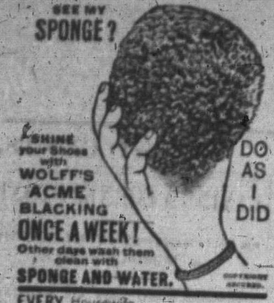
SEE MY SPONGE?



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EVERY Body able to hold a brush
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Of pure delight.
Get Milk Shake, Ice,
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Or Buttermilk, fresh and pure,
Get what you like;
He's got them all;
He'll do his best to please

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"THE PHARMACY," 185 Princess Street.—Telephone, 343.

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IF YOU WANT WOOD

COME DOWN AND SEE OUR STOCK OF BEST MAPLE, cut or uncut, arriving weekly by Kingston and Pembroke Railway.

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PINE AND CEDAR BLOCKS and GILMOR'S DRY EDGINGS for kindling wood. CHEAP FOR CASH.

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Opposite Barrack Gate, Ontario Street.

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Hard, Soft, Slab and Kindling Wood

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Furnace, House, Steam and Blacksmith's Coal.

AT THE VERY LOWEST FIGURES.

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Best Dry Hard Wood,
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Coal, Wholesale, Retail,

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KEEPS HARD AND SOFT WOOD, COAL Brighton, Mill Wood, Good Dry Slabs, Sawed Wood and Single Blocks. Call and see the new wood yard, and you will be convinced that his stock is the best. All orders promptly attended to.

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THE VERY CHEAPEST PRICES

JOHN L. JOYCE.

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SECOND HAND BOOKS bought and sold by A. SIMMONDS, Princess street.

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For four lines, one or two insertions.....$0 50
For four lines, each subsequent insertion.. 25
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Each subsequent consecutive insertion..... 5c "
Three a week, subsequent ins..... 10c "
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Twelve lines to the inch.
Advertisements measured by a scale of nonpareil.

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All charges for advertising, subscription and job printing are payable in advance; this must be distinctly understood.

Officers of chartered incorporated Associations or Societies will be held personally responsible for all orders they give.

Attached to the paper is one of the best Job offices in Canada; rapid, stylish and cheap work; eight improved printing presses.

The WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG, 8 pages, 56 columns, is published every Thursday morning at $1 a year, positively in advance, otherwise $1.50 will be charged.

EDW. J. B. PENSE, Proprietor.

CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Sailing from New York every Saturday. Agent for Inland Agent, F. A. Folger, Ferry Dock, foot of Brock St., Kingston.

THE DAILY WHIG.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

DIRECT TAXATION.

The Winnipeg *Free Press* has advanced the opinion that "for the provinces it would be infinitely better were the subsidies from the central government abolished and their necessities met by direct taxation; and it will come to this when the revision of the British North America Act, which is inevitable, takes place." The system of direct taxation is certainly suggestive of economy. The people do not realize how much they pay towards the cost of government when they contribute through the customs and other duties to it, but they do know what taxation means when it is made direct, and means the payment of a certain sum at a certain time and default under a penalty. The money that is got easily is spent easily, and so the subsidies granted by the government are not, it is concluded, valued and handled as they should be. The change from them may not occur very soon, but sooner or later it will, and the agitation now in progress will hasten it along.

THE WHISKEY GOUGE.

The regulations of the government touching the sale of whiskey are, as much as can be, in the interest of the distillers. The design of the government was to improve the liquor, by insisting that it shall be two years old before being put in circulation for consumption, and hence the instructions of the inland revenue department which are being so grossly perverted. The action of the government has revealed the fact that an enormous quantity of liquor is in hand in Canada, over 11,000,000 gallons, or about 2½ gallons for every man, woman and child in the country. And a corner being practically formed the distillers are making money as they never did before. They have been induced to purchase the appliances by which, we understand, they can preserve the whiskey in its present condition, that is prevent the escape or removal of the fusil oil, and they have increased the price of the whiskey until now it is alleged the profit amounts to about $1,000 a car load. The distillers were doing fairly well before, but they will appreciate the improved condition of things and thank the government for its favors. Whatever was the original purpose of the inland revenue regulations the effect of them has been to create one of the most infamous monopolies of the times.

