

VARNEY.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Richard Morrison, who has been under the weather for the past two weeks, is now on the road to recovery.

PERSONAL

Mr. Robertson of Warton visited his son here over Sunday. Miss Irene Latimer of Owen Sound was home over Sunday.

OYSTERS AND DYSEPTICS.

When the Bivalves May and When They Should Not Be Eaten. It is popularly supposed that the oyster digests himself in the human stomach owing to the great size of the liver, which is crushed as mastication begins and is thought to digest the mollusk itself.

A RACE FOR FOOD

It Was Slow and Painful and Over Arctic Ice Fields.

PLIGHT OF TWO EXPLORERS.

Their Fight Against Death by Starvation and the Visions That Were Conjured Up by the Torture of the Maddening Pangs of Hunger.

BIG CATS AND CATNIP.

Leopard and Tiger Fairly Revealed in the Odorous Plant. Some one at the Washington zoological park obtained the permission of the authorities to try the effect of catnip on the animals there.

HE DIDN'T LIKE DRIPPING.

And No Wonder, After He Had Read About Its Strength. What is dripping? Everybody knows that dripping is supposed to be the juices, the savory essences, that fall from roasting meats.

SHAW'S BUSINESS SCHOOLS

Toronto, Canada, include the Central Business College with Five City Branch Schools. Graduates are universally successful.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Each Tuesday March 31 to October 27, inclusive. Winnipeg and Return - \$35.00. Edmonton and Return - \$3.00.

REDUCED SETTLERS' FARES

Settlers travelling with live stock and effects should take SETTLERS' SPECIAL TRAIN which leaves West Toronto every Tuesday during MARCH and APRIL.

Through trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or write Mr. G. Murphy, D.P.A., Toronto.

R. Macfarlane, Town Agent.

Rev. Mr. Prudham is in attendance at the Dominion Alliance convention at Toronto.

Mrs. C. C. Douglas and baby Dorothy left for Owen Sound last week, after visiting her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Watson are in Toronto for a few days. Mr. Watson is delegate to the Dominion Alliance convention.

Where the Poets Worked. The sixth grade of a certain school in a foreign settlement in one of our cities was learning the use of possessives.

The book required the pupils to correct and expand into a complete sentence the following expression: "Milton and Shakespeare's works" Joseph Nikodym handed in this sentence: "Milton and Shakespeare work in a coal mine."

Living With Them. "I hope you know enough to keep your wife's relatives at a distance." "Hum! My wife's maiden aunt is going to live with us."

Buying Books. To buy books only because they were published by an eminent printer is much as if a man should buy clothing that did not fit him only because made by some famous tailor.

Dr. Pron expresses the opinion that the oyster may be allowed, therefore, to those dyspeptics whose gastric functions are deficient in anorexia, gastric atony, ulcer and incipient cancer, and to convalescents from acute disease, as it is likely to improve the appetite and to excite the stomach to increased motor and chemical activity.

But to the large number of dyspeptics whose stomachs are hyperacid or hypersensitive Dr. Pron would forbid the oyster as well as all other stimulating foods. In many of these dyspeptics the gastric secretion is already sufficient, and it is unnecessary and unwise to increase it.

Made the Judge Perspire.

Sir John Charles Day, the English judge who earned the title of the "hoofigan's terror," died at the age of eighty-two. In the nineteen years Sir John was a judge of the high court - from 1882 to 1901 - he was noted for his gift of solemn humor and for his drastic flogging sentences.



"BEAUTIFUL HAIR"

makes every woman beautiful, and all who desire to make the best of their appearance have the opportunity of paying a visit to

PROF. DORENWEND, of Toronto Who will be at the HAHN HOUSE, DURHAM, ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11th

With an immense stock of the Latest Fashions in Hair Goods. A Style to Suit Every Individual.

"Ladies' With Thin Hair" see and have a demonstration of THE DORENWEND TRANSFORMATION. They will give a charm and attractiveness to an otherwise plain face and will assist any woman to keep her youthful appearance.



A Free Demonstration is Offered to All! Wigs, Transformations, Pompadours, Bangs, Fronts, Waves, Switches, Braids, Etc.

"Gentlemen, if You are Bald" Call and see THE DORENWEND SANITARY PATENT TOUPEE, which is a perfect protection to the head.

THE DORENWEND COY. OF TORONTO, LTD. (The House of Quality Hair Goods) 103-105 YONGE STREET TORONTO

SPECIAL SALE! EXTRAORDINARY VALUES LIMITED QUANTITIES of WALL PAPER FRIDAY and SATURDAY Of This Week Only. On the above two days, if you want a bargain in Wall Paper the chance is here. Pretty designs suitable for Parlor, Sitting room, Hall and Bedroom.

