A PITCHING MACHINE.

PROF. HINTON'S AUTOMATIC BASE-BALL DELIVERER.

The Ingenious Device of a Princeton Professor Which Delivers the Sphere at Any Time and in Any Curve—How Curves Are Made.

Although the mechanical pitcher invented by Professor C. H. Hinton of Princeton University is not likely to immediately bring about a reduction in the salaries of famous twirlers of the sphere, nor dispense with their services altogether, there are those who believe that the mechanical pitcher has many points of advantage. A test was recently made at Princeton in three games played on the college ball field, and the machine is said to have given satisfaction, although there was some delay caused by the necessity of loading the cannon. The ball was discharged by the aid of electricity, and there was no difficulty in regulating the speed of the ball nor in causing it to curve or drop as if thrown by a human being.

Professor Hinton has written a description of his machine and its mode of operation for The Scientific American. In it he says:

"The problem of producing by inanimate mechanism the equivalent of a ball pitched by the human hand divides itself into three parts.

"First, the projection of a ball so that its direction is accurate.

"Secondly, the imparting to a ball so delivered a spin or rotation about an axis which does not coincide with the direction of flight, but lies at right angles to it.

"Thirdly, the providing an equivalent or substitute for the motion of the pitcher's arm preparatory to the delivery of the ball.

"The most natural plan to pursue in seeking to reproduce a pitched ball by inanimate mechanical means is to construct a catapult. An instrument of this kind capable of projecting a fairly accurate straight ball is not difficult to make, but when it comes to combining a rotator with the projecting apparatus the problem assumes a different aspect. And even if a solution were arrived at the construction would, for the special purpose for which it is designed, be impracticable, on account of its cumbrous nature.

"The moving parts and guides, must, in their weight and friction, far exceed the inertia of the ball, and a source of energy vastly disproportioned to the effect produced would be needed.

"Such, at least, were the considerations which led me to abandon the construction of a catapult pitcher and to adopt the expansive force of gunpowder acting behind the ball in a tube as the source of projectile force.

"With the simple and satisfactory means, however, of producing rotation described below, a catapult form of pitcher does not seem to be at all impossible.

"Adopting powder and a tube, it is by no means the case that a true and accurate ball can be produced without further thought.

"If the powder is ignited in a small chamber below the ball the most varied effects follow. The ball sometimes fails to travel its course, sometimes flies with prodigious velocity. When a short barrel is used the results are better, but the most absolute accuracy in loading and uniformity in wadding are requisite. The whole condition, however, changes as soon as a long tube of small caliber is traversed by the exploding powder before it emerges into the large barrel in which the ball is held.

"With such an arrangement the difficulty of sending one ball after another with a uniform velocity disappears. In the experimental model had in the light gun, illustrated herewith, a tube of 38-100-inch internal diameter and of a length of about 4 feet is used. The results would probably be still better and more uniform with a tube of 30 caliber, the length being the same.

"It is certain that a tube of 44 caliber, even though a little longer, is comparatively extremely unreliable. The tube may be straight or coiled. If coiled a slightly heavier charge is needed. The reasons of the effectiveness of the long tube appear to be two: In a long tube the complete combustion of the powder is secured and the maximum amount of gas in each case produced. With such a tube also the delivery of the expanding gases on the ball is affected without shock. A baseball is elastic. If an elastic body is hit a violent blow when confined in a tube its lateral expansion causes it to jam, and when released from its momentary arrestation the gases heaped up behind it urge it on with great velocity.

"A straight ball of fairly uniform velocity being thus obtained, the rotation round an axis prependicular to the line of flight is obtained by prolonging the inner surface of the tube in two separate lines widely distant from each other, so that when the ball leaves the barrel it is touched in two spots and retarded by the prolongation of the tube. This is effected by means of 'fingers,' thin plates of metal, which, fastened to a ring movable round the muzzle of the gun, project over the thickness of the barrel, so that their edges are in a line with the interior of the tube.

"These fingers are curved and covered with rubber. The ball, on leaving the barrel, owing to their curvature presses itself against them more and more. Owing to the nature of the substance with which they are covered the ball slips very little. It tends to roll and roll, not on a full circumference, but on two small circles near the poles. It thus obtains a velocity of spin greater than that which it would have if it traversed its course rolling against a surface instead of flying through the air. This spin gives it the curved path.

