Right Rev. Henry Philpott, D. D., tormerly Bishop of Worcester, is dead, in his 64th year.

Severe snowstorms and intensely cold weather are reported in many parts of Great Britain.

Right Rev. Dr. Knox, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, is seriously ill with influenza.

Lady Victoria, wife of Baron Sandhurst, and sister of Earl Spencer, died in London and sister of Earl Spencer, died in London for Hayti.

Frederick Riemard Leyland, the head of the firm of L. Leyland & Co., steamship owners of Livergool, diedlast Tuesday.

Sir Francis Clare Ford.has been appointed British Minister to Turkey, vice Sir William White, deceased

the state of the s

that namply pamby epidemic called the grip.
I have five children in this neighborhood who have it worse than you, but all are up and playing with their dolls. Very curious that a man of your stamina should give up the proposed of the provinces of Georgia where a drouth has lasted long, marriage able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke of I'll send a gargle."

For four days Mr. Bowser gargled and dosed and doped and groaned. Mrs. Bowser had to attend him as if he were a baby, and the had very little to say during this interval. He seemed to flatten all out and lose his conceit. Once he even went so far as to observe that if his life was spared he would be an humble man in future. On the fifty day, however, after getting out to the gate and back, his meekness seemed to be disappearing, and on the sixth, as he started for the office, he said:

"I propose to visit two or three different doctors to day and find out what caused my sickness."

"Why, it was grip, of course," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Why, it was grip, of course," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Why, it was grip, of course," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Why, it was grip, of course," replied me through. Plenty of men in my situation there and I know it, and it was a mighty serious one, too. Nothing on earth but my determination not to give way to it pulsed me through. Plenty of men in my situation in the man and the provinces of Georgia where a drouth has lasted long, marriage able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples with gable gable girls are yoked in couples with a yoke able girls are yoked in couples

Visitors to the principal picture-gallery at Antwerp often see an artist, now about fifty years of age, who paints with his feet. He has no hands, and hardly even a rudiment of arm. Having been born without hands, he was accustomed from infancy to make use of his feet, and his professional attamments with the brush certainly require no analogy.

"Heh, you feller! Come back und settle for det beer!" The "Tough Customer" (making his exit)—"Ah. come off! Didn't yer say de frot''d settle?"

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked passionately, "No, George," she answered with admirable tact; "but when you say that the day you call me yours will usher in an era of lifelong devotion and tender soliciale too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am widow."

"And the professional quier no apology.

There is only one refinery in the world that makes absolutely pure sugar. The manufactory is in Germany, and it supplies that the day you call me yours will usher in a rea of lifelong devotion and tender soliciale for table use, as it is a dirty, grevish which in appearance. When dissolves it gives a clear solution, there being no artificial colouring matter in suspension.