

## AROUND THE LAMP.

Friendship is only a reciprocal cancellation of interests, a mutual exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self love always intends to make something.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

"The man who goes with the tide is much wiser than the man who tries to pull the tide his way. The man who succeeds is the man who keeps his finger on the public pulse and shapes his course accordingly."—*August Success.*

### Happy Every Day.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the one who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving-trifler in themselves as light as air will do at least for twenty-four hours. And if you're young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year, and suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,400 beings happy—at all events, for a time."

### Holidays.

[London Times.]

The object of a holiday is rest and refreshment of mind and body, or both; and its best use is that which will best secure this object. To some pure idleness, mere cessation from work, is sufficient holiday. The farm laborer leaning over the gate, pipe in mouth, or the brain worker stretched upon the sand with vacant mind, or joining in the children's play, are making real, though apparently uninteresting holidays. To others change of work is in itself a rest. Mr. Gladstone, after an exhausting parliamentary session, went down to Hawarden, got out all his books and refreshed himself by working harder in his library than many a professed student, and as hard out of doors at felling trees as any laboring man. Pure repose to an exceptionally active mind or body is not rest. It is dullness and boredom; and dullness and boredom spoil a holiday. Change of scene and surroundings is often the secret of holiday refreshment. The townsman, whose life is spent or whose work is done amid the whirl of the streets, prefers some quiet seaside place or country village, as a holiday resort; and, conversely, to one whose life is passed in the quiet of the country, the city is an agreeable change. When we pass beyond this general principle that the essence of holiday-making is change, it is impossible to lay down any rule. The holiday-maker must be of doing nothing at all may suit some temperaments. But much more common, we imagine, is recourse to activity in some direction or other, in travel, in sport, in the hard physical exercise of bicycling or walking tours. How far strong exercise should be the chief feature of a holiday depends of course upon the age and constitution of the holiday-maker. Such forms of recreation may be easily overdone; and some, at any rate, of the fatigues which mark the holiday-maker's Alpine climbing season are traceable, directly or indirectly, to imprudent exertion without previously getting into a fit condition for it. The aged and corpulent man of sedentary occupation who rushes out to Switzerland and at once begins a recreation that requires long and sustained endurance, and is liable to failure of his powers at some critical moment, "I, saevae curre per Alpes," whispers the seductive spirit of the mountain. Then the "true Alps" claim their victim; and a fascinating holiday amusement receives more than its share of the blame. Moderation in all things is a good motto for the holiday-maker.

### Was a Carpenter.

#### Now a Professor.

The story of how Professor Charles William Weick worked his way from a carpenter's bench, after he had married, to a good position in the faculty of Columbia University, New York, is full of inspiration.

"If a certain periodical had not come into my hands by a mere chance," he said, recently, "I suppose I should still be working at my trade. That paper containing an article entitled 'From Workshop to College' was read and reread the article many times, and it proved the turning point of my career. The article gave a description of a young mechanic, 'who, with only twenty dollars, and with no one to aid him financially, was working his way through college, and was then in his third year.' 'I decided then and there to obtain a college education, handicapped as I was by marriage, and having only a small bank account. But with the encouragement of my wife, who promised to aid me in every way possible, I began to prepare myself in such studies as were required for entrance examination. I wrote to a number of colleges for catalogues and for information as to the chances of obtaining

work in order to earn money to pay my expenses. Hardly any of these institutions could promise me work. The president of one of them wrote to me saying that I was too old to think of going to college, and that I should stick to my carpenter's trade. I was not disheartened. A college president in the Middle West wrote me that, if I was a good mechanic, I could get work enough to defray a part of my expenses. After some further correspondence, I went to the college and convinced the authorities that I could do well the work of a mechanic.

"During these weeks I had many meetings about giving up my good position as a mechanic to undertake what, at times, seemed to be only a leap in the dark. During these times of depression, my wife would invariably come to my rescue, encouraging me and reminding me of her promise to aid me in every way possible. She pictured the grand future rising before me, and at length persuaded me to pack up and be off, leaving her behind, to join me later.

"Early in my college days I was fortunate in making a staunch friend of one of the professors, who aided me financially at times. My first work for the college was making a number of drawings for the laboratory. The bill was sixty dollars, and I had to wait a month for my money. In the meantime, my friend came to my assistance, and saved me from great embarrassment. During the first year I did not make a brilliant record, for I was not accustomed to hard study, and, besides, I was often exhausted by manual labor. But I kept up my courage, and the next year made decidedly better progress. As a result of my graduation, I was given a good position in the faculty of Columbia University, and my success has been far greater than I dreamed of."

