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—BY—
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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BEFORE AND AFTER.

"I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

"I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

"He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheeks,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

"Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind.
It drew me nearer, nearer,
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard."
—Lord Houghton.

Hints for Amateur Photographers.

To prevent chemicals running down the side of a bottle when pouring, coat the rim of the bottle with paraffine wax by dipping the mouth of the bottle in the melted wax.

All trays must be washed after using. The decomposition of chemicals in an unwashed tray will often spoil fresh solutions if put into the tray. Never leave solutions standing in trays; when through using turn the solution into a glass bottle. When not in use trays should be turned upside down on a shelf or table.

Developing solutions should be filtered between each using. Bits of film often come off the plate, and if left in the developer will settle on the negative. The better way is to filter a solution after using and before returning it to the bottle.

To insure perfectly clear negatives always use clean hypo. Hypo which has been used several times becomes a dark muddy color, and is apt to stain the negative. Hypo is so cheap that one can afford to use fresh, and run no risk of spoiling negatives.

In placing plates in the holders, instead of using a brush for dusting, take a piece of surgeon's cotton, roll it into a soft ball and rub lightly over the plate. This will remove the specks of dust, and will not scratch the plate.

It often happens when traveling that a dark room is not always to be found in which to change plates in the holders. The provident amateur carries a candle with him, and when no dark room is convenient, he lights the candle, sets it under a table, and changes the plates on the table. This can be done with perfect safety if care is taken that no reflected light strikes the plates. The plates being in the shadow and the light from the candle being rather dim, the plates are not injured any more than by a red light.—Harper's Round Table.

The Wheel and Domestic Felicity.

Another influence of the wheel that has not been prominently brought forward is its bearing upon domestic felicity. Wives and husbands, notably those who have reached the early forties and beyond, have found a bond of companionship in the bicycle that is as strong as it is oftentimes unconscious. The advent of children and the encroachments of business cares are two elements of life that slowly force a man and wife apart to a greater or less extent, till, after twenty years of matrimony, it not infrequently happens that without any jar or conscious estrangement the two are spending most of their time in separate pursuits. Into this breach the wheel has slipped with a magnetic power. A common enthusiasm for the steel steed brings them together in interest, their daily spins in company make them amusement sharers, and the silver wedding anniversary is likely to stretch on to the golden one, if they are spared to see it, with their lives happily wedded.

To the closely united couples, too, the wheel has to come. Said a wife recently, a woman whose oldest son has voted twice: "I am going to learn to ride a wheel this summer while I am out of town. My husband, the most conservative of men, has resisted the craze till now, but he is about to take it up, and I foresee dire results if I do not also. In all our married life, despite various cares and anxieties, it has been our habit to take little outings together—sometimes only a day, sometimes a week, or a month, as it happened, but always together, walking, driving or sailing. Now if he rides a bicycle and I do not, it will mean a separation on these expeditions. From now on we need each other more than ever, for our sons and daughters are nearly ready to go out into the world. So, though the children smile at the idea of 'mamma on a wheel,' there is where she is going to be."—New York Times.

Engagement Episodes.

Walter—Peer Dibbles! They say he got a pair of beautiful black eyes lately. I feel sorry for him.—Tom—You needn't. He got a very handsome girl with them.—Answers.

"I am afraid that man who aspires to your hand is too weak-kneed to make you a good husband," said her father. "Oh, papa, he's not that. He's held me on them for hours at a time."—Detroit News.

Good-looking young girl—Will you do something for me, Mr. B.? Mr. B.—With pleasure, my dear Miss A. What is it? "Well, I wish you would propose to me, so that I may crow over my cousin. I promise I won't accept you."—Saturday Night.

Nell—Do you like the girl your brother Tom is engaged to? Amy—No; but Tom likes her enough for the whole family, so what earthly difference does it make?—New York Weekly.

Curious—Hello! Bliss, what makes you look so happy? Bliss—Letter from my girl. "What does she say?" "Don't know; can't read her writing. But it begins with 'My darling Fred' and ends with 'Yours lovingly as ever,' so I know its all right."—Sparta Herald-Advertiser.

Same Thing Over Again.

"I printed a kiss upon her lips."
"It was a reprint, wasn't it?"—Truth.

THEY ARE PARTNERS

THE IRRITATING MOSQUITO AND DEADLY MALARIA GO TOGETHER.

