

# The Scrap Bag

"I am half distracted, Capt. Shandy," said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby's study box; "a mote—or sand—or something—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine; do look into it—it is not in the white."

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close beside my Uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocence of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 'twere as much sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My Uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my Uncle Toby to look at one at all. 'Tis surmounted. And—

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for the spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent, delicious fire, furiously shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into time.

If thou lookest, Uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon, in this respect, that it is not so much the eye or the cannon in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, madam," said my Uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venerable a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my Uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking; it was not, madam, a rolling eye—a romping eye—a wanton one—nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my Uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft—like the low accents of an expiring saint—"How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lead your head on—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it. It was my Uncle Toby's business.—Selected, "Irish Humors," Lawrence Sterne.

Two Frenchmen, with a woman, the wife of one of them, have started to go around the world with a wheelbarrow. The barrow is large enough for all three to sleep in at a time, and all three will take turns in sleeping and in pushing the barrow.

"That remains to be seen," said the small boy as he split ink on the carpet.

Take the old world as you find it;  
Drift along—never mind it;  
Blight or blossom—never mind it;  
Sing your song:  
See that sky, or dark or blue?  
Good Lord bent it over you;  
See the sun's light stream through—  
Sing your song!  
Take the old world as you find it;  
Drift along!  
With the rainbow's roses bind it;  
Sing your song!  
For the daisy falls the dew;  
From the rose love wrests the rue;  
Good Lord made the world for you—  
Sing your song!  
—Chicago Times Herald.

## DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

How shall we learn to know ourselves? By reflection? Never; but only through action. Strive to do thy duty, then shalt thou know what is in thee.—Goethe.

**BREAKFAST**—Grapes, Graham's, Mush, Breakfast Stew, Boiled Eggs, Rolls, Ginger Snaps, Rasp-berry Jam, Coffee.

**DINNER**—Tomato Soup, Spare Ribs, Sweet Potatoes, Lima Beans, Celery, Apple Jelly, White and Graham Bread, Roll Jelly, Cake, Chocolate Cream Drops.

**SUPPER**—Bread and Butter, Potatoes in Milk, Chipped Dried Beef, Creamy Rice, Wafers, Tea.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—One cup molasses, one cup sugar, one half cup butter, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons ginger and soda, three teaspoons cream tartar, one half cupful boiling water. Dissolve soda in water. Roll thin.

Sweet potatoes are best either boiled or steamed and then browned in the oven. In either case cook until a fork will go through easily. Use only water to cover.

This little coat is one of the most attractive designs of the season. The model is of mastic colored rippled silk, lined with



pale blue India silk over an interlining of soft flannel, and trimmed with beaver. Many of these dainty garments are made of rich white faller; but except for the babies of the rich, who can be kept in immaculate freshness, so delicate fabrics are not advised. Better by far than soiled white silk are the pretty cloth coats of cadet blue, warm red or terra cotta, trimmed with bands of Persian lamb which look almost as well at the end of the season as in the beginning. The pattern shown is called the "Bonniebella." It is a plain sacque in front, slightly double, which gives added warmth just where needed; and the back has a double box-pleat in the middle. With cloth coats the full shoulder cape is sometimes made of velvet or silk of the same or contrasting color; but, unless made of the cloth, always matching the quaint little hooded bonnet. The bonnet is lined with silk of a becoming color and finished with a ruche of lace or silk. The front of the bonnet may be of velvet and the crown of silk, or the whole be of one fabric; but it always should match the little coat.