BUYING UP ALDERMEN.

In the *Star* it is declared that a visitor can buy aldermen cheaper in Montreal than in any other city in North America; the only trouble about them, he says, is that they will not stay bought. When you buy an alderman in Toronto or New York he is yours as long as you have any use for him, but there is a noble spirit of independence about a Montreal alderman which forbids this kind of thing, and you have to buy him every time you want him. Is there ground for such a statement? What information can a visitor get to warrant him in stating that which is so seriously damaging to the good name of the city? That there are men ready and willing to traffic in the privileges their public positions bring to them we have had abundant evidence, but these are not the Montreal aldermen. The slur cast upon them is one they must feel like at once resenting. It is aired in the press and given a prominence that challenges attention. At a recent session it is true that a member of the Montreal corporation called the acting mayor "a liar," and was in turn dubbed "a blackguard of the first water," but the use of loose language does not warrant the assumption that the aldermen are boodlers. The members of the council of Kingston should be congratulated that visitors come and go and without making the slightest observation in regard to their public honesty. No one has dared to insinuate that they are purchasable at any figure either high or low. It's something of which we ought to feel proud.

A FACTION FIGHT.

The protectionists of New York State are at sixes and sevens in regard to the barley duty. The farmers want it raised and retained; the business men demand its removal. The Oswego *Times*, an organ of the government, has been greatly worked up by the action of a few farmers at Scriba, who, in convention assembled, declared themselves to be in favor of the McKinley bill so far as it applied to the importation of grains. Our contemporary, as an advocate of high tariff, finds itself embarrassed by the situation, but it indulges in some stirring argument. Here is a sample of it:

"Make it impossible for our malsters to import Canada barley, and the malting houses will at once go west and locate their business, as the millers have so generally done. Then there would be no more demand for home barley in Oswego than there is now, and none would be raised in this vicinity except for feed, and the market which the elevators, malsters, shovellers, boatmen, etc., now make for the butter, cheese, potatoes, berries and other products raised by our farmers would be greatly injured. It seems to the *Times* just as plain as the simplest problem in arithmetic that any *protection* which destroys the business of Oswego injures the farmers seriously all through this section of the country. Any protection which builds up the manufactories of the city helps the farmers. To us, from the Oswego county farmers' standpoint, the wisdom of destroying the malt houses and elevators of Oswego would be about equal to that of the fellow in the well, who being drawn up by the bucket, threatened to cut the rope over his head when half way up, because the fellows at the top did not haul him up fast enough to suit him."

The farmers are not greatly moved by appeals which have reference only to the interests of the business centres. They would be impressed by a movement as wide and far-reaching as the reciprocity movement on this side is, but they are talked to in sections and in support of sectional issues, and they are not greatly taken by them. What the American and Canadian farmers want is free or reciprocal trade, and the sooner they combine upon an agitation to this effect the better.

We Are Prepared to Prove

That Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder contains no alum, ammonia, phosphate or any impurity or adulterant, but is made of very best Crystal Cream Tartar and English Bi Carb Soda.—Ed.

GREW OLD TOO EARLY.

SOME BOYS WHO DEVELOP ABNORMAL TRAITS OR APPETITES.

He's the Pet of the New York Stock Exchange—A Four-Year-Old Smoker. Another Is a Musician and a Third Becomes the Victim of a Tragedy.

There comes a crisis in every life either of tragedy, fortune or environment that rises like a wall to mark the separation of thoughtless childhood from an existence thereafter to be weighted down with responsibility or haunted by regret. Too often this crisis blasts the freshness of youth, leaves the intellect sharpened, the features prematurely aged and dries up at the fountain all desires for the innocent pleasures and pastimes that of right belong to the springtime of existence.

