The Georgetown Herald.

Jno M Rutledge Jan 03.

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR. GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1902. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Georgetown Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING AT THE HERALD TOWER PRINTING OFFICE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year, when all months to come (three months, 50 cents, in advance).

The address label shows due date of your subscription.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.

space.	1 year	6 mos.	3 mos.	1 time
2 inches	$25 00	$15 00	$8 00	$1 50
10 inches	35 00	20 00	12 00	2 50
5 inches	50 00	30 00	17 00	4 00
1 inch	9 00	5 00	3 00	1 00

Eight cents per line for first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve lines to an inch.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.

H. D. WARREN, Publisher.

J. M. MOORE, Ass't Manager.

DIRECTORY.

LEGAL.

GEORGE E. GOODWILLIE, B.A., BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Georgetown, Ont.

MEDICAL.

IDES, WEBSTER & NIXON, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ACCOUCHEURS.

OFFICE and residence: Norval and George own.

DR. A. S. ELLIOTT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Sutherland). Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church.

A. E. RANNEY, M. D., C. M., F. T. M. C. Late surgeon to Muskoka General Hospital, Fellow Trinity Medical College. Member College Physicians and Surgeons Ontario. INGLEWOOD, ONTARIO.

DENTAL.

FRANK H. WATSON, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST.

Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Mondays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., 6.15 to 6.45 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches.

VETERINARY.

R. H. NICKELL, V. S. (Successor to H. G. Reed, V. S.) OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, Mr. Reed's old stand. Cattle dehorned.

AUCTIONEERS.

H. MILLIGAN, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of Peel and Halton. Real estate bought and sold. Farm stock a specialty. Orders left at the HERALD office will receive prompt attention.

J. A. BELL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Halton, Peel and Wellington. Residence, Church st., Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M. CREDIT LODGE, No. 210, A. F. & A. M., meets Friday on or before full moon, in the Masonic Hall, Mellond Block. Visitors cordially welcomed.

T. O. McCULLOUGH W.M. T. R. KENNEDY, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE. GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 81, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, and Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the society will be furnished by the following:—

J. BAIRD, L. GRANT, J. ALLEN, H. HARPER.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS. COURT CREDIT, Georgetown, meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, on the 4th Tuesday of every month. Particulars regarding rates of insurance, &c., may be had from any of the members, or from R. D. Warren C.R., H. G. Adams M.S., J. W. Kennedy F.S.

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP. DAVID GANT, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 10c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS (Successor to H. Gollop.) BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., next Hollis's. Best of satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Rolston Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. Also agent for music and all kinds of musical instruments. Baths.

E. H. DOOLITTLE. No. 1, Ross Block, Georgetown. SHAVING, HAIR-CUTTING, &c., done with the highest satisfaction by first-class workmen. Agent Berlin Steam Laundry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. H. GOODWILLIE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Georgetown, Ont.

WM. BARBER & BROS., PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

J. A. TRACY
Clerk Township of Esquesing,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Insurance-Money to Loan. Office: Council Chamber, STEWARTTOWN

Insurance!
Fire, Life and Accident.
DISTRICT AGENT FOR CANADA LIFE.
C.C.ROE, Georgetown

Balmoral Bulletin.

Sirs.—I was suffering terribly with pains across the small of my back, and I am pleased to say that after taking one box of Doan's Pills I am cured.

Wm. Drinkwater
—The Leading Dealer in—
Fruit, Fish, Confectionery, Tobaccos, Vegetables, &c.
Special facilities for giving satisfaction.
FISH REGULARLY DELIVERED.
W. Drinkwater MILL STREET.

COLIN - MITCHELL
STEWARTTOWN.
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Staple Dry-Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Etc.
Also a full line of Farm Implements, Wagons and Carriages.
Colin Mitchell, Stewarttown.

WHEN YOU WANT YOUR
Watch Repaired...
GO TO
WHEELER'S
MAIN STREET, GEORGETOWN.

