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Beef, Mutton, Lamb,
Veal, Spring Chicks,
Turkeys, Fowls,
Native Green Peas,
AND ALL GREEN STUFF IN SEASON.

THOMAS DEAN,
13 and 14 City Market.

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WE have a choice lot of Bedding Plants, from 15c. per dozen up. Send in your order early and secure the best. 111

D. McINTOSH, - Florist.
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DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They make New BLOOD BUILDING, TONIC and RACK-STRUCTURE, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from IMITATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

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Every Saturday.
Families Supplied with
CAKE AND PASTRY
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Fresh every day.
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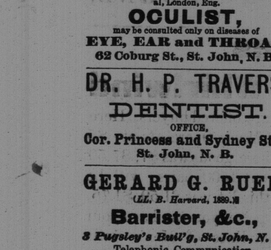
Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER
FOR CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c. A BOTTLE.

(CUT THIS OUT.)

"The Fireside Weekly's" Grand Fall Prize Contest.

The Greatest Prize List Yet Published—Read the Poetical Puzzle as it Appears Below.



For the correct reading of the above Pictorial Verse the following prizes are offered every week, from Monday next to Nov. 30th:

FIRST PRIZE	$150
SECOND PRIZE	75
THIRD PRIZE	50
NEXT FIFTEEN ($5 each)	75

The first correct answer received by mail at the office of THE FIRESIDE WEEKLY each week will be awarded first prize, the next the second prize, and so on. In addition to these a daily cash prize of FIFTY DOLLARS will be given to the first correct answer received each day during the entire contest. Every fifth correct solution of those not obtaining cash prizes will be awarded a prize of an elegant silver cut glass bottle with stand, valued at Six Dollars. These prizes will be awarded each and every week and every day from Monday next to November 30, and each prize winner will be notified at once, as well as the entire prize list being published.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Our Poetical Puzzle must be correctly read to obtain a prize, and $1 for six months subscription must accompany each solution. Answers must be sent by mail. Sample copies may be obtained from all newsdealers or from the office at five cents each, mailed free to any address.

THE FIRESIDE WEEKLY,
9 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

$100
will be paid to the estate of any person meeting his or her death from falling while wearing
Grip or Anti-Slip RUBBERS.
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Baby's Own Soap,
Brown Windsor Soap,
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A fresh supply of the above soaps just received at
PARKER BROTHERS,
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New Issues every week. Catalogue 96 pages free. Not sold by the dealers; prices too low. Buy of the Publisher.
JOHN B. ALDEN,
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NEW GOODS.

OPENING DAILY:
Fancy Goods, Albums and Miscellaneous stock of all kinds.
LOWEST PRICES.
Number 6 Sankey Hymns, [set to Music, arrived to-day.
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FOUNTAIN SYRINGES
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Syringes of all kinds
Air Pillows, Invalid Rings;
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Tubing, Bandages, Sheeting;
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PRICES VERY LOW.
FRANK S. ALLWOOD,
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N. B.—All Kinds Hardware, etc., Powder, Shot, Caps, Revolvers.

GEORGIA'S FAT GIRL.

A Child of Five Years of Remarkable Size and Strength.

Age, five years; weight, one hundred pounds.

And a girl at that.

She is bright of mind and rather pretty, too, but has attained the abnormal weight of one hundred pounds, and is gaining flesh at the rapid rate of six or eight pounds each month.

The child's name is Amber Glen Corley. She is the daughter of Charles and Maggee Corley, who reside at Twelfth avenue and Twenty-third street, Birmingham.

This immense young miss first saw the light of day June 20, 1886. At her birth she drew the scales to eight pounds. From the beginning of her life she was a very sickly child, and all during her first year she was expected to die. She not only did not grow but on the contrary shrivelled up, until, at twelve months of age, her weight was only six pounds. For a long time the infant barely existed, at many times hardly discernible whether dead or living. But after awhile a slight improvement began, which gradually continued until, at three years old, the sickly baby weighed fifteen pounds. But still she was delicate.