### Cure for Forgetfulness.

A successful business man said that there were two things which he learned when he was 19, and which were afterwards of great use to him, namely, "never to lose anything, and never to forget anything."

An old lawyer sent the young man, with an important paper, giving him definite instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but, suppose I should happen to lose it?"

"But I say you must not happen to lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against any contingency that he never lost anything.

He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered he pinned it down in his mind, and made it there, and made it stay. He used to declare:

"When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him to get to it as soon as he can."

"He worked for me three years, and during the last year of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, had been a lazy and careless habit of mind, and he cured it."

### Waste in Cooking.

Prof. Marshall, the noted English economist, estimates that \$500,000,000 is spent annually by the British working classes for things that do nothing to make their lives nobler or truer. At the last meeting of the British Association, the president, in an address to the economic section, expressed a belief that the simple item of food waste alone would justify the above-mentioned estimate. One potent cause of waste today is that very many of the women, having been practically brought up in factories, do not know how to buy economically, and are neither possible good housekeepers nor good cooks. It has been estimated that, in the United States, the waste from bad cooking alone is over one thousand millions a year!

### Carlyle Was an Artist.

He was certainly an artist—the point, indeed, which makes it possible to say that he is quite misquoted in the plastic element in his composition. It is not prominently considered as not prominently considered. He cared nothing whatever for art. It escaped him altogether. When he did not neglect, he insulted it. "May the devil fly away with the fine arts," he quotes sympathetically from some enlightened authority, or other—perhaps after this manner, supposititious. It had for him the curious moral connotation it might have

had for his Covenanter ancestry had they known of its existence. His rare admirations are childish—for example, the feeble Dante fresco portrait once ascribed to Giotto, his interpretation of which is as absurd as anything in Ruskin, and, in another way, the peevish picture of "The Little Drummer," in which Frederick figures as a child. His praise of Dante's "song" is inferred from his appreciation of its burden, not due to a feeling for its wonderful instrumental music. Froude says his ear was deficient and his metrical experiments a failure, which is true enough in general, though the translation of Goethe's noble verses in "Past and Present" is adequate and even moving. But any appeal purely to the aesthetic faculty he suspected, and whatever he suspected he either derided or denounced. It is singular that this does not qualify his worship of Goethe.

His lack of aesthetic appreciation, however, neither obscures nor obstructs his striking powers of artistic expression. He made his own picture, to which everything he saw was contributory material, and he was so egotistic that the combinations of others did not interest him. And his picture is always sapiently, savingly, constructed.

### Wealth of Economy.

In almost all the cases where men have accumulated great fortunes, attention to margins and remnants has been the secret of their success. Wealth did not come to them in huge windfalls, overwhelming them with opulence, but by gradual acquisitions, and by saving, year after year, the loose money which other men squandered. By economizing the little, which the thoughtless and improvident man deems not worth looking after—the pennies, and dimes and quarter dollars of which he keeps no reckoning—the pyramid of their fortune has been slowly and surely reared.—*Prof. William Matthews—Success.*

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

### WHAT IS HE PAID FOR.

"This is a magnificently situated hotel. See the view across the water there!" "One dollar." "Those distant hills are grand." "A dollar and a quarter." "Then the woods there make a beautiful sky." "Ninety cents." "How picturesque is that wooded point!" "Thirty-five cents." "What in the world are you talking about?" "Was just figuring how these things are charged in my hotel bill."

### UNCLE SAM'S APPEAL TO MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

[A "Yawn" for Better Tenements.] Say, Brother Carnegie, And a heap sight Better than some I know Their boodle In Yankee Doodle Land. And here's my hand; But say, there a better way To reach the spot With the cash you've got Than by the Library Route? I know it's said In some book I've read That "reading makes a full man," But how much reading Do you suppose It would take To make A man complete?

And how can he read If he hasn't a decent home To read in? Let's home his place? And shouldn't his face Be turned that way To the close of the day? Or is it a Carnegie Library Is it there

Where Wife and children And love and light cluster about him As the night Shuts out the cares of the world And lays The hands of peace On the troubled days?

Say, is it, Brother Carnegie? How many do not have homes That are worthy the name? Is there a nation without homes? Is it the heart of the head That prompts men To die for their country? Home is where the heart is; That's what.

Did you ever hear of men Giving their lives In defense of public libraries? I don't know, Brother Carnegie, But I think men better; It isn't fine libraries, It's extra taxes To maintain them. That is the crying need Of the hour:

It is decent places for human beings To live in; Give them the right kind of homes, And the books will be there. Soon enough.

And we don't ask That your money be spent In charity on them. They'll pay the rent For the great things you can do, If you will.

In helping them till They can help themselves. A nation of libraries! Give what you can. What a heartless and homeless Condition that is! Think of it, Brother Carnegie! How many people Have the millions you've spent Made mummy?

How many sore needs have been met? How many evils have been removed? Stop housing books. Stop housing human beings: There would not be much suffering If a new book didn't come into the world For the next five years, or ten.

But what about the new human beings? Ah, Brother Carnegie, These are our people. But your heart isn't. It isn't for me to say What your motives are. But Lord love you, brother, I do hate to see a good man Go wrong.

Don't think about books. For the present, at least, But think of making As better than meat In the shelter he has. And on what you can To give him a home That will better the man, Look out for the health Of his body, his mind, His decent surroundings. Will not fall behind. Books have their place In the general plan; But man makes the books, And God makes the man. There!

How is that for fair, Brother Carnegie? —William J. Lampton.

### MY FRIEND.

I have a friend, A true blue friend, To keep to the end, Not a friend to lend. This friend and quarter Under every sky Keep together, In every weather. If we walk or ride He is at my side; He is a friend indeed, A friend indeed, He the protector, I the director, He's a fine fellow, My blue umbrella.

### AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"What is the greatest annoyance that you find in the soda water business?" "Listening to women insisting that they shall pay for the soda, while each one delays in getting the money from her purse, hoping that one of the others will get ahead of her."

### BOSTON HAS TROUBLES, TOO!

Having heard the tide of traffic roar across the Brooklyn Bridge, Having heard the clash and clamor of Broadway,

Having heard the horrid shouting of the barkers loudly touting In that famous Isle of Coney down the bay,

You, the average New Yorker, think your city is a corker. It would take here's the rub, 'Tisn't in it with the town where the beans are browned, You have nothing like the hubbub of the Hub!

'Neath the Boston Elevated take a brief (unpleasant) walk. And you'll tumble to my meaning in a wink. You'll discover in a jiffy 'tis too clamorous Where

'Tis impossible at times to even think; It was bad enough, God wot, when the "Clunker" was out. But when the wayfarer was tortured in the Sub,

When the wretched screech is too much for human speech— 'Tis unthinkable, the hubbub of the Hub!

We are weary of worry, we are weary of it, and what is a nation without homes? 'Tis disastrous to our play as to our work. From the rustle and the riot we would flee us to the quiet.

Of such cities as Chicago or New York; But, anxious for the quiet, we must stick and we must stay. To the jobs wherein we toil to get our grub, Though our nerves are devastated and our hearts are desolated. By the never-ceasing hubbub of the Hub!

—Dennis A. McCarthy.

### WONDERFUL RESULTS PROMISED FOR NEW CHEMICAL.

The first milestone on the journey toward bloodless surgery has been reached. It is the result of a chemical compound recently discovered by Dr. Jokichi Takamine, a well-known and highly educated Japanese chemist. Adrenalin is to medicine what liquid air is to science, the only difference being that the chemical is under complete control, with unlimited possibilities being its.

In the local application of adrenalin, in solution of one part to 5,000, operations may be performed on the nose, ear and throat without the slightest pain. It has also been performed with adrenalin in solution of one part to 10,000.

This has been demonstrated that the discovery is the most powerful medicine known, and it is the only one that may be said the most expensive. It is also the most valuable of blood pressure raisers.

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# Baby's Own Tablets

Good for all Babies; Try Them for Your Baby.



The prudent mother watches her baby with a very anxious eye and at the first symptom of disorder of any character takes the proper steps to ward off more serious illness and afford prompt relief to the little one. For this reason every mother should keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house and use them as her standard household remedy.

## For Colic,

simple fevers, constipation, diarrhoea, disordered stomach, irritation when teething, indigestion and all similar difficulties Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal remedy. Dissolved in water, they can be given to the smallest infant.

They are purely vegetable, containing no narcotics or other harmful drugs. Give them a trial. They have no equal.

All druggists sell them or they will be sent postpaid for 25 cents a box by

THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

## ABOUT OUR INDIANS.

Reminiscences for The Advertiser by Rev. W. W. Smith.

The Ojibwas call themselves "Nishne-beg," though in speaking to a white person they will use one word, "Indian." "Eque" means woman; it also means wife, for like the old Greeks, and Indian calls his wife "his woman." And "squaw" is a corruption of eque. In talking to them I found that it was polite, as well as polite, to speak of "our Indian women." Instead of "squaws." They don't like the latter. The "medicine men," who were the story-tellers, the seers, the historians, the legend-mongers, the fortune-tellers of the tribes, have long accounts of the creation, and concerning the Great Spirit, and the like.

Keeshimantou is the Great Spirit, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe. But he is spoken of as if he had withdrawn from active government of the world, and left it all to lesser powers—demigods, or spirits of good or evil. Keeshimantou is the Spirit of Light, Murchimantou is the Spirit of Darkness. We know him as Satan. But this evil spirit has so much power, and exerts it so actively, that it is wise to placate him by sacrifices, etc.

When I was a boy, the Grand River Indians below Brantford had a great pagan festival, and sacrificed a white dog. Could it be there was any truth in the old shadowy legend that some Jews came to America, and were absorbed in the Indian population? And that this was the nearest they could come to the Jewish sacrifice of a sheep or a lamb? For the Indians never had sheep, before the white man brought them to America. And this placating the evil spirits became the lowest kind of paganism.

But for a hundred years the British influence and rule among the Indians has been all for peace and progress; and all the "bands" (subdivisions of tribes) in the settled parts of the Dominion are now Christian in profession. A good many years ago, visiting the Indians on the Saugeen reserve, near the mouth of the river of that name, I was introduced to "Little Joseph"—so-called (but without any idea of disparagement) on account of his diminutive stature. Joseph was a quiet, good-looking Christian man. Some years ago he was the only remaining pagan in the band. "No, he wouldn't change his religion. He would believe, just as his fathers did; that was good enough for him." But he had, perhaps, as a matter of mere curiosity, attended many of the religious services of the missionaries. Joseph took sick, and was so near his end, that some of the Indians said, "Joseph is dead." But he took a turn; and the first thing he said, when he was able to speak, was: "I'm not going to be a pagan any more." And his friends said they knew nothing more of his conversion than that; but his life proved that it was real.

There are some faculties they have cultivated for many centuries, and in which they excel, such as describing the characteristics of people, or of natural living creatures, or of natural objects. And then there are faculties of higher moral value that they are woefully deficient in. A lake-faring man once told me to take notice how an Indian will make you a rude map

of any part of the country he has ever been in; and how he will have the lakes and headlands, and the rivers, and the cardinal directions all right, and their appellations are very descriptive. Now, they had turkeys before we had; for ours are from the wild turkey; but they had no peacocks. And when they first saw the peacock, they called it "The Great Spirit's turkey." For certainly, they thought he was a turkey, but much grander in its features. And any peculiarity about any person they will be sure to "take off"—without intending any joke (an Indian does not joke). One white man of my acquaintance the Indians beyond Owen Sound called "Glass Eyes," because he wore spectacles. Another was "Big Blue Bird," another was "White Swan," because he came from farther south—and the wild swans come from the south. Another friend of mine, whose impetuous manner had challenged their admiration (and awe), they called "Thunder-from-a-Clear-Sky." Myself they called "Makatae-Wan-guay," in English, "Shining Black Hair."

A Highland Scot, in trying to impress me that his language, the Gaelic, was an original tongue, and not derived from any other, begged me to take notice that any language whose names of persons and things are descriptive, may be set down as an original language. I said, "It is exactly thus with the Ojibway." He said he had collected quite a list of words in Ojibway and Algonquin, which were identical in sound and meaning with the Gaelic. Some of this man's list, by circumstances not necessary to narrate here, fell into the hands of the famous Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh. In relation thereto, the professor wrote to me, that he would like to see the whole list, "but," said he, "etymologies are very slippery things, especially in the hands of a half-trained Highlandman."

I am not sure that I remembered at the time I had this correspondence, but recalled afterward what the captain of the steamer Bantsee told me once, as we went down the St. Lawrence. His father was a British officer, and among other duties had to meet the Indians about Malden on the Detroit River, once a year, to give them their annual presents from the Government of blankets, guns, etc. It was a gala time for the Indians, and they would camp round for a week or two. He had a Welsh servant, who fraternized with the Indians a good deal, and astonished his master by saying, "Those men speak a great many Welsh words!" To test the matter, the master asked the servant slipped behind an Indian wigwam ("wigwam" is bark house, from "wigwag" birch-bark). They listened to the Indian talking on. When it seemed to cease, the officer said to the Welshman, "What did that man say?" The man replied, "I do not know some of the words he used, but he told the woman something about bringing water." And, sure enough, by this time the Indian woman was on her way to the river with a pail in her hand.

Well, I have only got fairly begun, I see, I will have to give you some more next week.

## Aphorisms.

Extemporaneous and oral harangues those that are read from a manuscript: Every burst of eloquence, or spark of genius they may contain, however studied they may have been, beforehand, will appear to the audience to be the effort of the sudden inspiration of talent; whereas similar efforts, when written, although they might not cost the writer half the time in his closet, will never be appreciated as anything more than the slow efforts of long study and laborious application.—*Colton.*

In my opinion, the want of occupation is no less the plague of society than of solitude. Nothing is so apt to narrow the mind; nothing produces more trifling, silly stories, mischief-making, lies, than being eternally shut up in a room with one another, reduced to the only alternative to be constantly swaddled. When everybody is occupied, we only speak when we have something to say; but when we are doing nothing, we are compelled to be always talking; and of all torments that is the most annoying and the most dangerous.—*Ross & Co.*

Constancy in friendships, attachments and familiarities is commendable, and is requisite to support trust and good correspondence in society. But in places of general, though casual intercourse, where the pursuit of health and pleasure brings people promiscuously together, public convenience has dispensed with this maxim; and custom has introduced an unreserved consideration for the time by indulging the privilege of dropping afterwards every indifferent acquaintance without regard of civility or good manners.—*Hume.*

It is not so difficult to fill a comedy with good repartees as might be at first imagined. If we consider how completely both parties are in the power of the author. The blaze of wit in the comedy for scandalous jests, as less, when we remember that the writer had it in his power to frame both the question and the answer; the reply and the rejoinder; the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket are at his sole command.—*Colton.*

Mr. Tite Barnacle was a buttoned-up man, and consequently a weighty one. All buttoned-up men are weighty. We either have no reserve and never-exercised power of unbuttoning fascinate mankind; whether or no wisdom is supposed to condense and distill when buttoned-up, and to evaporate when unbuttoned; it is certain that the man to whom importance is accorded is the buttoned-up man. Mr. Tite Barnacle never would have passed for half his current value unless his coat had been always buttoned up to his white cravat.—*Dickens.*

WHY NOT TRY CREMATION? He—Darling, what would you do if I were to die? She—Why, Fred, how foolishly you talk. I'd bury you, of course.

## Do You See It?

Look carefully at this little picture. There's a great deal to it. There's a lamp, that makes the heat. Right over it is the vaporizer that holds the Vapo-Cresolene. This Cresolene is a wonderful medicine. It kills most kinds of disease germs, and is a most remarkable healing agent. You simply breathe in the vapor of it, that's all; it goes all through your bronchial tubes, curing asthma, croup, coughs, catarrh, whooping-cough.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 15 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 210 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

## Lily White Floating Soap

FOR SUMMER DRESSES AND FINE GOODS

Sold by all good grocers, at 5c. and 10c. per twin bar.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO, ONT.

## Egypt as a Winter Resort.

[London Telegraph.]

Every indication is forthcoming that the approaching season in Cairo and on the Nile will be a prosperous one, and visitors will probably exceed the record of last year, when so many English people diverted to Egypt for Egypt. All the hotels promise to be full, and the newer health resorts will not lack for patronage. These now include Helwan, within half an hour's railway ride of Cairo, which has sulphur baths, recommended for rheumatism, and several first-class hotels and pensions, while furnished villas may be hired.

Assuan, which is described as the driest accessible health resort in the world, has two large hotels and an English Church, and is growing in popularity year by year, rivaling

Luxor, so well known to invalids and others who dare not face an English winter. At Luxor, also, hotel extensions have taken place, and no modern improvements are wanting. As further voyage to the strait point for the first time.

Sportsmen in search of big game are making up parties for shooting buffalo, giraffe, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and elephant in the district lying between Khartoum and Fashoda. The regulations are now somewhat more stringent, owing to the increase in the number of guns. Dahabehs, the motor boats, and the masted feluccas for the type of craft goes back to the days of the Pharaohs—provide the means of conveyance, and the fleet season is always in keen demand for families making application a long time in advance.

Keep Minard's List in the house