Boys and Girls. &

Dolly: Dolly's plump and fair to see-Dolly thinks a lot o' me, Always smiling pleasantly, Ever jolly.

Dolly meets me on the street-Dolly's often indiscreet-Never was a girl so sweet, Full of folly.

Every day I steal a kiss; Dolly simply laughs at this, Never thinking it amiss-Never, Dolly.

More, she sits upon my knee-True, she's all the world to me. And this very day she's three, Is my Dolly. -The Alliance.

. . Mother's Mince Pie.

Mother was going to make the mince pie. She was very busy, and her nervous system. Regularity in sleep mind was full of other things, for Kitty | is every bit as important as regularity and Jack were in bed with the measles, and Maggie, the cook, had just scalded her hand, and Aunt Katie and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were all coming on the afternoon train to spend it kills me; or, rather, if it breaks the Thanksgiving.

Still, it would never do to have mince pie, so mother tied on her blueover it; then she folded it over and rolled it out again and put more bits of butter on it. When she had done this a good many times it began to puff up in places and make bubbles: and then mother stopped rolling and cut out a nice round piece, which she laid in the pie dish, trimming the edges nearly all around.

Just then a man came to the back door and asked, would the lady please give him a piece of bread, as he 'hadn't had nuthin' to eat since day before yesterday;" so mother got a piece of bread and some corned beef, and while he was eating it she went back to the pie and began to cut out another round piece.

But before she had it half cut she heard Kitty calling, and ran up stairs to see what was the matter. Kitty wanted a glass of water and Jack wanted his pillow turned, and it was time for both of them to take their medicine. Mother did everything they wanted, and then went back to her pie. She put in the mince meat, and then she began to put thin layers of crust around the edge; and then a book agent came to the door and said he had a most interesting work he would like to show her, and that it was in nineteen volumes at three dollars a volume, and no person of education could afford to be without it. So mother said she was not a per- In the forests of the night; son of education, and the book agent went away looking very cross. Then Could frame thy fearful symmetry? mother put the cover on the pie and marked it with three crosses, for In what distant deeps or skies Faith, Hope and Charity, as she always did; and then the door-bell rang, On what wings dare he aspire? and she put the pie on the shelf in the closet, and took off her checked apron and went to the door, and it was the doctor, who had been called to set a broken leg for a boy who climbed on a shed to find a ball and fell off, so he could not come before to see Kitty and

By the time the doctor's visit was over, the afternon train had come in, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were at the door. They had brought Cousin Sophronia and Cousin Almira Jane with them, as a surprise to mother, and it was a surprise.

She took them all upstairs and showed them their rooms, and put Cousin Sophronia and Cousin Almira Jane in her own room, because there was no other. Then she went down to get tea, and poultice Maggie's hand, and make milktoast for Kitty and Jack, and iron father's collars, and press out Aunt Kate's mantilla, which had got crumpled in the carriage. So then it was tea time, and then in a little while it was morning again, and Thanksgiving Day. Mother was so glad to think that the mince pie was all ready, for she had the turkey to dress and roast, and the cranberry sauce to make, and the vegetables to cook and pudding to make. At last dinner time came, and the turkey was done to a turn, and smelt so good: and the pudding was ready, and so was everything else, and then mother went to the closet and took out the mince pie, and found that she hadn't baked it! Poor mother!-Laura E. Richards, in Youth's Companion.

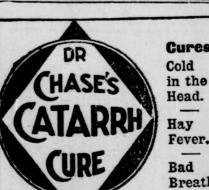
"Bedibus-Nine-O'Clockibus."

Learned doctors use big words and prescribe strange remedies. Dr. Dio Lewis gave the following example: A young lady came into his office south, to the unique honor. one day looking rather grave and "Doctor," said she, "don't you think

so thin, too-nothing but skin and bones? The doctor admitted that she was right—that she did look rather old for

"But, doctor, what can I do?" she asked. "Can you not give me a prescription? "Would you be willing to take some-

thing very bitter?" asked the doctor. She would take anything if it would



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Deafness.

Loss of Taste and Smell.

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"The technical name of it is "Bedibus-nine-o'clockibus!" "Bedibus-nine-o'clockibus!" Oh, do tor, what an awful name!" "Yes; it means that you must go to bed every night before nine o'clock." "Oh, that is dreadful! I thought it was something to take."

