

A LIVELY OLD SHARK

HE MADE RAPID TIME FROM MONTEVIDEO TO PERAMBUCO.

The feat sounds incredible, but the Orator at the Liars' Club told a Circumstantial Story and Displayed a Souvenir of the Event.

"The speed attained by south Atlantic sharks in their efforts to arrive at desired points within the least possible space of time," said No. 18, who used to be in the navy and is now a clerk in the navy department, addressing the last meeting of the Washington Liars' Club, "has long been a subject of scientific investigation. I don't know the exact number of knots they have been found to make within the space of an ordinary four hour watch, but if a south Atlantic shark can't beat an albatross when it comes to speed I'll eat my bag and hammock and ditty box.

"Now, there are some sharks down in the south Atlantic that don't like to find themselves too near the equatorial line, and yet they want to have plenty of room to prow. They've got the temperature of water that suits them best figured out to a nicety, and they know that on the other side of the equatorial line there's just as good water, and water of the same degree of temperature, as that in which they're frolicking around when they get to thinking on this subject.

"Well, what do they do when they get to worrying over the cramped space in which they find themselves on one side of the line and the other? Why, they just make a dash across the line. That's all. They know that the equatorial line is a trocha of water that's a heap too hot for their constitutions and that they can't stand monkeying around in the water on that line too long, and so they just hop over it, lickety out, so fast that you can't see their fins for dust.

"I remember once, when I was on the old Ticonderoga, a thing happened that gave us a line on the speed of sharks when they take it into their heads to get speedy. We got into the port of Montevideo one morning at 10 o'clock. It was on Monday, April 12. Montevideo harbor is full of sharks, and the men forward got to fishing over the side for them in order to get their spines to make walking sticks of them. One huge man eater was landed after great difficulty with the combined strength of the whole watch on deck, and he had to be clubbed with belaying pins and capstan bars for an hour before he gave up and cashed in.

"Well, we cut him open, and, gentlemen, what do you suppose we found inside of him? Why, as fine a gold watch and chain as you ever saw in your life! Not an ordinary minute and second hand watch, but one of those watches that give the date, the day of the week, the phases of the moon and the whole thing. Well, sir, you can imagine our astonishment when we snapped the case of this watch open and found that it had stopped at exactly 4 p. m., April 11, the day before we got into Montevideo.

"The skipper of our ship reported this fact to the townspeople of Montevideo when he went ashore, feeling confident that some prominent citizen of that town had inadvertently permitted himself to be made a meal of by an epicurean shark. He naturally concluded that the victim must have been a prominent citizen to pack such a swell timepiece around with him. Nobody was missing out of the population of Montevideo, and the thing looked almost mysterious.

"Well, we remained in the harbor of Montevideo for six weeks making repairs, and in that time the shark and watch incident was practically forgotten. We were just upon the point of pulling out for northern waters when the British ship Cardiff, from Pernambuco, Brazil, put into Montevideo. The Cardiff's mate was in command, and he had a queer story to tell of how the command had fallen to him. It seems that on April 11 the skipper, returning to the ship from Pernambuco in his long boat, had slipped in stepping on to the boat leading to the ship's gangway and fallen into the water. Before the boat's crew had a chance to pull him back into the stern sheets there was a splash and the skipper was being packed off in the jaws of a gigantic shark.

"You'll remember that this happened on the afternoon of April 11. Well, there wouldn't have been anything remarkable about this if the mate in command of the Cardiff hadn't happened to mention that the skipper had a valuable watch on his person when the shark got him. Our commanding officer heard about this, and he looked up the mate and asked him what kind of a watch it was. The mate exactly described the watch that we had taken out of the shark's stomach in Montevideo on the morning of April 12, and when our skipper showed it to him he instantly identified it.

"Now, all that anybody who doubts this has got to do in order to find out how many thousand miles Pernambuco is from Montevideo is to measure the scale on the atlas of South America. That shark only hit the high places in jumping from Pernambuco to Montevideo, and if there's any doubter of this narration here present, why, here's the shark's spine," and No. 18 of the Liars' Club held up a 35 cent malacca stick.

The quarterly medal was bestowed upon No. 18 by unanimous vote.—Washington Star.

The Widow.

