The elder Conte Romani and myself played about these g ou ds together. The scene is quite familiar to me."

Nina listened with an appearance of interest. "Did you ever see my late husband?" she asked.

"Once," I answered her gravely. "He was a mere child at the time, and, as far as I could discern, a very ordinary one. His father seemed greatly attached to him. I knew his mother also."

"Indeed," she exclaimed, settling herself on a low ottoman and fixing her eyes upon me; "what was she like?"

I paused a moment before replying. Could I speak of that unstained sacred lily of wifehood and motherhood to this polluted though lovely creature?

"She was a beautiful woman unconscious of her beauty," I answered at last. There, all is said. Her sole aim seemed to be to forget herself in making others happy, and to surround her home with an atmosphere of goodness and virtue. She died young."

Ferrari glanced at me with an evil sneer in his eyes.

"That was fortunate," he said. "She had no time to tire of her husband, else—who knows?"

My blood rose rapidly to an astonishing heat, but I controlled myself.

"I do not understand you," I said with marked frigidity. "The lady I speak of lived and died under the o[illegible] *regime* of *noblesse oblige*. I am not so well versed in modern social forms of morality as yourself."

Nina hastily interposed. "Oh, my dear Conte," she said laughingly, "pay no attention to Signor Ferrari. He is rash sometimes, and says very foolish things, but he really does not mean them. It is only his way! My poor dear husband used to be quite vexed with him sometimes, though he *was* so fond of him. But, Conte, as you know so much about the family, I am sure you will like to see my little Stella. Shall I send for her, or are you bored by children?"

"On the contrary, Madame, I am fond of them," I answered with forced composure, though my heart throbbed with mingled delight and agony at the thought of seeing my little one again. "And the child of my old friend's son must needs have a double interest for me."

My wife rang the bell, and gave orders to the maid who answered it, to send her little girl to her at once. Ferrari in the meanwhile engaged me in conversation, and strove, I could see, by entire deference to my opinions, to make up for any offence his previous remarks might have given. A few moments passed and then the handle of the drawing-room door was timidly turned by an evidently faltering and unpractised hand. Nina called out impatiently—"Come in, baby! Do not be afraid—come in!" With that, the door slowly opened and my little daughter entered. Though I had been so short a time absent from her, it was easy to see the child had changed very much. Her face looked pinched and woe-begone, its expression was one of fear and distrust. The laughter had faded out of her young eyes, and was replaced by a serious look of pained resignation that was pitiful to see in one of her tender years. Her mouth drooped plaintively at the corners—her whole demeanour had an appealing anxiety in it that spoke plainly to my soul and enlightened me as to the way she had evidently been forgotten and neglected. She approached us hesitatingly, but stopped halfway and looked doubtfully at Ferrari. He met her alarmed gaze with a mocking smile.

"Come along, Stella!" he said. "You need not be frightened! I will not accost you unless you are naughty. Silly child! you look as if I were the giant in the fairy tale, going to eat you up for dinner. Come and speak to this gentleman—he knew your papa."

At this word her eyes brightened, her small steps grew more assured and steady—she advanced and put her tiny hand in mine. The touch of the soft, uncertain little fingers almost unmanned me. I drew her towards me and lifted her on my knee. Under pretence of kissing her I hid my face for a second or two in her clustering fair curls, while I forced back the womanish tears that involuntarily filled my eyes. My poor little darling! I wonder now how I maintained my set composure before the innocent thoughtfulness of the gravely questioning gaze! I had fancied she might possibly be scared by the black spectacles I wore—children are frightened by such things sometimes — but she was not. No; she sat on my knee with an air of perfect satisfaction, though she looked at me so earnestly as to almost disturb my self-possession. Nina and Ferrari watched her with some amusement, but she paid no heed to them,—she persisted in staring at me. Suddenly a slow sweet smile,—the tranquil smile of a contented baby, dawned all over her face; she extended her little arms, and, of her own accord, put up her lips to kiss me! Half startled at this manifestation of affection, I hurriedly caught her to my heart and returned her caress, then I looked furtively at my wife and Guido. Had they any suspicion? No! why should they have any? Had not Ferrari himself seen me *buried?* Reassured by this thought I addressed my wife to Stella, making my voice as grating-ly harsh as I could, for I dreaded the child's quick instinct.

