

A Picture.

How can I paint a face which is so fair
That none may know its grace unless they
see it?
Yet should you dream of any face so rare
It seemed all goodness, that would surely be it.

No bright-eyed girl, although she once was such,
Is she I sing. Time her girl-beauty stole,
And since has drawn, with soft, artistic touch,
The wrinkles that reveal her gentle soul.

Kind charity—that almost seems to cheat
Her hate of sin by loving still the sinner—
Beams from her eyes, gray eyes, that, soft and
sweet,
Scarce hint the depths of tenderness within
her.

She always sees some good in every one;
And so each feels for her esteem a debtor;
Her passing sheds a radiance like the sun,
And yet she does not know she makes us better.

Sweet, sympathetic face! In smiles or tears,
I cannot see much good in any other;
Nor better tell the tie that her endears
Than just to write her name, and that is
"Mother."

And so with silver cord that naught can sever,
And set in my unworthy frame of rhyme—
Praying that God may keep it bright forever—
I hang her picture on the walls of Time.

Simplified to "One Stew."

A flinicky, fussy, round little man stepped
up to the first waiter in Lee's oyster saloon
and said:

"Have you got any real nice, fresh good,
oysters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not too fat you know—but not thin,
either. I want them just exactly right, and
I want them perfectly fresh."

"How will you have them—half shell?"

"Stop a minute," said the little man:

"if you have got just the right kind in just
the right condition, please take half a pint
of small ones (not too small, you know), and
strain the juice off them carefully, leaving
just a little juice on them; put them in a pan
which has been scoured and dried, and then
add a little butter (good, pure butter) and
a little milk (not Hamilton milk, but
real country cow's milk), and then place
the pan over a coal fire, and be careful to
keep the pan in motion so as not to let the
oysters or the milk burn; add a little juice
if you choose, and then watch the pan
closely, so that the exact moment it comes
to a boil you can whip it off. At the same
time have a deep dish warming near at
hand, and when you see the first sign of
boiling, empty the pan into the dish. Do
you think you remember that?"

"One stew!" the waiter called out.

A Man's Heart on His Right Side.

(From the Rochester Express.)

An autopsy on the body of George Vail,
of Whitby, Ontario, was held by Drs.
Seely, Whitcombe and Stone yesterday,
which is of interest to the medical profes-
sion at least. Mr. Vail had been under
treatment at the Air Cure for abscess of
the right lung for some months. Dr.
Stone noticed, upon the first examination
when the patient came for treatment,
that there was what is technically
called juxtaposition of the heart, which
is a very rare condition. He had
called the attention of a score or more of
people to it, and was gratified at the
autopsy to have his diagnosis confirmed,
the heart being found on the right side of
the body instead of on the left. The human
heart ordinarily is situated as follows:
The base is attached to the spinal column
just back of the upper portion of the breast
bone. It takes a direction downward, for-
ward and a little to the left, the apex or
point striking the walls of the chest near
the left nipple. In the case of Mr. Vail the
heart occupied the same position on the
right side of the body.

Pen-Picture of Vancouver.

This is Vancouver Island, according to
the *Colonist*: With a length of 252 miles,
and an average breadth of 65 miles; its
sides pierced by numerous inlets, sounds,
estuaries and harbors, available for the
deepest draught ships; its surface covered
with good timber; its rocky ribs lined with
the only true coal on the Pacific coast, and
with economic and precious metals; with
sufficient agricultural land to feed a popu-
lation of 1,000,000, with adjacent islands
upon which choice grades of sheep and
cattle are raised; with the waters that
wash its shores stocked with the finest
varieties of fish, from the lordly sturgeon
and princely salmon to the oleaginous
salmon and herring; with a climate unsur-
passed for salubrity, and so mild that every
day in the year tender plants are nurtured
in the open air; with water-power suffi-
cient to drive the looms of the world—such
is this snug little, tight little, rich little
Island of ours.

Something New.

Sponge underclothing is the very latest,
some German genius having recently
invented and patented a line of underwear
manufactured from this porous substance.
It is claimed for it that it can be cleaned
more easily than woollen goods, and, being
more flexible, does not chafe the skin so
much. It is a bad conductor, and tends to
keep the surface temperature uniform.
One who wears this underclothing is not
liable to take cold, for it absorbs the per-
spiration without checking it. After the
mineral and vegetable impurities in the
sponges have been sufficiently beaten by a
heavy hammer to admit of being readily
washed out, the sponges are dried and pre-
pared with a sharp knife. These parings are
then sewed together. The fabric is prepared
without the use of poisonous dyes which,
as incorporated in cloth underclothing,
sometimes prove very deleterious to the
system.