For little Eddie Schwarz, probably, there has been no such thing as playtime since he left his cradle and toddled about the dismal tenement on East Broadway, in New York city, where his mother resides. He faced poverty, dire, bitter, unrelenting want, from the moment his wondering eyes first blinked at the light of day. Six months ago, when less than four years of age, he had to take to the streets as a newsboy, and contribute his scant but daily profit of pennies to the meager exchequer of the needy household.

EDDIE SCHWARZ.

It was hard business for the tiny lad, but he stuck to it bravely, and the other day success crowned his small efforts to earn a living. Dirty faced and bare legged he wandered into the Stock Exchange building, and soon found himself on the floor where the brokers disport during business hours as bulls and bears. Two of the speculators spied the ragged urchin, and in the spirit of fun made him the object of a contribution. A cigar box was produced and placed in Eddie's hands. Then the lad's patrons called on the crowd to "shell out." The response was a regular shower of silver and bills, and within five minutes the box had filled to the brim. The amusement over, the jolly brokers sent their beneficiary home in charge of a messenger. When they heard, later on, of the joy their thoughtless generosity had brought to a humble home they resolved to make a permanent protege of the diminutive newsboy, and now Eddie has the run of the floor, and sees opening before him an era of unbroken prosperity.

Young Schwarz has had so little of the sunshine of life that he doubtless will appreciate the beams now cast across his pathway. In that respect his case differs entirely from Winfield Doran's. Winfield also is a 4-year-old. He lives at Trenton, N. J., and is known as "the baby smoker." So far as tobacco goes, he knows more than most men of 25. He is the pet of the household, and up to date it appears that no wish has been denied. When 7 months old he reached out his chubby arms for a pipe that a visitor to the Doran residence was smoking, and when its stem had been placed between his lips he sucked away contentedly. The nicotine caused no ill effects, but ever after the infant clamorously demanded and got his daily supply of tobacco. Now he smokes at will strong cigars or well seasoned pipes. He weighs 45 pounds, looks healthy and has never been sick a day in his life.

WINFIELD DORAN.

Another 4-year-old of unnatural precocity is Jacob Cashmaker, who lives in a Chrystie street tenement, New York city. Jacob's abnormal brain development is a musical one. As regards ordinary affairs he is, if anything, a little dull, but place an accordion in his hands and with brightened countenance he will pump out any tune that has floated to his ears from the vagrant hand organs of the streets below his humble home.

There is a tragedy connected with the story of still another lad of 4 years. His name was Fred Rappold, and he lived with his parents on Myrtle avenue, in Brooklyn. Early one morning recently he and his brother George, aged 7, explored an old trunk which stood in a room on one of the upper floors. They found an ancient pistol, and began a laughing struggle for its possession. The weapon was discharged, and the deadly bullet crashed through Fred's skull. George's grief knew no bounds. He was taken into custody, but although exonerated by a coroner's jury a cloud has been cast over his young life that will take from it a large share of its legitimate and healthy joyousness.

About the same time that the Brooklyn tragedy was enacted a second accident of a different nature made gloomy and more difficult the life of a struggling little family whose members battle for existence in the big city of San Francisco. Mrs. Rathbone is a widow with two children, a boy and a girl. Until recently the efforts of the three have solved the problem of daily bread and a home, but now they are in distress because the son lies on a bed of suffering that he cannot hope to leave for weeks. James is a bright youth of 13, a regular "little man" and the pride of his fond mother's heart. In the spring he secured a place as elevator boy at the Phelan building, and performed his duties with intelligent zeal. About 8 o'clock one morning recently he took a load of passengers to the top floor, and stepped into Photographer Marceau's gallery to deliver a message. Returning in answer to a call he stepped through the door, not into the elevator, but into space.

GEORGE AND FR'D RAPPOLD.

