

"Scotty,"  
 Yes! ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,  
 For sic a name can mean nae ill,  
 O' a' nick-names just tak' yer fill—  
 I'm quite content wi' "Scotty!"

To be a Scot is naedigrace,  
 Maist folk can trust a guid Scotch face,  
 He's never lang out o' a place—  
 The honest, faithful "Scotty!"

A Scotchman has the knack to plod,  
 Through thick and thin he'll bear his load,  
 His trust is aye in richt an' God—  
 The perseverin' "Scotty!"

He's tentive baith to kirk an' mart,  
 To friends he's tru' an' hard to part,  
 In life's great race he needs nae start—  
 "I'll win or dee," says "Scotty!"

An' if he meets wi' ane or twa  
 O' Scotlan's sons when far awa',  
 They'll greet like brit' ers ane and a'—  
 A clannish "man" is "Scotty!"

Though aft he travels far frae hame,  
 He's aye a' Scotchman a' the same,  
 An' proud t' crack o' Scotlan's fame—  
 A loyal son is "Scotty!"

Should Scotlan' ever need his help,  
 He'll gie her enemies a skelp,  
 An' make them howl like ony whelp,  
 And gie respect t' "Scotty!"

Then ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,  
 Nickname like that can mean nae ill,  
 I'll shake yer han' wi' richt guid will,  
 When ere ye ca' me "Scotty!"

JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

**A WOMAN HERCULES.**

**Wonderful Feats of Strength of a Strasburg Girl.**

A Leipzig correspondent of the St. Louis Post Dispatch says: The audiences of the variety theatre of the Crystal Palace of Leipzig are agog at present over a feminine athlete, Miss Victorina. She is a daughter of the Crown Lands, having been born at Strasburg, and from the time she was 8 years old she was drilled in the arts of the circus. Miss Victorina is a handsome woman tall, muscular and very graceful within the various exploits in which she exhibits her wonderful bodily strength. To lift hundreds of pounds in weights with one hand is child's play to her. She tears, bursts and cuts in two iron chains with links 4-inch in thickness, and stops the progress of a cannon ball by catching the missile in her hand, thus robbing it of its trajectory force. This wonderful feat of catching a cannon ball that weighs 12 pounds at a distance of ten feet from the mouth of the gun, is one of the most wonderful performances ever witnessed by anybody. Prowess and absolute certainty go hand in hand with extraordinary strength. Loaded down with 624 pounds, a gigantic balancing rod in her hands and with heavy iron balls dangling from her body, Miss Victorina displays her almost superhuman strength to the very best advantage. She closes each daily performance in the tableau of the ironclad Germania, her body encased in a steel armor and balancing on her shoulder the barrel of an enormous cannon.

**How She Became a Missionary.**

"I'm doing missionary work a good deal of the time" was the reply of one of the most charming women of New York, to a friend, who asked how she busied herself. "I see by your looks you wonder what I mean by that. I'll tell you. A few years ago life was a burden to me. I had been a victim to female weakness of the most aggravated character for a long time, and the doctors failed to help me. Existence was a long, steady, terrible torture—a lingering, living death. One day I saw Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advertised in the newspaper. Something in the advertisement impressed me favorably. I caught at the glimmer of hope it held out as the drowning man is said to catch at a straw. Still, I did not dare to hope. But I got the medicine, and behold the result! I feel so well, so strong, and oh! so thankful, that I go about telling other women what saved me. In no other way can I so well show my gratitude to God, and to the man who has proved such a benefactor of women, and my love for my suffering sisterhood."

**Useful Knowledge.**

To purify water hang a small bag of charcoal in it.  
 For toothache try oil of sassafras and apply it frequently, if necessary.  
 Vinegar bottles may be cleaned with crushed eggshells in a little water.  
 To brighten carpets wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.  
 If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains ammonia will usually restore the color.  
 A good liniment for inflammation, rheumatism, swellings, etc., is olive oil well saturated with camphor.  
 A good cement is melted alum, but it must never be used where water and heat are to come in contact with it.  
 To clean a stove of clinkers, put a handful of salt into it during a hot fire. When cold, remove the clinkers with a cold chisel.—*Good Housekeeping.*

