QUEER FEATURES OF LIFE.

A FEW STORIES THAT PROVE THIS A QUEER WORLD.

Marrying By Phonograph—Men Dentistry—An Old Man's Solitary Life—A Whole Column of Racy and Readable Incidents.

A week ago a young woman calling herself Josie Ellis, who had been employed at Gilbert's restaurant in Waukesha, Wis., was arrested on a charge of having stolen a watch, and was placed in jail to await her hearing. At the jail the prisoner was allowed to go about the house as she liked and took her meals with the Sheriff's family. On a recent afternoon, however, she declined to go to her meal, and another prisoner having the run of the building was directed to report if she attempted to leave. Word came that the woman had departed. The sheriff mounted his bicycle and gave chase. The girl dodged from place to place, through streets and alleys and old buildings and eluded her pursuer for half an hour or more, but he finally overhauled her. On her return to jail it was found that she had on six dresses and duplicate underclothing sufficient to make up a fair sized wardrobe.—Chicago Mail.

An Old Man's Solitary Life.

An old man named Peter Lechner lives, year in and year out, in a round tower on the top of the Sonnblick Mountain in the Austrian Alps—the highest meteorological station in Europe, and perhaps in the world. Throughout the long Alpine Winter he sees no living soul, save for an hour or two on Christmas Day, when a party cuts its way to him from the valley below laden with presents subscribed for in Vienna. His business in his eyrie between earth and heaven, is to take, three times a day, the readings of various instruments, and to telegraph or telephone them to the clerk of the weather in Vienna. For months his only chance of hearing a human voice is through the telephone. And all this Peter Lechner is willing to do for $200 a year.—Argonaut.

"Lucky" Baldwin's Hotel Experience.

E. J. Baldwin went to a hotel in New York for a rest. He was only going to stay a few hours in town. It was about 3 o'clock when he registered, and he wanted to take a little sleep before he was called at 10. The gentlemanly clerk recognized the name and the man, and looked pleased to have a whack at the long purse of the California millionaire.

Baldwin had his several hours' sleep, and was called at 10 o'clock, as ordered. He went to the office and asked for his bill. It was handed to him—$30. Mr. Baldwin looked at it.

"I am very much obliged to you for waking me at 10 o'clock."

"Why?"

"If I had slept a few hours more it would have busted me."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Marrying by Photograph.

A prosperous Slavonian rancher in the south end of the Huachuca mountains some time ago visited his native land and found a large number of worthy young ladies among his acquaintances who would be only too happy to find homes and husbands in this land of progress and liberty. Securing the photographs of a number of these young ladies, he brought them back with him and lost no opportunity to show them to his bachelor friends and neighbors. He told them that he had the promise of these young ladies that they would come to America and marry the man he would recommend, and as a consequence, a great many of his neighbors have excellent wives, each one selecting his choice from the photographs.—Nogales, Ariz., Herald.

A Tooth Drawn by a Hen.

Virginia is thus far the only known state which boasts of hen dentists. Some time since the Page County Courier published an account of a hen there angrily flying at a farmer and pulling out one of his teeth. George E. Heath, who lives in Hanover county, a short distance from Ashland, was in the city to-day. He states that on Saturday morning he went to his hennery and attempted to take a hen off her roost, when she flew in his face, pecked him in his mouth, and took out a tooth which had been troubling Mr. Heath for some time, and which he intended having extracted. This is the second hen dentist in Virginia.—Norfolk Landmark.

An Aerolite Falls Beside a Ship.

On the passage of the Glaucus from Newcastle she had a narrow escape from being struck by an aerolite. At 1.20 P. M., on December 10, off Crocodile Head, during a heavy thunder-storm, a sudden and sharp report like that of a gun of large calibre was heard. At the time of the report a very loud and whizzing noise was heard overhead, and simultaneously with this an aerolite was observed to drop into the sea in dangerous proximity to the vessel. The splash of the substance sent the water flying to the height of eighty feet or more.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Tied the Baby to a Cow's Tail.

An almost unheard of crime was committed in a Kentucky town to-day. A girl 10 years old was walking in the field with her two-year-old sister. The baby grew fretful and the girl tied the little thing to the tail of a cow and then hustled the animal into a gallop. The girl then went home and told what she had done. When the child was discovered it was a shapeless mass.

