## -- BY-B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

EDITOR AND PROPRE

sements measured by a scil—12 lines to the inch.

## CHINESE SMUGGLERS.



EXAMINING THE SOLE OF A SHOE.

white people, any ground to suspect that
they are trying to practice a fraud. They
have taught the sailor men of the white
race the shrewdest tricks practiced on Uncle Sam's tax gatherers and are never
ought in one device without being ready
with another one equally as hard to detect.
Before the influx of Chinese laborers was
stopped, says the San Francisco Chronicle,
a Mongol, looking as if all his years were
acquainted with only poverty and toil,
would sometimes try to sneak ashors with
a dirty old blouse stuffed full of fine slik
handkenbiefs, scarfs or Indian neck
shawls. The Chinese garment for cold
weather is a quitted blouse or tunic, with a
heavy filling of cotton. Silk handkershiefs
being light and fine, a single blouse would
sometimes contain a valuable invoice.

Sometimes a demure Chinese maiden

sonstimes contain a valuable invoice.
Sonstimes a demure Chinese maiden
would step ashore with the thick soles of
het shoes stuffed with silk. A whole covey
arrived some years ago with their shoes
stuffed in this fashion. An inquisitive inspector had his attention attracted to the
extraordinary thickness of the soles, and
made an investigation, which resulted in a
valuable seizure.

yaluable seizure.

To a man the Chinese crews on the steamers plying between San Francisco and Mexico, South America and the orient are smuggless. They hide their contraband goods in the oddest places imaginable, and get them ashore past the eyes of the customs officers in ways that almost baffle detection.

tection.

They have brought opium skillfully stuffed in bananas still hanging to the stalk and in oranges. One day, about six years ago, a Chinese dressed as a cook walked leisurely down the gangplank of a Pacific Mail steamer with a basket on his arm containing several loaves of bread He shuffled right by a custom house office He shuffled right by a custom house officer and would have got away all right, but on the wharf came into collision with a drunken sailor. The sailor, who was to blame, gave the Chinese a violent shove, sending him sprawling and scattering his bread loaves. A policeman interfered and noticed that one of the loaves had broken open. He started to examine, and the Chinese started to run. Every loaf was filled with opium.

Chinese have been detected with boxes of the drug detty bound up in their cuses or

Chinese have been decleded with boxes of the drug deftly bound up in their cues or tied under their arms. Every bit of bag-gage and every article they take ashorés a hiding place. Ecams on ship and table legs have been bellowed out as recenteries for contrahand

Beams on ship and table legs have been hollowed out as receptacles for contraband opium. False bottoms are put in cubby holes and pantry drawers. Hiding places are sought in coal bunkers and under the engines and kollers. The methods of secretion are so varied and ingenious that frequently the officers are unable to find smuggled opium, even after they have definite information that it is aboard a vessel. Only recently the officers failed to find a lot, although they knew positively that it was on board. However, keeping the closest watch on everything that left the ship, they finally intercepted the opium as it was being taken aslore.

intercepted the opium as it was being taken ashore. Several years ago the officials were informed that a hole had been hollowed out under the stern of one of the China steamers as a receptacle for smuggled opium. When the steamer arrived, they made a search and found a hole largenough to contain between \$3,000 and \$4,000 worth of the drug, but it was empty. It had been dumped out into the bay off Fort Point, with floats attached. A considerable portion of it was picked up. A regular business was for awhile maintained by throwing the opium overboard, with floats attached to longlines, for confederates to pick up and take ashore in boats, but the officers became cognizant of it and broke it up.

Once a box containing the bones of a dead Chinaman was placed on a steamer at Victoria to be brought here for shipment to China. An accident caused it to be closely-examined, when a large quantity of opium was found concealed under the bones. Large quantity of opium was found concealed under the bones. Large quantity of sait flash and in lumber.

Expecta to Die Before Election Day,

Expects to Die Before Election Day. Expects to Die Before Election Day.

