A Little Comedy.

Is the world the same, do you think, my dear,
As when we walked by the sea together,
And the white caps danced and the cliffs rose sheer,
And we were glad in the autumn weather?

You played at loving that day, my dear—
How well you told me that tender story—
And I made answer, with smile and tear,
While the sky was flushed with the sunset's glory.

Now I shut my eyes, and I see, my dear,
That far-off path by the surging ocean—
I shut my eyes, and I seem to hear
Your voice surmounting the tide's commotion.

It was a comedy slight, my dear—
Why should its memory come to vex me?
Can it be I am longing that you should appear
And play it again? My thoughts perplex me.

'Tis the sea and the shore that I miss, my dear—
The sea and the shore, and the sunset's glory—
Or would these be nothing without you near,
To murmur again that fond, old story?

I know you now but too well, my dear—
With your heart as light as a wind-blown feather—
Yet somehow the world seems cold and drear
Without your acting this autumn weather.

The Schoolmaster's "We."

Writing lines is the usual penance at Harrow for all offences committed in or out of school. There was one clever boy who escaped writing half the ordered quantity, and the masters tell the story of how he did it to this day. He was an untidy boy, and was often taken to task for his carelessness and disorder. One day his master, who had very dignified and impressive manners, and who always said "we" instead of "you" when talking to the boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he said with severity. "We have not washed our hands this morning have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was the impudent boy's answer; "but I've washed mine."

"Ah," said the master, "we are very impertinent to-day. We will have to write a hundred lines before the next bill."

"Bill," at Harrow is the calling over of the boys' names during half holidays, in the high-walled yard in front of the old school building. Every boy must answer to his name.

When bill time came the master sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he asked.

"I've written my fifty," answered the boy very promptly, handing in his paper; "but I don't know whether you've done your half."—*Liverpool Courier.*

Good Advice for the New Year.

The beginning of the new year is an especially appropriate season in which to impart hints intended for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Perhaps there is no other habit that causes as much misery as that of worrying and fretting. It is true that we, ourselves, editorially speaking, have not given up worrying and fretting, but that is no reason why we should not advise our patrons to be calm and collected.

Don't fret. It is useless; it sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk, repairs no broken glass, cures no spoilt hay, and has no effect whatever on the thermometer.

As regards the "career of small anxieties," one great art of mangling them is to cease thinking about them just at that point where thought becomes morbid. There comes a time when thought is wasted upon these anxieties.

Another method of avoiding worry and trouble is not to expect too much. There is a great deal of solid truth in the saying, "Blessed are those who don't expect much, for they are not liable to be disappointed."

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

Unavailable Assets.

Johnnie, a bright boy of 6 years, while being fixed up for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear and having more mended places than he admired, turned quickly to his mother and asked:

"Ma, is pa rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie; he is worth two millions and a-half."

"What in, ma?"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at one million and baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said: "Ma, tell papa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes."

Better Late Than Never.

Mamma—Harry, you have taken a cake. Always ask mamma when you want a cake.

"Please, mamma," said the rogue meekly, pointing down his throat, "may I have dis one?"

At His Fingers' Ends.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive that you can discover a man's thoughts by your touch."

A countryman who visited a New York theatre the other evening and went out between the acts, became greatly troubled on his return because he couldn't find his wife. He had lost his seat checks and didn't know what to do. Finally a sympathetic usher took pity on him and went through the house asking each lady he came to if she had lost a husband, until he discovered the rural gentleman's bride.

In one of the Sabbath schools in the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy the other Sabbath, one of the teachers had occasion to refer to the posture at table the Jews assumed when partaking of food. He remarked that they reclined on couches instead of sitting upright as people in this country do; and concluded by asking the children what they thought of that? One little fellow promptly replied: "I think naething o't ava; I can lie on my belly and sup my parritch!"

The latest device of the London publican to aid his thirsty customers to drink wisely and well has just been exposed by the excise authorities. The beer is not diluted with water—that was a little too dangerous; but a little engine was found in connection with the beer pump by which water could be run into the pewter pots along with the beer. In all such cases the full penalty of £50 has been imposed.

EITHER BEAN OR BUTTON.

The Freiheit Family Disagree, but the Doctor Got the Case.