An Alleged Kiss.

One of the convicts at the Workhouse, by name Peter Dische, who is at present serving a three years' term for hypothecating land securities, has one thought that cheers him in his imprisonment. Away back in the past he once kissed Frankie Folsom—so he says—and the memories of that blissful moment still cling to him.

Some years ago, as he tells it, the Folsoms were at Atlica, or some small town in the State, and a young lady with whom he was acquainted and Miss Frankie Folsom and her mother were playing euchre. After some time the conversation drifted around to kissing and he ventured the statement that he had never kissed a girl in his life.

"Good reason," said Frankie, "you don't dare to!" returned Dische: "don't you ... I dare to kiss you?"

... lovely enough for any youth, ... put her around the waist ... kiss upon her lips ... but the fond remem- ... the convict during his tem- ... from the circles of society.

An Electric Plant.

... been discovered in India ... high degree of elec- ... giving a leaf off the ... shock about equal to ... of an induc- ... affected by ... power of the ... maximum in the ... at night. It is ... The soil on ... contains none of the ... cobalt or nickel.—Na-

... incurable loss of ... in disposition, ... into acute ... a course of ... and a little ... months of sick- ... complaint ... Vegetable ... two for three ... will be effected.

... and clean and white by ... Toothe Paste. Druggists ... Dyer & Co., Montreal.

... Blood Bitters is a medicine made from ... and herbs, and is the best-known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

LIVED AMONG CANNIBALS

Told by Baron d'Este, who Recently Wedded an American Wife.

Beresford Alfred, Baron d'Este, and his wife, nee Harney, whose first husband was the Viscount de Nesle, are at the Southern. The Baron d'Este is a Frenchman by birth, an Italian by descent, an Englishman through his mother, and a man of many countries by virtue of travel and inclination. He wears his title lightly, as one who has seen much of the world, and lived among those nations where rank is levelled by necessity; and such is indeed the case.

In conversation with a representative of the Republic yesterday he said that he had spent much of his life in the British colonies. The Baron is a handsome man, with a sunburned face, speaks English like an Englishman, and does not look over 40 years of age, though he may be older. As a young man he spent several years in Australia, but in 1870, when cotton was commanding a very high price, he, in company with a number of friends, went into the business of raising the costly product on the Fiji Islands. The islands at that time were inhabited largely by cannibals, and white men, though assisted by the friendly natives, carried their lives in their hands, and went constantly armed.

"The sister of my first wife," said the Baron yesterday, "was shot down by the natives, along with her husband and their two children. The cannibals then attempted to carry off the dead bodies, intending to eat them at their leisure in the mountains, but fortunately reinforcements came to our aid and the savages were driven back. My business partner died, and some of the wretches pilfered his grave of two thigh bones, which they carried off to their mountain retreat as trophies; but I found out who had been guilty of the desecration, and succeeded in recovering the bones.

"I was once on the point of tasting human flesh myself. Some of the natives had been assisting us to build a house, and the completion of the work was celebrated with a feast. In the course of the dinner I helped myself from a dish whose contents resembled pork, and was about to taste of it when a friendly native nudged me with his elbow and whispered one suggestive and sufficient word—'Man.' I needed no further explanation; but it must have been a great disappointment to the cannibals, who would have been much pleased to think that a white man had eaten human flesh. Our life was certainly a dangerous one, but cotton was selling high and we made money. In 1875 the English took possession of the island. I gladly joined their forces, and the cannibals were all either killed or made prisoners."

In 1878 the Baron left the Fiji Islands for India, where he went into the business of raising sugar. He also spent some time in Madagascar, but for the past few years has been living in Paris.—Republic.

Underground Voyages Near Boston.

Many parties have voyaged in the tunnel, underground, from Newton to the reservoir at Chestnut Hill, a distance of four miles, and the journey is an exciting and novel one. The water is about two feet deep, and the current runs about two miles an hour. Twenty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours is the usual supply. Manholes are placed at intervals along the main and a descent into one of them was made by the writer. A ladder leads down to a temporary landing of boards placed across the tunnel, through which the water glides noiselessly. The place was like a dungeon, and the light which the manhole admitted from above was speedily lost in the pitchy darkness which pervades the conduit.

