

People Who Should Not Marry. | my lady's boudoir, and laces and sheer

The Woman-Who declars that she cannot even hem a pocket-handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was 15."

Who would rather nurse a pug dog Who thinks that men are angels and

Who thinks that the nurse and the cook can keep house.

Who expects a declaration of love three times a day. Who cares more for the style of her

winter cloak than she cares for the health and comfort of her children. Who stays at home only when she cannot find a place to visit. The Man.

Who thinks a woman's bonnet ought to cost about 5s.
Who thinks his wife exists for the comfort and convenience of his mother

and sisters. Who provides himself with a family, and trusts Providence to provide the family with a home and something to Who thinks that nobody but an angel is good enough to be his wife.

Who thinks a woman ought to be her own milliner, dressmaker, seamstress, cook, housemaid and nurse. Who thinks a woman is "fixed for the season" if she has one new gown. Who forgets his manners as soon as he crosses his own threshold.

Who thinks he can keep house better than his wife can. Who thinks there is "no place like home" for grumbling and growling. Who quotes the Apostle Paul on the "Woman Question," and who firmly believes that the mantle of the apostle has fallen upon him.

Where There Are More Men Than Women.

Egypt is shown by the latest census to enjoy the singular pre-eminence of being the one country in the world, as known, where men are in a majority over women. The male sex in the dominions of the Khedive exceed the female by 160,000. It is a curious circumstance that this numerical predominance of the male is very evenly distributed over both Upper and Lower Egypt. It is only in the sparsely peooled and newly recovered province of Dongola that the women are more numerous than the men. Another interesting fact is that the proportion of Egyptian women knowing how to read London Morning Post

> X X Tyrant Fashion.

Of all domineering masters to whom women, as a class, bow in serviture, Fashion holds the upper hand, says a writer in Household Realms. All kind ting at the rear of the ball-room. This and gentle instincts which by birth-right belong to women are offered as a but time has obliterated it, and pos-Fashion decreed that women must wear bury spirit. English women are tak
"Yes," admitted her father, "you call it snow, and so do most people. but I an old complaint, and nothing can be done except to bury them." sacrifice on the altar of Fashion. If J the secrets of her soul embroidered in gilt letters on the front of her gown, I almost believe she would do it. When of a pre-Lenten "Tea" in London, and are call it cotton-wool rain. And in the cold snowy country it is often so dry and fluffy that you could play in it. Fashion says she must trail her gown were an apron of Brussels rose point, and roll about in it all the morning in the filth of the street, she forgets describing a floral scroll design with an that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and adopts the creed of the unclean. She may as well be "out of the world as out of fashion." When Father Fad are cheaper pretty aprons. It is not with confidence. Evidently her demake yourself as much like a wasp as possible, his word is law, and the agony begins. When the doors of her home must be widened to let my lady pass through without crushing her sleeves, the carpenter is forthwith summoned. Expense is nowhere when Fashion makes her round. When Fashion says hunt down the feathered tribe and exterminate the species, if need be, just so my word is obeyed, and your bonnets duly decorated, women forget that God notes the fall of the raven, and satin. By-the-way, the historical that a prayer for mercy, on Sunday morning, beneath the spread wings of a murdered songster, is not always ing for dressing little girls in aprons. deeds are weighed, not rhetorical sup-

When Fashion says "On this occasion every lady must appear in full dress," off come the winter woolens, ditto shoes and cashmere hose, while silk stockings and Cinderella slippers and when school session is over, it is must brave the January blast. Lung removed and the little student is two, he asked his father if he might protectors and long sleeves are left in ready for luncheon in a frock that is

Feed the Nerves!

and makes rich, red, healthy blood.

We live by nervous force, and if there is derangement at the seat of

good health, the whole physical organization suffers-two-thirds of all

not rest on account of nervousness; my body became wasted almost to

a skeleton. Doctors claimed it to be womb trouble, and desired to per-

form an operation. I tried South American Nervine. The first bottle

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE-dissolves the solld matters which clog and

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Inflammation of the Bladder, Gravel or Stone in the Blad-

der, and all disorders directly attributable to diseased kidneys-A never falling, quick

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE-In chronic cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

after one dose, and many marvellous cures have been affected-A sentence from one

Sold by W. S. B. Barkwell and all Druggists.

bearing, but a few doses of South American Rheumatic Cure worked wonders."

bago and kindred ailments, where the suffering has been intense, relief has come

"My joints were stiff and swollen and the pains were almost beyond

relieving liquid specific, endorsed by best physicians everywhere

OR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT-Cures blind,

pedo the natural and healthy working of the functions of the kidneys-Cures

gave me great relief. I took eight bottles and am cured completely."

muslins are accepted as substitutes, while the resignation with which my lady endures the shivers and positive agony of cold is worthy a better cause Sometimes the agony does not end with the evening, but endures until consumption runs its course, and the victim of fashion pays the price of one evening of folly. 'tis that Fashion is so closely

akin to Folly. . .

