

BACK TO AFRICA.

The public man of the United States are puzzled about the negro problem. Few, if any, of them would care to go back to the old conditions under which the negro was enslaved...

A Foreign Opinion.

Presumably on the principle that of two evils one should choose the lesser, and that vicarious courts are a bigger plague than divorce courts, the Chicago Canadian-American thus presents its views regarding the Foster-Chisholm alliance...

Imperial Federation Officers.

At a meeting of the Imperial Federation Association, held in Ottawa yesterday, the following officers were elected:

Explained.

"Why, what's the matter, Berry? Have you typhoid or what, that you've lost all your hair?" "Oh, no, but you see I went to Bar Harbor last summer and got engaged to eight men, and when the season was over they each demanded a lock of my hair."

TIRED OF THE YOKK.

Married Couples Who Seek to be Divorced. An Ottawa despatch says: The preliminary movements towards the securing of what may be termed melancholy legislation were made to-day, four divorce petitions having been presented.

BLACK LIST FOR LOVERS.

Young Ladies Organize a Society to put a Check Upon Bigamy and the Deceptions Practiced by Mashers and Dudes. The thriving and enterprising town of Plymouth, Pa., has a novel society. It is known as the Young Ladies' Protective Association...

Points About Advertising.

Newspaper man in soliciting advertising are often met with the statement, "I don't need to advertise just now; I am unable to fill my orders; when business begins to slacken up I shall, perhaps, avail myself of your columns."

Scotch News Notes.

Sir Charles Tennant has been chosen as Gladstonian candidate for the Partick Division of Lanarkshire, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Craig-Sellar.

The Talmage Sermon Fake.

If a few casual remarks by Dr. Talmage made to a fellow visitor to Mars Hill, occupying less than ten minutes of time, is expanded to a two and a half column "cable" sermon in American newspapers...

Successful Criminal Lawyer.

"Let me see, Blinker, you have been enjoying some experience lately. Is Keenest any good as a criminal lawyer?" "Good? Not the word for it. He not only got me clean off of an indisputable drunk and disorderly, but had the policeman put away for a month for assault."

Stumping the Old Man.

"I'll send my boy to boarding school." "What for?" "Oh, he asks such infernal questions. He wanted to know last night if a shoemaker could breathe his last."

He Repudiated the Allegation.

Officer of the Law (to tramp)—You're my meat. Tramp—You're mistaken. I'm nothing but skin and bones.

Gathered Roses.

"We thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died."

But the bitterest sting of such a sorrow is to think she might have been saved! They saw the rose fade on her cheek and the eye grow dim. Had they but known of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, who can tell but she might still be with them...

Getting Her Poem Ready.

He—I suppose you are very busy nowadays preparing your poem for the commencement. She—Oh, yes, indeed. I've tried the waist on twice already.

The Festive Drummer.

Deacon—Young man, I think I will give you an order, but I much fear that you have not told the exact truth regarding your drums. Drummer—Well, sir, the fact is I have not. Why, sir (sinking his voice to a whisper), were I to tell all the truth about those goods I'd be murdered for my samples before I reached the next town.

Dental Note.

Stranger—Where does that new dentist have his office? Policeman—You mean the one who pulls teeth without pain? Stranger—Yes. Policeman—Go right around the corner. You will have no trouble finding his office. You can hear his patients yell half a block away.

Beauty Powder.

Beauty powder? Well, there are seventy-three tints listed by beauty dealers. Not only is the complexion carefully studied, but the dress is put on and the pulverized rice or French chalk actually matches the tint of the fabric.

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Filling up in Anticipation.

The teacher of a private school allowed her pupils only one drink in the morning, unless they had salt meat for the first meal. When one day a child asked for the second supply, she was therefore cross-questioned, "Had you salt meat for breakfast?" "No," was the innocent reply. "But

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

ICURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.