

A CAT THAT LOVES WATER.

The Remarkable Prowesses of a Procelious and Interesting Feline. Since the days of Baron Munchausen and "Puss in Boots" there has been no more remarkable cat than Tuxie, the property of a New York cotton broker...

While not a trick cat by any manner of means, Tuxie's performances are very remarkable from a feline point of view. All time his performances are distinguished by his ardent love for water with a slight chill on it. He approaches his mistress at least once a day with a plaintive and soft mew, and she, she rises, knowing well what he wants, walks before her to the wash basin. The basin is filled nearly to the brim, and Tuxie then leaps to the marble slab framing it and utters a grateful purr. For ten or fifteen minutes he paws himself by dipping in one forepaw after the other and splashing vigorously. When he has tired himself with this play he gravely pulls the sopper out and jumps to the floor. Tuxie's chief playground is the kitchen on wash days and when the cloth is being scrubbed. On these latter occasions he sticks close to the housemaid, avoiding the dry floor and standing d-lightedly on the section where the scrubbing brush has just been. At least a round dozen of times he has been caught in the high tin pan that is used on cleaning days, sending the water whirling over the surrounding objects and his own fur. Another of his times is to poke his nose under the faucet of the hot water pan if by chance there happens to be any dripping there. Rain is hailed with joy by him, and as soon as the flagstones outside get thoroughly wet he will stand and violently mow at the back kitchen door until it is opened for him to go and splash in the puddles.—New York Herald.

DOUBTS FOR WOMEN.

Don't wear a veil with a hole in it. It gives a woman a squalid look of poverty that there is no excuse for. Veils cost little, and at the worst she can go without one. Don't lift up your skirt high on one side and allow it to trail on the other. Every woman should practice holding up her skirts before a pier glass. They can be so cut together in the back as to lift them effectively and modestly. Don't wear a hat too young unless you wish to look old. A sailor hat can be confidently recommended as calculated to make any mature woman look like a grandmother.

Don't wear a bang bigger than the moment's fashion justifies if you don't wish to look hopelessly vulgar. It is a general law that you can always do a simpler thing than the fashion with safety, but to be fastidious the fashion is to be lost to good taste and dead vulgarity and commonness. Don't wear your clothes tight if you are too fat. Don't cut your hair in two near the knees with a coat that strikes you about there if you are a stout woman. Nothing detracts more from an appearance of height.

Don't forget in arranging your headgear that the effect of the modern variations of the Alsatian bow depends altogether in fine shades in placing it. You can have horns growing horizontally out of your temples and feel fashionable, but you will look crazy and ugly. These bows can be set well back on the head or they can be put forward if they seem to come from near the top of the head, but they must not grow out of the temples. Don't forget that pointed openings of the dress at the throat are becoming only to slender women.

The Coldest Winter.

The most notable thing about the spell of cold weather through which we have passed is its wide-spread intensity. All Europe has been in the grasp of the ice king, and his antics are more talked about than those of any other monarch. In far Asia Japanese sailors were frozen to death while training their guns on the Chinese forts and fleet at Wei-Hai-Wei, and even in Northern Africa snow fell for the first time in so long a period that grown men gazed at it with wonder.

What does it all mean? Scientists have been at work for years to figure out a law of climatic and weather changes, and their conclusion is that it takes between thirty and thirty-five years to get from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold. Just why this is they cannot tell, but their delving into the old records convinces them that there is some natural law at work, and that sooner or later it will be discovered.

Five years ago a Swiss professor, Brueccrby name, published a book called "Climatic Oscillations Since 1700," and strangely enough, his calculations made it appear that that one of the culminating periods of extreme cold would come around about this time—point in this very year—to be followed by gradually increasing warmer weather, which is scheduled to reach its highest point about the end of the first quarter of the next century.

While we think of our present sufferings, we may, therefore, turn for consolation to 1925 or 1930, and revel in the anticipation of the mildest winter that we can secure in this latitude.—New York News.

The Uniat Churches.

