Perfectly Cured

Weak and Low Spirited—Nervous Prostration—Appetite Poor and Could Not Rest.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, as we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured all her ailments." G. BELLAMY, 321 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1, six for $5. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

I. O. F.

Court Glen Buell, No. 878. Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on 2nd and 4th Friday in each month, at 7.30. Visitors always welcome.

W. J. ANDERSON, C. R.
C. J. GILROY, R. S.

Farm for Sale or to Let.

Lot 5, in 9th concession of Yonge, in County of Leeds, containing about 225 acres, about 1½ miles from Athens; good dwelling house, barn and outbuildings; desirable farm and convenient to school, church, cheese factory and post-office. Apply to J. Albert Page, Barrister, etc., Brockville. tf.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

If you are contemplating a trip

EAST OR WEST

It will pay you to patronize "The Old Reliable Grand Trunk Railway" and take advantage of its excellent Passenger Train Service which leaves Brockville as follows:

GOING EAST.

Express (Sunday included)	4.05 a.m.
Passenger	5.50 a.m.
Way Freight	6.30 a.m.
Express	2.00 p.m.
Express (Sunday included)	2.48 p.m.

GOING WEST.

Express	12.15 a.m.
Limited Express	1.55 a.m.
Passenger	8.00 a.m.
Express (Sunday included)	11.58 a.m.
Passenger	2.40 p.m.
Mixed	5.00 p.m.

For tickets and all particulars, apply to

G. T. FULFORD,
City Passenger Agent.

Office: Fulford Block, next to Post Office Brockville.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Canada Pacific Railway

Tourist Cars. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Tourist Sleeping Cars are intended for the accommodation of second class passengers. They are large, airy and perfectly ventilated; are handsomely finished, and the seats which are upholstered are changed into comfortable sleeping berths at night, fully equipped with linen, bedding, etc. A competent porter is in charge, who makes up the berths and attends to the comfort of the passengers.

A car leaves Montreal every Thursday and Toronto and North Bay every Friday for the Pacific Coast.

For rates and further information apply to

Geo. E. McGlade, Agent

City Ticket and Telegraph Office

Cor King street and Court House Avenue, Brockville.

Canada Pacific Railway

Cunning.

"Bill, he's got us now for certain. Wot shall we do?"

"Why, Jim, I've 'eard as 'ow bulldogs ence they-gits their teeth into anyfink never lets go. 'Ere, boy, size it!"

"Wot O, Bill! That was somethin worth knowin. It only cost a coat too."—Comic Cuts.

No Higher.

"Let me see, how tall is your building?"

"Seventeen stories."

"Well, we can only insure it up to the limit."

"What's the limit?"

"The eighth story."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kicked.

"Did papa give his consent to our marriage, Harold?" asked the fair girl anxiously.

"No, darling," replied the young man, ruefully rubbing himself. "His whole sole seemed set against it."—Nuggets.