A rapid growth next set in which increased the child's weight to fifty-four pounds by the end of the fourth year. Ever since her weight has been increasing in a geometrical progression. At the present time the child is five years old, weighing over one hundred pounds and is gaining flesh at a marvellous increase.

The child nursed until three years old. Up to that time she could neither walk nor talk, except to prattle such nursery monody as the word "mamma." Her mind was also wanting, apparently, and only within the past two years has it been maturing. Now she is unusually smart and observant. She talks well in both children and adults, and may possibly be entitled to the name pert, as applied to precocious youths.

Here are some measurements, taken last night: Height, 43 inches; breast measurement, 36 inches; waist measurement, 43 inches; measure of thigh, 24 inches; calf measurement, 10 inches; at the biceps, 16 inches; instep, 10½ inches; size of shoe, child's No. 7.

Amber has brown eyes and pretty, dark tresses that hang 22½ inches down her back. She has her milk teeth yet, which are an indisputable proof of her baby age, even if she did not show it by every utterance and wish, look and movement.

One of the most marvellous endowments of this strange young Miss is her Amazonian strength. She can lift a twenty-five pound sack of meal on her shoulder and run around unimpeded; she can toss all the older children about as toys, and it seems to be no strain whatever for her to lift her father, who weighs 146 pounds, from the floor. However, this feat is seldom permitted, as it might do her injury without immediate detection. Compared to children generally, this prodigy has marvellous strength.

Her appetite is worth mentioning. This, as might be supposed, is quite strong. The child, on an average, eats about the same quantity as a hearty laboring man three times a day. But at times it is much larger, and between meals Amber, like most children, eats all the candies and cookies she can get her hands on.

Last night, after travelling all the way from Birmingham here, the voracious child ate at supper two pounds of beefsteak, six fried eggs, with bread, cakes and drinkables to match. Her father states that she drinks three or four gallons of water every day.

As a matter of course locomotion is rather burdensome to the young miss, although she is remarkably active and plays until nightfall with incessant energy. In spite of her abnormal size of bulk, the child seems to be quite as happy as other children.

The child is perfectly healthy. The doctors account for the excessive flesh by an abnormal energy of the adipose tissue, growing out of previous sickness and the unnatural stimulation of vital functions.

If this child lives and continues in her present condition at the age of seven she will undoubtedly weigh 200 pounds.

A NEW DWARF.

The Smallest Fully Developed Woman In the United States.

When Barnum's Circus made its parade at Middletown, a small town in Ohio, recently, a very little woman was by far the most interested observer of all. She watched everything with the absorbed eagerness of a Rip Van Winkle who had just awakened from a twenty years' sleep, and seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that she herself seemed as great a wonder to the crowds on the street as the parade itself. She is only twenty-eight inches high, thirty years old and perfectly developed. At first the people thought she was a portion of the show, and that she must be one of Barnum's new dwarfs, but investigation proved that she was only a spectator, and that she had lived all her life at a village not many miles distant from Middletown. Her name is Miss Ellen Tickel, and her post-office address is Heno Post-Office, Butler County, O.

Miss Tickel recently wrote the following picturesque account of herself:

I am twenty-eight inches tall and i was 29 years old the 5th of July 1891 sow i am in my 30 year and my weight is 36 Pounds My health is very good i growed till i was about 3 years Old i was born in Miamisburg Montgomery County O July 5th 1862 why it is that i did not grow i cannot tell i have Ben verry little trouble to my Parents i have a verry good memory and I can talk most everything you ask of me.

Miss Tickel had never seen a circus parade before, and was much amazed and interested at all she saw. She has lived almost all her life at Heno, and her parents had never taken her to town before. She had never even seen street cars, let alone a train of steam cars. Everything seemed to effect her pretty much as it would an inhabitant of Mars or Venus who might suddenly be dropped on the earth, always supposing that those planets are inhabited.

