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**To Give is to Receive.**

We must bless if we would receive a blessing. We must pour the water from the cup if we would have it filled again. Life is an exchange of bounties, a transfer from one hand to another. Earth gives her portion to the flowers, they send their fragrance unto man, and man gathers them, decks the path of friendship, and makes hearts sweeter with their rich fragrance. The sky is mellowed for the passing cloud that lowers beneath it. The cloud receives its glory from the orb of day. All things are tributary to one another. The glow-worm lights a traveler's path; the pebble turns the tide. Rills fill the river; rivers send their vapors forth and fill again the rills. If love flows from our soul unto our neighbor's, something must be dislodged within his breast. It may be envy, pride or hate—what matter it—or it may be sweetest strains of gratitude that will gladden some ear, though not our own. We are but workers; but not, like earthly laborers, waiting for our pay. It comes in God's time, and always at the needed moment. Keep the waves in motion. Roll the ball of love heavenward. It will strike many hearts, and gather accelerated speed. Bid the thirsty drink, for dust and mud will gather on the cup that stays unmoved, and the water it holds will become unfit for our own or another's use.

**A Pretty Charity Fad.**

There are fashions in soliciting for charities, and the newest of such fashion in New York has won high favor. A small silk bag is sent to a person who is likely to contribute to any particular object, with a polite request that he will place on the bag coins to the number of his age. The coins may be pennies, quarters, dollars or other pieces. The denomination is left to the generosity of the donor. If he desires to hide his real age he generally will send back so many coins—a hundred, for instance—that his age is revealed. Unless, indeed, he flies to the opposite extreme and gives so little that it cannot possibly bear reference to his years.

It is said that these silk bags never come back empty and that many a worthy object has been largely assisted through them. The bags are made by women interested in the particular charities or by poor people who have no regular employment, and who are thus enabled to earn small wages.—New York Press.

**Women and Actors.**

Capoul, the French tenor, was the recipient of volumes of letters from lady admirers both here and in Paris. On the English stage, besides Mr. Irving, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Hare and Mr. Bancroft have been overwhelmed with a goodly number. But I am told by one who knows that no actor living ever received such a number of admiring epistles from the fairer sex as the late John Clayton.

Among actresses Mrs. Bancroft has perhaps been treated to the kindest attentions. Mrs. John Wood, too, on the first or last night of her play had always her dressing room converted into a perfect bower of flowers, and little gifts of jewelry literally poured in upon her. There was one bangle with the inscription "Bless your art." Whether it was Mrs. Woods' heart or art that was blessed remains a riddle to this day.—London Gentlewoman.

**The Mexican Boundary Line.**

The international boundary line between the United States and the republic of Mexico is marked by pyramids of stones placed at irregular distances along the line all the way from the Rio Grande to the Pacific ocean. Wherever it was found practicable to do so these pyramids were built on prominent peaks at road crossings, fords, etc. The line was not surveyed, as is the usual custom, the location of the monuments being based on astronomical calculations and observations.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Farsighted Man.**

Fogg—Munnivorth was always a farsighted man, and his ventures were almost invariably successful.

Fogg—But what good is he to society? He will give money for the heathen, thousands of miles away, but he never can see the suffering right at home.

Fogg—I said he was a farsighted man.—Boston Transcript.

**All Is Grist to the Grinder.**

Flossie (little daughter of a newspaper woman)—Oh, mamma, Mabel and I have a lovely secret about our dolls. I'd like to tell you, only—

Her Mother—Only what, Flossie?

Flossie—Only I'm afraid you'd write it up.—New York Times.

Iron visiting cards are among the latest novelties in Germany. Forty placed one on the other are said to be only one-tenth of an inch in thickness. The cards, or plates are black, and the names, being printed on them in silver, show up very clearly.

An authority on weather declares that tornadoes are most frequent between noon and 6 o'clock, and that the rainiest hour of the day is 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This is the report of a meteorological expert, not a weather prophet.