STORY OF THE HUNT

IN MUSKOKA'S WILDS

BY THE

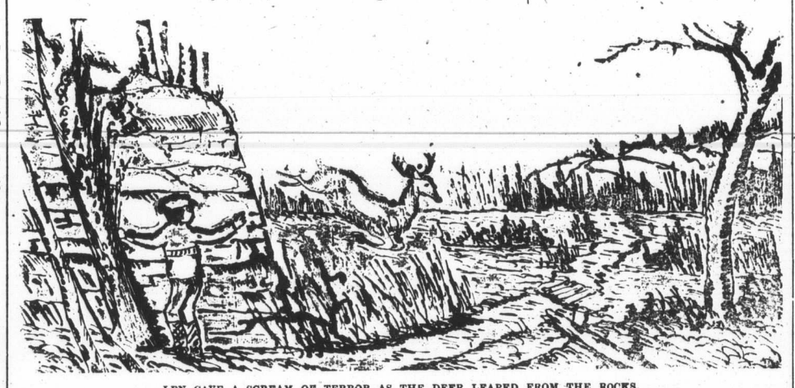
Reporter Hunt Club

As told by The Scribe of The Athens Reporter

The next morning after the events recorded in last chapter, the party went to the hills on the opposite side of the lake. The dogs soon got a start and took the game on a long run and finally drove them to water at the lower end of the lake, and the race and game were lost. In the afternoon it was decided to hunt on the hills back of the camp. The Butcher put out the dogs and the men took out to the different runways. Ed. went by water to a runway between the two lakes. The Doc, Scribe and Rabbit Hunter were assigned positions along the creek that led from the beaver meadow where the Scribe had the experience with a big buck a few days before. There were numerous runways across this little mountain stream, and the three men took up positions that commanded a view of the hills and the marsh along the sides of a little stream. The Scribe went up to the farthest point, the Doc. found a good location some quarter of a mile farther down, and the Rabbit Hunter chose a spot where the number of tracks in the soft mud on the flat indicated that it was a favorite crossing place for the deer. His stand was directly under the edge of a bluff rock, towering some thirty or forty feet above his head, with a thick growth of large birch trees at the base. It was late in the afternoon before the men got away from camp, and they hurried along over the trail some two miles at a rapid pace in order to be at their watches before the dogs got started. Consequently, they were well warmed up when they got to their stations, and the day being chilly they had hard work to keep warm. The Rabbit Hunter tried all the expedients known to wood men to keep his blood in circulation and managed fairly well for a time. Hour after hour passed, and the men on the watch heard no sound from the hounds and had about concluded that the day was going to be barren of results when the faint sound of hound in the distance caused them to pull themselves together and listen and watch more attentively than ever. The sounds would come that near that the watchers would grasp their rifles with a firmer hold and eagerly scan the opposite hills for a sight of the game which might appear at any moment. Then the sounds would recede and for a time be lost entirely, only to be renewed, possibly, more distinctly than before. Thus the whole afternoon passed and still no game made its appearance. Twilight came, and just as the hunters at the up watches were starting towards camp they heard a blood-curdling cry and the next moment one single shot fired down in the vicinity of where the Rabbit Hunter was supposed to be located. The men hurried on down stream and saw that the Rabbit Hunter must have been taking good care to keep himself warm, as they could see the reflection of a fire high up on the trees.

To return to the Rabbit Hunter. He got tired of sitting and reclining on an old moss covered log and he changed his position to leaning up against the rocky wall that towered above him. Len was a great lover of the fragrant weed and nothing gave him more comfort when on the watch than a pull at his pipe, although the captain of the gang had often given strict injunctions to him to never smoke when on a good runway, as the game could smell tobacco for a long distance and had been known to leave old and established runways on account of getting a sniff of tobacco, even when under full run. He could not resist the temptation to indulge and struck a match and when lighting his pipe he noticed that the tree near where he stood had a number of beautiful little curls of birch bark hanging within reach. He touched the half burned match to the dry bark and it flashed up and ran along from curl to curl for fifteen or twenty feet up the trunk of the tree. So intent was he in watching the fire run up the tree that he was oblivious to the sound of the hound or crashing of brush by the bounding deer, and the first thing he saw or heard was the deer as it sprang from the ledge, less than a dozen feet away. The dim twilight and their weird shadows cast by the burning bark were too much for the nerves of the hunter and unconsciously he gave vent to an unearthly yell or scream, just as the deer's feet struck the soft mud of the gully. Whether the yell or the strange sight of the fire spluttering up the side of the birch, or both combined, paralyzed the deer, or not, it seemed dazed for a moment and made no effort to extricate itself from its position, nearly knee-deep in the mud for fully a minute. Len took in the situation with his first breath after letting off the yell, and he realized that it was not a catamount, bear or wolf that had sprung from the ledge into the mud, but a tremendous big buck. To spring for his winchester, which was standing up against a tree a few yards distant, was the work of an instant, and just as the deer gave a bound and freed itself from its position in the mud, he reached his fire-arm and turned ready for business. The deer sprang into the middle of the creek at the first bound and then into the soft ground on the other side, but before it had time to reach the other side of the little glen, the rifle was brought to the shoulder of the hunter and fired. The aim was true and the ball struck the animal in the neck, just behind the ears, and with one mighty bound into the air, the deer fell mortally wounded. The swiftly running creek and muddy sides were as a tidy lawn to the feet of the hunter, who bounded through the water and mud with the agility of an Indian brave, and dropping his gun caught the deer by the horns while yet in its death throes and tried to drag it up out of the muddy water. The death struggle of the deer continued for some moments, and every time the animal gave a vigorous kick it splashed the mud into the face and eyes of its slayer and he would drop the horns and retreat a step or two to pick the leaves and dirt from his eyes and gather breath for a fresh effort. The Doc. and the Scribe hove in sight just at this moment and assisted to drag the deer up on to dry ground, where it was bled and the situation discussed. The party knew that they could never drag the deer out to the lake unaided, and while the Scribe disemboweled the animal Len went down the creek a hundred rods or so and shouted to Ed to come up as far as possible with the boat and then bring a rope and assist in drawing the deer down to the head of boat navigation. While this was being done, the Butcher put in an appearance and his stalwart help was hailed with pleasure by the others. A short, stout stick was cut and fastened with withes to the animal's horns, and a start made to drag the carcass down through the bush, water and long grass. By this time it had got very dark and the Scribe improvised a lantern by cutting a pole with a number of crotches and getting a lot of birch bark he placed this in the forks of the stick and with some twisted hazel bushes he fastened them securely to the pole. This, when lighted, made an excellent light to travel by, and after an hour's hard work the carcass of the deer was drawn to where the boat was left and Ed and the Butcher rowed down the creek and so on down to camp, while the others built a large bonfire and dried their clothing while waiting for the boat to return for them.