"You are a very charming little lady!" I said playfully. "And so your name is Stella? That is because you are a little star, I suppose.

She became meditative. "Papa said I was," she answered softly and shyly.

"Papa spoilt you!" interposed Nina, pressing a filmy black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor papa! You were not so naughty to him as you are to me."

The child's lip quivered, but she was silent.

"Oh, fie!" I murmured half chidingly. "Are you ever naughty? Surely not! All little stars are good—they never cry—they are always bright and calm."

Still she remained mute—a sigh, deep enough for an older sufferer, heaved her tiny breast. She leaned her head gainst my arm and raised her eyes appealingly.

"Have you seen my papa?" she asked timidly. "Will he come back soon?"

For a moment I did not answer her. Ferrari took it upon himself to reply roughly.

"Don't talk nonsense, baby! You know your papa has gone away—you were too naughty for him, and he will never come back again. He has gone to a place where there are no tiresome little girls to tease him."

Thoughtless and cruel words! I at once understood the secret grief that weighed on the child's mind. Whenever she was fretful or petulant, they evidently impressed it upon her that her father had left her because of her naughtiness. She had taken this deeply to heart; no doubt she had brooded upon it in her own vague, childish fashion, and had puzzled her little brain as to what she could possibly have done to displease her father so greatly that he had actually gone away, never to return. Whatever her thoughts were, she did not on this occasion give vent to them by tears or words. She only turned her eyes on Ferrari with a look of intense pride and scorn, strange to see in so little a creature—a true Romani look, such as I had often noticed in my father's eyes, and such as I knew must be frequently visible in my own. Ferrari saw it, and burst out laughing loudly.

(To be Continued.)

When a threatening lung disorder,
Shows its first proclivity,
Do not let it cross the border—
Quell it with activity.

Many a patient, young or olden,
Owes a quick recovery
All to Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery.

"I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Samuel Slump," said a stranger in a western town to a citizen. "Can you tell me if he is a man of drinking habits?" "Well, stranger," replied the citizen, expectorating copiously, "I wouldn't go fur as to say that Sam is a hard drinker, but I reckon if you ask him to guess take suthin' you won't have to build a fire under him to get him started."

IT COST TOO MUCH.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE WHICH BEFELL ONE OF THE ASTORS.

In the early days of the direct tea trade with China, importers were anxious to secure the earliest cargoes of a new crop.

The fastest clipper ships were engaged in the trade. Great haste in loading them was followed by a hot race to reach New York first.

The first cargo brought the best price and large profits. The successful Captain was always rewarded, so every known aid to navigation was adopted.

The young captain of one of Mr. Astor's clippers bought, on one of his trips, a new chronometer, and with its aid made a quick passage and arrived first. He put the price of it into the expense account of the trip, but Mr. Astor threw it out, insisting that such an item of expense for new fangled notions could not be allowed.

The Captain thereupon resigned and took service with a rival line.

The next year he reached port long in advance of any competitor, to the great delight and profit of his employers, and the chagrin of Mr. Astor.

Not long after they chanced to meet and Mr. Astor enquired:

"By the way, Captain, how much did that Chronometer cost you?"

"*Six hundred dollars,*" then, *with a quizzical* glance, he asked:

"And how much has it cost you, Mr. Astor?"

"Sixty thousand dollars"

Men are often unfortunate in the rejection of what they call new fangled notions.

There are sick men who refuse, even when their physicians tell them they cannot help them, to take Warner's safe cure, because it is a "new-fangled" proprietary medicine. The result is they lose—life and health.

Thousands of other men have been restored to health by it, as the testimonials furnished to the public show. These testimonials cannot be doubted. The proprietors have a standing offer of $5,000 to any one who will show that any testimonial published by them is not, so far as they know, entirely true.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, Fellow of the Royal Society, of Edinburgh, the editor of "Health," London, Eng., says in his magazine, in answer to an inquiry, "Warner's safe cure is of a perfectly safe character, and perfectly reliable."

The refusal of a manufacturing firm to pay for the patent of a new invention by one of their workmen, cost them their entire business. A new firm took out the patent and were soon enabled to make goods cheap enough to drive the old firm out of business; and many a physician is daily finding his patients, long-time chronic invalids, unaccountably restored to health by the use of the new kidney specific New fangled notions are sometimes very valuable, and it costs too much to foolishly reject them.

