LANSDOWNE.

ast week.

Mr. Wm. McConnell sold his fine

Mr. Wm. McConnell sold his the driving bay ponies last week to an American for a good price.

Mrs Wm. McConnell and son returned from visiting friends in Toledo

Mrs. Mack Redmond of Toronto is

the guest of her tather-in law at pro-

FRANKVILLE.

MONDAY, Mar. 29 .- New maple syrup is selling here for 65c a gallon.

Miss May Senecal of Poole's Resort

wisiting friends here
The Epworth League has put in a
new organ in the Methodist church.

fortune to cut his leg two weeks ago, is suffering considerable pain, but still

is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. Geo. Percival, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) J.

Webster, has returned home.

Dr. Dunn of North Augusta was

called here on Saturday last for a consultation with Dr. Dixon.

Miss Lulu Munroe, who has been

periously ill with pneumonia for the cost three weeks, is now convalescing.

Mr. Jas Montgomery is at present

eriously ill.

Mrs. F. Ireland, who has been in

Lansdowne for the past few months, has returned bome.

The funeral of the late Payson

Hewitt took place here on Tu sday to the Methodist church and was largely

Mr. J. Running, who has been seri-

ADDISON.

Proud of Oswego is visiting friends in this section for a few days.

The proprietor of the Model farm at

will be ready for the boys.

Mr. William Morris of Charleston

Blanche Soper is visiting riends in Jasper. Mr. G.o. Percival, who had the mis-

and Athens.

We Would Like You

To Know More About Our Teas

We make a special study of Tea and we can guarantee you better Tea at less price than you can get anywhere else in Brockville.

Our 25c Japan Tea is Our Leader

Cevlon Tea worth 40c for 25c. English Breakfast Tea worth 65c for 40c Tea Siftings worth 15c for 10c. Coffee ground and mixed to suit ste, best brand worth 50c for 40c. We sell Flour, Candy, Nuts, and Fruit of all kinds at Rock Bottom Prices.

JOHNSTON'S - CASH GROCERY

CORNER OF BUELL AND GEORGE STS. BROCKVILLE.

WHY DON'T YOU USE A FOUNTAIN PEN?

We Handle the Celebrated

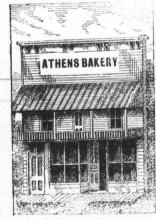
LAMPHAM'S RIVAL.

It has the Slotted Capillary Feed Pic

JUST AS GOOD.

LAPHAM'S RIVAL-

THE COPP CLARK CO., LTD., Toronto.



WHEN YOU WANT FRESH Home-Made Candy

GO TO SYDNEY MOORE

who has moved back to his OLD STAND, NEXT TO DOBBS' LIVERY Bon-Bons and Fancy Creams a Specialty

OYSTERS

In bulk or by the plate, served in first-clar style at all reasonable hours.

Pain-Killer. (PERRY DAVIS'.)

A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case
and every kind of Bowel Complaint is Pain-Killer

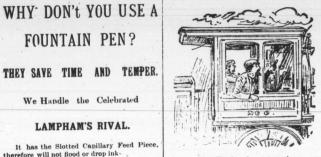


DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

An Engineer's Story. LIFE ON A RAILEOAD CONDUCIVE

Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Kentville, Atta With Kidney Tranble, Factories With Kidney Trouble Se-Called C Proved Useless, But Dr. Willi Pink Pills Restored his Health.