A year ago Levi Layman, a prosperous farmer living near Callicoon, N. Y., had a dream, in which, he say, his deceased wife appeared to him and told him he would join her on or before Nov. 7, 1898. He has implied taith in the prediction and is preparing for his death at that time. This year he planted no crops other than would suffice to provide for his wants to Nov. 7. He has made his will and intends to have charge of the digzing of his grave, and will cae nas made his will and intends to have charge of the digging of his grave, and will order his coffin and burial clothes. Layman has suffered from rheumatism, and faith curists tried to heal, him, but he dismissed them, desiring their prayers in his behalf discontinued: He is 50 years old.

A Strange Superst A Strange Superstition.

In Bosnia the people have believed at all times that a bridge could not be firm and lasting unless a human being was walled up in it. Thus there is a legend connected with the handsome Roman bridge at Mostar, which says that the fine arch across the Narenta could not be finished until the architect walled up in it a bridal pair. Now that a solid bridge is being built across the Save at Brazeka this superstition is revived. It is rumored everywhere that gravived. It is rumored everywhere that gravived. The superstition is revived. The superstition is revived. It is rumored everywhere that gravived. The superstition is revived. The superstition is revived.

St. Petersburg correspondent says tha imperial ukase will shortly be issue lisbing the practice of knouting by th

Bridget's Persistence.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, instructing her new waitress, "when a lady comes to call upon me you must hand her this tray and bring her card up stairs to me," "Yis'm," replied Bridget promptly. The next afternoon Mrs. Morse was surprised by the appearance of Bridget bearing a card in her hand.

"Why, Bridget," she remonstrated, "didn't I tell you yesterday to hand the little silver tray to the callers?"

"Yis'm," replied the amiling maid, "an I did hand it to her, an it's herself was unwillin to take it, but whin I tould her it was my misthress' ixpriss orthers she give in quite mild an pleasantlike. You'll find it safe wid her down in the parlor, ma'am."

And, sure enough, Mrs. Morse, when she had made sharty descent, tound her visitor holding the card receiver, while her mouth was twitching with amusement.

"I didn't dure refuseit," she said meekly, "as long as Bridget was so urgent!"—Youth's Companion.





-Harper's Bazar

The poet had a hard row to hoe, and his wife had been hoeing it with him, and not always uncomplainingly, for she had held his writings in poor esteem and often urged him to turn his talents in some other direction. His luck changed, though, after a long time, and he, began to have money in plenty. One day as his wife sat looking at him he wrote her a check for \$100 and handed it to her.

The dear woman's eyes filled with tears as she read it.

"George, love," she said as she came over and put her arm about his neck, "that is really the best thing you ever wrote," and George thought it wasn't half bad himself.—Detroit Free Press. The poet had a hard row to hoe, and hi

A Desirable Place. A gentleman who was traveling through one of the most insalubrious districts of India found living there an Irishman of

very contented appearance.
"I don't see how you can live in a place,"
said the traveler, "where people die so thick and fast?"

"Tell me the place, sorr," said the man,
"where people niver die—tell me the place,
and I'll go there meself to end me days!"—
Exchange.

"Yes."
"Well, he promised to join the Christian Endeavor society if I'd let him kiss me."
"And did you?"
"Well, he's just become a member."—
Deaks's Magazine.

Work For Him. Guard (at the World's fair)—There goes Archibald von Boom, the famous war cor-

Mr. Stalato—Won't you sing something, Miss Minnie?
Miss Minnie (yawning)—Why, Mr. Sta-late, don't you know it is considered un-lucky to sing before breakfast?—Truth.

The Test of a Sordid Soul.
"How do you like this style of bonnet?" she asked.
"I don't know yet," he answered with-out looking up from his paper. "I haven't seen the bill yet."—Washington Star.

Thrifty Financier Stockson—How much did you lose on Consolidated Subway? Bounds—Lose? Not a cent. Just before the stock tumbled I gave all I had of it to my wife,—Chicago Tribune.

It Would Ease Him. She—If you married a girl in the hope that she would one day come into a fortune, wouldn't you feel guilty over it?

He—Not if she got the fortune.—New York Herald.

York Herald.

Inought It Was Better.

Bennie's father had been telling him the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, and Bennie was much impressed. A few days later Bennie came into his fa-

ther's presence eating a cooky, my boy?"
father:
"Who gave you that cooky, my boy?"
"I took it myself," replied Bennie, taking another bite.
"Took it yourself? Why, didn't I tell
you never to help yourself to cookies?"
"Why, father, I thought you'd rather
lose a thousand cookies than for me to tell
a lie!"—Harper's Young People.