MARRIAGE IS A PARTNERSHIP.

Marriage is still only too often a bargain, but, at least, it is no longer an entirely one-sided bargain. It is tending toward the only true ideal of lifelong companionship—a partnership on equal terms, with equal give and take on both sides. Women no longer feel bound to render that implicit obedience which was considered *de rigueur* in our great grandmother's days, and men no longer universally demand it.

Husbands, moreover, are beginning to learn that their property is not "to look after" their wives. The very sentence is indicative of the most ghastly misapprehension of the whole ideal of matrimony. The general feeling of society condemns a man who lives to rule his wife on the same principles as a pasha rules his harem. And, indeed, the whole scheme of modern life makes it practically impossible for him to do so. A married woman enjoys, as a rule, complete liberty during the livelong day, and even at night it is frequently impossible for a busy man to escort his wife. Thus everything turns on the relations between the married couple.

If a girl is really in love with the man she marries she may be trusted with any amount of subsequent freedom. If not, not; and therefore we say that the injudicious and worldly parents who are responsible for the great majority of ill-assorted unions are also responsible for the many evil results which are to be seen in society at this day.

For it is a fact that rows of English girls are as much forced into marriage as the French girl, whose husband is selected while she is yet in her convent. Not by main force, no; but by the whole tone of her education; by the exaggerated fear of being an old maid; by the obvious necessity of making way for a younger sister; by the persistent scheming of her parents, and by her own longing for emancipation. For marriage undoubtedly does mean emancipation to most women, and it is precisely those who look forward to it most who are likely to make the worst use of it.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ABSTEMIOUSNESS.

There is no abstemiousness in the world, and no thrift, like the thrift and abstemiousness of the average native of India. Almost alone among the workingmen of the world, he has raised himself nearly above wants has stripped himself of all the *impedimenta* of luxury. Millions of men in India, especially on the richer soils and in the river deltas, live, marry, and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above 2s. a week, and frequently sinks to 18d. The Indian is enabled to do this not so much by the cheapness of food—for, though it is cheap, a European who ate the same food would want five times the money merely to feed himself—as by a habit of living which makes him independent of the ordinary cares of mankind. He goes nearly without clothes, gives his children none, and dresses his wife in a long piece of the most wretched muslin. Neither he nor his wife pay tailor or milliner one shilling during their entire lives, nor do they ever purchase needles or thread, which, indeed, it is contrary to a semi-religious etiquette ever to use. The poorer peasant inhabits a hut containing a single covered room of the smallest size, with an earthen platform or two outside it; and as he constructs and repairs his own dwelling he virtually pays no rent, except for the culturable land. He never touches alcohol or any substitute for it. There is an idea in England that he eats opium or hemp; but he, as a rule, swallows neither—firstly, because he regards them with as much moral antipathy as any English gentleman, and secondly, because he could not by any possibility pay for articles which in India, as everywhere else, are exceedingly expensive. He eats absolutely no meat, nor any animal fat, nor any expensive grain like good wheat; but lives on millet or small rice, a little milk, with the butter from the milk, and the vegetable he grows. Even of these he eats more sparingly than the poorest Tuscan. Once a quarter, perhaps, he will eat enough, during some festival, but as a rule he knows accurately what will sustain him, and would be enraged with the wife who cooks for him if she prepared more. He is assisted in this economy by a religious rule which we have never seen a Hindoo break, and which is, undoubtedly, like the rule against killing oxen, a survival from a military law or custom of the most remote antiquity.—*The Spectator.*

CAUSES OF CRIME.

Some of the convicts in Sing Sing prison were invited by the New York *World* to answer in writing certain questions concerning themselves and the offences which they are expiating behind stone walls, and a number did so. Their answers show all grades of candor or lack thereof. Most of them say they were the victims of circumstances or of false testimony. The most frequent cause to which they attribute their downfall is of course whiskey. Among all the replies none is more striking than the following:—

"How did you get here?"

"By my own innate criminal cupidity. Or, in other words, by my inborn perversity—or moral depravity."

"To what particular cause or influence do you consider your fall from the grace of society due?"

