CROSS-PURPOSES.

A Story of Difficulties Made Smooth.

"Well, if you can't get your own consent, Mrs. Deery, I suppose you can't," said Mr. Perrin, his reproachful gaze fixed upon the fly promenading the widow's plump wrist. "I had hoped on reflection you'd come to consider my proposal favorably, but it seems

you think you couldn't be happy with me."
"I couldn't be happy with Roxanna," responded that lady, impetuously; then checking herself, she flushed like the woodbine at the window, and in her turn gazed down on

"Oh, if you refuse me on account of sister, Mrs. Deery, I really can't take 'No, for an answer," cried her suitor, looking up

with an encouraged air.

The widow's gaze never swerved from the insect, now chating its stiffened little legs upon her thumb.

"You'd have no trouble in getting on with sister, I'll wager," resumed the eager wooer. "You rarely see an evener tempered woman."
"You that's just it Mr. Perrin: Royan-

Yes, that's just it, Mr. Perrin; Roxanna's too perfect," broke forth the lady, brushing away the fly with startling energy.
"It would fidget me to death to live with her. She's a chosen vessel and I'm only common clay."

The Widow Deery common clay, indeed Mr. Perrin would have divined the contrary unaided by the officious sunbeam which darted in that instant to point her manifold attractions. Being deeply in love, he took advantage of his opportunity to pay a handsome compliment and to renew his suit.

For one intoxicating moment the listener

wavered, but the moment passed.

"Hush, please, Mr. Perrin! Don't say any more about it !" cried she, with a willful toss of her bewitching brown curls. "I might care for you"—the tremor in her voice was very nearly his undoing—"I might care for you, but I couldn't breathe with Roxanna. Think how my little boy would worry her! She wouldn't speak an unkind word, but every time he left sticky finger-prints on the door I should feel that was wishing that he and his mother had stayed away.

"I might—" Mr. Perrin paused, shocked at his base impulse. Had he actually been about to remark that he might provide sister with another home ? -- sister, who, but for devotion to his interests, might now be matronizing a household of her own? Dear, faithful Roxanna! Could he ever requite her for those weary years of watching beside the couch of his helpless, dying wife? The full measure of her self-sacrifice he had not known at the time, but he now had no doubt that but for Climena's sake and his she had discarded Joel Kirby. No, no; sister should never be requested to vacate the dwelling over which she had ruled so long and so well! And to Mr. Perrit's credit be it stated, that in the ardor of his passion for the little widow, he closed his lips upon the disloyal words that perchance might have won her and strode from her cottage a rejected lover.

" If Kirby should want Roxanna now as much as, according to accounts, he wanted much as, according to accounts, he wanted her before he went to Manitoba, why, it might straighten out things," mused he, plodding despondently along the path through the fields; "but they say he has his eye on his cousin Martha. Naturally he would be looking for somebody younger than sister; she has faded. There's an odds in women." And the lover's thoughts reverted to the buxon widow, little younger verted to the buxom widow, little younger than Roxanna, yet no more faded than a morning glory at sunrise.

Mr. Perrin's feet had traversed the mead ow and ascended the slope of the pasture adjoining the highway ere his mind caught up with them. Then he murmured half audibly, "I wonder whether Kirby did call this afternoon? When I saw his team coming over the ridge, it struck me I might as well steal off through the orchard. Considering he's in the neighborhood looking up the old friends, he can't civilly pass by Roxanna; and I wouldn't be a hindrance in case—"

His soliloquy merged in a low whistle of satisfaction. He had reached the bars opposite his own gate, and at the gate, his forefeet deep in a hollow pawed by their impatience, stood Mr. Kirby's gray sorrel.

At the spectacle Mr. Perrin's heart bound-

ed within him, and he clutched the top most rail for support. Should be lead the most ran for support is about the lead the forgotten horse away to the stable, or should he by doing so appear to take too much for granted? He desired to hospitable, he desired to be exceedingly hospitable, but he must not convey the impression that he he was over-zealous for a brother-in-law, and thus annoy Roxanna. Sister was so fastidious.

