

Coated Tongues.

Among the various substances which have been found on the human tongue, as shown by the microscope, are the following: Fibres of wool, linen, and cotton; fibres of spiral vessels; fibres of muscle, in one case eight hours after eating; starch grains; cheese mould; portions of potato skin; scales, moths, etc.; hairs from logs of beech; hairs from legs of spiders; pollen of various flowers; stamens of various flowers; hairs of cats, quite common; hairs of mouse once only; hairs from various leaves; wing of mosquito once; fragments of the leaves of tobacco, of chamomile flowers, etc.

Between the years 1864 and 1869, 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation, and of these 26 only were executed. Between 1868 and 1878 no fewer than 428 were condemned, but in no case was the sentence carried out. In the year 1878, however, Model was executed for his attempt on the emperor, but in 1879 and 1880 there was no executions. Since 1881 there have been only three.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water brash, heart burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

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TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

ANOTHER DOSE FOR THE WANZER agent, and enlightenment for the public. The following appeared in *The Telegram*.—"Miss Seguen, dressmaker, bought a White, and after using it a short time, traded it off with G. C. Elliott, Wanzer's manager, for a Wanzer P machine, stating to him that the White would not do her work." After much trouble I have at last discovered in whose possession this White machine now is. The lady has given me the following statement, signed by herself:—"In January last I took a White machine from the Wanzer agent at \$35, on lease. I am well pleased with it. They have endeavoured to persuade me to send it back, and offered to give me a \$65 Wanzer C for \$50 if I would do so. But I would not change even; I would not have a Wanzer at all. Signed, Mrs. Cooney, 64 Sydenham street." Miss Seguen used this same White machine four years on wholesale tailoring work. The Wanzer agent must have a high opinion of the White when he will charge \$35 for a second-hand White, and sell a new \$60 Wanzer C for \$31, as he did at 69 Wolsley street. The White is much superior, and the Wanzer agent knows it. D. S. ADAMS, 108 King street, West. Branch offices, 332 and 528 Yonge street.

Some Famous Rebukes.

Edmund Kean was wont to say to himself that he could see a sneer across Salisbury Plain, and his career gave a special significance to the expression. He had the sensitive temperament indicated by his hyperbolic saying, and in his earlier years he had, to a greater degree than most other men of whose lives we have a record, suffered from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Nobler than any of the rebukes directed against those that had wounded his feelings in the days of his poverty was that which, when fame and fortune were smiling upon him, he administered to the Earl of Essex. That nobleman, who was one of his most ardent admirers, remonstrated with him for being seen arm-in-arm with Inceledon, the singer, telling him that it would militate against his being received in aristocratic circles. Kean replied: "My lord, Mr. Inceledon was my friend in the strictest sense of the word, and when I had scarcely another friend in the world; and if I should now desert him in the decline of his popularity, or fall of his fortune, I should little deserve the friendship of any man, and be quite unworthy the favourable opinion your lordship has done me the honor to entertain of me."

As of Edmund Kean, so of the brilliant wit and orator, John Phillip Curran, it may be readily believed that his delivery of a rebuke was specially effective. Once when engaged in a case that was being tried before Fitzgibbon, the Irish chancellor, that functionary had brought on to the bench with him a large Newfoundland dog, to which he was ostentatiously attentive while the advocate was addressing an elaborate argument to him. At a critical point of the speech the judge turned quite away and appeared to be wholly engrossed with the dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," exclaimed the chancellor. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Curran, "I was under the impression that your lordships were in consultation." But a far more scathing rebuke was that with which Curran "set down" Judge Robinson. The last named personage was the author of a number of ill-written, but unscrupulous and scurrilous pamphlets in favor of the government of the day. As he was not known to have any other recommendation, it was more than suspected that he had been raised to the bench solely in reward for political hack-work. At a time when Curran, though rising into notice, was still a poor and struggling man, he was speaking in the court over which Robinson presided. Touching an opinion that had been put forward by the opposing counsel, he remarked that he had examined all his books, and could not find a single case that supported the contention of the other side.

"That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered Robinson, "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." For a moment Curran eyed the purse-proud toady of the political powers that were, and then broke forth: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper disposition. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest, and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me more conspicuous, would only make me more universally and notoriously contemptible."

Very neat and characteristic, in the way of practical rebukes, was that of Talleyrand to a faithful but too inquisitive confidential servant, whom he saw from the window of his apartment coolly reading a letter entrusted to him to deliver. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms: "You can send a verbal answer by the bearer. He is perfectly well acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery."

Not bad in its way either was Lord Chesterfield's practically humorous rebuke of the craze for having far reaching portrait galleries of ancestors. In his own gallery he placed two old heads inscribed respectively Adam de Stanhope and Eve de Stanhope.

Of the rebuke indirect, one of the finest

examples is that attributed to Dr South. Once when preaching before Charles the Second he had observed that the monarch and several of his attendants had fallen asleep. Presently one of the latter began to snore, whereupon the bishop broke off his sermon and exclaimed, "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but let me entreat you not to snore so loud lest you awaken his majesty."

Incivile and dry as it becomes its nationality was the rebuke of the Scotch shepherd to Lord Cockburn of Bonaly. That nobleman was sitting on the hillside with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation he said to him: "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had cairn sense."—*All the Year Round*.

A Half Told Story.

"Captain," says he, as he found the old weather beaten tar sunning himself on the ferry dock, "you have probably heard about Shylock and the pound of flesh?"

"Well, yes."

"Can you remember the particulars?"

"Most of 'em, I guess. Yes, I'll take a brandy with you!"

He hadn't been asked to drink, but after the two had wiped off their chins he sat down, got an elevation of his feet, and began:

"This old con of a Shylock lived over in Europe somewhere, but it was some time ago. I've heard that he once kept a pawnshop in Buffalo, but I never tried to get him down very fine. Nice man on the average, they say, might have been a little cranky in wanting a good indorser on a note and steep interest on loans, but I reckon he paid his way at a picnic as freely as the rest. Yes, I wouldn't mind a glass of beer with you."

Nothing had been said about beer, but it was called for and tucked away out of sight, and the captain continued:

"This merchant Antonio was no great shakes of a feller. He was in the retail business, and he hadn't enterprise enough to advertise in the papers. Probably kept a one-horse grocery and notion store and put in some of his time on the cracker barrel. Some folks try to make out that he was the biggest rooster on the fence, but facts won't bear them out. Thank you. So am I. I'll take a lemonade."

The other hesitated, but finally ordered it, and again the story went on:

"This Antonio had borrowed several small sums of money off Old Shy, and it had been a tight squeak to make him pay up. There wasn't a man in town who would give ten cents on the dollar for his notes, and his opinion on the question of finance wasn't worth shucks. He wanted to enlarge his grocery, or start a sheep ranch, or take a hand in some such enterprise calling for cash, and he goes to Shylock to raise the greenbacks. Thank you."

"For what?"

"For the mint julep I'll have mine flavored with strawberry."

"See here, Captain, I can't afford this. I want to be courteous and liberal, but this is rather strong."

"Young man," said the Captain, as he drew himself up with great dignity, "the story of Shylock, as I tell it, contains eight drinks and ends with a 15-cent cigar! Do you want the rest of it?"

"Great Scott! No."

"Then be a little more careful in the future how you absorb my valuable time. My stories vary from three drinks and a cigar to eight drinks and a bottle of ale to take home. Don't come to me and try to get an eight-drink story for three drinks, for you will get left every time."

Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, the London beauty, and widow of the late Earl of Lonsdale, is to be married to Luke White, a young Irish officer of the Guards, oldest son of the Earl of Annaly.

Evy's memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on. Some people's sensibility is a mere bundle of aversions, and you hear them display and parade it, not in recounting the things they are attached to, but in telling you how many things and persons they can not bear.

Some idea of the enthusiasm for base ball may be gathered from the statement that in a single Michigan factory 350,000 feet of ash, 25,000 feet of barwood and 50,000 feet of cherry are used.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't just know what is the matter, but they have a combination of aches and pains, and each month they grow worse.

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Office of Edward Elliott,
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Montreal, Nov. 7th 1882

I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite and am much better in every way.

EDWARD ELLIOTT.

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