PREPARING FOR BUSINESS.

The government of the province of Ontario is going to take care that its people receive the fullest possible benefit from the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Two branch lines are to be run to connect the new system with the old. They will be constructed in widely separate portions of the province. The company will be granted a cash and a land subsidy as an inducement to it to proceed without delay. The territory to be opened up will be almost entirely virgin. This is the first example of the ultimate effect of the building of the great trunk road. It will sweep the country laterally with its branches and create new zones of life and activity in all regions capable of supporting human life. Ontario is the first province to make provision for a great future. It is justified in granting substantial subsidies, because it will probably be some years before the branch lines will do sufficient business to maintain themselves.

If Premier McBride were not so determinedly opposed to the Grand Trunk Pacific road, he might think it worth while to include possible schemes of that company in his railway policy. It might be induced to come south and get in touch with the great centres of population on this coast. The northern connection will no doubt in time have its advantages. But a great business centre cannot be planted and brought into life and activity in half a dozen years. The Grand Trunk will project its feeders in all directions if inducements are satisfactory. Our Premier might as well make up his mind to accept it as one of the great works of this Dominion. His opposition cannot hinder it. If we dared we would venture to suggest that as soon as the vote in the House of Commons convinces him of that fact, that he sink his antipathies, drop negotiations for the time being with the magnates whose railways are all in the air, and consider the case of Mr. Hays, who is intensely material and practical. If Mr. McBride believes that the country as a whole is with him in his antagonism to the Grand Trunk, let him defer action till after the anticipated general election. Let him join in the hue and cry of his fellow-Conservatives against the government and all its works, if he can get anyone in British Columbia to listen to him. But when the verdict is pronounced we hope he will accept it as the will of the people and act on it—if he remains in power long enough, under approval of the socialists upon whom he depends for his majority.

CONFIDENCE AND TIMIDITY.

The Montreal Star, like all newspapers streaked with yellow, is occasionally very humorous in its propositions. It cites the triumph of the McBride government at the late general elections in British Columbia as proof of decline in the strength of Liberalism in Canada, and as a practical demonstration of the fact that the Conservative party will be victorious in the elections which will follow the dissolution of the present Dominion Parliament. We suspect that when the special correspondent of the Star, who shall pay us a visit shortly for the purpose of surveying the situation, and writing us up in his rapid way at a very high rate per line, reviews the field, he will find that the victory of McBride has not been a healthy thing for the cult of Toryism in the province. But we cannot reasonably expect him to tell the tale as he reads it to the several millions who are guaranteed to imbibe wisdom from the great organ of public opinion which is accorded so little honor in its own country that of sixty-five members of Parliament from the province of Quebec only five are "straight" Conservatives. We suppose it is because the Star possesses so little influence at home that it is seeking to establish itself in British Columbia and is asking subsidies from the government and from the various public bodies. After the handsome compliment it has paid the McBride administration we have no doubt our discredited but enterprising contemporary will be treated with marked generosity by the Premier. Indeed the head of our Noble Five has already endorsed the Star as an advertising medium of the first class, and is said to have promised it twenty thousand or so of the extra dollars he expects to gain by the extraordinary rate of taxation. The Star, it is well known, is the treasurer of the Tory campaign fund. It is meet that all the people of British Columbia should be compelled to contribute of their abundance towards the sacred cause. The manufacturers of the East, who think they would be benefited by a change of government are few. Those who favor a change are shrewd gentlemen. They know the Conservative party is farther from power to-day that it has been at any time within the past seven years. They will not contribute. Why should not provinces such as British Columbia, which are feasting upon the good things provided by Tory governments, do their duty by the party which so lavishly distributes its largess when it is given the power?