The amazement of the Middletown people was extreme to find that so wonderful a human curiosity had been living within a few miles of them for so many years without their knowing anything about it. The little lady toddled around in the big crowds in a thoroghly dazed sort of way. She seemed tolerably intelligent, although she has had very little opportunity to learn much, living in one little place all her life without leaving it. She is without doubt one of the most wonderful if not the most wonderful female dwarf in the United States at the present time, as she is not a monstrosity, but is very fairly developed in every way.

As she states, she stopped growing from some mysterous cause when she was about three years of age, and has never grown the least bit since in height. Her head has of course increased in size and her body has developed in size.

Her parents never seemed to realize what a remarkable curiosity their daughter was, and never tried to make any money by exhibiting her in museums.

Since she attracted so much attention by her visit to Middleton there have been many visitors at her father's house to see her, and the villagers who have been accustomed to see her all their lives and thought nothing of it seem to realize for the first time that their little townswoman is a remarkable personage.

FEMININE FANCIES.

One of New York's well-know society women whistles for her maid when she wants her. She is a trifle invalidish, and is in the habit of being waited upon a great deal. Her maid may be in the next room or in the floor above, and the sound of the whistle, which is the softest, most bird-like note, made without any effort, penetrates to the right point and brings the desired service at once.

One of the fads of this same little woman is handkerchiefs. Pockets are impossible, so she has a handkerchief concealed here and there about her rooms—underneath the cushions of the sofa, tucked into the recesses of an easy chair or hidden away in a drawer. Of course the maid takes cares that there are fresh ones every day, and the search for them is made so delicately by madame that her most casual visitor is not aware of the ruse to keep herself in pocket handkerchiefs.

The thumb ring has not yet become an indispensable portion of a lady's wardrobe, but it is, it seems, one of her crying wants. These rings certainly have been taken up with some zest by fashionable women, but if these women would permit themselves to take rides in the Elevated cars and see the kind of persons who wear them there—the gloveless and the blonded—they will think that life is worth living even without thumb rings.

Fashion keeps women marvellously under discipline. Take, for instance, the trailing skirt. When it first began to be worn again there was no woman with a spark of good sense who did not declare boldly and fearlessly "that other women might do what they liked, but she would not," &c. Time is moving on space and Autumn has taken the place of Spring. The sensible women seem to have stayed out of town—at least they lost their identity, for the trailing skirt is very much to the fore.

Apropos of long skirts, there's a little article now which will be a boon to suffering women. It is patented by an Englishwoman who has probably trailed her dress through London streets until the need of some invention was brought home to her.

The invention is a simple arrangement of hooks and loops, so arranged in the back of the skirt that it may be raised or lowered a few inches at a moment's notice and with a "twist of the wrist." Come to a puddle and, presto, changed there you are, with a skirt fully two inches from the ground. After the dangerous spot has been passed one has only to look absent-mindedly into the distance and readjust.

So long as the idiotic long skirt remains in favor the thoughtful Englishwoman and her invention deserve our high regard.

The slender, well-formed woman looks well in a Japanese gown, but beware of indulging in the new fad, ye dames and demoiselles, if nature has been generous in giving you flesh.

Great preparations are being made for the "Kunstlerfest and ball" which is to be given at the Music Hall on Dec. 3. No such entertainment has ever before been undertaken in this country and all the swell German set are working it up with the greatest enthusiasm.

The dancing is to go on during the entire evening and the auditorium is to be transformed into a ball-room. The dancers will only stop during the presentation of the tableaux vivants, which are to be arranged on the stage by well-known artists.

Of course the prettiest women have been called into requisition for the tableaux and the lady mangers are congratulating themselves on their strategic ability in making the selection. The artists said: "Women don't know anything about woman's beauty and they cannot be trusted." but one evening they were invited to the house of one of the managers and they were met with such an overwhelming force of feminine beauty that one erudite German said it reminded him of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici.