It is said by an Atchison cynic that as soon as a woman is a widow she loses all freedom of purpose and can be lured in her plans as easily as the weathercock on a barn. The women will sniff at it, but a woman who has once had a husband to do the deciding is at a disadvantage when she has no one to blame the way.

LOVELY HYPOCRISY.

Little Tricks Which Show What a Consummate Actress is Patti. A dramatic writer of San Francisco tells the following amusing story of Patti's last visit to the Pacific coast. He was at the station with many others to meet the great diva when she arrived.

"The diva stepped from the train," said the San Franciscan, "and after inhaling a lung full of fog remarked: 'Oh, this is heaven! All my troubles are paid for. Thank heaven, I breathe the air of San Francisco once again!'"

"As for myself, on both of these occasions I was delighted also—with the diva's lovely hypocrisy, that accused in which the post tells us takes the best men in. I never thought Patti much of an actress, but I changed my mind in this respect after witnessing these two exhibitions."

Nothing in the way of "lovely hypocrisy" can surprise anybody who has ever seen Patti on the concert stage. She rushes to the footlights, a vision of smiling radiance, eyes swimming with the moisture of overpowering joy and a look of pleading affection on her countenance, as if the present moment were the happiest of her life and as if she were consumed by an eager desire to embrace and kiss everybody in the audience. And she does it all so naturally and spontaneously that the majesty of the assemblage is instantly "mashed" and would cheerfully lynch anybody who would intimate that there was any "acting" about it.

HER FACE WAS NOT FAIR.

But There Was One to Whom She Would Always Be Beautiful.

The blind boy raised a rapt face to the light. "And my mother!" he said questioningly. "Tell me how she looks again. I shall soon be able to see, and I know I shall find one more beautiful than all the rest and cry mother-mother! Why do you not speak?"

His sensitive face was turned reproachfully toward his father. "You have always told me how lovely she is. She is little—no taller than my shoulder—I know that."

"You must know now what your blindness would have kept you from knowing," he said. "Your mother is not fair and beautiful now in face, but her soul is what God made for a mother. When you can see, look for the face which holds the greatest love. You will not be mistaken. It will be your mother's."

The great surgeon looked for a moment or two into the sightless eyes, and then turned and laid his hand on the father's trembling arm.

"Only God can make him see, my friend," he said kindly. "Your boy was born blind, and human skill cannot help him. He naturally concluded that the victim must have been a prominent citizen to pack such a swell timepiece around with him. Nobody was missing out of the population of Montevideo, and the thing looked almost mysterious."

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THE MAN WHO MOUNTS.

The man who walks upon the level, The broad smooth plane where millions fare, May do himself a child of trouble, But traveling is easy there.

As one climbs high and ever higher His fears of falling multiply. As one who walks upon a wire Must have a steady foot and eye, So he who mounts above the throng That walks upon the level plane Has fears, as well as joy, to share. A tedious labor to maintain.

The ways of men grow ever narrower And narrower as they ascend; The dangers lurking there grow greater And greater still unto the end.

The man whose word a thousand others Must ever hurry to obey Is envied by his number brothers, But while they rest he schemes away! They see his height and deem him blest, Nor know the dangers lurking there: A thousand cares upon his head For each that those beneath him bear.

The man who mounts but takes his troubles And multiplies them manifold: The higher that the ladder rises, The harder to maintain his hold.

The world asks not that he who labors With hoe or hod shall wield the pen; He should be above such men. He should rise again and go his way— His narrow footing in a grain.

The man who walks upon the level, The broad, smooth way where millions fare, May deem himself a child of trouble, But earth's serenest souls are there.

MINING TERMS.

Some Words Which Creep Up Constantly That Are Not Imperfectly Understood by the General Public.

Ledge—A ledge or vein. Panning—The driving out of an ore body. Plunge—Boxing or pining for conveyance.

Blind Lode—One that shows no surface croppings. Reserves—Alluvial deposits; earth containing gold dust.

Foot Wall—The lower wall or side of a lode or vein. Caprock—The formation overlying the pay dirt or ore.

Wall—Boundary of vein, lode or ledge and including the same. Free Gold—Gold easily separated from the quartz or dirt.

Breasting—Taking ore from the face of a mine or head of a shaft with a pan. Dump—The place where ore is deposited after being taken from the mine.