Archbishop Croke, who is now opposed
to Mr. Parnell's tactics, and whose action
has excited so much interest in Irish
politics, is 57 years old. He was educated
at the endowed school of Charleville, County
Cork, and at the Irish colleges of Paris and
Rome, where he was ordained in 1847. He
was some time Professor of Rhetoric in the
Episcopal College of Menin, in Belgium,
and in St. Patrick's College, Carlow, and is
a very effective speaker. He was afterward
Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Irish
College, Paris. President of St. Colman's
College, Fermoy, and parish priest of
Doneraile. He was consecrated Bishop of
Auckland, New Zealand, in 1870, and
translated to the Archbishopric of Cashel
June 25, 1875. He is regarded as the
ablest of the Irish Roman Catholic
hierarchy.

King Humbert will leave Monza on
Wednesday next for Vienna to meet the
Emperor of Austria. He will reach Vienna
on the 27th inst. and return on the 31st.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Notes Regarding Dress and Fashion.

A London correspondent writes:
The most delightful dolmans are in
preparation for the *frituleuses* for winter.
They fit exactly upon the shoulders and
to the waist at the back, while in front
they form two parts, the lower fitting as
closely to the figure as a jacket, and the
upper covering the arms in the shape of
graceful sleeves. The lining may be fur
or quilted satin, or scarlet or gold satin,
with an interlining of flannel. I have seen
one made of soft brown satin brocade,
trimmed with brown chenille fringe and a
band of dyed raccoon, the lining of which
consisted of bronze satin mervilleux, inter-
lined with warm flannel. The raccoon
formed a collar, and trimmed all the edges
of the garment, including those of the
wide sleeves. Another was of black plush,
lined with heliotrope satin, and
trimmed with sable. This was to be worn
in half mourning. Indian cashmere was
the material of which a third was composed,
the lining consisting of grey squirrel. The
Newmarket coat is still very much worn. The
French call it the *levite*, I cannot imagine
why. They give to the Mother Hubbard
the title of *bonne femme*, and to the smock
that of *fermiere*. These things are, but no
one knows why they are.

High heels are now considered very bad
style. This is comforting. I suppose
fashionable ladies have discovered that the
combined tortures of tight lacing and
pointed heels in the middle of the foot were
too much for human nature, even for the
feminine pride which pretends to feel no
pain. The dancing shoes of this season
are to be very low in the toe and moderate
as to heel. The former quality is ordained
so that the beauty of the stocking may not
by any means be hidden away. Luxury in
stockings is much greater than that in
gloves. Exquisite embroidery is worked
upon them. Gold and silver clocks are
seen upon some. Open-work and lace
stockings are very much worn, and none
but silk are ever thought of in polite society.
When very cold they wear two pairs of silk
ones, but this is not often, as it makes the
foot look clumsy. What would Queen
Elizabeth, with her cloth stockings, say to
the dainty refinements of the embroidered
silk hose of to-day?

The Swedish glove still reigns. French
kid is, for the present, out of the running.
No hand looks stylish that is not covered
with a *gant de Suede* that, in addition,
covers nearly half the arm. It is an uncom-
fortable fashion. This kind of glove is
troublesome to get into and troublesome to
get out of, and after having been worn once
becomes soiled and disagreeable. I have
never seen so many dirty gloves on well-
dressed women as during the last London
season. The fact is, that the Swedish
glove when worn with a dress of darkish
color, does not remain clean for more than
an hour at the very most. I hope the com-
fortable, easy, soft and pretty French kid
will soon "come in" again.

The crinoline is growing, growing, like
Alice in Wonderland after she had eaten
the cake. It is in bad taste, ungraceful,
ridiculous, spoils the figure and the gait—
and yet it makes its way. All the new
dresses are made with a view to the exten-
sion produced by the crinoline. Let us at
least fervently hope that it may not eventu-
ally develop into the rampant rotundity of
crinoline.

