The Lost Baby.

(By C. E. Jakeway, M.D., Orillia.)

Through the broad, old-fashioned kitchen, kicking up a rousing din,
Rushed the farmer's noisy children, when their mother called them in.
They'd been out upon the haystack, sliding down upon the hay,
Till the sun set and night's shadows chased away the light of day.
Just brimful of merry mischief, fairly boiling o'er with fun,
Round the chairs and tables romping, did they rush and shout and run.
And their merry peals of laughter echoed to the attic wide,
Then they tumbled down the cellar in a game of seek and hide.
"Goodness me!" the father shouted; "mother, put those rogues to bed,
For their clatter and their racket is enough to split my head."
But the roguish little urchins said they'd be as good as good
While their grandma told a story—that was if she only would.
So the good old grandam kindly put her knitting needles down,
While her spec's she pushed above her brow near to her cap's quaint crown,
And, as o'er her age-dimmed features a bright ray of pleasure crossed,
Said she guessed she'd tell a story 'bout a boy that once was lost.
"He was such another mischief as my little Tommy here,
Always tol'lin' after something just without a bit of fear.
Now, one day, his ma was busy making pancakes for the tea,
When she sudden-like bethought her, 'Where can little tod'lin's be?
I've not heard his merry laughter for ten minutes, I dec are—
Johnny, have you seen the baby in the barnyard anywhere?'
Johnny from the stable answered, 'Just a little while ago
He was chasin' the old rooster with the handle of a hoe.
And he told me he was going to the bush to have some fun—
"Guess I'll shoot some great big bearses wif yis hannel for a gun."
Then he ran off round the corner of the pig-pen over there,
But I'll look around and find him with his gun out here somewhere.
'Pon my word the gate is open, leadin' out into the wood;
P'raps he's gone out after 'bearses,' for you know he said he should.'
'Hurry, Johnny,' screamed the mother, 'go and find him if you can!'
As with white and frightened features she herself the search began.
Round the barnyard, house and stable, up and down the stumpy lane,
Sought she for her precious baby, but her search was all in vain.
Then she blew the horn as loud as ever she could make it ring
Till the men came from the logging bee down by the mineral spring.
And they went in all directions, searching for the missing child,
While the father and the mother were with anguish almost wild.
'Mother,' said the father to her, 'will you go up for a light?
Bring back both the lanterns with you, for it's fast becoming night.'
Off she ran with eager footsteps till she reached the shanty door,
There she stopped in blank amazement, for before her on the floor
Was the little lost one seated, playing with a pan of dough.
'Why, my ma, where has 'ou bin to, yats yust what I wants to know?
I went seepin' wif 'e piggies, an' I hided den from 'ou,
And den when I went to find 'ou, den I guess ou hided too.
So I kied till I was seepy, den I seeped a hull lot more
Till I found dis pan o' nice stuff, and made pieters on de floor.'
Fondly did that loving mother press her darling to her breast,
Thanking God her little birdie had not wandered from its nest.
But the great, rough men on coming at her call from out the wood,
Laughed at mother's dough-daubed darling just as hard as e'er they could
There, the story's over, children, off to bed you'd better go!
Yes, your father was the lost one, and I found him 'mong the dough."

A Curious Wedding Invitation.

A novel wedding invitation announcing marriage of Charles A. Beaton, of Lansingburg, and Miss Ada Titcomb, was shown to a Troy (N.Y.) *Press* reporter on Saturday. It reads as follows:

WRITTEN INVITATION.

To .....

Friends,—I do most cordially invite you all to come to my house Monday evening, October 8th, 1888, at 7 p.m. Presents received until 3 p.m. on the day of the wedding. Come one, come all. Compliments of

CHARLES A. BEATON
and
MISS ADA TITCOMB.

The wedding is not likely to take place. It is said that when the prospective bride saw the wedding invitations she waxed exceedingly wroth, and Charley now fills the *role* of a discarded and disconsolate lover.

A Natural Apprehension.

Snifkins, a young travelling man of this city, is trying to learn the violin. The other evening he was working away with the most commendable industry when a tap sounded at the door of his room.

"Come in," he said, pausing in his wild endeavors.

The door opened and the Irish domestic put her head through the door.

"Oh, it's you, is it," she remarked in a relieved tone.

"Yes, it is I. What did you want?"

