WEAR HATS ALL THE TIME.

A Curious Custom of Some Persians Not Attended with Baldness.

From time to time I have noticed theories setting forth the chief causes of baldness, such as abnormal heat from the head cover, and "constriction of the blood vessels of the head by tight hats." Prof. T. Wesley Mills holds that "the principal root of this trouble is in nervous strain.' All these theories may have something to do with the loss of hair. During several years' residence in Hong Kong, in my professional duties, I had to do with a goodly number of persons, representing a large variety of nationalities, and in my study of these people I found that many theories deduced from local experiences at home were, in some cases at least, hardly broad enough to cover all facts found at large in nature and bearing upon the specific points of investigation. Familiar with some of the popular theories as to the cause of baldness, I was surprised to find men who always wore a covering to their heads, and during business hours and who always when out of doors wore a very tight hat, were never bald and possessed a wonderfully strong, thick head of hair. I refer to the Parsees (Persians). There is a sacred, religious law among them that no man shall go with his head uncovered. When the Mohammedans invaded Persia, the major part of the native Persians who were not exterminated fled farther east into India, found protection and a welcome home among the Hindoos, a people of castes, and in order that these strangers should always be identified, also knowing that their religion obliged them to wear a head covering, a law was passed to compel all Parsees to wear a certain style of hat whenever exposed outside of their own private home. The hat prescribed is as tall as an American silk hat with no brim; it truly might be called a "stove-pipe." This hat is worn inclining backward on the head from 35 to 40 degrees, and, in order to keep it on its place, the brim is made to cling very close to the head; being so tight and so constantly worn that quite a deep depression is caused substantially around the head; it seemed as if the skull might be involved, but, not having the opportunity of examining one, I was not able to fully determine. Whenever this hat is removed, a skull cap immediately takes its place. In my professional duties these hats often had to be removed, and it appeared to me as a curious fact—if some of the popular theories were altogether true—that these people should never be bald. Therefore, I instituted a series of strict inquiries. Many of these gentlemen spoke English intelligently, also French, German, Persian and their local Hindoo dialect. Some of them kindly allowed an examination of their heads, and also assured me that they never knew one of their race that was bald.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Rough on the Dudes.

The other night, says the New York *Star*, three dudes, dressed in the height of fashion, who were returning to their homes in Brooklyn, amused themselves by overturning ash barrels. Their actions were watched by an officer standing in the shade of a near-by tree. As they passed under the spreading branches of the tree the policeman came from his ambush, and, stopping the trio, said: "This is nice, gentlemanly conduct. No doubt to you it's rare fun. Now, if you want to avoid disgrace and the loss of $10 each you must come back with me and I'll show you what to do."

"Oh, only a little joke, old man," explained one of the dudes.

But the officer was obdurate and made the fellows march back to overturned barrel No. 1.

"Now," said the policeman, "place the barrel in its proper position, gather the ashes and rubbish and place them in the barrel."

"But surely you don't mean that," exclaimed one of the missing links in horror.

"Do what I say, or I'll arrest you," replied the officer.

With great reluctance the three took their first lessod in garbrge gathering, and the same operation had to be performed until the four barrels which they had upset had been refilled. When this had been finished the officer allowed them to go home.

The Mystery of the Comb.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to so simple an act as that of combing the hair. Yet we learn from old church history that the hair of the priest or Bishop was thus combed several times during divine service by one of the inferior clergy. The comb is mentioned as one of the essentials for use during a high mass when sung by a bishop, and both in English and foreign cathedrals they were reckoned among the costly possessions of the church. Some were made of ivory, some were carved, others gemmed with precious stones. Among the combs specially known to history are those of St. Noet, St. Dunstan, and Malchias. That of St. Thomas the Martyr of Canterbury is still to be seen in the Church of St. Sepulchre, at Thetford, and that of St. Cuthbert at Durham Cathedral. From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divination, and from its appearance in combination with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in various parts of Scotland, it seems probable that this was one of the objects of pagan veneration which early Christian teachers deem it prudent to adopt, investing it with some new significance.—*The Century.*

Queer Facts and Happenings.

Edith Birkham, of Racine, Wis., lost her life by falling out of bed.

Boys found a cracked demijohn in a cree near Rome, N.Y., inside of which was a sucker that was over a foot long and so large that it could not escape.