The question whether it was a bean or a button was the subject of conjugal polemics in which Sigismund Freiheit and his spouse were seriously involved last Monday. While Dr. Johnson, the assistant secretary of the health board, was sitting in his private office with a brother physician, they heard an energetic discussion in German between two persons on the stairway outside. Presently the door opened and a man and his wife, both approaching middle age, entered. The man had a child in his arms, and shared his wife's distress over something dreadful that had happened to it. Both started in at once to present the case to the kind-hearted doctor.

"One at a time, please," said the doctor.

"Yes, yes; now you just keep still, Meena," said the man to his wife, "and I will tell what is the matter. Why, you see this little child got a shoe button"——

"A bean," interrupted his spouse.

"Now you keep still, Meena," said the husband, with considerable acerbity. "Doctor, he's got a button up his nose."

"No, no, doctor," quickly broke in his wife; "it is not a button, it is a bean."

"Meena," shouted the man, "what are you talking about? I say it was a shoe-button."

"It wasn't a button, doctor; it was a big, blue bean," the woman replied with vigor.

"What do you kick up this row in the doctor's office for, Meena?" said the man in anger. "These women are all so stupid."

"Oh, you're stupid, Sigismund; you don't know anything," retorted the wife.

"Doctor, don't mind that fool; she don't know a cow from a head of cabbage."

"Come, come, my good people," interposed the doctor, "don't quarrel over it. The child has got something up its nose, has it?"

"Yes, doctor, a button," said the man.

"No, doctor, a bean, immediately broke from the woman, who was now thoroughly aroused.

"Well, bean or button, it must come out," said the doctor.

"Yes, the button," said the man.

"You lie, Sigismund; it's a bean," said the wife.

The doctor quelled the riot by asking the parents to place the child in a chair, and then laid out an array of about seventeen instruments, only one of which he had any use for. Selecting a bright delicate hook with a long shank, he advanced toward the infantile patient.

"What's that? What's that?" broke in the father. "I never had such a thing put into my body and I won't let such things be put into the body of my offspring," and seizing the child in his arms the couple left the office.

As they were going downstairs the young one sneezed, and out came the bone of contention—a little shoe button. The father picked it up and rushed back to the office.

"There, doctor, didn't I tell you it was a button?"

The woman being thus forced into acquiescence has nothing more to say, but the husband proceeded to explain to the doctor how the button got up the child's nose, and placing it in his own nostril by way of illustration he gave a sudden sniff and up went the button into his own nose. A spasmodic effort to blow it out failed in its purpose, and the man now became alarmed for himself.

"It must come out," said the doctor, "or it will be likely to produce a cancerous affection or cerebral inflammation."

"What's that? My God! Take it out, doctor, take it out!"

Once more the doctor produced his hook, and in a moment landed the little black button in the palm of his hand. Then he collected his fee, and the Freiheit family departed, wiser and happier for having the question, "bean or button?" settled.—*San Francisco Call.*

Knew His Verse.

"I know my verse," said a small Sunday school scholar to his teacher one Sabbath when it came to his turn to recite a verse from the Bible. "It is a bully one too; I was so afraid some other felle would say it before me."

"Let us hear it, then, James."

At the top of his voice the little boy shouted; "Meany, meany, tickel up his shin." (*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.*)—*Bazar.*

Unreliable Elephants.

Gent—"I believe you are the man of whom I bought this cane."

Proprietor—"Yes, I sold you that cane."

"And you said the handle was of genuine ivory, and I find that it is artificial."

"I can't help it, sir. I import my ivory direct from Ceylon, and the only explanai on I can give is that the elephants have a ken to wearing false tusks."

A Valuable Communication.

Assistant Editor—Here is a letter from a correspondent, who writes regarding a matter of no earthly interest to anybody. He says: "While loath to encroach upon the very valuable space of your brilliant and widely influential journal —"

Editor-in-Chief—Let it go in.—*From Epoch.*

Heron Allen has just completed a novel entitled "Ashes of the Future." We warrant they will be just as hard to sift as the ashes of the present.

THE BELATED HUSBAND.

Oh, the beautiful snow—
Not the chestnut of old,
But the sort which, you know,
Amid bluster and blow,
Heaps up on the wold.

Its crystals invade
Every cranny in sight—
An excuse ready-made,
For the cars are delayed
Until late in the night.