In an unprecedented excitement the habitually easy-going man debated within himself regarding the course of conduct befitting this exceptional occasion, and fin-ally judged best to interfere with the probable wo sing in no particular. Accordingly he crept around to the porch door quietly, with a surreptitious glance at the sitting room window in passing. A brisk fire of chips revealed to him his rather prim blonde sister seated in a low rocker before the hearth, and Joel Kirby leaning against the

mantel near her, volubly discoursing.

"They've opened the ball without me,
I guess," mused the sulking host, facetious-1 guess," mused the sulking host, facetiously, as he hitched his chair along to the kitchen stove to warm his feet in the oven. Seeing that it is the first visit, I must say Joel stays it out well. Unquestionably he means business. What's to prevent? He's means business. What's to prevent? He's a firstrate fellow, and'll make a kind husband. If I wasn't sure of the I wouldn't consent to his having Roxanna. I should hate to have him take her out to Manitoba. I hope it's true that he has bought back the old homestead. Well, well, wouldu't I like to be a little mouse in the sitting room. like to be a little mouse in the sitting-room

wall about this time!"
Could he have had his wish, a most astounded little mouse would the worthy

man have impersonated. "You are the most morbidly concientious person, Roxy, that I know of," Mr. Kirhy was saying, with a frown that scored his forehead with horizontal wrinkles like the staff of written music. "If I could only convince you that it was your duty to be my wife, I should stand some chance of eathing your lust which we won've getting you; but unlucky for me, you've cherished this notion that you ought to keep

house for your brother till you—"
"Brother needs me," murmured Miss Roxanna, tears swelling in her eyes of "ba-

by blue."
"And don't I need you? Haven't I some

I consented to waive these, but now she is

gone, and I want you."

"Don't, Joel, don't!"

"I tell you I did, and I can't help it,'
cried Mr, Kirby, with grim humor. "When
I couldn't move you by letter I resolved I'd
come and speak for myself. You used to

come and speak for myself. You used to say you loved me, Roxy. Can't you—" "You know plenty of other ladies, Joel, younger and more pleasing," faltered Miss Roxanna, nervously smoothing the pale gilding of hair that frame | her temples in a Gothic arch.

"They are nothing to me," replied the gentleman, curtly, almost as if he esteemed the fact as a matter of regret.

Assured of the favor of more than one pretty girl of his acquaintance, was it not a little hard that the full current of his being must needs set toward this unresponsive woman of forty? It had been ever thus with Joel Kirby from his perverse childhood; when he wanted cake no human power could induce him to nibble ginger-

"No, Roxy, there's only one woman in the world for me," he continued in softer tones. "Your brother is of a different temperament. Has it never occurred to you

that he may marry a second time!"
"Brother marry! Oh, no, indeed, he'll never marry—never!" cried Miss Roxanna, rooted and grounded in the belief that her brother's heart was entombed with the dead Climena. " No, he could not take another wife, Joel, and you see he has only me. I couldn't be so cruel as to leave him."

To all Mr. Kirby's subsequent pleadings she made this reply, but it soothed his chafing spirit not a little that she parted from

himself with tears. As the sound of his rapid wheels died away in the distance she hastily dried her eyes and hurried into the kitchen to see about the belated supper. Mr. Perrin, still gloating over castles in Spain, looked up with the roguish purpose of greeting her as "Mrs. Kirby," but dismayed at her troubled countenance, remarked instead that "the days were getting shorter"—a fact that she had observed

He felt as if he had received a blow. For him there was, there could be but one interpretation of his sister's unwonted emotion. She loved Kirby and Kirby no longer cared for her. Poorgirl, she had dreamed that a man's affections were like granite boulders incapable of change, and she was awakened with a shock. Hapless Roxanna ! She, too, had her trials. Keenly sympathetic, the magnanimous brother concealed his own disappointment as best he could and lavished upon his sorrowful sister an excess of tenderness.

"You have the knack of spoiling me for other folks' cooking, little woman, that's the truth," said he at tea time, ostensibly heaping his plate with cream toast.

should I ever get along without you?"
"That'll make her feel that I appreciate her if Joel doesn't," he mused benevolently, while she on her side of the table was thinking: "It's just as I suspected; it would kill brother to lose me.

"Oh, you'd manage somehow. Maybe you'd marry," she ventured, timidly, almost hearing the fluttering of the lost Climena's

wings.
"Poh! poh! sister, nothing seems less likely," answered her brother, in a voice so sad that Miss Roxanna chided herself for having opened his old wound afresh. But she had done it for Joel's sake. She owed it to Joel to make sure that there could be

no misunderstanding.

