

that ought to be saved; and many of them would get well if they never saw a doctor, or rather, if a doctor never saw them. Hard words to say! but I have been over the battle-ground; I have witnessed the last struggles; I have heard the weepings of mothers and friends, who anxiously watched for the last breath.

[Dr. J. M. Duncan, in Medical Brief, Sept., 1895.]

When our Allopathic brethren realize that the frail nervous system of infants cannot stand wholesale drugging, such walls as the above will be fewer and fainter. It would seem as though thinking men, driven to such straits as the above, would finally try homeopathy, instead of giving up entirely. It, at least, would not handicap nature in her efforts to restore health. [Ed. Homeopathic Messenger.]

WAIFS AND STRAITS.

It begins to look as though Mrs. Von Rappard has "a head" for the management of bazaars. At any rate this Homeopathic Bazaar is "ahead" of anything of the kind we know of.

The active treasurer of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Hospital smiles complacently as she sees the results of the bargaining at the various booths fall into the treasury. It takes money to carry on anything and even hospitals are unfortunately no exception to the rule.

BAZAAR BRIEFS.

In the Curio Corner can be seen Sitting Bull's feather, head dress and bonnet box. These are genuine, and were actually used by the great chief. They are worth seeing and examining, as well as the saddle in which the Indian women rode their papposes to sleep.

Invest five cents with Miss Baylis and Miss Ames at the Santa Claus at Home Booth and have your stocking come down the chimney. This will be a revelation to many as to how this Santa Claus business is done. There is no bar to age, and old and young alike are invited to try their luck with their stocking.

A lady active in the bazaar work, whose state of single blessedness is responsible for some man being without a good wife gave out this conundrum. Why is one of the popped corn kernels on the Christmas

tree like an old bachelor. Of course we had to give it up, "because they neither of them will pop," was the answer.

See what the Old Woman in the Shoe can do for you at the Toy Table.

The Tanden Team is going to do something worth talking about. See Mrs. Granger and Miss Browne for particulars.

Miss A. Van Horne's Candy Table will certainly captivate the sweet toothed people. Any cavitation not effected by the candy table will be attended to by Miss Van Horne and her assistants.

L-e-m-o-n-a-d-e, what's the matter with the lemonade, anyway? It's all right. Oh! yes, you bet! Who's all right? Mrs. Gwilt and Miss Miller, of course.

The Fancy Work Table is simply replete with articles of rare merit and value. Mrs. Von Rappard and Mrs. Gaunt are very reasonable in their charges.

Try some of Mrs. Hagar's Home Made Cake and Candy, it is warranted free from nightmare germs.

Tea, that is tea, is served by Mr. Evans and Miss Smith at the Five O'clock Table.

LEANDER IS OUT OF DATE

There are more ways of winning a wife than there are of losing one. A Leamington lover has, however, discovered a new one. The object of his affection admitted that she had "walked out" with his rival. Whereupon he threw himself in a canal—not very far, but with the water up to his neck. There he stood and swore that if she did not promise to marry him he would go under. She hesitated, but, considering how very damp he had gotten, at last consented. The report does not say that she embraced him on coming to land. It was a bold step for him to take to the water, and one that, to quote a somewhat similar instance, might not have succeeded. A young lady in charge of the captain of a P. and O. boat had two suitors on board and a pug dog. The latter fell overboard, and one of her swains instantly jumped after it into the sea. The other confined himself to leaning over the side and crying: "Poor doggie!" When the rescuer came on board dripping, the young lady turned to the captain and asked him which of her two lovers, after such an incident, he would recommend her to take. He was a practical man, and replied: "Take the dry one," which she accordingly did. The only instance of a wet lover being appreciated was that of Leander.—Philadelphia Times.