A Washington Territory man left $2,000 for all the delicacies of the season to be fed to his dog, while his old father was made heir to his watch and chain only.

The widow and daughter of old Dr. Wheaton, of Birmingham, N.Y., were attired at his funeral in white dresses, and wore bouquets of flowers, while the remains lay on a sofa covered by a many-colored robe.

While Andrew Lockwood was rowing across the reservoir below Andover, N.J., a three pound black bass jumped into his boat.

MATRIMONIAL.

A Brilliant Wedding in Scottish Upper Tendom.

The great event of the season in the southeast of Scotland has been the marriage of Miss Constance Nisbet Hamilton, the rich proprietress of Biel, Dirleton, Belhaven and Pencaitland, East Lothian, to Mr. Henry T. Ogilvy, son of Sir John Ogilvy Bart., of Inverquharity, Forfarshire. The ceremony took place in the private chapel at Biel House, without any bridesmaids, yet the whole *elite* of the district, as well as many from a distance, seemed to have turned out, though the hour fixed was an early one—8 a.30 m. Bishop Dowden officiated. Most of the guests left immediately afterwards, as the newly-married couple were not going on any extensive marriage tour, but intended passing the honeymoon at Biel. Though everything was thus gone about in the sensible manner which might have been expected of Miss Hamilton, her bridal dress might have excited the envy of ladies generally. She wore an extremely handsome dress of the richest ivory white velvet brocade, with long train. The petticoat was of ivory white satin, and was completely covered with valuable antique Brussels lace, which had been inherited from the late Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton, the bride's mother. The bodice was fastened in front by five large diamond buttons or brooches, and had a high ruff and trimming of the same valuable lace. Her veil, which was of the same Brussels lace, was long, and was fastened back with large diamond stars; and in her hair she wore a spray of white hawthorn (the Ogilvy badge), myrtle and white heather. She also wore a ruby and diamond brooch, a triple horseshoe diamond brooch and two diamond rings, the gifts of the bridegroom; a hawthorn spray in diamonds, the gift of the brother and sisters of the bridegroom; and in her hair a diamond ornament, the gift of Sir John Ogilvy. In addition she wore a tiara of five diamond stars, and a diamond necklace, with cross and ear-rings; and wore rings and bracelets of the same valuable stones from her family jewels. She carried a beautiful bouquet, composed of white heather and myrtle. The marriage presents were very numerous and valuable.

A Good Kind of Face to Have.

Memory of events.—This is shown by a wide, full forehead in the centre.

Reasoning power.—A high, long and well defined nose and a broad face exhibits this great faculty.

Moral courage.—This faculty manifests itself by wide nostrils, short neck and eyes set directly in front.

Language.—This faculty is exhibited in many parts of the face, particularly by a large mouth and large, full eyes, opened wide.

Self-Esteem.—This faculty shows itsel in a long and deep upper lip. Large selff esteem gives one dignity, self-control and perfect independence.

Firmness.—The presence of this faculty when very large, is indicated by a long, broad chin. Firmness is synonymous with willfulness, perseverance and stability.

Perception of character.—This is indicated by a long, high nose at the lower end or tip. This faculty is very useful, if not indispensible, to a Judge in the exercise of the functions of his office.

Powers of observation.—The situation of this faculty is in the face just above the nose, filling out the forehead to a level with the parts on each side of the nose. It is a faculty which enables one to concentrate the mind upon the subject being discussed.

Conscientiousness.—This is shown in the face by a square jaw, a bony chin, prominent cheek bones and a general squareness of the features of the entire face. To be conscientious means that one has a sense of justice, honesty of purpose, rectitude of character and moral courage.

The Champion Dove Story.

Ever since Noah's messenger hastened back to the friends who had shared with her the long seclusion caused by the worst storm on record, to show them the first signs she found of better weather coming, the dove has been considered a bird of good omen. The people of a church in Belfast report a singular coincidence last Sunday. Just as the pastor was reading the words: "I beheld the spirit descending as a dove out of heaven, and it abode upon Him," a beautiful dove fluttered in at the open door and alighted upon the railing of the back gallery. It next flew to the pulpit, and after resting a minute perched upon the speaker's head. Being brushed away the dove flew down beside the Bible, and finally, near the close of the sermon, flew out through the open door at which it had entered.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Too Much Modesty.