**Cheap Clothing in England.**

It is perfectly astonishing to note at what prices clothing is sold. A good woollen or tweed suit can be had, made to order, at \$10 or \$11, and an excellent cassimere of very high grade, well trimmed and lined, is made to order for \$15. A fine all wool overcoat, of the very best material, is made to order for \$10 to \$12.50, and an elegant broadcloth full dress suit, silk lined throughout, which would cost \$60 in Chattanooga, can be had for \$25 to \$30. Fine silk handkerchiefs can be bought at 50 cents; good durable gloves (kid and dogskin) at 60 cents to 70 cents; and the very best linen collars at 18 cents, and the very best four-ply cuffs at 25 cents. Ladies' elegant feather boas, 12 feet long, can be had at \$4; beautiful and stylishly trimmed hats are offered at the show windows at \$5 to \$7.50; fine balbriggan hose at 75 cents to \$1 per pair, and elegant llama wool underwear at \$4 to \$5 per suit. The English ladies and gentlemen are fine dressers, and one sees as stylish attire all over Great Britain as anywhere else in the world.—*London Letter to Chattanooga Times.*

The Queen of Portugal is accredited by fashion leaders with being the most dressy woman in Europe. Her pale complexion and auburn hair admit of great latitude in dress variety, and she indulges in every caprice of fashion.

Some men expect to walk the gold-paved streets of heaven because they drop a copper on the plate once a week.

**PRETTY SIMPLETONS.**

**Not the Kind of Women Sensible Men should Marry.**

We had thought that the cult of the pretty simpleton had died away like the cult of "sensitivity" which distinguished Miss Austen's time, and with it the fear of the pretty woman of cultivation. We notice, however, that Mrs. Snood, President of the Women's Progressive Society, at the end of a most sensible, and indeed able, letter advising girls what to do if they find life too monotonous, published in the *Daily News* of Tuesday (week), thinks it necessary to remind them and their mothers that young women with brains and energy to use them do get married. We hear, too, on many sides that the old dread which thirty years since so greatly checked the progress of women's education, has again revived, and that a wave of opinion is warning mothers and young women that culture makes the latter too "formidable" to young men, and that "the clever ones" miss the most natural and most fitting of women's careers. They get appointments sometimes, but they never get proposals. We believe that the facts are misrepresented, and that the fear, which if well founded would rightly check education, is almost entirely without foundation. Having watched the movement in favor of female education from the beginning with entire impartiality—that is, with a keen dislike for the "advanced" women who want, as Mr. Frederic Harrison says, to be "abusive men," to vote, and to ride astraddle, and to discuss "The Kreuzer Sonata," and a strong sympathy for the women who desire culture, and gainful work, and control of their own money—we think we may say confidently that to the latter, their grand profession, marriage, is in no way debarred. Attractions for attractions, they are courted just as much as their foolish sisters. They are flirted with less, partly because very young men demand in those they flirt with a certain amount of silliness, so that in flirting there may be no demand upon the intellect, and partly because of a fault of manner of which we speak below; but they receive just as many serious proposals. The men who can marry, and who nowadays are usually 33—a social misfortune, owing mainly to the late period at which the successful now retire from active life—are men of a certain experience, and by no means fools. They are attracted by good looks, whether in the foolish or the wise virgins, and are carried away by unusual beauty, as they were in the days of Helen, and will be when the world cools; but they are quite conscious of the advantage possessed by the sensible and the cultivated. They know what terrible bores ignorant girls can be—we do not mean by "ignorance" mere want of familiarity with learning—how utterly unreasonable they often are, and how much more liable they are in middle life to grow acrid, snappish, or positively ill-tempered. There is no one so perverse as the woman without intellectual interests whose situation happens to be at variance with her ideas of comfort, or who, being comfortable, is conscious of the faint contempt, or rather, slight avoidance of those around her. Women are perfectly well aware when men listen from politeness alone, and those among them to whom that lot falls grow as bitter as some disappointed spinsters. The men of thirty-three know perfectly well how great a part friendship plays in married life, how it deepens affection, and how difficult it is to feel friendship for a woman whose early charm has passed, who does not understand one word in six you say, and who can neither sympathize with failure nor understand why you have succeeded. *Comaraderie*, one of the most delightful of all the bonds of union, is impossible between the able and the silly. The men, too, are aware that it is the clever girl, not the simpleton, who is free from the senseless extravagance which is perhaps, of all the foibles which are not exactly vices, the most permanently irritating in wives. That thing, at least, culture has done for the majority of cultured women, it has taught them how to count. Here and there, perhaps, may be found the "Nina" of Mr. Norris' clever story, "Matrimony," the competent and cultured woman to whose selfishness expenditure seems a necessity, and who is only not extravagant when she has six thousand a year, who will plunder her father without remorse, and keep her mother without a shilling; but the immense majority of cultivated girls are economical. Frugality is their road to independence. They could not live their lives if they cost their fathers too much, and they learn to know the value of pounds, to avoid debt with horror, and to see that discount is allowed them if they pay ready-money. They are not, perhaps, devoted to "housekeeping" as some of the unlettered are, meaning, three times out of five, endless and harassing interference with their servants; but they can keep house, when they know their incomes, at an outlay well within them. The men understand that by a kind of instinct, our system of courtship allowing little chance of real knowledge—the American system does, and the Canadian—and they know, too, another thing which appeals still more directly to their self-love. They know what it is to be bored. There is no bore on earth equal to the woman who can neither talk nor listen, who has no mental interests in common with her husband, who thinks his friends are attracted because they attend to her with a faint sense of amused amazement, and who gathers round her all women except those whose intelligence relieves life of its monotony and sense of strain.—*London Spectator.*

