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—An apparatus has just been invented which is simply astounding, for with it the traveller need no longer fear any accidents. Safety will be assured on railroads. This apparatus permits the employee charged with the duty to see in a mirror the entire section of the road he is to control, with all the trains in motion, and he knows at every instant just exactly where each train is. When one of them approaches another at a distance which is dangerous he can immediately signal the menaced train. The apparatus consists of a sheet of opaque glass, on which the rails are indicated by horizontal lines and the stations by vertical ones numbered. Little arrows, representing the trains, move along the horizontal lines. They are put in motion by aid of electricity developed by the contact of metallic brushes attached to the locomotives with zinc bands placed along the rails. The train thus continually traces its trajectory on the glass indicator. The apparatus was exhibited some days ago in Germany to a commission of Berlin scientists.

**JIM'S INVESTMENTS & KING SOLLERMUN**

BY MARK TWAIN.

From the January Century.

Jim knewed all kinds of signs. He said he knowed 'most everything. I said it looked to me like all the signs was about bad luck, and so I asked him if there warn't no good-luck signs. He says:

"Mighty few—an' dey ain't no use to a body. What you wan't to know when good luck's a-comin' for? want to keep it off?" And he said: "Ef you's got hairy arms en a hairy breast, it's a sign dat you's agwyne to be rich. Well, dey's some use in a sign like dat, 'kase it's so fur ahead. You see, may be you's got to be po' a long time fust, en so you

mit git discourage' en kill yo'sef 'f you didn' know by de sign dat you gwyne to be rich bymely."

"Have you got hairy arms and a hairy breast, Jim?"

"What's de use to ax dat question? don't you see I has?"

"Well, are you rich?"

"No; but I ben rich wunst, and gwyne to be rich agin. Wunst I had fo'teen dollars, but I tuck to speculat'n, en got busted out."

"What did you speculate in, Jim?"

"Well, fust I tackled stock."

"What kind of stock?"

"Why, live stock. Cattle, you know. I put ten dollars in a cow. But I ain't gwyne to resk no mo' money in stock. De cow up 'n died on my han's."

"So you lost the ten dollars."

"No; I didn' lose it all. I on'y los' 'bout nine of it. I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."

"You had five dollars and ten cents left. Did you speculate any more?"

"Yes. You know dat one-laigged nigger dat b'longs to ole Misto Bradish? Well, he sot up a bank, en say anybody dat put in a dollar would git fo' dollars mo' at de en'er de year. Well, all de niggers went in, but dey didn' have much. I wuz de on'y one dat had much. So I stuck out for mo' dan fo' dollars, en I said 'f I didn' git it I'd start a bank mysef. Well, o' course dat nigger wan't to keep me out er de business, becase he say dey warn't business 'nough for two banks, so he say I could put in my five dollars en he pay me thirty-five at de en'er de year.

"So I done it. Den I reck'n'd I'd inves' de thirty five dollars right off en keep things a-movin'. Dey wuz a nigger name' Bob, dat had ketched a wood-flat, his marster didn' know it; en I bought it off'n him, en told him to take de thirty-five dollars when de en'er de year come; but somebody stole de wood-flat dat night, en nex' day de one-laigged nigger say de bank's busted. So dey didn' none uv us git no money."

"What did you do with the ten cents, Jim?"

"Well, I 'uz gwyne to spen' it, but I had a dream, en de dream tole me to give it to a nigger name' Balum—Balum's Ass dey call him, for short; 's he's one er dem chuckle-heads, you know. But he's lucky, dey say, en I see I warn't lucky. De dream say let Balum inves' de ten cents en he'd make a raise fur me. Well, Balum he tuck de money, en when he wuz in church he hear de preacher say dat whoever give to do po' len' to de Lord, en boun' to git his money back a hund'd times. So Balum he tuck en give de ten cents to the po', en laid low to see what wuz gwyne to come of it."

"Well, what did come of it, Jim?"

"Nuffin' never come of it. I couldn' manage to k'leck dat money no way; en Balum he couldn'. I ain' gwyne to len' no mo' money 'dout I see de security. Boun' to git yo' money back a hund'd times, de preacher says! Ef I could git de ten cents back, I'd call it squah, en be glad er de chanst."

"Well, it's all right, anyway, Jim, long as you're going to be rich again some time or other."

"Yes—en I's rich now, come to look at it. I own's mysef, en I's wuth eight hund'd dollars. But live stock's too resky, Huck;—I whist I had de eight hund'd dollars in somebody else had de nigger."

I read considerable to Jim about kings, and dukes, and earls, and such, and how gaudy they dressed, and how much style they put on, and called each other your majesty, and your grace, and your lordship, and so on, 'stead of mister; and Jim's eyes bugged out, and he was interested. He says:

"I didn't know dey was so many un um. I haint hearn 'bout none un um, skasely, but ole King Sollermun, unless you counts dem kings dat's in a pack er k'yards. How much do a king git?"

"Get?" I says; "why, they get a thousand do'llars a month, if they want

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