

BUSINESS
WANTED
WINDOW BLINDS
SPECIAL NOTICE
THE GRATEST
ADVERTISING
NOTICE
MANAGING DIRECTOR
Y'S
urnace
SUIT ALL DEALER
BOYNTON
HARRIS
MAMMOTH
MONARCH
COMPANY, LTD
AND WINNINGS

GENERAL NEWS.

A railroad company \$600 more to...
 touching both the...
 18th...
 J. J. JOHNSON, P.O.A.,...
LONDON QUARTERS
 Dominion Government...
 72 King St...
 F. J. McCORMACK,
 Assistant Secretary for the Dominion...
WANTED
 SEVERAL...
 in a...
 in...
WINDOW BLINDS
 every house needs them...
 economical...
 last ten times as long as ordinary...
 85 to \$5 a day with...
 early...
 Spring...
 express, 25c...
 St. East, Toronto.
SPECIAL NOTICE
 have decided in...
 in a brown...
 glass bottle as...
 The...
 of this purpose are...
 of the finest...
 ingham, of...
 colour, with...
 Dr. J. J. JOHNSON,
 Medicine for...
 and Blood...
 reasons for...
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 derful...
 will be better...
 on, and turn...
 the medicine...
 carefully in...
 As the...
 ed it will be...
 counterfeit...
 name "Dr. J. J. JOHNSON"
 will be more...
 R. J. JOHNSON,
 4th...
 recognize at...
 there is no...
 JUG MEDICINE CO.,
 Toronto and Stratford.

WHO TRIED THE DOOR?

do you suppose the case came out? Well, the...
 record. The man did get out of the...
 and leave the Morgue. However, he was...
 sent into the morgue and in a...
 died there, and was...
 body was...
 with a piece of...
 which he had found in the hallway, and...
 had been able to open my door, he would...
 no doubt have attacked me. A curious...
 case? I should say it was. The doctors...
 were clean beat, and it was put down as...
 an original case. It gave me a scare I did...
 not get over for months, and I don't mind...
 telling you that I never stayed alone in...
 the Morgue an hour after that.

He Was Ready to Own Up Under the Circumstances.
 I heard a story told the other day, writes a friend and correspondent, which amused me. An old lady said:
 "When my father moved into the new country, one of us children told a lie. My mother could not ascertain the culprit, but a lie lay between us."
 "Well," said she, "you will escape now, but you may be sure I will know at some day which of you has told the lie."
 Weeks passed on and nothing more was said on the subject. My father lived in a log house, which contained one room below and one above. The children slept in the chamber. One night a tremendous wind arose and at midnight blew off the entire roof of the house. My mother, alarmed at the crash, ran up the ladder, and putting her head into the roofless chamber cried:
 "Children, are you all there?"
 "Yes, mother," piped a small terrified voice; "yes, mother, we are all here, and if the day of judgment has come, it was me who told the lie!"
 To how "many children of larger growth" does a similar repentance come, and from a similar cause—the still small voice amid the storm.

Why He Thanked His Stars.
 "We have many things to be thankful for, Mither Hoolahan, we hev, indeed."
 "Yis, Mither Dimpsey, we hev. Oi often say to meself, Patrick, says Oi, yer naturally an unlucky devil, as ye desire to be, but yer mighty lucky in wint'ing."
 "An what's that, Mither Hoolahan?"
 "That Oi was born an Oirishman instid av a Russian or an Eytalian."
 "That's a very proper sentiment, and yer a man ferould Oirland to be proud av."
 "Oi think Oi am, Mither Dimpsey, Oi think Oi am. But the principal consideration Oi had in mind was that if Oi had been born a Russian or an Eytalian dago, I could never talk at all, at all, for they've the mischief's own languages to learn, whilst the brogue comes to your tongue as aisy as good liquor."