Your Friend
wants a photograph of you, and you owe it to your friend and to yourself to have the photograph a good one. Come to our studio for it. We'll make as many negatives as are necessary to secure the best result, and I won't be satisfied unless you are.
WILL KAY, Art Photographer,
Studio next door to Creelman Bros' factory,
Main St., GEORGETOWN

W. H. Willson
Jeweller and Optician,
Has now in stock an an attractive line of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware
All the latest Novelties in Jewelry and Silverware.
Repairing Promptly Executed.
PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE
W. H. WILLSON
In J. G. Willson's Furniture Warerooms.

SYRUP OF FIGS
ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS,
CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY;
DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS;
OVERCOMES CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS,
BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'F'D BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Van the Tailor
STILL LEADS IN HIGH-GRADE TAILORING.
We are determined to win your tailoring account on sheer merit. Every garment we turn out is a strong bid for business. Its style, its workmanship, its fit, its finish, all appeal to the good taste and ambitions of the careful dresser.
VAN ALLEN & CO., RELIABLE'S OLD STAND, GEORGETOWN
A full range of Belwarp Serges always on hand.

C. W. Pickrell
THE OLD EXPERIENCED
BLACKSMITH
Having been in business for the last six months in Donald McKinnon's old stand, he wishes to thank the people of the surrounding country and town for their liberal patronage. Having had experience in all kinds of general blacksmithing, I will guarantee satisfaction. Horseshoeing a specialty. Wood work, new work and all kinds of carriage repairing.
Manufacturer of the Savage Diamond Harrow, the best harrow made to save time and labor. Best of references from leading farmers in this neighborhood.
Come and see us. Give us a trial, and we will endeavor to please you in all kinds of work.
C. W. PICKRELL.

Lawson Bros.
GEORGETOWN
Planing Mill
Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, including Sash, Doors, Mouldings, &c., on short notice. A complete stock of
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.
Always on hand.
Bill Stuff a Specialty
LAWSON BROS.

Lee Sing LAUNDRY!
ROE BLOCK, NO. 1.
Best Workmanship. Prices Reasonable

JAS. M. BUCK,
BUTCHER
Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats.
All Orders Satisfactorily filled and Promptly Delivered.
Highest Price paid for Dressed Hogs and Hides.
J. M. BUCK, Georgetown.

POETRY.

THE MAN WITH HIS RIGHT LEG GONE.

What Rogers omitted he couldn't find out.
He left the man with his right leg gone.
He had time with his shovel to dig a hole,
To clean with his left leg some pork he broke,
He shaved and washed, trimmed and combed his head
With his left hand,
And treated for all the complaints for which
The man with his right leg goes.

This was some years ago, and I thought he was dead—
The man with his right leg gone.
But, strange to relate, he was living indeed—
The man with his right leg gone.
The doctor had crossed o'er the distant divide,
The sexton had waited in vain and then died,
And of all that I knew I found no one left—
The man with his right leg gone.

He is riding around in the doctor's old shay—
The man with his right leg gone;
And will marry the sexton's young widow they say—
The man with his right leg gone.
Of the good things of life he's obtained a fair share;
They have made him a major, elected him mayor.
Who knows? He may yet fill the President's chair—
The man with his right leg gone.

—From Medical Tr...

TO-DAY'S STORY.

Franz's Sister.

Both troubled and perplexed looked John Liebert when he came into the house that day with a bill in his hand.

"What you think, mother?" he exclaimed. "Mr. Carson charged me five hundred and eighty dollars for that foundation-board! How you s'pose it was, hey? I pass that fence many the time while I was help him build it, and I think to pay him no more as seventy dollar or sixty."

The paling fence along the front of Liebert's farm was an improvement that had interested all the family. John Liebert, who had helped the carpenter build it, had taken special pride in the work, but neither his wife, his daughter Louise—"Weezy"—nor his son Franz had been backward about admiring it. That the carpenter's bill should come to three times as much as Liebert had planned was, however, a serious blow to the old German, and his wife saw the need of soothing words.

"Maybe Mr. Carson makes a mistake," she suggested.