"What time do you generally go to

"Generally about twelve o'clock." "I thought so. Now, if you will go to bed every night for six months at nine o'clock, without making any other change in your habits, you will gain ten pounds in weight and look ten years younger. Your skin will become fresh and your spirits improve wonderfully.'

have company-"It is regularity that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights in a week, and then go think this every other night early and every other night late is much better than every night late. It is regularity that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night in the week deranges the

in food." The doctor's argument prevailed. The lean patient suddenly exclaimed: "Doctor, I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock if

hearts of all my friends." Still, it would never do to have She did it, gained 21 pounds in five a Thanksgiving dinner without a months, and found herself in the very best possible health and spirits, fresh checked apron, took out the paste- and young looking, and quite delighted board and the rolling pin and went to with the new and simple remedy, which work. She mixed the paste and rolled she recommended enthusiastically to it out thin, and put bits of butter all her friends.

The Poets.

The Islander.

Upon this island star of space I hear the thundrous billows break; Strange scenes arise before my face; I start and stare—alive, awake.

Far seaward glints a parting sail;-'Twas mine, 'twas mine, but how and

cannot tell, for memories fail Of spirit things in lands of men. Was I the captain of the bark

Whose crew rebelled and left me O silence, answer; tell, O Dark, Was I myself the mutineer?"

-William J. Ros.

The Tiger. Tiger, Tiger, burning bright, What immortal hand or eye

Burned the fire of thine eves? What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art, Could twist the sinews of thine heart? And when thy heart began to beat. What dread hand? and what dread

What the hammer? what the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? what dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears, And watered heaven with their tears, Did He smile his work to see? Did He, who made the lamb, make

thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright, In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? -William Blake.

Tramore and Down.

[Catholic Union.] We find this in a recent number of the New York Sun:

"Bridget Sheridan, of Kilcoo, county Down, has just died at the age of 115 years. She was a peddler, and was engaged in her business till shortly be-fore her death. She was fond of tell-

ing what she had seen of the rebellion What a pity Bridget didn't live until next year. She might then have vitnessed the centenary celebration of the brave '98 she so vividly recalled. By the way, Bridget Sheridan's phenomenal years gives the belt for longevity to the north; and riddles the

hoary pretensions of Tramore, in the According to the London Globe there are now living in Tramore-the famous seaside resort-no fewer than four centenarians-Martin Fitzgerald, aged I am looking very old for twenty; and 107 years; Mrs. Kennedy, 105; James Maher, 101, and Joseph Phelan, who has completed his 100th year. These instances of remarkable longevity have evoked the following waggish lines

from the same journal: Now, you who find living a bore, A bore, Keep away from the town of Trar ore, Tramore-For the air is so rare.

That the populace there, Cannot possibly die

Till they're close on the age of five

But if you would live to five score, Five score. Make tracks for the town of Tramore, Tramor Where you'll find by the shore Centenarians four (There are possibly more),

score,

Tramore! There's a marvelous Martin Fitzger'l, Fitzger'l; Mrs. Kennedy, grandest ould girl, Ould girl;

So healthy a town is Tramore,

And old people galore,

Maher, Phelan, aroo! And O'Donnell, aboo! And Methusaleh, too, If he had but his due Would be found to have hailed from

Tramore, Tramore Would be found to have hailed from Tramore, Far be it from the Union and Times to say ought in disparagement of the famed southern resort where Ireland's and will carry on the work of the house "fair women and brave men" have so under the direction of a skilled houselong disported in the summer sea. But keeper, cook and laundress, a di prosaic truth compels us to say that being given upon the completion of the Bridget, the peddler from Down has course, which will insure the graduate Bridget, the peddler from Down has course, which will insure the graduate knocked to smithereens the hoary a position through the office of the Docrown of Tramore; and it is now in mestic Reform League. The establish-

mortal Biddy for a refrain.

Too many of what are known as finishing schools are of doubtful utility, though many of those found in South Germany are developed on the most practical of lines. Before being admitted girls are supposed to have been thoroughly well educated. They come to the school mainly to learn housekeeping. The schools generally num-ber from ten to twenty boarders, each of whom has a separate bedroom. Every morning after breakfast the girl has to make her own bed and dust the "I'll do it, though of course when I room. Once or twice a month she is obliged to alter the position of the furniture, so that she may know how to arrange things. Every week she is called upon to take her dresses from to bed four nights at nine, one might the cupboards, with everything else think that would do very well. I don't she may require for a long visit. This done, the mistress inspects it and points out the many ways in which she may save space.