## Dress Trimmings.

Dress trimmings of all sorts and conditions were never more elegant, and elaborate embroidery of silk, velvet and lace is shown on almost every gown, whether it is made of velvet, silk or cloth. Heavy guipure lace, in cream or string color, with or without tracings of gold or jet sequins, is very much used to cover revers, collars, and form yoke effects over lace above a low-cut bodice. Lace flowers and conventional figures applied on satin or velvet are very stylish, and this decoration is seen in millinery as well as in dresses. Various shades of chenille, combined with iridescent sequins and lace, is another novelty which forms a part of some gowns, and a new mousseline de sole with insertions of open-work guipure or Valenciennes arranged over satin is still another. Valenciennes applique on net is one of the newest laces, and gathered muslin, edged with Valenciennes, is said to be much used in Paris. Fancy braids, too, are among the dress trimmings, and plain silk braid of rather a heavy weave is seen on black velvet gowns, sewn on in rows around the skirt at the bottom and across the jacket front, from the shoulder to the waist. Colored cloth embroidered with spangles and shaded in flower patterns is used for the entire bodice of silk and crepon gowns, and also for bands of trimming, while jetted velvets and jetted guipure, edged with a narrow band of fur, are among the special novelties.

Fur trimmings, which were so popular last year, are in demand than ever, and sable, chinchilla and Persian lamb are equally fashionable. The Parisian designer, always ready with daring combinations, does not hesitate to combine velvet, lace, fur, chiffon and artificial flowers in one gown, and even fur jackets are touched with the craze for variety and show revers of colored velvets traced in flowered patterns with jet.

The most noticeable feature of the new bodies is the coat effect, which is given by an added basque from six to twelve inches deep, which falls below a very narrow belt. It is usually cut somewhat circular in shape, so the edge hangs in fluted folds, or plaited in box plaits at the back. Another fancy is a basque at the back, only having the hips and front quite plain. And still more welcome revivals of fashion are the pointed waists and princess gowns, which are becoming to stout figures. Louis XVI. coats of velvet and flowered silk are to be worn with black satin and velvet skirts. An evening waist of white broadcloth velvet, flowered in soft rose colors, is made coat fashion, with a short fluted basque cut low in the neck in front and trimmed with white feathers and lace.

## Good Enough For Her.

The resources of a properly trained Biddy are practically inexhaustible. A short time ago I bought some very expensive housewife grapes for a member of the family who had been sick; but they were not fancied at the time, and I asked the maid to take them away. The next morning I went to her and told her to take the fruit to the sick room.

"Sure, ma'am, Oi can't. 'Tis meself thought ye wanted them throw'd away!" with the peculiarly stupid look an Irish girl puts on and takes off with ease.

"Throw away, Bridget!" I exclaimed, angrily. "How could you be so stupid! Don't you know that kind of grapes are awfully expensive?"

Don't be put out, ma'am, Bridget said, soothingly. "Sure, not one was wasted. Oi ate every good grape meself!"

## His Start.

One man, who is a wealthy and jovial farmer of Oxford county, tells a story about his start which his friends claim might be told with a great deal more propriety by many others. He is fond of tracing his life history back to a time when he owned only two steers. Just at this juncture he pauses impressively.

"How did you get them, Burt?" some interested auditor is always sure to ask.

"Do you really want to know?" Burt asks in a low and confidential tone.

"Yes, hang it, I stole them."—Chicago Record.

# Cheaper Street Watering

One-Third of Next Year's May be Done by the Street Railway Company

At Less Than Three-Quarters of the Present Rate.

An Investigation That Did Not Pan Out—Market Rents to be Raised—Is the Proposed \$50 Transient Trader's License Unlawful?

There is a fair prospect of the city getting at least one-third of the street watering done next year at less than three-quarters of this summer's rate. No. 3 committee also counts on a great saving in water. At last night's meeting of No. 3 committee the following letter was read from Manager Carr, of the street railway company:

"The London Street Railway Company is prepared to make a contract for a period of not less than five years for sprinkling the streets upon which our tracks are laid. We will supply water and give a service of four sprinklings per day at the rate of \$1.50 per mile of street, with the one reservation, that the length of street to be sprinkled shall not earn the company less than \$15 gross per day."

Mayor Little—We sprinkled eighteen and three-quarter miles this last year. One-third of that district—between six and seven miles—can be watered by the company.

Ald. Garratt—Why not recommend this to the new council? When the time comes for watering those streets next year there may be some petitions against certain streets.

