The Wrong Number That Was Right BY ROBERT PANAMA.

behind his head, yawhed in steepy lon.

"Frightfully stupid day," he muttered to himself. "I haven't accomplished a thing. For all the good I have done by remaining here I might as well have accepted Judson's invitation to go fishing. I really seem to have a bad attack of the dumps."

There is no telling where the melancholy reflections of Edson Wellingly would have ended if the telephone bell had not interrupted him. It seemed to ring louder and more irritatingly than ever before, and Wellingly crawled lazily out of his chair and dragged his heels across the bare floor with evident vexation.

"This telephone is a nuisance," he grumbled, "Nobody ever wants anything. They just call up to bother a fellow,"

thing. They just call up to bother a fellow?

Grabbing the received from its hook, Wellingly gave vent to his feelings in a long-drawn-out "H-e-l-l-o!" with the emphasis on the last two letters. "What do you want?" Wellingly continued. "No, this is not Main 5.42!. This is Main 4.512, but you needn't let a little thing like a number worry you."

For the first time since he arrived at his office in the morning a smile overspread his countenance. He moved his lips a little nearer the received and tapped the wall reflectively with the toe of his shoe. It was evident that a woman's voice was coming from the other end of the wire, and it was evident, too, that Wellingly was much interested. He insisted on continuing the conversation.

"So the horrid operator gave you the wrong number, did she?" Wellingly went on, his face assuming a decidedly serious expression. "Well, what does it matter? Wouldn't you just as soon talk to me? Do you know there is something about your voice I like? What's that? Come, be serious; I'm not joking. Really, now, quit your laughing. I'm quite in earnest. The moment you spoke your voice impressed me. No, please don't ring off. I want to talk to you. Of course you don't know me, but be a little indiscreet just this once. I should like so much to know your name. Tell you my name. Of course I will. I am Wellingly—Edson Wellingly".

A merry little laugh poured into Wellingly's ear from the other end of the

Wellingly."

A merry little laugh poured into Wellingly's ear from the other end of the wire, and the serious intensity of his face was increased by a suggestive frown. "What's the matter? Don't you like that name?" he asked, impetuously. "No? Well, tell me yours, so we can laugh together. But, seriously, now, please tell me you name. That needn't make any difference. I can furnish recommendations. I never heard a voice that sounded so good to me before, and I should much like to know its owner. O, well, what of it? Once more, please

IN ENGLAND

Prices There Not as High as in

America.

Two Pounds Will Buy an Excellent

One-Its Influence on Styles.

The Panama revived! It sounds like

the reproduction of a "once-upon-a-

time" successful comic opera, but as

a matter of fact it is simply-the hat

"The Pan"-as it is known in the trade

-is always with us, but this year this

delightfully light and cooling head-

gear will be more conspicuous than ever. The more important hatters are

already beginning to query whence they will get their supplies, and al-

doubt that they will be able to meet the anticipated run upon them, they

are, in a way, somewhat anxious re-

vogue—it was 'the thing' to wear one. 'the Pan' was very much in

ber the time when we had a man in

our employ who was known as 'Pan'-

ers would ask for him whenever they

came into the shop and wanted one. He

knew a 'Pan,' so to speak, backward.

his Panama this year. A very excellent "Pan" can be bought for 30s, or a cou-

ple of pounds, but this sum is not al-

together within his means. He falls

spectable. It is of an "Alpine" shape, but the wearer will not attempt to fold

will swear it is genuine, but it is a

many straw hat manufacturers in Ger-

anticipating the revival of the refresh-ing "Pan." Bales upon bales, contain-

chase at 3s or even less. Indeed.

The opinion in the trade is uncertain-

Luton has been busier than ever this

year, and the straw hat industry does

not seem likely to be affected. Still, so

are fairly well balanced. At any rate, front.

THE PANAMA

It was late in the afternoon and Edson Wellingly was preparing to close his desk and call it a day. He might have done this are hour before for all he had accomplished by remaining, but the rain beating against his office window seemed somehow to fascinate him, and he had fallen into a deep reverie from which there appeared to be no awakening.

Wellingly leaned back in his heavy, upholstered chair, and, clasping his hands behind his head, yawned in sleepy fashon.