**Around the World in Eighty Days.**

Did Jules Verne ever think that his imaginary Phileas Fogg would be eclipsed by an American girl, who once made the circuit in less than seventy-three days? But Phileas had to take second money. The fame of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has gone around the world long ago, and left its record everywhere as a precious boon to every nation. In the whole world of medicine, nothing equals it for the cure of scrofula of the lungs (which is Consumption). Coughs and bronchial troubles succumb to this remedy, and the blood is purified by it, until all unsightly skin blotches are driven away. Don't be skeptical, as this medicine is guaranteed to every purchaser. You only pay for the good you get.

Lady Henry Somerset is 32, energetic, eloquent and of blue blood.

**FROM THE WINDOW.**

**A Monologue Sketch from a Bachelor's Life.**

(Marie More Marsh in Chicago Times.)  
 Yes, it is a long way up these two flights of steep stairs, and I tell you, Tom, I'm not as young as I used to be.  
 I'm growing kind of stout of late, and sometimes I am pretty well wind-broken when I get to the top. But the room is mighty pleasant when you get to it, and the air is fresh and pure up here, and there's a view from the window that somehow I'd hate to miss.  
 Overlook the park? Yes, the front window does. You get a pretty glimpse of the lake and trees looking out beyond the church spire and that red roof next to it; but that isn't the view I meant. My favorite is from this side window here, and I'll show it to you after a bit. I keep the shade drawn most of the time, for I don't feel just at liberty to show it to every one who comes up. You see it's sort of private—in fact, it's a peep into my neighbor's window.  
 There, old fellow, don't look shocked. It's all right. The people don't mind it a bit, for they never draw the curtains; and sometimes they tell baby to throw kisses across at me.  
 You see there are only three of them in the family—a big, boyish papa, and a pretty little mamma, and a baby. He goes to bed early, baby does, and every night I sit and watch them undress him.  
 First, papa takes him on his knee and clumsily unfastens the little dress and tries to pull it off down over baby's feet, as though it were a pair of trousers. Then the mother screams and laughs and tells papa that he is wrong again, and then papa tries it the other way and catches the frock on the baby's head somehow.  
 Little mother shows just how it should be done and slips the plump little arms out of the sleeves, and then she folds the garment and hangs it over a chair.  
 Then come some petticoats, and papa gets them off over baby's feet all right, only he bumbles a little over the safety pins which fasten them. The shoes and stockings come off next, and baby helps at that and kicks them off himself, and then he squirms out of his little knitted shirt, and sits there all pink and sweet upon papa's knee. Papa laughs and tosses him up, and mamma clasps her hands and baby throws kisses over to me.  
 I tell you it is a sight for a lonesome bachelor, old man.  
 Why I must be about baby's bedtime now. They might not like having a strange spectator, so I'll fix it so that you can see without being seen.  
 You sit in the shadow and I'll pull up the shade—there!  
 Why! their curtains are drawn—and Tom, come here—what's that card in baby's window? My eyes are not what they used to be.  
 What's that you say? "For rent, inquire within?" That's strange! And Tom, look down at the door—isn't that a white crape streamer hanging there? And see! a pale face with wild eyes just appeared between the curtains and a white hand reached up and tore down the sign.  
 That's right, Tom, you draw the shade down and I'll light the gas. And I say, old man, what was that you were saying as we came up about a vacant room next yours? I may take a notion to move this spring after all. I'm not as young as I used to be, and two long flights of stairs tell on a fellow when he begins to grow fat.

