

The present Lord Wicklow is about 27 years of age, is married to the youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, served in South Africa during the war, and makes his home at Shelton Abbey, which has been in the possession of his family ever since its foundation by Dr. Ralph Howard, president of the Royal College of Physicians, Dublin, in the seventeenth century. The doctor's son was the Bishop of Elphin, and his grandson was the first Lord Wicklow. Shelton Abbey, as its name implies, formerly belonged to

The Crown Princess of Germany is passionately fond of horses, of dogs, and, in fact, of all animals, and has not only accepted the office of patroness of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but has likewise succeeded in inducing her father-in-law, the Kaiser, to abolish the bearing rein in the imperial stables. Indeed, the Emperor has taken an edict to that effect, and the fact that bearing reins have now disappeared from the

beef at a sitting.—Chicago Tribune.

MANY INHERIT weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, attacks of cold are continually experienced. The speedy use of Bickel's Anticongestive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickel's Syrup is cheap and good.

The rich man's son is to be pitied. What does it mean to him to get his first gold watch?

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT

"It must be infernally tiresome to sit here all day for people to stare at," he remarked in a sympathetic tone.

"Yes, sir; it is."

"May I ask if smoking is permitted in here?"

"Oh, yes. Anybody can smoke who likes."

Mr. Makinbrakes opened his cigar case and extracted a fine Havana.

"Then smoke this one on me," he said, with a genial smile.

"Sir," indignantly exclaimed the gentlemanly looking person, "I am the

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"The two lieutenants were sent for, and they were equally doubtful, while the orderly sergeant was ready to swear that the young Jim was the false one. The thing struck him half a day, and then a funny thing happened. A man lost his head with fright, and actually ran up to that he was a spy in the employ of the Confederates, and he had to be carefully watched for several days to prevent him from committing suicide. It was a good lesson to him. When he was finally pardoned he was the meekest, humblest chap you ever saw, and from that time on nothing could induce him to lie. He also had a doubt about his true identity, and up to the day he was mustered

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