"Nothin'; only the missus sint me up to see if the baby wasn't up here tryin' to break yer fiddle."

The Views of King Alfred.

Not long ago in a public-school examination an eccentric examiner demanded: "What views would King Alfred take of universal suffrage, the conscription, and printed books, if he were living now?" The ingenuous pupil wrote in answer: "If King Alfred were still alive he would be too old to take any interest in anything."

What is Life Without Love.

Magistrate—Madam, your husband charges you with assault. Madam—Yes, your honor; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, your honor (tears), and a woman's life without love is a mere blight.

He Ruined the Custom.

Proprietor (to recently engaged waiter)—You will have to go; I can't keep you.

New Waiter—What's the matter?

Proprietor—Whenever a customer asks you if the fish is fresh you get red in the face. You'd break up the whole business in a short time.

Why She Went Home.

First Guest (at summer health resort)—You are going home early this season, Mrs. Caution.

Second Guest—Yes, I have to go for my health.

Charles Dickens said: "There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth."

CURRENT TOPICS.

A CITIZEN of Brooklyn who is 70 years old, blind, in good health and the possessor of $1,500,000 in worldly gear, has married his cook. There is a great to do in consequence. A poor man might marry his cook without unfriendly criticism, but what right has $1,500,000 to marry a cook?

DR. COOPER, of Pittsburg, has invented a process which he expects will supersede embalming and cremation, being much less expensive than either. He subjects a dead body to hydraulic pressure, and condenses it into a small, solid block, like veined marble. The body of a full-grown man can, he claims, be reduced to a cube of twelve inches. Dr. Cooper exhibits a small cross, apparently of marble. "That," says he, "is the body of a child converted into a handsome ornament." The material is tasteless, odorless and seemingly imperishable. Cremation costs £10. Compression will cost only a fifth of that sum.

IF you cut down a tree in the month of its growth, and cut it right off at the butt and not trim it out any, in a few days that tree will be seasoned. "I do that," says an expert, "when we cut oak timber and leave the limbs on. When it is cut in June we find it seasoned in December, when we go to take up the winter's firewood. We find if it is cut when the sap is out of the wood it soon becomes sap-rotten. If you cut beech, poplar or birch for rails or posts, cut them in June or July and let them lie with their limbs on. You will have wood then that is not rotten. You will have fine poles out of the birches or poplars, for they will be seasoned."

A CONSTRUCTION detail that is gaining much popularity in some western cities is the bricking in of frame houses. The building is sided up with matched stuff, as if complete; then a brick face wall, four inches thick, is laid in contact with the exterior, tied on by spikes about every sixth course. A boy distributes them all around on top of the wall. They are laid in the mortar-bed ready and driven through into the siding until the heads are flush with the face of the wall, when the next courses are laid, and so on. The walls present the appearance of solid masonry, are durable, and, as they add to the warmth of the buildings, seem to present substantial recommendations, especially for severe climates.

POTTER PALMER, the Chicago millionaire, lives in a house that is said to be more like a castle than any other residence in Chicago. No two rooms are alike in style or finish. The house is built with a rotunda surmounted by a Moorish dome and all the doors open into a circular hall. The supporting pillars and the balustrades are made of polished marble. An elevator, panelled with plate-glass and upholstered in satin, carries the occupants of the house to the upper rooms. Mr. Palmer has two sons, lads of 12 and 14 years of age, who have their gymnasium, shooting-gallery and play-rooms in a house built specially for their use, and they are taught all the accomplishments as well as the manly arts.

A SPANISH merchant in Barcelona always goes to bed two or three days whenever he can be spared from his business, and laughs at those who spend their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest working women in England, who has conducted a large wholesale business for many years, retains an excellent nervous system at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to the habit of taking one day a week in bed. There is no doubt whatever in the mind of any thoughtful physician that more rest of this sort would lessen nervous and many other derangements, caused by too much physical wear and tear. An hour at midday, too, on a couch or on a rug on the floor will do much.

LETTERS from the yellow fever region are all stopped when they reach the quarantine lines, says the Buffalo *Courier*. Each letter is put under a machine with a long arm attached, and this is provided with a dentated concern punctured at the ends. A powder of a detersive and germicide character is forced through the arms and down through each tooth. The arm comes down through each letter and from the apertures the disinfecting powder is blown. It permeates the letter or newspaper, as the case may be, and is believed to thoroughly destroy whatever chances of microbe existence there may possibly be conveyed. Some complaints have been heard as to the disfigurement of letters, but none as to the evidences of protection.