The farmer shook his head. "William Smith figgered it up wit a load-pencil and paper, and said the bill was right."

Still Mrs. Liebert, although mystified and distressed, clung to the hope that her husband's original estimate was correct.

"Shust wait till Franz comes home from school," she said, as she put away the bill and the paper on which their neighbor had worked out a result. "Maybe our Franz can figger better as William Smith. He is real good in multiplication tables now."

"Ach, so!" A gleam of relief crossed the father's face. Vexation displaced it a moment later, however, when his daughter Louise looked up from her knitting and said, timidly:

"Won't you let me try the sum, father? I can cipher well as Franz."

"Hush, Weezy!" the father said, impatiently. "Tain't for you to be speakin' out so bold—and figgerin' is for men."

"Anyway, I could learn to do it if you'd let me go to school like all the girls do," the little girl persisted. She was not a wilful or a forward child, but the matter of schooling lay very near her heart. She had practically taught herself to read and write, and she had learned a good deal by listening to Franz when he studied his lessons aloud; but she longed for more knowledge. Unhappily for her, John Liebert was not a progressive man—and this was fifty years ago.

"Hush, Weezy!" he said again, but with a touch of anger in his tone. "My mother didn't have no book-learnin'; her mother ain't got no book-learnin'; that for should you have book-learnin'? You she'n't go to school. It couldn't make nottings out of you but a girl! What for should a girl be foolin' mit books?

"But Franz," he added a moment later, "he shall after supper figger."

Accordingly that evening Franz was set at work on the problem of the fence. His mother stood ready to snuff the candle. His father paced the floor restlessly. "Figger mit great carefulness, Franz," Mr. Liebert would say every now and then, stopping to look over the boy's shoulder.

After a while it became evident from Franz's mutterings that he had found something the matter with the work he was examining. Mr. Liebert's breath came faster.

"Well, Franz, you found the mistake?" he asked eagerly.

"Wait a little yet," answered Franz, deliberating.

The family interest, stimulated by growing hope, was becoming momentarily more intense.

"I know our Franz could figger better as William Smith," declared Mrs. Liebert proudly, while Weezy smiled from her corner by the chimney.

"Now—yes," said Franz, after a few more moments of suspense. "Nine—six—three. No—yes, here it is! I've found it, pappy!" Franz was fearful of triumph.

"And I am right," of course I am right!" shouted his father. "I knowed all the time I was."

"No, you ain't right, father," corrected Franz. "Neither one of you is right. It's one hundred and eighty-two dollars and fifty cents." William Smith forgot to add the inches.

An ashen paleness overspread Liebert's face. He sat down and buried his head in his hands. In the days that followed, too, he took his trouble very seriously, brooding over it in the house, and spending hours out-of-doors, pacing along his fence, and trying to discover how he could have made such a mistake. He lost his appetite, and grew thin and haggard and absent-minded.

"Pop, thick-headed Liebert!" the neighbors said. "He will surely go crazy about that fence."

Finally came the gray, cold November morning when the bill was to be paid. Liebert carried all the money there was in the house when he drove away to Shalerville to meet the carpenter. Mrs. Liebert watched him out of sight. Then too unhappy to attend to her household duties, she stood looking out at the frozen field and the clouds scudding over the leafless trees. Little of them she saw, for her eyes were full of tears.

Weezy was in the room, scratching away at the slate. She had done a great deal of that of late. Just now it fretted Mrs. Liebert to see her do it—amusing herself when the family was in trouble. She turned to reprove the child. But all at once Weezy dashed down her slate and pencil and jumped up excitedly.

"O mother, I've found it!" she cried. "I've found the mistake! Father was right about the fence!

"See, mother!" Her cheeks glowed red and her eyes shone like stars. "William Smith didn't reduce the feet to yards—that's how he made the bill so large. It ought to be sixty dollars and eighty-three cents, just one-third of what our Franz reckoned it!"

Mrs. Liebert knew nothing about lineal feet or running yards, but she knew by some subtle intuition that Weezy was right.