"The cap which carries the fingers can be turned round on the muzzle of the gun so that any required curve can be obtained.

"The ball curves in that direction towards which the front is moved, since, if, looking along the gun, the cap is put on the right hand side the ball will be an incurve, that is, to an observer's right hand.

"With fingers seven inches long, slightly curved, and covered with eighth inch rubber, the gun will be is varying from right to left a mark by only a few inches, and giving a curve of nine or ten inches deviation from a straight line.

"With fingers more strongly curved the deviation of the ball is greater, but the accuracy is impaired. Probably with it

GUN FOR DELIVERING A CURVED BALL.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE HISTORICAL LITTLE ANIMAL.

A Massachusetts Tale That Is Unique in Its Way, Though It May Easily Have a Counterpart Any Day, Sparing the Verses.

In the pretty little Massachusetts town of Sterling, or as it was called by the Indians, Woonschauxet, which at one time formed a part of old Lancaster, in the county of Worcester, Mary E. Sawyer was born on the 22nd of March, 1806.

Her ancestors, the Sawyers, the Prescotts, and the Houghtons, were among the first settlers in the town and from this stock many eminent men have descended, among them being the historian, Prescott. Her father, a son of an officer in the Revolution, was a hard working, matter-of-fact farmer, who was noted for his dislike of Tory, while her mother was a gentle and loving woman of the old New England type. The old homestead in which Mary was born was built by Thomas Sawyer, and was a one story and a half wooden building that set back a little from the main road. In front, just across this thoroughfare, was the well with its old-fashioned sweep, while at the left on the other side of a cross road stood the barn to which had been built a good-sized shed, and extending from this shed was the sheep pen.

The red stone schoolhouse which Mary and her brother and sisters, as well as the other children in the district, attended, was situated on the other side of the road leading from Sterling to the parent town of Lancaster, on Red Stone hill, distanced about a quarter of a mile from the Sawyer farm. The teacher of this school at the time of the lamb adventure was Miss Polly Kimball, mother of Mr. Loring, proprietor of the well-known Loring circulating library of Boston.

The famous verses entitled "Mary Had a Little Lamb," was told by the heroine of the story as follows:

"The lamb episode occurred in the village of Sterling, near Worcester. I was always very fond of animals, and from the time I could toddle out to the barn, I was with the dumb animals not a little of the time. One cold, bleak, March morning I went out with father, and after the cows had been fed we went to the sheep pen, and found two lambs which had been born in the night. One of them had been forsaken by its mother, and through neglect was about dead from cold and for want of food. I saw it had a little life and I wanted to take it into the house, but father said no; it was about dead anyway, and at the best could live but a short time. But I couldn't bear to see the poor little thing suffer, and I teased until I got it into the house, and then I worked upon mother's sympathies. It could not at first swallow, and the catnip tea I had

MRS. MARY E. TYLER.

HOMESTEAD OF MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

mother make for my very sick friend it could not take for a long time. I got the lamb warm the first thing, which was done by wrapping her in an old garment and holding her in my arms beside the fireside. All day long I nursed the lamb, and at night it could swallow just a little. But I wasn't then satisfied it would live and I sat up all night with it, fearing it wouldn't be warm enough unless there was some one there to look after its comfort. In the morning, to my girlish delight, it could stand; then it improved rapidly, soon learned to drink milk, and from the time it could walk about it would follow me anywhere if I only called it. We roamed the fields together, and were, in fact, companions and fast friends.

"The fleece of the lamb was of the finest and whitest, and I would comb it every day and tie the wool with bright ribbons and dress it up in pantaletts and a shawl. The day the lamb went to school I hadn't seen her previous to starting off, and not wanting to go without getting her, I called. She readily recognized my voice and soon I heard a faint bleating way down the field. More and more distinctly I could hear it, and I knew my pet was coming to meet me. My brother, Nathaniel, said: 'Let's take the lamb to school with us.' I thought it would be a good idea, and I consented, and she followed along right behind me.

"When the schoolhouse was reached the teacher had not arrived, and but few scholars were there. Then I began to think what I should do with the lamb while school was in session. I took her down to my seat—you know we had old-fashioned, high, boarded up seats then. Well, I put the lamb under the seat, put on her blanket and she laid down just as quietly as could be. By and by I had to go out to recite and left the lamb all right, but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter on the floor, and I knew it was the pattering of the hoofs of my lamb. The teacher laughed outright, and of course all the children giggled. I took the lamb out and put it in a shed until I was ready to go home at noon, when it followed me back.