However, there is no reason that we know of why the despondent spirits of Eastern Conservatives should not been cheered by reports of the revival of Toryism and the declension of Grit prestige in this far western province. We are far from the centres of political influence, and it may possibly be that the truth will not be known until the people have expressed their opinions at the polls. But we would advise all true followers of Mr. Borden to imitate the Montreal Star and pick up whatever stray good thing they can, because it is as near to a certainty as anything can be in this world that for five years they will have no opportunity to make systematic raids, as they did in times which, alas! are but a memory. Still, it would not be possible to deny the party the consolations of hope. It is impossible to foresee what may happen. Dark horses have been known to win. While the general opinion is that the elections said to be pending will not impair the present strength of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government, no one can tell what may happen. For that reason we think it would be well for the opposition in Parliament to facilitate business and permit the test to be made as soon as possible. If they are as optimistic as they profess to be, the sooner the elections are held the sooner they will be in power. A political party which is confident that the sentiment of a country is with it is usually eager to force dissolution. The Liberal party in Great Britain is doing all in its power to encompass the defeat of the Balfour government because it knows that the confidence of the electorate has been withdrawn from that government. The Conservative opposition in Canada felicitated itself upon the fact that it so obstructed business during the last session of the House as to prevent dissolution. It has proclaimed its intention to keep Parliament at work again this year until the snow flies in order to frustrate the purpose of the ministers, which is said to be an appeal to the electorate. There is the attitude of the two parties. In the one there is the confidence that betokens confidence of success; in the other there is anxiety to defer action in the hope that something may turn up to make success possible.

A VOICE FROM THE NORTH.

We are in receipt of a letter from Port Essington signed Peter O. Hair. The English language appears to have proved a hard nut for Peter to crack, he being apparently a foreigner with a grievance against the government on account of increased taxation. We are sorry to say our Port Essington friend is not singular in his position of antagonism. But it is not given to all to express their grievances so vigorously or with so little regard to the literary conventions. For example:

"This country did my late father clear, with the help of me alone. We nearly broke our poor human hearts to remove the stump and stone. I am a Canadian offspring I am sorry for to say. I helped to clear this country, and now am forced away. Britain has ruined this country," by forcing the Japs upon Port Essington, our correspondent apparently attempts to say, although he lapses into incoherency in the effort. "The next curse is the tax on our backs. The poor cannot pay. Then look at these hard-hearted Conservative members through hatred of the poor. Tax them! Rob them! Turn them out to beg from door to door! Where will we go? I don't know. I pray God to help us men to strangle those the poor oppose and shame their guilty brain! They bought the rains which now they hold; they bought the rains with bloody gold. Now they tax the babe on its mother's breast. They tax the filthy swine. They tax the cock upon the roost and the chickens that come behind. Now, come, my boys! Up we must rise! Be loyal to a man, to drive these wolves, these sneaking wolves, who have us tethered foot and hand. . . . Their gold is done; they are as poor as Hell! They cannot buy more. Their fat friends will leave them. They cannot reign more." We feel safe in promising the representative of the Skeena district and his great leader a warm time when they again appear in Skeena.

AN INADVERTENT TRIBUTE.

It is a surprising thing that the Montreal Star should be so anxious to advertise a country to which no good thing can come until it adopts a tariff as high as that of the United States. It would be a most uncharitable act to induce immigrants to settle in Canada if the conditions are such as the great independent yellow journal of Canada represents them to be. We are not so uncharitable as to assume that the mere pittance of a few thousand dollars per column our Montreal contemporary and its ally the Minneapolis Journal ask from governments and municipalities and individuals in British Columbia and the Northwest Territories for the alluring descriptions to be written of their resources by ready writers (who will probably spend a day in each place to be described) accounts for the zeal of the Star. It longs to see the country flourish, and to this end its emissaries go round doing good. Or it may be that the business end of the paper has no confidence in the stuff circulated by the editorial section. We think the explanation must be found in the acceptation of this hypothesis. Because there is no more flourishing newspaper business in the world in proportion to the amount of capital invested than the Montreal Star's. We doubt if even the newspapers after which it is patterned, the Hearst journals, earn proportionately larger sums for their proprietor. And so, reduced to simple terms, the fact is that the Montreal Star is as well aware of the great prosperity of Canada as any of its irreconcilable manufacturing friends who are running their factories night and day in the effort to keep up with their orders, while beseeching the government to increase the tariff in order that they may be able to raise the prices a notch or two upon consumers.

We cannot but commend the enterprise of the Star management. But even political newspapers should preserve an appearance of consistency. If the condition of the country is such as the Montreal Tory organ represents it to be, it should have agents out advising people not to cross the seas or the border. We cannot believe the Star would countenance misrepresentation of any kind even for the sake of fifty or a hundred thousand dollars worth of advertising, so we must accept the great advertising scheme "for the benefit of British Columbia and the Northwest" that our discriminating Premier so enthusiastically endorses as a tribute to the progress Canada is making under Liberal rule.

A CONSCIENTIOUS SECT.

