

HAT LINING COURSHIP.

HOW READING GIRLS CONDUCT LOVE-MAKING.

Notes Sent to Unknown Buyers of Head-Wear—By This Means Husbands Have Been Secured—Fanny Phases of the Correspondence Which Sometimes Follows.

As in all other manufacturing towns, the factory girls of Reading have lots of fun inserting little notes in packages or articles they manufacture and send out to all parts of the world. The best fun of this kind, writes a Reading, Pa., correspondent of the New York Sun, is enjoyed by the girls who work in factories turning out articles used exclusively by men. Hence hat factory girls receive possibly the largest mail.

"I have known at least a dozen girls who have become the wives of men who found their little notes in the hats they bought," said the foreman of the hat factory. "Several girls have their sisters at work at home making copies of the following note:

"I hope you will be pleased with this hat. I have tried to line and trim it satisfactorily. If you have a few minutes' time to spare and care to do it, please write and tell me how you like your hat. Of course, you must be a single man, as I am a single girl. Lovers are scarce in this town."

"The girls slip the notes under the lining of the hats, allowing just an end to stick out under the sweat band. A note so placed would not be seen unless the sweat band were turned down. Of course, hundreds of hats are sent out; and possibly the notes are never seen, but very many are found and answered. The girls receive answers from all over the United States, principally the west. The letters they receive would make quite a collection. Generally they are read out aloud in the shop. Very many replies from the west say that girls are very scarce out there. Some men want to correspond with a view to matrimony; others just for pastime. One man recently wrote that he wanted a hat trimmed by the same girl.

"A few days ago a letter was received from south-western Colorado for a girl who died here eight months ago. She had put in her trimmed hats a lot of notes. The writer had nearly worn out his hat before he discovered the note. He offered to send the girl money to come out to him if she'd marry him. Poor Mary, she had died of pneumonia. The picture of the man in the letter looked as if he would make any girl a good husband. Mary's sister had opened the letter. She answered it. They are now corresponding.

"If a girl exchanges a few letters with an unknown correspondent, and the man's answers suit, she generally sends a letter to the town's chief of police or mayor and asks confidentially all about the character of her correspondent. In nearly every instance, the officials send courteous replies, and tell the girl all she wants to know. Photographs are exchanged and little gifts are received, generally curiosities from far-away states. One of our girls receives letters from a man up at Puget Sound, and from another in Southern California, and from another in Havana, and from another now in Yucatan. The girls have gone into the stamp collection business, and our factory album is quite a curiosity in its way. Of course the girls can't answer all the letters they receive. The cowboys write very odd letters. One ranchman said he owns 1,000 acres and 5,000 head of cattle and wants a wife. The letters generally have full descriptions of the men. They all ask for photographs of the girls. Some of the girls send pictures of actresses—as handsome as they can get them, but very often the girls depend upon their own faces, because many of them are really pretty and winning.

"One factory girl made a practice of sending photographs of a deceased maiden aunt, with side curls and fancy head-dress, telling her correspondent she has a kind heart and is very respectable. One correspondent returned the picture, saying he was not making a collection of freaks.

"Some girls who have been married a few years receive answers to their notes. "I know two young Indiana men who came east for brides and secured them. In all other instances the girls went west or south, and became happy wives, so far as I know. Last year two girls who made vests for a wholesale house, and slipped notes into the bottoms of the watch pockets, secured husbands. Another girl of my acquaintance, who works in a stocking factory, slipped a note into the toe of a number eleven sock, and about sixteen months later heard from the buyer, who was an iron miner up in Michigan. They are still corresponding, I think. Girls who pack note paper occasionally write their name and address with lead pencil on one of the sheets. Sometimes they get replies if the note paper falls into the hands of romantic young men. But frequently married men answer these notes."

Stub Ends Of Thought.

Detroit Free Press.

A woman is irresistible only when she doesn't know it.

If we gave the devil his due we might give ourselves away.

A man won't save his soul by paying his pew rent and neglecting his grocer.