**Fallign off a Log.**

"As easy as falling off a log," is an old saying. When it was first uttered, nobody knows. Nothing is easier, unless it is the taking of a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These act like magic. No gripping or drenching follows, as is the case with the old-fashioned pills. The relief that follows resembles the action of Nature in her happiest moods; the impulse given to the dormant liver is of the most salutary kind, and is speedily manifested by the disappearance of all bilious symptoms. Sick headache, wind on the stomach, pain through the right side and shoulder-blade and yellowness of the skin and eyeballs are speedily remedied by the Pellets.

**No Doubt of It.**

*Buffalo News:* Judge (to prisoner)—You are found guilty of meeting the plaintiff in a lonely street, knocking him down and robbing him of everything except a valuable gold watch he had with him. What have you to say?

Prisoner—Had he a gold watch with him at the time?

Judge—Certainly.

Prisoner—Then I put in a plea of insanity.

**"August Flower"**

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. C. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

**PHOTOS SENT BY WIRE.**

**A Girl May Now Telegraph Her Picture.**

The transmission of pictures by electricity is one of the latest applications of the subtle but extremely useful fluid, and the principle of this new discovery is somewhat similar to that on which the telephone is based, use being made of varying degrees of light, instead of sound, as in the telephone. In order to send a picture over a wire it is first photographed on what photographers call a stripping film, composed of gelatine and bichromate of potash. After the picture is transferred to this film the film is washed with lukewarm water, by which all but the lines of the picture are removed, leaving the photograph in relief.  
 The point of a tracing apparatus when drawn across this film from side to side rises and falls as it strikes each line of the picture. This wave-like motion of the tracer is made use of to produce similar motion in another tracing apparatus at the other end of the line by means of complicated electrical mechanism, and each depression and elevation in the picture is reproduced in a waxen cylinder on the receiving instrument. To accomplish this it is necessary to go entirely over the picture that is being transmitted, tracing lines across the surface. A single line conveys no idea of the picture, but as they follow each other they gradually outline the object.

**London Doilets.**

A peer cannot resign his peerage. There are 74,000 Germans in London. The Strand was once a riverside towing-path.

Shakespeare's will is to be seen at Somerset House. Only one Englishman in twenty-seven pays income tax.

Over 1,000,000 people witnessed Napoleon's funeral in Paris in 1840. Preston is supposed to be the most Roman Catholic town in England.

There are thirteen regiments of heavy cavalry in the British Army. An average of four persons die daily in England from delirium tremens.

Three hundred British steamers and sailing vessels are lost at sea yearly. English is now sometimes called by Americans "the American language."

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador to London, receives \$60,000 a year. Statistics prove that only one man in six who emigrates does so with advantage.

Both Sir John Millais and Mr. Watts got their first picture in the Academy at the age of 17. Before the reformation 50 per cent. of the land in the United Kingdom belonged to the church.

The official salary of the German Chancellor, practically the Prime Minister, is \$13,500 a year.—*London Answers.*

Severe frosts and freezing blasts must come, then come frosts-bites, with swelling, itching, burning, for which St. Jacob's Oil is the best remedy.

**Popularity of Blondes.**

It is interesting to know that an intelligent hair-dresser claims that blondes cannot be done away with; that blondes are essentially the beauties of civilization, and that they cannot be driven away, says the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. He says that the blonde can dress more effectively, and that a well-kept blonde has ten years' advantage in the point of youthful looks. You cannot expunge her in favor of the brunette even in literature, for in the novels turned out during the past year there have been 382 blondes to 82 brunettes.

**It is a Very Sad Thing**

To see young and beautiful people die when they might just as well live and enjoy health and strength. Mary, who suffers with coughs, colds and lung troubles, leading to consumption, imagine there is no hope for them, when in reality there is every hope if Miller's Elixir. Spread the news everywhere that this great emulsion will make flesh and blood, cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throats and lung troubles tending to consumption. In big bottles, 50c. and at \$1 all drug stores.