The party now had within one of the number of deer allowed to be taken out and in camp that night it was decided to have one more run, get the full complement of game, and then pack up and start for home. They had scarcely come to this conclusion when the settler reached camp and brought the information that the creek (down which they had floated from where the wagon was left to where they loaded up the raft) was frozen over, and if it continued cold the party would have difficulty in getting out the way they came in, and it might be necessary to make a detour of some twelve miles to get to his place. The next two chapters will be the most exciting of any, as they will tell of the packing up and breaking camp at Lake Lah-ne-o-tah, the trip up the river, then overland by team to Say-se-sag-a-saw, the loading of the deer and camp equipage on the raft along with the team, the trip across the lake, and the finding of the creek frozen over solid enough to allow the deer, boat and goods to be dragged over half a mile on the ice, etc.



LEN GAVE A SCREAM OF TERROR AS THE DEER LEAPED FROM THE ROCKS.

(continued next week)

KIDNEY BURDENS

Vanish Under the Treatment of That Greatest of Kidney Specifics, South American Kidney Cure.

Mrs. W. S. Bissett, 62 Cameron St., Toronto, was troubled with severe pains in the small of her back which doctors said was caused by kidney trouble, and which produced intense suffering at times she used many remedies without any lasting benefit until she tried the South American Kidney Cure. A few doses proved a wonderful benefit, and after taking three bottles all traces of the trouble were gone. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

A Victim of Neuralgia

MRS. ROBERTS, OF MONTREAL, TELLS A WONDERFUL STORY.

She Was a Sufferer for some Seven Years, And Medical Treatment Failed to Give Her More Than Temporary Relief—A Herald Reporter Investigates the Case

From the Herald, Montreal.

"I thought it was something wonderful when I went three days without being sick," said Mrs. Annie Roberts to a representative of the Montreal Herald, referring to her remarkable recovery from an illness of over seven long years. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts reside at 34 Wolfe street, Montreal, and the reporter was cordially welcomed when he went to enquire as to the truth of the report that Mrs. Roberts had been restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts came to Canada from England a little more than five years ago, and Mrs. Roberts illness began while still in the Old Country. "I was really the victim of a combination of troubles," say Mrs. Roberts. "For seven years, neuralgia, with its excruciating pains, has been my almost constant attendant. Added to this I was attacked with rheumatism and palpitation of the heart, and for the last five years, was not able to get out of doors during the winter months. Sometimes I felt as though those terrible pains in my head would drive me mad; my nerves were all unstrung and a knock at the door would drive me nearly crazy. I was treated at different times by four doctors since coming to Montreal, but without any lasting good, and I had given up hope of ever being better on this side of the grave. A friend of mine whose father had been helpless for two years, but was restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to try them. My husband asked the doctor who was attending me what he thought of them, and the doctor replied that he believed them to be a good medicine. This pursuaded me to begin their use. No one who sees me now can form any idea of my condition when I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I had only taken three boxes when I began to recover. But seven years of pain had nearly shattered my constitution and I did not look for a speedy recovery, and I was more than gratified to find that after I had used I think about a dozen and a half boxes, I was fully restored to health. It seemed all the more wonderful because the doctors both in England and here never did more than give me temporary relief, and their treatment was much more expensive. The past summer was the first in years that I really enjoyed life, and I was able to go on a visit to Radnor Forges. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have also been of much benefit to my daughter Violet. She is just nine years old, but she suffered a great deal from pains in the back and sick headache, but the pills have made her feel all right again."

