

The Bloodhounds a Failure.

The attempt to make use of bloodhounds in tracking the Whitechapel murderer, has been a conspicuous failure. The dogs employed seem to have come from a private kennel, those with which Sir Charles Warren has been experimenting having proved worthless in all the preliminary tests. The idea of using bloodhounds as trackers in the heart of a densely populated district was so preposterous that it is amazing that it should have been seriously entertained by the chief of the metropolitan police. The best-nosed dog ever known could not have followed the trail of his master over the streets of London with a stale scent crossed at every pace by a fresher one. How any experienced official could have imagined that a bloodhound could succeed in tracking a stranger over ground where confused and unfamiliar scents were numerous passes comprehension. It is not probable that Sir Charles Warren ever believed that his desperate expedient was practicable. His idea must have been to impose upon the credulity of the people of London by encouraging them to think that the chief at Scotland Yard was an official of extraordinary resources and original power.

The fact has been established by experiments in the field that the scent which a good-nosed dog ordinarily follows is an emanation from shoe leather. An investigator, who made a number of striking tests with setters and hounds at a Scotch shooting box, discovered that he could invariably throw his dogs off the scent by changing his boots for a pair belonging to a companion or by running in stockings or barefoot. The Whitechapel monster could undoubtedly elude pursuit by changing his shoes after he had gone a short distance from the scene of the murder. As for the theory that bloodhounds could track him with the adventitious aid of the smell of blood on his clothes, it is untenable in this instance since he apparently is remarkably successful in escape if he blood stains, which, indeed, would inevitably lead to his detection in the streets. If such a murder were committed in the country, and the body were dragged any distance and concealed or buried, the dogs would easily succeed, ferret it out, and possibly in the open fields or roads be able to follow the murderer. In overcrowded London no such result could be hoped for with reason. The facility with which the murderer could throw the hounds off the track, and gain upon them even if the scent were hot, would inevitably baffle them. By taking a cab or the underground railway he could break the trail and in a short time place miles between him and his pursuers.

To Cure Nervous Horses.

Finely-bred, intelligent horses are very often nervous. They are quick to notice, quick to take alarm, quick to do what seems to them, in moments of sudden terror, necessary to escape from possible harm from something they do not understand. That is what makes them shy, bolt, and run away. We cannot tell what awful suggestions strange things offer to their minds. For aught we can tell a sheet of white paper in the road may seem to the nervous horse a yawning chasm, the open front of a baby carriage the jaws of a dragon ready to devour him, and a man on a bicycle some terrifying sort of a flying devil without wings. But we find that the moment he becomes familiar with those things or any other that frighten him, and knows what they are, he grows indifferent to them. Therefore when your horse shies at anything, make him familiar with it; let him smell it, touch it with his sensitive lip, and look closely at it. Remember, too, that you must familiarize both sides of him with the dreaded object. If he only examines it with the near nostril and eye, he will be very likely to scare at it when it appears at his off side. So then rattle your paper, beat your bass drum, flutter your umbrella, run your baby carriage and your bicycle, fire your pistol, and clatter your tinware on both sides of him and all around him until he comes to regard the noise simply as a nuisance and the material objects as only trivial things liable to get hurt if they are in the way. He may not learn all that in one lesson, but continue the lessons and you will cure all his nervousness.

A Clever Rascal.

Some clever rascal in London advertised that he would on receipt of sixpence in stamps, return to the sender one shilling. The advertisement was published prominently enough to attract considerable attention, and it naturally excited remark. To most persons it seemed a very transparent humbug, too silly to be called a fraud, but there were a few curious individuals who determined to see whether the advertiser was a crank or had some game, so they sent on their sixpence. By return mail each one received the shilling. A few days after, the same advertisement again appeared in several of the newspapers, and every body who had tried it before told all of his friends about it. The result was that several hundred sixpences were received; and next day as many shillings went back. The third time the advertisement appeared the mail received by the clever sharper was simply enormous. Letters came from all parts of the kingdom and from all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor. The rascal pocketed several thousands of pounds, and, curiously enough, neglected to make any returns.

Irish agriculture continues to decline. Last year tillage decreased by 18,000 acres, and grass lands increased by 50,000 acres.