Experiments Which Show That the Wrath-Provoking Insects Have an Additional Terror—Scientist's Hard Task to Disprove This Theory.

Mosquitoes and malaria are the two banes of existence for the suburban dweller in a marshy region. Some have consoled themselves with the thought that possibly one might be an antidote to the other—that the mosquito might be a deadly foe to malaria, and hence had been placed by Providence where he will do the most good. But the latest researches, almost startlingly sensational in their results, indicate that the insect and the germ are partners and work together for the injury of mankind. To be sure, the mosquito profits little from his evil association, often succumbing, as it would seem, to the very disease that he aids in spreading; but that is small consolation. There is another, however, that has a more solid basis. We know now that we have but one foe to fight. In exterminating the mosquito we are going far toward the annihilation of the malaria parasite also.

The finding of all this is a triumph of minute and painstaking investigation. In the first place it is now certain that malaria, like so many other human ills, is a germ disease. Its insidious character is due to the fact that the seat of the germ is the interior of the red blood corpuscle. The germ itself in the course of its development, goes through so many changes that its identification was a difficult task, and was hardly certain until recently. One especially curious fact appeared—the parasite seemed incapable of going through all its changes in the human body. To complete the cycle and become capable of reproduction it must go abroad again. How does it get out?

It has been known for some time that the malaria parasite is found in the stomach of the mosquito. This is natural, of course, for the mosquito could hardly fail to take it in with the blood of a malarial patient on whom he might be feeding. But its presence there suggested the idea that the mosquito and other blood-sucking insects might be the means of affording the germ its needed escape from the body of one victim, and its opportunity for entrance into that of another. Of course the mosquito could not introduce it directly, but he could contaminate drinking water or food with it and so indirectly bring about the same result.

This was all very fine, as a theory, but it had no support. The presence of the parasite in the mosquito's stomach proved nothing till we should know what became of it there. If it curled up and died, we might conclude that after all the mosquito was its enemy, and so far as his efforts in this direction were concerned should be encouraged—but if it thrived and developed, then plainly the two were partners in crime.

The solution of this problem has just been worked out in India by Surgeon Donald Ross of the British army, acting on the suggestions of Dr. Patrick Manson of London. And this is how it was done: After looking around among his hospital patients at Secunderabad, where he was stationed, the experimenter selected a native, one Abdul Kadir, whose blood abounded in the malaria parasite, who, in fact, was a sufferer from the severe form of the disease known as malarial cachexia. This man agreed to become, for one night, a martyr to science; and he was accordingly confined under a mosquito net in company with a number of able-bodied mosquitos, who lost no time in filling themselves with the patient's blood, malaria and all. Dr. Ross then captured the insects and entered upon a long and careful examination of the contents of their stomachs by means of the microscope. The result was that he saw that nearly all the parasites, far from being killed by their change of locality, began at once to go through the series of transformations that was to fit them for entrance into the body of another human victim. The same results were obtained from three other patients.

To illustrate the manner in which the disease is communicated, Dr. Ross selected another scientific martyr—this time a perfectly healthy native—and administered to him water in which a couple of malarized mosquitos had died after depositing their eggs. In just eleven days (the regular "incubation period" of malaria) the man came down with malaria fever.

That the mosquito's stomach is an extremely favorable spot—a sort of sanitarium—for the parasite, was shown by the following facts. One of Ross' patients showed signs of a serious attack of malaria just as he was about to be fed to the mosquitos, and was given a stiff dose of quinine. As always happens, this paralyzed many of the parasites; but as soon as they got into the moquitoes' stomachs they became lively again, showing that even the effects of quinine—malaria's worst enemy—can be overcome by such a change of environment.

Altogether, Dr. Manson and Dr. Ross make out a pretty good case of conspiracy against the malaria parasite and mosquito. Dr. Manson forbears from dogmatism, however, and acknowledges that there may be a mistake. "There is great need of some one who can follow the parasite through all its life in the insect—a difficult, perhaps an impossible, task; but in the meantime, if anyone is offered a draught of water in which malarially inclined mosquitos have recently been drowned, it may be as well to decline it with thanks.

RULES OF DE CLUB.

President Toots of the Thompson St. Bicycle Club Announces Them.

"Gem'len," said President Toots as he rapped the club to order, "yo' am all awar' of de fack dat dar' am rules to govern de club, but you have not all regarded them. Fur dis reason I hev drawed off and had printed de rules. De rules to govern when out on de bike am as follows:

"Sit erect; wid eyes to de front, an' a determined look on de face.