"Visiting the school that forenoon was a young man named John Roulstone, a nephew of the Rev. Samuel Caplin, who was then settled in Sterling, and with whom the young man was preparing to enter Harvard College. Young Roulstone, who died of consumption before the end of the freshman year, was very much pleased with the school incident, and the next day he rode across the fields on horseback, came to the little old schoolhouse and handed me a slip of paper, which had written upon it three verses, which are the original lines, but since then there have been two verses added by a Mrs. Hale.

Mary' had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule:
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

"The death of my pet took place on Thanksgiving day.

"We were all out in the barn, where the lamb had followed me. It ran right in front of the cows fastened in the stanchions that extended along the feed-box. One of the creatures gave its head a toss, then lowered its horns and gored my lamb, which gave a piercing, agonizing bleat and came toward me with the blood streaming down its side. I took it in my arms, placed its head in my lap, and there it bled to death. During its dying moments it would turn its little head, look up into my face in a most appealing manner, as though it would ask if it could, if there was not something that I could do for it. It was a sorrowful moment for me, for the company of many of my romps, my playfellow of many a long summer's day, had given up its life, and its place could not be filled in my childish heart."

Mrs. Tyler speaks of a Mrs. Hale as having several lines to the three original verses, and someone, at one time, claimed the whole poem for Mrs. Hale, but we trust that this narrative, as told by Mrs. Tyler, may settle the authorship. A letter received recently from a nephew now nearly seventy years of age, writes of having "not only Aunt Mary, but his grandmother and Uncle Nat, tell him the story when a little boy, and his Uncle Nat was the one who showed him where the lamb was found by Aunt Mary." The nephew says, "We went to school where Mary and the lamb went, and as we remember the fun-loving brother Nat, we can easily understand his suggestion."

To all who knew Mrs. Tyler, not a doubt would enter their minds of the authenticity of her story, though during her life, with her characteristic modesty, she would not countenance any controversy, but did at one time at the earnest solicitations of a correspondent of the press, after the Old South Fair had made the story so popular, give its history for publication.

After her school days were over, Miss Sawyer taught school in Fitchburg, Mass., and later became matron of the McLean Asylum in Somerville, where she made many friends, and entered upon a sphere of great usefulness. One lady speaks of her thus: "Her skill in housewifery told of the olden days, and her gentle touch with the sick or the disordered mind made her truly an angel in the house."

Here she met Mr. Columbus Tyler, the honored steward of the institution, and they were married in 1835 in the parlor of the old homestead at Sterling. Turning her account at the expiration of some thirty-five years, she interested herself in many outside affairs and was one of the women who were instrumental in raising funds to complete Bunker Hill Monument, and she was very active in the Sanitary Fair held for the soldiers in the civil war. She and her husband were among the first founders of the Unitarian Church in Somerville. Having no children of her own, she was always interested in the young, and was seldom, if ever, when in their own home, without some young person with her, and she allowed the neighbors' little ones to ramble at will through her beautiful house and grounds. In reference to children she said to the writer: "If one wishes to keep young in spirit they must associate with the young, and be interested in them." This fact was exemplified by the loving care with which she superintended the infant class in the Sunday school, till obliged to relinquish it, a few years before her death.

She heard with modest surprise, of her publicity in the story of herself and the lamb. Being in Boston at the time of the Old South Fair, some of the leaders asked Mrs. Tyler, "what shall we do to amuse and interest the children who may come here?" At their earnest request, she consented to go every day at a certain hour, and in a side room of the building, tell the story of her lamb, to the children, and give to each of them a little silken knot of yarn from the fleece of the lamb. By this means she added to the fund of the fair many hundreds of dollars, and, indeed, this work did not stop with the close of the fair, but for months every now and then, letters would come from far and near, asking for a piece of the yarn.

She ravelled out the stockings and attached small pieces to cards bearing her autograph, which she sold for the benefit of the Old South. The receipt of these letters was a source of pleasure to her, but occasionally one would come that she would pay no attention to. A request was all right, but when a demand came it was quietly laid aside. We asked her to leave one of the stockings (she had two pairs knitted from the lambs first fleece), to be kept in the family, not only for its historical value, but as a memento of the loved grandmother who knit them, and for their beauty of workmanship, for they were as evenly and beautifully knit as any woven ones could be; but ere we were aware, all that was left was a few of the cards. The writer of this article was fortunate to come into the possession of one.