Down the shaft he tumbled until he struck the roof of the car, which had descended during his absence of its own weight. There, half imbedded in the timbers, he lay screaming with agony until aid arrived. The boy's mangled form was carried to an office and laid upon a mattress. Messengers were sent for his mother and two doctors. The surgeons in examining the lad found that both his arms were broken in several places. His jaw was also splintered and blood gushed from his mouth. Mrs. Rathbone ran in, took one glance at the poor little bruised body and fell in a faint. After James' injuries were temporarily dressed and consciousness restored to the mother a carriage conveyed them to a hospital. It is said that the elevator had not been in good repair for months.

YOUNG RATHBONE'S FALL.

In clearing up the mystery of the drowning of little Edwin Johnson, at Wallingford, Conn., there was recently developed a case of youthful depravity which has rarely had a parallel. After persistent questioning Johnson's companions, Patrick Layman, aged 9, admitted that he mischievously shoved the boat in which Johnson was standing alone from the shore that Johnson was thrown out of the boat by the suddenness of the movement, and that he himself remained on the bank and saw him drown without making the least effort to save him. The boat was anchored at the time, though there was sufficient rope attached to it to admit of its being shoved a distance of several feet. The body of the drowned boy was found twenty feet away from the spot where the boat lay.

Layman says that he told his mother, his sisters, two brothers and a couple of other boys named McNulty of what he had done. He showed not the least compunction for the deed, and when arrested exhibited no emotion.

It is pleasant to close this record of the abnormal phases of boy life with brief mention of Charlie Jackson's honesty. He is a lad of 8, a native of Marlboro, Mass., who is visiting at Nahant. The other afternoon while walking along the Willow road he picked up a purse containing nearly $15,000 in gold, gold certificates and checks. He spent the rest of the day hunting for the owner, who proved to be Capt. Robinson, of Stoneham.

AN OLD CRIME CONFESSED.

The Mystery of Frank Little's Murder Cleared Up.

About eighteen years ago Frank Little, who lived north of Vera, Ills., and who was an industrious and honest young farmer, met death at the hands of an assassin. He resided with his two sisters, and one evening they were singing, Frank presiding at the organ, when a shot from the outside came crashing through the window and young Little fell to the floor dead. No clew was obtained to the terrible crime until the other day, when Charles Henderson, a former resident of Fayette county, in which Vera is situated, made a confession. Henderson is a convict in the southern Illinois penitentiary at Chester, where he is serving a ten years' sentence from Christian county for an inhuman crime. He was taken dangerously ill not long since, and believing he was going to die confessed to his cellmate, one Davis, the killing of Frank Little, and implicated his (Henderson's) brother in the crime. Their motive was robbery, but their hearts failed them after firing the fatal shot and the robbery was abandoned.

Shortly after the murder a barn belonging to Campbell Nave, an uncle of the murdered man, was burned and Henderson admits that he and his brother did the work. The other Henderson is now in Maine.

Charles Henderson has a bad record and is capable of such a crime as he confesses. He served one term in the penitentiary for being implicated in the theft of a car load of cattle from J. M. Parks, of Vera. The cattle were shipped to Chicago. During the campaign of 1888 Henderson was located at Taylorville, where he palmed himself off as a horse doctor. One night while a big political rally was in progress at Taylorville Henderson, after selecting thirty or forty of the best horses he could find, procured a syringe and injected into them a mixture of carbolic acid and croton oil, from the effects of which several of the horses died. For this dastardly act he is now serving a ten years' sentence.

THE TEA TABLE.

Read This Down and You Will Be Well Entertained and Posted.

The mayor of Perth has proclaimed August 1 a civic holiday.

The Napanee council has set apart Wednesday, 13th August, as a civic holiday.

Col. A. D. Shaw, now being boomed for congress, was born at Cape Vincent in 1841.

E. M. Benjamin, B.A., of Smith's Falls high school, married Miss French, of Onemee, on Wednesday.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker-mouth. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Byron Fox, Clayton, N.Y., had his fine barn destroyed by fire on Wednesday. Much stuff was burned up.

