Such a Fool!

He was always a fool—Tom Lake—and we always were telling him so,
But where was the harm in that? It was just as well he should know,
And he didn't mind it a bit—not he—or but once in a way—
Vex him? I think that he liked it! What else would one think here to-day?

We'd a holiday given last week, and we walked —d'ye see it, the mill
A-twirl like a fly on a pin? But that morning its sails stood still.
Well, just below it, the lane and the railroad meet Some deserve
To be hung for that level crossing, not twenty yards from the curve.

And there, as we came to the place where we saw the smooth metals a shine,
The mill folk's bit of a child that's blind had strayed down on to the line.
And had lost itself, and got frightened—it couldn't have told you why;
It owns little enough to lose, since it's lost both the earth and sky.

But to see it crying there, in the dark, with its curls in the sun,
Made you feel like a sort of fool—only *feel*, for you'll hear *I* was none.
It's hardly 3 year old, and it's blind; anyway, no better it knew
Than to stand right between the rails, with the Western Mail just due.

Due? No but thundering round with a whirl and a crank and a screech
Down on her—down on them both—for Tom somehow had rushed within reach.
And had tossed the child safe on the bank, and got knocked down dead for his pains.
Killed on the spot, with a fractured skull. Well, well, if he'd had more brains,

He'd maybe have stopped to consider—*we* did, as you'll please remark—
Before he dashed out of the light, to leave the child here in the dark.
Yet we didn't call him a fool when we picked him up. There's no need
To be telling a lad the truth, when he hasn't the sense to heed.

And I don't think Fool's the word we'll get carved on yon slab of a stone,
Though he *was* such a fool—oh aye, *such* a fool as I've seldom known.

TEN YOUNG GIRLS

Meet Instant Death in a Boiler Explosion—The Engineer Also Killed.

A last (Monday) night's Plymouth, Pa., despatch says: A terrible disaster occurred here to day by which ten girls and one man were killed. Back of the Gaylord shaft stood the factory of John Powell, in which were manufactured squibs used by the miners in loosening coal in the mines. The factory employed 184 girls, ranging from 12 to 20 years, and several male workmen. While the majority of the girls were home eating dinner the people were startled by a deafening explosion. They rushed terror stricken to doors and windows and saw clouds of smoke ascending from the factory. Soon a large crowd gathered around it, and women began wringing their hands and men turned away when the charred body of a young girl was seen in one of the rooms, and the fact became known that at least twenty persons were in the building at the time of the explosion, eating their lunch. The scene was fraught with terror, as the girls, some bleeding, others gasping for fresh air, rushed to the windows and screamed frantically for help. A dozen miners from the adjoining colliery arrived and rushed toward the building, but as soon as they stepped near the door another terrific explosion took place, and the entire building collapsed, burying in the ruins those who had stood crying for assistance. The brave men, when the smoke and flying debris had settled, rushed among the ruins, and one by one the bodies were found and taken out charred beyond recognition, bleeding and mangled. As mothers recognized some familiar token or piece of dress by which they could tell their loved ones, the scene was heartrending. The bodies as fast as taken out were removed to an undertaker's. Their features were so badly mutilated that they were scarcely recognizable.

The killed so far as known are: Kate Jones, aged 18; Maggie Lynch, 21; Hettie Jones, 16; Gladdis Reese, 15; Mary Wallers, 17; Maggie Richards, 17; Mary A. Lake, 17; Ruth Powell, 19; Esther Powell, 22; Jessie Connell, 16; George S. Reese, engineer, 40. John Powell, the proprietor, was badly injured. Business here is at a standstill and the community is plunged in gloom. Several kegs of powder caused the explosion, but how they were exploded is a mystery.

JACK THE RIPPER.

Horrible Mutilation and Murder of a Squaw in Calgary.