A monopoly is a good deal like a baby. A man is opposed to it on general principle until he has one of his own.

Most people, like clocks, show in their faces the result of their works.

There's a great deal of scatter to a woman's judgment.

The world wouldn't be fit to live in if all of us were millionaires.

Genius is great enough to make all things great that it touches.

Most women who marry mean men seem to do it for the sake of contrast.

The greater a woman's mind, the less of it she gives to thoughts of dress.

Do It When Days Are Binding.

"George," said the beautiful girl as she nestled close to him, "the last time you called you proposed." "I did, sweet one." "And I accepted you." "You did, love." "I presume, George," she went on in her most fascinating manner, "that you look upon me as merely a foolish, thoughtless girl, but—but—" "How can you think so, pet?" he interrupted. "But," she went on, in a more business-like way, "I have something of the business instinct of the new woman in me, and—and—I shall have to ask you to repeat the proposal again to-night. The last time you called it was Sunday, and contracts made on that day, I learn, are not legally binding."

Fifehire Colliery on Fire.

EDINBURGH, June 1.—A shaft in the Fifehire Colliery caught fire this morning, and is still burning. Nine persons have already died from injuries received in trying to escape.

ATHENS AFFAIRS.

The Happenings in a Village in the Adjoining County.

ATHENS, May 29.—Men and teams are busy at present making our driving park and race track. Fred Bullis, liveryman, is going to move his livery to Lyndhurst. John A. Rappell, one of the west end grocers, is laying the foundation for a new brick grocery. The work is being done by the Sherman Bros. T. Vanorman purchased the bankrupt stock of H. K. Webster, Frankville. N. D. McVeigh purchased a new bus for his livery at Brockville. The stage between Brockville and Westport is now fitted with a new team and a new covered wagon. J. Greene, Brockville, is in town on Saturday. Miss Bertha Gile, Harlem, is visiting friends in Athens, guest of Miss Allie Lamb. A petition is in circulation to have early closing of stores here. Bread is selling at 6c. per half loaf. Miss Bertha Richards, Brockville, is visiting friends in Athens. Work on the House of Industry is being rapidly pushed. The barn and windmill have been erected and the foundation for the main building completed.

Miss Violet Horton, New Dublin, has been visiting at A. W. Blanchard's. J. J. Kerfoot returned to Forest last week. Mrs. Kerfoot remaining for a while with her mother, Mrs. S. Boyce. Wm. Hickey's edge tool works and ladder factory has been closed down for a few days but is now running full blast again. N. C. Williams has purchased the pacer "Maud B" from S. Y. Bullis. Miss Lena Addison returned last week from New York, on visit to her parents here. W. Lewis, barrister and solicitor, Toronto, has taken the office of late M. A. Everets.

News From Cushehdall.

CUSHEHDALL, May 30.—There is a marked improvement in the growth of hay, grain, etc. Mr. Pimlott preached an earnest sermon at Zion church on Sunday morning. Two weeks from date he will preach his farewell sermon. The large number attending Kingston celebration on the queen's birthday report themselves well satisfied with the day's enjoyment. Many others who remained nearer home enjoyed themselves at local picnics and other social gatherings. William Germaine, a former manufacturer of sporting goods, will act as captain of the base ball club which has been organized here. The boys practice often, Tuesday and Saturday, however, being their special nights. Examinations for the month of May are occurring at the school house, the results of which will appear at a later date. Miss May Franklin and the two Miss Scammells have resumed their studies at the Kingston collegiate institute. William Purdy spent Sunday at W. B. Franklin's, and Mrs. George Maitland at her father's. Miss Etta Pimlott is visiting her cousins.

From The End Of The Track.