Takes the Cake.
 Said a professional rhymster the other day:
 "There is one word for which no allowable rhyme has ever been found, the word 'window.'"
 "A smart baker heard the remark, and said:
 "I'll undertake to produce a perfect rhyme for 'window,' and will wager the price of a gingercake that I can do it in ten minutes."
 "Then your cake's dough, my friend, for you are certain to lose," said the poet.
 "You have given me my cue," replied the baker; "wait a little."
 In nine minutes he recited the following—
 "I'm afraid I've made my dough too thick,"
 Said Jack, as he shield his lump at th' window;
 Said Jill, "if you want to make it stick
 You must use the very thinnest of thin dough."
 "That takes the cake," faintly whispered the poet.

An Expert.
 Mrs. C.: Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?
 Doctor: Yes.
 Mrs. C.: You also tended professionally my first husband, who died?
 Doctor: Yes.
 Mrs. C.: Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too.

Extravagance in Dress.
 Husband of Literary Woman—"How are you coming on with your magazine article?"
 Literary Woman—"I've got it almost finished."
 "What is it about?"
 "It denounces the extravagance in dress of our modern women."
 "What are you going to do with the money you get from it?"
 "I'm saving up to buy me a sealskin sacque."

An Eye to Business.
 G. Horn from Wayback—"Say, stranger, can you tell me which kear to the Museum of Art?"
 Mr. Isaacs—"My tear sir, you was shut in time. Der Metropolitan Museum of Art was sold out by der sheriff last week and I bought der collection at last brice. Valk right in."

When She Muses, Look Out.
 "Papa, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie.
 "The best way nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barreled bustle and triple scarf," remarked Willie's mother, musingly.
 "Yes," I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."

A Good Investment.
 Dumley—"What a bore that young Brown is. He makes me sick."
 Featherly—"He never bores me."
 Dumley—"You are better natured than I am, then."
 Featherly—"No, I lent him five hundred dollars a year ago."

Bad Luck.
 Sally—"Why don't you get married?"
 Mr. W. (fisking)—"I am so ugly no one will have me."
 Sally—"Well, your wife's name is on a list, and you are have you?"

Jews in Russia.

Revival of the Persecution of the Jews in Russia.
 There are symptoms of a revival of the Jewish question in Russia of the empire. A telegram from Khotin, near Novochoporal, reports the outbreak in that district of anti-Jewish riots. Several persons have been killed and many wounded, and houses have been wrecked. The authorities took measures to quell the disturbances, but up to the time of the dispatch of the telegram order had not been restored. At the beginning of the month the people of Ekaterinoslav, in the south, were thrown into a panic, especially the Hebrews, by persistent alarming rumors of an intended repetition of the terrible anti-Semitic riots of four years ago. The Jews shut up their premises and fled in all directions. The troops were called out, and on proceeding to the Briansk factory in the district it was found that the rioters, whose march on the town had been feared, had already been masted and arrested by the police. The rioters, it is now said, did not intend to molest the Jews.
 The other day the police of St. Petersburg mustered in force at the Tsarskoe Selo Railway terminus and interrogated a number of persons arriving in town whether they were Jews and had any right to be in the capital. Several Jews were invited to the police station to show their passports and papers, and here the matter for the time seems to have ended. This measure appears to have been adopted in consequence of the belief that a large number of Jews without permission to reside in St. Petersburg live in the suburbs, especially about Tsarskoe Selo, and come into town regularly every day to transact their business.
 A project is on foot, if it has not been actually adopted, to prevent all the Jews in the provinces of Poland from residing outside of the towns or settlements among the peasants and to restrict their acquisition and possession of property in the rural districts of the Vistula provinces.

LIVE TOADS APPLIED.