A last (Friday) night's Winnipeg despatch says: "Jack the Ripper" has appeared at Calgary, N.W.T. Late last night the body of a squaw was found horribly mutilated in a room over the Turf Club saloon. The abdomen had been cut open and the body otherwise shockingly slashed. Wm. Fisk, a notorious character, has been arrested on suspicion. The accused murderer, Wm. Fisk, came to Calgary in 1882. It appears that Fisk brought the murdered squaw to a room over the Turf Club hotel. She was found later covered with blood and in the last throes of death. Fisk has been gambling a great deal of late and drinking heavily. He gave himself up. He is a nephew of Rev. T. G. Williams, President of the Montreal Methodist Conference. The deceased squaw was called Rosalie and was a tough character. The room was bespattered with blood, and an examination of the body went to show that the wound was entirely made by fingers, and a couple of pieces of flesh torn from the body were found by the Chief of Police under the bed. Dr. Lafferty says that the post-mortem reveals the fact that it is a regular "Jack the Ripper" case. The coroner's jury to-night brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Fisk, and he will be sent up for trial.

From Jest to Earnest.

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict.

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy?"

"Mamma," said Willie, washing the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

Miseries of Trade.

Druggist (awakened at 2 a. m.)—"What do you wish?"

Voice (at the door)—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you."

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

Full Text of the Famous Forged Letters.

HOW PIGOTT WORTE THEM.

Rascally Propositions Spurned by Home Rule Leaders.

Patrick Egan, who is now a resident of Lincoln, Nebraska, has made public a number of the letters on which Richard Pigott founded the clever forgeries which he sold to the London *Times*, and which formed the basis of the "Parnellism and Crime" articles in that paper, leading up to the Parnell-*Times* Commission and the exposure of the forger, as given in our cablegrams from London. One of the principal forgeries, purporting to have been written to Mr. P. J. Sheridan, was based by Pigott upon this letter, presumably written to Pigott:

11th March, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—As I understand your letter, which reached me to-day, you cannot act as directed unless I forward you money by Monday next. Well, here is £50—more if required. Under existing circumstances what you suggest would not be entertained. I remain, dear sir, yours truly, PATRICK EGAN.

In June, 1881, Pigott offered to sell out his two papers to Mr. Egan and Mr. Parnell, and in the course of the negotiation for the purchase Mr. Egan wrote Pigott as follows:

PARIS, June 18th, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Your two letters of 13th and 15th inst. are duly at hand, and I am also in receipt of a communication from Mr. Parnell informing me that he has acted upon my suggestion and accepted the offer contained in your first letter. In fact, I have before me copies of his two letters to you, and I am in a position to say that any request to increase the amount named would not be entertained, and that any hesitation or delay in carrying out the transfer would lead to the breaking off of the purchase altogether. I remain, dear sir, yours truly, PATRICK EGAN.

Richard Pigott, Esq.

HOW THE FORGERY READ.

The forger twists this letter into the following shape:

18th June, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Your two letters of 12th and 15th inst. are duly to hand and I am also in receipt of communications from Mr Parnell informing me that he has acted upon my suggestion and accepted the offer made by S. You had better at once proceed to Dundalk, so that there may be no time lost.—Yours very faithfully, P. EGAN.

Mr. Parnell wrote Pigott in connection with this same matter of the purchase of the papers:

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 16th, 1881.

R. PIGOTT, Esq., Dublin.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of this date I am sure you will feel that I shall always be anxious to do what I can for you, but I could not consent to one of the conditions of the purchase being your constant employment on the paper. That is a matter which would have to be subject to after arrangement.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

THIS WAS THE WORST OF ALL.

And out of this letter Pigott manufactured two letters purporting to be addressed to Mr. Egan, using the same date, with the exception of the last figure in the year, transposing the language and filling out with words traced from other letters, as follows:

JUNE 16th, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I am sure you will feel that I could not appear in Parliament in the face of this thing unless I condemned it. Our position there is always difficult to maintain; it would be untenable but for the course we took. That is the truth. I can say no more.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

The second forged letter reads as follows

DEAR SIR,—I shall always be anxious to have the good will of your friends, but why do they impugn my motives. I could not consent to the conditions they would impose, but I accept the entire responsibility for what we have done—Yours very truly, CHARLES S. PARNELL.

AN OPEN ATTEMPT AT BLACKMAIL.