White lace is to be worn upon winter
bonnets, which will, to a certain extent,
have a brightening effect upon our sombre
winter garments. Flowers will be much
worn, especially in autumn tinting. Leaves
of brown, gold, russet, dead-leaf green and
pale yellow are in preparation. Michael-
mas daisies are already "in," and before
we know where we are chrysanthemums
will be upon us. Roses are worn all the
year round and old ladies can also patronize
their favorite violets at all seasons of the
year.

Here is a pretty dress for an old lady;
Princess dress of olive-green satin mervilleux.
The fronts are open en *chale* with a
collar with satin revers. A waistcoat of
olive-green satin is visible through the
shawl-shaped opening. The fronts form
two folds on either side of this waistcoat,
at the end of which the folds are drawn
back, showing the tablier. The front dis-
piece, the back side piece and back are quite
straight, princess shape. A handsome
satin bow holds the fronts together just
above the point where they are separate. A
narrow satin *plisse* trims the edge of the
skirt. Both waistcoat and tablier are of
olive-green satin, embroidered with gar-
lands of red-brown carnations in colored
beads. The *Marquise* sleeve ends in two
satin *plisses*, with embroidery in beads
above them and fine old lace below.

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

Watered sicilienne is among elegant
fabrics for handsome cloaks.

"My lady" jackets of dark green cash-
mere embroidered in gold or silver and
fastened with small buttons to match are
imported.

Hungarian scarfs of scarlet, green and
gold-striped surah are draped over Jersey
costumes of dark myrtle green, admiral
blue or jet black.

Striped plush is used for Directoire col-
lars, and is trimmed with white English
laces that are darned in long stitches to out-
line drooping flowers, convolvulies, lilies, etc.

Ladies who prefer the becoming to the
durable will have muffs and deep round
collars made of the new ostrich-feather
cloth, the beauty of which is only equalled
by its frailty.

Mother Hubbard cloaks for little children
are now made of navy-blue cloth, with
plush facings of old gold, bronze or red; or
else they are of grey corduroy, with deep
collar of blue or red plush.

Visites made of India shawls are to be
exceedingly fashionable the coming season.
They will be trimmed with sable fur or
with costly oriental fringes, and fastened
with large silver clasps.

Although past 70 Mr. Gladstone has only
just now taken to spectacles.

Joseph Noelan, an Indian, while intox-
icated at night, lay down on the Intercol-
onial Railway track at Moncton, N.B. In
the morning he was found there with his
head severed from his body.

A man named Emmanuel Teale, who had
gone up into a loft of an outbuilding of the
City Arms Hotel, London, on Saturday
night, was found next morning on the floor
below with his leg broken and his face badly
cut. He had rolled through the trap-door
while asleep.

METHODIST MISSIONS.

Meeting of the Central Board—Annual Meeting of the Missionary Society.

The Central Board of Missions of the
Methodist Church of Canada opened its
sittings October 25th in Richmond Street
Church, Toronto. Rev. Dr. Douglas pre-
sided as Chairman. The General Secretary
presented the balance sheet of receipts and
disbursements. The remainder of the
morning session was occupied in consid-
ering certain matters relating to a bequest
left to the society, and in disposing of
routine business generally. After lunch the
Board re-assembled at 2 for the afternoon
session, when a resolution respecting the
late Dr. Taylor was passed unanimously on
motion of Mr. John Macdonald, seconded by
Rev. John Shaw.

The annual meeting of the Methodist
Missionary Society of Canada was held
last evening in the Metropolitan Church,
the body of which was fairly filled.

Mr. John Macdonald was called upon to
read the financial report. The income was
derived from subscriptions and collections,
which amounted to \$108,724, being an
increase of \$5,226 over last year; juvenile
subscriptions, \$17,054, increase \$1,231;
legacies, \$1,428, increase \$1,021. The grant
from England, which amounted to \$4,871,
had ceased. Indian Department, for
schools, \$5,530, an increase of \$1,573. Re-
ceipts from other sources, \$1,105, making a
grand total of \$134,842, a net increase of
\$3,639. This was an increase over the
Canadian income of last year of \$8,510.
(Applause.)