Mayor Little—The street railway company will be known in time to get a tank. You can get eight miles done for the price you paid for six last year—3 cents a foot, compared with 4-1-4. Then, there is the saving of water—an important consideration.

Ald. Garratt—That's so.

Mayor Little—We could figure on what streets we were certain of as a basis.

Ald. Garratt—Would it not be better to advertise the work and hear any objections against it now?

Mayor Little—If the ratepayers get the watering done at 3 cents, almost any street would be glad to get it.

Ald. Pritchard—The reduced price is a great find out what should be done, you think we could make a contract this year for next year's watering?

Mayor Little—Certainly, if we can make a five-year contract for lighting. Ald. Pritchard—I will move that the engineer prepare a statement showing how many miles of street watering can be done by the street railway.

Mayor Little—Would you not go further in view of the lateness of the season, and instruct the solicitor to draw up a blanket agreement at the same time?

Ald. Garratt concurred, and the mayor's suggestion was incorporated in the motion, which carried.

A VERY GRAVE MATTER.

The chairman then directed the attention of the committee to the question of payment withheld from some of the street watering contractors.

"This matter has been a source of trouble to us through the whole season," said Ald. Powell, "and the matter has reached a climax when a report came to me that our inspector said that one of our contractors had the committee's money under his control, and he could do with it as he liked, and the committee would not be able to get it back."

Ald. Skinner—It does not look very good on Mr. Isaac's part to be absent. Ald. Powell—I can say for Mr. Isaac that he is no longer in the employ of the city.

The committee decided, with an air of gravity, to listen to any startling statement that should be made by Mr. Baldwin, the contractor referred to by Ald. Powell.

I did not hear the statement myself, I ventured Mr. Baldwin from a rear bench. "I have brought the young man who did it."

Wm. Daw, a smooth-faced lad, then arose and said that Mr. Isaac had told him that he did not care whether he came on for an hour or not, as Mr. Baldwin had the committee at his back.

Ald. Weld hurled such a string of cross-questions at the unsuspecting youth that he was almost led to believe that he was on trial instead of Mr. Isaac.

Mayor Little also questioned Daw, who works for Baldwin. Finally the question of paying the money withheld on contractors was taken up.

"To make a long matter short," said Ald. Garratt, "I will move that the contractors be paid. And I hope that we will have a different system next year."

Every member (with great fervidness)—So do I.

The contractors then withdrew, and the members looked at one another.

"There is nothing in what we heard from the boy," asserted Ald. Pritchard. "Nothing at all," signed Ald. Ardill. The Mayor—Ald. Weld applied a few of the Rules of Evidence, but there was nothing in it.

Ald. Garratt said nothing, and all wondered what the investigation had been about.

For a short while the members discussed the question of extra lights for the demand for the city, but the committee's wardens for lights for their respective wards began to find in such bewildering rapidity that in despair the committee agreed to report progress once more.

GROSS NEGLIGENCE. (?) Ald. Powell read a communication from the city engineer suggesting that owing to the low rental, any repairs thought necessary in the market buildings be done by the tenants.

"I think the idea is all right myself," said the chairman. "A man who rents a cheap house or cheap store should make the repairs himself."

Ald. Weld—But I don't think we could carry it out in practice.

Ald. Pritchard—As you are on market matters, why is not the market clerk here tonight?

Ald. Powell—I don't know.

Ald. Pritchard—I have got to call the attention of the committee to the fact that something has got to be done soon

or you will have the eastern veranda of the market house falling down, all owing to the gross negligence of the market clerk.

Ald. Powell—I went with the engineer last week and looked at the posts. We decided to remove them and place sheet iron around the posts to keep horses from eating them through.

The bottom had fallen out of Ald. Pritchard's charges, but he went on: "Well, I don't clear the market clerk in not properly attending to his business."

Ald. Powell—I think myself the place in question is too important a part of the market to have a lot of horses tied there.

RAISING THE RENTS. The chairman read a statement showing the total market receipts for rent to be \$2,992, and the ordinary yearly expenses about \$2,424.