From the Kentville Advortiser. There are very few employments more trying to the health than that of a railway engineer. The hours of labor are frequently long, meals irregular, and rest and sleep hurriedly snatched "between runs." One of the troulles which very frequen ly attack railway trainsmen is kidney disease, which up to a late period has been looked upon as a di ease difficult, if not impossible, to totally cure Although there exist to totally cure Although there exist numerous remedies claimed to be cures, the truth is that nothing had been found to successfully cope with this terrible diseas: until the adent of the now world-famed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Chaucing to hear one day that Mr. Wm. Taylor, a resident of this town, had been cured of kidney trouble through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter called upon him at his home to hear from trouble through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter called upon him at his home to hear from



cure. Mr. Taylor is an engineer on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, his run being between Halifax and Ken-ville, and he is one of the most popular drivers on the road. When asked by drivers on the road. When asked by the reporter concerning his illness he said: It was in the spring of 1896 that I had a severe attack of kidney trouble, brought on by continuous running on the road, and I suppose it is caused by the oscillation of the locomotive. It effected me but slightly at fact but gradually grey worse. I confirst, but gradually grew worse. I consulted a doctor and then tried two or three varieties of so-called cures. Some helped me for a time, but after stopping the use of the n. I grew worse than ever. 1 had noticed numerous That desirable cottage near the English church containing sever rooms and a splendid cellar, plenty of hard and soft water, together with one-quarter acre of choice garden land facing the south. Will sell cheap. Apply to ower. But it was \$2 well spent for I was completely cured by the use of the pills, and have not been troubled with my kidneys s nce. I can there

ilarly affected. arly affected.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pill every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a deale, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself may say it is "just as good." Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills cure when other

COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Terrible Suffering of an Elora Lady from Rhematism—Fifteen Years a sufferer, But Cures by Two Bottles of South Ameri-can Rheumatic Cure

No pen can describe the intensity of No pen can describe the intensity of sufficing that may come from an at-tack of rheumatism. "For fifteen years," says Mrs. John Beaumont of E ora, Ont., "I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which years," says Mrs. John Beaumont of Eora, Ont, "I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which took the form of pains in my back, often confining me to my bed, and rendering me part of the time wholly unfit for my duties. At times I suffered so intensely that I could not turn in my bed, and the disease was fast reaching a point where both myself and my husband had become thorough by discouraged of reofvery. A friend ly discouraged of recovery. A friend ommended South American Rhou matic Cure, and after the first bottle I Sydney Moore bottles were take I was about as usual, and have been in excellent health since. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

NO USE OF HIS LEGS.

ors Could not Help Him, But Two Bottles South American Kidney Cure Removed the Disease—The Story of a Wingham Farmer.

Kidney disease can be cured. Mr o'n Snell, a retired farmer of Wing-am, Ont., says: "For two years I antifered ontola misery, and at times audid not walk, and any standing esition gave interse pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continuated to the continuation of the continuation ould not help me, and I was continually growing worse. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man will grasp. grasped at It as a dying at anything. Result—before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved from pain, and two bottles entirely cured me." To cure kidney discase a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is solvent, and can thus dissolve the sand like particles in the blood. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: "I tried of business lately carried on by W. G. McLaughlin, and is now prepared to do first-class work. The place—Old P.O. Building

Next H.H. Arnold's

Where he will be found ready at all timesto attend to the wants of custome

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: "I tried everything in the way of doctor's skill and proprietary medicines, but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Nervine, and it can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. As a result of several to the wants of custome and healthy, and ready for any amount of business, where before my nervous system was so undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I say, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wondersystem was so undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I say, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wonderful medicine," Sold by J. P. Lamb &

A new iron bridge, made in Peter-A new iron bridge, made in Peterboro and intended to replace the old wooden structure over the Rideau canal at Newboro, is now on the ground and will shortly be placed in other cases. Ready Reckoning.—Miss Serelead—Papa has always given me a hundred dollar bill every birthday, and I've saved it all. Miss Caustique—Indeed, dear, five thousand dollars is not, to be despised.

I P Lamb & Son.

A BASHFUL BACHELOR.

ife Had Reasons Enough for Failing Win a Wife.

Wis a Wife.

"Fate made me what I am," growled the gouty old bachelor who has his luxurious quarters within a block of Grand Circus Park. "I was intended by nature to love and be loved, and to have the joys of old age in a bright Tamily circle instead of being shut up in a decorated dungson like this. The fickle Jade has played me a mighty mean trick.