The eastern communities connected with the Pope and known as the Uniat Churches are: 1. The Chaldee Church, with five archbishops and six bishops in Turkey, in Asia and Persia. This belongs also over 200,000 Christians in Hindostan. 2. The Uniat of the Syrian rite, who are subject to the Patriarch of Antioch, and have four archbishops and seven bishops. 3. The Church of the Maronites, with eight dioceses. 4. The Melchite Church, subject to the Greek Patriarch of Antioch, with six archbishops and eight bishops, extending from Constantinople and Alexandria to Ispahan. 5. The Uniat Armenian Church, the most important of all, whose head, the Patriarch of Cilicia, resides at Constantinople, and is the representative of all the Uniat Churches in the east. There are about 15,000 Uniat Copts in Egypt, and 25,000 Uniat Abyssinians. In Europe there are 42,000 followers of the Greek Uniat rite in Lower Italy, and Sicily, and a small number in Greece and Constantinople; 8,000 Uniat rumanians live in Austria, and 24,000 in Russia. The number of Uniat Greek Rumanians is 1,100,000; that of Greek Rumanians in Austria over 5,000,000; while 70,000 Greek Bulgarians of the Slavonic rite live in Macedonia and Thracia.—New York Sun.

PIPE SMOKING.

The Difference Between the American and the English Methods. "There is no doubt," said a prominent Broadway dealer in cigars and tobacco the other day, "that pipe smoking is on the increase in this country, but I don't think there is any likelihood in my time, at least, that it will ever become as popular here as in England. It isn't adapted to the national temperament. Pipe smoking, to be enjoyed, ought to be done slowly. It is the hardest thing in the world for an American to do anything slowly."

"The Englishman acts differently. He doesn't put on his pipe any oftener than is necessary to keep his tobacco burning. Consequently, he makes a pipful last about twice as long as an American usually does, and probably gets twice as much genuine satisfaction out of it. Some of my customers tell me that after a month or two's sojourn on the other side they soon get the 'hang,' as they call it, of pipe smoking, because they became imbued with the spirit of taking things easy, which prevails there, but they speedily lose it after they return to the land whose real motto is 'Hurry up.'"

"There is a growing class of young swells here who, having inherited all the money they need, have no other life in life than to get all the satisfaction they can out of the spending of it. They have cultivated the art of indolent existence with some success, and in their own homes or clubs manage the pipe just as the British do, and rather pride themselves on it, because 'it's English, you know.' But the number of persons thus fortunately situated must always of necessity remain limited. As long as push and energy are the trade marks of the typical American cigars will have the call over pipes, and I am glad of it. There's a heap more money in cigars."—New York Herald.

To Rival the Waldorf.

Among the many interesting designs at the tenth annual exhibition of the architectural league now being held at the fine arts building, is the original design for the new Astor hotel to be built at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, adjoining the hotel Waldorf. The design has not been accepted by the millionaire landlord, owing to the fact that the architect, who has requested the architect to remove.

John Jacob Astor's idea is to have the greatest and grandest hotel in the world. It is to be located on the same block with the Waldorf Astor hotel, the Waldorf. The interior decorations are ordered to surpass those of any structure now in existence, and plans for the accommodation and entertainment of several parties at one time, without any clash are also a feature of the construction of the new building.

The hotel will front on Thirty-fourth street and will have a depth of 350 feet on that street. The main dining-room will front on Fifth avenue and will have a seating capacity for nearly 1,000 guests. The large ball-room will be on the second floor on the Thirty-fourth street side. In addition there will be several smaller ball, reception and assembly rooms and private dining-rooms. The smoking room, lounging rooms and cafe will be on the first floor. In the rear of the hotel about 100 rooms will be specially fitted up for the exclusive use of bachelors, for which there is a great demand.—New York Evening World.

Consumption of Alcohol.

In 1885 the consumption of beer in England was 32 gallons per head, in Scotland 16, and in Ireland 16; the consumption of cider in England 0.4, and none at all in the other two countries; the consumption of spirits in England, 0.8; in Scotland, 1.9; in Ireland, 1; the consumption of wine 0.5 in England, 0.5 in Scotland, and 0.2 in Ireland. The English drinker's partiality for beer and the Scotch and Irish drinker's preference for spirits is clearly shown. When these amounts are converted into their equivalents of alcohol we see that Ireland consumes least—1.4 gallons per head. Scotland comes next with 1.6, and England heads the list with 2.6 gallons of alcohol for each man, woman and child of the population; this, by a curious and undesigned coincidence, is just under one ounce a day per head, the quantity which so many medical authorities assume can be safely taken—the physiological quantity of which the country has heard so much of late years.

Children seldom touch alcohol, most women take little, and many men do not take any at all; so that the habitual consumers of alcohol, whether it be wine, brandy or whisky, are the men, and they are now, and they answer every purpose for becoming effect.—Philadelphia Press.

HOUSEKEEPING WISDOM.

A Brief Essay on Stains and How to Remove Them.