The New Hat. The new spring hats (says a New York correspondent) will certainly travel on their shape. The more punched and dented and turned up and down a hat is the more swagger it is accounted. The latest novelties in these wild, glad headpieces are made entirely of tulle, beautifully perishable things that would not stand a single dust storm.

In Buying Furniture, Taboo-

Shams. Soft woods. Fanciful shapes. Showy ornament. Tables without sturdy legs. Glittering brass bedsteads. Lamps that are not to be lighted. Sofas that are not low and broad. Pretentious low-priced sideboards. Heavy dining chairs without cast.

Screens that are not actually need-Over-stuffed furniture in small Easels if there is room to hang pic-

Aprons.

Apropos of aprons, not only are they noticeable in trimming effects, the first time, either. The apron has quite an interesting little history of its own. For several decades, in fact dur- down his paper and looking out of ing the first half of the eighteenth the window. to balls minus an apron. Of course, the Little Girl, in rather a sad tone of they were handsome, in keeping with voice. their rich gowns and jewels. But "No, Beau Nash, the renowned social auto-crat, took offense at the elevation of some dry rains." the humble article of dress, which he declared was only fit to be worn by "Abigails," be it fashioned of muslin the Girl, reproachfully. "Who ever or lace. He forbade the wearing of heard of dry rains! aprons, save on appropriate occasions, and fashionable women, accustomed to obeying him, discarded their aprons The Duchess of Queensbury, however, had a will of her own, and strode up to her grace, snatched off the apron and threw it over to a from the sky in oft white flakes group of ladies' maids, who were sit- thatsibly the world holds more women exquisite rose border. But fortunately, as the fashion bids fair to assert seemed as if the Little Girl were trying itself on this side of the "pond," there again be associated with full dress; the age of extreme practicality; but the majority of men admire the do- of his big ones, she said: mestic air an apron imparts to a charming woman. Therefore it is safe to presume that the new tea apron will not sue long for recognition. A a true story that I heard the other very pretty model is made of batiste bordered with French valenciennes, fulled on to a heading of drawn work, Queensbury apron was valued at \$3,- on the mountain-side, thickly sur-000. There is a quaint fashion prevailheard at the seat of justice. There, One wee maid trots daily to the kindergarten, wearing beneath her snug coat a dainty apron of snowy nainsook. It is made low-necked and sleeveless, and is edged with fine Swiss

claims the apron is a real protection,

ailments common to humanity can be traced

to sick nerves. Naturally the weakest part

is the one attacked, and in cases whose

number is legion the trouble begins in the

stomach-and ends too often in physical

and mental ruin-sluggish circulation,

impure blood, exhaustion, emaciation,

loss of appetite, insomnia, general de-

bility and wasting diseases-all for lack

of replenishing an overworked system.

South American Nervine is the greatest

of all nerve foods-purifies the blood,

clears the system of all impurities, tones

and strengthens the digestive organs-a

wonderful remedy in cases of female weakness

and functional derangements peculiar to her sex

Mrs. Geo. Schlee, of Berlin, Ont., says: "I

always felt weak and tired; at night I could

-truly a good health angel to womankind.

spotless. A fancy apron for pouring tea is made of harmonizing bands of colored satin ribbons, joined together with rows of torchon insertion and finished with a ruffle of corresponding lace.—[Table Talk.

Boys and Girls.

Good Advice to Boys. You are learning a trade. That is a ed affair. When you go to learn a fellow! His clothes were all in rags Make up your mind what you will be, it. Determine in your own mind to be a good workman. Have pluck and patience. Look out for the interests of your employerthus you will learn to look out for your

own. Do not wait to be told everything. Remember. Act as though you wish to learn. If you have an errand to do, start off like a boy with some life. Look about you. See how the best workman in the shop does, and copy after him. Learn to do things Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Never slight your work. Every job you do is a sign If you have done one in ten minutes, see if you cannot do the next in nine.
Too many boys spoil a lifetime by not having patience. They work at a trade until they see about one-half of its mysteries and then strike for higher wages. Acts as if your own interest and the interest of your employer were the same. Good mechanics are the props of society. They are those who stick to their trades until they learn them. People always speak well of a boy who minds his own business, who is willing to work, and who seems disposed to be somebody in time. Learn the whole of your trade.