ACCORDING to a writer in the Liverpool *Post* what in past years has annoyed the Prince of Wales has been the slavish imitation of his dress affected by the mashers and dudes, more especially the latter, who are of American birth. Last year he took effectual means for putting a stop to this folly. Immediately on his arrival the old order of things prevailed. The cut of his coat, the pattern of his waistcoat, the shade of his necktie, were sedulously copied. Then a happy idea occurred to the Prince. He ordered from some unknown source a hideous suit of dirty, blanket-hued tweed. He put on a red shirt with a blue collar; wore a soft felt, low-crowned, cream-colored hat, with a band of orange ribbon, and thrust a blue silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. This, with tan shoes, completed a costume the like of which was never seen on land or sea. But it effected its purpose. The Prince had it all to himself, and this year he has no occasion to repeat the practical joke.

THE papers read this year at the Edinburgh meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute have been of more than common interest. They form a series of prose epics, describing the onward march of the iron and steel industry, and celebrating its splendid achievements past, present and to come. They tell us of new machines and new appliances, bringing with them the gift of new powers and more complete control over the stubborn fabrics with which the institute has to do. New metallic compounds have come into being in the progress of industrial art, some of them of great value, and offering advantages to which iron and steel of ordinary make can put in no claim. The main subject of jubilation in the present year has been the Forth bridge, now approaching completion. This bridge and its glories the institute appropriates as its own. It has only been by the advances made of late in the manufacture of iron and steel that the construction of such a work has been rendered possible. It stands, therefore, as concrete evidence, representing in itself the performances of brains and hands which have had no direct share in planning it or putting it together. It is the latest and greatest creation of triumphant metallurgic skill, combining and calling into requisition every resource which the progress of modern art has brought within reach of its designer, and which it is the office of the members of the Iron and Steel Institute to chronicle and to perfect.

A Case of Dysentery.

The diet should be chiefly milk and lime water, uncooked beef juice, the whites of eggs and water, and light meat broths. No solid food should be allowed. Drinks lukewarm are most easily borne; cold fluids generally cause abdominal pain. Stimulants should only be administered by the advice of the physician; they are rarely needed excepting in the most desperate cases. When the thirst is excessive plain soda, barley water or gum arabic water are palatable and refreshing. During convalescence the diet is to be most carefully regulated, and when the patient begins on solid food he should indulge only in the white meat of fowls, delicate fish and very light puddings. The first step is to remove as early as possible all irritating matter from the bowels by a cathartic. To accomplish this there is no safer remedy than castor oil. If taken clear vomiting will very likely be induced. Therefore, it is best to have a druggist specially prepare it. He should make into an emulsion one ounce of castor oil, and to it add twenty-five drops of laudanum; that dose is for a full grown person. In many instances if this is taken within a few hours after the attack commences, and a proper diet is regularly adhered to, no other treatment will be needed. By the use of the oil the dysentery is converted into a simple diarrhœa, which soon disappears of itself. —*Boston Journal of Health.*

How Laughter Indicates Character.

It is unquestionably true that the many different varieties of laughter are indicative of particular tempers and characteristics. An eastern authority on the subject has carefully classified them, and a peculiar classification it is, too. It is based upon the sound of the vowel that prevails in the laugh. Thus persons who laugh in a broad Latin "A" are open-hearted, honest people, fond of noisy jocundity, but perhaps of voluble mood. Excessive jerking laughter, however, is an evidence of vulgarity. Those laughing in a dry "A" are respectable, but little expansive, and a hard lot of people. When the Latin "E" prevails there prevails also a phlegmatic, melancholy temper. Timorous, unsteady people, also those imbued with malignity, laugh in a kind of swelling "I." Laughter in "O" is the utterance of proud, bold, imperative, somewhat bantering people. Beware of those who laugh in "oo" (u). They are traitors, haters, scorners.—*Kansas City Journal.*

A Permissible Form.

Wife (piously)—Henry, I wish you wouldn't swear so.

Husband (shocked)—I don't swear, my dear.

Wife—Yes, you do; or just the same thing. You musn't say 'by George,' or 'by Jove,' or 'by Ned,' or by anything.

Husband (submissively)—Not even buy new bonnet, love?