At one school in Baden only sixteen pupils are admitted, and two housemaids and one cook are kept. At the commencement of the term the gir 3 are informed by the mistress that four of them are required every week to take absolute charge of the house. They have to rise early in the morning and see to the preparation of breakfast. When this is finished they make their beds and tidy their rooms, and afterwards go around the house to see that the servants have done their work. Then they are told by the mistress what the midday dinner will consist of, and this they have to prepare, though the cook will supervise what they do in the kitchen, giving hints and preventing waste.

One of the four girls will have to sit at the head of the table and serve the soup, carve the poultry or joint, and help the sweets. This meal over, those on duty have, after a short rest, to arrange afternoon tea, which they lay in the drawing-room, and at which they have to wait upon their companions and any visitors who may happen to call. In the evening there is frequently some music or light recreation, where the four girls have to act as hostesses. They finish up their day's work by arranging supper, but are not allowed to retire for the night until they have left the kitchen in perfect order and have seen that the doors and windows all over the house are properly secured.

P. P. The Unembarrassed Woman.

It is a great pity that there is no club and no class which women can join and thus learn the delicate art of ease in social intercourse. There are "Yes, sir, blind. Twice he asked me teachers for almost everything nowadays, but after all the women who are head all the time." blessed with absolute self-possession are born, not made. However, it is possible to make a charming hostess out of a diffident young girl if proper come of incessant correction is usually | Kate?" bashfulness for the self-conscious girl. | men, ain't it?"

The days of the old salon are gone, and perhaps they will never come again, since we lack the leisure of those alluring times when conversation was made a fine art, but we must always entertain after some fashion, and to enter the home of a gracious woman for an hour's rest and relaxation is like going into a rose garden when there is snow outdoors. How shall we teach our girls, then, the secret that made Queen Louise of Prussia irresistible to everyone but Bonaparte himself. It is a subtle secret, but it is found out, as that will turn failure into success every time they are tried—practice and patience, patience and practice—and the shy girl of 17 can be developed into the faultless hostess of 27. Meeting men and women continually and entertaining them upon all occasions, formal and informal, will give the practice. The patience must come from an unceasing effort to think always of your guest first, of yourself last.

About Wedding Rings.

English women didn't always wear a plain gold circlet for a wedding ring. At one time the custom was for the ring to cost as much as the bride- her to sign her name "here," indicatgroom could afford to pay. Rings of ing the spot. "Och," said she, with a finger of a Roman lady dug up in word!" Pompeii.

In France wedding rings used to be made of three or more links of quaint design, and in Germany, at the same astrological characters. Roman Cathoa fashion of embedding in the ring a fragment of some relic, such as a mor- this," she exclaimed, and attempted to sel of the true cross. The Greek Church uses two rings, one of gold and one of silver. In Spain wedding rings made of the hoofs of asses are supposed to be was centered on her by the remark of possessed of peculiar virtue, and insure their wearers against epilepsy. Fashion has determined not only the style of the wedding ring, but the finger on which it shall be worn, and so capriciously has custom altered that every single finger, including the thumb, has been used in turn. Often, in portraits of seen on the thumbs of married ladies. In many parts of Great Britain it is still supposed that a marriage without a ring is not binding, and when the simply "Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor gold hoop has been lost or forgotten, Blank." They finally agreed to leave been used.

A School of Housekeeping.

Householders and homekeepers will be interested in a Boston idea which has taken shape in the establishment of a school of housekeeping, for the benefit of both employers and employes. The school comprises a home, a family, and classes in the theory and practice of housekeeping for employers, and a work for employes. The superintendent of the school is Miss Maria Daniel, well known for her work at the Pratt Institute, Lake Placid Club and the Chicago University, who will have en-tire charge of the house and of the training of the employes. Courses of lectures will be given by specialists in the ethics of housekeeping, the economic relation of the employer and the employed, and house sanitation. Ten employes will be received for training, order for some northern bard to match the minstrel of Tramore with the immortal Biddy for a refrain.

ment of this school is only another titles of it. It is a wonder worker in skin diseases and a great cure for piles.—33.

improve her looks. The doctor told her it was very bad indeed, and must be this improvement better and more skill-ful housekeeping must necessarily play ful housekeeping must necessarily play a large part. We are coming more and more to a realization of the fact that not a few of the worst evils afflicting clyilized society, including the woe of intemperance, have their root in the unwholesome and repellent diet provided in neglected and slovenly kitch-

ens. The relations between such kitchens and the saloons and other promoters of domestic misery are more inti-mate than many people imagine. It is a part of practical and applied Christianity to bring and enforce a better rule in every department of the home life, and in this work the Boston school of housekeeping must be counted as a hopeful and helpful factor,-[Christian Work.