"No one has a right to mercy who cannot himself show mercy."

MAYOR HEWITT ON SPARRING.

(From an interview in the Boston Herald.)

Mayor A. S. Hewitt, of New York, said:—"I am a physical wreck, and I ought to have been in my grave ten years ago. I believe that I would to-day be a strong, hearty man if I had early acquired and consistently practised reasonable athletic exercises. I was instrumental in establishing the gymnasium in the Young Men's Christian Association building, and I decidedly countenanced the introduction there of boxing gloves at a time when the innovation was opposed. Sparring is now a countenanced sport there; but bummers, loafers and fighters don't get into the premises, and the sparring is as gentlemanly as checkers. But since I have been Mayor I have cleaned New York city of pugilistic resorts. You remember that the Bowery used to be dotted with drinking saloons, with roped rings at their rears, wherein nightly, boxing matches were the attraction for gatherings of bums and novices. There shall be no public exhibitions in this town by professional pugilists except of so mild a sort that the law is not violated thereby. Any semblance of fights, no matter if the gloves are as big as pillows, shall be prevented. But sparring for exercise is quite another thing. I see no good reason for the discountenancing of sparring by the boys and young men in reputable gymnasiums, in their homes, or anywhere that it is not surrounded by vicious persons. Our nicest girls dance in their parents' parlors and at approved balls, but that does not imply a desire on their part to go to disreputable dance halls for the diversion. The same should be true of boxing by the boys. No! no! don't forbid the boxing gloves. Encourage all manly and becoming sports, and only stop them within the borders of propriety."

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

SHADOW PICTURES ON THE PANE.

[From the Louisville Post.]

A very amusing incident was observed by a crowded house in one of the leading local restaurants a few days since. A nicely-dressed gentleman and a very pretty lady called for supper and were shown to the ladies' apartment, which is partitioned off from the main dining hall. The richest viands in the house went back to the room, together with several bottles of yellow label. In a short while those who were sitting at the tables in the main hall were amused by two shadows which appeared on the frosted window looking into the ladies' apartment. The shadows dipped towards each other and seemed to glue together in a lover's kiss. One shadow embraced the other, which seemed to sigh. Then there was a shuffle of feet and the shadows danced around on the frosted glass as though in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match. The whole hall was in a titter by this time, and the proprietor fearing scandal if the matter went any further, sent a servant to tap on the window and notify the guests that they stood between the gas jet and the door, and that their every movement was painted on the glass.

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation. Its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhœa and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. *Castoria is the children's panacea—the mothers' friend.* 35 doses, 35 cents.

A VALUABLE LITERARY DISCOVERY.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

A literary event of national importance has taken place in Japan. One of the Legation officers, now with the new Minister to Germany, recently discovered in the Ashikaga College (Tsuh-li Hioh) a copy of Hwang Kan's Confucian Analects over twelve hundred years old, with all the ancient commentators' notes. This work has disappeared in China ever since the Southern Sung dynasty—*i. e.* for some seven hundred or eight hundred years; and as the whole history of the present copy is known, the Chinese Government has directed the Minister in Japan to borrow it, in order that a carefully corrected copy may be taken. It may be added that should there be any Kana inscriptions upon this copy valuable light will also be thrown upon the Japanese alphabet question.

ANOTHER MAN AT LAST IS REWARDED.

David C. Meacon is the lucky man that held one-tenth of ticket No. 69,368 which drew the Second Capital Prize of $50,000, from the monthly drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, Nov. 8th. It was his first venture, and comes as a God-send to Mr. Meacon as he was depending on his daily labor to support his family. His former residence was in Pittsburg. The night before he was to ship his household goods to this place a fire occurred and burned everything. He is a worthy and exemplary man.—*Elwood* (Ind.) *Free Press*, Dec. 9.

LOVED TO HAVE HIS TEETH PULLED.

[From the Pittsburg Leader.]

There resides on Wylie avenue an old colored man named Edward Benson, better known as "Uncle Ned," who, it is said, contrary to the experience of other children during their infantile years, enjoyed a pleasant sensation during his teething period, and who on merging into manhood experienced the same delightful sensation on having his teeth extracted. So great was the pleasure experienced by the operation that he visited a dentist and had one tooth after another extracted, taking an exquisite delight in what would be a torture to others, until every tooth was out of his head, when he began to look about for other means of torturing his gums. Finally he hit upon a spring clothes-pin which he attaches to and presses upon his gums like a vice, from which he apparently derives the most intense feeling of pleasure. Since his parting with his teeth he has lived entirely on soft food, not a particle of solid food having passed his lips for forty-five years.