In February, 1881, Pigott wrote a letter to Mr. Egan intimating that an attempt had been made by two agents of Dublin Castle to get him to publish in his papers—the *Irishman* and *Flag of Ireland*—a plausible and utterly fictitious set of Land League accounts for the purpose of damaging the League and its officers. Mr. Egan replied, pointing out that it was his (Pigott's) duty to make public the fact that such an offer had been made. Pigott then wrote the following letter:

Irishman, *Flag of Ireland* and *Shamrock*—Dublin, March 9, 1881—Office No. 33 Lower Abbey street.

MY DEAR MR. EGAN—I was glad to get your note of the 6 h inst., as I thought you had decided to not take any notice of my letter, and I was about to take a step which I could not recall. It is well that you should understand the nature of the document I am asked to publish. It would be, I think, very damaging to the League, even though it may be proved to be mainly built up of fabrication. It proceeds in this way: It gives the amounts received for the League and acknowledged from week to week, and also the sums stated to have been disbursed. The total amount (as near as I can recollect) said to have been received per the League up to the —— of February is £40,000 (in round numbers); taken from the relief fund, £10,000, and surplus of defence fund estimated at £16,000—in all not far short of £70,000. Then the payments for which the League takes credit in its weekly reports is put down at £1,000. Then it is asked what has become of the large balance, and goes on to say that so much was paid to one member of Parliament, so much to another, so much for this, that and the other election expenses, and so on, while, it is asserted, shoals of letters from evicted tenants for assistance were being received and disregarded at the League office.

ANOTHER LYING INTIMATION.

Then it is asked why the remaining funds were taken to France and the answer is given, "in order that they might be out of the way—not of the Government, who dare not lay a finger on them, but of the people, to assist whom it was subscribed." It is to be kept to sustain Parliamentary agitation and support members of Parliament. Then there is something about a change of treasurers in America, made at your suggestion, in order that the money might reach your hands direct and no one else. This is but the baldest outline of the thing, which in my opinion is very damaging. My reason for thinking that the Castle people are the prime movers is that articles have appeared in the *Express* written much in the same tendency, but infinitely more guarded and cautious. I enclose one that appeared yesterday. Now, you will see from the enclosed note that if I publish this document I will get £500 and will not be required to vouch for the correctness of any of the statements it contains.

HE DEMANDED MONEY AT ANY COST.

I come to the point, therefore. I am in desperate straits. I must have money somehow or throw up the sponge at once. I cannot afford to let so lucky a chance pass of saving myself literally from ruin. No matter what the consequences are I must and will take this offer, unless you come to my assistance. I will close with these people, send you the full amount I owe you, print the thing and await events, unless you will stand by me. All I want from you is a temporary loan of £500. Surely you can manage that. It may be difficult, but it is to be done I know perfectly well. This will leave me in perfectly smooth water, and I will take no further notice of the other fellows. The money will be sure to be repaid, and prove to be the best laid out money the League has ever expended. Be good enough to give this matter your earliest and most favorable attention. If I do not hear from you by Monday morning I shall be reluctantly compelled to close with these people, because my affairs are now arrived at such a crisis that delay will be fatal.—Faithfully yours, RICHARD PIGOTT.

P. Egan, Esq.

EGAN REFUSES TO BE BLED.

To this Mr. Egan replied as follows:

HOTEL BRIGHTON, No. 218 RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS, March 11th, 1881.

SIR,—As I understand your letter, which reached me to-day, it is a threat that unless I forward you money by Monday next you will close with the Government and for the consideration of a sum of £500 publish for them certain documents, which you believe to be false, against the Land League. Under any circumstances I have no power to so apply any of the funds of the League. But even if I had the power I would not under any circumstances act upon it. Whenever any such accusations are made we will know how to defend ourselves.—Yours truly, PATRICK EGAN.

Richard Pigott, Esq., *Irishman*.

Latest Scottish News.

Right Rev. John Macdonald, Roman Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen, died on 4th Feb. He was 70 years of age, and a native of Strathglass.

The Parish Church of Arbuthnot, Kincardineshire, was entirely gutted by fire, which broke out on Sunday morning, the 3rd inst., a little before the time for service.