A RUFFIAN'S END.

Insuited Woman,
Nonwood, Ont., Oct. 28.—Yesterday
afternoon about 4 o'clock a most dreadful
tragedy occurred in this village, resulting
in the death of John Hill, known as "Wiry

tragedy occurred in this village, resulting in the death of John Hill, known as "Wiry Jack."

It appears that Hill, accompanied by his brother-in-law, James McMaster, went to the house of William J. Hicks to make what seemed to be a friendly visit. During their conversation Mrs. Hicks requested McMaster to go home and ask his wife and family to some down and take tea with her. McMaster proceeded to do so. Hicks, having something to tell McMaster, proceeded to the door.

Hill came out of the room at this juncture and went where Mrs. Hicks was standing, and unceremoniously grasped her in an insulting manner. Mrs. Hicks ordered him to leave her alone, and called for her husband, who at once came, and, seeing the state of things, pulled Hill away and hit him in the face near the left ear with his fist, causing a severe wound. Hill at once clinched with his opponent, and the latter gave him a push, knocking him out of the door, Hill falling with the back of his head on a sharp stone, causing a fatal wound. Dr. Pettigrew was sent for, but before his arrival the victim was dead.

Hicks at once gave himself up to Magistrate Peasce. The prisoner is in a terrible state over the affair. Hill had always been a disreputable character, and cocupied a cell in the Kingston penitentiary for five years. Hicks is an honest, industrious, inoffensive man, well thought of by every-body.

Howard's father is a physician, and one day when the doctor was out Howard and a little playmate were "playing doctor" in the real doctor's office. Presently Howard threw open a closet door and revealed an articulated skeleton to the terrified gaze of his playmate, but Howard himself was perfectly calm. "Pooh, Walter!" he said to his playmate, "what are you afraid of? It's nothing but an old skellington!" "Wh-wh-where did it come from?" asked Walter, with chattering teeth. "Oh, I don't know. Papa has had it a long time. I guess likely 'ls was his first patient."—Harper's Young 'People. Kept as a Souvenir.

Friend-Did you lose anything in the tall bank?

Bustail bank?
Depositor—Not a cent.
"Well, well! If you knew the thing was
going up, why didn't you say so?"
"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife some blank checks.
She went shopping."—New York Weekly.

Concessionnaire (frantically, at telephone Is that Kobbs & Gluko?

—1s that KODES & GHIKO?
Down Town Grooter—Yes.
Concessionnaire—For heaven's sake hurry
up that keg of molasses and two gallon jug
of vinegar I ordered awhile ago! I've been
out of orange cider for two hours!—Chicago

Weather Probabilities, Weather Probabilities,
OBSERVATORY, TORONTO. Oct. 22, 11 p.m.
—An area of high pressure has extended over the Northwest, accompanied by decidedly cold weather and local snowfalls. From the lakes to the Atlantic the pressure is high and the weather fine and mild.
Probabilities:—Moderate to fresh southeast to south-west winds, fine weather; stationary or a little higher temperature.

Montreal, Oct. 28.—Armand Buhamet, a plumber, 20 years of age, while working in the drug store of T. Chieve, took a drink of cod liver oil out of curiosity. Not liking the taste, he took a drink out of another bottle to take it out of his mouth. This time he struck a bottle of tiucture of aconite, and two hours afterwards he died in great agony.

ROME, Oct. 23.—Lord Vivian, British mbassador to Italy, is dead here of pneu-

monia.

A Question in Hygiene.

A position in Sy A Question In Hygiene.
The Jewish authorities in Switzerland have obtained the opinions of a large number of distinguished physiologists and veterinary surgeons on the question—from a humanitarian and hygienic point of view, respectively—of slaughtering animals by the method peculiar to that race. The anawars in response to this question have, it swers in response to this question have, it appears, been unanimous in the belief that the method in question is not more cruel than is any other, some indeed considering

than is any other, some indeed considering it less so.