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"Where was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher. "Please, sir, at the bottom." was the answer.

"What ails your mistress, Norah?" asked a neighbor. "The docthers do be sayin' that it is nervous pesteration she has, sure."

"What's this card in your pocket, John?" asked his wife. "That? Oh, before I went to lunch that was a billof-fare. Now it's my table of contents.'

"What's Mrs. Breezely in such a stew about?" "She asked the pleasure of Lieutenant Slick's company to tea, and he appeared on the scene with 40 of his

House-owner-How does your furnace

work this weather? Tenant-The exer-

cise of raking it keeps me warm enough, but the other members of the family complain. "Wretched boy," said the bishop to his delinquent foot boy, "who is it that sees and hears all we do, and before

whom even I am but a crushed worm? "The missus, my lord," was the startling reply. Jones, who is a great talker, was recently inveigled into betting \$2 that he could keep his tongue still two hours. Forty minutes had scarcely elapsed

when Jones shouted in great glee:

"Three cheers! The time's half gone!" Gentleman to Yokel-"Well, Jean, did you give the Marquis my note? "Yes, sir; but it's no use writing letters to him, he can't see to read them. He's blind-blind as a bat." "Blind?" where my hat was, and I had it on my

Flossie is 6 years. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married will training is given, and there is a subtle I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," reeducation in the mere mingling with pled the mother, with an amused people that yields better results than smile. "And if I don't get married all painful exhortations. The only out- will I have to be an old maid like Aunt "Yes." Mamma" (after a irritation for the mentor and increased pause) "it's a though world for us wo-

> Wife-John, I am sure young Spoonamore is becoming serious in his attentions to our Susie. Husband-Non-What makes you think so? Wife-He wears a new necktie every time he comes. Husband-Do you think Susie cares anything for him? Wife-I know she does. She hasn't eaten an onion this spring.

In a Scotch family, living in the parish of Dr. Norman Macleod, a s everything else, by the two things member of the household was taken seriously ill, and the minister of the adjoining parish was sent for. He did not recognize the mistress of the house when he arrived. "You do not attend my church?" he said. "No; Dr. Macleod's," was the answer. "Then why did you not send for Dr. Macleod?" asked the minister. "Send for Dr. Macleod!" exclaimed the woman; "did you think we would risk Norman with typhus fever?"

A writer in Harper's Drawer says FRANCIS G. JEWELL, 388 Richmond that a lawyer, having some papers to be executed by an old Irishwoman, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his arrival he requested bone and hard wood have been used; bland smile, "you sign it for me, for an ivory wedding ring was recently sure, since I lost me glasses I can't found on the finger of an Egyptian write." "Well, how do you spell your mummy-it is in the shape of two name, Mrs. S.?" "Martha, dear," she clasped hands. An iron ring, with cried, "come here directly and shpell the design of a hand closing over a me name for the gintleman, for sure, heart, was discovered on the skeleton since I dost me teeth I can't shpell a

She had never been to a dinner-party before, and so was a bit nervous. When the ices came, small cakes were time, they were engraved with queer passed with them. Most of the cakes were covered with pink icing, but on lic peoples-particularly Italians-had the further side of the dish was one "I will take coated with chocolate. pick up the cake. To her surprise it seemed glued to the platter. At the same time attention from all quarters the sable waiter, "Beg pardon, miss; but that's mine." The supposed chocolate cake was his thumb!

* * * * Two men, a German and a Frenchman, had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a state the time of Elizabeth, rings may be governor had any official title or not. One contended that she should be addressed as "Mrs. Governor So-and-So." The other stoutly insisted that she was such substitutes as the church key, a the matter to the first man they met. curtain ring or even a ring cut from He proved to be an Irishman. They the finger of the bride's glove, have stated the case to him, and asked for his decision. "Nayther of yez is right," he said, after a moment of severe cogitation. "The wife av a governor is a governess."

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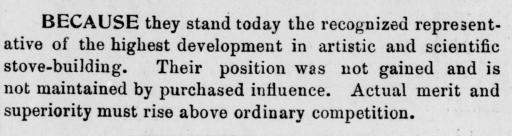
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