Medicine stains can be taken off silver spoons, when polishing powder fails, by rubbing them with a cloth dipped in sulphuric acid and afterward washing the spoons in soap. When ink stains appear on any white surface wash the spots with milk, rub in some salt and allow it to remain on. It sometimes requires several applications before the ink will be removed. If the material be colored, dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teaspoonful of water and rub the stained part well with the solution. The splashes which come on mahogany writing tables or inkstands can be washed off with spirits of salts or by rubbing with a round cork which has been dipped in aquafortis. When the stains are gone wash the spot with soap and water and polish. Strong muriatic acid or spirits of salts will make an old floor look like new, and chloride of lime mixed to a paste with water will be found a capital thing with which to clean silver stands which have become marked with ink. Chloride of lime can also be converted into a capital ink eraser, and will not damage the paper. Put a drachm of citric acid in a wineglass with a teaspoonful of chloride of lime, then nearly fill the glass with water and effervesence will ensue. Roll some soft linen round the finger, dip it in the solution, touch the ink spots with gentle friction, and they will disappear. Marking ink can be taken out of linen by using a saturated solution of cyanure of potassium, applied with a camel's-hair brush. When the marking ink has disappeared the linen should be well rinsed in cold water.

GROWS NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

A Cunning Bird's Stratagem to Get Food at a Hunter's Camp.

"A crow is the slickest bird flying that it wants to be," said Ligo Thymner, as he sat on the edge of a camp at William's store at Long Hill Centre, Pa. "I can't prove it I will tell a circumstance that occurred when a party of us were camping at Canaan Mountain Pond last fall."

"There were an almighty lot of crows around the hut we occupied, and one day I brought out my gun and shot into a flock. All escaped my shot except one which was lying on the ground. I went to the place and found it wounded. I picked the crow to the ground and found that its left leg had been broken by the bullet. Taking the crow to the hut I amputated the leg and taking a hot coal from the fire I burned the stump so that it would not bleed. But instead of leaving the vicinity of the camp it hung around and the boys would feed it with crumbs from the table, and it became quite tame. It would come limping into camp just like a veteran after his pension time the crow could be expected at first, but at last its visits became more frequent. One of the boys hinted that the bird was food. We were not the victim of my gun, and in investigating this theory we found out what a great deceiver the crow is. Up the alley leading to the spot where the bird had been in the habit of receiving its food there hopped about the bird the next day. It was one day a fine black crow. They were the bird the same one that had been the object of our bounty so long. It had only one leg so far as we could see. 'I'll bet that ain't our crow,' said Charley.

"Yes, it is, too," I says; 'it has only one leg.' 'You wait and see,' said Charley, and away he hurried and returned with his gun. Raising it and taking careful aim he fired and the bird stretched over on the ground dead. I do not know what became of the real wounded bird. It never showed up after the other bird was killed. I don't know but that we had been feeding the bogus bird for the real one for weeks, before we found out our mistake as it was."—New York Sun.

Female Policemen

The female policeman will shortly be an accomplished fact. Not the female detective, but what the Parisian infant calls the sergot and the London youth the copper. Miss Edith Walker, of Bogota, Colombia, has notified the municipality of that town that, being of sound mind and body, she intends to present herself as a candidate for the policeman's staff, and that moreover she will wear "a modified and improved blue tunic, and knickerbockers." The blue tunic, and knickerbockers, are supporting her in the immortal ode, "the arms of citizens twisted behind their forebore backs." So have we all; indeed, it is a common sight on fair and market days, and yet the blue tunic, and knickerbockers, are not so common. But what when the twisting is done by a lady? And this is what the Columbians count on. They say the cause of temperance will be furthered when the inebriate finds himself captured by a young lady officer who has, it may be remarked, "faultlessly classical features and sympathetic but searching blue eyes." Oh, foolish Columbians! Who hath bewitched you? The inebriate will get drunk on purpose.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Chinese Virtuosos.

You must know that the Chinese are far more commonly virtuosos than we; and a Chinese collector is a real connoisseur. He had no idea of beauty, except to eye it suspiciously, as probably of Japanese or other foreign origin; all he worships is age, and he is a collector of curiosities—antiques of his own country only. What a conversationist to boast of this! The Chinese scholar and virtuoso has the profoundest admiration for his own country's ancient literature and art. He will not deign to have anything foreign or new on his shelves. I think this is something of a rebuke to us, hunting for relics of every country but our own. It puts us on the stand of nouveau riches.