"I never fail to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when any of my friends are ill," said Mrs. Roberts. "While visiting at Radnor Forges, I urged a young lady friend who has long been a sufferer from curvature of the spine, and obstinate constipation to try them, and they have done her a vast amount of good."

The reporter confesses that Mrs. Roberts' story is a wonderful one. That she is now thoroughly well is clear from her face, her manner and her happy spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are intelligent and reliable people. Mr. Roberts is head engineer in the biscuit work of Viau & Frere, the wealthiest firm in this line in the Dominion, and he fully endorses the good words his wife has to say in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact he say the speedy cure they wrought in his wife's case has saved him many dollars.

Dr. Willaims' Pink Pills have no purgative action, and so do not weaken the body. They build up the blood by supplying it with the elements which enrich it, and strengthen the nerves. In this way they cure all diseases having their origin in poor and watery blood. Always refuse the Pink colored imitations which some dealers offer. See that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50.

RILEY'S JOKES.

The Hoosier Poet Talks Interestingly to a Reporter.

The Hoosier Poet was busy when the Tales of the Town man called upon him.

"Glad you came in," he said. "Not that I've been—but that's General New's story. General New of the Indianapolis Journal called on General Grant during the latter's first term and found the president warrior laughing heartily. Of course New looked as though he wanted to know the reason, and the general told him. He said he'd just had a call from an old friend who lived in Galena, Ills., one of his early day acquaintances, who said he'd been in Washington for two or three days, but had been so busy that he was unable to call upon his old friend, the president, any sooner, and he apologised for the delay. General Grant looked at him in his comical fashion and gravely said:

"'Well, John, I haven't been lonesome!'

"You see, the visit occurred at a time when the president was being harassed to death by callers from all directions, who had driven him nearly to distraction.

"A man who travels a good deal comes to know towns because of certain points that are usually entirely personal with him. Sometimes a bad hotel, sometimes an extremely early train, will stamp a characteristic on a town. I remember that my old friend Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley of Maine and remarked upon the fact that he (Nye) was born at Shirley, in the senator's state, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the senator's ancestors.

"'I didn't know,' said the senator, 'that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley.'

"'I didn't know it either,' said Nye, 'until I was born there!'"

And the poet went on with his writing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE COWED THE BULLY.

Harold Frederic's Encounter With a Lordly Prussian Lieutenant.

Harold Frederic's self confidence and power of dominating strangers stood him in good stead in one of his first visits—if not his very first visit—to Berlin. The incident as he related it seemed natural enough to an American not brought up in awe of a military caste, but to those who knew Germany it was almost surprising that he came through it with his life. He had been paying some formal diplomatic calls, and in the evening dropped in at the Cafe Bauer in the unwonted glory of a frock coat and a tall silk hat. This hat was carefully hung on a hat stand, and Frederic sat down to read an English newspaper just arrived.

Enter a particularly fine specimen of the lieutenant, booted and spurred and sworded and epauletted. He brushed against the hat stand, knocked Frederic's hat over into the sawdust and swaggered to his seat without so much as looking around. The slight to the hat was more than Frederic could endure.

In a towering passion he went to the lieutenant, stood over him and pointed to the object on the floor. "Pick up that hat, sir!" he roared. The officer stared amazed; the waiters were paralyzed with terror at hearing one so much more than human so addressed by a civilian. "Pick up that hat!" repeated Frederic in a tone more menacing than before. And the lieutenant did what he was told. He was as irresistibly dominated by the courage and force of the man as a schoolboy before his master, or perhaps he thought Frederic carried the customary west American revolver.—Saturday Review.

The Danger of Disease.

The danger from a case of diphtheria in New York at any season of the year is far greater than the danger from a case of yellow fever in the same place. Still persons who would shun a street where a case of yellow fever existed would deliberately enter the apartment of a person suffering from diphtheria. A serious outbreak of typhoid fever creates but little consternation, and the presence in our midst of innumerable cases of tuberculosis, a disease which is responsible for an incredible number of deaths, is looked upon with indifference by the public. The misconception in regard to the danger from this class of diseases often renders the efforts of health officials ineffectual.—Alvah H. Doty, M. D., in North American Review.

Too Suggestive of Luxury.

"Doctor," said the member of parliament for a rural district, "are you sure it's gout that has attacked me?"

"Positive. But you needn't be alarmed. It's nothing very serious."