This sale of mementos took place while she and her husband were living quietly in their own spacious and delightful home on Spring Hill, Somerville. The building of this house, the arranging and beautifying of the grounds, for this their home was a source of much pleasure and enjoyment to them. But it was particularly among her flowers Mrs. Tyler loved to be, and it seemed as if they knew her, for nearly everything she planted and tended lived, budded, bloomed, and shed its fragrance for her. Her collection of plants was not confined to cultivated specimens, but those taken from the woods, particularly the ferns, were carefully looked after. She made bouquets with the skill of an artist, her vases were filled every day, and she loved to remember the birthdays and other anniversaries of her friends with flowers gathered and arranged by herself. "She possessed not only the feminine graces of a rare housekeeper and the love of artistic flower-gardening, but also a deeply religious nature and a fine judgment, while the serenity and purity of her character increased with her age. Her courage in endurance of pain, and her unwillingness to tax too much the sympathy of her friends, were observed by her physician as something extraordinary." Such was the tribute of friends. We must not forget her musical talent, for she belonged to a family of fine musical tastes, and was herself possessed of a powerful soprano voice.

It can truly be said of her, "She stretched out her hands to the poor; yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." No one could come in contact with her without being impressed by her strong personality, and feel it was indeed a privilege to know her and be numbered among her friends.—E. A. Warren, in National Magazine.

Statue to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The bronze statue of Harriet Beecher Stowe, which will soon be erected in Hartford, Conn., will be twelve feet high and represent Mrs. Stowe seated with a suppliant figure of Uncle Tom stretching forth a pair of brawny arms, from which hang broken shackles. The statue is the work of W. Clark Noble.

CONVINCED AT LAST.

How an All-Rounder Persuaded His Prospective Father-in-Law.

"I had a hard time getting my wife," admits he who is now a proud husband and father. "I fell in love without having the supreme intelligence to know that I was not sordid enough to consider this defect a serious objection, but she was the daughter of a man who did the thinking and dictating for the whole family. When I asked him to accept me as a son-in-law he used the fewest words possible in telling me that I was a pauper, that my prospects were not worth considering, and that I was positively forbidden to bother him any more about the subject in hand. Nell had always been drilled to implicit obedience and would not hear to a marriage without her father's consent.

"I was discouraged, but made up my mind to watch and wait. Accidentally I discovered a plot to rob the old gentleman's bank and informed him in time to have a guard on hand, but the burglars failed to put in an appearance, and he jumped to the conclusion that I had created a false alarm for the purpose of furthering my own cause. I rescued his daughter in a runaway accident, but he insisted that the whole thing was a put-up job, and set me down a few pegs lower in his estimation. I helped his son beat off some footpads, but the father thought these semi-tragical occurrences were coming too often to be natural, and was more determined than ever that I should not marry into the family.

"One of his favorite pastimes was sailing, and nearly every evening he was navigating a catboat about the bay. I happened to be sitting on the shore meditating on my hard luck when I saw a vagrant puff of wind capsize the old gentleman's craft. He was not far from shore, but in deep water and deep trouble, for he could not swim. I tossed off most of my clothing, and soon had his scant crop of hair in my hand as I pulled him to the surface. I grimly asked him if the affair was prearranged, if he had conspired to help me in my suit, if it was only romantic folly on his part, and other like questions. 'For heaven's sake, young man,' he said, 'get me ashore and the girl is yours. This is no time for argument.' I landed him, landed the daughter, and finally landed the bank."

He Won the Bet.

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the sun was the hottest and the wind lacking, an interesting bet was decided in front of Norris' tobacco store. A couple of men happened to be in at the time, and one of them remarked as he mopped his perspiring brow:

"Great Scott, it's hot enough to fry an egg on the pavement."

"Oh, come off," ejaculated the other man. "It's pretty hot, but the idea of its being hot enough to fry an egg on the pavement is preposterous."

"I'll bet you a box of cigars," replied the perspiring man, "that an egg broken on one of those flagstones will fry white in less than five minutes."

The bet was quickly taken and an egg procured at the Paxton Hotel. The man who made the wager broke the egg gently on a spot where the sun was shining with all its might. Slowly but surely the white of that egg began to turn just like an egg on a hot frying pan, and in five minutes was fairly cooked.