"Don't attempt to pass between de hosses and de dash-bo'rd of a street kyar.

"Pay no attenshun to brick-bats, ash cans, cabbage heads an' fence rails thrown arter yo' by de envious an' jealous minded populashun.

"Avoid runnin' ober pedestrains if yo' kin, but when yo' can't avoid it, pick out a fat man an' pull de throttle wide open. A fat pusson allus acts as a cushion fur de rebound.

"De gineral rule am to keep to de right, but if dar am a house in de way don't be obstinate.

"When two bikists am about to meet head-on, dar' am two rules to apply. Yo' kin either jump off an' go into de nighest saloon and take a mint julip frew a straw, or keep right on an' knock de odder feller fo'teen feet high an' smash him all to squash.

"If yo' meet a cow when ridin' in de kentry yo' kin turn to de right or de left or go right ober her, jest as yo' please. If it happens to be de cow's bruddur, 'stead of de cow herself, de rule am to dismount an' climb a tree an' wait fer him to git tired.

"When yo' look ahead up a hill an' see a farmer an' his two sons waitin' fur yo' armed with scythes, co'n cutters an' sled-stakes, de rule don't say zactly what yo' should do. Dis gives yo' a show to turn off into de woods an' look fur chestnuts.

"One quick, sharp ring ob de bell means danger to a beer wagon if it don't git outer yo'r way

"Two rings am a summons fur de street kyar to shet off steam an' cum to a sudden stop an' let yo' pass in front of it.

"Three rings means dat de feller crossin' de street wid his hat on his ear an' his feet steppin' high am right in line wid yo'r wheel, an' if he don't git up an' hump himself he will be invited to a surprise pa'ty.

"A continuance ding! ding! ding! ding! of de bell, accompanied by a wavin' of de left hand in de air, signifies dat yo' has got tired of ridin' in de street an' am gwine to take to de sidewalk, an' dat it will be jest as well fur de enthooslastic populashun to hunt doahways."

The President announced that he hoped to soon perfect the following improvements to the bicycle:

An attachment which will lift a man's cap off his head when he meets a female and replace it again after she has passed on. It will make no distinction between homely and good-looking girls, and there will be no color line about it.

An attachment to cast a noose over a dog's head and swing him in behind the bike. When he has been dragged 100 rods, and has made up his mind that it is alive and dangerous, the noose opens and he is allowed to go on suspended sentence.

An attachment to hold and operate a squirt-gun containing at least one gallon of water. This is for offensive and defensive operations against the small boy who wants to shove a stick between the spokes to see how quick a bike can stop.

An attachment to be fastened to the front wheel which will go ahead and look for tacks and pounded glass, pick up lost wallets and diamond pins, and sound the depths of all mud holes not over ten feet deep.—M. Quad, in Philadelphia Press

VAGRANT BEES.

Restraining Legislation Considered by a Western Town.

The town trustees of San Leandro are wrestling with a new problem, says the San Francisco Call. Now that the way has been straightened out for the issuing of bonds for a municipal electric light system, the attention of the city fathers has been directed toward the misdoings of bees.

San Leandro is in the midst of the great flower and fruit gardens of Alameda County and the many delicate blooms are the prowling grounds of thousands of stray bees. The recent increase in the number of bee keepers is alarming, and formal complaints have been lodged with the trustees about the damage caused by bees when sucking honey from their berry grounds.

Trustee Eber brought the matter up at the last meeting of the trustees and it was taken under advisement. A struggle is now being made with an ordinance that shall restrain the bees from being guilty of vagrancy.

The roaming tendency of bees being so well known, the town attorney is experiencing considerable difficulty in framing rules that the bees can be made to respect. The suggestion that any one who finds stray bees on his premises shall be at liberty to destroy them is not likely to be acted upon, as the task of chasing bees is not regarded with favor.

David Ury suggested that Marshal Geisenhoffer be instructed to watch the bees, but his idea was not received with favor. Mr. Ury did not see that there was anything unusual in his plan but when it was suggested that the marshall could not be expected to know the home of every bee he might meet, the resolution to instruct him was withdrawn.