"Trightfully stupid day," he muttered to himself. "I haven't accomplished a phing. For all the good I have done by comaining here I might as well have accepted Judson's invitation to go fishing. For all the good attack of he dumps."

That evening at 8:29 o'clock Edson Well-man at 8:29 o'clock

muttered, as he locked the office door behind him.

That evening at \$:29 o'clock Edson Wellingly, dressed to the limit of fashion, walked up the stone steps leading to the imposing residence at 437 Fifth street. With a fast beating heart and trembling fingers he rang the bell. Then it occurred to him that he was in ignorance of the young woman's name. He was debating what he should do when a comely maid opened the door and, before he had time to speak, smilingly said:

"Just come in and take a seat in the parlor, sor. She will be down in a moment."

ment."

In a dazed way Wellingly obeyed. He looked about him with unconcealed satisfaction, and had just begun to wonder what the owner of that sweet voice looked like when he heard footsteps in the hall. The next instant the rustle of silk told him someone was in the doorway. He was almost afraid to raise his eyes, but, summoning all of his courage, he turned his head. One glance was enough. "Ruth!" he almost shouted, as he leaped from his chair and rushed toward the blushing girl in the doorway.

"Edson!" she replied, with a smile.
"I thought you were in Paris," he continued.

"And I thought you were in Califor-

"And I thought you were in California."

"But we're both here, aren't we?" he went on, in an embarrassed way, scarcely knowing what to say. "I didn't think you would ever want to see me again after our quarrel. Why, I haven't heard from you for three years."

"Nor have I heard from you until I got the wrong number this afternoon."

"Strange, isn't it?"

"Yes, awfully strange," replied the girl, as she hung her head with embarrassment.

ment.
Wellingly drew a little nearer the spot where she was standing. He looked seriously down into the shifting eyes that were searching the floor and held out his hand.
"Come let's patch it all up." he said

what chic curved brim, but the opinion is that it will prove a very bad third to the old "boater" and the "Pan," which will run a neck-andneck race together, with a slight shade of odds on the latter, for "the straw

One feels inclined to apologize for mentioning another statue; nevertheless Rouget de Lisie, the author of the "Marseillaise," may well be an exception. Since 1836 his remains have lain in the cemetery of Choisy-le-Roi, the little town on the Seine, where are the ruins of the chateau lived in by Louise d'Orleans, known as Mlle. Montpensier. It was this great lady who took part in the troubles of La Fronde. For a long time a more worthy monument than the simple stone that marks his resting place has been demanded for De Lisle, and at though many of the big firms do not last the local conseill municipal has been moved to vote the necessary credit. A monolithic column will be set up over the grave, bearing his garding their stock. "The Pan" is in medallion, his title to fame as the "The Pan," said the manager of one of London's biggest hatters, "will be very prominent this year, and prices author of the national hymn, a lyre, crossed with a sword, and finally the score and words of the chorus of the will probably run very high. I have heard of £50 being paid for one years

"Marseillaise." Rouget de Lisle was an engineer ofago, though now £10 may be regarded as a tip-top price. Twenty years ficer in the revolutionary army, with a taste for rhyming. His productions were mediocre enough until the inspiration came to him to write the glowen it left us for a while, but during ing and terrible strophes with which the last five or six years it has been coming on again, and I venture to prohis name will ever be associated by his compatriots. He composed the phesy that this year will see a great song when he was in garrison and unprecedented revival. I remem-Strassbourg. It was first called the "Chant pour l'Armee du Rhin," and only took the name of "Marseillaise" he gloried in selling them, and purchasfrom the fact that the federals from Marseilles made it first known to Paris. De Lisle has the greatest repu-A wealthy man will pay anything for tation for courage and enthusiasm, a fine specimen. The finer the grass the finer the price. A good 'Pan' is a and to him is always attributed the victory of the ragged legions of France and, and they will need a lot of finding this year."