The late Miss Agnes Smith, of Cornwall House, Helensburgh, bequeathed £5,200 to Glasgow and West of Scotland charities and to several of the schemes of the Church of Scotland.

The Royal charter creating Dundee a city was received on the 4th Feb. by the Town Council, and it was intimated that henceforth the Chief Magistrate would be designated Lord Provost.

Warrant has been granted to sell the furniture and effects of Rev. J. Jack, of Kingoldrum, for payment of the damages for breach of promise obtained by Miss Simpson, of Dundee.

When the last mail left, in the outskirts of Edinburgh daisies and primroses were blooming in the gardens, and in some flower pots at Morningside even June-flowering gillyflowers were in blossom.

Rev. John McNeil, late of Edinburgh, on giving a discourse lately in London, used the word "sough," when some of the Cockneys smiled, he cleverly said: "Perhaps I might have apologised, but this comes of the people having only *one* language!"

The present head of the ancient house of Craigdarroch—Captain Robert Cutlar Ferguson, A. D. C., of the Scotch Guards—was married on the 5th inst. in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, London, to Rose, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Grant Hodgson, of Cabalva, Herefordshire.

It would appear that Lady Rosebery can, like Lady Aberdeen, make good speeches. The other day she made one in Glasgow on behalf of the deaf and dumb, which it is said "was neat to the point, and was much applauded." Lady Rosebery's mother, the late Baroness Meyer Rothschild, was one of the founders of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. Alexander Ross, bailie of Holyrood, died the other day at his residence, Howe street, Edinburgh, at the age of 73 years. Mr. Ross was employed in the office of Tods, Murray & Jamieson, writers to the signet, for more than a generation. He was appointed bailie of Holyrood in 1879, and his death removes the last link that connected an old system with the present.

Marriage Under Protest.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has been called upon to say whether a ceremony performed under these circumstances constituted a valid marriage: The girl charged her parents with forcing her into marriage with a man she did not want to wed. During the ceremony she told the Justice "if he tied the knot forty times it would not stay tied;" that she "did not like the man" and would not live with him. "They made me stand up," she continued, "and when I was asked whether I would take him to be my husband I said, 'No, I won't,' and on every question asked me that I ought to have said 'yes' I said 'no' plain, and the next day I ran away." In spite of this very unusual conduct the Justice calmly proceeded to pronounce the pair man and wife, with the customary congratulation, and the ceremony was held legal by the Circuit Court. The Supreme Court, however, says "a concurring consent by two minds at the same instant" is essential to a legal marriage, and that the ceremony in this case was not valid because the girl did not consent to it.

The Origin of "My Uncle."

The term uncles, as applied to a pawnbroker's shop, is said to be a pun on the Latin word uncus, a hook. Pawnbrokers employed a hook to lift articles pawned before spouts were adopted. "Gone to the uncus," therefore, is exactly tantamount to the more modern phrase "up the spout." In French the concierge of a prison is called uncle because the prisoners are "kept there in pawn" by government. In the seventeenth century a usurer was called "my uncle" in the Walloon provinces because of his near connection with spendthrifts, called in Latin nepotes, nephews. —*Notes and Queries.*

Liquor and Bad Cooking.

Admitting to the fullest extent all that may be presented as to the bad effects of liquor, may it not be held that dyspepsia caused by bad cooking is as bad or even a worse evil, whether considered materially or morally, than the moderate consumption of liquors which constitutes their average use?—*Edward Atkinson in the March Forum.*

She Knew Him.

Brown—I had a little controversy this morning——

Brown's wife—Well, he was right?

Brown—How do you know? You haven't the faintest idea what it was about, who it was with, nor what side I took.

Brown's wife—It doesn't matter. Whoever differed with you was right.

John Lesperance Insane.

A Montreal despatch says: *L'Etendard* announces that Mr. John Lesperance, editor of the *Dominion Illustrated*, "Laclede" of the *Gazette*, has lost his reason and been sent to the Longue Point Asylum.

There is no more sense in hating a man because he is rich than there would be in loving one because he is poor. Girls understand this sort of thing better than hoodums.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE "PRINCE OF MASHERS."

A Bold Burglar with a Wife in Every City Visited by Him.