The terrible phantom that haunts every traveler in the desert is the possibility that he will not find water. The arctic explorer rarely suffers from thirst, but another danger, equally terrible and menacing, is always on his trail starvation.

In "Lost in the Arctic" Captain Einar Mikkelsen, the explorer who, after having been given up for dead for over two years, was picked up in east Greenland by a sailing vessel, gives a graphic account of his race against hunger. Their sledge dogs dead, their outfits abandoned, every morsel of food long since devoured, the only hope of Mikkelsen and his companion was to reach 17 Kilometer Naeset where, on the fall trip, they had left a few tins of food.

"Every two hours we make a short halt, but the rest is spoiled by the thought of the uncomfortable quarter of an hour that awaits us when we start and try to get our stiffened muscles into working order again. Our feet especially are very painful; the ankles are swollen and horribly tender."

"The pangs of hunger increase every minute. For my own part, I can think of nothing but food. At first my thoughts dwell upon all sorts of dishes, but gradually they concentrate themselves upon sandwiches. Danish sandwiches. In particular my fancy turns upon the food that I have seen given away to beggars, and I grow furious at the thought of the contempt with which these gentry often regard such gifts."

"Gradually the thought takes possession of me that I am walking in the streets of Copenhagen, eagerly in the lookout for sandwiches. Suddenly I spy what I am seeking, a little white object lying to the right of me. I turn to pick it up, but as I stop my foot strikes against a stone. The shock brings me back to stern reality. I take in my belt and stagger on again."

"Iversen is in no better case. I notice that he frequently stops and peers through the fieldglass at something on ahead; then he lets the glass fall again, with a shake of the head. Once or twice I ask what he is looking at, but the answer is always the same: he thought he had discovered a cache of provisions, but it turned out to be a rock."

"According to our reckoning, we ought to reach 17 Kilometer Naeset by about 6 in the evening. We keep a sharp lookout for the point and sight something about 4 o'clock that looks like it. Once more, however, we are doomed to disappointment. It is not the point."

"We pass many old camping places, relics of the Denmark expedition; but, although we search long and carefully among the old tins for any remains of food, we find nothing. In the gathering darkness every point we approach seems to us the one we seek. Encouraged by the thought of food, we redouble our efforts. But when we get close enough to see that it is not the point our flickering flame of energy dies down, and we stagger sullenly along with bowed heads."

"We have no longer any idea of our whereabouts, and it is indescribably meanly to see time after time the same headland with the two small hills at its foot, the ghost of 17 Kilometer Naeset. About 10 o'clock, half mad with hunger and exhaustion, we give it up and, creeping as close together as possible, try to sleep. But the pain in Iversen's leg is so great that he cannot sleep, and he is half out of his mind. He wakes me at midnight and begs me to go on."

"It is bitterly cold, and the wind has shifted so that it is blowing in our faces. Staggering unsteadily and feeling our way with our sticks, off we go into the darkness."

"Finally, after another long march, we sight a point that resembles 17 Kilometer Naeset, and this time it is no trick of the imagination. The race is won, for at the point we find fuel and tins of soup and peas."

Ancient Memphis. Over the site of the ancient city of Memphis, once the fair city of the world, now buried by a thick deposit of Nile mud, stand stately palms, which yield a luscious fruit. Over the city the peasant Egyptians carry on their agricultural pursuits, and the palms yield the entire food of the peasants during a large part of the year.

Carrying a Point. "You made some enemies," said the consoling friend, "but you carried your point."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "sometimes a man carries a point with about the same amount of personal comfort that he derives from sitting on a tack."

Recognition For the Ghost Story. Elderly lady (partial invalid) requires companion; one who has traveled or can tell good ghost stories preferred.

They seem to take the sun from the world who would withdraw friendship from life. Cicero.

Next trial was made on an African leopard. Before the keepers had reached the front of the cage he had bounded from the shelf where he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den.

Never was the prey of this spotted African in his wild state pointed upon more savagely or with such absolute enjoyment. First the leopard ate a mouthful of the stuff then lay flat on his back and wagged through the green mass until his black spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor, just as you have seen a cat act when it receives some catnip.

Then he sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a bad bad snore up in either paw and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay the rest of the afternoon, the very picture of contentment.

In one tiger's cage there is a very young but full grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip he began to mew like a kitten. Up to this time the soft note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big maned lion near him to shame.

That vicious tiger fairly revealed in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into his cage. He rolled about in it and played like a six weeks-old kitten. He mewed and purred, tossed it about, ate of it and after getting about as liberal a dose as the leopard had, likewise jumped to his shelf and blinked lazily the rest of the day.

HIS MOST ANXIOUS MOMENT

When Dewey Feared He Might Be Branded as a Coward.