The man in the street means to have

over the Prussians at Valmy. Notwithstanding the immense vogue of this militant and defiant expression of the feelings of his countrymen in those dreadful days, Rouget de Lisle died in great poverty. He retired from the army, where no future seemed to back on an imitation. He can absolutely buy one for 3s 6d. It really looks good and is quite wearable and reawait him, and went to live at Choisyle-Roi. He was much broken in his last days. A tall, white-haired old man, clad in a long gray coat, he wan-It into a pattern such as you can do with a pure, unadulterated "Pan." He dered about the countryside, and seemed in his appearance to recall nothing of the high-sirited young man bit risky if you ask him to let you sit on it and he consents. who wrote that flery poem. He had a firm friend in Baron Blein, also an Inquiries have elicited the fact that engineer officer, who had fought side by side with De Lisle in the first years many have for a long time past been of the revolution. It is recorded that Blein one day found the soldier-poet making his meal of bread and water ing thousands of hats, have arrived in default of better fare. It was only here. They are sent over in the rough by the exercise of his military authand unbleached, but in the hands of ority, the baron having held a superior clever people are quickly turned into rank, that he was able to induce De ing band of black ribbon, and put on Lisle to dine more acceptably at his the market. Though not sold as real expense. There is also the touching in-"Pans," they are regarded by the buycident of De Lisle hearing vaguely and er of a single specimen as such, and afar off a song on the lips of a sailor. is perfectly satisfied with his pur-He listened intently. It as his own you "Marseillaise." That was thirty years can se down the east end and buy a after he had written it. He felt 'Panama" for half a crown, and the greatly cheered. A few days afterward seller will throw in a cigar, to make he was dead. The good people of appearance complete, into the Choisy-le-Roi have not forgotten the man who claimed their hospitality for Will the old "boater" be touched in so many years. They have named any material way by this threaten-ed invasion, or revival, of the "Pan"? after him the street where he lived,

'Yes" and "No" in the expert's scales | commemoration plaque on the house-Filial Piety in China.

and a few years ago they set up a

of seem likely to be affected. Still, so great are the demands for a real Panama this season that even women with comfortable pockets are keen to purchase one—not to wear in the street, of course, but for "country" and golf they should prove a pleasant addition to a woman's attire.

There is a decidedly decent rush on the American sailor hat, with its some—with the "first commandment with prom-

ise," but custom is strong, and the conscience of the people so sensitive on the point that the unfillal son is considered a monster, even in the lowest ranks of life. From his earliest youth the Chinese child is taught respect for his elders and reverence for his parents. This does not prevent him from being quite as willful in his way ag his western contemporary, and sometimes more so, inasmuch as his value as a unsans of continuing not only the family name, but the family ancestral worship, give him an exaggerated value in his parents' eyes of which he is not slow to avail himself. He then acts as a spoiled boy acts elsewhere, and makes himself the worldwide nuisance of his kind. And this, of course, in spite of the teaching of all the sages, and notwithstanding the twenty-four stories of filial plety, with which he is regaled as soon as he can read the character. He knows of Wu Meng, for example, the son of poor parents who could not afford to buy mesquito curtains, and he reads, with his tongue in his cheek, how this medel youth acquired a lasting name by going to lie down in his parents' bed some time before their hour for retiring, in order that the mosquitoes might gorge themselves on his blood and leave his parents alone. It is to be feared that there are few Wu Mengs in these days. The more amenable child, however, would even now imitate the example of Huang Ting-kien, who did with his own hands menial service for his father and mother, though he had attained the highest offices in the state, and there are many Chinese women today who would not hesitate to keep alive an aged mother-in-law with milk from their own breasts, even as Ts'ai Shi did ages ago.

LEGENDS OF HAWAIIAN ISLES

Strange Stories the Island Fishermen Believe.

Tales of Sea Gods Transmitted From Father to Son for Many Generations.

Fishermen of the Hawaiian Islands have many ancient legends which have been transmitted from father to son for generations. While a few of these legends have been reduced to writing, many are still unwritten and waiting for the student of folk lore who is able to converse with the native in his own language.

Their earliest traditions relate to a wonderful race of people called the Menehunes, who were small of stature but of great activity-a species of Brownie. These people were always united in any work they did, and had an invariable rule that any operation undertaken must be completed in one night, otherwise it would be left un-finished, as they did not labor twice on the same work.

At one time Pi, a man who lived in Waimea, Kauai, told the Menehunes to wall in a fish pond at the bend of the Huleia River, close by. They commenced work at midnight, but at dawn the walls of the pond were not sufficiently finished to meet, so it was left incomplete, and has remained so

The Marseilaise

There is a tradition current among the fishermen that many years ago the Islands of Yauai, Niihu and Nihoa were one, under the name of Niihau, while Oahu and Molokai were one feels inclined to apologize for also united under the former name.

