

Mary Had a Plot of Land.
(From the Brighton Single Tax Review.)

Mary had a little land,
The soil was very poor;
But still she kept it on her hand,
And struggled to get more.
She held her land until the day
The people settled down;
Till where a wilderness had been
Grew up a thriving town.
Then Mary rented out her plot
(She would not sell, you know),
But waited patiently about
For prices still to grow.
They grew as population came,
And Mary raised the rent;
With common food and raiment now
She would not be content.
She built herself a mansion fine,
Had luxuries galore;
But every time that prices rose,
She raised the rent some more.
"What makes the land keep Mary so?"
The common people cry;
"Why, Mary owns the land, you know,"
The knowing ones reply.
And so each one of you might be—
Wealthy, refined and wise—
If you had only owned some land,
And "waited for the rise."

Russian Persecution.
On frozen steppes she falls and creeps,
Hard-driven by the Cossack hounds
All desolate she wails and weeps,
Not yet escapes the tyrant's bounds.
And this is Hagia's sad farewell,
And this the doom of Israel!
O Jewess, under Russian ban,
Sad daughter of a faded race,
Dear mother of the Son of Man,
With Russia's heel upon thy face!
O dark-eyed Jewess, weak, oppressed,
Be patient, and thou'lt yet be blest!
—The Sympathizer.

SHE WOULD DANCE.
Lady Clancarty Couldn't Resist a Lively Dance Tune.

Lady Clancarty, she that was Belle Bilton, a London dance-hall singer who was born Katie Flaherty, is finding it very hard to associate with the ladies of the English nobility according to the rules of ordinary society, to say nothing of the conventions of the upper ten. Her boy husband calls her "Ducky" just as he did in those halcyon days when he was painting the town and she was kicking her earrings to the delight of the large and critical audience that fill the London dance-halls. Some of her present equals in the matter of social position have said in her hearing that she was positively boorish; but Belle knows better than to believe them, for she knows that all the boys used to say sincerely that she was a "lolla." The Countess Belle Clancarty Bilton Flaherty was at Homburg, a fashionable German Waukesha, last month. She had to be invited to the swell parties, and found herself one evening at a function of the Duchess of Rutland. In the course of the evening she attempted to sit still a few moments beside her boy husband, the duke. She succeeded in her undertaking until the band began to play the celebrated nocturne by Chopin, entitled "Little Chippie Bird, Get Your Hair Trimmed." The nocturne, as those who are up in musical matters know, is a composition that is always played in a decided scherzo manner, as it is loaded to the muzzle with hipness and glee. Its rattle-dazzle influence was too much for Lady Clancarty, she entertained the assemblage with a skirt dance that would break up a Methodist camp meeting in 10 minutes. Her husband was frantic and the duchess of Portland approached as near as the flying heels would let her and said something pointed in French. During the remainder of the time consumed in playing "Get Your Hair Cut," it is rumored that Lady Clancarty kicked through five octaves instead of eight and thus kept within the bounds of fashionable exhibitions of skirt dancing.—*Albany Sun.*

How They Began.

Calvin S. Brice's first labor was over law books in a country law office in Ohio.
Henry Clews' early life was spent as a porter in a woolen house at \$3 a week.
General Russell A. Alger earned his first money doing odd jobs for the neighbors.
Russell Sage was a clerk. He learned frugality in his brother's grocery store at Troy.
President Harrison found his first dollar in the toe of his stocking on Christmas morning.
Henry Villard, who has so many ups and downs as a railroad man, earned his first money as a reporter.
John Archibald, one of the Standard Oil Croesuses, was an office boy in Titusville, Pa., not many years ago, and is now reported to be worth fully \$15,000,000.
M. H. De Young, the California editor, started his first newspaper in San Francisco in 1865 on a capital of \$20, and that loaned him by a more prosperous acquaintance.
Thomas Hardy, the novelist, began his career as an architect in English Dorsetshire, and his first published work was an essay on the use of colored brick and terra cotta in dwelling houses.

Improved Proverbs.

He laughs best who does not laugh at a woman when she thinks there is a mouse in the room.
It is never too late to drink champagne.
A rolling stone never "gets there."
When a belated husband comes in through the window a flat iron is apt to fly out at the door.
A bird and a bottle in hand is worth two boarding-house dinners anywhere else.
Every man's house is his servant girl's castle.
The race is not always to the horse you put your money on.
A run in time saves the nine.
If at first you don't succeed, lie, lie again.
—*Life.*

Street-Corner Statuary.