Hygienically some of the physiologists have further urged in its favor the hygienic properties of the meat, which, deprived of that factor so prone to decomposition—the blood—keeps longer and can, they consider, be better dealt with by the stomach and other organs of digestion, and it is further urged in this connection that the excretive materials contained in the blood rapidly give rise to chemical changes resulting in the production of toxic ptomaines, which, by their repeated action, injure the constitution.

by their repeated action, injure the constitution.

The Jewish law forbids the people to eat
any other but the bloodless fiesh of animals which have been killed by their method of cutting the throat, in which a single
gash divides the carotid arteries and jugular veins. It is also necessary that no other
lesion be produced in killing the animal;
otherwise its fiesh becomes "tripha," forbidden to be eaten. In regard to the use of
anæstheties, the objection is urged of the
impossibility of being certain that the animal is in the enjoyment of full vitality
and perfect health at the time of killing.—
New York Tribune.

The Flying Porcupine.

There is a curious Dardistan superstition with regard to an animal called "harginn," which appears to be more like a porcupine than anything else. It is covered with bristles. Its back is of a reddish brown and the other parts of a yellowish color.

The animal is supposed to be very dangerous and to contain poison in its bristles. At the approach of any man or animal it is said to gather itself up for a terrific jump into the air, from which it descends unto the head of the intended victim. It is said to be generally about half a yard long and a span broad. Lal Mohammad, a saintly Akhunzada, but a regular Munchausen, affirmed to have once met with a curious incident with regard to that animal. He was out shooting one day when he saw a stag which semed intently to look in one direction. He fired off his gun, which, however, did not diver the attention of the stag. direction. He fired off his gun, which, however, did not diver the attention of the stag.

At last he found out what it was that the stag was looking at. It turned out to be a huge "harginn," which had swallowed a large markhor with the exception of its horns. There was the porcupine, out of whose mouth protruded the head and horns of the markhor. The Gillight, on the contrary, said that the harginn was a great make, "like a big fish called nang." Perhaps harginn means a monster or dragon and is applied to different animals in the two countries of Ghighiti and Astor.—Dr. Leitner in Asiatic Quarterly.



MISS JENNIE MIGHELL

MISS JENNIS MIGHELL.

highness the sultan of Johore, otherwise Enown as Mr. Albert Baker, who visited the World's fair a few months ago. The damages are laid at a high figure, and the matter of a diamond buckle is also said to form a feature in the case.

The sultan of Johore was elevated from the rank of maharajah to that of sultan some years ago in recognition of the firm, unwavering friendship which he had always given to the English name and rule. Among his many cultivated tastes he possesses a love for gardealing. Somewhat above medium height, very dark in complexion, with a long, white mustache, he has always maintained his reputation as a dignified gentleman.

He usually dresses in English clothes of orthodox English cut and wears a black cloth cap, in the front of which fashes and scintillates a magnificent aigret of diamonds. Almost every finger is adorned with rings, two or more on each, of the same precious stones, but apart from this there is no trace of barbaric splendor about his highness.

He Looked Like a Murderer.

A Washington physician told the following peculiar experience to a Star reporter:

'I had been up all night with a patient on whom I had performed a critical surgical operation. It was a question whether he would recover from the shock. In fact, it was touch and go, so that I could not take a minute's sleep. About 5 a. m. I got away and started for home, so exhausted that it never occurred to me to think of my appearance.

never occurred to me to think of my appearance.

"The horse car I boarded quickly filled up with laborers on their way to work. Though very sleepy, I was somewhat surprised to notice that several of them eyed me strangely. Those of them who sat down near me quickly moved away, and one man who took a seat next to me—I was in one of the front corners—looked at me, got up hastily, and held on to the strap. Nobody else took the vacant place, though the vehicle by that time was crowded.

"Not being used to being regarded as a pariah, I was considerably puzzled. I observed the faces of two or three men who sat opposite to me, and I thought that they gazed at me with an expression of horror and disgost. What could it mean? I began to feel alarmed.

"Just then I chanced to look down at one of my outfs. It was saturated with

"Just then I chanced to look down at one of my cuffs. It was saturated with blood. The other cuff I noticed for the first time was bloody also. My trousers were spotted with blood, and there were fresh stains of it on my coat sleeves. My anxiety about the patient and subsequent exhaustion had prevented me from thinking of the matter, and I had not done more than wash my hands before starting for home. Unshaven as I was and wearing an old hat, I must have looked rather tough. Not a word was said as I got off the cur and made a sprint for my house, glad to get back safe, and to remove the traces of imagined crime from my person."