"Why didn't you marry like a sensible fellow?" asked the old friend, who was making a duty call.

"Fate, I tell you; predestination hard luck, or some of those other agencies to which we charge all misfortunes. When a young man I was smitten a score of times and hit so hard that it daged me. I made an awkward sort of an idlot of me. I could neither think, talk or properly control my motions. The only thing on earth I was afraid of was a pretty woman and she simply paralyzed me." "Pehaw; nothing but bashfulness,

personally what he thought of his

fort and throw off the strange control?"
"That's what I did when I was visiting in Tennessee and fell in love with the grandest woman that ever lived. One day in the garden I set my teeth and determined to propose. Then I passed out of myself. I walked through a flower bed, fell over a baby carriage into a barbed wire fence, swore like a pirate and came up with a face on me like a cranberry patch. The sweet creature ran. So did I. That was my last love affair, and now there is nothing left but to sit in solitude and nurse the gout."—Detroit Free Press.

It was in a downtown store. A pretty miss of 18 or thereabouts was shopping. She wore those large sleeves, a jaunty jacket that no man



HE MADE A MENTAL GUESS AT 130 POUNDS.

could describe, and one of those bell-shaped skirts, which remind old-timers of the days of hoops. After making her purchases she concluded to ascertain her weight, and stepped on the scale. The affable clerk made a merial guess at 130 and so adjusted the weights. No, that was too much then he tried 125, but that wouldn't do. Then 160, then 55, but that wouldn't do. Then 160, then 56, 54, 33, 92, 81, 90. "Ah! Just even 30 pounds, miss." With a "Thank you, sir," she tripped advay, and, as the front door closed after her, the clerk heaved a sigh and remerked:

A Tale of Woe.

Colonel Bourbon Straight brushed his coat sleeve across his eyes and uttered Sun:

Colonel Bourbon Straight brushed his coat sleeve across his eyes and uttered a deep, deep sigh.

"As you are well aware, suh, Majah Stillon belongs to one of the very first families of the South, sub. Owned a regiment of slaves befo' the wah, suh, and was worth a heap of money. Had it to burn, suh. Well, suh, I met the Majah on the street to-day, and we had a chat about old times befo' the wah, and he told me something, suh, that made my heart blee-ed, suh.

"Yes, suh, and what was worse, suh; what was an actual disgrace to the proud name of Straight, suh, was the fact suh, that it also made my eyes watan, suh—watah, suh—just think of it, suh; From what he told me that proud Kentucky family, suh, are in the most straightened circumstances, to-day, suh.

"Why, suh," the Colonel cried impressively, again brushing disgrace.

Contempt of Court.

"Ten dollars." said the magistrate.
"But, your honor," said the prisoner,
"I protest against this fine. I have
the right to make a defense against
the charge."
"But you have already pleaded
guilty," said the magistrate.
"I beg your honor's pardon; I denied
the charge in the plainest terms."
"Young man," said the magistrate
sternly, "I want to call your attention
to the fact that the court understands
the English language. You have pleaded guilty in unmistakable words. The
plaintif charges you with assault and
battery. It is clearly evident that he
has been assaulted and battered. According to your statement he approached you on the street and used
abusive language toward you. Then
you say that you 'didn't do a thing to
him." If the court understands the
language, spoken by seventy millions
of people, you immediately wiped up
the earth with him. The fine stands,
and any further reflection upon the
court's knowledge of English will cost
you ten more."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Joke on a Sad Fact.

Caught is the Act.

The wavs, (ôr weighs) of some farm
ers are almost past finding out. One
day last week a comparatively wealthy to
deliver it to the purchaser. A
gentleman who was on the market to
diliver it to the purchaser. A
gentleman who was weighed happened
to follow the load a slort distance,
and imagine his surprise, when after
the market scales. He then drove away
to deliver it to the purchaser. A
gentleman who was comparatively wealthy
to deliver it to the purchaser. A
gentleman who was on the market to
the has been assaulted to be a fine of the market scales.