WHITNEY, May 27.—Mr. Fitzgerald has opened a general store and moved his family here. Alex. Young has moved his blacksmith shop one mile west of here near Joyceville. James Joyce has employed a clerk in his general store. Mr. Boyd and Mr. Forest have started boarding houses near the construction of the O.A. & P.S. The track was laid one mile west of here Saturday. James Parks has accepted a position with Bregnan Bros. trestle contractors. Mr. Whitney, of the St. Anthony lumber company, has returned from Minneapolis. D. McRimmon is at Madoc on business. The O.A. & P.S. railway have started to build a new station, it is opposite P. Quinn's house. Riddle & Chambers are rushing their contract and when completed expect to move west of here to other work. McLaughlin's drive passed here Friday and Saturday. We have had very cold weather for the last two weeks. Snow fell on the 21st.

They Paid For Their Fun.

A young woman named Keller, living on the Canifon road, near Belleville, was married the other day, and in the evening a number of men and boys charivariated the happy couple. It appears they got a little too boisterous to suit the bride's papa and he charged with a gun. The crowd decamped, and Daniel Keller, the father, laid information against thirteen of the young men for disorderly conduct and house-breaking. They appeared and pleaded "guilty" to the first charge and "not guilty" to the latter. The magistrate said he would allow the case to be settled if each of the defendants would agree to the terms laid down by him. They consented, and he fined them \$4.10 each, the costs of the case.

Another Tramp Record.

Josiah Flynt, whose personal studies of tramp life in America and Germany are familiar, has written for June Century experiences of a companion and himself among the tramps of England and Scotland. While he pays tribute to kindness from the tramps of Great Britain, and their readiness to share food and shelter, he has small praise for their ability as mendicants. In England simple and artistic begging is by no means as well done as in America. The English "moochen" begs all the time, but continually relies on some trick or other for success. Tramping with children and babies is a fad in English vagabondage. Edinburgh, Mr. Flynt says, is one of the best cities for begging that he has ever visited.

The Bloomer Dress.

The bloomer dress is a pair of trousers very baggy at the knees, abnormally full at the pistol pockets and considerably full where you strike a match. The garment is cut decollete at the south end and the bottom tie around the ankles or knees to keep the mice out. You can't pull it over your head like you do your shirt nor around you like a corset, but you must sit on the floor and pull it on just as you do your stockings, one foot at a time in each compartment. You can easily tell the right side to have in front by the buttons on the neckband.

Just a Common Crook.

In Bill Cook, the notorious outlaw, the nighty has fallen to an ignoble level. Despite the lawless deeds which he and his band performed, to the terror of the people of Oklahoma, and the difficulty and expense attending his capture, Superintendent McIntyre, of the Albany (N. Y.) penitentiary, has discovered there is no latent wickedness in the man; that he is merely a very ordinary youth, stolid even to the verge of stupidity; that there is nothing of the hero or the villain about him.

Heart Disease Produced by Heat.

TILBURY, Ont., June 1.—A prominent farmer from Mecca township named Edward Dancy, dropped dead here this morning in Jackson's butcher shop, from heat. Deceased was about fifty years of age and leaves a widow and family.

Both Out.

The man who doesn't advertise will soon go out of business, and the woman who doesn't read the advertisements will go without the greatest bargains in town.

OVER IN A STRANGE CRAFT.

FIRST TRIP FOR THE AID OF HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Editor Courtice Tells of a Journey by Ice-boat Stage and on Foot From Kingston to Cape Vincent in April—A Very Racy Story—Describing an Ice Boat.



EV. A. C. Courtice, the new editor of the Christian Guardian, makes acquaintance with his constituency by narrating a trip in April from Kingston to Cape Vincent when "it is neither boating or sleighing; it is both." He began by telling of his departure from Kingston, saying:

We are under the direction of the Folger Bros., who are down at the wharf to see us off. There is also a crowd of people who wish to see any fun that may occur in the way of breaking through. A thin sheet of water covers the ice just at the shore, so Mr. Folger calls out, "Captain push up the boat, and let the ladies step in without getting their feet wet." The captain and his helpers have long rubber boots pulled up over their knees. The boat is pushed to the shore, and the ladies get aboard. "Now, Mr. Courtice," says the captain, "Will you just step up here, till we pull the boat over that bare spot, and fairly on the ice!" I did so. No sooner is the boat hauled on the ice than Mr. Folger shouts, "Jump in Mr. Courtice," and at the same moment I felt it sinking under foot. It was just a step into the boat, and easily taken before the water rose over the sinking ice. We read that the wicked stand in slippery places, but I noticed that an additional element of danger was added when the place was both slippery and rotten, when the foundations would easily give way, and the slippery surface let you down quickly. The weight of the boat caused the ice to settle so that several inches of water rose over it. In places where it was very rotten the boat would break through into the water.