"It is a very difficult matter to deal with," said the marshal to-day. "Bees are bees, and they will go for their honey where they can find it. It will not do much good to patronize a wheat field, because they will not do it. It will also be of no use ordering their owners to prevent them from leaving the hive, because that would be cruelty to animals. Neither will it do any good to declare it a nuisance to keep bees within the city limits, because bees have wings and cannot be expected to know when they enter the forbidden territory.

"The subject, seemingly a small one, is really of great importance. The number of beekeepers is increasing, and there is no doubt that a swarm of bees can do an immense amount of harm when they systematically visit a raspberry brake or a strawberry patch. There ought tob e some way of keeping the bees out of mischief, but it is not an easy matter to handle. The suggestion that I watch the bees is out of the question, for it would be an impossibility. I suppose I should have to wear a bee-hunting uniform. It would have to be sting proof, and I should need a wire helmet and gauntlets and a big scoop net with which to catch the bees

"Then it would be necessary to register the bee owners, and each one would have to leave a sample of his particular brand of honey maker with me so that I could identify the vagrants. Even after I had done this, it would be difficult to prove that the particular bee under arrest had been guilty of sucking blooms outside his own territory. I don't think there will be a bee ordinance for a while yet. Personally, I am not partial to bees."

Much difference of opinion exists as to whether bees can be declared nuisances and ordered outside of certain limits. There are many points to be considered before San Leandro's trustees pass a bee prohibition ordinance.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful how you monkey
In the garden with the posies,
Or you'll penetrate your digit
With a thorn from summer roses,
Use caution when the apples
Show their ruddy side again;
There's deception in their luster
And no romance in their pain.

And as July time smiles on us,
Comes the festive little plum,
That will oft, without discretion,
Strike a strong digestion dumb,
And, in fact, in early fruit time,
Be careful, or mishap
Will cause a thrill of conscience
In the region of your lap.
—Arthur G. Lewis.

AS TO MAKING OF CHANGE.

Complications That Attend What Seems a Very Simple Process.

The bewilderment besetting the making of change in a metropolitan restaurant in the crowded luncheon hour is occasionally suggestive of the intricacies of national finance. A case in point occurred this week in a King street beanery noted for its simple fare. A customer upon rising from the table picked up his neighbor's check.

"You took my check," said the neighbor, rising also to take his leave.

The customer looked at the check. It was for 15 cents. His own was for 10.

"Thank you," he said. "I am 5 cents in."

They walked to the counter and laid down their checks together. The 10-cent man put down half a dollar. The other a 10-cent piece and a nickel.

The cashier gave the first man back a quarter and a dime.

"Wrong," said he. "The 10-cent check was mine."

"I beg your pardon," said the cashier, and handed him the nickel.

"Thank you," said the customer, and gave back the dime. He went out feeling that he had saved 5 cents with an effort.

"I happened to have just that half dollar in my pocket," he said, telling of his experience, "and I gave the conductor of the cable car the nickel. It puzzled me for an hour to find out how it was that I had only a quarter left. It was only when I was a mile uptown that it dawned on me that I had paid 20 cents for a glass of milk and a cheese sandwich in the effort to avoid paying 15. The police call that flimflam when the storekeeper is the victim. What would you call it in my case?"

"Damphoolishness," said his friend.

"The worst of it was," added the victim, thoughtfully, "that when next day I told the cashier of it, he just laughed and said: 'That was one on you.' What do you think of him?"

"Smart cashier," said the friend.—Family Call.

LIVE TO 200 YEARS.

CLAIMED THAT MANKIND SHOULD ATTAIN THIS GREAT AGE.

To Do So, However, He Must Subsist Largely on Fruit and Avoid Flesh as Much a Possible—Some Information Concerning the "Densmorian Theory."

According to the Natural Food Society of London, England, all men should and could live to be 200 years old

The founders of this new fad, Drs. Emmet and Helen Densmore, hold that the prime of life should be from the eightieth to the hundredth year, and that but for our blind disobedience of the laws governing nature, all humanity could complete a couple of centuries of existence upon this globe.

"I believe the time is coming," said Mrs. Densmore, on her recent visit to this country, "when it will be as great a disgrace to be ill as to be drunk. Intemperance in food has done as much to curse humanity as the abominable liquor habit."

Not only does the Natural Food Society claim that their propaganda will insure health, vigor and old age for man beyond twice the supposed natural span of life, but it claims that by a proper method of living a woman's beauty may be enhanced, and the period of her youthful charms extended to four or five score years.