The wavs, (ôr weighs) of some farm
ers are almost past finding out. One
day last week a comparatively wealthy
tarmer weighed a load of hay on the
market scales. He then drove away
to deliver it to the purchaser. A
gentleman who was on the market to
the has hean and who was on the market to
the has hean and the has hean and who was on the market to
the has hean and to the has hean and to the has hean and to the has hean and to t

Bad Joke on a Sad Fact.

"What! Another five-dollar bill! Do you think I'm made of 'em. No wonder the old poet was onto your tricks."

"Which poet was that?"

"Scott, I believe."

"What was the poem?"

"Why, it's the one commencing, 'Oh, woman, in our hours of Vs—I've forgotten the rest."—Cleveland: Pfain Dealer.

Dealer,
Mrs. Newlyblessed (gratified)—You say baby looks like his father?
Her Brother (critically)—Yes; it has its father's bicycle face.—Puck.

A man who has been toying with the wheat market on scientific principles says there are three liars—the liar, the blank liar, and statistics.—Minneapolis. Journel.

A Question of Crops.—Farmer—If this weather keeps on it'll bring things right out of the ground, won't it? Widower—I hope not. I've got two wives there aiready.

Any and all of these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure the most stubborn and chronic cases. No unpleasantness.

J. P. Lamb & Son.

the rig.

a deception has been attempted on the market here, and if it occurs again the

guilty party will be publicly exposed and prosecuted.—Smith's Falls News.

Mr. J. Campbell, a well-known far-

LIFE'S A BURDEN

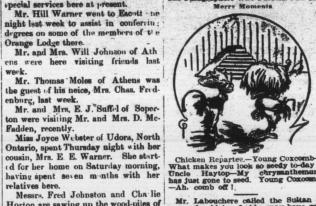
If the Stomach is Not Right.

there Nausea? Is there Constipation s the Tongue coated? Are you Light Headed? Do you Have Sick Headaches?

FUNNY FOLK.

Rev. W. E. Reynolds is engaged i pecial services here at present.

Mr. Hill Warner went to Escott the night lest week to assist in conferrint:



Horton are sawing up the wood-piles of E. E. and D. F. Warren this week. Miss Etta Warren was visiting her cousins, the Misses Humphry, one day

Mr. Weyler is determined to make a trocha which is a trocha, He has or-dered a lot of Pittsburg barbed wire to fence it in with.—Pittsburg Chron-icle Telegraph.

Two Apples.—"When Jageby was young he used to regard his wife as the apple of his eye." "Yes, but he never treated her as well as he did the apple of his throat." Corrected.—Mrs. Gray—It's positively disgraceful! Black has begun courting again before his dead wife is hardly cold. Mr. Gray—My dear. I think you wrong Black. I happen to know that his wife was cremated.—Boston Transcript. Mr. W. J. Turner is moving into the village, and Mr. W. B. Foley is taking posses ion of Mr. Turner's fine

Transcript.

The noted bicyclist viewed with disclain the crowds of spectators who had sathered around the new sarrival.

"What a lovely spinal curve," they exclaimed, "for a rider!"

"Rider!" he shrieked. "Why, he's never been on a wheel in his life!

He's been humping himself earning money to buy one!

It appeared, indeed, that the new comer was posing under false pretenses.—New York Press.

A prominent Democratic member of the House was asked:

"How do you feel to think that the only Democratic President we have had in forty years leaves office a week from to-day?"

To which he promptly made reply:
"How do I feel? How should I feel? Ain't I a Democrat? Whoop!"—Washington Times.

"You cawn't set down no fixed rule o' conduct in this life" said old Wiggins, the barley-mow orator. "Samson got into trouble 'cause he got 'is hair cut. and Absalom got into trouble 'cause he didn't.—London Tid-Bits.