Bedrock—The bed of a metalliferous deposit for prospecting or working mines. Hanging Wall—The upper wall; the rock or rock resting on the lode or vein.

Deposit—A body of ore distinct from a ledge; a pocket of gravel or pay dirt. Croppings—Ledge material lying upon the surface, and incline excavation for prospecting or working mines.

Upraise—Running a drift upward or rising above a shaft or level, instead of sinking. Shaft—A shaft connecting one drift level with another, but not reaching to the surface.

Chute—An incline or opening from one level to another, through which ore is passed. Stopping—Breaking ore from a stoppe or section of ground in a mine; between or above levels.

Cage—The elevator used for hoisting heavy ore cars, men and materials to a mine. Porphyry—A barren rock, stratified reddish, purple or green rock, in which crystals are imbedded.

Horse—A mass of wall or rock or other barren matter protruding into an unbearing ledge. Contact Lode—A lode lying between two different kinds of rock, as, for example, porphyry and slate.

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THE SUN'S MAKE-UP.

Some Popular Notions Concerning the Earth's Orb of Light Corrected—Facts About Other Greater Suns.

Hitherto an absolutely mistaken notion seems to have been accepted regarding the make-up of the sun, which has been supposed to be a homogeneous body in density throughout. As a matter of fact, while its material is lighter than our own atmosphere on its surface, the interior is very much denser than the heaviest known substances that go to compose the earth. In fact, the solar orb near its center is about three times as dense as mercury. As for the future of the sun, we may suppose that for a while, after cooling, it will become habitable by living forms, animal and vegetable; but these are not likely to be developed highly or to endure for any length of time, inasmuch as the solar globe will have no external source of heat to depend upon.

Sirius, as I have said, is a blue star. It is the best of the constellation of the Swan, is a double sun, one of its members being pale yellow and the other deep blue. The fiery-red sun of Scorpio is linked with another one that is small and green. These double stars are true cosmic twins, and occasionally triplets appear.

Castor, in Gemini, is a pair of suns, each of which is larger than our orb of day, and it is believed that the greater of the two revolves around a third gigantic and invisible body, the presence of which is suggested by the swaying movements of the mighty luminary in question.

Algol, the so-called Demon Star, has such a body revolving around it, showing off its light so as to make it glaze and fade at alternate intervals. I myself, as I have already said, have discovered a dozen great stars, some almost black, shining merely by reflected light from neighboring suns. What worlds they must be, to be sure, and how strange the forms of life which may be imagined to inhabit them!

Alcyone, whose times as big as our sun, in the constellation Lyra, toward which the whole of our own solar system is moving. It may even be conceived as possible that our sun eventually will become a satellite of Alcyone.

Arcturus, the king of suns, gives 5,000 times as much light as our sun—a statement which becomes impressive when it is considered that our solar orb would "cut up" in 1,200,000 pieces, each one as large as the earth on which we live. If, therefore, the sun were a solid form of anthracite coal, ignited in pure oxygen, it would burn out in 1,700 years.

The atmosphere of the sun is supposed to be 4,000 miles deep, being composed of various gases and vapors of metals. As observed through the telescope its surface is covered with minute white forms, apparently floating in an ocean of greyish fluid. These are clouds, composed not of water, but of electrically charged carbon producing the brightest of artificial lights, so the sun employs the same agent in the manufacture of its radiant light and heat. The sun-clouds are made up of drops of liquid carbon which have a radius of nearly one-tenth of an inch of the filament in an electric lamp.

When, as a famous astronomer says, we remember that the entire surface of the huge luminary is coated with these clouds, every particle of which is thus intensely heated, we can understand the wonder at the dazzling brightness which, even across the awful gulf of 93,000,000 miles, produces for us the inconceivable glory of daylight.

The greatest and most important invention to be made in the next century will be a machine for storing the heat of the sun and transforming it into electricity or some other form suitable for ready employment. This heat, which is now lost by radiation, will be applied to the running of mills, the warming of houses, and every other purpose which man can imagine. It is worth mentioning in this connection that every square yard of the sun's surface emits an amount of heat equal to that of a blast furnace consuming one ton of coal every ten minutes. The heat given out by the solar globe in one second would raise 100,000 cubic miles of ice-cold water to boiling point, and of this heat the earth receives only one-billionth part.—Prof. T. J. See of the U. S. Naval Observatory.