HE MARRIES AND THEN DISAPPEARS.

A wife in nearly every city in the country is the record of George McDaniels, the celebrated burglar, who was arrested in this city last week. McDaniels is one of the most desperate criminals in the country, and he is to be returned to Georgia next week to finish out his fifteen-year sentence for a robbery in Savannah.

While his successes at robbery place him in the front rank of professional thievery, his equally romantic exploits in the field of love make a remarkable chronicle. When McDaniels was arrested in this city in 1885 for burglary, a pretty girl who resided near Bridgeton, N.J., and who claimed to be his wife, enlisted the sympathies of many by her devotion to the handsome burglar. His two years' confinement in the Eastern penitentiary evidently extinguished his passion for this faithful girl, and immediately upon his release McDaniels repaired to Florida, where he captivated a 16-year-old Southern beauty of wealth and position. The girl was fascinated by his appearance and refined manners. After a short courtship they were married. The honeymoon was celebrated by McDaniels' arrest for a robbery. He was acquitted, owing to lack of evidence. This was his last matrimonial exploit, and the beginning of a career of crime that resulted in his capture and fifteen years' sentence. He shortly deserted his youthful bride—she procuring a divorce—and went to Savannah.

SHE THANKED HER STARS.

A few days after his arrival the town was startled by the news of a jewellery robbery—one of the leading stores had been broken into and a large amount of valuable stock taken. Overconfidence was the cause of McDaniels' arrest. Heedless of the close watch kept on him by the authorities, he packed his plunder in a big box, walked leisurely into the express office, directed the box to himself at New York, and a moment after was under arrest. The proof of his guilt was overwhelming, and he was shortly afterward sentenced. After his sentence the authorities began to discover what a prince of robbers and heartbreakers their capture was. The investigation was prompted by a letter from the girl wife, who suspected her mistake and thanked her lucky stars for securing a divorce. They found that his launch upon the matrimonial sea was made shortly after doing a big job in Chicago, where he made love to a young lady of good looks and family. Victim No. 2 was a popular miss of Fremont, O. He varied the monotony of love-making in Fremont by a big robbery.

HIS POWER OVER WOMEN.

But McDaniels proved the completeness of his power over women when he made love to a beautiful young Ohio girl who had lived near Cincinnati. The authorities tracked five robberies to his account while he was stopping in this town, and he escaped to New York before they could catch him. The plunder was found in the young lady's house, and the police arrested her. Rather than betray her lover she submitted to imprisonment, but was repaid by McDaniels deserting her shortly after. A man in New York, well acquainted with McDaniels, said that he had a wife or sweetheart in every town he ever visited, and that every city complimented by his appearance had to pay dearly for it in the shape of a big robbery.

A GREAT LIST OF CRIMES.

McDaniels is also credited with committing robberies at Reading, Harrisburg, Easton—where three big jobs are charged—Cincinnati, Chicago, Birmingham, Ala.; Louisville, Rochester, Indianapolis and several other towns in Indiana, St. Paul, Boston and Altoona. Several post-office robberies in Illinois are supposed to be the work of this remarkable burglar. The above cities are also the scenes of his triumphs in affairs of the heart. After his escape from the mines last June McDaniels visited a near-by town and secured a fine out-fit. He worked his way north to fashionable Saratoga. The detectives say that there is no more dangerous criminal in the country than he.

A DEATH BATTLE EXPECTED.

When he starts for Georgia on Tuesday morning next he will be closely guarded by Detectives Tate and Johnson, of Easton. Any relaxation of watchfulness on their part will probably cost them their lives, as McDaniels has declared that he will not return to the mines alive, if he can prevent it, and vows his intention to escape at any cost. The detectives say that they have not the slightest doubt but that he will kill them if an opportunity shall offer. McDaniels' own threats warrant the assertion. For himself he says: "Hell couldn't have more terrors for a man than those mines, and I'd sooner be sentenced to thirty years in a Northern prison than go back." —*Philadelphia Record.*

A Phenomenon.