The Mayor—Is that from all sources? Ald. Powell—All sources.

Ald. Weld—What is the gross revenue of the basement? Ald. Powell—About \$500.

Ald. Weld—I understand that when Mr. Ben Higgins was market clerk he rented the basement for \$700, and re-let portions with profit.

Mayor Little (to Ald. Powell)—Did you have a deposit wait on you today in reference to this matter?

Ald. Powell—No.

Mayor Little—Well, they were looking for you.

Ald. Garratt (to Ald. Weld)—Is Mr. Higgins willing to pay a little more rent for the portion of the basement he occupies now?

Ald. Weld—I don't suppose he is, but he said, nevertheless, I think it would be a good thing to let the whole basement by tender to one party and let him be responsible.

The Mayor—The only objection to that would be the taking of the management out of our own hands.

Ald. Pritchard—Well, it would be much better managed than it is now, anyhow.

Mayor Little—Someone was telling me that hotel men are petitioning against letting places on the market as eating houses and unduly competing with them.

"They ought not to be allowed to sell meals there at all," said Ald. Weld.

Ald. Pritchard—The people who go there to get dinners would not go to an hotel.

Ald. Skinner, Pritchard and Garratt defended the present system, and the matter of rent was referred to the matter of rent.

"I can't see for the life of me why the rental should be less now than it was in 1883," said Ald. Powell.

"The property is just as valuable," added Ald. Garratt.

Ald. Powell—How would it do to put on an advance of 25 per cent?

Ald. Pritchard—Do something more than this everlasting grumbling.

Ald. Garratt will move that the rent be increased 10 per cent. He said them up that much now, and let next year's council do likewise.

Mayor Little—I think it would be better to appoint a sub-committee to go there and find out what should be done. I would suggest Ald. Powell, Ald. Weld and Ald. Garratt.

Ald. Garratt withdrew his motion in favor of that suggested by the mayor, and moved that the sub-committee be instructed to recommend an increase of rent, graded as they think proper.

TAXING TRANSIENT TRADERS. Ald. Powell explained that when the bylaw authorizing the increase of the license fee of transient traders to \$50 a day was sent to the solicitor, he thought the word "day" a clerical error, and substituted "year."

"Well," said the mayor, "it is a question, anyhow, whether \$50 a day should not be held to be a restraint to trade which is prohibited by the statutes."

Ald. Skinner—It is.

Ald. Pritchard—Well, we want to restrain some of those blackguards that come in here to sell.

Ald. Weld and Ald. Powell were appointed a sub-committee to consult the solicitor regarding the validity of the bylaw.

POOR RELIEF WOOD. Ald. Powell—I was pressed by the relief officer today to go and inspect some relief wood. The wood was not only short, but it was inferior stuff. The idea of sending a poor man wood that you or I could not split with a maul and wedges! I notified the contractor that he would have to give good wood, or no pay.

Ald. Weld—Who was the contractor? Ald. Powell did not hear, and immediately the whole committee was intently listening to a dialect story by Ald. Garratt, which had been suggested by the mention of wood.

The members present were: Ald. Powell (chairman), Mayor Little, Ald. Garratt, Ald. Weld, Ald. Skinner, Ald. Pritchard, Ald. Ardill and Clerk Bell.

## THE ONLY HELP.

A Victim of Bright's Disease for Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Neepawa (Special), Nov. 11.—Mrs. T. H. McKee, formerly of Chicago, came here as a last resort. Had suffered for many years from Bright's disease. Reported to be past help and dying, her reappearance on the street in apparent good health was a pleasant surprise. The explanation given was that her little boy had insisted that she should use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and she had done so.

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Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom better than any other what kind of a man you are yourself; for you show me there where your ideal of a manhood is, what kind of a man you wish to be.

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from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance.

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DR. GEORGE H. WILSON, YORK street, near Talbot. Specialties, nose, throat and lungs.

DR. ENGLISH—OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 688 Dundas street. Telephone.

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