Grimsby Independent: Why do you stand on the street corners anyway? There are but two proper places for boys on Sunday nights, and those are "at home" and at church. If you don't want to go to church stay at home. If you don't want to stay at home go to church. But if you really will not or cannot do either of those, for goodness sake go for a walk or a ride, or go crazy, if you like, but don't stand on the street corners and squirt tobacco juice.

—Nothing to speak of—your neighbors' affairs.

NELLIE'S FORTUNE

Before a little ivy-covered cottage one evening stood a young man and a girl of perhaps some eighteen or nineteen summers. "Nellie," the young man was saying, "you know my furlough is up in a week and it certainly follows that I should desire a decided answer from you by that time."
"But, Captain Warden, you must let me think about it," she said with an arch smile.
"Of course, by all means, my dear, I will give you until the very last minute, if necessary; but I shall have a favorable answer?"
"Well, I will think about it," said the girl.
Five minutes later he left and hurried down the road to his home, while the young lady entered the cottage singing a snatch from a favorite ballad.

Nellie Pearsley was the belle of Wellesley and a reputed heiress. It was whispered that her uncle, Captain Pearson, had a snug sum in store for his pretty little niece. Her hand was sought by many of the young men of the village, but she only kept them in suspense, keeping each wondering if he were the favored one.
The next evening about 8 o'clock the door bell rang and another one of her many admirers was ushered in. This one was also a soldier and of the same regiment as Captain Warden. After a half an hour or so he managed to muster up courage enough to get the fated question out, but Nellie made evasive answers.

"I should have to consult my uncle on this matter, so it may be some time before I can give you my answer."
"I should like to know within a week, for my regiment is off for India then, and it will be some time before I see you again."
"I'll be sure to answer you before the week is out," said the young heiress absently.

The young man was satisfied and in a few moments took his departure, priding and consoling himself on the reply he expected to receive.
"Well," said Nellie to herself when he had gone, "I'm in a fix. Two offers of marriage in as many days and neither party answered. Which shall I take? Why, it is really alarming. I declare, if that is not the door bell again!"

This time it was not a soldier, but a young clerk who was ushered in. George Warren had the reputation of being the most bashful youth in the whole of Wellesley.
"Why, good evening," said Nellie, extending her hand, which the youth took almost reverently with his. "I am so pleased to see you."
"I heard you were going away," said Nellie.
"Only for a few days on a little business for the store."
"But when are you going?" she continued.

"To-night on the east-bound train, which will leave in a very short time."
"Oh," pouted the young lady, "it is too bad you have to go so soon."
George laughed and blushed again. They conversed for some time longer, when the youth had his courage mustered up, as his two predecessors had, and, after ten minutes' hard work, succeeded fairly well in popping the question.

"Oh, you foolish boy," laughed the young heiress. "Is that all you were trying to ask me for the last quarter of an hour?"
"You haven't answered me yet," said the young clerk, picking up fresh courage by Nellie's pleasantry.
"You must wait a few days, George," she said seriously. "I must consult my uncle on the matter."
"I will wait as long as you want me to, Nellie, but how long will you have to keep me in suspense?"
"I'll let you know by the end of the week at least."

Bidding her good-bye he left the house and was soon lost to view in the gloom. "Just think," mused the girl, "of having to face three offers in two nights, Captain Warden and Lieutenant Arkwright of Her Majesty's 8th regiment and a clerk in a country store. Well, I know now partly whom I'll accept."

The next day Wellesley was awed by hearing of the death of Captain Pearson, Nellie's uncle. He had succumbed to a disease from which he had long been a sufferer. But when, after his funeral, his will was read by which he left to Nellie all his worldly possessions, these were found to amount to only a few hundred pounds. Was she then the much-talked-of Wellesley heiress, for whom many a youth had spent sleepless nights in thinking of her and her little fortune? The mothers of the eligible young men looked disgusted at what they considered a base deception and wondered to themselves what the proud Miss Pearson would do now.