W. Valentine, Bloomfield, died on Thursday last, aged eighty-five years. He was a life long member of the Society of Friends.

Peas for the canning factory, at Picton, bring $25 per ton. W. T. Shaw, Hallowell, harvested off two acres almost thirteen tons.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

J. K. Splane, Los Angeles, Cal., was married to Miss Smith, of Smith's Falls, on Wednesday. Mr. Splane formerly lived at the Falls.

Rev. A. H. Scott, St. Andrew's church, Perth, left on Monday for Martintown. After a short stay there he will visit Metis for a short time.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

If it rains on St. Swithin's day (July 15) it will rain for forty days, is an old saw. It rained heavily on that day, but has not rained but two days since.

The contract for draining the willow marsh on the boundary between Richmond and Tyendinaga was sold to James Girvis and David Dennison for $329.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50c. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

The public school and collegiate institute staffs, Perth, are complete: J. F. Messmore, classical master at $800, and Miss Eastwood, modern language teacher at $000.

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis, immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

A few days since the drive house of J. D. Ham, Thurlow, was discovered to be on fire, when it was found that the fire had been generated from the effects of the sun's rays upon a milk can.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold by W. J. Wilson.

F. A. Roe's suit against Lennox county for the difference in his salary was heard at the division court on Wednesday. Warden Parks appeared in behalf of the county and judgment was reserved.

Hanson's magic corn salve cures corns and bunions with three applications. In boxes 15 cents, at Wade's drug store, corner King and Brock streets.

On Thursday last one of Mr. R. Light's horses, Napanee, was seriously taken ill. Dr. Bradshaw said it had inflammation of the lungs. He was compelled to attend it for two or three nights.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

While getting up steam on the Empress of India on Saturday Engineer McCaul discovered a flaw in one of the shafts. He reported the matter and it was considered best to put in a new shaft before making any more trips.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

Early on Monday last the residence of Thomas Chambers, North Fredericksburgh, was discovered on fire, and all efforts to extinguish it proved futile. The fire took in the roof, and is supposed to have been caused by a spark from the chimney. But little of the household stuff was saved.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

On Wednesday the Union Vale cheese factory, Picton, was discovered to be on fire. A family occupied a portion of the premises, and the fire was supposed to have originated from a defective flue. Ossi hundred and eighty cheese, sold the same day at Picton, were destroyed and were uninsured. Thirty cheese were saved. The household effects were principally saved. There was an insurance of $600 on the building and fixtures.

Great Value in Clothing Made to Order.

Z. Prevost has decided to sell for the balance of the season all his suitings and trouserings, consisting of Scotch and English tweeds, fancy silk mixtures, silk stripes and corkscrew twills, at prices that defy competition. His $16.50 all wool navy blue English serge, made to order, takes the lead every year.

Kickers.

Everybody smokes the "Kicker."

Dress goods cut down to wholesale prices at R. Paul's.

NIGHT SCENES IN A CAR.

PRENTICE MULFORD'S RAILWAY EXPERIENCES AFTER DARK.

He Was Snubbed by the Lordly Conductor, Annoyed by the Unsitted Train Boy, and Took a Philosophical Peep at the Hogs.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

"WHAT CHANCE IS THERE FOR BREAKFAST?"

On some railroads (not all) I have been made to feel by the manner of the conductor that I was a tramp, or a felon, or at all events a person not worthy civil treatment. I have on some occasions been obliged to ask myself, "Am I a prisoner on this car en route for state prison, or am I a passenger? What evil have I done this man in charge that causes him to assume toward me this abrupt speech and crusty bearing? Have I transgressed any of the company's rules in asking him a question with regard to the route?

I said to the conductor recently on boarding a train late at night, "What are the chances for breakfast to-morrow morning?"