The boats which are used in the summer time to convey parties of explorers from point to point, are provided with torches fixed in the stern and the bow of the boat to light the way. The current carries the boat along, and poles are used to guide the progress. There is also a remarkable echo here, and a stamp of the feet upon the boards, evokes thunderous explosions of sound that boom and boom like distant cannon, as the sound rebounds from the manhole along the main. One of the party sang a few notes and the sound was multiplied into a choir of mysterious voices, the effect being indescribably weird.—Albany Express.

No Longer Jealous.

A young married woman on the north side suddenly grew suspicious of her husband, who before his marriage had been "one of the boys," and recently she determined to catch him. Monday he told her he had to go to the lodge.

"That is only his excuse," she said to herself. "He'll not fool me this time."

As soon as he was around the corner she was after him in a cab. The husband, oblivious of the espionage he was under, went straight to the lodge hall. The cab was pulled up where a view of the hall entrance was secured and there watch was kept.

"He will be down soon," repeated the wife to herself, "and then I will catch him as he sneaks away."

At 10 o'clock lodge was over and the husband came downstairs with the other members. The "shadow" in the cab was alert to catch every word.

"Come, George," she heard some one say, "let's have a drink before you go home."

"Not to-night," she next heard in reply, "I must go straight home. My wife did not seem well, and I am anxious about her."

Then the husband started off homeward at a brisk walk.

"Whip your horse," the now crestfallen wife exclaimed frantically to the cabby. "I must get home before he does."

The welcome the husband received that night was a surprise to him. "This seems," he said, "like old times."

When Razors Get Tired.

"Maybe you don't think a razor gets tired," the barber said. "Well, it does, just the same as a man or a horse. Whenever a razor gets to working badly, it's tired and needs rest. Now, that's something there isn't one barber in a hundred ever heard tell of. When their razors get out of order they hone them, but it doesn't do any good. You can hone a tired razor from now until doomsday and that's all the good it will do. What they need is rest, just the same as a barber needs a two weeks' vacation in the Summer time. Did you ever see the edge of a razor through the microscope? It is composed of little particles of steel, similar to the teeth of a fine saw. I suppose there are a million of these little teeth on the edge of a razor, so you see when a man says that he has been shaved with a saw he speaks the truth. These little teeth get misplaced from constant use and nothing will bring them around to their proper positions but rest. Very frequently my razors get tired, and I lay them aside for two or three months. Then when I pick them up they work to perfection. The action of the atmosphere on the steel brings the little particles back to their proper places. Nine times out of ten when a razor pulls it is tired, and the man who handles it doesn't know what the matter is."—Chicago Globe.

"Papa, what's old maidhood?" "Old maidhood, my child, is the condition in which I discovered your mother just before I married her; and my regret for making the discovery is equaled only by my remorse for being instrumental in removing her from a state which she was especially adapted to fill. But remember, my boy, that mum's the word between gentlemen."

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay. Get a bottle of Pickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Caswell, Massey & Co.'s Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Pepsin and Quinine, is recognized as the best preparation known. Prescribed by the leading physicians. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

A Cure for Toothache.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum is guaranteed to cure toothache instantly. Prepared by J. A. Gibbons & Co., Toronto, and sold by druggists. Price 15 cents. 6

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ROADS.

What Experiment Has Proved—Some Opinions from Rhode Island.

Experiments on the amount of tractive force required to move a load show that it will take eight horses to draw a truck and load weighing 9,000 pounds on firm soil covered with gravel four to six inches deep. On earth embankment in good condition the work can be done by a force equaling two and one-half horses. On broken stone road in good condition the same load can be hauled by a force of one and one-quarter horses, and on the same road in bad condition, with ruts four to four and one-half inches deep and thick mud, five horses will be required. But on a good, dry pavement one good horse can move the same load all day.