"Doctor, you don't appreciate the situation. You don't know what a prejudice against gout there is in my community. I don't ask you to do anything contrary to your conscience, but if I manage to get the story started that I caught my toe in a piece of machinery think of my prospects and the welfare of your country and don't contradict it."—London Tit-Bits.

The First Celebration of Christmas.

Christmas was first celebrated in the year 98, but it was 40 years later before it was officially adopted as a Christian festival. Nor was it until about the fifth century that the day of its celebration became permanently fixed on the 25th of December. Up to that time it had been irregularly observed at various times of the year—in December, in April and in May, but most frequently in January.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Just What He Meant.

"It was a pitch battle," he said.

"'Pitched,' you mean," she corrected.

"I [illegible] thing of the kind," [illegible] pitch.' It was a [illegible]—Chicago Post.

POOR HUMANITY.

Trompson Was Kind Hearted, and So Was the Officer, But—

Trompson, all out of breath and in a terrific hurry, dashed into the office of the Humane society.

"Where's the officer?" he cried, gasping between each word.

A tall man dropped from the dizzy heights of a desk stool and with his eyes staring wide, exclaimed, "What is it, hurry; what is it?"

"Phew, I've run so far!" panted Trompson. "There's a man"—pant—"been standing"—pant—"all the morning"—pant—"in the snowstorm"—pant—"down in Griswold"—pant—"bareheaded"—pant. "Been holding"—pant—"his hand out, evidently asking"—pant—"charity. I guess he's crazy"—pant. "You ought to go down there and get him"—pant—"He'll freeze."

The man who had dropped from the top of the stool jumped over to a corner of the office and hurriedly got into his coat. "Where did you say the man was?" he cried, with his hand on the doorknob.

"Two numbers this side of Congress on Griswold."

"All right. We'll take care of him."

And the man was out of the office like a flash of lightning with Trompson at his heels. They both ran down Griswold to Fort, and there Trompson turned to the right. The other hurried on down and into the store, two numbers from the corner of Congress. "Where's the man that's been standing around here in the snow with no hat and in thin clothes?" he cried.

The clerk behind the counter answered, "Don't know, unless that's he." And he waved toward the sidewalk. The officer of the Humane society went back out into the snow. Yes, there stood the man, bareheaded and with outstretched palms. He was a papier mache effigy of a Quaker in the garb of the sect that had once been used to advertise a certain brand of cigar, but had been shoved outdoors on account of the lack of standing room for him inside.

The officer saw, understood, said something under his breath, locked all around and went back up the street.

Trompson turned into Griswold from Congress street a minute later, grinning foolishly.

In 1998.

"Did you put a Spanish dictionary in my hand bag?" inquired the congressman as his wife held his overcoat for him.

"Yes, dear."

"And my Hawaiian tutor promised to meet me at the capital, didn't he?"

"Faithfully."

"And you put that pamphlet on Tagal verbs along with the Spanish book?"

"It's right there, dearest."

"And—let's see—I went through my exercises in Malay and the use of the Negrito subjunctive all right last night, didn't I?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then," said the congressman as he reached for the doorknob, "if I don't forget my Visaya, my Sulu dialects and my Chinese mestizo I guess I'm ready to address congress on the finance question."—Chicago Record.

Saw the New Bonnet.

Mrs. Billson—So you met Mrs. De Fashion on the street? I'm so glad! They say she is wearing a new bonnet just imported. Did you see it?

Mr. B.—Y-e-s, I noticed it.

Mrs. B.—That's splendid! How was it trimmed?

Mr. B.—Well, it had a cowcatcher in front, a tailboard behind, a flower garden on top and a job lot of assorted ribbons all round. You can easily make one like it.—New York Weekly.

He Ought to Know.

"In our passenger traffic," observed the railway magnate, "it has been my observation that only the middle class actually pays."

"How do you figure that out?" asked the interviewer.

"It's simple enough," was the reply. "When a man's very poor, he can't afford to buy a ticket, and when he's very rich he travels on a pass."

No Doubt of Her Love.

He—Do you love me well enough to become my wife?

She—I think I do, but I must have all the money I want, and I must always have my own way and go when and where I want to and come home when I please and stay away when I please, yet I think I do really love you well enough to marry you.

Take Heed, O Poets!

An Arkansas poet writes The Constitution:

"I send you three poems. My father before me wrote poetry and had two legs cut off."

