

## FOR PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

**Pleasant Pickings from the Funny Paper**—Saying 3:17:11 3:17.

**Dear old aunt**—(proudly)—"Ah, yes? our Nellie's a grand singer. Already the newspapers call her a charming cockatrice. Some day she'll be a regular bella-lona."

**First Little Girl**—"Has your sister begun takin' music lessons yet?"  
**Second little girl**—"She's takin' somfin' on th' piano, but I can't tell yet whether it's music or type writin'."

**First gentleman**—"Excuse me, sir, but I notice that you are looking at me closely. Is there anything about me that is familiar?"  
**Second gentleman**—"Yes, there is; my umbrella."

**A Difference**—A minister in the north of Scotland asked his house-keeper what she thought of his new man. "A muckle feckless gomerall!" she replied, "that's what I think o' him."  
"Well," said her master "I am sorry to hear that, for I have good reason to think that he is very fond of you, and wishes to marry you. But of course from what you say you would not have him."  
"Oh, weel, I dianna ken," was the reply, "seekin' me wad mak' a difference."

**WORK**—To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand in this great system where we live, that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of sun-shine, or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air. The man who knows indeed, what it is to act, to work things out—This, this alone is to live!—*Philip Brooks.*

**THREE FOLLIES OF MEN**—The wise old Contesse do — used to remark that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was climbing trees to shake the fruit down, when, if they waited long enough the fruit would fall of itself. The second was going to war to kill one another, when, if they only waited, they would all die naturally. The third was that they should run after women, when if they refrained from doing so, the women would be sure to run after them.

**MR. ALEXANDER MACKAY**, proprietor of the *Belfast News-Letter*, had occasion to go out one evening to see about an item of news that was to appear in his paper next day. He was unable to return till after eight o'clock, and on his way back was stopped by a packet of Reay Feniches, who said—"You are our prisoner for the night; you must come with us to the guardhouse." In vain he protested that the *News-Letter* could not appear the next morning without him, and what would his subscribers say? He was taken before the officer on duty for the night, who scrutinized him closely and asked him his name. "Sandy Mackay," was his reply, in a broad Scotch accent. The officer at once shook hands with him, saying, "How are you, brother? and turning to his men ordered—"This is a brother of ours; see him home to his office." So they escorted him back to the *News-Letter* office; and on the next day he returned, who was George Mackay, of Bighouse. Sutherlandshire, called on him, and recognized him as his cousin. He received a pass, available at any time, was introduced to the officers' mess as a relative, and attended a military inspection the next day, where he was recognized by the soldiers, who gave three cheers for the colonel's cousin.

**HUMANITY** reveals itself in fragments. One man is the carrier of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it; we bestow the laurel crown on both.

**WOMAN'S ADVANTAGE**—It is a wonderful advantage to a man the advice of a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man.—*Baker.*

**A COUNTRYMAN** had lost his wife and a favorite cow on the same day. His friends consoled him for the loss of his wife; and being highly respectable, several hints and offers were made towards getting another for him. "O' ay," he at length replied, "you're a' keen aneuch to gie me anither wife, but no yin o' ye offer to gie me anither cow."

**SILENT GRATITUDE**—There is much talk in the world about ingratitude. People who do good to others at cost or inconvenience to themselves are apt to expect a great flow of thanks, a great gush of sentiment in return? They are generally disappointed. Those natures which feel benefits the most deeply are often the least capable of expressing their feeling, and a speechless tongue is with them the result of a full heart.

Besides, you are sure to be paid for a good action some time or another. Like seed sown in the Nile, the bread cast upon the waters may not come back to you for many days, but come back at last it most certainly will. Would you like your change in silver or gold? Will you have it in a few graceful, well-chosen expressions, or in sterling coin of silent love, with its daily thoughts and nightly prayers; or your claim to it down here and have it carried to your account above? I am supposing yours is not one of those natures which have arrived at the highest, the noblest, type of benevolence, and give their gold neither for silver nor copper, but freely without return at all. To those I can offer no encouragement, no advice. Their grapes are ripened, their harvest is yellow, the light is already shining on them from the golden hills of heaven.—*Walter Melville.*

**A BETTING MAN** of the most irrepressible type was in the principal room of a hotel in America after the races were over, and everybody was bored as everybody is on the last day. The betting man had been silent for an hour when suddenly he broke out—"Gentlemen—" "Oh, no more bets," was the exclamation of the entire party; "give us a rest." "I don't want to bet, but I can show you something curious." "Well!" "I say it and mean it. I can drink a glass of water without it going down my throat." "And get it into your stomach?" "Certainly." There was silence for a time. Every man in the room was victimized by this gatherer-up of inconceivable trifles, and there was a general disposition to get the better of him in some way, if possible. Here was the opportunity. How could a man get a glass of water into his stomach without it going down his throat. Impossible! and so the usual bottle of wine was wagered, and the betting man proceeded to accomplish the supposed impossible feat. It was very easily done. All he did was to stand on his head on the seat that runs round the room and swallow a glass of water. It went to his stomach, but did not go down his throat. And so his last triumph was greater than all his previous ones, for almost every man in the room had been eager to accept his wager. *Do you bet?*

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## WOMAN'S COLUMN.

**Short and Suggestive Paragraphs of Special Interest to the Fair Sex.**

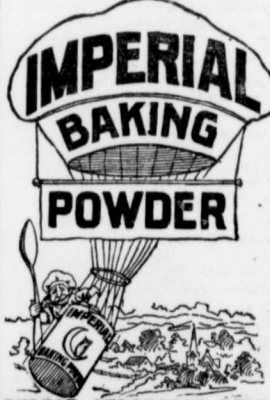
**DIFFERENT KINDS OF FEET**—As to national characteristics in feet, it may be said that the French foot is small and long; the Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood—corresponding to the Castilian's pride of being "high in the instep." The Arab's foot is proverbial for its high arch. The Koran says that a stream of water can run under the true Arab's foot without touching it. The foot of the Scotch is high and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English, short and fleshy. When Athens was in her zenith the Greek foot was the most perfectly formed and exactly proportioned of that of any of the human race. Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans have the largest feet; Americans the smallest. Russian toes are "webbed" to the first joint; Tartarian toes are all the same length.

**HOW LITTLE CAN A MAN LIVE ON?**—A very eminent authority on diet says that the average man, in a state of absolute rest, can live on sixteen ounces a day; a man doing ordinary light work can live on twenty three ounces a day, and a man doing laborious work needs from 25 to 30 ounces. This is supposed to be food free from water, and as everything we eat contains more or less water from forty-eight to sixty ounces of ordinary food may be regarded as necessary to healthy existence, according to the work in which a man is engaged. Lord Playfair, a man who generally knows what he is talking about, estimates that the following will give a healthy man sufficient sustenance for a whole week: Three pounds of meat with one pound of fat, two ordinary loaves of bread, one ounce of salt and five pints of milk; or, for meat, five or six pounds of oatmeal may be substituted.

**HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS**—Many women, particularly the more youthful ones, commit through carelessness or thoughtlessness, many breaches of good manners which need, but a reminder to be speedily remedied. To begin with, the sweet tooth of the average American girl tempts her to eat candy in the streets and the theatres, though she may be quite aware that to do so is not good form. The same girl who would scorn to eat peanuts and condemn these delicacies as "vulgar" munches away on caramels or butterscups in public vehicles, public thoroughfares and public places of amusement. Many young women, the best hearted in the world, will wound their parents' hearts by openly correcting or contradicting them, forgetting that their own superior knowledge does not show up to advantage when paraded at the expense of good manners. This habit on the part of the younger members of society is one that should be nipped in the bud at once. Slight the father and mother do mispronounce a word, make mis-statements or fall into an error of grammar, does it make the thing any better by emphasizing their faults so openly? The first law of good manners is consideration and respect for those older than ourselves; therefore, that, outside of any other prompting, should retain the dignified correction of parents before strangers at least. To discuss your clothes, your servants or your domestic affairs is to stamp yourselves ill bred. General conversation is the only sort tolerated in the best circles. Do not talk and laugh at the theatre or other place of amusement, annoying those about you who came to enjoy the performance and not your conversation. Do not stare at people and then discuss them so that there is no possibility of their mistaking the topic of your conversation.—*Philadelphia Times.*

**MEDICINAL USES OF EGGS**—For burns and scalds there is nothing more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary incidents of the kind, and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the best thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and, by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable Nature to assume her healthful sway over the deceased body. An egg taken like oyster, with pepper and vinegar, has been known to retain on the stomach when everything else has failed.

**THE FIRST BEAU**—The first beau appears along about when we are fourteen or fifteen. There have been, of course, many little boy admirers, but the genuine gallant does not materialize until we put on long dresses and commence making ourselves up for young ladies, a comprehensive phrase that all girls will understand. He is usually the brother of some especial chum of ours, and in this we are enabled to see him more often than if we had no reason for going to his house. He is exceedingly bashful before people, but can talk a blue streak when we are alone. He squanders his allowance on ice cream, soda and caramels, and on rare occasions invites you to church sociable or concert. He is always one of the groups of youths who wait outside the church or Sunday school door, and he is the one always to escort us to our homes on such occasions. We are teased unmercifully about him and really enjoy it, though pretending to be fearfully indignant and provoked about it. This sort of thing goes on until something happens, as something have a way of doing, and either he goes away to college or we leave for boarding school, or perhaps a quarrel or a change of residence occurs. At any rate years perhaps will roll away before we see a bearded man who bears not the slightest resemblance to the blushing rosy checked boy we called our first beau.—*Elmira Telegram.*



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