CAUTION.

A source of much ill-health is neglected Constipation. The utmost caution should be observed to keep the bowels regular. The best regulator of the bowels to promote their natural action is Burdock Blood Bitters. Try it if troubled with constipation.

A young lady singing a sentimental romanza displayed not only extraordinary talent but a set of enormous set of teeth. "Ah," said a lady auditor to her husband, "what a grand organ!" "Perfect," rejoined her husband, even to the key-board in her mouth."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Presence of mind is good in case of accidents and emergencies, and when coupled with Hagyard's Yellow Oil will often save life. Yellow Oil cures all painful injuries, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites, rheumatic and neuralgic pains, and is in fact a handy and reliable surgical aid.

A lazy chap has found out that working between meals is unhealthy for him.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY,

Under the patronage of the Rev. Curé LABELLE. To aid the work of the Diocesan Colonization Societies of the Province of Quebec. Founded in June, 1884, under authority of the Quebec Act, 32 Vict., Cap. 36.

CLASS D.

THE EIGHTH MONTHLY DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY, 18th JANUARY, 1888, at 2 o'clock P.M.

Value of Prizes, $60,000.

1st SERIES—VALUE OF PRIZES $50,000
CAPITAL PRIZE: A lot worth 5,000
$1.00 PER TICKET.

2nd SERIES—VALUE OF PRIZES $10,000
CAPITAL PRIZE: Real Estate 1,000
25 cents PER TICKET.

ORDER FOR TICKETS.

To S. E. LEFEBVRE, Montreal, Canada:

Will Mr. Lefebvre be pleased to send to the undermentioned address,

.....tickets of the 1st series at $1.00.

.....tickets of the 2nd series at 25 cents.

The sum of $..... is enclosed.

The holder of each winning number will be offered the amount drawn in cash, less ten per cent, commission.
The names of winners will not be published unless by special authorization.

No.....

ADDRESS.

Name.....

Street.....

or Post Office box No.....

Locality.....

REMARKS.—This form of Order for Tickets appears in THE TRUE WITNESS every week, and Saturday of each week, except the week of drawing. Cut it out and enclose it with money addressed to S. E. Lefebvre, No. 19 St James street, Montreal, Canada.

"PRETTY THINGS" FOR BABY.

The average man seems to think that making "pretty things" for a baby is sheer nonsense and waste of time. Set lace, embroidery, crochet work, or what not, it is all "fringe" to him. And that all sufficing word "fringe" is a synonym for flim flams and folly.

Nor are women wanting who boast of having "emancipated" themselves from the bondage of the beautiful; "superior" beings who rejoice in their impregnability to "pretty things."

But how little these know of the precious processes of a mother's mind! To them, everything that is not absolutely necessary to bare existence is meaningless, and the fabrication of pretty things a work of pure supererogation. To her, they stand for dreams and hopes and fears, for smiles and tears, for poetry and prayer and prophecy. Her very heart goes into the dainty garments where her thoughts are interwrought with the delicate tracery, where her fancies flow in the frills, and her ambitions run in the arabesques.

Grudge not to the mother the time she puts on baby clothes! To many a poor woman this period of preparations is her one glimpse of paradise. What though she spend every spare *moment in making ready for the little stranger?* What though the very web and woof of her work is thick woven with hope that may never be realized, permeated with prayers that may never be answered? These "pretty things" that you despise are a part of her education, means of moral and spiritual development.—Mary Norton Bradford in Boston Globe.

COMING TO MONTREAL.