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

Saved From a Horrible Fate by a Sister's

Saved From a Horrible Fate by a Sister's Unitring Devotion.

Edward Templeton of Saugus Center, Mass, was once a subject of suspended animation for several days. When asked to relate his experience while under this psychic spell, he relapsed into silence and seemed averse to talking of himself. His sister, Miss Annis Templeton, however, was more communicative and freely talked on the matter.

more communicative and freely talked on the matter.

"It happened," said she, "during the summer of 1887. We were then living at Malden, Mass., but subsequently removed to Saugus Center. My brother had been taken seriously ill of a malignant fever. For several weeks his life was despaired of, but medical attendance and loving friends succeeded eventually in breaking the fever, although he was left in a weak and emaclated condition. He rapidly grew stronger, however, and gained well nigh former weight and strength. He was able to do light work in his carpenter shop, and we were congratulating ourselves

shop, and we were congratulating ourselves on his ultimate recovery.

"One afternoon in September he came home earlier than usual from his work and complained of strange pains in his head and body. He went immediately to bed, but while we were preparing some simple home remedies he fainted away. We sent hurriedly for our physician, Dr. Atwater, who exhausted all his efforts and medical will be a strong Edward to consciousness.

hurriedly for our physician, Dr. Atwater, who exhausted all his efforts and medical skill to restore Edward to consciousness.

"Edward's body became as rigid as death itself, his flesh was colories, and the following day Dr. Atwater informed us that he was dead. We refused to believe this, however, and sent for Dr. B. M. Richardson of Boston to come in consultation with Dr. Atwater. He came, and after a careful diagnosis and a consultation, which consumed an entire afternoon, he coincided with Dr. Atwater that Edward was dead.

"Well, we prepared the body for burial and were to have held the funeral services the following Sunday. Somehow I couldn't convince myself that Edward was dead and kept a silent watch by his side. The Saturday before the date set for his funeral I was watching him intently, when I imagined I perceived one of his cyclids twitch. I called my mother, who was in an adjoining room, and she took up the watch, while I again summoned Dr. Atwater, informing him of what I had observed. Long and patiently he labored and was finally rewarded with signs of returning life.

"The same evening Edward was fully re-

finally rewarded with signs of returning life.

"The same evening Edward was fully restored to consciousness. He then told us that all the while we believed him dead he was in full possession of his mental faculties, but could not move a muscle of his body. He could tell you better himself of the awful horror which seized him when he heard the physicians pronounce him dead and could hear and see our preparations for his burial."

Mr. Templeton was again importuned to relate his awful experience, but simply remarked: "It is better to drop the subject altogether. I have no desira to revive the horror of those few days and simply thank God that I am here today instead of receiving the fate which so many afflicted with suspended animation have received."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Language of Sealing Wax.

Language of Sealing Wax.

The language of flowers has been more or less understood for centuries, and now it seems that even sealing wax may be made the medium of communication if rightly interpreted, the following being its accepted symbolisms:

White, marriage or proposal of marriage; black, mourning; violet, condolence; dark-red, invitation to dinner; pale gray, friendahip; light red, business; pink, love letters; green, hope; yellow, jealousy; gold or olive, constancy.—Jenness Miller Monthly.

Where the Policemen Came From.
When Bhhop Fallows was addressing a crowd of the unemployed in Chicago recently, he said: "The public officials are in sympathy with you. They have aprung from your own ranks. Where did our policemen come from?" The bishop was not permitted to answer his own question. With one voice 300 or 400 people yelled out "From Irelandi" and the laughter that followed was infectious, and even the bishop himself was compelled to join in it.—Exchance.

this week greatly surprised even me. I had remained at my office until nearly 3 in the morning and was walking up Broadway for a few blocks before taking the car home. I came opposite City Hall park with not a soul in sight. Suddenly there was a shout of alarm behind me and a scurrying of feet. A man was pursuing snother along Mail street, the first shouting 'Murder!'