**Wouldn't Expect Him.**

*Detroit Free Press:* That was a delightfully shrewd answer of the good wife of Professor Robson, who dialled the cant expressions of the religious tongue of that day. She had invited a gentleman to dinner, and he had accepted with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robson, "if ye're dead I'll not expect ye."  
 Changeable weather, producing cold in the head and catarrh, is responsible for one-half the misery Canadians endure. Nasal Balm at once relieves cold in the head and will cure the worst case of catarrh.

**In Training.**

*New York Press:* "I believe that boy is training himself to be a policeman," said the woman who keeps the apple stand.

"What makes you think so?" asked her friend.  
 "Because he hooks an apple every time he passes."

The greatest market for wild animals in the world, the place where circuses and museums purchase their wild beast curiosities, is the establishment of the firm of Hagenbeck, in Hamburg. In a plain storehouse, 500 yards by 600 they have in stock specimens of every kind and condition of animal life.

When one man exercises his rights another man begins to have wrogs.

**THIRTY YEARS.**  
 Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.  
 "I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used  
**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
 and it completely cared. I give it all praise."  
 MRS. WM. RYDER.  
 "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"

**The Way of the Girls.**  
 She—Mamma does not think that you are a proper person for me to be engaged to.  
 He—But you love me just the same, don't you?  
 She—Why, I love you a great deal more; in fact, I thought you were going to be awfully stupid at first.

**FITS.**—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Balfour a Doubtful Seer.**  
 Philadelphia Ledger: Mr. Balfour is reported to have declared that "no matter what the future may be, it will never bring Home Rule to Ireland." "What, never?" Mr. Balfour should not set up for a seer, but "act, act in the living present."  
 —The Duke of Norfolk has taken his deaf, dumb and blind 12-year-old son to the shrine at Lourdes, France, hoping to secure a miraculous cure for the unfortunate child.

D. C. N. L. 51. 91

**WANTED,**  
 A live energetic salesman who is active and industrious. A lady or gentleman of the right stamp can make a handsome income. No capital required other than a good and pleasing address, and an honest and upright character. Address M. A. C. Co., P. O. Box 72, Hamilton Ont.

**THRILLING Detective Stories, 16 Complete Love Stories and 100 Popular Songs**  
 10c. BARNARD BROS., 501 Adelaide street west, Toronto, Ont.

**SALESMEN WANTED** to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

**THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING MACHINE.**  
 Retail Price only \$6.00.  
 Will knit Stockings, Mitts, Scarfs, Leggings, Fancy-wool, and everything required in the household from homespun or factory yarn. Simple and easy to operate. Just the machine every family has long wanted for. On receipt of \$2.00 I will ship machine threaded up, with full instructions, by express (C. O. D.) You can pay the balance, by express (C. O. D.) Large commission to agents. Circulars and terms free. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Address  
**CARDON & GEARHART, Dundas, Ont.**  
 MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING.

**CONSUMPTION.**  
 THE GREAT PULMONARY REMEDY  
 "Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup of Wild Cherry and Hoorhound." Consumption, that hydra-headed monster that annually sweeps away tens of thousands of our loathing youths, may be prevented by the timely use of this valuable medicine. Consumption and lung disease arise from coughs and colds neglected.  
 Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup is sold by all drug gists at 25c.

**DO YOU DREAM OF IT?**  
 If you are a sufferer from any of the following ailments, you should know of the GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION. It has cured ordinary cases in curing Spermatorrhea, Night Losses, Nervousness, Weak Parts. The result of its use is invigorating and cures you 25 years success a guarantee. All druggists sell it. \$1.00 per box. Can mail it sealed. Write for sealed letter to Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

**HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS**  
 Beware of imitations.  
 NOTICE: AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn* THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

**Hot Air Heating**  
**GURNEY'S Standard Furnaces**  
 ARE POWERFUL, DURABLE, ECONOMICAL.  
 THOUSANDS IN USE, giving every satisfaction. For sale by all the leading dealers. Write for catalogue and full particulars.  
**The E. & C. Gurney Co., HAMILTON, ONT.**

**Plato's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.**  
**CATARRH**  
 Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.