On Wednesday morning, January, 25, several members of Dr. J. D. Kergan's staff of British-American surgeons will arrive from Detroit, Michigan, at which place the headquarters of this noted and reliable organization is located. The doctors will occupy parlors at the Albion Hotel from the above date until further notice, and during their visit will be pleased to consult free with all persons suffering from any chronic disease or deformity, the treatment of which comprises their specialties. For nine years representatives of Dr. Kergan's Medical Institute have regularly visited the principal cities and towns in Ontario and the United States, (being the only medical establishment, American or Canadian, engaging a corps of able and reliable physicians for that purpose). Dr Kergan and associates have established an enviable reputation as medical and surgical experts and straightforward business men. The magnitude of their business and general expression of commendation from those who have dealt with them professionally or otherwise, certainly entitles them to the respect of all as men of ability and energy, and also to an impartial investigation by all persons seeking relief from physical or mental ailments. This visit, which is only their second, has been deferred several months on account of a severe injury received by Dr. Kergan, that, until recently, confined him to his house. Complete arrangements have now been made, and hereafter Montreal will be visited regularly by Dr. Kergan's staff, thus insuing those who place themselves under their care the best attention and treatment it is possible for physicians and surgeons of skill and experience to render free. Consulting hours from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m. daily, except Sundays.

OUR BABIES.

How they are loved! Keep them fat, healthy, and happy, by using Lactated Food. It is easily digested, and, when prepared for use, is identical with healthy mother's milk. It is both the best and the most economical food.

How would it work for the woman suffragists to colonize the territory of "No Man's Land?"

FOOD FOR THE YOUNG.

After a child's first teeth come, try him with bread and milk, then cautiously oatmeal, rice, wheat and similar grain foods, one at a time, as you find them able to digest them. There should be no great change of food attempted in July or August. Whatever agrees with a year old child in June should be continued the following two or three months. A lady who believed this, carried her plump, rosy, but teething baby through the second summer in a city boarding house on three meals a day, of bread and milk alone, without an idle day. But her hard heartedness afforded a constant topic to her fellow-boarders.

It is possible, in winter, to feed a child who is more than a year old, some fruit, but this should be suspended for the hot season. In case of an elder child, a little of one kind of fruit, when eaten in the morning, rarely sickens. But fruit should never be given after 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Many a sick night follows a too hearty or too varied supper, and the plainer the lainer the last meal of the day, the better.

This diet may seem needlessly plain, but we must remember that little babies have not our cultivated appetites, and do not crave variety as much as we do. No child needs the stimulus of meats until he is 3 or 4 years old, unless in the form of weak broths. Vegetables, except potatoes, and not too much of that and never fried, are wholly unsuited to a young child's stomach. So are pastry, shortened cakes and rich cookies.

It is true some children do live through all kinds of meals, at all hours, but in regular hours and plain diet is the only safety for many. That the few live only proves how long suffering is nature.—Hall's Journal of Health.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since. —J. H. Summers, Stephney, Conn.

I thank God that you every invented such a medicine for catarrh. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using Ely's Cream Balm I can rest.—Frank P. Burleigh, Farmington, N. H.

Mr. Gladstone is reported to have stated in a private letter to a relative of his, E. T. Affleck, living at Columbus, Ohio, that he has positively no intention of visiting this country.

SLEIGHING PARTIES

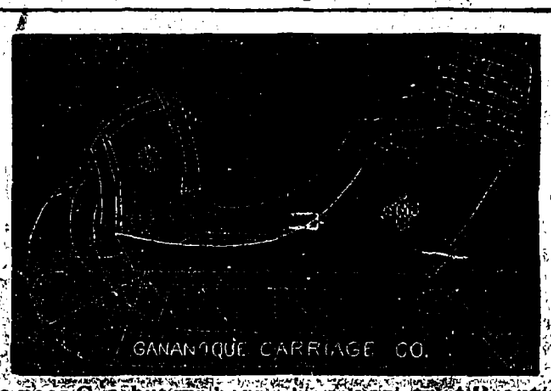
are just the thing for January, but you can't enjoy the cold ride if feeble from debility. Paine's Celery Compound has made new men out of thousands whose brains and bodies, from overwork or dissipation, were failing them.

THE COAL MONOPOLISTS.

In the bitterest winter weather
When the homes of the poor are cold,
They put their heads together
To add to their pile of gold,
And the price of coal goes higher
That before was much too high—
Well, they will not lack for fire
In the land of the by-and-by.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, as a writer uses "the most express language." The reporters who can't keep up with his fast trains of thought will agree to this.

Alaska in winter must be an awfully nice place to go to coasting. Evening begins at noon and night lasts till 8 o'clock next morning.