There are said to be ten thousand Mormons in Canada, each one of whom is determined to do his or her duty when public opinion will permit. It will not permit at present. It is almost unanimously opposed to polygamy. The Mormons say if certain social problems be approached with an open mind it will be found there are more condemnable features in our life than polygamy. They point to the marked success that has attended the Mormon colonies wherever they have been planted as proof of the fact that the tithing system and plural marriages are favored by God. It must always be remembered, however, that the apostles, or protaganists (to use a term much in favor at the present time) are mere men. The women are not permitted to express opinions. And women, after all, are half, if not the better half, of mankind. The Mormon men seem to regard them as merely the instruments through which the divine injunction to increase and multiply shall be fulfilled. The head of the church has been so faithful in the observance of the decrees that he has forty children living, and but for the interposition of the laws of the United States he might have been a still more prolific father in Israel. And in this connection it is worthy of note that apostles of special grace in the Mormon type of religion have invariably been blessed with large families. Unbelievers and scoffers may be inclined to say that the tithing system has enabled them to exemplify the doctrines of the church to the limit. The poor saint with no pull and the unregenerate Gentile, having to work for their bread, may find it an exceedingly difficult thing to maintain one wife and one family. Hence those highly favored of the Lord are bound to bear the burdens of their poorer neighbors, and it must be said for them that they do it without murmur. In fact, they are very severe upon governments which attempt to suppress practices mistakenly alleged to be indecent. The elders are so conscientious, so zealous, and so sincere, that they bear their yokes without complaint. They are not at all the style of men depicted by the little boy who said: "King Solomon was a great and wise man. He had a hundred wives. After that he did not believe in God." Each addition to his responsibilities strengthens the elder's faith. It would be interesting to have a true statement of the opinion of a Mormon woman with experience in a "plural" family. For the present we are told the colony in Canada, while polygamists by faith, are monogamists in practice. This in deference to popular prejudice which they believe will die out. We advise the present generation of Mormons that they had better seek a country in which the law is not a fetish previous to making any attempt to carry out their objectionable practices.

Seattle is in the throes of its annual moral convulsion. The Post-Intelligencer calls for a spring cleaning. It is ashamed of the condition of the city, with its moral deadline, its hordes of blacklegs, cutthroats and harlots, but it is disgusted with the marksmanship of its police force, which engaged in a pitched battle with a half company of housebreakers and did not leave a mark on one of the gang. The outlaws all made their escape. The police also came out of the melee scatheless. Now the Seattle newspapers are calling upon the new chief of police to take his men out and give them some revolver practice. It is all very well for our contemporary to hold up its hands in holy horror at the wickedness of the modern Sodom; but if it were the will of the people that the iniquities complained of should cease, they would cease to the extent at least that the stench would not ascend to heaven in such a dense cloud. For the sake of the whole Northwest, which is more or less affected by the uncleanness of its largest centre, we hope the Post-Intelligencer may be able to arouse the police of Seattle to their duty, and if the officers are unable or unwilling to perform their part, "a very active committee of citizens will take the matter out of their hands. The thugs must go!"

* * *

A band of "gay young blades" in Paris the Joyous sentenced to death one of their number who was suspected of betraying them to the police. The executioner was selected by lot. The apartment of the condemned was besieged and the concierge was threatened with death in the case of information being conveyed to the police. The siege was raised in the first instance, but on the first appearance of the lad on the streets he was set upon by his former comrades and held in a position of helplessness until stabbed to death by the selected executioner. All the gang are under twenty years of age. Here is one department of crime in which Seattle is excelled. But Seattle is young.

* * *

We have the reputation of being a lethargic people in Victoria. The only man who rises early is the fisherman, and he only issues from his bunk at an unseemly hour because of the tradition in his craft that the early angler gets most of the bites. We were pleased to read a report in the London Chronicle that a medical expert in the North of England has been denouncing as dangerous to health, and even to life, of the habit of getting up in a hurry, and has laid down the agreeable axiom that people on waking should calmly stretch themselves, and rise at leisure. Some of us may be glad to know that one of the most eminent specialist on insanity, Dr. Selden Talcott, of New York, declares that early rising is the most prolific cause of madness. "The free and lazy savage," he points out, "gets up when he feels ready, and rarely or never becomes insane." And he adds that a peremptory command to get up when one's sleep is as yet unfinished is a command which "grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, destroys all good intentions, and disturbs all day the mental activities, just as the tornado disturbs and levels with advancing ruin a forest of mighty pines."