It turned out that the lady managers had sent out invitations to forty of the handsomest young married women and pretty girls in New York to come informally to take a cup of tea. They were invited under false pretenses, but the scheme turned out beautifully and the artists were completely satisfied. One of Murillo's most famous pictures is to be given, among others, and not only are beautiful women to appear, but children as well.

DRAMATIC REALISM.

A Thrilling Play in Preparation at San Francisco.

Some modern dramatic writers seem to have great difficulty in disguising their characters so as to complete the plot. This is very strange, as any observant person who has lived in a modern boarding-house must have been struck by the difficulty of identifying the female guests at various hours of the day. The discrepancy in the make-up of the female boarder at 9 a. m. and dinner hour is so startling that the observer cannot fail to be impressed by the truth of the proverb, "It's a wise husband that knows his own wife."

One of our talented local playwrights is said to be touching up this phase of social life in a thrilling domestic drama. The hero is a young banker who weds the lovely daughter of a wealthy Potrero chicken butcher, after the usual romantic preliminaries with matinee tickets, Cliff House and ice-cream embellishments. Just as the wedding supper ends the bridegroom is unavoidably called away to act as referee at a North Beach prize-fight, and is detained in the ring until long after daybreak. Hastily bolting three doughnuts and a schooner of buttermilk (R2E) after his weary vigil he rushes on the stage (c) and finds his lovely wife reading the latest book of Edgar Saltus.

Bridegroom (astonished)—Great heavens! what is it?

Bride—Oh, George, it's your darling; don't you know me, pettie. Have you a jag on, sweetness?

Bridegroom (suddenly)—Who are you madam; and what are you doing in my bed?

Bride (rapturously)—Your own little dove of a wife. Who else should I be? Oh, George, you must be loaded (Drops a tear on the edge of her magnificently embroidered wait-a'-t'e-call-it; and uses the lace bedspread as a handkerchief.)

Bridegroom (swallowing a cigarette in his astonishment)—Jehosephat! You are my wife! Hang that cigarette, it sticks on my left lung. You say you're my wife? Let me look at you. (Examines her at close range.) Yes, there's some resemblance, but where's your bangs?

Bride—Oh, they're over on the mantel, darling. I'll stick 'em on for breakfast.

Bridegroom—And your complexion that paled the rose, and gave the lily the jaundice. Where, oh where is it?

Bride—In those sixteen bottles on the bureau, love, but it ain't the proper caper before dinner.

Bridegroom—And those lovely arched eyebrows, arched as the dome of heaven?

Bride—Oh, I'll touch them up all right for lunch.

Bridegroom—And that divine shape, that gave me palpitation of the liver every time I gazed upon it?

Bride (wildly)—Great heavens! George you're sitting on them. Get up, or you'll have them as flat as a pancake.

Bridegroom (after several moments of deep and silent thought)—And so you are my own true and loving little wife?

Bride (trustfully)—Yes, my angel; I'm all that's left of her after I get my togs off. So come and kiss me. Who won the scrap? [Curtain.]

Maine Vagaries.

The legitimate drama is not appreciated in rural Maine. A company that was organized at Fairfield last week to play, "Romeo and Juliet" lived two nights. Romeo is now at work in a saw mill while Juliet struck a job in a plain, everyday cotton factory.

There's a bad little boy in Dexter. He swears sometimes. He was swearing up on the street the other day and a gentleman overheard him. Said the man: "Little boy, don't swear so; you make me afraid." Said the bad little boy: "Why in h—l don't you run then?"

Currier Downing, a Skowhegan man who has been visiting his old home in Ripley, has had an opportunity to gaze upon an oak tree nine feet in circumference and with branches covering a space 70 feet wide, which grew from an acorn planted by him 75 years ago.

Lewis Hamlen, an old citizen of Augusta, gives the Journal some interesting reminiscences of former days in the Capital City. He remembers one night of a raid made on a garden, and it was ascertained that the guilty parties were a white man and a colored man. These were yoked together and paraded about the streets as a punishment.