These attractive desideratums, however, are only to be obtained by a sweeping revolution in all our ethics of eating. The time-honored aphorism that "bread is the staff of life" must be abandoned. The new society of food reformers claim that the hitherto staple commodity of every-day life would be better named the staff of death, and that the household loaf and its kindred are the authors of nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to.

According to the "Densmorian Theory," as the new cult is called, and whose disciples, in addition to teaching, do not hesitate to optimistically prophesy that all agriculture and cattle breeding will gradually cease, and "no longer will the logical sequence of a cereal diet denude the earth of trees, but a food which involves the planting of orchards and the restoration of the earth to its natural beauty will be the diet of the coming race."

The head and front of the "natural food" advocates' doctrine is that man is essentially a fruit-eater, and has merely by force of circumstances degenerated into the ranks of the carnivora.

If again he abjure flesh and confine himself, not to a vegetarian, but to a strictly frugivorian diet, it is claimed that his span of life would be more than doubled, and that sickness or ill health would be unknown.

"Not only will the chemists and drug stores, so far as the preparation and sale of drugs anl remedies are concerned, be done away with," says Dr. Densmore, "but sending for a physician for any other purpose than for surgery will be unknown."

Continuing her advocacy of fruit as food, Dr. Densmore says:

"It has been deduced from experiments made on soldiers, and with inmates of public institutions since the formation of our society, that for an average adult performing healthful, but not excessive labor, about twenty-one to twenty-two ounces of dried food in the twenty-four hours are requisite to keep up weight and strength. Of this, nearly seventeen ounces must be carbonaceous, or heat-giving; about four ounces nitrogenous, or that which is intended for the support of the muscular action, and less than an ounce of the phosphatic, to support the brain or nervous system, and a small percentage of salts for the bony structure. All of these are found happily combined in fruit.

"If bread be analyzed after its water has been evaporated it is found that nearly 70 per cent. is composed of starch; and the purpose that this subserves in the system is to keep up the heat of the body. It is well known to physiologists that while it remains in the condition of starch it is non-absorbable and non-assimilable by the system. It only becomes food when it is converted by the digestive process first into dextrine and then into glucose.

"If fruit be analyzed, it will be found that a large portion is carbonaceous, like the starch in the bread. In dried figs, there is about 68 per cent. of glucose, or twice as much as in bread. Dates and bananas are similarly rich in this carbonaceous element.

"When eating bread one must be furnished with some fluid for drink, whereas in grapes, apples, etc., nature provides a distilled water; the fruitarian, therefore, has only to add a small quantity of figs, dates and bananas to obtain all the nourishing elements of a full meal, and to have, in addition, a food rich in health-giving acids and filled with the most wholesome drink known.

"When we add to this the incontestible physiological fact that the heat-giving nourishment which fruit contains is prepared by nature in the form of glucose, ready for assimilation as soon as it is swallowed; whereas, bread, cereals and all starchy vegetables must undergo a protracted and vital force-wasting digestion before their nourishment is converted into this same glucose, we perceive an overwhelming demonstration of the superiority of fruit over cereals as the staff of life."

"The Densmore method is to take but one or two meals a day, and those almost exclusively of fruit."

Although of comparatively recent birth, the society presided over in London by Dr. Emmet Densmore and his wife is already of considerable magnitude, having over 5,000 members, including many of the leading aristocracy.

The Natural Food Association issues a monthly magazine, to which many eminent scientists of various countries contribute. The latest number contains an article by the celebrated zoologist, Haercticus, of Breslau, in which it is sought to prove that man is a fruit eater of high degree.

England's Costly Legal Procedure.

Canada is not alone in having courts which are sometimes expensive. Recently Oxford University wanted to change the title "Ford's Professor of English Literature" to "Ford's Lecturer." The necessary legal steps cost $1600.

A Regular Clincher.

"Now, gentlemen and ladies," said the street fakir, exhibiting a bottle of his famous hair restorer, "this preparation used externally, will insure a full suit of hair to the smoothest pate in the crowd. But remember this one necessary precaution, when the hair is once grown then take a couple of doses internally."

"What's that for?" asked the prospective purchaser.

"To clinch thee roots," replied the fakir, as he handed down the bottle and pocketed 50 cents.—Washington Times.

Unpardonable Perfidy.

Mrs. Manhattan—"I am surprised to hear you have broken your engagement with Mr. Wabash, my dear. How could you, when he is so handsome and wealthy, and only last week you confided to me how much you loved him?"