There is a tradition current among la's house and burn him and his family in it. All the people except those of Alami obeyed the king's order, and in a short time the hut of Kuula, was surrounded with the fagots.

When the latter saw that the end was also united under the former name. One day two fishermen were busily engaged in fishing. One man on the shore of Waianae, on the western extremity of Oahu, and the other on the rocks of Koloa on Niihau, now Kauai. Owing to the strong current the hooks and lines of each were carried out to sea and became entangled toge her in the middle of the channel, and when the fishermen endeavored to haul in their lines the two islands, unable to withstand the strain, parted from their moorings.

Kauai broke off from Nihoa and afterward from Niihau, while Oahu separated from Molokai, and the two main bodies approached each other until the lines broke and the islands came to a standstill in their present set fire to it. position. When the kings of the islands discovered the cause of the great changes they ordered the fishermen to swim out to the middle of the new channel and dive down and get the hooks. They did this, and wonderful to relate, there were found upon each hook specimens of every kind of fish in the sea, from the whale down to the shrimp.

GOD OF THE FISHERMEN. The chief god of the fishermen was Kuula, whose worship was general to all the islands. The story of his dei-fication is condensed as follows from the narrative of Moke Manu, one of the legendary bards of the island:

Kuula lived at Leho-ula, in the land of Aleamai, Hana, Maui, with his wife. Hina-pu-ku-ia, and a young brother of Kuula. The brothers separated in time, the younger taking up farmwork, while Kuula became a fisherman. He first built a fish pond on the shore close to his house, and this he stocked with all kinds of fish. Upon a rocky platform he also built a house, to be sacred for the fishing tabu, which he called by his own name, Kuula, and it is said that in this he made offerings of the first fish caught by him to a supreme god. Because of his piety all the fish were under his command, and would appear and disappear at his will. The news of this soon spread all over Hana, and when the king, Kamohaolii who was then living at Wananalua, heard of it he appointed Kuula as his head fisherman. By the aid of his well-stocked pond he was enabled to keep the king's table regularly supplied with all rare varieties whether in or out of season, and consequently was held in

high esteem by the latter. About this time Kuula's wife gave birth to a son, whom they called Ai-ai-a-Kuula (Aiail of Kuula). After this son had grown into quite a stripling he achieved considerable fame by killing a large puhi (eel) called Koona, had been deified by the people of Wailau, on the Koolan side of the Island of Molokai. This puhi had come to Maui in order to rob Kuula's fish pond. Some time after this a man from Wallau, Molokai, who had been the kahu (keeper) of the puhi, in a dream was told that his god had been killed at Hana. Coming to Maui to find out for himself, he was befriended by one of the retainers of the king, with whom he lived for some years, learning in the course of time who had killed his god, upon which he resolved to ber evenged.

A MANGLED MESSAGE.

One day he went to Kuula, without orders from the king, and said that he had sent him for fish. Kuula gave him an ulua, with the following warn-

ing instruction: Go back to the king and tell him to cut off the head of the fish and cook it in the imu and the flesh of its body cut up and salt and dry in the sun, for 'this is Hana the supehu land; Hana of the scarce fish; the fish of Kama; the fish of Lanalika." When the man came to the king with the fish, the latter asked him who

had sent it, and he said "Kuula," and substituted the following lying mes-

A Guarantee.

"I hereby certify that I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in Montreal. My analysis has proved that the Tablets centain no opiate or marcotic; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant; that they are a safe and efficient medicine for the troubles they are

the troubles they are

L MARY, LA. C. (ECER),

for Province of Quebec

sage in place of the true one:
"Your head fisherman told me to come back and tell you that your head should be cut from your body and cooped in the imu, and the flesh of your body should be cut up and salted

and dried in the sun." The king was so angered with this supposed treasonable message that he ordered his people to gather plenty There is a tradition current among la's house and burn him and his famclose at hand, he advised his son as to how he might escape by following the smoke up in the air to a cave on the hill of Kaiwiopele, where he would

find safety. KUULA'S REVENGE.