On the subject of good and bad roads the following from the pen of the late Dr. J. G. Holland draws a comparison unfavorable to the existing road system in America:

"The point which I wish to impress upon my American reader is simply this: that the English horse, employed in the streets of a city or on the roads of the country, does twice as much work as the American horse similiarly employed in America. This is the undeniable fact. No man can fail to see it who has his eyes about him. How does he do it? Why does he do it? These are most important questions to an American. Is the English horse better than the American horse? Not at all. Is he overworked? I have seen no evidence that he is. I have seen but one lame horse in London. The simple explanation is that the Englishman has invested in perfect and permanent roads what the American expends in perishable horses that require to be fed.

"We are using to-day in the little town of Springfield just twice as many horses as would be necessary to do its business if the roads all over the town were as good as Main street is from Ferry to Central. We are supporting hundreds of horses to drag loads through holes that ought to be filled, over sand that should be hardened, through mud that ought not to be permitted to exist. We have the misery of bad roads and are actually or practically called upon to pay a premium for them. It would be demonstrably cheaper to have good roads than poor ones. It is so here. A road well built is easily kept in repair. A mile of good macadamized road is more easily supported than a poor horse."

The expense of building good roads is an important item, and the macadam is too expensive for country byways and crossroads, and, in fact, is only feasible where travel is extensive. Macadam 30 feet wide and 9 inches thick in the centre requires 5,500 tons of broken stone to the mile. The cost of stone varies from 70 cents to $2 a ton, and this would bring the cost of surface material up to $3,850 to $11,000 a mile. A macadam road has recently been made near Philadelphia at an average of about $3,000 a mile for six miles, but there was a good foundation to work on. At Bridgeport, Conn., forty miles of good macadam, 18 to 20 feet wide, including grading, cost a trifle under $8,000 a mile.

The committee on improvement of highways, Rhode Island division of the League of American Wheelmen, recently received two important letters upon the subject of good and bad roads which are of general interest. Ex-Governor Henry Howard, of Rhode Island, says:

"I am very glad to learn that there is some prospect of legislation in regard to our faulty highway system. When I returned from my first and prolonged visit to Europe I could scarcely believe that I had all my life been familiar with such roads as met my eye on my return. In no part of my travels had I seen roads so poor as is the rule in our country towns; and I had been in some out of the way places, too. We are more wasteful in this respect than all other things put together. Comparing the rural sections of Europe with those of our country, there is no doubt, I think, but that a horse there performs double the duty he does here, and therefore is worth twice as much. It would be the highest economy to put all our roads in a permanently good condition. When it is once done the annual expense is as nothing to the money which is expended now without any beneficial results. There is no class to which highways are so advantageous as to farmers. If they could be induced to give the subject sufficient consideration they would soon put a stop to this egregious folly of 'working out the tax.'"

The president of the Rhode Island Domestic Industry society writes:

"As to the matter of highway improvements, I think it is of the greatest importance to the prosperity of our agricultural communities that some change should be made in their care.

"At present in some parts of our state there is a gradual shrinkage in the value of our farming property, owing, in my opinion, to the want of better highway communication.

"In my own town Scituate, we have about seventy-two miles of highway, divided into about sixty road districts, and in some of these districts, I fear, the road taxes have been expended on the 'working out or standing out plan.' Last spring, at our annual town meeting, it was decided to make a change by appointing road commissioners, the number not to exceed three. This change takes effect this coming spring, and I hope that suitable road machinery may be supplied them, so that our road taxes may be used to better advantage. As to the present condition of the roads in our state there can be but one opinion—they need to be improved; as to how it should be done I have no plans. It might be well for the legislature to appoint a committee to take the matter into consideration and recommend some law that should be applicable throughout the state."

What Dreams Mean.

Science, no doubt, may have dispelled such old wives' fables as that to dream of a marriage signifies death, or to dream of a cat meant to meet a foe, but it has also added mysteries and terrors of its own to the subject. One learned man has actually tried to systematize the subtle premonitions of dreams, with the view of making them more available for use and guidance, though he simply adds to the maze of mystification which seems destined to forever surround them. However, here are some of his oracular explanations, which may be taken for what they are worth, which may be much or little, according to individual estimate. They appear to be quite sensible, however, in some respects.

"Lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous action.

"Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the head, often in nervous fevers announcing the approach of a favorable crisis.

"Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head.

"Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions.

"Dreams of disordered forms are frequently a sign of obstructions and disease of the liver.

"Dreams in which the patient imagines torture or injury of any limb indicates disease of that limb.

"Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head."—Boston Herald.

That latent force of fluid, which permeates all matter, and which bears the conventional name of Electricity, is widely appreciated and recognized as a means of cure in various diseases. Its effects in the form of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil are shown by the relief of pain, both neuralgiac and rheumatic, as well as the throat and lungs, and in various other healing ways.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

One or two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove dyspepsia and drive away that extreme tired feeling which causes so much distress to the industrious and persons of sedentary habits. Mr. W. E. Ellis, druggist, Fenelon Falls, writes: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well and giving good satisfaction."

CRISP CONDENSATIONS.

Volcanoes rarely, if ever, are more than five miles deep.

The eye of the beetle has upward of twenty-five thousand facets.

A paper in Canton estimates that 75,000 people die in China every year by fire and flood.

The five elevators in the Eiffel tower made a profit of $1,200,000 during the French exposition.

The coat shirt is said to be the latest. It is open in front all the way down, is made to fit the figure and does not have to be pulled over the head.

The greatest elevation ever attained by a balloonist was 57,000 feet, or about seven miles. The ascent was made Sept. 5, 1862, at Wolverhampton, England.

An Englishman has invented a desk for persons travelling that is fixed in such a way that it remains steady in spite of any swaying of the boat or train.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance wheel whirls 3,558¾ miles in one year.

For every 1,000 inhabitants the United States trains run 9,700 miles annually, while the train mileage of Great Britain, on the same basis, is 7,500; Belgium, 4,500; France, 3,550; Germany, 3,250.

In Siam you can get good board for forty-five cents a week, and this includes washing, the use of two servants to run errands, tickets to shows, three shaves and all the cigars you can smoke.

Fifty shillings an ounce was the price paid in England the other day for an Irish toilet service in silver of the time of William and Mary. It was not very highly ornamented, but it sold for $3,560.

The New "Finger" Prayer Book.

Henry Frowde, of Oxford university, has designed a series of prayer books, the novelty and merit of which consist alike in their diminutive size and the beauty of their binding. It is difficult to believe that a book of nearly 700 pages will go into the waistcoat pocket or into the purse, but such is the delicacy of the workmanship and the compactness of the binding that no difficulty will be found in such a method of carriage. The tiny volume, bound in morocco and velvet, which Mr. Frowde has called the "Finger" prayer book, weighs about three-quarters of an ounce, is only one inch in breadth, three and a half inches in length and one-third of an inch in thickness. To get 670 pages and two morocco covers into the thickness of one-third of an inch is a marvel of paper making and binding. One specimen is contrived to hang on the chatelaine; a clasp is made of silver, consisting of a double cross, one for each of the velvet covers of the book, and this both adds to the beauty of the volume and serves to keep it in a compact form. A ring is added, which serves for attachment to a chain. An edition is also issued without the calendar and the occasional services, thus reducing the thickness by one-third and the weight to about half an ounce.

Using Old Signs.

"It's surprising," said a sign painter to a reporter the other day, "to note how anxious some newly established firms are to purchase signs that have seen service.

"To meet the demand I have worked hard of late months, and I have hit upon a plan by which I can construct at a few days' notice a sign that will have all the appearance of having been through the water. Of course, inferior wood will have to be used in its construction, and a little mixture of my own thrown in, and then we have a sign of the old school, so old in appearance that the traces of the firm are scarcely visible. The mixture which I use requires great care in forming, and its ingredients are very expensive, so that, workmanship and material considered, a 'new-old' sign costs a great deal more than would a sign in fresh bright gilt.

"Only questionable firms seek to impose upon the public with false signs, but as there are a great many such institutions afloat at the present time, I have no trouble in finding ready and steady employment. The fad has just been born in my opinion, and you'll see a pretty extensive trade in it within a few years."—New York Mail and Express.

Icelanders in North Dakota.