* * *

The Czar is worried lest his impetuous commander Marakoff in his eagerness to get at the enemy should meet with a mishap. So he proposes to send out a trusty man as the admiral's second in command. We suspect the imperial nervous system is unduly exercised. Marakoff has been particularly careful thus far not to close with Togo in any position which would not give him such an advantage over the Jap as would preclude any reasonable possibility of a calamity to Russia. Marakoff's boldness has all been verbal. He may be as venturesome and resourceful in act as he is in word, but he has yet to give proof of it. He need not tell the world that his enemy flees from him every time he comes out of his sanctuary, because the world will not believe it. It may develop in the course of the war that the Jap lacks some of the essentials of a conqueror, but unwillingness to fight is not one of his weaknesses.

* * *

Five thousand emigrants are reported to have arrived at one Canadian port within a week. Fully as many more are flocking across the border from the Western States. The rate of expansion is rapidly increasing. Three years ago we thought Canada had entered upon a period of rapid growth. Three years from now we will think the present rate of progress slow. It is true British Columbia is not yet an active partaker in the benefits of the increasing confidence in Canada, but it will soon appear that we shall be one of the chief beneficiaries. Vancouver Island will soon be the home of a great multitude of well-to-do people seeking for the maximum of physical comfort in the life that now is.

* * *

The Australians are not slow in expressing their opinions of British cricketers whose methods of play they do not consider worthy of approval. But they object to the "barracking" of the King. Dr. Dowie offended the populace by saying in one of his characteristic "sermons": "The King will get to heaven only by the skin of his teeth. Nobody imagines that the King has any religion to spare." The last report stated that the American consul had been appealed to to get the reverend gentleman out of the country lest a worse thing than hooting should befall him. What has become of him is not known. He has disappeared from view.

* * *

A London newspaper was sued for libel because it published the following and some other letters addressed by a Mr. Stell to King Edward: "To His Majesty the King,—For brutal impudence, mean cowardice, for all that pertains to the opposite of gentleman, for utter disregard of truth, justice, human and divine love, as liars and thieves and rogues, Your Majesty and your official servants are the finest examples of modern times." The suitor got no damages. It seems Victoria is not the only place in which libel actions are based upon frivolous grounds.

* * *

The federal government is reported to have rescinded the order in council affecting the transportation of Canadian goods to the gold country in the north. Uncle Sam will now take additional credit to himself as the chief of the bluffers. Apparently that order in council is another of the hardy annuals that rears its head just to prove that it exists and then withdraws itself. Some day it will stay above ground, notwithstanding the protests of our neighbors. At present there are apparently a majority who believe it is not in the interests of Canadian trade to enforce the law.

* * *

Vancouver seems to be running Seattle a very close race at present for evil renown as the municipal degenerate of the Northwest.

THE LITTLE PIONEER'S RIDE.

(Anna E. Treat, in Little Folks.)

"Whoa, Buck! Whoa Bright!" called out Stephen Harris, pioneer; and the glossy red oxen halted in the forest opening. "This shall be our dinner camp to-day, boys," said he. "See what a fine spot!"

The pair of stalwart lads, with rifles on their shoulders, who had been walking all the forenoon beside the big covered wagon, thought it was truly a fine spot and began to make camp for dinner, unyoking the oxen and turning them out to graze, kindling a fire with dry twigs and moss and fetching water from the clear brook that rippled by.

Meanwhile children of all ages began to climb down from the wagon. There were ten fine, healthy children. The youngest, Martha, was a little yellow-haired girl of three, the pet and pride of them all. They were overjoyed at the prospect of running about and stretching their cramped limbs and the forest echoed to their joyful voices. Last alighted the mother, under whose good management a dinner was soon ready. Every day the camp dinner was like a picnic to this family, who had been thirty days on their way from Connecticut to "the Ohio," where they hoped to find a fine farm and a good home.

The wagon, which had been their travelling house for a month, was well fitted up for comfort. The seats were built along the sides and so contrived as to hook back at night. Then the bedding, tightly rolled up by day, was spread out on the wagon bottom. The cooking utensils were hung up on the sides and a roomy box nailed at the end held the other useful articles. All of the cups, plates and spoons were of bright, unbreakable tin. Under the wagon swung the large copper kettle, the most important of all things in the household of those early times.

