

RAW FURS

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WIT AND HUMOR

Mr. Wm. Platts, the octogenarian, who gives some reminiscences of the West; riding in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, tells a story of the visit of Fergus O'Connor to Halifax. Chartism, pure and simple, did not satisfy a large portion of the more rabid reformers; it did not go far enough for them, they were 'levellers,' and a Brighthouse firebrand was one of the most clamorous for a general distribution of the country's wealth. As he reached the rendezvous, however, a disturbing thought, not altogether unconnected with the fact that he himself owned a little freehold, crossed his mind, and, accosting one of the local leaders, inquired—

"Look here, if we get this here Charter and all t' brass is shared out, how much will it run apiece?"
"Oh," was the reply, "as near as we can tell about thirty pounds each."
"Thirty pounds apiece?" muttered the Brighthouse freeholder, as he turned decisively on his heel. "Then Chartism be blowed—I'm going home!"

When Dawson reached town the other day he was suddenly seized with a terrible toothache, and he repaired at once to a dentist. Investigation showed that the tooth was in such a condition that the only way to extract it comfortably was to put the sufferer under the influence of gas. Consequently Dawson threw himself back in the chair and the tube was applied. He did not succumb any too readily, but in the course of time he was sleeping peacefully, and the offending molar was removed.

"How much, doctor?" asked the patient after the ordeal was over.
"Ten dollars," said the dentist, business being dull.
"Ten dollars?" roared Dawson.
"Yes sir," said the dentist. "It was an unusually hard job getting that tooth out, and you required twice the ordinary amount of gas."
"Humph!" ejaculated Dawson, as he paid up. "Here's your money, but I tell you right now the next time I take gas from you you've got to put a meter on me."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Two stout old Germans were enjoying their pipes and placidly listening to the strains of the summer-garden orchestra. One of them in tipping his chair back stepped on a parlor match, which exploded with a bang.

"Dot vas not on de programme," he said, turning to his companion.
"Vat vas not?"
"Vy, dot match."
"Vot match?"
"De match I valked on."
"Vell, I didn't see no match; vat about it?"

Black Watch

Black Plug
The Chewing Tobacco
of Quality.



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"Vy, I valked on a match and it went bang, and I said it was not on de programme."

The other picked up his programme and read it through very carefully. "I don't see it on the programme," he said.

"Vell, I said it vas not on the programme, didn't I?"
"Vell, what has it got to do mit the programme anyway? Egspain yourself."

Mother, (viciously scrubbing her small boy's face with soap and water)—"Johnny, didn't I tell you never to blacken your face with burnt cork again. Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and it won't come off."

Boy, (between gulps)—"I—ouch!—ain't your little boy—ouch! I see Mose, de colored lady's boy.—*Judge*."

"I thought your bank wasn't going to give any vacation this year."

"It didn't intend to," replied the assistant cashier, brown from a long outing, "but I put on an anxious look and pattered over my books so long they insisted on my taking a rest."

"So they could examine your accounts?"
"Sure. And they found them in such elegant shape that when I struck for a raise they had to give it."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Although woman has not yet won her fight for equal suffrage, her influence in the politics of a club exclusively for men has lately been demonstrated. A contest for the office of president in a New York club was decided by a letter written by a woman. There were two candidates for the place; one a clerk in a New York financial institution, whose young wife had been a working girl, the other a wealthy manufacturer, with a reputation among his neighbors for "closeness."

The day before the election each member of the little club received a typewritten letter, signed by a woman whom all knew, which began with these words:

"If what I write you is not true, it is libel."

Then she said the club should not honor its "meanest man," and related some amusing incidents to demonstrate that she was not mistaken in her estimate of the man.

In closing she wrote: "What do you think of a man who has his barn painted and says to his wife: 'That's your birthday present.' If you can afford to elect that kind of a man for your president, go ahead!" The alleged "meanest man" was defeated.

Doctor (upon finding his patient weaker than before)—"What does this mean? Haven't you been following my instructions?"

Patient (feebly)—"Yes, doctor."

Doctor—"Been eating animal food right along, have you?"
Patient (grimly trying to smile)—"Well, doctor, I tried to, but somehow it did not seem to agree with me very well. I managed to worry down the hay and the clover tops all right; but the thistles kind of stuck in my throat, and I had to give it up."—*Judge*.