He then gave him a hook, a fish pearl, a shell called "iehoula," and a small sandstone. This sandstone was the progenitor of all the fish in the With it Kuula gave him power sea. over all the inhabitants of the sea, when he should exercise such power in his name.

The king's people came then and seized the three of them, bound them in the house, and, closing the door, set fire to it. While the flames were raging, Kuula and his wife, after giving their last direction to Aiai, cast off their bodily shapes, and as spirits left the house, unseen, and, entering the sea, took away with them all the fish, sea mosses, crabs, crawfish ,and all varieties of shellfish, so that the people found nothing in the water, which had formerly teemed with animal life, and suffered greatly by the lack of

their usual food.

Aiai left the house as his father had directed, and, screened by the dense smoke, reached and found refuge in the crowd and burned all who had any part in obeying the king, including the man from Molokai. The people from Aleamai, who had refused to assist, were not injured in the least, although they were closer to the fire than the others.

Aiai spent the night in the cave. and in the morning went forth till he came to the road to Puilio. where he met several children amusing themselves shooting arrows, one of whom made friends with him and asked him to his house, where he remained a welcome guest for some days. the meantime the people were vainly trying to catch fish, but without suc-

AIAI'S MAGIC STONE.

Taking the parents of the boy who had befriended him, Aiai went to the shore, where he placed the stone given to him by his father, and instructed his friends how they were to guard the stone, and through it, in the name of Kuula, they would have power over such variety of fish as they desired. This was the first establishment of the 'ko'ahuula" on land, a place where the fisherman was obliged to make his offering of the first of his catch by taking two fish and placing them on the kuula stone as an offering to Kuula Through the power of this stone the new keeper brought back the fish in such quantities that the people were satisfied, but the wicked king was choked to death by the first one he attempted to eat, as had been predicted by Aiai.

Aiai then spent his time in traveling around the different islands, establishing fishing "Ko'as." He was the first to measure the depth of the sea to locate these fishing "Ko'as" for the deep sea fishermen.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.:

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.:

Dear Sir,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep of the mosquitoes.

Yours truly.

W. A. OKE.

Harbor Grace, Nad. Jan. 8, 1888.

Baby's Own Tablets. For Hot Weather Ailments.

More little ones die during the hot weather months than at any other season. At this time stomach and bowel troubles assume their most dangerous form. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to ward off these troubles or cure them when they attack the little one unexpectedly. Moth-

ers should keep the Tablets in the house - their prompt use may save baby's life.

> Mrs. S. Hutt, Chester Basin, N. S., says :- ' I am more than pleased with Baby's Own Tablets. My baby had a bad attack of diarrhoea, but the Tablets promptly cured him. I have also found the Tablets an excellent medicine when baby is teething as they ease the pain and make baby cheerful and good natured. I advise all mothers to keep them in the house at all times." Children take the Tablets like candy and

if crushed to a powder they can be given

to the youngest baby with good results. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box

by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.,

or Schenectady, N. Y.

NOTED ACTOR WILL NOT PAY ROYALTIES

Incident Which Shows One Peculiarity of the Dramatic

"One of the peculiarities of the theatrical profession that interests me," said a manager who has come into contact with a great many actors in "is their the course of a absolute refusal to see things in the same light as the rest of the world. While protesting that they are in no way different from other women they cling so obstinately to their own points of view that nothing in the world can really change them. "Thus a well-known actor

takes his art very seriously and is chronically disturbed because his countrymen do not more frequently rise up and call him the greatest of living actors in this or any other country, has one marked peculiarity which shows itself with authors in whose plays he acts. He has other peculiarities, but they are chiefly directed against the actors who hap-pen to be associated with him. It is this special peculiarity in its present stage which has led him to devote his attention to the works of authors who have been dead too long to collect royalties.

"He never pays more than a certain amount of royalties on any play. He has made that a principle ever since he began to accept plays. He will pay regularly for a certain length of time. Then when the author has received for his play as much as the actor thinks it is worth, payment of the royalties ceases. It may seem to the outsider that this is a difficult cave. The fire then burned so fierce-ly that the flames rushed out into the thing for the actor to accomplish in view of the contracts and other safeguards that authors have. But even contracts are not proof against the maneuvers of this noted actor.