She knew, too, that it was important that her husband should be warned before he paid the money. Carson was a hard man, not the kind to return a dollar after he laid his hands on it. But how to get word to her husband? Franz was at school more than a mile away, she could not ride horseback; and was afraid to let her daughter try.

Weezy knew what was passing in her mother's mind.

"I can ride Black Prince, mother," the little girl said. "I know the way to Mr. Carson's brother's store where father is to go."

"Oh, I don't dare—" the mother began. But neither did she care to say no. Weezy snatched a scarf and wound it about her head. In another moment she was in the barn, putting the bridle on the great black horse.

Mrs. Liebert followed her and stood at the barn door, trembling. Now she would have helped; but Black Prince reared and plunged at her when she attempted to go into his stall. With Weezy the horse was more docile, for the little girl had frequently fed him. When the bridle was adjusted, Weezy led the horse out to a stump and sprang on his back, boy fashion.

"Good-by, mother!" was all she had time to say as black Prince broke into a gallop. Shalerville was eight miles away but the horse hardly slackened his furious speed until the little girl, with some difficulty, checked him in front of Joseph Carson's store.

Evidently she was not a moment too soon. There was money on the counter. The Carson brothers were sorting the coins in little piles, preparatory to reckoning the total. Mr. Liebert looked on gloomily.

Weezy went straight forward.

"Father," she began, "I've come to tell you that you were right about the fence. I found it out only a little while ago."

The Carson brothers stared in amazement, but Mr. Liebert at first seemed stupefied. At best he was slow of thought, and the ordeal he had lately passed through had not tended to brighten his faculties.

"What's that? What's that, Weezy?" he said. "What are you talkin' about?"

But he listened eagerly and with reviving intelligence as his daughter explained her "figgerin'" to the Carsons. Whether themselves mistaken or dishonest,—and they might have been either,—they could not dispute her clear statement. "That's so, that's so," they said.

Liebert was like one awakening out of a dream in a strange place, as he gathered up the money that was handed back to him. His thin cheeks were almost flushed as Weezy's now. The blood seemed to tingle in his brain.

If Franz had done him the good service it would have seemed natural, and he could have comprehended. But Weezy—his little girl—that she should be so smart was wonderful!

He took Weezy by the hand, and they walked out of the store. The sight of Black Prisoner out of the hitching-posts startled him afresh. He looked from the horse to his daughter.

"And you rode Black Prince—mine?" he gasped.

He tied the bay horse to the back of the wagon, and lifted Weezy to the seat. He was silent for a long time after that. Of what was he thinking? Weezy wondered. She did not want to talk—she would enjoy her success without the help of words. She was conscious, too, that her father regarded her differently, that she had won a quality in his esteem which he had not accorded her before—and that thought awed her to silence.

But now they were clear of the straggling streets of the town. She turned her head for a last glance. As if that movement had broken a spell that was upon him—"Weezy!" her father said suddenly, calling her to him.

"Yes, father?" She looked up, submissive.

"Well, Weezy, I guess I say nottings now if you want to go to school mit Franz."—Youth's Companion.

NOT CATEGORICAL.

No self-respecting Persian ever answers a question by a bold affirmative or a blunt negative. He always reserves a margin. Mr. Wilfrid Sparrow, a tutor to the Persian royal children, asked Mirza Saleh, a turbaned linguist, in regard to a servant, Haji Ismail:

"Is he honest?"

Mirza Saleh was busy with the pages of dictionary.

"Little—take care—Haji Ismail's God—money is," said he.

"That is no answer. I want one word. Is he honest?"

Mirza Saleh closed his eyes in meditation, opened them and shook his head, closed them again, and then sat buried in thought, his fingers on his eyelids. By and by he looked up baffled.

"One word, Sahib?" said he, as one who should assert, "The task is impossible!"

"Certainly, One word."

He shut his eyes for the third time, as if he would keep the truth from popping out unawares. When he opened them at last, it was to search for the English for the word he had chosen. When he had found it his face broke into an expansive smile.

"Sahib," he cried, triumphantly, "de-fi-ci-ent!"