"John," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?" "Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on her golden head, that was pillowed on his manly bosom. "This is the year when the proposing is done by the young ladies?" "Yes." "I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?" "Why, Mamie, dear, I never gave a thought—l—er—to—to—tell the truth, I've only known you for—that is to say—" "I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose. I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest, I couldn't be so immodest. I am going to let you do the proposing yourself in the old-fashioned way. The old-fash oned way is good enough for me." And the gentle maiden gave her lover a beaming smile; and yet the youth rejoiced that he had found such a treasure of modesty.

Knew the Youth.

Young Winks—I think I'll call on Miss De Puyster this evening. There's no one there.

Young Binks—How can you tell?

Winks—Her little brother is playing in the front yard. If there was any one there he'd be in the parlor back of the sofa.

Lieutenant-Governor's Proclamation.

The *Ontario Gazette* of to-day contains a proclamation raising the village of Forest, in the county of Lambton, and the village of Deseronto, in the county of Hastings, to the dignity of towns; also annexing the water lots to the town of Parkdale. The proclamations will go into effect on Jan. 1st, 1889.

MR. KERBY'S STRANGE DREAM,

In Which He Learns Particulars of His Mother's Death.

There are many who, while not believing in spiritualism, have a strong and abiding faith in presentiments, especially when the belief is actually forced upon them by demonstration. Such is Mr. Joseph Kerby, of Montreal, the representative of an English mining syndicate. He is of the old Kerby family of Brantford, it being his brother James who built the Kerby House in that city. Mr. Kerby was in Toronto a few days ago and in the course of conversation he told a remarkable story. In 1863, when the American war was at its height, he went south from Chicago to look after some cotton business. At Nashville, Tenn., he was captured by the Confederate forces as a spy and thrown into prison. After a few months there he was transferred to Libby Prison, and for some offence towards the officer in command was placed in the black hole with a single companion. One night his comrade in misery awoke and heard him sobbing, and waking him up, asked why he was crying. He said he had dreamt that his mother had died in Brantford, Canada, that night; and what particularly impressed him was that she had insisted upon dying upon a certain bed and in a certain room which she had never before used. Some weeks after this Mr. Kerby was released and several letters handed to him. Among them was a black bordered one from home. Before opening it he told the officers that he knew it would contain the announcement of his mother's death. Relating his dream he opened the letter, which fully bore out the strange presentiment, his mother having died the night in question. Mr. Kerby returned home; and before allowing any one to tell him the circumstances of his mother's decease, he related graphically the death bed scene, naming those who were present, including Dr. Reginald Henwood, who still practices in Brantford. The circumstances attending the death and those that he dreamt were alike in every particular.

New Hints for Home.

Do not amuse the children by letting them cut the pictures out of your Dore bible.

Indiscriminate giving is a bad thing. It is better to help pay the running expenses of a charitable organization than to give a piece of pie to an unworthy tramp who has a ruined digestion.

Never black your boots with stove polish and deal gently with your wife if she cleans her jewels with your tooth brush. This is an exper ence that is bound to come to man some time in life.

Be sure to have an elaborate method of opening your doors from the inside. This will keep burglars in the house until the police come, unless you argue too long with your wife as to whether it is the cat or a June-bug that you hear counting the silver in the dining-room.

A Very Obliging Editor.

The Port Hope *Times* man desires to be on perfectly familiar terms with his readers, as the annexed general invitation which appears in his paper will testify: Don't forget the editor when you have a news item. If your wife licks you, let us know of it, and we will set it right before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of visitors. If a youngster arrives at your home, begging for raiment, buy a quarter's worth of cigars and come around, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish you a suitable name for him or her, as the circumstances will permit; and if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a bam.

Diabolical Crimes in Hungary.

Two fearful crimes are reported from Pesth. In one case a tailor, named Gnadig, poured through a funnel melted lead into the right ear of his sleeping wife. Finding she was not dead the wretch then proceeded to strangle her, but was interrupted by the arrival of the neighbors, who found the unfortunate woman still alive, but in a desperate condition. The murderer is still at large. The other case is that of a butcher, who fired a revolver at his brother-in-law, and, believing he was dead, went home and killed his victim's child, a baby 10 months old. He then attempted to commit suicide.

A Sad Case.

Artist (to pupil)—"That study is all out of drawing. It defies every law of composition, and has not a color ever seen in nature. Can't you see that for yourself?"