Admiral Dewey tells in his autobiography the story of his most anxious moment. It was when he was executive officer of the warship Mississippi. After passing the forts at New Orleans his ship was about to sink under fire, and the crew had to be taken off in boats.

"Not until we were free of the ship did I have a second thought in realization of what I had done. I had left my ship in distress when it is the rule that the last man to leave her should be the captain, and I as executive officer should be next to the last."

"That was the most anxious moment of my career. What if a shot should sink the boat? What if a rifle bullet should get me? All the world would say that I had been guilty of about as craven an act as can be placed at the door of an officer. This would not be pleasant reading for my father up in Vermont. He would no longer think that I had done the 'rest' reasonably well. If the ship should blow up while I was away and I should appear on the reports as saved probably people would smile over my explanation."

As it turned out, however, the magazine did not explode, and Dewey's presence was needed to bring the boat crew back and save the men still on the sinking ship.

A Famous Year.

It is contended that the year 1809 gave more celebrities and persons of genius to the world than any other year of the nineteenth century. Among those who were born in that memorable year were Abraham Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Ewart Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Lord Houghton, Alfred Tenyson, Edward Fitzgerald, Professor Blackie, Mary Cowden Clarke and Felix Mendelssohn.

Alike.

A convivial correspondent wrote to an eastern paper complaining of the condition of the village streets, closing with the statement that "the water lies in the ditch for days at a time."

The editor printed the letter, with the following "Ed. Note": "So does our esteemed correspondent." - Omaha World-Herald.

Doctors' Fees.

"They talk about lawyers' dishonest accumulations, but look at doctors." "What's the matter with doctors?" "Are not all of their earnings ill got ten gains?" - Baltimore American.

Cured.

"And has this famous doctor cured your friend of the hallucination that she was sick?" "Oh completely. She's really sick now." - Flegende Blatter.

To cultivate good thoughts is to be loyal to one's better self.

Humor of a Cannibal.

He Enjoyed It Himself, but It Didn't Tickle the Victim.

A number of natives came to greet us when we landed at Bau, a Fiji island, among them a few whom the consul seemed to know. They volunteered to act as escorts for us and by various expressions tried to convey the idea that they were glad to see us.

A school forms one side of the square. Across from this stands the council chamber, built on the trench where the bodies were roasted for their former feasts. The old headstone against which Caroban used to dash the brains of his victims still stands, and the anchor and rudder of a French ship wrecked near Bau lie beside it.

Beneath a picture of Queen Victoria I saw an old sword swinging. I examined it and found it was a French weapon, no doubt the arm of the unfortunate French vessel's commander.

During the time this was going on Jim, Batu Kadavu's servant, who is a particularly good type of a large, muscular race, approached me, ran his hand around my waist and slowly down my thigh and smacked his lips with a wicked smile. I laughed at this display of aboriginal humor, but not very heartily, for the sword of the French captain still swung before my eyes.

Time For the Actor to Stop.

On the subject of playing the same part over an indefinite number of times David Warfield says: "There is no such thing as playing a part too long. The mellowing process should never cease, but if it does, if spontaneity falls, if the actor feels that he is becoming at all mechanical in the part, he should abandon it at once - for his own salvation."

"The surest danger signal is half hearted applause. From this the actor knows that he has lost an essential quality of the character, and the tragedy of it is he cannot tell what that quality is or how he lost it. An actor may tell a joke a thousand times and provoke laughter, but suddenly it fails of response. That's the time for him to stop." - American Magazine.

A Cure For Mosquitoes.

The people of London have learned of an agreeable way to keep their houses free from flies and mosquitoes. They burn sandalwood, which has a pleasing odor, but one that the summer pests much dislike. The idea comes from the orient, where it has long been practiced.

The sandalwood can be bought at almost any Turkish or Japanese importing house. You prepare it for burning by cutting it into pieces about half an inch thick and three inches long and then bake or dry it in a slow oven for twenty-four hours. You light a piece of the wood and put it in a metal urn or saucer. After it has ignited well blow out the flame and leave the red ember to smolder until the wood is wholly consumed.

Father's Ultimatum.

The father of a large family of children was trying hard to read the evening paper.

"What's that terrible racket in the hall, Martha?"

"One of the children just fell downstairs."

"Well," he replied, turning over another page of the paper, "you tell the children if they can't fall downstairs quietly they'll have to stop it." - Lip-pincott's.

Showing Him How.

"You young scoundrel!" said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hand. "I'll show you how to treat your mother!"

And he gave him several bangs on the ears and then shook him until his hair began to fall out.

Her Little Slip.

Departing guest: "We've had a simply delightful time! Hostess: "I'm so glad! At the same time I regret that the storm kept all our best people away." - Brooklyn Life.

Ever Present Help.

"They say that a woman's tears come to her aid at any moment." "Yes. Her tears are volunteers, as to speak." - Boston Transcript.