A few days after the funeral Nellie was standing in front of her cottage. All at once she heard some one approaching, and looking up saw Captain Warden coming toward her.
"I hope, Miss Pearson," he said, coldly, "that you will think lightly of the proposal I made you a week ago. I have been thinking the matter over and have decided not to marry just yet."
"I am perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, and you may consider yourself free," said Nellie, independently.
The following day she received a letter from Arkwright. It ran thus:
DEAR MISS PEARSON.—Upon thinking over my proposal of marriage to you last week I have decided that I was a little hasty, and that the arrangement will be satisfactory to you.—Ever your friend,
SAMUEL ARKWRIGHT.

"Yes," thought Nellie to herself, "I am perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, as he calls it. Those two men did not care for me, but they supposed I had a large fortune. Now I wonder if my country clerk will remain faithful?"
She met George several times, but he never mentioned or hinted at the offer he had made her, until a month after her uncle's death.
"I thought it would not do to mention it so soon after Captain Pearson's death, but I think I can now make bold enough to seek the answer promised me a month ago."
"But, my supposed fortune," said Nellie.
"Fortune," echoed George. "Do you are necessary

really mean to insinuate that I was after your fortune?"
Nellie made no reply, but placed her hand in his, and the soft gaze of her blue eyes told him more than words.

The people of Wellesley were soon made aware of the fact that Captain Pearson had made all his fortune over to her six months before he died. This was why it was not mentioned in the last testament.
A year after his death a quiet marriage took place in Wellesley, and it is hardly necessary to say that George Warren was the happy groom and Nellie Pearson the blushing bride.

Eyes and Ears

have we that we may see and hear; brains, that we may reason and understand; so there's little excuse for much of the suffering that is tolerated. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is fast becoming the one recognized remedy for all diseases resulting from thin, impure and impoverished blood. Indigestion and dyspepsia, scrofulous affections, liver and kidney diseases, sores and swellings, catarrh and consumption, are blood affections. With purified, enriched and vitalized blood, they flee as darkness before the light! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only guaranteed blood-purifier and liver invigorator. Sold on trial? Money promptly returned, if it doesn't benefit or cure.

Must Get Out and Hustle.

All this rot about Grover Cleveland's baby is a parcel of American institutions. The birth of a prince in England or a more despotic country might be the signal for general rejoicing, all of which is spurred on more or less by fear. But in America, thank God, we have no princes or princesses. No matter how high born, or who the parents are, the child must get out into the world and hustle to achieve greatness. Grover Cleveland's baby may be bright and pretty and all that, but she is no better than thousands of babies throughout this broad land, and Baby McKee will not be one who more successful in life from having been nurtured in the White House than he would had he been born and bred in an Indiana back township or on an Illinois prairie, as was Abraham Lincoln. It is time for this disgusting display of toadyism to cease.—*Toledo Blade.*

It Opens the Eyes.

"My daughter is losing her sight," said an anxious mother, "and just on the eve of marriage, too! What shall I do?" "Let her get married, by all means," responded the doctor; "marriage is a regular eye-opener." A man's eyes open pretty widely, when he finds his wife's charms disappearing. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Experience proves that women who possess the best health, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and carefully carried out for many years.

Watermelons in London.

Boston Sunday Herald: Londoners have been revelling in watermelons, a large shipment of that precious fruit having been received from Cincinnati. It was a bright idea sending over the watermelons, for Cincinnati's wide-awake venture caused almost a revolution among the British gardeners. As far as can be learned, the noble Briton has taken kindly to the American fruit, and solemnly asks if it will be possible to cultivate it in that foggy and greasy little island. We don't believe it can be done. The watermelon is a mixture of hot sunshine and sugar and water, and that could never be got together in English soil. Several of the London dailies have given long and imposing editorials on the subject, but the true results of the exportation may be heard from in the *Lancet*.

"Gentle as the Summer Breeze."

"I'd rather take a thrashing any time than a dose of pills," groaned a patient to whom the doctor has prescribed a physic.
"I'd as lief be sick with what ails me now, as be sick with the pills."
"I don't think you've taken any of the pills I prescribe, or you wouldn't dread the prescription so," laughed the doctor. "I never use the old, inside twisters you have in mind. I use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They always make me think of a part of an old hymn—
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Mild and lovely,
The best thing of the kind ever invented.
No danger of their making you sick. You'll hardly know you've taken them. I wouldn't use any other in my practice."

An Early Bird.

Buffalo News: First Dude—I'm going to Washington to-morrow.
Second Dude—What train are you going to take?
First Dude—I am going to take the early train that leaves at 7 o'clock in the morning, doncher know.
Second Dude—I'd like to see you off, old chappie, but that's too early, yer know. All sensible people are in bed by 7 in the morning, yer see.