A Biddeford paper calmly announces a rat killing contest in that town in which a year old pup is to be pitted against nine rats. Biddeford society seems to have most varied and unique diversions and is not at all backward about making it known. For a real out and out western town, transplanted to the east, give us Biddeford every time.

Everyone who has entered the smoking room at the Preble House has probably noticed the brass sheathing on the window sills and also that the lower parts of the windows are of ground glass. Formerly it was not so and when the great American traveller wished to smoke his cigar and watch the passers-by he would draw his chair to the window, elevate his feet to the sill and take comfort. That, however, was bad for the painted window sill and the appearance of the line of feet from the outside was not attractive, so the sill was covered with brass and a strip of ground glass, wide enough to conceal the objectionable feet, was added.

Influenza in Australia.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 30th.—Advices from Melbourne state that the epidemic of influenza shows no signs of abating. Nearly every family in the city is afflicted. In the country districts deaths are becoming alarmingly numerous.

FOR MEN ONLY.

Below, you will find price list of our Men's Laced Boots for fall wear. We also have our usual stock of lighter makes. Read this carefully.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Men's Strong Pegged Laced Boots, Solid with Toe Caps	95c.
Men's Heavy Buff Pegged Laced Boots, Tap Sole, Tip	$1.35
Men's Extra Strong Laced Boots, Pegged, Tap Sole -	$1.50
Men's Satin Buff Laced Boots, Neat Toe, Stylish Tip -	$1.50
Men's Veal Calf Laced Boot, Fancy Top, Nailed - -	$1.75
Men's Oil Buff Laced Boot, Hand Buttoned, - - -	$2.00
Men's Oil Buff Laced Boot, Seamless, Tap Sole - -	$2.25
Men's Extra Fine Buff Laced Boot, Tap Sole, Wide and Pointed Toes, - - - -	$2.50
Men's Strong, Hand Buttoned Laced Boot - - - -	$2.75
Men's German Cord Laced Boot, Tap Sole - - -	$3.50
Men's French Calf, Hand Sew Whelt, Piccadilly Toe, -	$4.00
Men's German Cord, Slip Sole, Globe Toe - - - - -	$4.50
Men's German Cord, Extra Fine Bal - - - - - -	$5.00
Men's Cord, Slip Sole Wankenphast, - - - - - -	$5.00
Men's Am. Calf Heavy Shooting Bal - - - - - -	$5.50
Men's Cork Sole, Opera Toe Bals - - - - - - -	$5.50
Men's Cork Sole, Wide Toe Bals - - - - - - -	$5.50
Men's Wankenphast, our Celebrated Improved - - -	$7.00

GRAIN.

Men's Heavy Grain Bals -	$1.75
Men's Heavy Grain Bals -	$2.50
Men's Heavy Grain Bals -	$5.00

Any person desiring Elastic Side Boots can be supplied at most any price.

All the above goods have been carefully selected, and we believe, are the best values obtainable.

WATERBURY & RISING.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

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It turned out that the lady managers had sent out invitations to forty of the handsomest young married women and pretty girls in New York to come informally to take a cup of tea. They were invited under false pretenses, but the scheme turned out beautifully and the artists were completely satisfied. One of Murillo's most famous pictures is to be given, among others, and not only are beautiful women to appear, but children as well.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 30th.—Advices from Melbourne state that the epidemic of influenza shows no signs of abating. Nearly every family in the city is afflicted. In the country districts deaths are becoming alarmingly numerous.

FOR MEN ONLY.