Lost in the Woods.

"Oh, papa," cried the Little Girl, running into the room where her but the actual aprons are worn and father was reading an important polion dressy occasions, and this not for tical article in the morning paper, "it's raining!"

"So it is," said her father, laying century, women of fashion rarely went "And I can't go out to play," added

> "No, I suppose not," assented her "Dry rains! Oh, papa, now you're making fun of me!" exclaimed the Lit-

"Why, I have," replied her father, with a smile. "Cotton-wool rain is

"Now, papa," cried the Little Girl, looking very severely at him, "you're she avowed this one evening by ap- getting worse and worse! Cotton-wool pearing at a state ball with her gor- rain! The idea! What do you mean?" geous costume, half obscured by an apron of priceless lace. Beau Nash explain, "in winter time in the snowy country the rain comes flickering down

> "Why, that's snow!" interrupted the Little Girl, climbing up into her father's lap and beginning to smile

without getting in the least wet." Then came a pause, during which it expected, however, that the apron will with confidence. Evidently her decision was favorable, for, snuggling a t would seem that we had reached little closer into her father's arms and laying one of her little hands in one "Please tell me a svory, papa, about

that snowy country.' "Very well," said her father, "I will: day about a little boy who was lost in a forest in Canada. His name was Henry, and he had recently come from the great city of Quebec with his father and mother to live in a house rounded by woods. It was May, and the birds were beginning to sing and the squirrels to run about; the leaves were peeping out of the buds, where they had been sleeping all winter; and here and there wild flowers were to be found. Henry was delighted with embroidery. The careful mamma all this, for he had never seen the woods before. One morning, when he not walk to a lake-Lake Ouastawan -which lay in the woods about a mile from the house. There was a good road to the lake, and his father said he might go. So off Henry started, whistling and happy, winding in and out among the big trees, and wondering if he should be lucky enough to any of the big trout which Pierre,

South American Nervine is a powerful nerve builder in the lake. Now, although it was may, there were still great patches of snow here and there in the woods. The snowflakes, you know, don't like to leave the fields and woods in the spring; indeed, they wouldn't leave at all if they weren't driven off by the sunbeams. The snowflakes and sunbeams are deadly enemies, and every spring they fight pitched battles. For ever and ever so many springs the sunbeams have been vicorious, and when they show themselves in sparkling and glowing array in April and May, the snowflakes fly away, frighted, as fast as they can. They hide themselve in the woods, huddling together under the thickest tree branches, behind fallen logs, and alongside of great boulders, where the sunbeams have much difficulty in finding them. This explains why you see snowbanks and snow patches in the woods long after the last snowflake has disappeared from the fields and highways.

"Now, as Henry walked down the wood-road towards the lake, he saw a patch of snow at a little distance in ong the trees. 'I'll just go in there,' said he to mself, and make a few snowballs to throw at a squirrel if I should see

When he had made an armful of snowballs he started back to the road; but, unluckily, he started in the wrong direction; and the longer he walked the farther wrong he went; the more he hunted the more lost he became. When the clock struck the hour for dinner, and Henry hadn't come back, his mother grew very anxious, and his father and a neighbor started out to look for the little lost boy. They tramped through the snowy roads nearly ten miles, climbing over logs and scrambling through rough places. Now and then they saw Henry's footprints in the snow patches, but where the snow had melted the footprints disappeared. So, you see, they couldn't follow Henry's course very well. Care they saw something that alarmed them very much—the tracks of an old bear and her cub, which had passed near the path that Henry had followed part the path that the path the p

search had to be given up for the night. What a night of sorrow and alarm was that for Henry's mother, with her boy out alone in the dark-ness and cold of the woods! The next morning at daylight, Henry's father, with fourteen men, started out to begin the search again. Some of the men looked in one direction and some in another, and after several hours' search one of the men heard a weak voice which he recognized as Henry's. Following the sound eagerly, he soon found Henry lying in the hollow of a tree beside a big rock; and then what rejoicing there was! When they found him, Henry was dazed and weak from fatigue and hunger, for he had wangood thing to have. It is better than dered six miles from home into the trackless forest, and had had nothing gold. Brings always a premium, the to eat for a day and a night. The men trade must be perfect-no silver-plat- carried him home quickly and ten-

trade, do so with determination to win, from climbing over branches and rocks, and his feet were swollen and bruised. But he was brave about it, for when his mother asked what did during that dreadful night, he replied, that, after having said his prayers, he lay down in the hollow log where he was found, and slept soundly." When her father finished this story,

the Little Girl drew a long sigh and said: "Papa, I should like to see the snowy country, and the woods, and the squirrels; but when I go out to walk there, I'm going to take you with me and keep tight hold of your hand all the time.