I must ask you to notice the craft to which your life is entrusted. How shall I explain the construction and management of an iceboat, such as we had, in order to make our further progress intelligible to you? It is better seen than described. It is a combination of boat and sleigh, the runners of the sleigh being built on the bottom of the boat, so that it can go readily on the ice or in the water. It is an ingenious combination, made up of row-boat, sail-boat, ice-boat, sleigh and wheelbarrow, and is perfectly safe and reliable in the water. It has runners on which it rests and runs when on the ice, and a mast and sail, which are serviceable when the wind is right, but on the ice the mast and sail are not used. It has our locks, but instead of ours—straight poles are passed through the locks, and these extend far enough beyond the boat on each side for a man to lay hold of them and push. This is one method of propelling the craft, and holds good while the ice will hold, but not otherwise. The boat has handles like a wheelbarrow, projecting at either end. The captain takes the front handles, chooses the path and guides the boat. He often lifts the front of the boat when sinking, and calls on the men at the sides not to let her stop. If the boat breaks through completely, and is in open water with broken pieces of ice floating, he sits on the prow between the handles and pushes the pieces out of the way. When the boat is thus in partially open water, as it was with us, near Cape Vincent, every one jumps aboard and she is propelled with pike staffs. When on the ice the boat is propelled by the men on either side who run on the ice and have hold of the extending poles, and a man in the rear, who has hold of the aft handles. If one breaks through or steps into a hole while the boat is in motion, he throws his weight on the poles and holds on. The others keep the boat going rapidly, and the man whose foot has gone through is quickly lifted out and along, and thus he immediately recovers himself.

Now for the journey: For a few rods from the Kingston wharf the boat was constantly sinking in bending ice, and occasionally a man's foot went through into the water. The crowd on the shore enjoyed this part of it immensely. They were assembled for that purpose. Presently the three boats, all of the passengers, and the baggage are out where the ice is solid. And away we go, four miles to Wolfe Island. When we were fully under way the captain said, as he removed his coat, "Now, boys, I am ready for you, off with your coats." Each man removes his overcoat, and the walk quickens to a trot. Presently the men warm up and off come their undercoats, and shirt sleeves seemed to be as comfortable as in July. When we have passed between two or three miles, we find a horse and sleigh which has come out to meet us where the ice is more solid. For the last mile to Wolfe Island every one rides, trusting to the one-horse power ahead.

We left at 11:30 a.m., and it is now 1 p.m., so we will take an hour for dinner. Then we wait half an hour for the stage, which is to take us seven miles across the island. A portion of the party has gone ahead on a lumber wagon, using the trunks for seats. Necessity is the mother of invention, and invention is the mother of comfort. I do not know that the boys in the wagon would agree to the second part of the proposition. But forget the wagon and look at the stage. It is a five-seated rig (ten of us aboard) drawn by a pair of horses. You have doubtless read of coach rides with four horses through the beauties of the yellow-stone, gliding on the level, rushing on the down grade, and swinging around the curves, but ours was not such a ride. The four horses were not for speed and ease, but for work, viz., to pull us through the snow, and out of the mud at a leisurely walk. We made the seven miles in about two hours and a half (4.30 p.m.). Then we take to the ice-boat again to cross the American channel, about one mile. This was partially solid ice and partially open water with floating ice.