Mrs. Lakeside—"I discovered his true charcter at the last minute. He admitted to me himself that he contested his last wife's suit for divorce.—Kansas City World.

Disqualified.

"Brown had to give up trying to be an after-dinner speaker."

"Why so?"

"He at last came to the conclusion that he was one of the unfortunate men who cannot talk when they are sober, nor think when they are drunk."—Puck.

"DISCHARGED."

The Justice Had Private Information of His Own.

The judge leaned forward to get a better view of the prisoner's face.

"Well," he said, "drunk and disorderly, were you? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"It's not true, y'r honor," the prisoner answered. "I ain't sayin' that I hadn't had nothin' to drink, but I wasn't drunk, y'r honor; not by a lot. I wasn't."

The prisoner was not a large man, and his countenance, naturally woebegone, was rendered almost pitiful by his anxiety. The judge betrayed the least bit of interest. Usually he betrayed none at all.

"They tell me that you were found fighting with your wife."

"I wasn't, y'r honor. We was through fightin'. I had her licked an' was just poundin' her with a chair leg so's she'd remember it."

"What's your name?" asked the judge.

"O'Rourke, y'r honor."

The judge showed even more interest.

"Where do you live? Out on Twelfth street?"

"Yes, y'r honor."

"Why, I know who you are. I remember you now. You say that you had your wife whipped?"

"There wasn't any more fight left in her, y'r honor."

"Discharged. You couldn't have been drunk. I've seen your wife. No drunken man could whip her."—Chicago Tribune.

In Wall Street.

"Crying because you've lost a penny down the gutter, are you? Don't mind that, sonnie—I've dropped thirty thousand in this street!"

They Have to Like It.

All the defeated candidates and all the friends of the defeated candidates are perfectly delighted with the ticket, of course. Their feelings probably must resemble those of the tenderfoot who ventured into a barroom out in one of the mining camps once upon a time, and, walking up to the bar, was asked what he would take.

"A pousse cafe, if you please," was his polite respose.

"A what?" asked the astonished barkeeper.

"A pousse cafe, if you please," repeated the tenderfoot.

"Young man," said the barkeeper, "you'll take whisky; just ordinary, plain whisky, and you'll drink it out of a tin dipper. And you'll have to like it, too."

And the young man allowed that it was so.—Boston Herald.

Speaking of the Weather.

"Well, sir, they have the hottest weather and the deadest towns down in Georgia that I ever struck. Did I ever tell you what happened when I was in Restingtown last summer?"

"No, what was it? So still you could hear the day break?"

"You see, it was right in the midst of their hottest weather. The town caught on fire one night and burned, and no one noticed it. People thought the night was a trifle hotter that usual but they were used to it and never suspected a fire, until a shower came up along toward morning and they found their roofs gone."—Truth.

One Item Was Remembered.

He is like all boys, forgetful. Johnny has, perhaps, a greater faculty for remembering to forget than the ordinary boy, and that led him into trouble. His employer told him his services would be dispensed with.

The cashier is a kindly fellow. He told Johnny to make a memorandum of each thing he had to do during the day. That afternoon the cashier noticed a paper pinned above Johnn's desk. It read:

"Memo.—Leave at 6 o'clock."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

They Were All Losers.

"Oh, I wonder whose pocketbook this is?" said a man, stooping down and picking a wallet out of the gutter.

Immediately a crowd gathered.

"Who lost a pocketbook?" he asked.

About ten out of the crowd of twenty immediately spoke up and said that they had been so unfortunate.

"Then, what kind of one is it?" asked finder of the man nearest him.

A detailed description followed, but the finder shook his head.

"This cannot be the one."

Another gave a description, and still another and another, but the real owner did not materialize.

"It's a funny thing," finally said the man who had found the pocketbook, "that there should be so many people right here together who had lost pocketbooks."—Louisville Commercial.

Wanted Particulars.

Man about to sink—"Drop me a line!"
Man on the dock—"Which address?"

why?

Why wear wool?
To keep *out* cold? No.
To keep *in* heat.
If the body is supplied with plenty of fresh air—oxygen—and proper food, it will generate sufficient warmth to protect you on the coldest day—**Scott's Emulsion** of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is the best warmth-food. Thin people, people with poor blood who are easily shaken by a cold wind take Scott's Emulsion and it makes good blood, improves the appetite, increases flesh, furnishes bodily warmth, and prevents the ill results from colds, coughs, and exposures.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. Ask your doctor. This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Put up in 50-cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

Scott & Bowne. Belleville, Ont.