Mothers, have pity on your pale and suffering daughters. Their system is "run down," and if neglected the consequences may be fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring back their rosy cheeks and health and strength.

She Had the Last Word.

New York Herald: Wool—What is the trouble between you and Miss Fipps?
Van Pelt—I spoke to her without an introduction and she told me I was no gentleman. I told her she was no judge.
Wool—What did she say to that?
Van Pelt—She said it did not take one to tell.

Primus—Is the breach irreconcilable? Does the father cast off the son for marrying a typewriter? Secundus—Yes; it was the father's typewriter, you see.

Herr Dr. Cold, a German specialist, announces an opinion which many American parents will warmly corroborate when he says that until a child is 12 years old it needs ten or eleven hours of sleep, and that until one is 21 at least nine hours of sleep are necessary.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

THE TOWNSHIP FAIR.

The township fair is rife, and the farmer and his wife are there to show the best that they can do; there are fruits and home-made labels, Pigs and poultry, and all that. And of the grangers take a critic's view. There are fruits and home-made labels, Choice preserves with vegetable labels, Patchwork quilts and hand-made laces, Knick-knacks for all sorts of places, And examples of the latest household craze; Works of art quiet amateurish, There are likewise seen to flourish, And ceramics also, just as like as not; But the farmer's cup of pleasure is filled to fullest measure By the genuine agricultural horse trot.

—Tippu Tib is about to pay a visit to Queen Victoria.
—Electricity is now used for heating flat-irons used by tailors.
—The ties that bind a business house to the public—Advertise!
—The man who lives in the public eye must expect sometimes to be under the lash.
—A ring around the moon is a sign of rain, and a ring around the eye is a sign of a blow.
—India now contains 296,000,000 people, a larger number than is to be found in all Europe outside of Russia.
—Connecticut last year took out more patents in proportion to population than any other State in the Union.
—The people of the United States drink 70,000,000 gallons of whiskey a year, and snakes are alarmingly on the increase.
—It is pointed out as an interesting fact that people with a tendency to consumption are never bald. On the contrary, they usually possess luxuriant heads of hair.
—Deacon (solemnly)—Littleboy, do you go fishing on Sunday? Small boy (gleefully)—Oh, yes, sir; isn't it just bully? Come on and I'll show 'you a dandy place to get 'em.

POINTS FOR A PICTURE.

A man, a maid, a brook, a glade,
A basket, dishes, napkin neat,
A few red ants, a gathering storm,
There is your picnic picture, all complete.
—Candidate (to voter)—How do you do, my dear Mr. Hayseed? And how is Mrs. Considerate voter—Hi! stop! I don't get in that mud. I'm going to vote for you anyhow.
—Mrs. Harrison has been chosen an honorary member by the Association of the King's Daughters.
—The British Parliament allows to each of the daughters of the Queen an income of \$30,000 a year. The younger sons of the Queen receive \$125,000 each a year.
—Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—*Goethe.*
—Parnell, if one may believe the Boston Globe's correspondent, loved and sought in marriage a Providence girl twenty years ago, but her stern father, a millionaire by the way, said nay.
—Miss Wayback (first visit to the sea beach)—How awfully dirty the ocean water is! Bah! It tastes horrid, too. Mrs. De Style (a cottager)—Yes, it has always been so. I suppose it's those excursionists.
—The Poor Young Man—Mr. Croesus, I would like to marry your daughter. Old Croesus—Ah! you love her, sir? The Poor Young Man—Madly. Old Croesus—Which one? The Poor Young Man—Oh, either of them.
—The Princess of Wales' birthday, Dec. 1st, is to be marked by the presentation at Sandringham of a screen for her Norfolk home, containing photographs of 1,000 nurses in connection with the national pension fund for nurses.
—"Can you help me?" said the tramp, addressing the doctor, who was riding past. "Perhaps I can," said the doctor, humorously. "I'm a physician. What's your trouble?" "I think, sir, I need a little change most." He got it.

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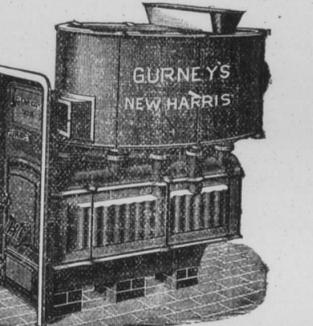
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