"I don't see why you keep an office!"
exclaimed the careless man's candid
friend. "You're never in it."
"Of course, I'm never in it."
"Then what makes you maintain it?"
"Why, Fve got to have some place
for the bill-collectors to come, haven't
I?"—Washington Star.

She—Then a "tariff-tinker" is a man who wants to make changes in the tariff?

He—Yes—that is, changes which we oppose. If he wanted to make the changes which we advocate he'd be a statesman.—Puck.

A quick retort is credited to a young author whose tongue is as ready as his

She Challenged Comparise

Miss Gingerly—Why do you smoke so much, Mr. Gulling? Mr. Gulling—Because a good cigar Mr. Guiling—Because a good cigar helps me to think. Miss Gingerly—Oh! it's too bad that you dealer carries such a poor stock.— Cleveland Leader.

A country minister, talking to an ol-A country minister, taiking to an ord lady about his son who has emigrated, was very pathetic over the dangers of the deep. "Hoots, minister," quoth Janet, "ye needna haver sae muckle about it; it'll nae be sae awfu' deep; it's been an unco' dry year."—Tit-Bits.

She—When you married me you said you were well off. He—I was, but I didn't know it.— TiteBits.

He-Your hat wasn't on straight

mer residing near Burriti's Rapids was the victim of an unfortunate acci-dent the other day. Mr. Campbell has uge.
"Toesn't he do so yet?"
"Nb; now he smuggles in expensive
tachments for his wheel."—Chicago
word. been blind in one eye for a number of years and the other night while enyears and the other night while engaged in his regular duties about the farm he accidentally, in the darkness, ran against a projecting board and put out his other eye. The unfortunate man went to Montreal to consult a specialist but nothing could be done to restore the sight and he must spend the remainder of his days in darkness.



A CHICAGO ROMANCE.

"Miss Bloomingay, allow me to in-troduce Mr. Hicksworthy."

The conditions were favorable to the forming of an acquaintance, the parties having met on a train that was mak-

CHAPTER II. "The length of time we have known each other, Miss Bloomingay, justifies me. I hope, in asking you to tell me your first name?"

CHAPTER IV.

we reach our destina CHAPTER V.

Something That Was Familiar.

ously ill with pneumonia for the past three or four weeks, is improving rapidly. author whose tongue is as ready as memore.

Not long ago as he was walking with a friend in Fleet-street a man came up behind him and gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder. The writer turned a surprised face toward the new-comer, who said:

"Look here, you must remember me.

Now, don't you?"

"I can't say that I remember your face," returned the young author gravely, "but your manner is certainly familiar."—London Answers. Monday, March 29.-Mr. Joseph Mt. Pleasant was the first to dispose of maple syrup in this vicinity this sea-

making this morning for the season. It is expected that this will be the best season the factory has ever had.

Mr. William Dobbs has clipped his celebrated trotter, Gray Eagle, and intends putting him in training at the Model farm for a few weeks, when he will be ready for the boys.

She Challenged Comparison.

"Charley," said young Mr. Torkins, "I hope you will never again reprove me for being slow about getting ready to go with you to the theatre. I'm not so bad as some people."

"What do you mean?"

"I heard you say last night that it took a gentleman named Corbett two or three years to get in a pair of gloves."

Mr. William Morris of Charlestou spent a few pleasant days with friends in the village last week.

Senator Kecthum of Selina St. will give the boys, a sugar social and private hop in a few days. A good time is expected.

Mr. Joseph Moulton is foreman on Mr. Joseph Moulton is foreman on Washington Star.

A Question of Cost.

"It was really a most enjoyable ocasion." remarked Mrs. Cayenne.

"Then you regard it as worthy of becausion." of the social successes of the season?"

"Oh, dear, no : I couldn't think of going so far as that. No one has yet informed me how washington Star.

the Experimental farm on King street for a few days.