While the cooking process was going on the loser was getting hotter and hotter, and at the end the sweat was rolling off of him in streams.—Omaha

CHULALONGKORN I., AGED 44.

is seeing the world. Foreigners control almost all of Siam's trade. Important exports are rice and teak wood. The country has a few bits of railway and nearly 2000 miles of telegraph.

The King's toilet is by no means always European. The following glimpse of him at court is furnished by The London Sketch, which also illustrates the above picture: "The palace is a masterpiece of architecture. It is an Italian structure, with the high and imposing native Siamese roof. It was typical of the Siamese that the rain should come in there; they understand the purchase of the best of the produce of European brains, but maintenance and repair are quite beyond them. It is so with their European buildings, it is so with their warships, it is so with their big guns, and their little. They have enough and to spare of all these, but not one is in a state fit to be used. I had come mostly from curiosity. I like the Siamese as Siamese; their hospitality is offered with open hand and readily, and nowhere on earth has hospitality been more abused. While we stood chatting a little dapper figure with black sparkling eyes, flat Mongolian face, iron-gray, closely-cropped hair, a tunic of white satin with gold embroidery, satin slippers, white silk hose, and what looked like a pair of white satin bloomers on, although it was only the Siamese panong tucked between the legs and tied behind in the orthodox Siamese fashion, came gliding in from a far corner, leading with one hand a lively little son and with the other one of his favorite little daughters. I had seen him before, and recognized the King of Siam in his most eminent role—in the part of a good and affectionate father; and, looking more closely around, I saw that it was a reception by the King of the accredited representatives from the courts of Europe." The King speaks English.

Pious Female—Do they have matins in this church?

Old Man—Yes; mum; but they 'as a 'l-cloth up t' the pulpit.—The Sketch.

Ways of Women Fair.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," she quoted.

"The lack of it," he added, "proclaims the woman."

THE DOG FELT COOLER.

Stranger (with a sea s)—The poodle would look better clipped. Shall I do it?

Jones—I don't mind.

Stranger (after an hour's work in the hot sun)—Dollar, please.

Jones—Great guns! That isn't my dog.

AFTERWARDS.

The Kind of People of Whom This May Truly Be Said.

The evening had been spent in the enjoyment of that delightful form of athletic exercise known colloquially as progressive whist. It had grown late, and the feminine part of the company were upstairs assuming their wraps and reciprocally exchanging the very newest items of information concerning one another and everybody else. The male portion—knowing well from experience that the time for the next hour or two was all their own—were enjoying a little poker game around one of the small tables. Mrs. Robbles was among the very first of the young matrons to descend.

"Charlie, dear," she cooed, as she gently patted him upon one cheek, "it's growing very late, and I think we had better be starting for home.

"All right, lovey," replied the smiling Charles, as he hastily scribbled an I.O.U. for $11.40 and handed it over to Youngthing. "I'll be with you just as soon as I can find my hat upstairs."—

And as they pass out of the front door, amid the shower of friendly salutations, she leaning upon his strong right arm, and he carefully protecting her from the rude sweep of the night wind, they present a picture of youthful connubial bliss and all that sort of thing which calculated to warp the judgment of the most hardened cynics.

But alas and alackaday, I chance to occupy the flat directly above them, and the hot air registers are exceptionally good voice conductors. Upon my return from the same social gathering I hear something like this:

"You miserable little scundrel, you. If ever I catch you looking at that red-haired, green-eyed and lobster-faced Wilson girl again like you did to-night, I'll hire a couple of men to thrash the flirtiness out of you! You hear me?

"And if you ever break in on a game where I'm $11 out, and holding my first cards of the evening," replies a male voice in excited tones, "I'll ! ! ? ? ? * * * ——" etc., etc., etc.

A Clincher.

"Chee!" murmured Tomatocan Timothy, as he lay on his back in the grass and gazed up into the blue vault above him. "I'd like ter be a butterfly!"

"Cos why?" murmured also Indifferent Ike, lazily chewing a blade of grass, not too energetically.

"Oh, dey has eligint raimint, an' dey finds deir food widout askin' unkind folks fer it."

"Aw, too much quick flyin' around," responded Ike. "Gimme der life of er snail. Dat's de bloke wot travels so slow you can't see him move sometimes. See?"

"Wot—wid all dem houses on its back?" queried Timothy disgustedly. "Gwan widjer! I'd so ner be de house an' git carried free."