Don't think that a Chinaman spends nothing on his collection. He will outbid the vulgar millionaire in the world for a genuine old bronze or porcelain. His collection is not built up in a day by wholesale commissions given to dealers. His is bought piece by piece as opportunity and finances allow. The collection made by a single man's lifetime is nothing. You will see pieces in his catalogue bought by father and grandfather and remote ancestors. They are heirlooms. They are passed down from father to son. They are the marks of education and noble birth, because the only nobility there is education and noble rank, and noble birth is being the descendants of ancestors who have held office and taken degrees. An heirloom collection of porcelain, bronzes, and other things, is a mark of a collector. Does this not make you feel rather new with your twopenny fans and plates on the wall?—Temple Bar.

How to be Pretty, Though Cold.

"How to be pretty, though cold" is a difficult problem for the unfortunate woman who cannot afford furs of some description in this season when garments are made so fascinatingly becoming, with their wide, soft collars and so expensive in their exaggerated fullness. Scaleskin is the one fur which is continually in fashion, and it is so distinctly becoming to every face and complexion that it will never lose its popularity. It is not quite so aristocratic as the gray haired Russian sable, but that is a matter of rarity and price rather than a question of beauty. Chinilla is one of the season's favorites, and for the woman with a clear complexion and white complexion there can be nothing prettier. A beautiful evening cloak is made of dark green bengaline, with a lining and full cape of chinilla. For those who cannot afford the larger garments there are Eton coats of seal and Beaver. These are made with wide revers and high collar, either single or double breasted, and are very chic little garments for young ladies especially, and still cheaper are the collarettes, mixture capes and fur coats, which were never so pretty as they are now, and they answer every purpose for becoming effect.—Philadelphia Press.

The Tramp's Opportunity.

Queer things happen in this world. A tramp took refuge in an old graveyard in Georgia and prepared for a night's rest between two graves. About an hour when graveyards are supposed to "yawn," he was awakened by a strange noise, and, on looking up, discovered an escaped convict in the act of filling off his shackles. As the tramp stood up, the convict, in a peremptory terror, fell upon his knees, whereupon the tramp arrested him, delivered him over to the authorities at the camp near by and received a reward of \$50.

Current Comment.

Chatham Banner (Grit).—In the pending contest Liberals and Patrons are striving for the same object, and a division of the forces in any constituency would be suicidal.

Peterborough Review.—The first division at first sight would seem to indicate that Sir Oliver and Mr. Haycock are not such bad friends, not even on the sea system.

DO NOT SPEAK AS THEY PASS BY.

Two Washington Women Whose Confidence in Each Other Has Been Wrecked.

There are two women in Washington who are well known to each other in each other and in the city. One of them was at a party the week before Christmas and in one of the storerooms she came across some amazing bargains in "sterling silver." There were some charming little after-dinner coffee spoons in silver, washed with gold, that really looked so well you'd have thought they cost several dollars each. They were only 45 cents apiece, as it happened, and this Washington woman brought several. One of them she took to the woman who was the party of the second part in this story. The price, 45 cents, was plainly marked on the bottom of the box the spoon was in, so she just made the figure 1 in front of it, and she said to herself 45 cents was a ridiculously low price to pay for it anyway. She was charmed with her little decant till Christmas Day arrived, and among her presents was a little box from the woman she had sent the spoon to. She opened it. There lay an identical silver spoon. She looked at the bottom of the box. The other woman had been shopping, too, for there on the box was the 45-cent mark, with a 1 in front of it. They have not met since Christmas, and they really don't care whether they ever meet again.

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The servants' millennium. The true nocturnal animals are those which can find their food only at night. With the exception of the owls and bats, lemurs, lorises and nightjars, opomys, which are nearly all insect eaters, and though the last, like the owls, do move with rapidity and some precision when once disturbed, the others might be distinguished from those creatures which are only nocturnal by necessity, by the absence of that wakefulness in sleep which the latter possess in such a marked degree. The bats, lemurs and lorises are, during the day, steeped and drugged with slumber.

If once discovered, they make no effort to escape; like the opossum, which let the "black fellow" chop them out of their holes in the hollow trees without moving from their sleeping places, it does not seem possible for them to awaken. Light numbs their faculties like freezing cold, and they seek darkness with the same instinct that a human being, with senses benumbed by sickness demands more light. Bats, the only purely nocturnal animals in this country, show this characteristic in its complete form. Their daylight sleep paralyzes them, though not because they are unable to see and fly with safety in the sunlight, for they can do both. But if handled and disturbed, they make no effort even to spread their wings, and seem unable to shake off the drowsy influence.