"Good," said her father; "suppose we begin to practice a little now. So the Little Girl got down from her father's lap and took tight hold of his hand, and they walked outdoors together; for the rain had stopped, the sky was as bright as the Little Girl's eyes, and the sun was shining as if there had never been such a thing as a cloud in the world.

********************** A Smile: A Laugh.

"Johnson wants to borrow some money of me. Do you know anything about him?"

"I know him as well as I do you.

wouldn't let him have a cent." Professor-Margaret, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it? Margaret-Why, sir, you are sitting

Visitor-You oughn't to keep the pig so near the house. Countryman-Who!? Visitor-It isn't healthy.

Countryman-That's wheer you're wrong; them pigs ain't never had a

"Good-tye, professor," said the sweet girl graduate. "I shall always remember you kindly, for to you I am indebted for all I know." "Say no more," replied the professor, "say no more. Such a trifle is not worthy of a thought, I assure you."

The country editor is a reliable encyclopaedia. A subscriber sent him this query recently: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find one or more of done except to bury them."

The difference between ancient and modern slang was amusingly illustrated at the Chautauqua assembly, when the teacher of English literature asked: What is the meaning of the Shakespeare phrase, 'Go to'?" and a member of the class replied, "Oh, that is only the sixteenth century way of saying 'Come off.' "

"I'll never forget the time I took my good old aunt from the country to see a Shakespearian revival at one of the theaters.

* * * *

"Did she like it?" "Like it? I found out that she would never have gone at all but for the impression she had that 'revival' means comething religious.'

A visitor at a school during geography lesson, asked a bright boy, "What is the axis of the earth?" "An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves,' answered he, proudly. "Yes," said his examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?" "Yes, sir." Indeed! What sort of a bonnet?" "An imaginary bonnet, sir."

Reading and writing are not really a necessity of life, when there are other people who can read and write "Why," asked Mrs. Dooley of Bridget Flanagan, "do you go to that old Mrs. Smith to read your letthers from your swatcheart? Sure, you don't be knowin' her at all well.' "That I don't. But she do be deaf as

a post!' "An' what's the good o' that?" "The good of it? The good of it? Why, thin, not a wurrd of thim letthers do she hear!"

The colored people found it "hard times in Georgia" last December, during the smallpox scare. So we may infer, at all events, from a scrap of dialogue reported by the Atlanta Constitution. An old Georgia negro, with his arm in a sling, was talking to another on a west eno car. "Yes, suh," he said, with emphasis. "I gone up, now, fer sho'. You see dis arm in de sling, don't you?"

"Well, suh," the old man continued, way of explanation, "I'll be 80 years old next harvest. I done see lots er trouble in my day, but by de grace er God I miss de Kuklux, I miss de Vigilance Committee, I miss de Whitecaps, en I miss de Regulators, but now, in my old age, please God, de waxinators kotched en cut me."

Men and medicines are judged by what they do. The great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla give it a good name everywhere.

A trade journal tells of a man whose suit was so loud that it disturbed the nap of his silk hat.

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ble of producing one yard of cloth.

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM).

A man who can foretell the day and hour of his death, and you name the only man who can safely delay insuring his life. The rest of us would better get ready NOW. I forgot to mention that it can't be done after you die.

THE

proper time is NOW, the proper place is HERE, the proper society is the Canadian Order of Foresters. Surrounded by thousands of brethren, backed up by an immense surplus, you will be safe and

when you join the Canadian Foresters and share in their privileges and prosperity. 5c. a day will insure you for \$2000. You can get less if you want to, but it's worth 5c. a day to you to know that your wife and children won't starve after you have been called hence. Write for particulars to-

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One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

THOS. WHITE, H. GUMMER, Guelph, Ont Or E. GARTUNG. Supt. Organization, Brantford, Ont.
In this city there are several courts of the order. Information in reference to any matter of local interest in connection with the order may be obtained from A. R. Galpin, D. D. H. C. R., 140 Simcoe street, London, and S. R. Taylor, D. D. H. C. R., 520 Ontario street, East London.

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weight in gold to any person afflicted with Baldness, Falling Hair or Scalp Liseases. WRITE AT ONCE AND WE WILL SEND IT TO YOU, PREPAID, FREE. THE ALTENIEM MEDICAL DISPENSARY, DEPT. A. 80, BOX 778,

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