"Deficient is good."

"It is not bad," he replied, in a tone of modest pride.

"I will engage another servant, then," said the Englishman, laboriously, in Persian.

"It behtar would be, Sahib."

DIFFERENT WITH CASH.

In a town in the wildest part of the Transvaal the cashier of a bank is an individual who for a time acted as a judge some years ago. One day recently he refused to cash a cheque offered by a stranger. "The cheque is all right," he said, "but the evidence you offered in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient." "I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, Judge," was the stranger's response. "Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."

ABBREVIATED.

For short names who will beat either of these two? "C. Au" is the short sign of one of the leading merchants of Ontario, O. His first name is Christopher. "O. By" was for many years, and for ought we know is yet, a merchant of Brooklyn, and not far from his place "A. Knee" carried on business. Years ago a man lived in the West by the name of John Hole, and it was said that his signature to his ordinary letters was a "J." He ran his pen through the paper for the Hole. The same man was said to have addressed his wife as "d yt."—Christian Advocate.

A TONGUE TWISTER.

Anon.

Batty Botter bought some butter;
"But" she said, "this butter's butter;
If I put it in my batter,
It will make the batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better,
So 'twas better Batty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

A QUAL QUESTION.

It is all very well for our grand dads to tell us that they did without coal and they don't see why we can't. But our grand dads forget that now-a-days most people use furnaces or stoves that are made to burn coal, not wood. So to say, "If you can't get coal why don't you burn wood," is not the height of wisdom. It is like that French queen who, when told that the people were clamoring in the streets for bread, wanted to know why don't they eat cake?

A DUMFIED TRANQUILITY.

An Apperley living in Leaden says that he finds few things there so restful as the absence of hurry and rush. It is possible that he might have discovered the great positions in his own quality if he had known where to look for them. At least one of the fancy so from an Edinburgh lady by the Baltimore Herald.

A gentleman who had emigrated to a small town "out West" had, after a time, important letters sent there, and on his arrival went to the post-office to inquire for them.

"No letters here for you," said the postmaster.

"They ought to have been here yesterday."

"Couldn't have got here yesterday. Old Brown, who carries the mail, was drunk, and didn't go over to Jocso after it."

"And how about to-day?"

"Well, he's sober enough to-day, but his old woman has cut her foot."

"But there will be a mail to-morrow?"

"Skasely, sir. We don't have any mail on Thursdays."

"Then how about next day?"

"Friday is sort of off day with the Jocso postmaster and he generally goes fishing. If he don't he sends the boy over. I never count on it, however."

"You seem to have a singular way of running postal affairs out in this country."

"Waal, I dunno but we have," he admitted as he looked over the top of his spectacles, "but as long as nobody but uncle bill Simpson ever gets any mail, and that's only a circular about how to kill cockroaches, we kinder take things easy, and let the United States run along without bustin' her biler."

BITS OF HUMOR.

"My love for you," he wrote, "is so deep, so vast, so powerful, I cannot express it."

Why don't you send it by freight?" she wrote back. And then it was all off.

Guest—How does it happen that you charge more for boiled eggs than you do for scrambled eggs?"

Dignified waiter—Do eggs we bile cost more dan do eggs we scramble, sah?

An exchange says public taste is returning to Shakespeare. We still insist that public taste is returning to Bacon.

Boom—Your wife has eyes like two coals.

Egbert—Yes, such eyes are very rare now."

Drummer—Crabtree's an old settler, isn't he?

Grocer—Not much, he ain't! He's owed me a bill three years."

Adolo—Tell me—are you engaged to Chonny?"

Hedonso, confidentially—No, but I expect to, he has already proposed twice."

A Texas debating society recently had for a subject, "Is it proper to sound the 'r' in horse?"

CLERICAL WIT.

Bishop John H. Vincent, of Buffalo, once of the Chautauqua circle, was introducing Dr. Henson, of Chicago, who was to deliver a lecture to the Chautauqua audience on Fools. The introduction was after this fashion: "Ladies and gentlemen, the lecture to be delivered tonight is upon Fools, by one"—here bishop Vincent was attacked by a violent fit of coughing and when he received his breath concluded—"by one of the most learned divines of Chicago."