Not even the great night-flying moths are so completely the slaves of this unyielding habit of diurnal sleep. Contrasted with this deep repose, the slumber of the great body of herbivorous animals is so light and broken that it may be doubted whether they sense it at all. They are completely at rest as to the sense of the name of sleep at all. In human sleep the sense of hearing is that which remains awake longest, and to which the brain most readily responds. But in most of our heavy sleep hearing often suggests a long train of thought in dreams before the brain awakens to a sense of reality. In most sleeping animals its warning is instantaneous, and the faculties obey the call for action with no apparent interval of inertia.—The Spectator.

A Source of Astonishment. Some expectant people are astonished every time they are not disappointed.—Galveston News.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS.

Their Manufacture is an Industry of No Mean Proportions.

The manufacture of ribbons for typewriting machines is an industry which gives employment to a large number of people. In nearly all the first-class typewriters these inked ribbons are used. There are at least forty different styles of American typewriters, and more than 400,000 machines in actual use. As the average life of a ribbon is from four to six weeks, the number of concerns which seek to supply the market with this article is surprising.

They make ribbons of every conceivable color and variety, from six to ten yards in length, and capable of writing with copying or non-copying ink. Some ribbons are made which print in one color and show an entirely different color when the manuscript is copied by means of the letter press. For instance, a ribbon which writes black may copy blue or green, making the record much more legible on certain qualities of paper. The manager of a concern in New York, says the new ribbon which turns out several hundred ribbons daily, said that, at a low estimate, 50 plants engaged in the manufacture of these ribbons have been established in the United States this year.

Each manufacturer has a secret process for making his particular style of ribbons, and the secret is guarded with the greatest possible care. One maker in this city has each box and jar containing powder or pigment for making the ink distinctly numbered, and even the employee who mixes it is obliged to follow his printed instructions mechanically, and remains entirely ignorant of the composition he is using. One may witness the whole process and go away as ignorant as before.

The best ribbons have selvaged edges, which prevent their raveling and curling when in use. They are nearly uniform in thickness, though one ribbon is made of very fine texture, to be used when an extra large number of carbon copies are desired, and the imprint of the type must be as clear as possible and free from blurs. The greatest care must be taken in selecting the cloth from which the ribbons are made. If the texture is woven too closely it will not hold sufficient ink and smirch the type. Moreover, such a ribbon will all the type of the machine and greatly annoy the operator. A prime difficulty encountered by manufacturers is how to prevent the evaporation of ink from the ribbon when it is in use and exposed to the air. This has been largely overcome in the last two or three years.

The man in charge of a large New York house which makes writing inks and typewriter ribbons, said recently that the most noticeable thing in his trade was the great decrease in the sale of ordinary copying ink. It is almost entirely supplanted by the copying typewriter ribbon, which gives far better results. Despite the great number of ribbons in the market and the constant efforts of expert chemists everywhere to produce one that will satisfy everybody, it is not giving all-round satisfaction. It is not easy to find, and dealers in supplies of this nature often have extreme difficulty in furnishing what is wanted. This country furnishes practically all the typewriter ribbons in use both here and abroad.

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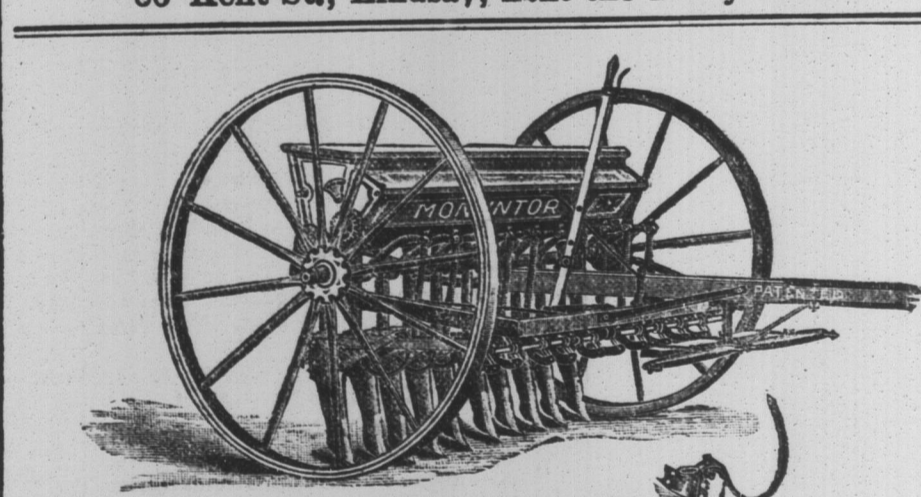
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Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it." UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass. ALLEN C. SMITH, Phys. The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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