The above is an awful warning, but we doubt if the rhyming brethren will heed it.

As the Judge Viewed It.

The Judge—That fellow who was before me today has been fined at least a dozen times for fast bicycle riding.

His Wife—He must have money to burn.

"I don't know how that is, but he certainly has money for scorching purposes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Taking No Chances.

Spacer—Scribbler is an odd stick.

Scrawler—In what way?

Spacer—Why, he not only incloses a postage stamp for return of his copy, if rejected, but also a revenue check stamp in case it should be accepted.—Town Topics.

Criticism.

Gifted Amateur—Now, Mrs. Vivash, I really want your opinion. Do you think a glass would improve it?

Mrs. Vivash (who has had enough of it)—M-yes, I think it would—ground lass.—Punch.

OFFENDED.

The Good Mamma Felt Insulted and Thought She Had Reason.

"Dolly," said Mrs. Cumrox, "I desire you to discourage the visits of that young man who was here yesterday evening."

"I suppose," said the young woman indignantly, "that you and some of the people who know everybody's business have been talking it over, and because he has not yet built up a lucrative practice in his profession you"—

"Dolly," was the severe rejoinder, "do not misunderstand me. Do not think that I attach no importance to anything except the almighty dollar. I never did like that phrase anyhow. Anybody ought to know that $1 cannot be very almighty. To convey an accurate meaning 'dollars' ought to be in the plural, but," she added, with a sigh, "grammar is right scarce nowadays. About this young man, do not suppose I reproach him for his lack of financial advantages. Poverty is people's misfortunes, not their faults. But just because we don't look down on him is no reason why he should try to be smart."

"What has he done?"

"It isn't what he did: it's what he said. You were playing the piano last evening."

"Yes."

"And after you had played several sonatas and a symphony and that concertina in G flat he spoke up and said something which riled me, and the slick, offhand way that he said it didn't keep me from noticing either."

"But what was it?"

"He asked whether you played anything by Handel."

"Well, mamma"—

"Don't try to explain. I won't listen. The idea of his insinuating that folks of our position and means would keep a hand organ in the house!"—Washington Star.

English as Written in Norway.

Here is a good specimen of English as she is written abroad. We find it in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the postoffice magazine:

"The hotel for tourists on Turtegro (owner, Mr. Igar Oigne), is laying by the foot of the eminent 'Skagastolstinder,' the largest field in Jotunheimen for topmounters. The best leaders are to be had. It is the best place for country layers. Different interesting places for summer trips. Nearest stopping place for steamers—Skjolden. Recommands as station for passage to Lom—Gudbrandsdalen."

"Topmounters," as a description of the climbing fraternity, is decidedly good. But what is a "country layer?"—London News.

Deserved It.

"Sheriff," remarked the condemned murderer, as that functionary proceeded to put the black cap over his head, "I seem to be the sinner, sure, of all eyes."

Without any further delay the trap was sprung, and the hardened wretch went to his doom.—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Sequence.

"The doctors had a consultation yesterday."

"What was the result?"

"I understand that the family lawyers are now in secret session."—Brooklyn Life.

Do You Want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption.

Put one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

A whole Medical Library Free.

For four cents in stamps to pay postage, we will send you sixteen medical books.

Medical Advice Free.

We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently fit them for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Not to Be Disconcerted.

"Yes, madam," said the cement seller, holding up a plate whose fragments had been glued together, "you will observe that Stickum's Family Comfort Cement holds anything firmly and lastingly. To this plate, for instance, I now suspend by a wire a 25 pound weight, and the cement holds firm. I increase the weight to 50 pound, and"—

Here the plate broke along its cracked lines.

"And you will observe, madam, that the plate breaks with ease, thus giving an opportunity to cement the edges more firmly whenever it is desirable to do so."—Comic Cuts.

Benefits of Banking.

George—I say, Jack, change me a five, won't you?

Jack—I haven't more than enough for lunch and car fare in my pocket. Fact is, I don's carry money loose in my pockets any more. I put it in the bank and pay by check.

"I don't care to bother with checks. I always carry money in my pockets, and I never miss a cent."

"Y-e-s, but you are not married."—New York Weekly.

The Test.

The modiste held the mirror to the lips of the prostrate woman and a cry of despair escaped her as faint traces of moisture gathered upon the polished glass.

"It doesn't fit!" moaned the modiste.

Clearly the gown the prostrate woman was trying on would have to be ripped out and made over. She could breathe in it. The moisture on the mirror proved it.—Town Topics.