The "noted divine" rose in some apparent embarrassment and responded: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so much of a fool as Dr. Vincent"—there he was apparently overcome by a spell of coughing, and several seconds elapsed before he ended—"as Dr. Vincent would have you believe.—Exchange."

MIS-INTERPRETED.

"I have some of the toughest young-sters in my class that you could well imagine," said a Sunday School teacher. "On one occasion the lesson was about Joseph being sold into bondage by his brothers. When I arrived that Sunday, a couple of the boys were there ahead of me, and I overheard their conversation. They were talking about the lesson. 'Dis is a dandy story to-day,' said one. 'It's all about a little boy wot was killed, an' dey took a coat wot belonged to a fellow named Joseph an' dipped it in his blood.'

'Gee! Dat must be great!' agreed the other. 'Dat must be sorter like a dime novel.' I had some difficulty in interpreting the passage, 'And they took Joseph's coat and killed a kid and dipped the coat in the blood.' They had construed the word 'kid' to mean a little boy."

Clerk—"I would like to get off early sir, as my wife wants me to do some odd jobs around the house while it is light enough." Manager—"Can't possibly do it." Clerk—"Thank you, sir. You are very kind."

AFTERWARD.

There's never a storm so wild
That after it follows a calm;
There's never a cloud so great
But somewhere's yet shall a balm;
There's never a light so deep
But after it follows the day;
There's never a shadow falls
But after it comes the ray;
There's never a sorrow comes
But after it comes the light;
There's never a heart that breaks
But after a while it will beat;
There's never a moan of pain
But after a laughter past.
There's never a sin so black
But forgiveness is found at last;
But some time 'twill all be past;
There's never a night to dark
But after it follows the dawn.

—Chicago Chronicle.

WAVES OF WATER.

For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The Jordan is the crookedest river known, winding 218 miles in a distance of 60.

The Potomac river is only 500 miles long and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.

The highest of all navigable rivers is the Tsangpo, which flows for nearly 1,000 miles at an elevation of from 11,000 to 14,000 feet.

The Indus, the second largest river of India, is 1,700 miles long. Its waters have always been considered almost as holy as those of the Ganges.

Three rivers as big as the Rhine would just equal in volume the Ganges, three Ganges the Mississippi and two Mississippis the Amazon.

When free from ice, the Yukon river is navigable for large steamers 1,965 miles a distance more than twice as great as that from Chicago to New Orleans.

HIGH ART.

Exchange.

Jean De Reszke receives the highest salary paid to a male singer. His contract for sixteen appearances during his last American tour amounted to $3800 each, an average of $2250 for every time he appeared on the platform. Madame Patti, however can claim even a better record. For singing at Convent garden in 1870 on sixteen nights she received $48 000, an average of $3000 for each appearance. But the famous prima donna beat this record while on her American tour, for while in New Orleans in the eighties she received as much as $6000 a night.

HE GOT IT.

An undertaker advertised for a driver for a hearse, and from among the applicants he selected a good-looking, strong fellow, with a solemn countenance. "Before employing you," said the undertaker, "I want to know if you have had any experience in this business?" "Well, I never drove a hearse," admitted the applicant, "but I've driven the next thing to it." "What do you mean?" "Well, said the applicant, with confidence, "I drove a brewer's dray for seven years." He secured the post.—Exchange.

WAKE UP BABY!

A New Game For Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as scourge. He should awaken bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Edward Bellamy made $0,000 by "Looking Backward." This was better than Lot's wife, who merely earned her salt.

Stranger (in far Western restaurant)—Is it necessary to tip the waiters here in order to secure proper attention?" Native—"Not if yeh got a gun."

Mr. Fawsent—"Your sermon on 'Economy' this morning doctor was a sensible discourse." Dr. Churchmus—"Thank you; it seems to have been appreciated from the appearance of the contribution basket."