Mr. Edward Duffield of Charleston has purchased the Maple Grove farm from Mr. Ed. Stowel and will take possession this week.

Dr. Brown of Mt. Pleasant purchas
Mr. Joseph Montton is Retenation of the Didn't Propose.

"I suppose you suspect what I came for," he said, as he prepared to ask her father for her hand.

"Oh, yes," replied the father: "you want to borrow money, but I have a cent."

And the young man deferred his proposal.—Philadelphia North American.

wonderfully.

Nan-His disposition? Why, how could it?

Belle-Oh, when he gets up to give baby a drink and steps on a tack, he is so glad that it is in his foot instead of his pneumatic tire that he doesn't say anything.—Pearson's Weekly.

the other man you weighed with your hay? The farmer protested that there was no other man, but after being the play last night.
She—How do you know?
He—I sat behind you and got
glimpse of one side of the stage.—De
troit Free Press. warned, and fearing exposure, he went and got the man who had been secreted in the hay, and had him weighed in the rig. This is the second time such

"Don't let this occur again," said the photographer who prides himself on being enterprising.
"What do you mean?" asked the as-sistant.
"You've made the portrait more pro-minent than my signature."—Washing-ton Star.

"Last year Mr. Giglamps used to b always smuggling home valuable book he has bought without his wife's know

Weary Waggles-Yer took off yer hat

Is a Moral Regarding Ha

naving met on a train that was maxing a rather longer stop than usual at a station on the way to the city. A shifting of the passengers later on gave young Mr. Hicksworthy an opportunity to take a seat by the side of Miss Bloomingay, and he availed himself of it.

"My name is Cora."
"Thank you. Mine is Reginald."
CHAPTER III.

rou. Someony with near pour pour it. Cora, shall I ever forget when I first met you—"
"Yet it has been so long!"
"Yet it has been a long time now, but it has not seemed long to me. Dear girl, I—"
The rest was spoken in too low a whisper to be heard by any ear save that intended.

CHAPTER IV.

He was no longer in the prime of young manhood. His hair was streaked with gray and time had begun to furrow his cheek and brow, but in his eye there still burned the fires of unquenchable devotion.

Time. likewise, had left its impress on the fair face of the malden, but had not dimmed the lovelight that shone through her soft brown eyes.

He spoke.

"Cora, dearest, when shall we be married?"

"You are sure you will never regret it?"

Restaurant Etiquette

"Here, waiter, this man is choking to death. A glass of water quick!" "I am sorry I cannot oblige you, but I am not waiting on him."

Few people who have journeyed west
But have occasionally expressed
A wonder why so few are known
To bear the names they rightly own;
But when such names as Jones and Browa
Are found in every camp and town,
Nickame and surname take annexion
From figure, habitat, complexion;
Thus one becomes "Three-Fingered Jones."
The other goes by "Skin and Bones."
You'd think that Delamere would stick
The man who called him "tat-Eyed Dick,"
And William Beresford would kill
These who addressed him "Long-Haired
Bill;"
But thus it is, and thus they came
For use or ornament 7) or shame. For use or ornament ?) or shame.

A bride who had but lately come

Horn,"
Upon the custom practiced here
Of giving men a nom de guerre,
And said she was much pleased to know
Her husband was not treated so.
"Hat ha!" laughed "Fog Horn," "what
joke
You're telling now to Western folk;

"Some men will go to almost any, length for the sake of being eccentric."
"Yes, indeed, there's Browning, for instance."

instance."
"What's his freak?"
"Won't ride a wheel."—Chicago Jour "We drifted apart."
"Did she come between you?"
"What! that great, fat thing? Oh, no; we dight't drift so far apart as that."—Detroit Journal.

"This bleycle riding is all a non-sensical fad!" exclaimed the man who is wrapped up in political enthusiasm. "Perhaps it is," repiled his wife. "You don't see me working like a day laborer pushing a wheel around the country."
"No. But give me time. Perhaps after a while I'll get sufficiently sensible to abandon the bleycle and walk eighteen or nineteen miles with a torch over my shoulder, regardless of the weather, every time there's an election or a ratification meeting." — Washington Star.