Doubling the Circulation.

"Shure OI know how yez can double the circulation av yer paper," said an Irishman to an editor.

"Do you?" smiled the editor. "Then I should very much like to know how."

"Whot, whin any wan buys a copy av yer paper give him another copy av it 'free, gratis, for nothin,'" explained the Irishman triumphantly.—Nuggets.

He Had His Doubts.

"That's a fine, solid baby of yours, Middleton," said a friend who was admiring the first baby.

"Do you think he's solid?" asked Middleton, rather disconsolately. "It seems to me as if he were all holler."—Stray Stories.

Mistaken Identity.

The Judge—You are arrested for running the end of an umbrella into this man's eyes. Have you anything to say in your defense?

The Man—Yes, your honor, I have. The umbrella was not mine.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Absentminded Poet.

"Ruymas, you seem to be in a brown study. Are you invoking the muse?"

"The muse? Mews? Ah, that is what I was trying to think of! I promised to take my wife and daughter to the cat show. Thank you."

At the Pawnbroker's.

Huron—My watch gains very much.

Merryan—So does mine.

Huron—Mine gains ten minutes every 24 hours.

Merryan—Mine gains a ha'penny on every 2 shillings.—Pick Me Up.

Household Science.

"Stebbens thinks he has an economical plan."

"What is it?"

"He is going to light his house with electricity generated by his cat's fur."—Chicago Record.

Well Supplied.

"What are you writing?"

"A paean to Dewey."

"Say, he's got his Fill-o'-paeans."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Fleshy Consumptive

Did you ever see one? Did you ever hear of one? Most certainly not. Consumption is a disease that invariably causes loss of flesh.

If you are light in weight, even if your cough is only a slight one, you should certainly take

Scott's Emulsion

of *cod liver oil with hypophosphites.* No remedy is such a perfect preventive to consumption. Just the moment your throat begins to weaken and you find you are losing flesh, you should begin to take it.

And no other remedy has cured so many cases of consumption. Unless you are far advanced with this disease, Scott's Emulsion will hold every inducement to you for a perfect cure.

All Druggists, 50c. and $1.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WIFE WHO WANTED GOLDEN HAIR.

After Attaining Her Ambition, the Husband, as Contrasts Were In Order, Took a Hand in the Game and Won Out After a Close Shave.

Her hair was neutral in tint or tinge—or, better, it was varihued—that is to say, there were strands of dark yellow, a heavy understratum of indecisive brown and a number of scattered wisps of bronze red. All of the hair was naturally wavy, and it was rather attractive and fetching on account of the oddity of the color scheme of it. Her husband liked it—which, under old fashioned domestic canons, ought to have been enough—and he called her the "rainbow headed" and the "prismatic haired" and the "crazy quilt hirsuted," not in a mean, coarse, masculine way at all, but in a manner of affection, because he really liked his wife's hair as it was.

But she didn't like it. The variety of tints worried her. She wanted one color hair, and the one color she wanted was golden.

"Jim," she said to her husband a few weeks ago, "I'm going to peroxide my hair."

Jim let his pipe fall out of his hands and got ashes all over his new $3.48 fancy vest.

"You are, hey?" said he. "You only think you are, and you've got several more thinks coming. What in the deuce can you be dreaming of, anyhow?"

"Just this," she replied. "There's a bit of every old color known to science in my hair except blue and green. You yourself call me your 'chameleon topped.' I'm tired of having all sorts and conditions of hair. Moreover, I've got a fair, lily white skin and beautiful hazel eyes (I'm only quoting you; you used to tell me they were the gorgeousest eyes on the map), and yellow hair would just suit me. Just fancy the combination—golden hair and the gorgeousest hazel eyes on the map! Wherefore, I remark again, in a tone filled with passionate yearning, 'Jim, I'm going to peroxide my hair.'"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," he replied, gazing at her steadfastly. "If you do, it'll let me out. It'll be the finish. I'll go to sea. I'll go to New York or take some other equally short route to the demnition bowwows. You hear me a-talking."

"But, Jim"—and she addressed him now from no greater distance than his own knee—"I just want to peroxide my hair, you know. See?"