He took a long time to answer, for he was punching and re-punching my ticket, evidently endeavoring with a leisurely industry to make a sleeve of it or a piece of paper edging for a lady's underskirt. I appreciated in him this care, scrutiny and industry, held myself devoid of further interrogative speech and waited. At last, when I had commenced thinking that my inquiry had shot clean over the head of the great man and not hit him in the ear at all, he said in a nonchalant manner, "Good!"

He meant that the chances for my getting breakfast were good.

Now this great mogul knew perfectly well that I wanted to know the hour and the place where the train stopped to allow the passengers to get breakfast. Had I been the president of the road he would have given me these necessary details in his most voluminous and grammatical English, and with many flourishes and side shows of unnecessary information to boot. But as I was only a passenger and an infliction he thought it well, possibly, to teach me to make my inquiries in a plainer and more concise manner. I had asked him a crab sided question. He gave me a crab sided answer. He was practicing the Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." I had asked what the chances were for breakfast. He had told me they were good. He was correct. I was answered.

It might be a good thing for the directors to ride incog. on some roads, assuming for the time the position of the humble passenger, and observe the bearing of some of these magnates of the hour toward them. Happily not all conductors so conduct themselves, and the conductor who tries to please rises in office sooner than he who does not.

On a recent trip, at a late and drowsy hour I was aroused by the new conductor of that section saying, "Gimme yer ticket!" I was a felon again going to state's prison. The gentleman did not face me. He stood almost back to me, holding his outstretched palm behind him for my ticket. He seemed desirous to economize the front view of his person.

Now this is a small thing to complain of, isn't it? Do you expect the conductor to kneel before you and remark, "My liege lord, will you be so kind and condescending toward your humble servant, who thus abases himself, as to produce your paper warrant for transit of person and baggage on this road?"

THE NEWSBOY IN REPOSE.

No, I don't. I won't speak here for myself at all, but I express the feelings of a good many people when I say that their impressions of a road and a country are sometimes largely colored for good or ill by the demeanor toward them of the employes of the railroad companies. They feel for the time a certain dependence on these employes. Some are from home for the first time in their lives. Some are sad at leaving home and friends. Some are affected by the loneliness of being in a crowd all strange to them. In these states of mind the curt, abrupt and sometimes boorish demeanor of the man in charge falls like a blow, and makes the clouds darker than ever. On the other hand, the kindly bearing and civil demeanor, though not half a dozen words are spoken, go far toward making people's hearts lighter and creating a pleasant impression, and this indirectly may have something to do with that railroad's prosperity.

One train was largely ruled by the train boy. It was a precious, undersized, stunted thing between boy and man, evidently city bred, with the lively assurance and supreme self conceit of dense ignorance. This gallinipper seemed to own the train. He sang, he whistled, he danced, he gave us selections from McGinty and the variety amusement halls, he patronized us while he sold us peanuts, he chucked books in paper covers at us as if we were filling the office or targets, he took our money with a lofty contempt, he talked at us with the brakeman and at last, when fatigued, he placed his form on one seat and his heels on the back of another and slumbered. I happened to sit inside of this creature, his slim legs interposing a barrier betwixt me and the aisles. When I attempted to pass out the legs of this nuisance did not remove themselves at all obligingly to give me passage. His weak eyes opened with no guaged expression, as if saying, "Why in thunder can't you keep still until I've finished my nap?"

BAD TO SLEEP ON THE FLOOR.