Expenditure—Domestic work, \$55,982,
decrease \$5,203; Indian work, \$35,029,
increase \$5,082; French work, \$6,045,
increase \$745; German work, \$492; foreign
(Japan and Bermuda) \$6,445, decrease \$108;
special grant for maintenance of missions,
\$5,059; other special grants, \$1,719; super-
annuation, \$4,900; General Conference
expenses, \$300; District expenses, \$584; Cir-
cuit expenses, \$2,584; annuity, \$537; in-
terest, etc., \$2,029; publishing, printing, etc.,
\$1,749; cost of management, \$6,439, in-
crease, \$668; total expenditure, \$133,329;
net increase, \$2,294; expenses, including
the amount carried to the investment fund,
\$235 in excess of income.

The Religious report was read by Dr.
Sutherland, which showed great prosperity
on the part of the society. The society
had at the present time, the report stated,
a total of 382 missions with 384 mission-
aries, 16 native assistants, 32 teachers, 9
interpreters, or a total paid agency of 440.
In foreign mission stations, domestic, In-
dian and French, they had 34,050 church
communicants. Rev. A. Langford, Rev.
E. A. Telfer, Rev. R. Duncan, and Rev. J.
F. German delivered brief addresses. A
collection was taken up.

KILLING MOTHS.

A Disastrous Experiment with Benzine.

A lady in Orange, N. J., was greatly
troubled with moths in her carpets. A
friend advised her to kill them with ben-
zine. She did. She bought two gallons of
benzine, and one day last week thoroughly
saturated her carpets with it. Then she
opened all the doors and windows to per-
mit the fumes to escape. The gentle
breezes wafted the volatile gases of the
benzine through the parlor door, and in
contact with the kitchen stove. Result,
a sudden explosion, and instantly the parlor
carpets were in a blaze. A fire alarm fol-
lowed, the firemen were promptly on hand
and deluged the entire lower floors and
basement of the building before the benzine
could be extinguished. An inventory sub-
sequently taken showed that \$600 of loss
had been inflicted, and that the property
was insured for \$2,500. Rather a costly
experiment, but entirely successful—the
moths were killed. Still, so obtuse are
underwriters, even after this brilliant
demonstration of its effectiveness, they do
not recommend benzine as a bug
destroyer.—*Fireman's Journal*.

The Too-Too! Awful.

They lived on Walnut street.
"Are you my lily, dear?" he asked,
soothingly and looking down at the little
form that nestled confidently in his great,
strong arms.

"Yes."

"Are you my decorated wall-pattern, my
pottery, my gold-and-yellow-butterfly-
the-mist?"

"Yes, Paul. And I am your little honey-
suckle of the dale," she ventured, turn-
ing her soft eye upon him and burning,
with its intense and hot heat, a hole through
his stiffly-ironed shirt bosom.

"You are all this, Elaine?"

"I am, Paul. Can you distrust—"

"No, no. Don't think that; you wrong
me."

"Forgive me. But you—what are you?
Are you my great cardinal sunrise gleam-
ing golden through the yellow dawn?"

"Yes," he said, "I am; and I am your
peach blossom of joy, your intensity of
oyster-pie and church fairs. Besides this,
I am your pink-eyed, saffron-hued, mellow,
sad-souled and wormy watermelon."

"Oh, Paul!"

"Yes, Elaine!"

"You are my watermelon!"

"Why am I your watermelon?"

"Because watermelons are green, Paul."

And the sigh of the wind died away, and
as he hitched up his suspenders on the
crossing below her house he said he'd be
Charles J. Guiteau 'd if he'd ever go there
again.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

According to an English geographical
writer, there are four vast areas still to be
opened up or traversed by civilized man,
and which, among them, constitute about
one-seventeenth of the whole area of the
globe. Of these, there is the antarctic
region, which in extent is about seventy-five
times that of Great Britain; the second lies
about the north pole; the third is in Cen-
tral Africa, and the fourth in Western
Australia. The south polar region referred
to is almost continuous with the antarctic
circle. The vast African area reaches
on the west very closely to the coast, and
it is only near the equator that it has more
than superficially been driven inland. In
Australia the great undeveloped region is
that which lies west of the track explored
from north to south by Stuart, and which
now forms the line of telegraphic commu-
nication across the continent.

Mrs. Langtry is resting quietly at Dinan,
one of the smallest seaside resorts in Nor-
mandy.

DEAD ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

The Suicide of William S. Pimer on the Day Fixed for His Marriage.