Oh, the beautiful snow,
Piling up in a ridge!
Let it fall, let it blow,
For it serves us, you know,
In lieu of "The Bridge."

The London Zoological Gardens have received a new accession in the guise of a gorilla. The distinguished brute bears but one-half of a once distinguished name in zoonic circles, being labelled "Mumbo," instead of "Mumbo Jumbo."

Hon. Francis Brinley, the orator selected to deliver the address at the opening of the Boston Historical Society's new building, is over 90 years old.

RICH GROWING RICHER.

Colossal Fortunes of Men Who Reside in the States Metropolis.

Near the close of 1885 there died in New York city a citizen of that place who left to his children a fortune estimated at $182,000,000, besides making a number of minor bequests. It will help us to form an idea of the magnitude of this sum if we consider that it would have sufficed to give a Christmas present of $140 to every inhabitant of the city or at the rate of $700 to every family of five persons, supposing the population at that time to have been 1,300,000. A political committee of 100, appointed in the same city in October last, comprised eight members whose estimated wealth reached an aggregate of somewhat more than three hundred million dollars, and at least two of the most colossal fortunes were unrepresented in the number. Estates rising into the tens of millions are to be found in various other cities, and, taking the country through, one might designate 25 persons whose united wealth, according to current estimates, are not less than two thirds of $1,000,000,000, or about 1 per cent. of the total wealth of the United States, supposing this to have increased over 50 per cent. since the census of 1880. Were all the property in the country held in equally large amounts, the whole would barely suffice for 2,500 proprietors; or, supposing these to have families averaging four persons each beside themselves, it would supply a population a trifle larger than that of the little town of Yonkers, as stated in the last census. There are no authentic statistics showing the distribution of property among different portions of our people; but whatever the facts may be as to the comparative diffusion of such wealth as is held by the classes outside the circle of the extremely rich, it will hardly be disputed that the latter now hold a much larger proportion of the total wealth of the country than was held by a like percentage of people twenty-five or thirty years ago, for the proofs that this is the case lie upon the surface and thrust themselves upon general observation. Moreover, I see no reason to believe that the tendency to increasing accumulation at the upper end of the possessory scale has reached or is approaching its limit. A great fortune, with ordinary careful management, possesses an enormous power of accretion. Even when invested in good securities, at a very moderate rate of interest, a fortune that rises into the millions affords ample means of making yearly additions to the principal. If invested in real estate in any of our growing cities, it yields increasing income from decade to decade as the land advances in value, putting it in the power of the owner to lay aside an increasing surplus; while in the hands of a shrewd speculator, not over scrupulous in his dealings, its power of increase may be still greater. In January, 1880, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* reported the rumored additions during the preceding year to ten or twelve of "the great fortunes identified with Wall street" at $80,000,000.—*Forum.*

She Knew All About Peter.

It was a Sunday school exhibition, and the Superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand. "Well, my dear," said the Superintendent, "that's right; I am glad there is one little girl who will put these larger boys and girls to shame." The little girl came forward to the platform and was told to tell the audience all she knew about Peter. She put her finger in her mouth, and looking very smilingly, said:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Amid the roar that followed she hurried gayly to her seat.

Don't Give up the Ship.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure-all, nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means have failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

Fallen From Its High Estate.

How swiftly degradation follows honor! How sad, oftitmes, the mutability of worldly things! The stocking that erstwhile dangled haughtily from the glittering mantle to woo the touch of august St. Nicholas, now serves again in its humble capacity of protecting a motley crowd of corns, bunions and chilblains.

Doctoring a Cough.

Wife—I am so worried about that cough of yours, John, dear.

Husband (fondly)—Don't be foolish, little one. It is a mere nothing.

Wife—It may be a mere nothing, John, but I do wish you would see the—the insurance man to-day.

What is Needed.

To render marriage ceremonies more impressive the audience now remains standing until the minister concludes. What is needed very much in these days of divorces is something to make the marriage remain standing after the minister concludes.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

It Never Fails.

Marriageable young girls in Kansas make it a point to take up a land claim as the first step towards securing a husband. They have level heads. Any girl in the West with plenty of land can always land a husband.—*New Orleans Picagune.*

Honoring His Memory.

Caller—Isn't Carlo a curious name for a baby, Mrs. Hobson?

Mrs. Hobson (sadly)—Yes, but I had a little dog called Carlo, who died not long ago, and I've named the baby in his honor.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

Both Sides of an Absorbing Controversy Clearly Stated.