Prof. Fowler and Marshall, of Queen's university, are members of the party, and when we get out of the boat on the solid (?) ice, near Cape Vincent, we are cautiously warned by the commodore (American for captain) not to stand too near together, but to proceed in Indian file to the shore. It was but a short distance, and seemed safe to go right ahead. Prof. Marshall was leading bravely, when suddenly he finds one foot in a hole, and gets well immersed, to the knee. The commodore points out a safer path—a crooked one by the way—marked by the footsteps of those who had gone before. We all land safely at the Cape, drawing the ladies in the boat. We reach the sta-

tion in good time, and settle down to enjoy the comfort of a first-class car, and to enjoy it as those only can who have known beforehand some more primitive method of travel. We all realized that we had accomplished a journey in which there was no danger, plenty of enjoyment, and enough hardship and labor to make us ready for the sleeper which we found at Watertown. Some Kingstonsians, in order to miss the adventures and enjoyments above narrated, went around by Brockville, crossing by ferry where the river is open. They joined us at Utica, after a somewhat tedious wait on their part. I am not a good sleeper on a train, but I slept well that night. About the last thing to be heard was Prof. Marshall explaining to those friends who came on to Utica what they had missed and what he had been through, getting his leg wet to the knee, and the pants none the worse, nor the leg either, but a professor made wiser by a commode.

A MODEL SERMON.

Perhaps You Have Heard Some as Logical and Forceful.

Brethren, the words of my text are: Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard.

To get her poor dog a bone.

But when she got there, the cupboard was bare.

And so the poor dog had none.

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to an every-day life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard.

To get her poor dog a bone."

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No, she went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other periphrastic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and now we further see that she was poor. For mark, the words are 'the cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or 'the right hand cupboard,' or the 'left hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard—the one humble, little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone.

"Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene, the poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, altho' we are distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she got there, the cupboard was bare.

And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there! You see, brethren, what perseverance is, you see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings or twistings, no slipping and sliding, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left; with glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

"And how was her noble effort rewarded? The cupboard was bare! It was bare, there were to be found neither apples, nor oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor pennybuns, nor gingerbread nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog, was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, or Bass's beer, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren—bare as a bald head or an infant born without a caul.

"Many of you will probably say with all the pride of worldly sophistry: The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit. Ah, no. Far removed from all these earthly ideas these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she owned only one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of this situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her, without deviation, to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none.' And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

"Who would dare pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard; her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else. Ah, no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this story many beautiful lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being indoors, to shun the patronymic of Hubbard, to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones."

A Mean Action.

GANANOQUE, May 30.—About a week ago work was commenced building the foundation of a residence for E. Keating, on the corner of Brock and Charles streets. John McDonald was given the contract for building the walls, but when they were partly finished he threw up the job, and C. E. Rogers undertook to complete it. The work was nearing completion, when on going to work Tuesday morning the men found the wall knocked down. Someone who evidently knew all about stonework had knocked out the ends and other places and tumbled the wall over with a bar. The police are investigating the case and may make arrests.

A despatch to the London Times from Hong Kong says the Japanese landed at Kelong, Formosa, May 30th and fighting began May 31st.

The corner stone of the Foresters' temple at Toronto was laid Thursday by his excellency the governor-general in the presence of a large concourse of people.

NOW J. HAIGHT IS MISSING.

IS REPORTED TO HAVE ELOPED WITH A WOMAN.

He was Released from Jail on Two Charges Preferred Against Him by His Wife for Non-support and Abuse—Napanee Notes.



APANEE, May 30.—The Bay of Quinte railway carried an excursion from Sydenham to Deseronto yesterday. There was a large crowd and all enjoyed the outing. This was under the auspices of the women's guild of St. Paul's church, Sydenham. Rev. E. J. Knight arrived home from Denbigh yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. John McKim, Selby, are visiting their son-in-law, E. B. Switzer, Switzer, Mr. Switzer is reported to be slowly improving.

NAPANEE, June 1.—It is reported that John Haight, who was released from jail last week, on two charges preferred against him by his wife for non-support and abuse, she refusing to appear against him, has eloped with Mrs. John Pringle, South Napanee. Haight left town on the 23rd, and the next day Mrs. Pringle left, taking four of her children with her.