William S. Pimer, of Willimantic, a
young man of more than ordinary ability
and promise, committed suicide in that
town on the day appointed for his wedding.
He was a native of New London, and well
connected. He went to Willimantic, a
large and thriving manufacturing village,
fifteen miles north of this city, several
years ago, and entered the store of Keigwin
& Clark. He was industrious, honest,
correct in his habits, and of an open-
hearted and genial nature. He early
formed the acquaintance of Miss Jennie
Johnson, daughter of a wealthy and influ-
ential resident of the town. They became
friends, and their friendship soon ripened
into love. The wedding day was appointed
for Thursday, Sept. 29th, and as both were
favorites in society all the town was look-
ing forward to the event with pleasurable
excitement. The home of Miss Johnson
had been the scene of preparation for a
week or more. A beautiful bridal dress
had been prepared, flowers had been culled
and woven into a bridal wreath, and on
Thursday afternoon, Sept. 29th, the wed-
ding repast was being made ready. At 3.30
p. m. on that day Mr. Pimer went to one
of his employers and requested permission,
which was readily granted, that he be
allowed to quit the store for half an hour.
He went out and the clerks joked
about his eagerness to be with his
bride. An hour went by and he had
not returned. At 6 o'clock the store was
closed for the night. Young Pimer had not
returned. His absence caused his employ-
ers no concern, as they supposed that he
was at home making the final preparations
for his marriage. On that afternoon the
widowed mother of the young man laid his
wedding suit on the bed in his chamber,
that he might don it at once after his
return from business. Six o'clock passed,
and Mrs. Pimer became alarmed because
her son had not come home. She visited
his chamber. The marriage suit lay where
she had placed it. The hour set for the
wedding was approaching and her anxiety
became intolerable. She hurried out of
the house and through the village to the
house of the waiting bride in Temple
street. Miss Johnson said that she had not
seen her lover. Mrs. Pimer visited Messrs.
Keigwin & Clark. Neither had seen the
young man since he left the store in the
afternoon. The mother returned home
and her younger son, Charles, set forth to
seek tidings of his brother. In the mean-
time the wedding guests were gathering at
the home of Miss Johnson. The bride was
weeping in her room. The bridesmaids
were in despair. The clergyman had
arrived, but his services were not needed.
The younger brother accosted every person
in the street, but for an hour or more
found no one who had seen the missing
man. At length Mr. J. B. Baldwin, a
merchant tailor of the firm of Baldwin &
Webb, was found. He said that he met
Pimer soon after the latter left the
store, and told him that the
dress suit he had ordered was
finished. Young Pimer replied: "All right;
I'll come and get it in a few minutes."
Diligent inquiries showed that he went
from there to the post-office and inquired
for a letter that he expected from New
London containing money that had been
promised him. The letter had not come
and the young man went away disap-
pointed. Next he went to the neighbor-
hood of his home and had a moment's
conversation with a Mr. Twist. After that
there was no clue to his course. His
employers said that he had acted strangely
during the day. After his visit to the post-
office he told a friend whom he met in the
street that he would not be seen again
until he had procured the money he
looked for from New London. On Friday
morning the search was renewed. One man
said that he saw Pimer walking briskly
down the street in the direction of the
river on the previous evening; another
saw him later, and he was running. Mrs.
Pimer found the young man's watch
and pocket book rolled up in his handker-
chief in his bureau drawer on the same
morning. She concluded that he had
committed suicide, and had taken that
method of notifying her that he had left
her his effects. Early on Monday
morning three young Frenchmen, who
were rowing on the river, saw a human
head protruding from the water near
the village and informed the authorities.
Within a few moments the body of Wm. S.
Pimer was taken from the river. He had
made the fatal plunge without divesting
himself of any of his clothing. A *post mor-
tem* examination showed that death had
been caused by drowning. The body was
buried on the afternoon of the same day.
Public services were held in the M. E.
Church, and the house was thronged with
sympathizing friends. The intended bride
was conspicuous as one of the mourners.—
Norwich (Conn.) Cor. New York Sun.