This is a poor Cut, but we have a large variety of Beautiful, Stylish One and Two Seated Sleighs: SPEEDERS, GLADSTONES, SOLID COMFORT, PORTLAND, BAILEY, and LIGHT BOB-SLEIGHS, at the Very Lowest Prices. ☞ The Best Goods. Fully Warranted. ☜

R. J. LATIMER, 92 McGill Street, Montreal.

REMARKABLE RESTORATION.

Mathew Sullivan, of Westover, Ont., was ill with dyspepsia for four years. Finding doctors did little good he tried Burdock Blood Bitters; six bottles cured him, and he gained in weight to 178 pounds. B. B. B. cures the worst known cases of chronic dyspepsia after all else fails.

Tourist—I say, why is there no railing fixed on the edge of this horrible precipice? Guide—Well, you see, the more strangers fall over and break their necks the more famous the precipice becomes.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultivated people say: "How do you do?" Those who are less precise say, "Howdydoo?" In the backwoods of Tennessee they say, "Howdy?" The noble red man of the west says, "How?" While the cat on the fence says, "Ow?"

Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal a bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, costing only 25 cents.

Two worthies in Auchterarder were one day disputing as to who remembered the most windy day. One said he "minded" its being so windy that it took the rooks three hours to come from a field to their rookery, which was about a mile distant. "Is that a'?" said the other. "Man, I've seen it that windy that the rooks had to walk hame."

F. Burrows, of Wilkesport, writes: that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflammation of the lungs, *solely* by the use of five bottles of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Feels great pleasure in recommending it to the public, as he had proved it (for many of the diseases it mentions to cure) through his friends, and in nearly every instance it was effectual.

The gypsies employ a very simple method to check that member of their band of musicians who has to make the collection. They give him a plate to hold in his right hand, and a live fly which he has to keep imprisoned in his left as he goes round collecting the money.

THE FACE WEARS A YELLOWISH HUE, pimples appear upon it, sick headache, vertigo, morning nausea, and pains in back, side and shoulder blades, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it into its natural channel, the bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Great Blood Purifier, which has widely superseded mineral drugs having a dangerous reaction. Indigestion, Constipation, Impurity of the Blood, and Kidney Complaints are entirely overcome by its use.

Friend of the family (to little Ella, aged ten, who has just returned from a holiday trip)—You do look well, child; where ever did you get that rosy color on your cheeks from? Ella—From mamma's dressing table.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

A young woman has been found who can sing baritone, tenor, soprano and contralto. The person who has found her has, we are sorry to say, escaped.

DO NO VIOLENCE TO THE LIVER and general system by repeated doses of mercury, in the shape of calomel and blue pill. Many persons thus dose themselves even without the advice of a physician. The best substitute for such pernicious drugs, and the use of which is never followed by disastrous effects upon the general health, is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which permanently tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood and gives a healthful glow to the cheek.

"Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap-year proposal.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold, which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lilton to her husband, "why do they so often put 'spirited' after an auctioneer's name?" "Because, madam, an auctioneer is always a praiser of the goods he sells."

DO NOT SUFFER FROM SICK HEADACHE a moment longer. It is needless to. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

He—How did you enjoy the sermon? She—Oh! ever so much. I had on a new hat and jacket, and I sat just in front of that horrid Miss Briggs.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Sudden changes, frequent fogs, and pervading dampness surely impede the vital functions, and conduce to ill-health. The remedy for such disorders lies in some purifying medicine, like these Pills, which is competent to grapple successfully with the mischief at its source, and stamp it out, without fretting the nerves or weakening the system. Holloway's Pills extract from the blood all noxious matter, regulate the action of every disordered organ, stimulate the liver and kidneys, and relax the bowels. In curing chest complaints these Pills are remarkably effective, especially when aided by a free local application of the Ointment. This double treatment will ensure a certain, steady and beneficient progress, and sound health will soon be re-established.

A man, after his first experience of tobogganing, declared that he would not have missed the treat for twenty pounds. On being asked to have another slide, he replied that he would not try it again for a thousand pounds.

A BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered in good faith $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

Travis: "Isn't that Dumpsey coming down there, four blocks?" De Smith: "Must be; I can't see anything but his feet yet."