The schr. Snow Bird brought in a load of cordwood for T. E. Anderson this week.

James Aylesworth, of Tamworth, has been appointed police magistrate for the riding of Addington.

Mrs. Snider, of Belleville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Graham, John street.

Miss Lena Graham is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Graham, of Glenvale, who has been very ill lately.

George Davis had an eye injured this week and had to go to the hospital, Toronto, for treatment.

Oscar Dey, C.P.R. agent, Ivanhoe, paid a flying visit to his home yesterday. Mrs. John McKim, of Selby, is spending a few days this week with Mrs. W. R. Gordanier, John street. Fred. Hoseny, son of James Hoseny, surprised his parents one day this week by returning unexpectedly from San Jose, Cal. Mrs. F. W. Smith is some better, and her many friends are pleased to hear it.

Mrs. John English sailed from Montreal for England last week, where she will make an extended visit with friends in London, England.

A cable announces the safe arrival of Mayor Stevens in Liverpool, England. Mrs. W. H. Boyle and son, Harry, are spending a week with friends in Belleville and Picton.

A. T. Harshaw adjusts fire losses in Winnipeg next week; he left here on Friday morning last.

NEW EIGHT ROOM SCHOOL.

Urging the Granting of \$20,000 For the Structure.

Last night a deputation of the public school board, consisting of Messrs. Galloway, Bennett, Anglin, Fee and G. Y. Chown, waited on the finance committee of the council and urged the granting of \$20,000 for the construction of a new eight room school in the northeastern end of the city. The speakers were Messrs. Bennett, Galloway and Chown. It was pointed out that the board of health had condemned the Queen street school building as being in a most unsanitary condition, its ventilation being very bad. In the four back rooms, made by partitioning two, there are 191 pupils. These rooms afford minimum air space for some eighty-five. There is no artificial means of ventilation, fresh air being secured by letting down the windows, which, in damp and raw weather, is very injurious to the children. It was also pointed out the wood work of the building is dilapidated, and that extensive repairs would have to be made at once were the school continued there. An architect's report showed that to rebuild and make the structure into a decent four-room school would cost \$4,250. The trustees think it would be unwise to spend such a large amount of money and then not have a desirable building. The board would hand over the Queen street school property to the city. It is valued at \$3,500. Add \$3,000 for Gordon street and \$4,250 for the reconstruction of Queen street building and there would be a total of \$10,750. Actually, then, the council would only grant less than \$10,000 towards the erection of a new school, provided it complied with the request of the school board. In asking for the \$20,000 the board had taken the most economical course. Queen street school building is done; the floors are worn out, the sash cannot be glazed any more and the ceilings are bagged and may fall at any time. Further, a new building could be put up very cheaply now, not to speak of the work that would be afforded mechanics and others. The aldermen, evidently, were very favorably impressed with the arguments used, and the trustees are of the opinion that the grant will be made without hesitation.

CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN UNITE

In Their Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Taking the bishop of Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweetman, D. D., D. C. L., three of the leading members of the faculty of Manchester hall, and men like the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., and others, as representing the Methodist church, all of whom have spoken in high terms of the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and unite with these the warm endorsement of this medicine by the well-known Toronto journalist, W. L. Smith, as representing the laymen, and it must be granted that clergymen and laymen are of one mind touching this truly meritorious medicine. The truth is that everyone who uses the medicine has a good word to say for it.

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves in ten minutes and permanent cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. Detchen, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Railroad Washed Away.

HILLSBORO, Tex., June 1.—A water spout near here Thursday night washed about 600 feet of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad tracks. The cotton belt road was also badly damaged. The Santa Fee is washed out between here and Temple, Tex. Several hundred cattle were drowned in Hillsboro bottoms. Hackberry bottom. One man was drowned. Railroad traffic is badly interrupted.

At Brooklyn Margaret L. Beecher, widow of the late Justice David Lyman Beecher, who was a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher, died, aged eighty-six.