An ingenious inventor has devised a new screw—half-nail and half-screw; two blows of the hammer, two turns of the screwdriver and it is in. Its holding power in white pine is said to be 332 pounds against 238 pounds the holding power of the present screw.

A farmer in the neighbourhood of Lambourne, England has just lost a valuable cart colt from a very extraordinary cause. The colt had for a long time suffered very much from breathing, and had been attended by a veterinary surgeon who performed an operation on the throat to relieve the breathing, but all to no purpose, and the horse's suffering increased so much that it was pitiable to see it. The farmer determined therefore to put an end to its misery by having the animal shot, which was accordingly done. The carcass was cut up, and on severing the neck at the shoulders, to the astonishment of those present, a fairly sized toad was observed to crawl out from the opening in the windpipe, and the extraordinary cause of the poor animal's sufferings became at once apparent. The toad was almost red when extracted, but after it assumed more of its natural colour.

An Impending Danger.

It is right and proper for the American editor to impart to the general public such items of news as may be conducive to its happiness. The reader should be told when he may change his flannels without incurring the danger of having to don a subsequent sarcoptegus. He should be warned in time not to inhale the loaded cucumber, which goes about like a roaring lion seeking by whom it may be devoured.

It is to the newspaper that the public should look for advice for whom not to vote, and how often.

It is the province of the newspaper to give the public reliable information at what drug store to procure the proper antidote, if he is suffering from a digified liver. A digified liver is one that has become high-toned and refuses to work.

In a word, while there is no kind of useful information that should be withheld from the public, yet we do not think that the editor should tamper with the planetary system and predict that the earth will be treated like an offensive partisan.

For instance, articles have been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the earth is gradually becoming cooler, and that in a short time all the lower brute creation—including, of course the human race—would be destroyed by the cold. These predictions have often brought on the hottest kind of a summer, and the people have suffered from prickly heat and disappointment in consequence.

On other occasions, the press has warned the public that the planet was getting hotter, and such predictions have usually been followed by cold waves that made the readers howl with face ache, and ruined the trade in summer clothing.

This sort of thing destroys the confidence which the people repose in the press, and is calculated to lessen its influence for good. People simply say that an editor is little better than a liar.

Just now, for instance, there is an astronomical article going the rounds of the press to the effect that the public should be ready to dodge, as a star known to the police by the name of Arcturus, is a bad Indian and is heading this way, and unless he is captured by the U. S. troops and put back on the reservation he will make it lively for everything that wears hair when he strikes the white settlements.

This is what Professor Proctor says: "The result of the observation of these doings, recently, made at the Greenwich observatory, numbering 200 and extending over a period of five months, is the clear establishment of the star's movement toward the earth head on at the rate of something more than 50 miles a second, 3,600 miles a minute, 180,000 miles an hour, and 4,320,000 miles a day."

As we have already intimated, we deprecate sensationalism. Prof. Proctor and all the other star inspectors may understand their business, but the public has been fooled so often that nobody is going to pay pew rent and lead an upright life on such encouragement as is contained in the above quoted paragraph.

May not Arcturus' high rate of speed be accounted for by the supposition that he is being pursued by a hornet, or a deputy sheriff, or Mrs. Arcturus? May he not be some celestial bank cashier who having heard about Canada, is anxious to join the American colony at Toronto?

We have casually examined Arcturus through a quart telescope with the stopper out, and can see no cause for alarm. We believe that as soon as Arcturus sees that we are not going to scare worth a cent, he will discover that his motion is orbital. For a time he will appear stationary, and then recede with his tail coiled up between his hind legs.

At any rate, we will not let Arcturus get the drop on the reading public. We shall continue our observations from time to time, with a telescope of increased magnitude, and if we see the but of a pistol protruding from beneath the horizontal coat tail of the heavenly visitor, we shall issue an extra in time for regular subscribers to load their shotguns.

Going Home from the Lecture.

Young Theologian—"Miss Baxton, are you not oppressed with a sense of your own insignificance when you gaze up into the blue vault above us, and think of the myriads of whirling worlds that encompass this little globe of ours? And when you dwell on the considerations of eternity, and the infinity of space, do you not experience an unaccountable yearning for more knowledge, greater capacity of intellect, and a clearer comprehension of those sublime mysteries in the spiritual and material universe, which all our most earnest mental efforts so miserably fail to penetrate?"