In a certain Scotch village there lives a character who was recently employed by a farmer to do odd jobs on the farm. A duck was missed, and the farmer suspected Bob to be the guilty party. Calling Bob to him, he remarked—"Bob what did you do with the duck you took last night?"
"Me," said Bob; "I took no duck."
"Oh, but you did," said the farmer

playing the game of bluff, 'for I heard it quacking beneath your jacket.' Bob fell into the trap.
"You couldn't do that," he said, 'for I'd twisted its neck.'

The proprietor of a tanyard was anxious to fix a suitable sign to his premises. Finally, a happy thought struck him. He bored a hole through the door post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door, looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute, and stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir!" he said.
"Good morning!" said the other without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."
"Perhaps you've got some hides to sell?"

"No."
"Are you a farmer?"
"No."

"What are you then?"
"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for nearly an hour, trying to find out how that calf got through that hole."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A man who intended to take up a homestead claim, but did not know how to do it, sought information of a friend about it.

"Mike," said he, "you've taken up a homestead, and I want to know what you had to do to prove up and earn your title to the land."

"Well, Jerry, I don't know the law word for word, concerning homesteading, but it seemed to me like this: The government is willing to bet ye one hundred and sixty acres of land agin fourteen dollars that ye can't live on it five years without starving to death."

Once in a while the clever tramp, A. No. 1, rather mischievously welcomes a battle of wits with some haughty conductor of a fast train.

One instance will be sufficient. He was loitering about the Illinois Central station in Chicago one summer evening five or six years ago. A fast New York train was about to start. One of the train's crew recognized our tramp friend and notified the conductor. This gentleman accosted A. No. 1 and told him sharply that he must not attempt to ride. He didn't want any hobo around his train. A.

No. 1 said:

"Now, see here, my friend. I am going to ride to New York on your train, whether you like it or not."

He then disappeared.
The train started and every member of the train's crew kept sharp watch to see if A. No. 1 got aboard. They did not relax their vigilance until the train was going at a speed that would have made it impossible for any one to board it.

But A. No. 1 is a student of psychology in a crisis. He knew that the most obvious place on the train would be the least suspected. He accordingly had climbed upon the pilot of the engine and had drawn himself into a small compass immediately under the gleaming plate on the engine's front. Several times members of the crew had passed in front of the engine, but, blinded by the light and dismissing as unlikely this open hiding place, had overlooked him.

Search was made for him again at Ann Arbor. He watched the hunt from behind a nearby freight car. After that, since the train crew was convinced that the boasting tramp had not "muck good," he easily eluded discovery by the ordinary means of 'hobo' travel, upon the rods under the Pullman or on the trucks.

Arrived in New York at the Grand Central station, A. No. 1 saw the conductor as he was leaving the train and greeted him with a well-deserved "How do you do, conductor? Glad

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not Sold as a Cure for Consumption

but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Woods." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

to see you come in on time with me." Before the stunned official came out of his trance our genial friend had slipped through the gates into the crowded interior of the station.—From 'The Cleverest Tramp in America,' in the *Bohemian Magazine* for September.

WHAT NEGLECT DID FOR HIM

Jas. E. Brant Suffered Torments from Kidney Diseases.

Then He used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Became a Well Man—His Experience a Lesson for You.

ATHABASCA LANDING, Alta., Oct. 26. (Special).—That Kidney Disease, neglected in its earlier stages, leads to the most terrible suffering, if not death itself, and that the one sure cure for it in all stages is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the experience of Mr. James E. Brant, a farmer residing near here.

Mr. Brant contracted Kidney Disease, when a young man, from a strain, and, like hosts of others, neglected it, expecting it to go away itself.

But it kept gradually growing worse till after thirty years of increasing suffering the climax came, and he found himself so crippled that at times he could not turn in bed, and for two weeks at a time it was impossible for him to rise from a chair without putting his hands on his knees.

He could not button his clothes. He was troubled with Lumbago, Gravel and Backache, and tried medicines for each and all of them without getting relief, till good luck turned him to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills started at the cause of his troubles and cured his Kidneys. With cured Kidneys his other troubles speedily disappeared, and today he is a well man.

If you cure your Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills you will never have Lumbago, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy or Bright's Disease.