ODD FLASHES OF FUN.

MERRY MOMENTS WITH THE NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHIC WITS.

All Sorts of People Gently Touched Up in a Delightful Manner—Your Pet Aversion and Your Very Own Chum as Seen Through Funny Spectacles.

Alice—Did you say her home is richly furnished? Clara—I said it was furnished at great expense.—Brooklyn Life.

"Did he look like a bicyclist?" "Oh, dear, no; not in the least. Why, he could stand up straight with no perceptible effort."—Chicago Post.

When it begins to get real summery hot, can't we manage to have the weather man arrested for scorching?—Philadelphia North American.

Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story? Braggs—Oh, yes, I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.—Indianapolis Journal.

She—Do you know anything worse than a man taking a kiss without asking for it? He—I do. "What, for instance?" "Asking for it without taking it."

The Neglige Shirt.

Fashions for men, it is true, are not marked by the caprices that are the characteristics of the attire of women, and yet they have a way of running to the irrational in attire that is slightly disconcerting to those who look for common sense in dress. For a number of years the neglige shirt and the general outing costume of summertime represented the soundest and sanest dress movement for men ever known. At first known only on the athletic fields, the various woolen, flannel, cotton and silken shirts gradually invaded general society, and soon conquered. Not only were the new textures thin in weight, cool and comfortable, but they were also attractive to the eye, and in color rivaled the tints of the summen gown and the hues of summer garden. There was every reason to rejoice that in the multiplicity of materials, textures, colors and weights, the neglige shirt, unstarched, was bound to remain the rational attire of the summertime, in which the only object aimed at should be to take one's ease.

But as soon as the neglige shirt became popular the haberdashers began to worry themselves over the style. Not satisfied with the easy-going shirt, with an easy-going collar, the collar was thickened, the shirt front starched and the neglige shirt became as hot, as stiff, as conventional, as pretentious as the warmest "biled shirt" of winter attire. The only thing the summer neglige shirt kept was color, but here the autumn weight shirt and the early spring weight trespassed on this prerogative until nothing distinguished it from its fellows and it was as easy to swelter in as the shirts of twenty years ago.

This summer the style has again changed, partly for the better. The textures are thin, the bosoms are not thickened, but the collars—a white one is the thing—are thick and uncomfortable. And this is the unreasonableness of the fashion. Why not go back to the early simplicity. Let the shirt be made out of as fine, as gorgeous, as thin a material as the manufacturers will, but let the whole movement be in the line of ease. In a tropical climate, such as we are blessed with on occasions in the summer, thick stiffened collars are out of place. The neglige shirt, as a neglige shirt, is a great institution. The haberdashers should not try to make it too conventional.—Philadelphia Press.

Salt in the Ocean.

Professor Ghoote says that if we reckon the depth of all oceans at an average of three miles, there would be a layer of salt 200 feet thick in their basins, should the waters of all suddenly evaporate.

He Pleaded Guilty.

Wragged Whiskers—Lemme go, Jedge; I didn't do nothin'.
Judge Quick—Thirty days.
"Wot for?"
"Vagrancy."—Truth.

Perplexed.

Mr. Novice—Great Scott! there's Grace. If I don't take my cap off to her she won't speak to me again, and if I do take it off I'll break my neck.—Judge.

Starting a Drug Store.

The pride of proprietorship beamed from his countenance as he stood on the street and gazed at the big sign which announced to the world the advent of a new drug store.

"It's the finest location for the business in this part of town," he exclaimed to the junior partner, "and if we work things at all right we ought to make money. I see you have the soda fountain in."

"Yes. I attended to that the first thing."

"Did you buy the biggest one you could get for the money?"

"Yes. It's one of the most finely equipped to be found in the market."

"And the cigars; we have a variety of them, have we?"

"Every brand of any consequence can be purchased at our stand. We have one of the largest assortments in the city."

"I'll look it over. You mustn't feel hurt if I give it my personal attention, but we don't want to neglect any detail that may affect the success of this enterprise, and two heads are better than one. We have a supply of fancy toilet articles, have we not?"

"Plenty of them. All the latest styles, too."

"And we have some confectionery?"

"A good line of it."

"And all sorts of little knick-knacks to catch the fancy of the women and make the place look pretty?"