Miss B—"Well, no, Mr. Surplice, I have not been oppressed with a sense of my own insignificance since I was weighed at Uncle Fred's store last month; and I never experience unconquerable yearnings' except when dinner is late."

As Bad as a Phonograph.

"Matilda," fervently exclaimed the loverly youth; "I can no longer endure this suspense and uncertainty. I must know my fate this night. For months I have carried your image in my heart. You have been first in my waking thoughts, last in the reveries that have filled my midnight vigils, and your lovely face has been ever present in my restless dreams when sleep has kindly sought to ease the burden that oppressed me. You have been the—the—"

"The lode star of your existence and the Ultima Thule of all your hopes, Mr. Clugstone," suggested Matilda, observing that the young man hesitated.

"Why, how did you know what I was going to say he demanded in astonishment, "I got it from Lulu Bilderback and Mary Jane Wheelhouse," replied Matilda; "it's the same thing you said to them. I can repeat the whole speech, Mr. Clugstone."

'Twas Hard Work.

Little Tom, nearly 5 years of age, set out to visit school the other day, as gay as a lark, but returned after the session, with rather a careworn expression of contentment. When asked how she liked school, she said:

"I did not like it."
"Why not?"
"Oh, I had to work awful hard."
"What did you have to do?"
"I had to keep still-like everything."
N.Y. World.

Quick Temper.

A matter not unworthy of remark, is the most universal claim laid to that supposed-to-be desirable possession, quick temper. "I have a frightfully quick temper!" is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self-complacency. And how often, when, with the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark with the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, as we are met with the reply, "Oh, you're quite mistaken; I'm one of the quickest-tempered people 'in the world!" given in a tone that does not imply modest depreciation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit.

Now, this willingness—eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called—of being convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault, strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful," "Oh, no, I'm a constant liar;" nor, if complimented upon consistent attention to her own business, would respond, "On the contrary, scandal-mongering is my favorite occupation." At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made.

May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large-minded, and unselfish; and, after a lapse of time, forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things.

If a man be quick-tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reasons only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self-esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness.

If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.

At a Fishing Village in Scotland.

Many fishermen with their bags were on their way to the station, for the fishing season was almost over. So they said. But were one thousand boats come in, and twenty thousand fisher-folk were that day in Fraserburgh, to us it looked little like the end. In all this busy place we heard no English. Only Gaelic was spoken, as if we were once more in the Western Islands.

It was the same in the streets. The day's work in the curing-houses was just about to begin. Girls and women in groups of three and four were walking toward the wharves. In the morning light we could see that the greater number were young. All were neat and clean, with hair carefully parted and well brushed, little shawls over their shoulders, but nothing on their heads. They carried their working clothes under their arms, and kept knitting as they walked. Like the men, they all talked Gaelic.

When they got to work we found that those strange stuffs which had glistened in the torch-light were aprons and bibs smeared with scales and slime, that the white head-dresses were worn only for cleanliness, that the shining masses at their feet were but piles of herring. I have never seen women work so hard or so fast. Their arms, as they seized the fish, gutted them, threw them in the buckets, moved with the regularity and speed of machines. Indeed, there could not be a busier place than Fraserburgh. All day long the boats kept coming in, nets were emptied, fish carted away. The harbor, the streets, the fields beyond where nets were taken to dry, the curing-houses, were alike scenes of industry. If the women put down their knives it was only to take up their knitting. And yet these men and women, working incessantly by day and by night, were almost all Western Islanders, the people who, we are told, are so slovenly and so lazy! No one who comes with them to the east coast for the fishing season will ever again believe in the oft-repeated lies about their idleness.—[Harper's Magazine.

The Governor's Only Joke.

