

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Her Grace.

The following is a new version of an old, old story. Wonderful is the enlargement and adaptability of the chestnut.

An English woman of rank, a duchess, while kind-hearted in the main was careless about many matters which affected the happiness of others, particularly the tradespeople whom she patronized. She was apt to forget to pay her bills until annoyance and sometimes distress resulted.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother; and the child gravely promised to remember.

When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess' presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly, "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that lighthearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out the check for the amount due to the milliner.

The little girl, happy in the belief that she had done the errand exactly as she had been told, departed joyfully; but the quickwitted duchess knew that the lesson she had received had never been intended, and felt its reproof all the more.

"Wusser Nor That."

Wordsworth's Peter Bell, to whose practical mind

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

is paralleled by the sexton of a rural church in England.

The rector asked him why a rich parishioner had stopped coming to church, and whether the trouble was Latitudinarianism. He answered:

"No sir! it's wusser nor that."
"Then it must be Unitarianism?"

"No, sir! wusser nor that."

"Ah! perhaps it is Agnosticism?"

"Oh, no, sir! It's wusser nor that."

"But it can't be Atheism?"

"No, sir! It's wusser nor that."

"But there can't be anything worse than Atheism."

"Oh, yes, sir! It's rheumatism."

She Knew.

Mrs. Von Blumer (flourishing a mass of papers)—"My dear, I wish you would show me how to pay all these bills."

Von Blumer—"You don't mean to say you have forgotten how to make out a check already!"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"But I—"

Von Blumer—"Exactly. Don't know whether to write out the figures or not. Don't know whether the check should be signed or endorsed on the back. My dear woman, didn't I give you \$500 three weeks ago to open up a bank account with, so I wouldn't have to be bothered about it any more?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"You did."

Von Blumer—"And didn't I spend nearly half a day in showing you how to make out a check?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Certainly. But—"

Von Blumer—"But you forgot it the next day, and I had to show you all over again. My dear, can you sign your name?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Of course. I wish—"

Von Blumer—"Can you read the printed part of a check?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Won't you—"

Von Blumer—"Then can't you fill it in? Here's a bill, for instance. First satisfy yourself that the amount is correct. Then fill out your stub, then the check. Sign it, tear it out, and mail it with the bill."

Mrs. Von Blumer—"I know how to make out a check, you stupid man!"

Von Blumer—"Then I'd like to know what's the matter?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—"Why, there's no more money in the bank."

"He's a Little Feller."

Walking down the street the other day I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside he cautioned,—

"Look out, now, don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tucked."

"What will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little feller, and so he orter have a fair show."

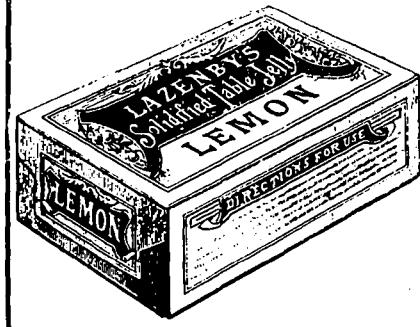
"And he shall!" said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin git along most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast sweeping up from the river, "but birds is such little fellers that

FOR DINNER :: PARTIES



LAZENBY'S JELLY is the Best.

we've got to sort o' hist and tote 'em round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-bye to you."

"Good-bye, Jackie," I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chappie flew round the corner.

Danger of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how different would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not disease of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature? It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

Every perfect scheme of action thou devise, will lie belied.

The Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, etc., act as so many waste gates for the escape of effete matter and gases from the body. The use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery helps them to discharge their duty. Mr. W. H. Lester, H. M. Customs, Toronto, writes: "I have personally tested the health giving properties of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and can testify as to its great value."

One of the ill-effects of cruelty is that it makes the bystander cruel.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery, or diarrhoea and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Violence in the voice is often the death rattle of reason in the throat.

Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it was beyond our expectation."

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