I rode in that car all night because we were pushing through a hot country and I had rather sit by an open car window and doze and dream than get into the upper berth of a close sleeper. I was entertained during the night by the conquest and usurpation of seats by some of the passengers. Unhooking the seats, they would throw one back view vis-on-vis, a man thus being enabled to stretch his legs, occupying four seats. Three men in this way confiscated twelve seats. One woman for herself and children occupied eight seats. As passengers dropped in at the way stations during the night they would wander hopelessly along the aisle, but not a sleeper budged. Nor did a conductor trouble himself to give the seatless seats. About 3 in the morning a rough, harum scarum chap entered with a bulging, cheap valise as large as a small trunk. He sized up the sleepers, gave it up as a bad job, and curled up on the coal box, remarking, "Well, this will about do for me." The conductor punched his ticket, and offered no aid to give him a seat. But the top of the coal box refused to make him an easy bed. So he got off, fished a great dingy overcoat from his valise, laid it down on the car floor near the stove, and went to bed on the overcoat. He looked as he slept there as if he had tumbled down in a drunken fit. But he didn't care for appearances. Conductors came and went, looked at his ticket stuck in his hat band, and still he slumbered on, and so did the monopolizers of seats about him. I admired that man for his pluck and independence of public opinion, but had I been the conductor it seems to me that I should have made it my business to have made one or two men take up with fewer seats and not allow a seatless man to lie like a drunk on the car floor. In the early morn the gallinipper train boy walked through the car, and shot glances of contempt and derision at the man curled up on the floor. But the sun rose at last as usual, warming alike the just and unjust, and when the train stopped at a breakfast station we got out and paid 75 cents each for what we could, by dint of reaching and scratching and imploring fellow passengers for bread and milk, get from a table from which the waiters had either fled or been swept off the face of the earth by a pestilence.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

A Queer Sort of Carriage.

What is said to be the queerest vehicle that ever came from the carriage maker's is the property of Dr. Thurmond, of Atlanta, Ga., and cost him $500. The doctor believes in having things just as he wants them. Recently he went to a carriage builder, who drew a plan for a vehicle like a large wheelbarrow with a canopy top. A gentleman who saw the picture said it was just the thing, if the horse could be found to work with his head toward the buggy and tail at the ends of the shaft, so that he could be led by the man sitting inside, thus pushing the buggy instead of pulling it. The plan pleased the doctor, and he ordered the vehicle made. It was finished the other day, and a wonderful looking affair it is. It is nineteen feet long from the big velocipede wheel behind to the end of the shafts in front.

Dr. Thurmond carried it home and gave it a trial. It worked all right except that there was too much of a twisty motion about it, and the doctor decided to add two little wheels to the front of the vehicle. They do not work on a pivot like the rollers on a center table. If the horse turns to the right the little wheels will flop quickly to the right, while the big wheel behind turns slowly and majestically in the same direction. The only harness to be used on the horse is the wooden collar and a very wide bellyband, to which the shafts are fastened.

The Value of the Colophon.

One of the most interesting papers read before the International Conference of Librarians at its last session was that of Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, on colophons, or private symbols affixed to books by the printers issuing them. Colophons, or attestations of the execution of a book occurring at the end of a volume were, he said, much older than title pages, and for a time supplied the place of the title page, which was unknown until about 1476 and not generally used until 1490. The delay in the application of so obvious an idea as the title page was very singular, but might be regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as the colophon, though less practical than the title page, was often more communicative. Early colophons frequently gave interesting information respecting the book and the printer which could not well have found a place upon the title page, and thus helped to elucidate an interesting but obscure department of literary history.

An English Fat Boy.

The London Lancet, an English medical publication, tells of an extraordinary child recently brought to the notice of scientific people. He is now between 5 and 6 years of age, and is of the following dimensions: Height, 4 feet; weight, 117 pounds; circumference of abdomen, 42½ inches; chest, 37 inches; neck, 14 inches; head, 22½ inches; thigh, 23 inches; arm, 11½ inches; forearm, 10½ inches. He is very healthy, eats all day long, and is fairly intelligent. The parents and their other children are of ordinary size.

Free Trip to Europe.

The publishers of *The Canadian Queen* will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well known magazine, *The Canadian Queen*. Additional prizes, consisting of silver tea sets, gold watches, china dinner sets, portiere curtains, silk dresses, mantel clocks and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. Webster's unabridged dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest. This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Every one sending a list of not less than ten words will receive a present. Enclose thirteen 2c. stamps for illustrated catalogue of presents and three month's trial subscription to *The Queen*. Address—*The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Ont.

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