"A policeman came running from the shadow of the park; a crowd of men wasath his heels; more men seemed to spring out of the ground around the postoffice, and in a half minute there were 50 or 60 persons running after the first two men. The policeman caught up with the couple as they started to pummel each other, and then I saw streams of men and boys running from doorways along Park row, aproned clerks from the postoffice, walters from the restaurants, printers and newsboys from the newspaper buildings and tramps from the recked the scene of the melee, at Mail street and Park row, there was a dense crowd of people choking Mail street from curb to curb, several hundred men and boys, where two minutes before there was notasign or sound of lift."—New York Sun.

Germany's Black Bread.

Germany's Black Bread.

There is no doubt that the Germans ar

There is no doubt that the Germans are the strongest people on earth and probably the most prolific, and I believe it is owing to their eating black bread. A great deal of the nourishment must be wasted in refining flour as it is now done by all civilized nations. The bread is made more palatable, perhaps more digestible for weak, wormout stomachs, but black bread must be the true staff of life.

The Germans do not eat much fresh meat. There may be some in other parts of the country, but along the Rhine you never see cattle grazing in pastures. I did not see one sheep in all my tramps, and the only cows. I saw were the poor things hitched to heavy carts doing the Work of oxen. There is no milk along the Rhine to speak of. I got no taste of cream, and the eggs I had were stale.

Black bread, then, is what this people live on, and with it they thrive and grow to be mighty conquerers.—Chambers' Journal.

The Cute Railroad Newsboy The wisdom of the railroad newsboy in anding out his stock of reading matter is nanding out mis stock or reading matter is worth comment. He goes the length of the train first with his book stock if he has any; second, with his monthly magazines and weekly papers; last of all, with his daily papers, costing from 'to's ceuts each. In answer to the remoustrance a few days were of a woman on an anticipit train who In answer to the remonstrance a rew days ago of a woman on an outgoing train who didn't get a chance to buy an evening paper till she was nearly 20 miles out the astute young merchant said, "I sell my things the way I do because if a man's got a penny evening paper to read he won't be halt, so likely to buy a 25 or 30 cent magarine"—which was doubtless true. — New York Times. zine"-which York Times.

His Argument. The boy was looking for a job, and when he saw a "Boy Wanted" sign on a Jetter-son avenue business house he sailed right

ing the senior member.
"That's what they call me," confessed the gentleman.
"I s'pose you want a boy, judgin from that sign out there?" said the boy, jogging his thumb over his shoulder.
"Yes, we do. Do you want a job?"
"That's what I'm here for."

"Do you think you can do the work?"
"What's there to do?" "Well, you must clean the windows sweep out the office, be on duty to answe questions, watch out for customers, show them around, help in the store, run cr

rands, keep your eyes open and generall take an interest in the business. Can you do that?"
"Course, if I get paid for it," replied the
boy with confidence.
"What pay do you expect?" asked the
boss, pleased with the boy's self reliance.
"Half the profits," said the applicant

easily.
"Half the profits?" ejaculated the boss. "Just what I say, of course," said the boy. "If I'm willin to do all the work, I certainly ought to have half the profits, oughtn't I?"

Whether he got that much or not is private, but he got the job.—Detroit Free Press.

The call had come.
The voice of fate had spoken.
The oyster must leave the dark, unfath omed cave of ocean and go forth into the world and the inhabitants thereof. He was bidding farewell to his family. "Be good to the children and give them good education," he enjoined his wife. "

must go"—
His voice faltered, and he seemed about to melt finto tears.
—"to my lonely fate."
"Ah, no," answered the spouse hopefully, "not entirely lonely, darling. You are too big for a church sociable stew."

It was a view of the situation pays to

It was a view of the situation new to him and not without its comforting fea-tures.—Detroit Tribune. Rather of a Come Down Rather of a Come Down.

Some years ago there lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of weak intellect, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Aye, it's me," replied Jamie in a tone of complete resignation.

"Have you fa'en doon the stair?" was the next question.

Upon one occasion two ladies paid an English cabby a shilling for the distance they had ridden with one fourpenny bit, two threepenny pieces, one penny and two halfpence. When cabby looked at the coins, he smiled drolly and asked, "Well, well, how long might you have been saving up for this little treat?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Great Feats. "I saw a woman carrying an iron bar weighing 500 pounds a distance of 75 feet last night," said Hicks.
"Pooh," said Mawson. "I saw a fragile little woman stop a two ton omnibus in the Strand this morning just by holding up her forefinger?"—Tit-Bits. What's In a Name?