"You're a pretty fancy wheedler, but it doesn't go. See?" was Jim's retort. "I don't see anything the matter with your hair as it stands. What's the matter with your hair? You've got bully hair. I'd rather toy with that head of hair—here, lemme alone—I can't get my breath. Who's been putting such stuff into your head? Whom do you want to look like anyhow? Lydia Thompson at the age of 11? Cut it out, my dear. Your hair's good enough for me. Wait'll you get me under the sod and then you can have it painted ultramarine if you want to."

"How dreadful you do talk! Sod!" she replied. "As if that wouldn't just break my—but, Jimmy boy, can't I just touch it up at the sides and around the front and top, then—just a leetle, teeny, weeny bit—please, mister man, can't I?"

"Nope, you can't," said Jim, with decision. "It's all off. I have 'spoke.' And, say, d'ye think you could let me read my paper for about four consecutive minutes, please, ma'am?"

This didn't settle the matter, though, by a whole lot. She got a very swagger black tailor made dress about ten days ago, and the idea of yellow hair in combination with the black dress took possession of her.

"Jim," she said on the evening the black dress was delivered to her, "with reference to my about to be peroxided hair"—

"I have the honor to inform you that there ain't going to be no peroxide," interrupted Jim, carrying out her business form of conversation, whereat she ceased.

"I'll just go down and have it done anyhow," she said to herself the next morning. "He'll be so delighted with the way it looks that he won't do a thing but fall upon my neck and weep for very joy."

She had it done. Not touched up. All over. A dead yellow. Hempen yellow. When the job was done and she saw herself in the glass, she didn't admire it quite so much as she anticipated she would. Nor was she quite so confident that when Jim saw her transformed head he would fall upon her neck, etc.

"Uh-huh," said he when he came in that evening, "you've done it, I see?"

"Like it, Jimmy boy?"

"Not by a jugful, do I like it!" he replied, not amiably. "Where do I out in this outfit? What did I say about this chemical blond business, hey?"

There was no conversation in the house for the remainder of the evening. A gloomy silence brooded o'er the carpets.

When Jim went to his office the next morning, a steely light was in his eye. He tugged at his straw, red, brown and auburn mixed vandyke beard savagely. Then he retired to a hotel barber shop and had his straw, red, brown and auburn mixed vandyke beard dyed a deep, dull, unfathomable Stygian black. When he emerged from the hotel barber shop, the hirsute trimmings on his countenance were blacker than the blackest thing ever seen on land or sea. They were so black that they made the exposed portions of his face look ghastly white. He looked like a photograph taken after death. He endured the guying of his friends and associates for the remainder of the day, and then he went home and burst into the house with a grisly attempt at a cheery grin and a bluff manner. His wife met him in the hall. "How d'ye like it?" he asked her. "Great, ain't it? Real thing, hey? Thought I'd have it fixed up as a sort of contrast to you, y'know. Now we're both ornamental around the house too. You look like an orange padded tabouret, and I look like the cross section of an oil stove. Oh, ain't we a lovely bunch?"

Then he caught sight of himself in the mirror over the mantel and fell into a chair and howled mirthlessly.

After several hours of pleading she induced him to sneak around to a late closing barber shop, where he had his beard and mustache removed. She cannot, in return, have her dead yellow hair shaved close to her head, of course, but he has her promise in typewriting that she will let the peroxide wear off, never in this life to be renewed.

A Russian Wooing.

A Russian wooing culminates in the betrothal breakfast, at which the bride elect casts off a long tress of hair and gives it to her betrothed, who in turn presents her with bread and salt and almond cake and a silver ring set with a turquoise.

How He Has It.

"No," said the managing editor, "we do not want any poetry. We have it on hand in stacks."

"Alfred Austin has it in 'Pax,'" said the poet mournfully as he turned away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clearly.

An optimistic poet says we are going to have good times "when the world turns round." Evidently he is one of the fellows who believe it has been standing still for some time.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Vulgarian.

The Doctor—No, nothing serious at all—just a common complaint.

The Dowager—A common complaint! Ah, well, she was always low in her tastes.—New York Journal.

Equal to the Occasion.

He (in ecstasy)—Oh, let me see this dainty hand!

She—Why, certainly. I'm just in need of six pairs of 12 button gloves, size 6½.—Kleine Witzblatt.

Empty-Headed.

Mr. Sappy (wildly)—If you won't marry me, I shall blow my brains out!

Miss Kene—I should have thought they'd been blown out long ago!—Nuggets.

As New York Sees It.

Gowanus—How was that Philadelphia murder committed?

Gotham—Slow poison, of course.—New York Journal.