According to "Scribner's Statistical Atlas of the Census of 1880," there was not a single death from kidney disease in the entire United States from 1870 to 1880.

But can this be possible? If we are to believe the articles of one of our best advertisers, kidney disease, and diseases arising from kidney derangements, is actually responsible for the majority of deaths.

Why, then, such a discrepancy?

Fortunately for these people their statements are confirmed.

The suspicion is nourished by them, and we confess with good reason, that because the medical profession is not able to cure extreme kidney disorders, the profession officially disguises from the public the fact of their prevalence; meanwhile its journals are filled with regrets at this prevalence and the impotency of the profession to treat it successfully!

Why is the public misled?

These advertisers shrewdly say it is because the profession, if it concedes what they claim that kidney disease is universal, fears that the people will desert the powerless doctors and use the advertised preparation!

We do not know but they are right! But what should the people do?

Do? Read the evidence and guide themselves accordingly!

The advertisers claim to have cured hundreds of thousands of cases of Bright's disease and all lesser forms of kidney, liver and blood derangements. They offer $5,000 for proof that their statements of cures, in every quarter of the globe, are not true, so far as they know. These statements are from prominent men and women all over the world, and the closest scrutiny is invited!

If a physician cures a man and he knows it and says it, people believe him. If Warner's safe cure cures a man and he knows it and says it over his own signature, it is just as conclusive evidence in the latter case as in the former.

A few years ago, after having broken down prejudice in England, Canada, the United States, Australia, India and China, the owners of this great remedy applied for the privilege of its manufacture and sale in Germany. The laws of that great country are very stringent, and nothing can be manufactured or sold until it wins permission from the Government, and this will not be granted until the Government is satisfied that the best interests of the public and its individuals will be served by such a preparation

The medicine was chemically and microscopically analyzed (as accurately as possible), the formulæ were examined (with perhaps a secret prejudice against them) by the Government chemists, searching inquiry was everywhere made at home and abroad to verify its past record and reputation. Finally, it was triumphant even under the most critical examination, and full permission was given to make and sell Warner's safe cure in the Fatherland—the only life privilege of the kind ever granted to any American proprietary preparation.

Unprejudiced people will say that this favorable consideration of the merits of Warner's safe cure by the German Government was a very significant as well as a very distinguished compliment to its merits, and so it is.

The evidence is all in favor of these intelligent advertisers, who have certainly won universal public approval, because of their straight forward course in proclaiming the merits of their remedies.

New Year's Shopping.

Devoted Wife—Have you any embroidered slippers?

Dealer—Plenty of them. You wish hand-worked, I presume?

"Yes, I want a pair that will look as if it took all summer to do them."

"Yes, madam, we have that kind; they make a man almost weep when he thinks of the days and weeks and months of silent labor all for him."

"Well, here is my husband's measure. Don't send any bill except for the soles. Charge him a few dollars extra for his next pair of boots."

A Dish of New P's.

P stands for Pudding for Peach and for Pear
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! These are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

—"I was never exactly buried alive," said an old clerk, recounting his experience, "but I once worked a week in a store that did not advertise. When I came out my head was almost as white as you now see it. Solitary confinement did it."

She was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Truthfully Said—and the Only Time.

Adam (just after getting acquainted with Eve)—Will you go with me to-night to see the animals?

Eve—I have nothing to wear.—*Boston Courier.*

The Man and the Petticoat.

A dress magazine says the petticoat must go. So be it, then; but if the petticoat goes so will man also and on the same train.—*Chicago Herald.*

That's What It's For.

Let people with heart affections beware of the toboggan slide.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Lady Granville Gordon, of London, is the only titled milliner of the metropolis.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Earl Dunraven proposes to reform the British House of Lords by creating life instead of heritage peers and making the legislative body of the lords elective by the peerage for nine years. This would reduce the chamber of peers to 150.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The Artless Child.

Mamie (6 years old to lady caller)—"Mamma said to ask you to sit down a few moments, and she would be right in. It isn't raining, is it?"

Lady Caller—"Why, no, Mamie. Why did you think it was?"

Mamie—"Because, when mamma saw you coming, she said, 'It never rains but it pours.'"

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send **ten** cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNN. 2 8

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES free, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.