Below, you will find price list of our Men's Laced Boots for fall wear. We also have our usual stock of lighter makes. Read this carefully.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Men's Strong Pegged Laced Boots, Solid with Toe Caps	95c.
Men's Heavy Buff Pegged Laced Boots, Tap Sole, Tip	$1.35
Men's Extra Strong Laced Boots, Pegged, Tap Sole -	$1.50
Men's Satin Buff Laced Boots, Neat Toe, Stylish Tip -	$1.50
Men's Veal Calf Laced Boot, Fancy Top, Nailed - -	$1.75
Men's Oil Buff Laced Boot, Hand Buttoned, - - -	$2.00
Men's Oil Buff Laced Boot, Seamless, Tap Sole - -	$2.25
Men's Extra Fine Buff Laced Boot, Tap Sole, Wide and Pointed Toes, - - - -	$2.50
Men's Strong, Hand Buttoned Laced Boot - - - -	$2.75
Men's German Cord Laced Boot, Tap Sole - - -	$3.50
Men's French Calf, Hand Sew Whelt, Piccadilly Toe, -	$4.00
Men's German Cord, Slip Sole, Globe Toe - - - - -	$4.50
Men's German Cord, Extra Fine Bal - - - - - -	$5.00
Men's Cord, Slip Sole Wankenphast, - - - - - -	$5.00
Men's Am. Calf Heavy Shooting Bal - - - - - -	$5.50
Men's Cork Sole, Opera Toe Bals - - - - - - -	$5.50
Men's Cork Sole, Wide Toe Bals - - - - - - -	$5.50
Men's Wankenphast, our Celebrated Improved - - -	$7.00

GRAIN.

Men's Heavy Grain Bals -	$1.75
Men's Heavy Grain Bals -	$2.50
Men's Heavy Grain Bals -	$5.00

Any person desiring Elastic Side Boots can be supplied at most any price.

All the above goods have been carefully selected, and we believe, are the best values obtainable.

WATERBURY & RISING.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

DRAMATIC REALISM.

A Thrilling Play in Preparation at San Francisco.

Some modern dramatic writers seem to have great difficulty in disguising their characters so as to complete the plot. This is very strange, as any observant person who has lived in a modern boarding-house must have been struck by the difficulty of identifying the female guests at various hours of the day. The discrepancy in the make-up of the female boarder at 9 a. m. and dinner hour is so startling that the observer cannot fail to be impressed by the truth of the proverb, "It's a wise husband that knows his own wife."

One of our talented local playwrights is said to be touching up this phase of social life in a thrilling domestic drama. The hero is a young banker who weds the lovely daughter of a wealthy Potrero chicken butcher, after the usual romantic preliminaries with matinee tickets, Cliff House and ice-cream embellishments. Just as the wedding supper ends the bridegroom is unavoidably called away to act as referee at a North Beach prize-fight, and is detained in the ring until long after daybreak. Hastily bolting three doughnuts and a schooner of buttermilk (R2E) after his weary vigil he rushes on the stage (c) and finds his lovely wife reading the latest book of Edgar Saltus.

Bridegroom (astonished)—Great heavens! what is it?

Bride—Oh, George, it's your darling; don't you know me, pettie. Have you a jag on, sweetness?

Bridegroom (suddenly)—Who are you madam; and what are you doing in my bed?

Bride (rapturously)—Your own little dove of a wife. Who else should I be? Oh, George, you must be loaded (Drops a tear on the edge of her magnificently embroidered wait-a'-t'e-call-it; and uses the lace bedspread as a handkerchief.)

Bridegroom (swallowing a cigarette in his astonishment)—Jehosephat! You are my wife! Hang that cigarette, it sticks on my left lung. You say you're my wife? Let me look at you. (Examines her at close range.) Yes, there's some resemblance, but where's your bangs?

Bride—Oh, they're over on the mantel, darling. I'll stick 'em on for breakfast.

Bridegroom—And your complexion that paled the rose, and gave the lily the jaundice. Where, oh where is it?

Bride—In those sixteen bottles on the bureau, love, but it ain't the proper caper before dinner.

Bridegroom—And those lovely arched eyebrows, arched as the dome of heaven?

Bride—Oh, I'll touch them up all right for lunch.

Bridegroom—And that divine shape, that gave me palpitation of the liver every time I gazed upon it?

Bride (wildly)—Great heavens! George you're sitting on them. Get up, or you'll have them as flat as a pancake.

Bridegroom (after several moments of deep and silent thought)—And so you are my own true and loving little wife?