This was a point, and both Ike and Timothy laughed consumedly.

"Ah, well," continued the latter, "de existence of one er dem butterflies kinda must er him satisfyin' to der soul. Jist sittin' down, proud an' calam, an' lookin' at all de worshippers wid a sneerin' visage, an' not havin' a time ter do but accept de gifts of all dem superstitious mugs. Ah, dat's wot I'd like fust-rate!"

"Talkin' erbout heath us," remarked Ike herewith, "de daily round of der ancient Emperore of Jaypan beats all your dreams holler."

"Prove it," said Timothy.

"Why, I read in de paper wuz considered a crime dat he himself wasn't allowed to do nothin' but jist sit around an' eat an' write mo' dey wouldn't let him cut his own nails or comb his hair or wash himself: Wot jer t'ink er dat?"

But Timothy's soul was too full for utterance.

His Reason.

Mrs. Flatte—This little bit won't last an hour. Why don't you bring me a larger piece these hot days?

The Iceman—What's the use? It would only melt.

Consumption

Out-door life and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites have cured thousands of cases of consumption in the early stages. They cure old, advanced cases too; but not so many, nor so promptly. When a case is so far advanced that a cure cannot be made, even then SCOTT'S EMULSION checks the rapidity of the disease, relieves the pains in the chest, reduces the night sweats, and makes the cough easier. In these cases it comforts and prolongs life. Don't experiment with cures that destroy the digestion. Pin your faith to the one remedy which has been THE STANDARD FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Not a Million a Year.

A certain English Duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with his carriage at the side.

His Grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going, the lad replying:

"To the park, to see the dook and soldiers."

The Duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride with him to the park.

The delighted lad, being in ignorance as to whom he was riding with, kept His Grace interested with his quaint remarks till the park gates were reached.

As the carriage entered it was saluted by the company and guns. Whereupon His Grace said to the lad:

"Now, can you show me where the Duke is?"

The lad eyed his person over, and then, looking at the Duke, replied quite seriously:

"Well, I dunno, mester, but it's either me or you."

A Nervy Excuse.

"I would give you something if you were not intoxicated."

"Yes, boss, but yer see I had ter get drunk ter get up nerve enough ter ask fer the price of a bed."

White Soot.

A good story is told of an incident that took place a short time ago on board an English ship. The piper had blown to "Clear up decks for divisions," (it being Sunday). When the upper-deck sweeper was about to sweep the deck he observed a lot of soot coming from the cook's funnel. The sweeper called the cook's mate up, and pointed out to him the state the deck was in.

"But," said the cook, "I cannot help the soot coming up."

"Yes, you can," said the sweeper; "it's the usual routine to whitewash the coals on Sunday."

The cook, being a very green beginner, went and whitewashed every lump of coal he had in the coal box to get white soot.

"God Save the Queen."

Perhaps an odd feature of the services at St. Paul's has not been reported in America. Sir Walter Parratt, who presided at the organ, played the national anthem, and the choir sang the rejected second verse, that from sheer shame the people have refused to sing for the last thirty years. The first verse and the third everyone knows. I will give the second:

SECOND VERSE.

O Lord our God! arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix—
God save us all.

And Sir Edward Arnold adds: "It will not be accounted indiscreet to observe that it was Her Majesty's own wish that the good old habitual text of 'God Save the Queen' was maintained."—London Correspondence New York Sun.

HUMAN NATURE.

Some Everyday Stories That Have the Real Flavor About Them.

A very big man, with a tremendous expanse of face, and a lean fellow, with a physiognomy as thin as a turkey's, walked into a barber shop.

"We want to get shaved," said the man of wide expanse of chin.

"Yes, we want to get shaved," squeakily replied his comrade.

"Next," cried the barber.

"Not so fast, my man," said the big gentleman, laying his hand confidently upon the shoulder of the hair cutter. "Down below here they charged me 20 cents for a shave the other day. I asked the cashier why. She referred me to the barber. He got mad and swore.

"What do you want for ten cents?" he demanded. "There's twice the work on your face there is on an ordinary customer's."

"I did to prevent being kicked out. My friend here has a 5-cent face. What we want is a partnership shave for 20 cents. Can we get it?"

They got the shave.

The Seductive Phonograph.

