the novice with warmth. "But I'm keeping it for your funeral."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

SEA SHELL WINDOWS.

As a substitute for glass, sea-shells are used to splendid advantage in the Philippines. The windows in the main entrance of the Philippine General Hospital, Manila, are probably as fine a modern example of the use of sea-shells as can be seen. The sea-shell windows may also be seen at their best in old churches. Manila alone uses about five million kapas shells each year for windows. The largest-sized shells are about three inches square. They cost about one pound a thousand, according to quality. The shells are translucent, and the light comes through them in a soft pearly-gray tone.

FUR SALES.

Funsten Bros. & Co., St. Louis, U.S.A., report the following result of their auction sale, Sept. 12: White Fox, (6,000) 20 p.c. higher than April. Cross Fox (1,700) unchanged. Marten (11,000) 10 p.c. lower than April. Stone Marten (8,000) 15 p.c. lower than April. Baum Marten (1,000), brought good prices. Fisher (1,200), unchanged. Ermine (189,000) American, 40 p.c. higher than April. Russian 50 p.c. higher than April.

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