The October days, with their noonday patches of sunshine and their heavy borders of twilight, came and went. In a spasm of hope that the charming widow might yet consent to share the domestic sceptre with his sister, Mr. Perrin made a second proposal only to receive a second decided though flattering refusal. Mr. Kirby repeated his call upon Miss Roxanna and departed cursing fate and by no means loving Mr. Perrin, whom he supposed perfectly acquainted with the relations between himself and Rox

Overtaking Mr. Perrin walking home one day from the post office, Mr. Kirby, with inward reluctance, asked him to ride. With equal reluctance Mr. Perrin accepted the invitation, reflecting, "If I ain't civil he'll take it that I'm mad because he doesn't renew his offer to Roxanna, and I won't hu mor him.

"Heavy frost last night," growled Mr.

Kirby.

"Very," atserted the other, conscious of an inward chill. "Winter is upon us. Shall you spend it in Ontario?"

"My plans are uncertain," snarled Mr. Kirby, adding mentally, "Thanks to you,

sir."

"Of course you can choose your own climate. There's the advantage of having plenty of money and no family ties."

"No family ties! Whose fault was it that he had no family ties?" mused the irate bachelor, making rapid passes over his long beard as if he would mesmerize the pain in his breast. "Might not Roxanna have been his wife years ago but for the necessities of this selfish brother?"

"Though I've lately heard it hinted, Joel, that you were thinking of marrying," Mr. Perrin blundered on, in his embarrassment, saying the very thing he had resolved not to

say.

Mr. Kirby snapped his whip, and transfixed his companion with a glance so frigid that poor Mr. Perin shivered as if he were

impaled on an icicle.
"Your cousin is a fine girl, Joel—an uncommonly fine girl. I—I congratulate you," he stammered, wishing it would do to get out and walk.

out and walk.

"You are too kind, Perrin; too kind by half," sneered Mr. Kirby, letting go the reins in his anger. "You've robbed me of one bride, sir, and now you want to make amends, do you, by choosing me another?"

"Why, Kirby, what are you raving about? When have I interfered with your

concerns, matrimonial or otherwise? cried Mr. Perrin in a tone of injured innocence, You are laboring under some delusion.

"Oh, he's twitting me on old scores," used Mr. Perrin, aggrieved. "He blames mused Mr. Perrin, aggrieved. me for letting sister give up her prospects in life for Climena's sake. Sister would do it, and she never told me there was anything between her and Joel." "When a man is in a tight place, Joel, he's apt to realize his own needs better than the needs of his brethren, I suppose," he said aloud, after a moment's pause. "But I'm sorry if you bear me a grudge."

"Tight place! Do you call yourself in a

rights? During your stricken sister's illness | tight place, Perrin—a strong hearty fellow trace of him to be found.

like you ! You ought to hire a housekeeper and let Roxanna go.

"Let Roxanna go! Where?" interrogated the befogged Mr. Perrin.

"Wherever she prefers to live. I should let her decide that after we were married, replied Mr. Kirby, impatiently. "The main

replied Mr. Kirby, impatiently. "The main point is to get her away from you. She says you say you could not live without her."
"Yes, I did say it.—I did say it; but I take it all back," cried Perrin, fairly blinking in the light that suddenly illuminated his darkened mind. "I see things clearer than I did, Joel. I won't stand any longer between you and Roxanna."
"Your hand on it." "Your hand on it."

"My hand on it, Joel, I shall be gladproud, that is—to give sister to you, and if you are going up to the house you can tell

"Thank you, Perrin, thank you. And if "Inank you, Perrin, thank you. And it I've spoken sharply, I beg your pardon," cried Mr. Kirby, smiling like a Santa Claus. "Oh, it's all right. Everything is all right," replied Mr. Perrin, too happy to keep it to himself. "Drop me here, Kirby, playse I have an auggement to make." And please ; I have an engagement to make. And make it to-day I shall and will, God willing, he added, beneath his breath, as he dismount ed before the door of the widow Deery.

Soldiers' Panics. In South Africa, the disaster of Isandlhwana gave the soldiers' nerves a severe shak ing, and it often happened that false alarms at night led to the rousing of whole camps, and sometimes even to a reckless discharge of firearms. In some cases friendly natives or even comrades, were taken by the excited imagination of a sentry for enemies; in others, unoffending cattle, even a brush or a shrub, became the innocent cause of a fusilade sufficient to have dealt widespread destruction to a host of Zulus. An odd incident, illustrative of the slightness of the cause—or even, per haps, of the absence of any cause at allthat gives rise to a panie, occurred on the night of Tel-el-Kebir, amid a small corner of the force that was bivouacking on the battlefield. The narrator had crawled into a marquee in which, with other commissariat stores, were the rum casks from which the troops had received their liquor rations after the fatigues and excitement of the day's fight and previous night march. Besides one or two commissariat issuers in charge of the stores, several "odds and ends" of other corps had found their way into the marquee preferring to rest under its shelter amid the casks and biscuit boxes than under the open sky with the sand for a bed. Suddenly, in the middle of the night when all were sleeping, a noise and commotion began in a bivouac outside. Before the inhabitants of the tent were sufficiently awake to under stand its cause the curtains were thrust aside by a red-coated soldier, who shouted to they are upon us!" The Arabs are in the camp—they are upon us!" Then he disappeared as rapidly as he had come. Every one sprang to his arms, and probably experienced that especially uncomfortable sensation that is caused by a vague feeling of an unseen though imminent danger against which one is ignorant how to guard. Outside every one around was aroused and up, eagerly striving to discover from what quarter attack was to be expected. Nothing, however, more unpleasant occurred than the advent of a staff ener asking the cause of the confusion. Probably the truth never did reach headquarters. Afterward, however, a report gained ground—no other or better reason was ever forthcoming—that the alarm arose from the screams of a sleeping soldier, who, overwrought perhaps by the horrors of the day, had been fighting his battle over again in his dreams!—Chamber's Journal.

Habits of the Whales.

For the last six weeks or so whales have been coming out of the arctic ice, and have been making their way south. In the Winter season there are no whales in the Arctic Ocean, for the good reason that they cannot live there when the water is frozen over so that there are no breathing spaces. A considerable number are supposed to die every year by being caught under ice so thick that when they come up to breathe they cannot break the ice. Frequently a dozen or more whales may be seen in small areas of open water surrounded by ice where no ship can go, or not without greater perils than ought to be encountered. Just where all the aretic whales Winter has long been a mooted question. They are found all along the coast of California during some of the Winter months. But their breeding grounds are the lower latitudes, as at Magdalena Bay and in the shallow bays of the Lower Mexican coast. It is probable that some go down as far as the Control American coast. down as far as the Central American coast. All the white whales seen along the coast do not enter the Arctic, although it would seem that the greater number do. Many are found in the Summer season in the Okhotsk Sea and along the coast of Siberia. The white whale seeks out his Summer feeding grounds in high latitudes and seeks out breeding grounds in low latitudes. This animal migration and return is counted on with the greatest certainty. As many whales come out of the Arctic in Autumn as enter in the Spring. These facts govern the operations of the whaling fleet. Hence, after the Arctic whaling season is over many ships discharge and refit at once and go down the coast preparatory to a later cruise in high latitudes. At several points along the coast in California there are shore stations where a considerable number of whales are caught as they go up and down the coast.

A Catskill Romance.

Ten years ago a handsome man of a digin-fied bearing and refined appearance passed through Catskill and took up his abode in a deserted log cabin two miles and a half from High Falls, Greene county. Here he lived like a hermit. A beautiful dog, which accompanied the stranger into the woods, died about five years ago, and the fashionable clothes which the recluse wore when he made his retreat were replaced by coarse "Do you pretend it's a delasi m of mine fabrics and strong country shoes. Twice that but for you Roxanna would be my each year the hermit was visited by a wofabrics and strong country shoes. man of graceful form and easy manners, who always dressed in black and was closely veiled. No one knew who this woman was or whence she came. She remained with the hermit about an hour, and for three or four days after her departure the recluse remained within his cabin. When at last he appeared he looked much sadder and more aged than before. Tuesday morning the cabin was found in ashes. The hermit was not to be found. His mysterious visitor called upon him about a week ago. He may He may have burned with the cabin, but there is no

Small Things About Great Men.

Part of the price which every eminent man

pays for his exalted or prominent position is the loss of all privacy. His habits and customs, his preferences and aversions are all publicly discussed, and the following particulars show that be can not even have a favorite dish without the knowledge of the public. This craving for details about the lives of great men dates back as far as the time of Charlemagne, of whom it is said that his meals consisted never of more than four courses, and that his favorite dishes were eggs and roast meat, particularly venison, which was served on long spits by his foresters. Luther preferred Torgan beer and hock to all other beverages. As a young man Melanethon was very fond of barley soup, and he would often exchange a diet of meat for a bowl of barley soup. Small fish, vegetables, and all kinds of farinaceous food he liked, but large fish and meat he dis-liked, and he hated all public meals or drinking bouts. He used to say that it would be easy for him to adopt Pythagorean diet. Torquato Tasso was very fond of pre-served fruits and all kinds of fancy sweets. Henry IV. was often ill from eating too many oysters or melons. His favorite drink was vin d'Arbois. Peter the Great liked nothing better than Limburg cheese (1). Charles XII., king of Sweden, preferred a piece of bread and butter to anything else. Voltaire, like Frederick the Great and Napoleon I., was very fond of coffee. His favorite food was oat cakes, but he preferred oranges to any other kind of food. The Dutch lady scholar A. M. Schurmann ate spiders as a delicacy. Lessing preferred lentils, and Klopstock, who was a real gournand, fed on salmon, mushrooms, pastry, and smokedmeat. Of vegetables he liked peas best and grapes as dessert, together with a bottle of good claret or hock. Kant retained till his old age a preference for pork, all kinds of pulse, and stewed fruit. He devoted three hours a day to his dinner. Schiller was in his youthful days very fond of ham. An old note-book belonging to a Stuttgart restaurant contains some items about "Meals taurant contains some items about "Meals for Dr. Schiller in 1782," from which it appears that, besides a bottle of wine, ham was every day among the dishes on Schiller's table. Matthisson confessed a preference for peas, beans, and pork; Lord Byron for Chester cheese, with alc or porter; Pope was "greatly interested" in venison, Jonathan Swift in turbot, and Sir Walter Scott in roast

With Some London Busmen.

"Seventeen hours a day! One hundred and nineteen hours a week! That's my time. I left the yard last night at five-and twenty minutes to 2, and I was on my bus again this mornin' at 'alf-past 8. It's these long hours that tell !"

But you get a holiday sometimes?" "If we like to pay for it. Whenever we are off duty we don't get paid. Whoa

And the speaker, a smart "whip" among the London omnibus-drivers, ceases his conversation concerning his long hours of labor to pull up his horses and sings out loudly the destination of his emnibus.

They are quaint and curious men, some of these London busmen, with a rich fund of

drollery all their own.
"You see, sir," said one, "I don't much

care for a holiday; I've been so long on this 'ere bus that things look quite different-like when I'm in the street below. I shouldn't know my own children in the street.'

"Oh, come! that's too strong." "Fact, I tell ye, sir; I'm always away in the mornin' afore they're up, and not home till they're in bed at night, and I shouldn't know my little gal if I was to meet her out especially if I was to see her off my bus."

Truly a significant remark for a man to make in this latter half of the wonderful mineteenth century—a remark not without a touch of satire and of pathos, too; and we find ourselves asking if it is a necessity of our advanced civilization that men must work so long and so continuously, day after day, that they never see their children except asleep? No sweet, simple prattle about the father's knee, no little fat, dimpled arms around the father's neek, none the loving, softening influences which little people know so well how to exert over even the most-stony hearted of men! Surely, O Christian civilization, these things are not necessities of thy development!

But yet the bus-driver rarely complains or grumbles. He does not strike or congre-gate in mass-meetings, or commit acts of riot, but he works patiently on, day by day, steering his horses marvelously well through the crowded London street, and surveying philosophic calm from the altitude of his box, except when a child strays in the way of his horses, and then his language is, per-haps, rougher than are his real feelings.

A Strange Drunkard. Atlanta has a kerosene-oil drunkard.

Henry J. Burrow drinks a gallon of kero-sene oil, taking a half pint of the oil at one sene off, taking a nan pint of the off at one swallow. He says that he has bought the oil for drinking purposes and consumed about half a gallon a week in this way. When 15 years of age he and two other boys went on a camp hunt and they were lost in the woods for three weeks. Burrows became separated from his friends and had nothing to eat and could find no water. He had a small bottle of kerosene oil which had been brought along to kindle fires, and from time to time he would take a small mouthful to alleviate his thirst. Before he was rescued he had swallowed the entire contents of the bottle. It had an exhibarating effect upon him, and the taste was pleasant. When he returned home he sampled the kerosene oil every day or two, and in a few months was drinking it regularly in small doses. It seems to have no injurious effect, and his parents did nothing to stop the habit. While in the army he would make regular foraging excursions for his drink, and while others secured buttermilk, coffee. and whisky, he always obtained a full supply of his loved kerosene. Once during a long march his oil gave out, and he almost went crazy, and suffered all the tortures of a drunkard with the tremens. He was sent to a hospital, and recovered immediately after being allowed to swallow a cup of kerosene. Mr. Burrows now drinks nearly a half gallon of oil a week, and he uses only the very best. His health is perfectly good, his appetite never fails, and he has not known organic troubles. He says that the oil gives him a feeling of exhibitation and burns him as it passes down his throat just about as much as whisky would ordinary

An Old Camp.

Here pitch the tent | Tie sheltered well Beside this tiny streamlet's flow, The moss grows thick and sof:—and then We camped here, years ago.

Right here the dingy tent was stretched, Our axes laid these trees just so, You see the logs we smouldering left So many years ago.

Drive home the tent-pegs! Strip the boughs! The fragrant branches lightly strow; And cut dry birch for such a fire As blazed here years ago.

The pine trees' dusky silent boles
Are reddened with the camp-fire's glow,
And sparks dance upward to the stars
That shone thus, years ago!

Ye bring me back, familiar scenes, The faces that ye used to know,— The kind old faces, vanished forms, Of long, long years ago.

Your voices mingle in our songs, A faint sweet chorus, soft and low And harmonies these trees once heard So many years ago.

O gentle ghosts! I fear you not, Welcome you are to me, I trow; Take the same places by the fire You took long years ago.

And let us live the time gone by;
—Forget that many a winter's snow
Has fallen, since we rested here
In days of long ago.

Farewell, I bid you, one by one, Your hands I'll clasp ne'or more below, So, sadly from my dream ye pass, Old friends of long ago.

-W. H. Blake in The 'Varsity.

To Consumptives.

Reader, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men-whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierco's book on consumption and kindred affections. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo. N. Y.

The Crown Prince of Germany sells 1,000 marts of milk a day from his farm near Berlin.

The Beauty of Woman

is her crown of glory. But alas! how quick-ly does the nervous debility and chronic weakness of the sex cause the bloom of youth to pass away, sharpen the lovely features, and emaciate the rounded form! There is but one remedy which will restore the faded roses and bring back the grace of youth. It is Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a sovereign remedy for the diseases peculiar to females. It is one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the human race, for it preserves that which is fairest and dearest to all mankind—the beauty and the health of woman.

Seven native villages on one of the Tonga Islands have been destroyed by volcanic

eruptions.

* * * Stricture of the urethra, how ever inveterate or complicated from previous bad treatment, speedily and permanently cured by our new and improved methods. Book, references and terms sent for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The revenue of the Dominion for the year up to date shows a surplus of two and a quarter millions.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto Ont. Cut this our for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

President Cleveland will try a course of treatment to reduce his corpulency.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and May Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 308 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

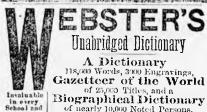
In St. Patershung, the police can at any

In St. Petersburg the police can at any time enter any dwelling to search for Nihilists, and there is no haheas corpus.

NOTING MEX suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also Middle and Old Men who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and rrank M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c, stamps. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Out.

The population of Winnipeg has increased 100 per cent., since 1881. It is now about 21.000.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, etc., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine, 50 cents.



A CHOICE HOLIDAY GIFT.

All in one Book.



CHAMPION UNION SCALE Capacity loz. to 240 lbs. With weights complete, - \$8.

Every household should have one. Mention this paper.

OSBORNE & COY., LITTLE DETECTIVE? Hamilton, Out.