After dinner the bright tin dishes were washed in the brook and the fire very carefully "put out." But the travellers still lingered under the trees, so restful and lovely seemed the cool green spot. At length Mr. Harris said that the sun was fast travelling westward and that they must be doing the same.

So the oxen were yoked up, and in great spirits the pioneers scrambled to their places in the wagon and the oxen started on at a good pace; and they had gone a mile or two before the fearful discovery was made that little Martha was missing! It seems impossible that they should not have known at once that she was not with them—but so it was—not one of them had missed her!

The patient oxen were turned about, and as fast as possible the distracted family travelled back to the dinner camp, Mr. Harris and the big brothers calling, as they went, the name of the darling child.

The camp was finally reached; but little Martha was not there and no trace of her could be found.

The forest had seemed so peaceful an hour before, but now it was filled with terrors. What wild animals might not lurk in the thickets! The very brook seemed to murmur of dangers—quicksands and treacherous water holes.

"Baby! O baby!" called Mr. Harris, suddenly, breaking into a sharp cry, and this time, in the anxious waiting pause of silence, a shrill little voice from right under the wagon piped out: "Here I is!" and over the rim of the great copper kettle popped Martha's golden head. Scrambling out, "head-over-heels," she rushed into her mother's arms, as fresh and rosy from her sound after-dinner nap as though she had been rocked in the downiest cradle in the land.

There were praises and thanksgiving, there were laughter and tears and the forest echoed with the shouts of the boys, who could not otherwise express the joy and relief of their hearts. Then they climbed into the big wagon again and this time each one made sure that little Martha was not missing.

In after years the energy and family thrift of the Harris family brought them great prosperity. Broad acres and fruitful orchards and a beautiful home became theirs, but their most prized possession was the big copper kettle in which little pioneer Martha took her after-dinner ride.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE MONKEYS.

The monkeys were having a very good time. The King of the Monkeys had a grand idea. It was not often that he had an idea, but when he had he spread it abroad, and everybody knew that he had it.

If anybody did not know that he had an idea, and if the King found that he did not know, then there was a tremendous row, and there was not much left of the wretched offender.

But on this occasion the King had a magnificent notion, and, having just eaten a copy of "The Financial Boom," which a tripper had left behind when on a picnic, he was filled with ideas of wealth and opulence, and immediately started to form a company.

All the court were obliged to take shares, and if anyone refused the rest of the shareholders had a very good meal—on the remains of the culprit.

The King, on taking the chair at the opening meeting, said that the object of the company was to get money, and to get it in the easiest possible way. The secret of the invention was only known to him and to the Prime Minister—they hadn't invented it yet, but that didn't matter—and they expected that it would have a great sale, especially among elephants, who would be greatly benefited by a little more hair. The Prime Minister, who spoke next, observed that no one could be without it, and that if any of those present thought they could be without it, the public executioner was in attendance.

So the company was floated, and everybody was dissatisfied except the King and the Prime Minister. Then the hair restorer was invented.

It consisted of empty cocoanut shells filled with water, and sold at one cocoanut each.

The sale went merrily among the King's subjects (who were all afraid not to buy), but as soon as they had all bought the sales began to languish.

At last there came a customer, who was an elephant who had read the prospectus, and thought that he might be able to make some money by taking up an agency and selling it to other elephants.

The King received him with great eclat, and told him that all was going well, and the sales were enormous.

On the strength of his statements the elephant bought a hundred bottles, and started to try them on his friends.

So he sold a lot of them, but there began to be complaints among the buyers.

One old elephant (who had been in a circus and knew something) said that it was a fraud, and threatened to bring an action.

So, of course, the elephant who had sold him the stuff told him that the King of the Monkeys was responsible, and referred him to this august potentate.

So the elephant wrote him a lawyer's letter:

"Sir:—Unless my hair grows in three days I shall bring an action against you for damages."

The King of the Monkeys, on hearing this, immediately ate up the whole of his court, and prepared for the worst.

And the worst—which was the elephant—came.

He took the King up in his trunk and shook him so hard that he could hardly see.

And before the King knew where he was the elephant had shaken a promise out of him that he would make his hair grow, or be eaten.