What's in a Name?

The custom of giving a designating name to a saloon, following, the practice of the English innkeepers, has not entirely died out in New York, but it is certainly undergoing a decline. Now nearly every saloon in this part of the country bears the name of the proprietor over the door, and that is all.

In the south and west, and perhaps m In the south and west, and perhaps more particularly in the extreme southwest, the custom is maintained with full force. In Texas the traveler is in every town or city confronted with such mames as the Lone Star, Three Brothers, White Elephant and the like. The eternal fitness of a name used to designate a saldon, however, is nowhere better exempified than in Santa Fe, where a proprietor, according to a recent traveler, has christened his establishment "Nose Paint."—Now York Herald.



Physician—No; I have given mp, and he may possibly find me at —Harper's Weekly.

Ten Broke-Why do you call that you



The Dog-He didn't catch you that



out beyant there, just forninst my fin-

"Be jabers, but I think you're right, man aloive!"
"Well, phwhy don't yez jump in an
make an effort to save him?"
"That's aisy talkin, but who's goin to jump in an save me?"-Life.



Clara-My friend Mr. Spooner, who canght a glimpse of you yesterday, said he would give anything to kiss you. Shall I bring him around tonight? Maud—No, I guess not. Send him around.—Truth.

He Was Suspicious "Niver agin," said Mr. Dolan, "not even if Oi get to be as rich as the Vanderbilts, will Oi take me clothes till a Chinese laundry."
"An phy not?" asked Mrs. Dolan
"Because Oi hov a suspicion t

"Because Oi hov a suspicion that the wroitin he puts on the ticket is somethin personal. An be the looks a vit t is mighty oncomplimentary."—Washington Star.

Twenty-five years ago the interpreters in the New York courts were unimportant functionaries, employed as court attend-ants, and it was generally sufficient if they could speak German and English. Now they must have from 6 to 60 languages at their tongues' ends.

The first chapter is without a, the second without b, and so with the rest.



Doctor's Wife (anxiously) — Shall nd for Dr. Wellknown?







some of our quotations:

"People need not suffer from corns or other pedal troubles if they will change their shoes three times a day," asserts a man who has tried the experiment. "Where one pair pinches another sets easily, and fre-quent changes of footgear keep the circu-lation in order and the toes undisfigured."

In Japan there are 2) public electric light companies in operation. Further companies are proposed, and there is a considerable demand for electrical engineers. Nearly all of the companies are conducted by Americans.

Fulgentius wrote in Latin a work of 23 chapters, dividing them according to the order of the 23 letters of the Latin alphabet.



McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto Ask your Dealer for "Lardine" and beware of



Woollen Mill



Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will as all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER

AN OPEN

ATHENS, Sept. 25, 1893. To Our Customers and the Public: After nearly twenty years' experience with a credit business, we have no hesitation in saying that it is a very unsatis-

factory system for both buyer and seller, as goods cost twenty

or twenty-five per cen,t more than for cash. We have there fore decided to adopt

THE STRICTLY CASH SYSTEM We shall close our books on the 1st of October, when we will commence to sell for cash or produce only. We shall ex-

pect all accounts to be settled by 1st Nov. During our time in business we have sold to a great many who have never paid their accounts, and our loss in that way has been considerable. We have also met very many with whom it was a pleasure to do a credit business, who paid their accounts promptly, and always endeavored to carry out the Golden Rule. To such of you, we are thankful, and trust you will appreciate and approve our forward step, and that we may have the pleasure of counting you among our Cash Customers, when we will endeavor to make it clear that it is to your advantage to buy For Cash. Our present stock, which was marked at credit prices, will be Reduced to cash marks, and all new goods as they come in will be marked at cash prices, and sold for cash or produce only. We shall keep no books, open no accounts, but will sell so low that you will see it is to your

advantage to buy from us for cash. You can buy of us and save money. Look at



cheap.



Thanking you for past favors, and trusting to see you among our cash customers, we are

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