"The only time," said Mr. Hamlin, "that Gov. Edward Kent was known to make a joke was one winter day, just as he was leaving Seavoy's Hotel, at Unity, in Waldo county. On getting into the sleigh he found he had forgotten to take a cigar, and he called the bar boy and said: 'Please get me a cigar.' It was before the day of Lucifer matches. The bar boy hurried away and pretty soon came back puffing a brand new cigar, and pulling it out of his mouth, handed it to Gov. Kent. 'Well,' said his Excellency, 'I suppose I could stand that easy enough before election, but it's a little too much after election.' The boy went back, and finally the governor drove off with a cigar of his own dedication.

The Bonne femme or Bretonne cap is very useful as an autumn mantle in striped lincousine or fancy cloth in a tiny check or checked pattern. It is made quite round, without sleeves, and finished at the top with three superposed collars or with a small hood.

Power of Observation—The situation of this faculty is in the face just above the top of the nose, filling out the forehead to a level with the parts on each side of the nose. It is a faculty which enables one to concentrate the mind upon the subject being discussed.

The Emperor of Austria officially announces that he wants the anniversary of his accession to the throne to be commemorated only by acts of public charity. His first demand in this direction is a request that no addresses or deputations make him their victims. A discerning public in Austria and elsewhere will please take notice what constitutes real charity.

Her Sad Affliction.

"Is this the right road to Wheatville?" asked a man on horseback of a woman standing in the yard before a little log cabin on a Western prairie.

"Wheatville?" replied the woman. "Oh, Wheatville ain't but just a little ways from here. Going there on business, I reckon! It's mighty dull there now, they say; but I ain't been there myself in a month of Sundays. I just sit here to home and don't go nowhere nor see nobody to talk to; but that don't make much difference, for I ain't no talker nowhow. My m'n kin talk for you. Better light off and come in and set till he comes and he—"

"Thank you, but I must go on, if you will—"

"He is a talker. I've often thought that if I only had his gift of gab I'd be glad. I hate to be so tongue-tied I can't say a few words now and then. That's a right neat rig you're a-straddle of. 'Bout six year old, I reckon. I like to see a good hoss myself, and they ain't nothin' ketch my old man's eye quicker'n a good hoss. He kin talk on the hoss subject, he kin. What I could talk 'bout anything; it ain't in me to, for—"

"Which road do I take?"

"As I was sayin', tarkin' ain't my fortyey, but I like to pass the time of day or speak civil to a stranger passin' by same as you are. You're a stranger in these parts I reckon! Yes? I allowed you was soon as I clapped eyes on you. Where might you hail from?"

"From Michigan, but I really must go on, if—"

"From Michigan? You don't say! Well, well! I ain't no talker, as I say, but it sort of gives me courage to try to open my mouth to hear any one say 'Michigan'; why, I was born back in old Michigan, and like as not you know lots of my folks. I was a Spratt fore I married a Beelson—Hanner Spratt—and my Spratt kinfolks is scattered over the hull State of Michigan. What I wasn't so tongue-tied, there's so many Michigansers I'd like to talk 'bout. Ever hear of the Higginsons, or the Pilgrims, or the Sampsonses, or the Harrises? I know 'em all like a book, an' so'd my old man. If he was to home you'd have somebody you could talk to. He's glib enough, but I'm so tongue-tied I—You ain't going? Wait a minute, I—say—well, if he ain't out o' sight fore I got a chance to open my mouth! That's what comes o' bein' so blamed tongue-tied."

Mere Absentmindedness.

"Now, be sure not to forget," said a lady, playfully shaking her finger at her escort as he arose to stretch his legs between acts, and, turning to a lady friend, explained: "He is so absent-minded."

"Does he forget your letters and errands?"

"Oh, no, indeed! He is so absent-minded I never intrust any to him. But he forgets me. Why, only last week he went out between acts and never returned. I went home alone and found him peacefully smoking his cigar before the open fire, quite oblivious of myself and the theatre. I was very indignant, but when I began with tears in my eyes: 'How could you go off and leave me so?' the whole occurrence seemed to flash upon him. He sprang to his feet declaring he had been worrying all the evening about something he had forgotten, and so overwhelmed me with loving protestations that I couldn't talk to him very seriously."

"How sad! I wonder, if all men are so afflicted? My husband is. Why, I remember once he arose from the dinner table, and, feeling a slight uneasiness in his eyes, began operations upon them with his tooth-pick, nearly destroying his sight."

"How unfortunate!"