Bride (trustfully)—Yes, my angel; I'm all that's left of her after I get my togs off. So come and kiss me. Who won the scrap? [Curtain.]

Maine Vagaries.

The legitimate drama is not appreciated in rural Maine. A company that was organized at Fairfield last week to play, "Romeo and Juliet" lived two nights. Romeo is now at work in a saw mill while Juliet struck a job in a plain, everyday cotton factory.

There's a bad little boy in Dexter. He swears sometimes. He was swearing up on the street the other day and a gentleman overheard him. Said the man: "Little boy, don't swear so; you make me afraid." Said the bad little boy: "Why in h—l don't you run then?"

Currier Downing, a Skowhegan man who has been visiting his old home in Ripley, has had an opportunity to gaze upon an oak tree nine feet in circumference and with branches covering a space 70 feet wide, which grew from an acorn planted by him 75 years ago.

Lewis Hamlen, an old citizen of Augusta, gives the Journal some interesting reminiscences of former days in the Capital City. He remembers one night of a raid made on a garden, and it was ascertained that the guilty parties were a white man and a colored man. These were yoked together and paraded about the streets as a punishment.

A Biddeford paper calmly announces a rat killing contest in that town in which a year old pup is to be pitted against nine rats. Biddeford society seems to have most varied and unique diversions and is not at all backward about making it known. For a real out and out western town, transplanted to the east, give us Biddeford every time.

Everyone who has entered the smoking room at the Preble House has probably noticed the brass sheathing on the window sills and also that the lower parts of the windows are of ground glass. Formerly it was not so and when the great American traveller wished to smoke his cigar and watch the passers-by he would draw his chair to the window, elevate his feet to the sill and take comfort. That, however, was bad for the painted window sill and the appearance of the line of feet from the outside was not attractive, so the sill was covered with brass and a strip of ground glass, wide enough to conceal the objectionable feet, was added.

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AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

Yesterday and Today.

"Last night, dear Antoinette."
('Tis thus a wooer writes,
Whose thoughts are deeply set
On love's profound delight.
"Asleep within my chair
Thy vision I did greet,
And, joy beyond compare,
I dreamed I kissed thee, sweet."

Ah, she was hurt I fear,
For seeming ill at ease
She wrote: "To me it's clear
Thou'rt taking liberties.
Such notions overthrow.
Pray take to other schemes;
'Tis well that thou should know
I don't believe in dreams."

Yet strange that when today
I kissed her—oh, the bliss,
The charm, the spell that lay
In that ecstatic kiss—
No fault she found; it seems,
O maid of mysteries,
That though she likes not dreams
She courts realities.

The Absent One.

Clara (at the Simpkins's grand hop)—Didn't Miss Muslin's ball dress reach her in time today?

Maud—I believe so.

Clara—Then how does it happen that she isn't here?

Maud—It came C. O. D.

The Reproof Sarcastic.

Experienced editor (to new reporter)—"You have headed this article 'A Disgraceful Row.'"

New reporter—"Yes, sir."

Experienced editor—"To-morrow I would like you to write something about a graceful riot."

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Fat Belly, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The Outrages of the Salomon Islanders Summarily Punished.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—A San Francisco special says: Letters received from Salomon group of Islands give particulars of the cruise of Her Majesty's ship, Royalist, among the islands and the punishment inflicted by Capt. Davis on the natives for outrages committed on British subjects.

At Dobeli, Chieftono, and several of his tribe were shot. The village was burned and two war canoes destroyed.

"Weak and weary," describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite.

An Important Rumor.

DUBLIN, Oct. 30.—The Freeman's Journal says, it is rumored that if Redmond be defeated in Cork, all the Parnellite members and the House of Commons will resign their seats.

HAVE YOU READ

this description of rheumatism and neuralgia? "Put your hand in a vise, turn the vise until you can't bear another turn, and that's rheumatism; give it another turn that's neuralgia." And still you'll suffer these tortures when for 25 cents you can buy a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and be relieved.

**A Sensation