Useful Obsequy. At the Oxford Assizes recently a man was placed on the dock on the charge of being stolen a horse.

The case for the prosecution seemed to leave no doubt on the minds of those who heard the man's story, and he was sure to follow. However, it transpired that a very clever counsel had been engaged for the defense, and that counsel, by his eloquent pleading, had such an effect on the jury that they brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

"Now, look 'ere, Bill, it's all over now, and I should like to know the truth. Did you really steal that horse?" "Well," says Bill, "I don't mind telling you that when I stepped into the blooming dock I thought I had, but after listening to that lawyer chap I see now that I didn't."—London Answers.

How His Feet Must Tingle. The Sultan of Turkey is most inquisitive as to what is said and written about him abroad. Every day translations are laid before him from the newspapers of the world, and these are all closely perused. His Majesty, by the way, is a bad hand at suffering. As one time he wanted to have an itching tooth removed, he dared not. Eight slaves had molars drawn out in his presence that he might have an opportunity of judging the extent of suffering entailed, and finally the Sultan decided that he would rather bear the pain than undergo such an ordeal.

The Good Skunk. The much-deplored and maligned skunk has at last found friends, who respect, cherish and encourage him. They are the hop-growers of New York State, who find the skunk their main reliance in keeping down a very destructive grub which otherwise would ruin their crops.

What Patti Earned. In 1888 Mapleson was obliged to raise Patti's salary from \$1,000 a night to \$4,000 a night. A man previously unheard of in the annals of opera. This sum, moreover, was demanded, as if it were a matter of course, by Patti's agent, by the agent.

OTTAWA NEWS.

THE FATTENED CHICKEN BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE GROWING.

Prof. Robertson Coming Next Week to Start Fattening Stations in the Three Maritime Provinces—A Co-operative Creamery for Nova Scotia.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 21.—James Riddin, alderman of Liverpool, one of the largest dealers in poultry of Great Britain, is travelling through Canada making arrangements with several firms for shipments of chickens and turkeys to the British markets.

The department received inquiries today from another large importer in Manchester, who is also coming to Canada next month, to make arrangements for the handling of fattened chickens and turkeys.

The department is going on with a proposal to establish two fattening stations in each of the eastern provinces, to show how fattening chickens can be carried on most economically and profitably.

Professor Robertson goes to the maritime provinces next week to start these and arrange the starting of co-operative creameries in Nova Scotia, to be managed by this department in a similar way to that followed when the department managed the cheese factories and creameries in Prince Edward Island.

Deputy Minister Schreiber has returned from a four inspection of the St. Lawrence canal and reports the north channel now ready for water to be let through. This work was undertaken by the present government in '97, and is expected to prove a great advantage to St. Lawrence navigation.

The customs department will in a day or two issue regulations to govern the law passed last session removing the prohibition against the export of deer from Canada. The minister will prescribe that not more than two deer may be taken out by the same party in a single season.

Colonel Cody, the eminent scout, helped to build a church at North Platte and was persecuted by his wife and daughter to accompany them to the opening. The minister gave out the hymn which commenced with the words "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing," etc. The organist, who played by ear, started the tune in too high a key, and had to try again several times, but in vain, like the first, in failure. "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing my praise," came the opening words for the third time. The organist, who played by ear, started the tune in too high a key, and had to try again several times, but in vain, like the first, in failure. "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing my praise," came the opening words for the third time. The organist, who played by ear, started the tune in too high a key, and had to try again several times, but in vain, like the first, in failure. "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing my praise," came the opening words for the third time.