Then she was very, very sorry for her thoughtless reform movement, and, coming close to him, threw her arms about his neck and asked him to forgive her.

Too Much of a Dose.

Mrs. Minor—How did the doctor tell you to take the medicine, Mr. Minor?

Mr. Minor—He said at first that I should take a mouthful three times a day, and then he looked at me in a puzzled sort of way and said that after all he guessed it would be better to take only a wineglass full at a dose. What do you suppose made him change his mind?

Mrs. Minor—I can't imagine.

An Unlucky Day.

Lucretia wants to know "the lucky days to be married on." If your young man is addicted to the flowing bowl, Lucretia and smokes cigarettes, and reads baseball news while his mother splits kindling wood take our word for it that any day from January the 1st to December 31st inclusive is a mighty unlucky day to be married on. —*Drake's Magazine.*

Hotel French.

Sarah Althea Hill, the wife of D. S. Terry, is out in a proclamation in the San Francisco press relative to her recent assault upon Justice Field. She signs herself "Mrs. D. S. Terry, *nee* Mrs. William Sharon." This is the first time that we ever heard of a woman who was born the wife of a male citizen. It is evident that Mrs. Terry has acquired the French language from reading hotel bills of fare.—*New York World.*

They Thought "Arms" meant Legs.

"Yes," said the general, "our Indian allies were helpful, although their lack of knowledge of the English language frequently gave rise to embarrassing situations. I remember particularly at the battle of Tippo-Tibati an alarm was sounded and I gave the order: "To arms!" and every mother's son of them mistook my meaning and took to their legs."—*Christian Guardian.*

The Root of the Trouble.

"Robert," said the father sternly, "don't let me ever hear of you going to the closet again for cake."

"It wasn't my fault, pa."

"Not your fault?"

"No; if ma hadn't told you you wouldn't have heard of it."

A Texas steer charging down a city street always prefers the chap who wears two watch chains, but the steers don't get loose often enough.—*New York Telegram.*

The New York Republicans have nominated Joel T. Erhardt for Mayor.

Rev. Mr. Freeman, a retired Episcopal clergyman, who has resided in London for some time past, died yesterday morning after an illness of considerable duration. He came to London from Chatham.

ALDERMANIC AMENITIES

The Vancouver Aldermen as Bad — Their Ontario Confreres.

Ald. Humphries claimed that the Board of Works had given permission to have the logs burned on the ground.

Ald. Oppenheimer—The Board never gave such permission.

Ald. Humphries—You keep still and wait until I get through, then you can talk. You have a habit of talking me down, but I won't have it.

Ald. Oppenheimer—Excuses must be made for Ald. Humphries as he is like a good many others; he has a few teeth out in front and ——

Ald. Humphries—Don't you call me a liar or I will crack your head.

Ald. Oppenheimer—The trouble with Ald. Humphries is that he has been out getting several toddies.

Ald. Humphries (advancing and greatly excited)—You are a liar a —— liar.

His Worship—Order, Ald. Humphries, or I shall have to order you out of the room.

Ald. Oppenheimer, continuing, said the Board of Works never gave instructions to have the logs piled in that manner or the brush burned.

It was moved, seconded and carried, That the City Engineer be provided with a horse and buggy.

The report was then adopted.—*Daily Advertiser's Report of the Vancouver, B.C., Council.*

Rev. C. A. Johnson's Suit.

This suit is brought by Rev. C. A. Johnson, editor of the *British Lion*, against the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. The defendants have filed their defence, which sets out that the plaintiff is a professional beggar; that they had not the accommodation at their hotel that he demanded; that he had no luggage and did not tender the proper charge, and that at the time of demanding entertainment he was not a traveller, and was not deprived of food and lodging while upon a journey. It further sets out that the Queen's holds itself out to the public as entertaining only people of wealth and refinement. That the plaintiff did not apply in good faith for accommodation, but for the purpose and with the expectation of being refused, or for the purpose of being entertained in social equality with a class of guests to which he did not belong. That the defendants would have been willing to entertain him had he applied properly and have submitted to the regulations of the hotel providing separate accommodation for persons of African blood.

The Great Inflammatory Remedy.

NERVILINE, the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', write: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Nerviline may be tested at the small sum of 10 cents, as you can buy a sample bottle for that sum at any drug store. Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

—Is marriage a failure? One way to find out the truth of the matter is to observe the seedy looking and sour old bachelor. Is bachelorhood a success?