A Man's Novel Cure for a Cancer.
 The profession of "toads" has been a debated question. While the gardener has considered that the batrachian had its place as a destroyer of insects, even this has been pooh-poohed by doubting humanity, and as a medical remedy—why they have not even been dreamed of. It has remained for a Connecticut man to discover a new field of usefulness for the toad as a remedy for what has been hitherto considered incurable—the cancer.
 Thomas Gladden, a resident of New Britain, Conn., tells the remarkable story of his experience. Mr. Gladden is a venter of tin, who has followed the occupation of selling from house to house for many years, and is one of the few specimens of Yankee peddler still following his profession. He is known in many towns within a radius of twenty-five miles from his home, where he has been a regular visitor from time to time.
 About five years ago a small pimple on the left cheek of Mr. Gladden developed into a cancer. So he was informed by various reputable physicians whom he consulted. He tried various remedies without success, although some of them succeeded in staying the progress of the deadly scourge, which had increased meanwhile to a great sore that covered a good part of his face. But while the disgusting malady did not increase it did not get much better, and indeed Mr. Gladden was told that he might eventually lose his life. It was very painful at times. Finally, a neighbor suggested a new remedy—live toads. W.S. Campbell was the neighbor. Campbell looks like a man who might suggest a remedy of that nature. He gives the idea of being a man whose ablutions are not of ever-recurring frequency. Nevertheless, it is said that there are a good many things in his head that other mortals have not dreamed of in their philosophy. He studied medicine years ago, but has not practised.
 "Toads will cure it," was the constant refrain of Mr. Campbell, who called often on his neighbor. Finally Mr. Gladden, who resented the theory at first, was prevailed upon to try it. He thought it would not kill him at any rate, and the cancer was sure to do that in time. So the neighborhood was scoured for toads. The neighbors were called into service. They captured them by the dozen. Bigfat fellows were at a premium. When they had a large number of them penned up operation commenced. This is the way it was done. The legs of the toad were secured to prevent scratching and he was laid on the centre of the sore. The operation was painful. The sufferer could feel every breath. The toads lived for several hours. The first dozen who were applied absorbed a certain quantity of the poison they would cease to breathe. This process went on for several days until over twenty toads were used. The last one was not visibly affected.
 The neighbors watched the case with great interest, and it was a constant theme of conversation in the vicinity. Many will bear witness to the efficacy of the remedy and the truth of the facts above stated. As for Mr. Campbell, he shuffles about in great glee, and will talk by the hour to any one who will hear him disport upon the case. Mr. Gladden was seen yesterday upon his wagon, looking apparently well. He is a man fifty years of age, and, while he has always been a hard worker, has been a man of good habits. The first appearance of the cancer was twenty-five years ago, but it did not develop until within a few years. It now seems entirely cured, and Mr. Gladden bids fair to enjoy many years.

The Neck of the Giraffe.