Farmer Meadowgrass came to town last week, and seeing the sights on Yonge-street, wandered into a photograph parlor. Just to satisfy the cravings of his depraved nature, he dropped a nickel into the slot to hear the music, accompanying the action with the remark:

"My sporting blood would always get the best of me."

The music began. The first selection was "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and the old man took it in rather calmly. The next was "Sweet Little Rosy O'Grady" and the old gentleman's face was like a benediction. Then came a hymn, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," and the farmer's face lengthened into prayer meeting regulation length. But last on the schedule was a lively old-fashioned reel and his face lit up like magic. His feet began to move nervously. His limbs twitched, and involuntarily he began to shuffle. Soon his feet were keeping time with the music, and it was not long before he was describing the real sort of reel. At the end of the tune his feet came down "kerplunk" and he gave utterance to a satisfied sort of vocal explosive, much like, "whoopee!" while he smiled broadly.

"Pardner, give us that again," he said to the attendant, but when assured that he would have to wait until the turn came, he shouldered his disappointment heroically and marched forth from the place.

Pride Even in Boot-Blacking.

Three young knights of the blacking brush were industriously plying their trade in front of the Walker House. Each had a customer, and each was vying with the others to get the best shine, while their customers good-naturedly incited their pride. One customer's shoes were unusually susceptible to shining and he was getting the best of it. He joked the next boy for doing a poor job, but he didn't take the joke. With a flash of his eye, he turned upon the jocular customer, and cried:

"Sho, Mister, you let me shine that other shoe, and I'll do it for nothing."

But not even the prospect of a free shine moved the man to accommodate the ambitious bootblack.

Not a Million in It.

"See that man walking down the street, with a cane, a silk hat and Prince Albert coat?" asked a gentleman in a King street car of a friend who was a stranger in the city.

The friend looked and beheld as fine a specimen of a tailor-made man as could be gotten up. Expecting to here that he was some Avenue road prince, he turned back to his city cousin and said:

"No, I don't know him. Who is it?"

"Why, that's the night clerk of the Blank Hotel."

He Understood Jack.

Miss Seaside Hardcash—Papa, if Jack tells you the winner of the handicap will you give your consent?

Papa Seaside Hardcash—If he could tell that he would not want you.

KARLEY

—THE—

HARDWARE MAN

KEEPS A FULL STOCK OF

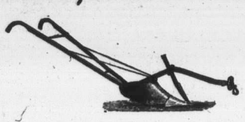
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of all sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Acate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition.

Groceries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods—in short, we have something for everybody that calls.

Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

WM. KARLEY

FARMERS, LOOK HERE!



I am prepared to furnish Points and Repairs for all Popular plows at lowest wholesale rates; also repairs for Oshawa Planet Power, and general job castings at lowest possible prices for first-class work.

My '97

....GIANT ROOT CUTTER..

Has several important improvements, viz.: Heavier Balance-Wheel, Anti-Clog Cylinder, etc., making it the best machine in the market. Warranted as represented.

Send for prices.

GEO. P. McNISH,
Lyn Agricultural Works.

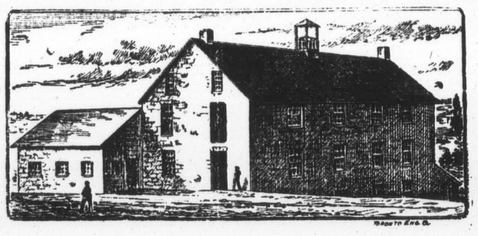
We Haven't Said a Word

About our Children's White Headwear for the fall and winter, for quite a while. We cannot keep still any longer. We are proud of these goods and so are the people who buy, and justly so. They are beautifully gotten up, appearance and comfort combined, and the price is low.

Would you like to see them?

CRAIG, The Hatter

Lyn Woolen Mills



Have a good of stock genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER.

WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE OF SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.

A NERVOUS WRECK.

The New Method Treatment is the Greatest Discovery of the Age FOR CURING THESE DISEASES

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW METHOD THEATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. *We will cure you or no pay.*

HEREDITARY BLOOD DISEASE.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

SYPHILIS is the most prevalent and most serious BLOOD disease. It saps the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will affect the offspring. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures it for ever.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MAN—You've led a gay life, or indulged in the follies of youth. Self-abuse or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be. Lustful practices reap rich harvests. Will you heed the danger signals.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. Books Free.—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 3 cents. Sealed. Book on "Diseases of Women" Free.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C.O.D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

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