

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

She: I'll never marry a man whose fortune hasn't at least five ciphers in it. He (exultingly): Oh, darling mine's all ciphers.

Landlady: I simply dote on Shakespeare Professor. Hungry boarder: Then, madam, why give us Bacon every breakfast? — *Truth.*

"It is as easy to write shorthand," Fogg says "as it is to run into debt. In either case it is the notes that bother a fellow."

Dora (trustingly): Am I the only girl you ever loved, Jack? Jack: Why, yes, certainly, my love—that is to say, the only girl I ever loved as I love you, my darling?

Miss Pensee: Oh! Amy, I am going to give a novel little birthday reception. I have sent one invitation for every year of my life. Miss Caustique: My! you'll have a crowd.

Josephine: I cannot understand why we poor women should not have the same rights as the men. Rosalie: Because we can't do what men do. Can you hold your tongue? — *Saphir, Vienna.*

Mrs. Honeymoon (to bridegroom, in railway train): Do you love me? Old Party (confidently from other seat to bridegroom): She's asked you that forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window.

A practical joker recently sent pictures of W. D. Howells and Archibald Forbes to the police of Chicago to have them identified. The almost unanimous verdict of the police was that while the photographs were not in the rogues' gallery they were undoubtedly those of crooks.

"I understand," said Farmer Cornstossel, "that a lot of fellers is gittin' ready ter go up ter the North Pole." "Yes," replied the neighbor, "that's what it says in the paper." "Well, that jest shows how folks haint contented ter patroniz home industries, not even when it comes ter weather."

A gentleman of the old school employed a very polite and brisk Frenchman as a servant. One morning Jean-Baptiste came to wait on him. The gentleman, who had not yet risen, said: "Oh, Jean-Baptiste, I can't get up—I'm as sick as a horse this morning." "Ah! monsieur," exclaimed the Frenchman, springing toward the door, "I will bring ze veterinaire at once!"

We will take any of the following for one year's subscription, if delivered at this office: Four fat hens, five cockerels, two geese, one turkey, one dozen dressed rabbits, five dozen fresh eggs, one and one-half bushels of potatoes, four pounds of fresh butter, ten pounds of fresh pork, two bushels of corn meal, or anything that a family can use of the value of \$1. — *Rural Exchange*

Dakota lawyer (to witness): You saw the fight with your own eyes, did you? Witness (slippantly): That's what I did. Judge: Lookee here, young gent, you answer any more questions in that slip-slap style in this court room and I'll fine you for contempt of court, danged if I don't. You don't want to fergit that you're in a court of jestic now, and that the dignity of this here court has got to be preserved if I have to break a leg to do it! Jest mind that, freshy!

Judge Kellen was for many years police judge of St. Louis. An old Irish woman named O'— was often before him in consequence of her too great fondness for "a drap up the cratur." One morning she was called up and the clerk read the charge: "Mary O'—, found drunk in the street." "What plea do you want to enter, Mary?" said the Judge. "Well, yer hanmer," said Mary, "I'll not be pl'din' at all to that charge; it's too general. It don't say what strate."

The other night at a club some Americans were boasting about their inventions and the wonderful machines to be found in the States. One of them told of the well-known mincing-machine, in which, a live pig being introduced

at one end it was turned out as sausages at the other end. An Irishman present, who was not going to have the Yankees riding rough shod over every other nation, turned on them and said promptly: Bedad, we've got the same machine in Ireland, only ours is more perfect and far more satisfactory, sure, for if you don't like the sausages you can put them back into the machine, and by reversin they'll come out live pig agin where he went in.

WHAT A WORD WILL DO.

Byron reminds us that a word is enough to rouse mankind to mutual slaughter. Yes, there is power in a word—Marathon, for instance, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Appomatox. Great battles these, but what a great battle is going on in many a sick and suffering body. In yours, perhaps. Take courage. You can win. Call to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts powerfully upon the liver, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities; cures all humors from a common Blotch or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially potent in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles; Sore eyes, Scrofulous sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings" and Enlarged Glands.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion.

Helen Keller, lately, in the story of her life, spoke of Boston as "The City of Kind Hearts." Boston has read of it, and, if there is anything in this world that the wonderful blind girl wishes and Boston can get for her, she has but to name it.

Experience has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use health and vigour could be fully restored.

A silken prayerbook has been woven at Lyons, in France, the completion of which took three years. The prayers are not printed on the silk, but woven. Five hundred copies were "struck off" the loom, and bought for wedding presents.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the Trajan Column in miniature. Scenes from the Queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely cut that they are only discernible through a microscope.

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Father Tumoine, who died a few days ago, had been pastor of St. Ann's Catholic Church in New Orleans for nearly forty years. He was born in France in 1818, and came to America in 1846.

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