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.

—Tailor-made bodices, English redingotes, much cut away at the hips, over Louis XIV. waistcoats, elegantly decorated, and French polonaises, artistically draped and adjusted, divide favor almost evenly this season.

No mortal yet has e'er forecast
The moment that shall be his last,

but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have forever settled the question of a comfortable existence until that moment does arrive, and put to flight the melancholy forebodings of sufferers from biliousness, headache, indigestion, constipation and kindred ailments.

A Missionary's Chinese Bride.

A New York despatch says: The announcement is made that Rev. F. L. A. Pott and Miss S. N. Wong were married at Shanghai, China, last August. Mr. Pott is the son of James Pott, a merchant of this city, and the bride is a Chinese lady, the daughter of the late Kong Wong, who was prominent in the Episcopal Church's missionary work in China.

A Disgusted Witness.

A witness, in describing a certain event, said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Wilkins."

"What was the name of the other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel.

The witness was disgusted with the levity of the audience.

Two Blooming Cheeks.

Masher—My dear Miss Rustic, you have the most blooming cheeks I have ever seen Let me congratulate you. Miss Rustic—Well, you have the most blooming cheek I have ever seen, but I can't congratulate you on the fact.—*London Punch.*

A large manufactory in New York, where nearly three thousand persons of all ages and both sexes are employed, is flooded with Republican high tariff literature, and every voter in the establishment is given to understand that the bosses want him to vote that way. The firm is a member of a trade combination or semi-trust arrangement, and needs high tariff to swell the profits.

HOW THE "JAPS" SLEEP.

Down on the Floor, With a Rolling-Pin for a Pillow.

A Yokohama letter says: The Japanese bed is simply a futon spread upon the matting. The futon over the futon on this and spread another wooden pillows and rest their heads upon is a thickly wadded quilt, exactly happy. A futon like our comfortable, and the arrangement such a bed is for them nice. The bed is easily made, and in the keeper. The bed is folded and put away in a closet and the chamberwork is done. They wear no night dresses, but as every person, even in the poorest and humblest station, takes a hot bath once, and in the majority of cases twice, a day, there is nothing uncleanly in the wearing of the same dress at night which is worn in the day.

Effects of Climate.

We hear a great deal said about the beneficial effect upon invalids of the climate of Colorado and other western localities, but when a man changes his place of residence in the hope of improving his health without first trying Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, he makes a great mistake. In nine cases out of ten he might save his time and money. The great remedy owes its power over all affections of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh and even consumption, which is lung scrofula, to the simple fact that it purifies and enriches the blood and invigorates the debilitated system.

—"Why don't you believe in friendship?" asked one acquaintance of another. "Because it's like an umbrella that always turns inside out in stormy weather."

Sweet Flowers.

The fairest buds are often the first to wither, and the ravages of disease make havoc with the beauty, as well as the strength and happiness of the fair sex. The prevalent disorders among American women are those of a most distressing description. These "weaknesses," as they are suggestively termed, insidiously sap the health, and the patient becomes pale and emaciated, the appetite grows fickle and feeble; she loses strength as the attacks increase in severity, and is in despair. There is relief for all such sufferers in Dr. Pierce's world-famed Favorite Prescription, which *cures* all "female complaints." Its use is followed by cessation of the "dragging-down" pains, return of appetite, and in due course, vigorous health.

Two Examples.

The Kindergarten: Teacher—Now, children, anything that crawls along the ground instead of walking is called a reptile. Can you give me an example of a reptile? Ina—A worm. Teacher—Yes, that will do. Can any one give me another example? (Long silence. Finally Peggy Bright speaks up)—I can, teacher. Teacher—Well, Peggy, what is it? Peggy Bright (triumphantly)—Nother worm.

The First Cousin of the Dude.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and healed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value.—*Detroit Free Press.*

According to letters of Queen Elizabeth lately published among the Hatfield papers her pet name for the Duke d'Alencon, to whom she was betrothed for ten years, was "the frog with the little fingers."

$120 PER MONTH FOR reliable men and women to work for us at their homes and among their neighbors. Respectable and profitable, steady and pleasant. Salary sure at the end of each month. Enclose $1.00 for boxed outfit worth $10, with contract, instructions etc., and see for yourselves. Write at once to

JOHN L. BISHOP & SON, PUEBLO, COLORADO.

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?

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

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