The Montreal aldermen are afraid that
the London fathers will get ahead of them
in rowdiness in the Council chamber. At
the meeting yesterday the Mayor was
denounced as an autocrat. Ald. Allan
asked Ald. McCord if he was drunk. Then
Ald. Allan hinted that Ald. Stephens'
opposition to a street railway company had
arisen from their refusal to give him a
perpetual pass. Ald. Stephens denied
this, but asked Ald. Gilman if the latter
had not purchased 200 shares of the Com-
pany's stock a few days ago. Ald. Gilman
replied that it was none of his business,
and no one but a blackguard would make
such a remark. Ald. Stephens chal-
lenged him to deny the statement. Ald.
Kennedy advised them to take their
coats off and settle it in the next room. A
few minutes afterwards the Council
adjourned, and Ald. Gilman having again
alluded to Ald. Stephens as a blackguard,
the latter jumped at him, took him by the
throat, struck him on the face several
times, and then had his head in chancery
before the other half-frightened Aldermen
could separate them. The scene was an
inspiring one from a P. R. point of view,
but was not dignified by any means. Ald.
Gilman is Chairman of the Police Com-
mittee and a lawyer of no little public
reputation, while Ald. Stephens is among
the most wealthy citizens and a very
energetic man.

St. Paul's Cemetery, situated in London
East, will soon be cut up and sold in build-
ing lots. The graves are being opened and
the bodies removed at the rate of about
twelve a day.

Personal.

Dr. Talmage's salary is now \$12,000.
M. Victor Hugo has given \$2,000 to the
poor of Paris.

Paul du Chaillu, the noted traveller, is
hunting in the western territories.

Habi Balla Khan, the Ameer's son, has
been appointed Governor of Candahar.

The President of the French Republic
receives a salary of \$200,000 per annum.

General Hancock was disgusted with the
Yorktown fizzle, and declined to take part
in the proceedings.

A portrait model of Guiteau has been
placed in the Chamber of Horrors at Mme.
Tussaud's Exhibition.

The Queen has invested the Duke of
Cambridge with the Green Riband of the
Order of the Thistle.

A cable despatch states that the Hon.
Senator Macpherson and his family have
sailed from England for home.

It is said in New York that Vanderbilt
now holds over \$80,000,000 in Government
bonds.

The late Mr. Thomas Tiffen has left
\$60,000 to the Roman Catholic charities of
Montreal.

Rev. John Langtry, rector of St. Luke's
Church, Toronto, is seriously ill from con-
gestion of the liver.

Among the bequests of Dean Stanley
was one of a piece of plate to "his friend,"
Bishop Colenso.

Mr. Henry Corby, formerly M. P. for
East Hastings, is dangerously ill, and
there are no hopes of his recovery.

Major-General Sir Henry Havelock
Allan, who has been suffering from the
effects of sunstroke at Aldershot, England,
has recovered and returned to duty.

Mr. John Dewe, Chief Post-office
Inspector, visited London on Thursday on
departmental business. It is understood
several new appointments will be made at
once.

An Oregonian married four wives within
ten miles of each other and wasn't found
out until the fourth happened to meet at a
picnic and showed the same kind of dollar-
store ear-rings.

Among the mummies recently discovered
at Thebes is that of Pharaoh's daughter,
who found the infant Moses among the
bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter is an
exceedingly well-preserved woman.

Miss Leaton, a public reader, publishes
in the *Saginaw* papers a recommendation
signed "John Lynch, Lord Archbishop of
the Dominion of Ontario." There must be
a mistake somewhere.

Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of St. Paul's Presby-
terian Church, Montreal, last evening took
leave of his congregation. The meeting
held in the church was very affecting, the
rev. gentleman having been pastor for more
than a dozen years.

Col. Shaw, ex-United States Consul at
Toronto, gave before the Manchester (Eng.)
Y. M. C. A. recently a splendid sketch of
the life of Garfield under the title, "How
a Poor Boy Became a President."

The Empress of Austria will hunt next
spring in County Meath, Ireland. Summer-
hill is being prepared for Her Majesty's
reception, the stud being located at present
at Brownston, on the Curragh.

The Duke of Sutherland is at the head
of a company of Englishmen, with \$2,500,
000, who have bought sixty square miles on
the St. Paul & Omaha Railroad, sixty miles
east of Sioux City, for a colony; price,
\$163,000.

It is said that *Harper's Weekly* pays Nast
\$200 per week. His salary is by far the
best thing he draws, if this is true.

A centenarian died at Marysburg, Wolfe
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