So the King and the Prime Minister, who was the noly member of the court left, tried all they could to make the elephant's hair grow. They soaped him, and lathered him, and sponged him, and flannelled him, and shampooed him, and at last they rolled him with the garden roller which was left behind by Robinson Crusoe, but it was no use—so at last the elephant, who had been getting very hungry, ate them all up. And after that there was no monkey king and no monkey court, and the monkeys have been a republic ever since, without even having a president.

A man went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand, with a card bearing this inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds' weight. I will be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

"This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not return."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Appeal.—The Owner—See here! That trunk never did you any harm, did it?

The Porter—Any harm? Of course not!

The Owner—Well, then, don't treat it as if it did!—Brooklyn Life.

The Attractive Girl.

Her Sweet and Unaffected Ways.

Much has been written about "the American Girl" and her reasons for being pre-eminently the most attractive girl in the world. In bringing up girls mothers can't be too careful to let their daughters develop all their natural charms to the utmost. She is most attractive who is sweet, unaffected, cordial and unconscious of self. Such a kind of girl will not have to run after men. The men will save her the trouble. She will be courted by many men if she holds herself with a sort of unconscious dignity and unaffectedness. It devolves upon a mother to talk to her daughter—to make her a confidant—not only about these matters in early girlhood and when they are blossoming into womanhood, but she should advise her about her physical make up and her special organs.

From Maidenhood to Womanhood.

The crucial epoch of a woman's life is the change from maidenhood to womanhood. It involves the whole body and manifests itself in the nervous disposition at this time. If womankind lived close to nature, did not wear corsets, live in heated atmospheres, becoming subject to taking cold easily, she would drift into womanhood naturally and without suffering. Owing, however, to our modes of living and the forced condition of a young girl's brain, the pelvic organs and the brain take up too much of the blood and other organs are left without sufficient nourishment. In this way girls become delicate and the tissues are not sufficiently nourished. Many a mature woman traces back her troubles and her bad health to this early period. Often the strain is too great and for this reason proper precautions should be taken. Perhaps the mother or daughter have some delicacy about talking with their home physician on these matters. It is then best to consult by letter with a physician of recognized eminence, who has had a medical training, fitting him for the practice of medicine. It would be very foolish for one to consult some woman who had not a particle of medical training in preference to a physician who is bound on honor not to divulge the confidences reposed in him, and whose training has been thorough in the study of anatomy and materia medica, coupled with a wide experience during nearly half a century, which puts him at the top of the profession. Such an one is Dr. R. V. Pierce, who is at the head of that magnificent hospital in Buffalo, called the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. You can write him without fear or favor for he keeps strictly confidential all letters sent to him and he charges nothing for his medical advice, answering in a straightforward and truthful manner. He will not advise anyone to take medicine unless it is positively indicated by the condition of the patient. Dr. Pierce says in his Common Sense Medical Adviser: "I believe that hygienic measures for the young girl are most important. Fresh air and sunshine are always in order. Exercise is especially indicated for the girl who is pale and anemic. Furthermore cleanliness of body, externally and internally is certain to do no harm. Make it a practice once a week to take some mild laxative." One of the first little liver pills on the market and also the best is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—still enjoying public favor to-day. They are found for sale almost everywhere, particularly advised by the honest druggist unless he has a pill of his own make to sell. These "Pellets" of Dr. Pierce are entirely vegetable and do not gripe or injure the most delicate system.

Sick women are afforded the opportunity of a lifetime, for the makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now offer $500 reward for women who cannot be cured. Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Mothers and Daughters

should have a medical book handy, for knowledge is power. A standard work is the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound book, or 21 cents for the paper-covered volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

SLEEP AND SHEEP.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are grey and white;
They follow their leader, nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The grey one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away;
But one runs over, and one comes next—
Their colors are white and grey.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill;
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over, and one comes next
The good little, grey little sheep,
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Dasha.

Mr. Jones—I think I'm going to have appendicitis. Mrs. Jones—Oh, you do? Well, I think I'm going to have a new hat, and your appendicitis can wait.—Judge.

"When you stahts in findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "you wants to stop an' remember dat you's takin' up a job dat's mighty liable to never git finished."—Washington Star.

Hardup—I tried to sell those diamonds I bought of you, and was told they were not genuine. Jeweller—Did you sell them? Hardup—Yes, for almost nothing. Jeweller—Well, you go back and try to buy them, and you will find out that they are genuine.—Ex.