It has only been within the past ten years or so that this class of immigrants began to colonize North Dakota to any extent. There are now about 2,500 of them located along the border, in Pembina county. They are clannish as a rule. They are well educated in their native language, and rapidly acquire a knowledge of English. When the advance guard first arrived they started for the sand hill, as the foot hill of the Pembina mountains are called. They have been doing there ever since, and this is where the main colony is located, though there are Icelanders to be found all through the country. Like the Scandinavians, they, as a rule, were very poor when they first arrived. Frugality, ability to stand the rigorous weather of a northern midwinter, and a knowledge of farming and stock raising have been the basis of their prosperity. Many of them have grown comparatively rich in five years while Americans and Canadians with equal advantages have just made both ends meet.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Power of a Prescription.

The manager of one of the theatrical companies playing here this week tells a story of his first Sunday in Pittsburg. He and a few other members of the company left the hotel last Sabbath afternoon on a quest for cigarettes. They visited one cigar store after another and glared savagely at the drawn blinds. Weary with searching they chanced to fall in with a young doctor, whom the manager knew. "I'll fix you," the medico said, and he led them to a well known drug store. There, all begging by the theatrical gentlemen was vain, but the doctor drew out his prescription book. He wrote upon it a lot of Latin, which, being translated by the drug clerk, thus resulted: "320 grains of leaf tobacco, in one ounce packages. Take three times daily, as directed." The cigarettes were handed out amid mutual smiles.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bowlegs from Bicycling.

An observer on the streets of Washington is struck with the extraordinary number of young men and youths who are bowlegged, or who have legs inclined to be bowed, with the toes of the feet turned in more or less. The fact can be verified any day by whomsoever observes to look. I think the explanation is chiefly, if not altogether, found in the bicycle. The cavalryman, as a rule, is bowlegged, with toes inturned, and the wheelman, like the horseman, assumes conditions that tend to throw out the knee and turn in the toes, if, indeed, the wheelman, in propelling his machine, does not more fully than the equestrian subject his lower extremities to exercise that curves them thus.—Washington Post.

His Style of Art.

"What style of art to you admire most," asked one young aspirant to glory of another.

"Well, I haven't any definite preferences. But I am a good deal devoted to the attic style."—Merchant Traveler.

A Trip to Manitoba.

Last year I went to Manitoba on the C.P.R. At Rat Portage I got sick, and at Winnipeg I was so weak I had to be assisted off the train. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and after the first dose felt better. When I got to Boissevain I was as well as ever. The Bitters cure the bad effects of the surface water of the prairies.

DONALD MUNRO, Balsover, Ont.

Old University.

For the best photo of the University, before and after the fire, call at the studio of H. E. Simpson, 41 King-street, east. 136

The charming resort of our fashionable citizens. The Arlington Hotel Toronto, has just opened its new east wing for inspection. The rooms arrangements and furnishings of the rooms are exquisite. 946

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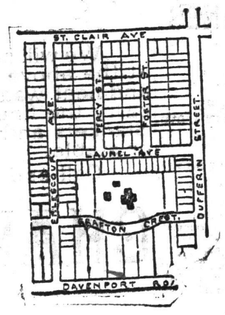

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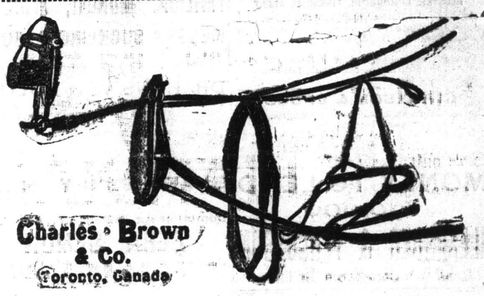

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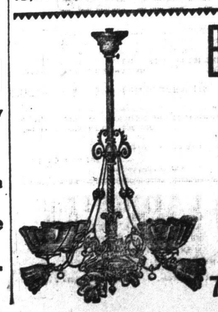
In which we are showing many new styles.

CLOSE PRICES

Samson, Kennedy & Co

44, 46 and 48 Scott-street, 15, 17 and 19 Colborne-st. Toronto. || 25 Old Change, London, England.

BENNETT & WRIGHT



GAS FIXTURES

LARGEST STOCK
BEST VALUE

72 QUEEN-STREET EAST