A mischievous youngster at the Mission, amusing himself with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family did its best to withdraw the fist of the luckless youngster, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it. After a final attempt, he gave up in despair, but in a moment of sudden suggestion, "Open your hand!" he commanded, "and then draw it back!" "I can't open it, father," declared the boy. "I'll give you my penny in my hand," "You young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at at once!" The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

From the top of Lookout Mountain it is possible to see over seven States of the Confederacy. Bill Nye climbed the summit with a party and the guide proceeded to point out the landmarks. "Where's North Carolina?" he inquired. The man pointed to a place in the horizon to which distance gave a purple hue. "That's it over there," he replied. "I know that's not North Carolina," Nye declared. "Here is a map of the United States, and you can see that North Carolina is pink. I'll be in that State company in a minute, and I have helped to paint it red, but, of course, I go away sometimes, and it fades a little, leaving it a pink color. The guests went out one day after dinner, and a great dish of the spoils was prepared for dinner. Just as they were about to be served out, some one raised the question of poison. Some bullets alone braved attack the dish, when Nye cried out to them: "What are about, cherubim? Remember that you haven't finished your romances in the Revue!"

Bolon, the famous editor of the Revue de Deux Mondes, had a party of friends at his country house in Savoy. Among them was Cherubini, the novelist, who was a frequent contributor to the magazine. The guests went out one day after dinner, and a great dish of the spoils was prepared for dinner. Just as they were about to be served out, some one raised the question of poison. Some bullets alone braved attack the dish, when Nye cried out to them: "What are about, cherubim? Remember that you haven't finished your romances in the Revue!"

The superintendent of the Standard Oil Company's works at Whiting discovered an Irishman laying pipe in the customary excavation in a manner that displeased him. This superintendent was renowned for his command of language, and he rebuked the man in the following different ways. Bill he never looked up. The great man suddenly palmed up in his wild tirade. "See here, my man," he roared, "don't you know I'm giving you hell?" Slightly turning his head, the pipe-lay replied: "An ain't I takin' it like a little man?"

ECZEMA And Every Form of Torturing Disfiguring Skin and Scalp Humors Cured by Cuticura

FOR BELLEISLE. Steamer Springfield

Having been rebuilt under the supervision of the most practical government inspectors, the Steamer Springfield is now ready for service.

IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS. Beautiful is earth!

With spruce and poplar waving in the breeze; And the industrious humming of the bees;

And in the deep, green vale the crystal hill Sparkling in the sunlight through the trees.

In the heart of the lonely hill, On the mossy carpet seated to behold Reanimated Nature her miracles unfold; Seen best by the contemplation and still, With wondering adoration all untold.

In the heart of the lonely hill, Above life's discord and in its din; The world outside and peace within; To muse on gentle hearts that love doth all, For us that touch which maketh all akin.

In the heart of the lonely hill, How dear the memory of words and deed From their kind lips and hands in time, Strengthening the fainting heart and falling will; Constraining pain and sorrow to recede.

In the heart of the lonely hill, There is a halo for radiant distress, And healing for hearts wronged and oppressed, Kind, unimagined power anxiety to still; Then, turn, to Nature, comrades and friend rest!

Proof of Dreyfus' Innocence. LONDON, Aug. 22.—The Rome correspondent of the Daily News says: "I am in position to assert positively that both Germany and Italy have documents capable of proving that the French general staff has been victimized by a winding splot, employing forged and worthless documents, and that Captain Dreyfus was in no way connected with the fraud."

A Good Report. "My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and she took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now she is almost entirely well. She cannot speak too highly of this great medicine. It is sold by J. C. Parke, Lowell, Mass., and by all druggists.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, constipation.

Attacking Guerin's House. LONDON, Aug. 22.—The Daily Chronicle publishes the following from its Paris correspondent: A detachment of infantry has just commenced an attack upon Guerin's house, which is likely to lead to bloodshed before morning. Nobody is allowed to approach the scene and the cavalry charges are not likely to be successful.

An eminent member of the Detroit bar was arguing a desperate case on an appeal before the supreme court. He made a bold contention, which was fallacious but plausible from beginning to end. "Plaint," said the chief justice severely, "I would not try to convert the average justice of the peace with such an argument as that." "Nor I," was the quick response, "but I had what I considered reliable information that none of the honorable members of this honorable court had ever served in that capacity."

Horace Hawes, the eminent California lawyer, was reading out of an imposing looking volume in the state supreme court, in support of a position that he had taken upon a legal question. "Just a moment," interrupted the chief justice; "do you mean to say that you are reading good law, which is all, your honor; only certain decisions of your predecessors?"

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Sold in St. John by respectable druggists, and in W. C. Wilson's, St. John West.

Men of literary attitude are not always men of literary position.