Pupil—"It looks all right to me."

"Well, I'll have to give you up. You will never be fit for anything but a member of a hanging committee."

The Last Man Who Ought to Complain.

Bald-headed Man.—Here, waiter, this is an infernal outrage. Here is a hair swimming around in the soup.

Waiter.—Wall, don't make such a fuss about a trifle. Hair is what you need most, ain't it?

The Smart Small Boy Again.

Tom, 3 years old, who has a brother of 3 months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water; he can't cry milk."

The Toronto Christian Institute, erected by Mr. Wm. Gooderham at a cost of $25,000, was formally opened last night.

—The Hamilton Powder Company have taken an action for $10,000 against the Guarantee Company of North America for the policy of insurance upon their cashier, Samuel Johnson, who committed suicide. Shortly after Johnson's death, it will be remembered, it transpired that he was a defaulter to the extent of about $5,000.

Gustav Freytag, the German novelist, prefers not to use the title of nobility which has been conferred upon him.

Wm. Keeler, a member of the Belleville fire brigade, who has repeatedly ill-used his wife, gave her a severe castigation last week, which resulted in the members of the fire department ostracizing him and striking his name from the roll. Mrs. Keeler returned to her parents in Tyendinaga, and it is reported that Keeler is endeavoring to effect a reconciliation.

SAD DOMESTIC STORY.

Woman Arrested for Killing her Husband—A Man in the Case this Time.

An Ottawa despatch says: Another tragedy is reported from Mattawa. It appears that a dispute took place between W. G. Gilmor, proprietor of the Union Hotel there, and his wife concerning a young man, Joseph St. Denis, who, Mr. Gilmor averred, was too intimate with Mrs. Gilmor. The result of the row was that Mrs. Gilmor threw a ginger ale bottle at her husband's head, cutting him badly. He died shortly afterwards, and the doctors testify that the effect of the blow was the cause of death. When Mrs. Gilmor was summoned during the night time to her dying husband's bedside St. Denis was in her room and escaped by the window. He testified at the examination which followed into the sad affair at Pembroke that he had been intimate with Mrs. Gilmor for the past year and had access to her room at any time. Judge Deacon gave him 24 hours to leave the town. Mrs. Gilmor has been arrested for manslaughter and lodged in Pembroke jail.

A Haristocrat.

Mr. Parvenue—That's all settled about them carriages, then; but look 'ere, the missis said I was to be sure and have a crest painted on 'em.

Coachbuilder—Oh, certainly, sir. What is your crest?

Mr. P.—Well, I—er—that is, I—er—I s'pose I've forgotten it; but that don't matter, do it? You can find me a crest, can't yer, if I pay for it?

Coachbuilder—Oh, yes, sir, by hall means. I've got a few 'ere as you could choose from, sir. 'Ere you are, sir; lions is popular, but helephants is wery peculiar.—*Fun.*

ITCHING PILES.

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

Put it to a Scientific Test.

"My dear," remarked a husband, as he struggled to pull of his boots, "I (hic) really think I've lost my mind."

"Well, John," responded his wife, anxiously, "why don't you have a microscopical examination made and find out for sure?"

At first a little, hacking cough.
"'Tis nothing but a cold,"
They say. "'Twi l soon wear off."
Alas, the story old!
The hectic cheek, the failing strength,
The grief that cannot save,
And life's wan flame goes out, at length,
In a consumptive's grave.

If persons would use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when irritation of the lungs is indicated by a cough, it would be an easy matter to avert consumption. Be wise in time.

Noble Father.

He—I must break off my engagement, Violet.

She—Why should you do that?

He—Well, your father has failed; how can he support a son-in-law in the style in which I have lived?

She—Why, you goose, he failed on purpose to meet the extra expense.

It is not Disputed

That Nerviline, the new pain remedy, is a good article. Some indeed claim that the old fashioned preparations are just as good, but any sufferer can satisfy himself by expending ten cents on a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline, that nothing sold can equal it for internal, local or external pains. Always speedy in effect, prompt and certain in every cure. H. S. Webber, Orangeville, writes: "My customers speak very highly of Nerviline as a remedy for toothache and neuralgia." All druggists and country dealers sell Nerviline. Try it to-day.

An Old Time Wedding.