In spite of its enormous length it only possesses the seven vertebrae which are common to nearly all the mammals. In consequence it is nearly as inflexible as a wooden bar of equal length, so that the many pretty pictures which represent giraffes curving their necks gracefully, after the manner of swans, are ludicrously wrong. "But," said the objectors, "if it had so long and inflexible a neck it could not graze, and being a ruminant animal, would die of hunger." It is only quite true that it cannot graze. It can lower its head near the ground by spreading its forelegs as widely as possible and drawing its hind legs under them, thus presenting a most ludicrous aspect. In its native state it never, as far as I know, even attempts to lower its head to the ground, but in captivity it can be induced to do so by laying on the ground a large lump of sugar, of which it is inordinately fond. The fact is that it is intended to graze, not on the ground but on the leaves of trees. The acacia, or mimosa, is its favorite tree, and the Dutch colonists have in consequence called the acacia by the name of "kameeldorn"—i. e., camel thorn, they invariably giving the name of "camel" to the giraffe. This mode of feeding involves another anomalous structure. This is the tongue, on which the giraffe is almost as much dependent as is the elephant on its proboscis. It is possessed of wonderful powers of extension and contraction, and can be narrowed until it almost resembles the corresponding organ of the ant-eater. The peculiar powers of the tongue can well be seen when the animal takes the sugar from the ground. It does not attempt to seize the sugar with its lips, but protrudes its tongue to its fullest extent, twists the narrowed tip around the sugar, and so draws the coveted dainty into its mouth. When it feeds on the trees it picks off leaf after leaf quite daintily, selecting these which are the most to its taste.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we may carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.
 A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.
 The simple habits of those who live close to nature are most favourable to real human welfare. To live close to nature—which in general means in accord with nature—that is the cardinal axiom which needs to be specially inculcated.
 Do not forget that anxiety is easier to bear than sorrow; that talent is sometimes hid in napping, audacity never; that mistakes are often bought at a big price and sold at a small one; that if it were not for emergencies but little progress would be made in the world; that it is often better to go a good way round than to take a short cut; that tears shed upon a coffin will not blot out the stains cast in life upon the stilled heart within it.
 The cause of nine in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings and darken and degrade so much of their history lies not so much in the want of talents or the will to use them as in the vacillating and desultory mode of using them, in lying from object to object, in starting away at each little disappointment, and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to a series of difficulties so large that no human force can conquer them.
 Labour in its various forms is the foundation of all comfort, all progress, all enjoyment, and even of life itself. Our food, our clothing, our dwelling, our schools, our government, our comforts, and the money which they cost are all representatives of the hard work of many people in many places; and only thus could they exist. Yet work has other functions less widely recognized. It is valuable for its effects upon the worker himself. It strengthens his muscles, develops his powers, raises his courage, exalts his character. It is the pith and marrow of a happy, healthy life.
 The highest church in Europe is the little chapel of St. Maria Zita in the canon of Grasse. It is 8,000 feet above the forest of the mountain, near the region of perpetual snow, and is used in the summer only, and kept by the hermits and hunters of the Alps.

Laura Kay.
 BY ARCHIE MACG.
 Down by the river 'neath the trees,
 All in the month of May,
 I chanced to meet a maiden sweet,
 Her name was Laura Kay.
 Chorus.—Her name was Laura Kay,
 Her name was Laura Kay,
 I chanced to meet a maiden sweet,
 Her name was Laura Kay.
 Her face was fair as flowers in spring,
 That deck the hillside gay,
 Yet I could trace a haughty grace
 About fair Laura Kay.
 Chorus.—About fair Laura Kay, etc.
 We oft did meet beneath those trees,
 We met there day by day,
 And, by and by, I found the I
 Did love sweet Laura Kay.
 Chorus.—Did love sweet Laura Kay, etc.
 I courted her all summer long—
 What more have I to say?
 Why only this, that now she is
 No longer Laura Kay.
 Chorus.—No longer Laura Kay, etc.

Has to Follow Instructions.
 Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—
 Aw, I tell my barber you know, never to shave up, always to shave down.
 Pretty Cousin—I fail to see how he could shave thing else but down, Charley.
 When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his best girl—that's capital. But when he has to stay in of evenings after they're married that's labor.
 Uncle John—"Why, my girl, you've grown like an cucumber vine! What progress are you making towards matrimony?"
 Clara—"Well, uncle, I'm on my fifth lap."
 "A man held me up last night," said Sea-cook. "Where was that?" "In the south part of the town." "What did he say?" "Oh, he pointed a gun at me and told me to hold up my hands." "And you held them up?" "You bet." "What next?" "He told me to shell out my money, and I said, 'My dear sir, I am just returning from a summer vacation at the seashore.'"
 "What did he do then?" "He gave me half a dollar, and told me if I needed any more to let him know. I guess he had been there himself.
 A very deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, and the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to settle her what she would take to settle matters. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in bob-tailed wig of the old lady. The old lady merely shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury. In confidence, the counsel, in hearing." His lordship wanted to know what you will take." asked the counsel again, this time bawling as loud as ever he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," the oldest dame answered, stolidly, "and if it is his lordship's pleasure to him, I'll take a warm blanket."