"Yes and one night I asked him to replenish the fuel in the grate, and in a fit of abstraction he brought in a hod of water and poured it on the fire, scalding himself and bringing ruin to everything."

"O-o-h, how perfectly awful! But I hadn't begun to tell you the worst about my husband. Why, it was only a week after our marriage, while walking down Woodward avenue arm in arm, he so far forgot himself as to imagine he had an extremely burdensome bundle under his arm, and offered a newboy a quarter to carry it for him."

"But war's yer bundle, mister?" the little fellow inquired. And will you believe it, my Benedict deliberately handed me over to the small boy, and I was so mortified—"

Her voice was drowned by the orchestra.

Doing as Romans Do.

A friend went to call on two charming women from San Francisco stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He found that they would enjoy being taken out to dinner. Had they any preference as to which place to dine, he asked. Oh, yes; and to his astonishment they expressed a desire to go to certain table d'hote place that was a little off color, very good eating, but rather dubious in the trifling matter of patronage. They were asked if they would like champagne. At the close of the meal they had brandy burned in their coffee, and each lighted a cigarette. The city man, who was a stickler for all the proprieties, could scarcely believe his senses at what he saw them do. He knew that every other man in the restaurant, and everybody, too, must consider; they "fast," to say the least.

"Do you always burn brandy in your coffee and smoke cigarettes and take champagne in San Francisco?" he ventured to ask.

"Oh, mercy, no!" the elder lady replied. "Such a thing would be monstrous there; but here, where it is the proper thing, we rather enjoy it. It was a little difficult to fall into your naughty New York ways, at first, but we are getting on slowly."

"Great heavens! I should say you were, the city man whispered under his breath."

What He Lived On.

Paterfamilias (at the supper table to Mr. Thomas Catch, Susie's bean)—"It is said that a Spaniard can live upon an onion and a few olives a day. It seems surprising to us, does it not?"

"Susie's Little Brother"—"Mr. Catch, I know what you live on."
Mr. Catch—"What, Tommy?"
Little Brother—"On your aunt; pa said so."—[Yankee Blade.

Young Man—"Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?"
Old Man (grimly)—"No, sir; not a cent."

The Wrong Kind of Coon.

"Been out hunting, Uncle Zeke?"
"Dat I has, sah."
"Well, come over here and tell me what you got. Don't stand away over there as if you felt I was an advocate of drawing the color line."
"Taint no such de color line, boss, as I am de cotagon o' bad breff dat makes me shame o' myself. I shot de wrong kind o' a coon dis mornin' an' I see got de malaria so bad dat y'all recognize it soon de win blues your way."

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."
Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a relentless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Trust not the world, for it never payeth what it promiseth.

Battlemares as Food.

It was said of a strong political partizan that he would swallow battlemares if party interests demanded it. It is only men of this sort who, without protest, swallow the large, old-fashioned pills. Sensible people, requiring medicine to cleanse their systems, invariably use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills. They are unrivaled in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

People are never so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as they suppose themselves to be. Style.

The most fashionable color, at present, is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing what a change is being daily wrought by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, backache or nervous prostration should give it trial. All druggists.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fiftieth trial.

California.

Ask for tickets via the old-established and favorite overland route comprising the Chicago & North Western and Union & Southern Pacific R.R.'s. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivaled accommodations for first and second-class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time table and maps, given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge st., Toronto, Ont.

Politics is but another name for God's way of teaching the masses ethics, under the responsibility of great present interests.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

Immense round lace collarettes fluted a la Pierrot are in great vogue, not only for children, but also for young ladies, who also wear them of coloured crepe to match the dress.

A GOOD LIGHT is indispensable to the comfort of a family during the long winter evenings. Poor coal oil in a house is next thing to bad bread. Housekeepers who cannot have gas should use Carbon Safety Oil. Sold by dealers everywhere.

There are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere.

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all the Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

I have boundless faith in "time and light." I shall see what is the truth some day, and if I do not, some one else will, which is far more important.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The optimum habit, dipsomania, the morphia nervous prostration caused by the use of alcohol, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc. premature old age, loss of vitality, caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for "Liberator's Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Men." Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUNN, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ont. A.P. 425

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