"My wife wore a white dress and a pair of white cotton gloves when we were married," said General Alger, of Michigan, the other day. "We took our wedding trip in a buggy from Grand Rapids to a little settlement called Grandville, about seven miles distant. I wore not even cotton gloves, and I'll tell you why: I didn't have money enough to buy 'em."

Too well known to need lengthy advertisements—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Not Particular.

Dogvendor—You take this animal. I sells him for five dollars. That is dog-cheap.

Lady customer—Is he a particular breed?

"Ne'm he ain't a bit pertikeler. He'd just as leive go with you as me. So he wud."

Value of Advertisements.

"Do I believe in advertisements," said a prominent lawyer a day or two ago. "Well, rather; and in the hidden advertisement more than in any other. I remember, one day, reading a very interesting story, that ended in what I took to be a puff for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. I threw down the paper in a rage. Not a week after that I needed some medicine of that kind, and went and bought those same little pills." "Did I find them good?" "Why, yes, the best thing of the kind I ever saw, but that has nothing to do with the first question, and I only mention the joke on myself to show that advertising does pay."

Equal to the Occasion.

Irate wife—This is a nice time of night for you to be getting home!

Aggravating husband—Yesh, ver' nice. Beautiful moon (hic) light; no peramb'lators on street; everything (hic) nice'n quiet.

Heroic Treatment.

Patient—At times when I eat too much I suffer terribly. What would you recommend, doctor? Doctor—A stomach pump.

Old Lady—Ah, you bad boy! draggin' your little brother like that! S'pose you were to kill him! Bad Boy—Don't care got another indoors!

Five Decorative "Nevers."

Never permit a white marble mantel to disfigure an otherwise tasteful room. Cover it with a draped mantel board.

Never have a dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

Never have a carpet patterned with gigantic roses or other actual flowers that harmonize with nothing. The colors in a carpet should, in a great measure, complete the color and scheme adopted for the room.

Never put a piece of furniture into a room merely because it is pretty and will fill up. Every article should have its real or apparent use. As a general thing the necessary pieces will occupy all the space that should be allotted to furnituae.

Never hang a picture from one nail. Aside from the mere question of safety, the use of two nails, the cord stretched across them so as to come down squarely to the corners of the frame, has a symmetrical effect, and makes the walls look very much more finished.—*Home.*

Cold Water and Cholera Infantum.

We endorse the following remarks of Dr. H. F. Hendrix on cholera infantum (says the "Monthly Bulletin" of the Iowa State Board of Health) in the *Weekly Medical Review.* During the progress of the disease, and for some time before active symptoms manifest themselves, we have noticed the insatiable thirst of these little patients, and always noticed marked relief from giving them plenty of cold water. It seems strange that any one should deny a simple remedy like this so pleadingly demanded. Dr. Hendrix, moreover, claims that it is beneficial as a preventive. He says: "I feel it my duty to say (taking my own observation as a guide) that cholera infantum will not occur in any case where a plentiful supply of cold water is given at all times and on all occasions, night or day, whenever the little one desires it. And, further, I would like to impress upon the minds of those who have the care of children to lay aside any scruple of reserve they have in regard to giving cold water, and to give it freely. Those not able to let their wants be known should have it placed to their lips and let drink to their satisfaction."

Do Figures Lie?

Do figures lie? Let us see.

Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens two for $1, getting for 30 chickens $15.

The others sold hers three for $1, getting for her chickens $10.

This made $25 realized on the 60 chickens.

The merchant called to divide the money said:—

"You sold your 30 chickens two for $1, and you sold your 30 chickens three for $1. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of five for $2. Well, 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes $24 your chickens brought."

But as shown above the women actually had $25 in their pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

Do figures lie?—*Spence's Paper.*

Did Not Effect Him.

"This thing makes me tired!" exclaimed the farmer, when he caught his hired man sitting on the shady side of the haystack. "Mebbe it does," was the reply, "but it don't make me tired. It's the all-fired work that uses me up."

—The M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Canada, R. T. Walkem, Q. C., of Kingston, has ordered as a donation from Grand Lodge the sum of $200 to be forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Florida for the Masonic Relief Fund, gotten up to assist those of the brethren suffering from the yellow fever scourge in that State.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin Judge Gibson, Dr. Brown, E. H. Cook, Pres. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus post free from

PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a good man in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

Query: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S

BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND