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Fuddling Cups.

An article in the Burlington Magazine describes some early English earthenware drinking cups of eccentric patterns. The principal feature of most of the quaint types, or loving cups, is their astonishing number of handles, which range from two to as many as twelve. It is supposed that the purpose of this equipment was that the cup might pass from hand to hand and each guest have a fresh portion of the rim to himself, no doubt an excellent arrangement for the first time round! Not content with half a dozen or so of full grown handles, the potter frequently inserted between each of them a sort of rudimentary handle, consisting of a looped strip of clay. The "fuddling cup" is a cluster of half a dozen good sized cups joined together. When it is realized that the six cups communicate with each other internally, so that to empty one you must empty all, the force of the name will be apparent. Any doubt as to the use of these formidable vessels is dispelled by the inscription: "Fill me full of sidar. Drink of me."

At the Top of St. Peter's.

One needs to climb to the top of St. Peter's to understand best how its builders sought to overawe its beholders. Then the colossal proportions of every detail become apparent; then one may discover that the pen in the hand of St. Mark is as long as a six foot grenadier. On approaching the row of apostles which stand along the edge of the roof and which seem to the bystander in the street below of the size of ordinary human beings one will find gigantic figures whose eyes are as big as men's heads and whose fingers vie in size with an athlete's forearm. The roof is indeed a city in itself, for here are rows of houses where the workmen who are constantly employed in repairing the cathedral have their homes. A fountain supplies them with water, and their provisions are brought to them on the backs of donkeys driven up the broad and easy incline of the stairway.

An Allment of the Feet.

Poetry is at last classified. The Washington Post tells a story of some children who were discussing the perfections and usefulness of their respective fathers.

"My father's the best man in the world," said one little girl. "He is a minister. He makes people go to church."

"Mine is the best," piped up another. "He's a doctor. He makes sick people well so they can go to church."

Three or four more enlarged upon the benefit the world derived from their fathers, and it finally came the turn of a sweet, blue eyed little girl.

"My papa's the best of all," she said. "He's a poet."

"A poet?" said another, joining the group. "Why, a poet isn't a profession! It's a disease!"

A Henry George Tax.

The last campaign in which Henry George was permitted to engage abounded in wordy encounters. In making squelching rejoinders to impertinent questions the famous single taxer could not be excelled. During one of his addresses Henry George remarked that a lifetime had been devoted to the dissemination of his single tax views.

"And what have you accomplished?" inquired a voice in the audience.

"Taxed New York's halls to their greatest capacities," said the orator suavely. And a delighted audience would not permit him to continue for some minutes.

A Literal Minded Class.

A teacher in one of the schools near Philadelphia had one day been so disturbed by the buzzing of lips and shuffling of feet of the children that she was on the verge of distraction. Finally she said: "Children, I cannot stand so much noise. Please be quiet for a little while, at least. Let me see if you can't be so still that you could hear a pin drop."

Instantly every child became as still as a mouse. Then a little boy in a back seat piped out, with marked impatience:

"Well, let her drop!"

He Loved His Enemies.

James MacNeill Whistler looked upon life as upon a kind of warfare and was never so happy as when he was quarreling with somebody. He is quoted as having said when asked if he did not have many friends: "Yes, I have many friends, and I am grateful to them, but those whom most I love are my enemies, not in a Biblical sense. Oh, no, but because they keep me always busy, always up to the mark, either fighting them or proving them idiots."

Must Be Something Terrible.

Dora—I shan't stand it another minute! I'm going to send him back his ring!

Clara—What! That beautiful diamond ring?

"Yes."

"Horrors! What has he done—robbed a church, killed his mother or what?"

A Fair Exchange.

Angry Poet (rushing into the office)—See here, sir! That check you sent me for my poem is no good!

Editor (coldly)—Neither was the poem. Shut the door, please.

Sauntered Into It.

Nell—He invited me to take a stroll, and before we had gone half a mile I had him proposing.

Belle—Won in a walk, eh?

Quails are said to be extinct in Ireland, where they were formerly to be found in great numbers.

The Anthem.

The rustic choir's greatest show was always made in the anthem, in which some bumpkin had generally a solo to exhibit his "lusty voice." It was a splendid musical display—of its kind. People came from a long distance to hear it and felt so satiated that they left without the sermon. No wonder Shakespeare made Sir John Falstaff lose his voice with "hallooing and singing of anthems." To be sure, he was guilty of an anachronism, for there were no anthems in the fat knight's time, but it may reasonably be supposed that he had become so impressed with this part of the service in his own day that he dropped into the nod which even Homer is privileged occasionally to enjoy.

The Jack Tar who explained a "hantem" to his mate on the simple principles of verbal elongation was not so far out after all. "If I was to say to you," he began, "'Ere, Bill, give me that handspike,' that wouldn't be a hantem, but if I was to say to you, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, that, that handspike, spike, spike, spike,' why, that would be a hantem." Just after this fashion did the old village choirs tear and toss their anthem texts.

Impressions While Drowning.

Most of us, I expect, at some time or other have wondered what it feels like to be drowned. If we have never seen any one drowning we mean by this that we wonder whether it is at all like what it is represented to be—whether one's whole past life passes before one's eyes like a dream, whether one spends one's last few moments in wishing one had spent more profitably the last few years. If we have seen people drowning we wonder whether it feels as bad as it looks. Now, I cannot pretend to have been nearly drowned. Nor can I say what it feels like to sink after a prolonged struggle in calm water within sight of land. But I can say that it feels like to be quite convinced that one is going to be drowned, and I am happy to know from personal experience that the feeling is one merely of disappointment. One is simply annoyed, certainly not angry, certainly not afraid.—Hubert Walter in Blackwood's.

Too Many Revolutions.

The New York Outlook tells an amusing story illustrative of the vigilance of the Turkish censorship. There is a strict supervision over telegrams. A German engineer in the Lebanon placed an order with a Paris firm for some sort of a stationary engine, to be shipped to him as soon as possible. The firm telegraphed to inquire how many revolutions a minute he wanted. He answered, "Fifty hundred revolutions a minute." The next day he was arrested. Brought into court, the judge asked him if he lived in the Lebanon. He replied that he did. "Do you correspond with such and such a firm in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" cried the judge. "I know you. You are the man who telegraphed to Paris that there are 500 revolutions a minute in the Lebanon!"

The Quaker's Retort.

In the early days of the White House, when Dolly Madison was its presiding genius, the conversation was lively, and the bonnet, the repartee and even the retort gave zest to the talk. On one occasion a Quaker from Philadelphia who was dining with the president paid back the rillery of the gay hostess in her own coin. As Mrs. Madison, looking very handsome in an evening gown that displayed her plump shoulders to great advantage, took her seat at the table, she raised her wine glass to her lips and, bowing to her guests, said gaily, "Here's to thy absent broad brim, Friend Hallowell," to which the Quaker, nothing daunted, said, returning the bow to his hostess, "And here's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy."

What She Should Do.

Bertie had been forbidden under severe penalties to play in the rain barrel, but the other day, sad to relate, his mamma and grandmother found him splashing in it in high glee.

His mamma's face hardened, but the grandmother's kind heart led her to make a plea for the offender.

Bertie heard the plea, and when his mamma asked him sternly what she should do to a little boy who did not mind what was told him he answered promptly: "I think you had better mind your mamma."

A Widespread Vanity.

In these days there seem to be as many writers as there are readers. The spread of authorship and its egregious pride is hit off in this dialogue from the Fliegende Blatter:

A guest at a hotel table reading the bill of fare says, "Your bill of fare is great!"

"I am glad to hear it," replies the head waiter. "I am its author."

Some Hope.

Whiting—Since my son has been at college the things he has learned are perfectly marvelous.

Biting—I've no doubt of it, but I wouldn't worry. He'll forget them all after a few years.

Subject For Soft Words.

A newspaper epigrammatist says, "Every wife is the architect of her own husband." Then she shouldn't be too severe on the edifice when she botches the job.

Asking For Her Hand.

He—Now, if I only had three hands I could get through life so much better. She—Well?

He—I was just wondering if you wouldn't give me one of yours.

Sensible Swiss Covenants.

Some of the ancient agreements between the little Swiss states were very noteworthy. In 1243 Berne and Fribourg made a covenant which lasted for more than 200 years by which they agreed that even a war between them should not destroy their agreement, that no war between them should be entered on without a previous attempt at conciliation and that within fourteen days of the end of any feud all territory conquered and spoils of war must be returned to their owners. Cities which 650 years ago could agree to such terms deserve to live in history. Basel, Schaffhausen and Appenzel a few years later were wise and far-sighted enough to agree "to sit still and seek conciliation" in case of difference between them. Just over 600 years ago the Swiss confederation was founded by the three tiny mountain states Uri, Schwyz and Nidwalden, which, remaining small and unimportant themselves, have by the force of the idea of union drawn to themselves from time to time Targer states and powerful cities till today the Swiss nation can in proportion to its size and population boast of a prouder history and greater benefits to mankind than any other nation in Europe.

Melinda Went.

One of the old governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected, and his wife, having never seen a steamboat or a railroad and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the capital.

When the governor reached his destination he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along."

The brother telegraphed, "She's afraid even to look at the engine."

The governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments. At the end of that time he sent off the following command:

"Bill, you blindfold Melinda and back her on to the train."

Melinda arrived at the capital with the victorious Bill twenty-four hours later.

Ringtail Monkeys.

The ringtail monkey, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, is caught in an interesting way. A cocoonut is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear, and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoonut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at the tree trunk.

Size of the Oceans.

Most men seem to be as ignorant about the size of the sea as they are of the distance between the heavenly planets. Invention gives a few interesting facts: The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles, the Atlantic 30,000,000 and the Indian, Arctic and Antarctic oceans 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank a mile long, a mile wide and a mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its water weighs 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long and deep.

Murdering Shakespeare.

"I never hesitate to cut and slash and change any play until it suits me," said Stuart Robson to his legal adviser on one occasion.

"I suppose you edit Shakespeare with a blue pencil?" replied the lawyer.

"You can just bet I do."

"Then, I imagine, you would plead guilty to an indictment for murdering the Bard of Avon."

"No; I would not, but I would admit dissecting his corpse."

The "Best Girl" Habit.

"Why," asked her anxious and excited mother, "do you think he is coming to the point at last?"

"Well," the maiden replied, looking demurely down at the rug, "when he took me in his arms and kissed me last night he said he'd got used to me he didn't believe he could ever break himself of the habit."

Carelessness at the Track.

"It was sheer carelessness on somebody's part that caused Charley to lose money on that race," said young Mrs. Torkins sympathetically.

"How do you know?"

"I saw it in the paper. The horse was left at the post. The idea of putting a horse in a race and then neglecting to unhitch him!"

English as She Is Spoke.

"Think of it! For three days and three nights that quartet sat about a table, shuffling, dealing and cashing in jackpots, and when the game was finally broken up every man had exactly the amount he had begun with."

"Humph! Odd the way they came out even, isn't it?"

Afraid of the Signs.

Mrs. Brown—How do you like your neighbor, Mrs. Black?

Mrs. Green—Oh, I like her well enough, but I suspect she doesn't think much of me. I saw our girl talking to her over the fence last evening.

Origin of the Turban.

The origin of the turban must be looked for not, as commonly believed, among Moslems, but as a sign of authority and honor dating back to the earliest periods of Jewish history. The term used in the Hebrew Bible for putting on the bonnet of the high priest is from a root meaning "to bind round." The words miter, hood, diadem, as used in the Old Testament, are only variations of the word turban.

Jerome tells us that the turban has a place in the most ancient records of history. The variations as adopted by Mohammedans are many. Their own authorities hint at a thousand methods of arranging the turban, which shows not only the tribe and religious distinction, but even the personal peculiarities of the wearer.

An old legend traces the turban to an act of desperate courage recorded of the ancient Levantines. A brave band of warriors are said to have wrapped their winding sheets round their heads as they devoted themselves to certain death to save their comrades on the battlefield.

The Gopher Snake.

It has long been a question in our minds as to how the gopher snake caught the gophers on which he lives, but H. C. Heitzer tells how it was done, having witnessed a catch. Mr. Snake coiled his tail over the gopher hole, setting a snare for him. When the gopher had crawled out of the hole sufficiently to permit the snake's tail to be drawn about the body of the gopher the coil was fastened about Mr. Gopher as quick as a flash.

It was gradually drawn tighter and tighter until the gopher fell over dead, the life having been completely squeezed out of him. After the gopher is dead the snake swallows him whole, and it is not an unusual thing to find one of these snakes with a number of gophers in him. The gopher is a great fighter, and if he was not caught in a snare as the one mentioned he would doubtless make a hard fight for life even with a snake.

The Lowest Form of Bird.

There is a peculiar bird commonly known as the "kiwi," its scientific name being Apteryx mantelli. It is the lowest form of bird which exists, but is so scarce that scientists are happy to get a specimen in any condition. It is absolutely without wings or tail. Its legs are short, stubby, but very strong, and are used by this bird for digging. The body covering is a cross between hair and feathers, a material which is very coarse. They can develop great speed and make a desperate fight when attacked. Breeding them in captivity has utterly failed, and only a few museums can boast of a specimen. They are now very rarely found in the forests and swamps in the north of New Zealand.

Boiling Down a Speech.

An old newspaper man in Washington tells this story of Mr. Blaine:

"My first experience with Mr. Blaine was when as correspondent for a western paper I endeavored to get him to withdraw from the official reporters of the house a speech which he had made in order that I might make an abstract of it."

"How much of this do you want to use?" Mr. Blaine asked.

"I replied that I thought I would send about half of it."

"Then I will make an abstract myself," said he, "reducing it one-half. I do not doubt your skill, but I want this speech boiled down by its friends."

Life's Little Duties.

It may be doubted if it is within the power of any one man, however great and powerful and gifted, to change the current of the world's affairs, but there is scarcely any one who will contend that civilization would not advance, the world become better and life for all grow more beautiful if each citizen would perform the simple and apparent duty which he can easily do.

There is one sure way of reforming the world, and that is for each person to contribute his mite.

The Phrenologist and the Grocer.

Phrenologist—Here is a man out of his proper sphere. His head betokens high intellectual and spiritual qualities, yet he is spending his time behind a grocer's counter. Sir (to the grocer), I wish to ask you a question. Have you any aspirations—

Grocer (calling to clerk)—John, have we any aspirations?

Clerk—All out, sir; have some in the last of the week.

Conclusive.

Briggs—It's too bad about Winkle and the girl he is engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other.

Griggs—What makes you think that?

"Well, I've been talking the matter over with both families."

Getting Rid of the Proofs.

"Mrs. Flutterby doesn't show her age, does she?"

"Well, no, not so much as she did before she sent those grown up children of hers abroad."

Financed.

"He says that he has paid every cent he owed."

"Where did he get the money?"

"Borrowed it."

Of Two Evils.

He—You're getting your hat ruined. She—Well, it's an old hat, and I do hate to wet my new umbrella.

There are animals purporting to be whales a-swim in the ocean of Fame of whom Posterity will easily pack a dozen at a time into a sardine box.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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