"He usually begins by reducing the number of performances of a play if the contract requires him-as most theatrical contracts do-to pay a large percentage when the receipts represent more than a certain amount. Thus, as he has a repertory, it is easy for him to make a change in the programme every week.

"Then he will stop paying any roy In alties at all. The author or his lawyers then get at him and he will pay a part of them. Then he stops again. The author arouses him again by legal means. Usually the actor is travel-ing from place to place and it is not always easy to get at him. An injunction might stop the performance of the play altogether, but few authors want to go to that extreme in the middle of the season, especially the play is identified with one particular actor. "In one way or another the actor

harrasses the author, giving him only a small part of the royalties due and being frank enough to tell him as the season is nearing its close, that he does not propose to give any No man in ordinary business could get out of an obligation in that way and still have credit enough to

Wealth for Rooster.

A most extraordinary will recently filed for probate in Paris surpasses all instances of poodle dogs and pet cats as heirs to snug fortunes. A rich Portuguese widow who died a short time ago bequeathed all her fortune to a rooster that she had in her fowlyard. Fervent scholar of the theory of metempsychosis, she believed, as in the story of Lucien, that the soul of her husband had entered into the body of the rooster. She had a special cage constructed for him, and had showered all sorts of cares on her "lord and

Horned Toads as Pets.

Women and children have an instinc-Women and children have an instinctive dread of reptiles; all snakes, lizards, toads or things that creep seldom inspire anything but repugnance, even in men. But there is one exception to this rule in one of the Western States. Out in Southern California there is a little creature known as the herned toad. It is about the size of a child's hand, with a

head resembling that of one of the mythical dragons; a turned-up, inquiring snout, and three dangerous-looking horns or spines on its forehead. Altogether it is a most formidable-looking creature, but in spite of its looks it is a general pet of the children. Easily captured in the sand dunes, where they scamper about, and as easily tamed, almost every other household has a number of them. The children keep them in cigar boxes filled with sand; many allow them to run about the house as they please. They like nothing better than being taken up in the hand and stroked, when they emit a sort of contented purr, allowing their horns to drop down on their bodies. If teased, however, the horned toad sometimes shows his anger. By rubbing his skin the wrong way his ire is at once aroused. His horns bristle and his mouth opens threateningly, and, strangest of all, two little drops of blood trickle down from his eyes like tears. But this only happens when he is much irritated. Usually he is a good-natured trickle down from his eyes like tears. But this only happens when he is much irritated. Usually he is a good-natured little fellow, ready to play a game of hide and go seek with his juvenile mas-

A "Pajama" Hat.

A well-dressed man, wearing a fine ranama nat, was seated in the smoking car of a Chestnut Hill train, in Philadelphia, the other day, and in the seat behind him were two Irishmen, puffing away stolidly on short clay pipes. One of them had been contemplating the hat in meditative ellegical contemplating the hat in meditative ellegical carries and the contemplating the hat in meditative ellegical carries are contemplating the hat in meditative ellegical carries are contemplating the last in meditative ellegical carries are carried to the carried to the carries are carried to the carried to the carries are carried to the carri Panama hat, was seated in the smoktemplating the hat in meditative silence for some time, and finally, turning to his companion, said: "That's the sort of hat ye should wear, Casey." "Is it so?" said Casey. "An' phwat king av hat is it ye call thim?" A pitying smile hovered around the mouth of the first speaker. "It's ashamed av yer ign'rance Oi am, Casey," he said. 'Sure th' papers do be full av thim, It's phwat ye call a pajama hat."

Safes in Churches.

"The modern up-to-date church," said a Philadeiphia architect working on plans for a large suburban place of worship, "h a many equipments of worship, "he many equipments that were not thought of several years ago. It may sound strange to speak of a safe in a church, especially in view of the old saying, 'as safe as a church.' And yet quite a number of churches now have safes in them; not necessarily to keep money in, for church funds are usually kept else-where, but for the preservation of books and records, together with the silver plate that is often of great The average communion service, for instance, is usually of the heaviest silver, and sometimes of gold where the congregation is a very rich A safe guards against fire as well as burglars and has now come to be regarded as quite essential.'

When you feel weak, run-down, nervous, unable to work or think as you ought, take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Since the art of abbreviation is perfected in America dealers in pineapples call 'em pines. Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

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IS THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE.

Has the Largest Sale of any Dentifrice.

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