Torturer—What's the difference be-tween twice twenty-five and twice five and twenty? Interval of three months during which victim uses up nineteen pencils and seven quires of paper in "working it out."

it out."
Victim—There's no difference at all.
Torturer—Isn't there? Twice twentyfive's fifty. (Victim nods.) Twice five's
ten, and twenty's thirty. Fine day,
isn't it?—Tit-Bits. "And you have the impudence to say that the jimmy found on you was not the the jimmy found on you was not nouses" said the judge. "Of course it ain't," said the wander-er, "It's fer breakin' out o' freight cars."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Josephine has an interesting mea-ure to put before the mothers' con-

gress."
"What is it?"
"She wants a law compelling every
woman who has a son to remember
that he will probably be some other
woman's husband."—Chicago Record. Her Ambition.

Her Ambition.

"I understand that your new wife is considered a very economical woman, Deacon." Insinuated the friend who was desirous of saying the right thing.

"Wal, yuss," replied old Deacon Flintrock, who had recently married his fifth wife. "She's pretty economical to be exactly flatterin' to a sensitive husband. I hear in a roundabout way from a remark that she let drop at the sewin' society the other evenin' that she is savin' hes weddin' dress for a possible second marriage. I ain't sayin' that sech an ambition ain't praiseworthy, but in view of certain facts over which I don't spose she's pondered a great deal, I am kinder afraid her action is jest a trifie ill-advised, not to say prematoor.

"You see in the past I have kinder kinder afraid her action is jest a trifle ill-advised, not to say prematoor.
"You see, in the past I have kinder buried me wives one after another an lived on myself, instead of havin' my wives bury me an' goin on livin', an' I rather guess it's got to be sech a fixed habit with me that as likely as not I won't be able to break it off soon enough to give her a chance to wear that dress agin at sech a function while It is still in fashion."

Moving Tale of the Vic

A fewing Tale of the Vicinitation of the County of the Art. A well as the lowering cloud bunks to the southwest, betokened that a heavy fall of snow within an extremely short time was not at all improbable.

Yet three individuals seemed totally unheedful of the approaching chunks of weather, and, moreover, they were one and all headed for the same locality.

The first was driving a natty mare attached to a light runabout, and the glossy coat of the quadruped, as well as the shining varnish of the vehicle, all told their tale of high-priced value. As further confirmed in hig incipient suspicions.

The second specimen of humanity was mounted upon a rubber tired steed of steel (make to suit the fancy of the reader), and his suit of well-fitting tweed and smilling face also seemed proof positive of a substantial financial backing.

The third individual, however, was in articine contrast to the twain afour-

proof positive of a substantial financial backing.

The third individual, however, was in striking contrast to the twain aforementioned. I might use up several lines of gilt-edged description upon him, but the whole thing can be well left to the intelligent reader's imagination in one word "tramp." Yet, strange to say, he smiled twice to each of the others' once, and absolutely shouted when the runsbout driver handed him a dollar for opening the gate leading up to the Roadside Inn. Into this hospitable house they all three enter-ed—the two prosperous ones by the

but there were puenty of the chips, and the great American game was a surpassing solace.

After the storm had abated the erst-while ragged tramp drove away in the highly varnished runabout, dressed it the tweed bleycle suit and with the wheel itself fastened on at the back.—New York Journal. Men Who Were Thorns in His Path,

Star.
"I'm very fond of books, aren't you? Star.

"I'm very fond of books, aren't you?"
she said.

"It depends a great deal on what kind they are," he answered.

"Of course, People's tastes differ, I suppose you admire the pollshed wit of Addison or Steel or Swift."

"I don't read them," was the answer.

"I'm surprised to hear you say that."