McQueen's Lake, near Sydney, C. B., recently had a remarkable sensation. Ice, with which the lake was covered, suddenly cracked like a boiler explosion, and something like a whale rose above the surface, showing between twenty and sixty feet of its body, according to the reports. Then it subsided, but the hole in the ice and the dirt cast about were left to mark its appearance. The same lake was affected in very much the same manner about twenty years ago, when the ice was about six inches thick. A scientist advances the theory of a hot spring or sort of volcano which is affected periodically, and throws mud, etc., from the bottom of the lake.

Found at Last.

In a Pullman sleeper:

Bride (in upper berth)—Darling!

Groom (in lower berth)—Yes, precious.

Bride—I've found something I've been looking for since my sixteenth birthday.

Groom—What's that, darling?

Bride—A man under my bed.

Clear Case of Bulldozing.

Judge—"If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong even during the engagement, why did you marry her?"

Abused Husband (meekly)—"I—didn't marry her, she married *me*."

Is any "Flower Born to Blush Unseen?"

The old wives tell us "that blushing is virtue's livery." But, alas! to many a maiden, whose soul is purity itself, has been denied the gracious privilege of wearing the delicate crimson; and all because her skin is covered with blotches, pimples, yellow "liver spots," and other discolorations. Who can tell how such a maiden loathes the very sight of herself, or who shall intrude upon her as she weeps bitter tears over her uncomely appearance? Thrice unhappy she, if by the use of cosmetics she shall seek to hide her wretched complexion. But if she will use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to regulate the liver and purify the blood of all poisonous humors, she will find that her "flesh shall come again like unto the flesh of a little child." It cures scrofula, tetter, salt-rheum, pimples, blotches, eruptions and all skin diseases. Druggists.

A Multinominous Woman.

Rarely has a woman changed her title so often, with only one marriage, as the wife of the former Chairman of the London Board of Works. She has been in turn: Miss Pennant, the Hon. Miss Pennant (when her father was made Lord Penrhyn), Lady James Hogg (when she became the consort of Sir James Hogg), Lady McGarel-Hogg (when her husband assumed that prenomen on receipt of a fortune), and finally Lady Magheramorne.—*N. Y. Post.*

100,000 People Perish.

More than 100,000 persons annually die in this country from consumption, which is but the child of catarrh. $500 reward is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists; 50 cents.

London Fog.

Blind Man—"Now then, sir!—Look where you're going to!"

Jones—"I beg your pardon, my good fellow—this beastly fog—couldn't see you—lost my way—don't know where the dickens I am!"

Blind Man—"Fog, is there? Ah—just you take hold o' my arm, and tell me where you live, and I'll see you safe home. Fog makes no difference to me!"—*Punch.*

The Fastest Time on Record,

in the direction of the nearest drug store, is not too fast for any person to make who is troubled with constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or sick headache, and is, therefore, in need of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Gentle and effective; one a dose.

Horseshoeing Extraordinary.

On February 11th, Mr. George Hillman, of Suspension Bridge, N.Y., undertook, on a bet of $25, to shoe all around 25 horses inside of 10 hours, making in all 100 shoes to pull off, sharpen and put back again, without any help whatever. He won the money by shoeing 26 horses in 9 hours, which is extraordinary for one man to do.

How to Save Bad Debts.

Out in St. Louis a convention of wholesale grocers will meet next week to devise means for collecting bad debts, protecting the honest merchants and punishing the dishonest ones. We can tell the wholesale grocers how to do all this with absolute fairness and certainty. Sell for cash only. —*Philadelphia Record.*

One Door Always Open.

Mother—For mercy's sake, child, what do you expect to do in the world? You can't cook nor sew nor teach school, and you are not an heiress and will not learn a trade—what can you do?

Daughter—Well, mother, I can get married, can't I?

What is Christianity.

Having settled the question that marriage is a failure the London journals are now taking up the problem, "What is Christianity?"

Is there any better answer than the Golden Rule? Christianity means that or means nothing.

Mr. McEwan, M.P., has presented £60,000 to the University of Edinburgh, in order that an Academic Hall may be built, or will be capable of holding 3,000 persons.

DUNL. 11 89.

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?

SALESMEN We wish a few men sell our goods by sampl to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp **Wages $3 per day.** Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages advertising, etc. **Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND