

A'S
Day

JUSTLY ABUSED PROFESSION.
A young woman who took dental gas
and dentists and their office boys,
things in the dental rooms, threw
from a window, rolled off a shed
the ground and was taken to the
hospital with a broken arm. Yet there
people who assert that the dentist
is living easily and charges too
(St. Louis Post-Dispatch).

STERILIZING HANDS.
The sterilization of the operating
hand is an end now attained in
hospitals, though for many years
it has been thought impossible,
perhaps, unless the experimental
sterilization was reached
with the use of soap and water and
the use of germ growth from the
washed member. Washings with
chemicals followed, and the germ
was produced after each, until at
last could be obtained.

PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.
A law might do something to arrest
the barbarous slaughter of the birds
and command of a cruel and wanton
but the gentler sex could do vastly
more. A recent attempt of the
women to reintroduce crinolines met
with determined resistance from the
men. It was abandoned. They need
give proof of the same good sense and
allied with humane sentiment, in
the case of the birds. From every forest and
warble forth a plaintive plea for
the tenderness of women.

HE DID AS HE LIKED.
Canon Wilberforce in his off-hand
talk: "We always do as we like; we
seek the line of least resistance."
resistance is not to swear, to the bad
it is to swear. They both do what
like. The Lord Bishop of Manchester
acknowledged that he once went into
a shop of fox-hunting and was going
and mentioned that he was shoeing
himself. "Then I cannot go to hear you
shoe, for I do not think it is right for
me to be shoeing a fox-hunter." Very
then, I will never follow the hounds
," said the bishop—and he never did
maintain that he "did as he liked."

CATCHING RATTLESNAKES.
A secure rattlesnake is the "mountain
king" of Pennsylvania grasps a rattlesnake
at one corner, and, allowing
it to hang toward the serpent,
until he strikes it with her
head, when he immediately raises the
rattlesnake from the ground, as the
serpent's curved fangs are hooked in the
rattlesnake. The "doctor" then kills the
serpent by first grasping her neck with the
right hand, so as to prevent her
biting him when he cuts off her head.
He holds her, however, to keep the
head as a curiosity or for sale, he will
cut the fangs with a small pair of for-

USES OF PENNYROYAL.
Sprinkle a palm-leaf fan with pennyroyal
oil, and the oil of pennyroyal, diluted
with water, will drive away the
mosquitoes. The pennyroyal
plant, like the Johnswort and the
yarrow, should be gathered before the
leaves are full, so that more will grow. Up
to the former come out of the ground too
early for the gathering, so take your
pennyroyal when you go hunting them. Penny-
royal, although far too burning to be
applied undiluted to the skin, reminds us
of Shakespeare's saying: "Like a wound
in an open wound." It saves a wound
from getting it by keeping away the noisy
the winged insect and blood sucker. The
oil quite takes the smell of it, and you can
scent your all such invaders away. (Com-
mercial Advertiser).

AN AFFECTING FAREWELL.
The concluding paragraph of the last let-
ter Lucy Hooper wrote to the Philadelphia
telegram, of which she had long been the
correspondent, is most pathetic.
"And now, my kind and patient readers,"
she wrote, "I must stop and lay down the
pen forever. By the time these lines appear
on paper, you will have detected them to her
manuscript and dear daughter, will be be-
lieving the stars. In January I would have
celebrated my silver wedding with the pro-
fession of literature, but the fate has decided
otherwise, and I must say farewell."
Everyone has been very kind
to me, and mine has been a happy life, but
it is ended now, and like Tiny Tim in the
Christmas Carol, I can only say, "God
bless us every one!" This letter, printed
last Friday afternoon, was written Aug. 29,
two days later Mrs. Hooper was dead.

HOW EDISON TOOK UP ELEC-
TRICITY.
Now that you have left electricity, how
you first came to enter it?
I will tell. It was by a peculiar inci-
dent. I was selling papers on a train
running out of Detroit. The news of the great
title of Sluoh, 60,000 killed and wounded,
came in one night. I knew the telegraph
operator at Detroit and I went to him and
he a trade.
"I promised him Harper's Monthly and
the New York Tribune regularly if he
would send out little dispatches publicly.
Then I went to the Free Press and took 400
papers. That emptied my treasury. I
dated 200 more. They sent me up to the
editor. It was Wilbur Storey, a dark-
skinned man. I managed to get up to his
office and make a strong plea. He listened
and then yelled out, 'Give this arab 200
papers.' I took 600 papers out. I was
sent off my feet when we reached the first
station. The depot was crowded with
people waiting papers. The next station it
was worse, and I raised the price of the
papers to 10 cents. At the third station
there was a mob and I sold out with papers
at 25 cents a piece.
"Well, do you know, that episode im-
pressed me that telegraphy was a great
thing, and I went into it. Telegraphy led
me to electricity."

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G. & A. BURNES, MANAGERS.
211 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON

CO., Limited
and Market
London.

WITH THE POETS.

THREE AGES.

Without a doubt or question I believed
The story of the Book from God received;
And when I learned upon my mother's knee
How Christ gave up his life on Calvary.
It seemed to me that every infidel
Deserved at least an everlasting hell.

YOUTH.
I knew it all. I called myself a muff
For having faith in all that silly stuff;
I looked with pity on the ignorance
That could not see through humbug at a
glance.

With pride I called myself an infidel,
And thought it funny to make jokes or hell.

MANHOOD.
Without a doubt or question I believe
The story of the Book I now receive.
With feelings just the same as when I heard
My mother read with reverence God's Word.
A little thinking killed my faith, and then
Deep study brought me back to God again.
—W. L. Riddan.

LOVE IN THE WOODS.
She met me in a grassy glade
That slept within the silent shade,
Where thrushes sang and shadows played—
Our trysting place in childhood.

My rosy, sparkling, charming girl
Stood where the sun and shadow
With sunlight shuttles green and pearl,
Wave fairly carpets to the swirl
Of soft grass in the meadow.

For winds had blown, and rains had rolled
The blades and flowers beating
And draped the trees in red and gold
In honor of our meeting.

She met me with a saucy air,
That lovely girl, she tricked me!
For like a lion from his lair,
Amid this scene so sweet and fair,
Leaped out her head, and licked me.

NOT TRULY BRAVE.
O, fiercely fought he in the wars!
His courage of old was noted,
And three times he for gallantry
Was honored and promoted.

Where bullets flew as thick as flees,
And almost as annoying,
Well to the front he bore the brunt
When death with men was toying.

The shriek of shells no terror brought,
Though comrades fast were falling,
He stood alone in trenches stern
With courage most appalling.

He gave to death a scornful smile
For four and he was strangers,
When blood flowed free he laughed in glee,
Found food for mirth in dangers.

Yet now his noble courage fails—
His heart is near to stopping—
It shakes his nerves when his wife observes
"John, come with me shopping."

TANTALUS-TEXAS.
"If I may trust your love," she cried,
"And you would have me for a bride,
Tide over your love, and bring
Your flask full from the Mustang springs;
Fly, fast as ever eagle's wing
O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard, and bowed without a word,
His gallant steed he lightly spurred;
He turned his face, and rode away
Toward the grave of dying day
And vanished with his parting ray
On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding on,
Day came, and still he rode alone;
He spared not spur, he drew not rein,
Across that broad, unchanging plain,
Till he to the Mustang spring might gain
On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draught
Hot from his hand, and a quickly quaffed;
His flask was filled, and then he turned,
Once more his steed the Mustang spurred,
Once more the sky above him burned
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode;
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
"So often true, so often tried,
Bear up a little longer yet!
His mouth was black with blood and sweat,
Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet
On the Llano Estacado."

And still, within his breast, he held
The precious flask so lately filled.
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew
If empty it should meet her view,
Her scorn! but still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.
While on a cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to die
Beneath the cruel, cloudless sky,
On the Llano Estacado.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell,
His day was done, he knew full well,
And raising to his lips the flask,
The end, the object of his task,
Drank to her, more she could not ask.
Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Precidio,
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
She danced, and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim,
Lying, with face upturned and grim,
On the Llano Estacado.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.
Why should I waste my life in heaving sighs
For her whose love I know can ne'er be
mine?
What, though her eyes with sweetest glances
shine,
And in her face the rarest beauty lies,
Let some one else her loveliness now prize.
For I shall sadly sigh for her no more,
Although my heart with longing pangs is
sore.

And rent with love's sweetlingering memories,
I'll try to drive her from my fancy's eye,
And in the future I'll forget the past.
Our joys and sorrows cannot always last.
But like all things of earth must surely die;
And so I'll sadly sigh and sigh no more,
But laugh through life, a breath which soon is
o'er.

—John J. McIntyre.

Don't You Know
That to have perfect health you must have
pure blood, and the best way to have
pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best
blood purifier and strength builder. It cures
all taint of scurf, salt rheum and all other
impurities, and at the same time builds up
the whole system and gives nerve strength.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c of
C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
"So you didn't marry him?" "No; I
wouldn't marry any man who wouldn't
propose first."

English Savin Liniment removes all
hard, soft or calous Lumps and Blisters,
issues from horse, Blood Spavin, Curbs,
Sprains, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiles,
Spleens, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs,
etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle,
Sold by John Callard and all druggists.

WITH THE FAIR SEX.

THE DUKE'S DISLIKES.

The Duke and the Duchess of York have
been taking a second little honeymoon at
Sandringham. Probably Prince George
has no ambition to be an arbiter of feminine
fashion, but he is likely to become one if a
certain story be true. According to this
report he told the Princess that he was
much averse to the puffed sleeve of the
present style, and Princess May, like a
dutiful bride, at once forewore the fashion.
Her many admirers will be only too ready
to follow suit, and the honeymoon may
thus appear as a regulator of tides in the
affairs of women.

THE COMING DRESSES.

Tailors rejoice in the outlook just now,
for plain dresses promise to become popular
again, and though the most elaborate crea-
tion of frills and flutings may be essayed
with temerity by the amateurs, and may be
a success in the hands of a second-class
modiste, the plain gown is an impossibility
save to the sartorial artist. Skirts and
bodies, so we learn from late notices, are
to be neither high nor broad, but re-
duced to modest dimensions, and jackets of
the neatest cut are to replace the fluffy
escapes. Buttons, so long discredited and
despised, will be used with reckless pro-
fusion as a trimming on these severe gowns,
even appearing on the skirts as well as on
the bodices.

LONDON'S FEMININE STOCK

Amey E. Bell has been for several years a
stock broker in London. She has an
office hard by the Stock Exchange, and
does a large business, especially among
women clients. Her peculiar aptness for
the profession was shown when she was a
little child. An old gentleman, a visitor at
Miss Bell's home, happened one day to be
diligently reading the money article in the
Times. He was in no mood to be inter-
rupted, so he said to the child when she
hung around him: "Run away, little girl!
I am busy with my lessons, and you must
go to yours." "Yes," said Miss Amey,
"but what's your lessons in my play?"
For it was the highest recreation of the
infant phenomenon to study the stock
quotations.

BALTIMORE'S RAILROAD PRINCESS.

One of the richest women in this country
is Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, daughter of
the great railroad king, and sister of the
present head of the Baltimore and Ohio
system. She is about 38 years of age, and
is worth perhaps \$20,000,000, much of
which she herself has made by judicious
investments. She is of medium height, has
a pale face, and blue eyes much deepened
by spectacles. She is said to be a walking
library on railroad affairs. She has
absorbed her father's love for the business,
and is acquainted with every detail of the
road he founded. She gives a large
share of her time to business, another large
share to charitable work, but very little to

ATHLETICS FOR CITY GIRLS.

At the Saratoga meeting of the American
Social Science Association a paper was read
on "Athletics for City Girls" by Dr. Mary
T. Bissell, of New York, who discussed the
following points: Does the city girl need
more physical exercise than she has always
enjoyed? If so, should she be permitted
to follow her instincts, and how far may
she go in pursuit? The physician, said the
speaker, must know the constitution of his
patient before he prescribes a remedy. The
city girl, up to 20 years of age, spends a
large part of her time in school, at a
large part of a piano. Her outdoor exercise
is confined generally to walking on the
pavements, with no physical recreation
worthy of the name for months at a time.
In the evening, if socially inclined, after
she "comes out," balls, theaters and operas
take up the time of the studious young
woman, and she has no time to devote to
physical exercise or training. Yet statistics
and the speaker's own measurements show
that the standard of feminine height in
New York is excellent, many young women
exhibiting unusual stature. Dr. Bissell
would recommend for city girls daily
physical exercise during the school age of
an equivalent to a five-mile walk, so that
she may inhale all the available oxygen and
expand her chest with deep breathing.
The speaker continued: "We must devise
some means which will give the maximum
of properly arranged exercise in the mini-
mum of time. A girl who is delicate or has
any organic disorder should certainly con-
sult her physician before engaging in
any active game, be it tennis, bicycling or
other exercise that brings the muscles into
play. In any scheme for a liberal education
of girls, athletics must have a fair oppor-
tunity to prove their usefulness."

OUR

ADVICE

TO

THIS

PAIR

AFTER THIS LITTLE EXERCISE, IS JUST TO SEE HOW EASILY SOOT CAN BE REMOVED BY

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WIFE, AS WELL AS EVERY MECHANIC, SHOULD KEEP A SUPPLY.

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act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse

the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive

breath and headache. One TABLE taken at the first indication of in-

digestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of

spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when

neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

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