"Of course, I have looked into their works. But I don't hang over them and strain my eyes as some people do."

"Perhaps you like the pungency of Dr. Johnson."

"I particularly object to Dr. Johnson."

"But you enjoy the bon mots of Sydney Smith?"

"Not a bit."

"Don't bought of the pungency of the punge

"Does Douglas Jeriou appear
you?"
"No."
"That's exactly my objection. It may
sound small to admit it, but my grievance is a personal one."
"But they all lived long ago!"
"Of course. I don't say it's their
fault. But I can't help regarding them
as men who slipped in ahead of everybody else and said all the bright things
so that it is almost impossible for a
man to be original nowadays."

Mercly Gastronomic.
r (handing Uncle Zeke the bill—Here you are, sir. Uncle Zeke or tare)—Here you are, sir. Unite zero— Just keep your paper, young man; I don't keer 'bout readin' till after din-ner.—Washington Times.
"Those sandwiches remind me of my native town," said a Yankee to the girl at the railway restaurant. "Dead-ham?" asked the girl at the counter. "No; Needham."—Answers.
"Your coffee never seems to lose its ham?" asked the girl at the counter.
"No; Needham."—Answers.
"Your coffee never seems to lose its strength," said Mr. Starr. "Do you know why that is?" asked Mrs. Weirdhash, beamingly. "Because, I suppose, it has never been strained."—New York Journal.
Eastern Guest—Look here, waiter, I can't drink this coffee. Waiter (with a brace of revolvers in his beti)—Well, you can't eat it, that's dead sure, so I guess you'll have to go without.—Somerville Journal.
Proprietor—Why did you not give that gentleman the roast chicken he

And said she was much pieased to know Her husband was not treated so. "He! ha!" laughed "Fog Horn." "what a joke You're telling now to Western folk; As I'm a gentleman and scholar Your husband's known as "Paper Collar."—JOHN D. HIGINBOTHAM.

Lethbridge, Alberta.

THE JESTERS' CHORUS.

Dora—Why, you actually have rings under your eyes. Do you think it pays to be up so late nights?

Cora—Pays! Why, just look at the rings on my fingers.—Detroft Free Press.

As I'm a gentleman and scholar which was the said "wedlum."—Spare Momenta. "That," said the waiter to the lone by the said "medium."—Spare Momenta, "That," said the waiter to the lone by man who was taking his dinner at a cheap restaurant, 'that is real, genuine country-bred mutton, sir." "Yea, returned the guest, thoughtfully, "it's even what you might call died-in-they wool."—Cinclinnati Commercial Tri-



NEWSPAPER PLEASANTRY. e of the Bright Things the Para

Brown-Jones doesn't forget his alm nater.
Robinson—He doesn't, ch?
Robinson—He doesn't, ch?
Brow—No, indeed! He's trying to
each his baby the college yell,—Puck Judge-Guilty or not guilty?
Prisoner-Not guilty, boss.
Judge-Ever arrested before?
Prisoner-No, boss; an I nevah dono
tole nuffin before, needer.—Harper's

Aunt-What! Sitting up writing a Aunt—Why, Harry left you only five Aunt—Why, Harry left you only five

portant.
Aunt—Yes.
Niece—I asked him if he loved me and he said "Yes," but I forgot t ask him if he would love me always. Visitor-I don't like the looks of this

"I hear your minister resigned from his charge."
"Well, no, not edzac'ly."
"How was it, then?"
"Why, you see, we'd been resigned ter him as long as we could stand it and we thought that it was time for him to recipercate. He didn't resign: we resigned him."—Washington Times. "What is a crank, papa?"
"A crank, my son, is a

Lawyer—I must know the wholt truth before I can successfully defen-you. Have you told me everything. Prisoner—Except where I hid th-money. I want that for myself.—Tid Bits. Sunday School Teacher—And what did David do to Gollath?
Newest Pupil—Aw, say! He didn't do a t'ing to him —Truth.

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