"I am looking after that now."

"Good. As soon as you get it attended to, put an advertisement in the newspaper and then, when you have time, get in a few little things in the way of drugs and we'll be ready for business."

The Jester's Chorus.

"Who in the world can be cooking supper at this time of night? It is nearly twelve," exclaimed Mrs. Watts, sniffing the air.

"I think it may be that couple over at Thomas' from gate, exchanging a few burning kisses," said Mr. Watts, and Mrs. Watts said:

"You idiot!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Does your baby walk yet, Mrs. Tarbell?"

"Walk! Bless you, no. But he can ride all around the nursery on his little bike!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Girl—She doesn't understand baseball at all.

Second Girl—No?

First Girl—No. Why, the other day she went to a game and fell in love with the umpire.—Detroit News.

"I should like," observed the shade of Richard III., anxiously, "to go back and cancel that option, don't you know? Of course, real estate is pretty dead, but still, I wouldn't just care to give a kingdom for a horse, as a matters stand."—Detroit Tribune.

KARLEY
THE
HARDWARE
MAN

KEEPS A FULL STOCK OF

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of all sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c.
Guns and Ammunition.

Groceries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods—in fact we have something for everybody that calls.

Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

Athens, Jan. 1st, 1895. **WM. KARLEY**

TREASURER'S

SALE OF LANDS

IN THE UNITED COUNTIES OF

LEEDS AND GRENVILLE

FOR ARREARS OF TAXES

UNITED COUNTIES OF LEEDS AND GRENVILLE, To Wit: } By virtue of a warrant issued by the Warden of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville, under his hand and the Corporate Seal of said Counties, bearing date the sixteenth day of April, A. D. 1896, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the several parcels of land hereinafter mentioned and described, for the arrears of taxes respectively due thereon, together with costs, I do hereby give notice that unless the said arrears and costs be sooner paid, I will, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of OCTOBER next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the County Treasurer's Office, in the Town of Brockville, in the County of Leeds, one of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville, proceed to sell by Public Auction so much of the said lands as may be sufficient to discharge the taxes and all charges incurred in and about the same, including the collection thereof.

TOWNSHIP OF LANSDOWNE.

DESCRIPTION.	Lot.	Con. or St.	Acres.			Taxes.	Fees and Expenses.
N E ½	5	7	50	Patented		$23 52	$3 08
S E ½	10	7	50	Patented		34 98	3 37
Ft of R ½	13	7	75	Patented		26 27	3 15
Ft pt	20	7	20	Not Patented.		39 49	3 45
	22	7	180	Not Patented.		36 02	3 40
	23	7	200	Not Patented.		42 70	3 56
	13	8	50	Patented		13 06	2 82
	14	8	100	Patented		67 29	4 18
N E ½	15	8		Patented		9 02	2 75
E ½	9	9	100	Not Patented.		11 96	2 79
Ft Pt	14	9	200	Patented		15 18	2 87
	18	9	200	Not Patented.		13 53	2 83
	8	10	100	Patented		11 75	2 79
	12	10	200	Not Patented.		96 55	4 91
	13	10	200	Patented		55 85	3 89
	14	10	200	Patented		111 03	5 27
			13 100	Patented		1 05	2 75
Lorne Island, Charleston Lake			18½	Patented		17 06	2 92
Frizzle " " "				Not Patented.		10 36	2 76
Olmsted " " "				Not Patented.		9 74	2 75
Fisher " " "			9½	Patented		21 07	3 02
S E Pt. Hog Back Island, Charleston Lake				Not Patented.		22 15	3 05
N W Pt " " "				Not Patented.		12 65	2 81
Snake Island " "				Not Patented.		5 18	2 75
Victoria Island " "				Not Patented.		8 91	2 75
N W Pt Buell Island " "				Patented		13 19	2 83
Sheep Island " "							

TOWNSHIP OF LEEDS.

Village Lots in Seeley's Bay (original Plan)	Nos. 6 and 7	7		Patented		$56 77	$3 91
" " " "	Nos. 9, 10 28 and 29	7		Patented		12 70	2 81
" Lot " " (supplementary plan).	14	7		Patented		12 70	2 81

D. MANSELL, TREASURER.

Treasurer's Office United Counties of Leeds and Grenville, June 29, 1896.

LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

As the prospects indicate another short crop of hay, every farmer should raise corn and roots, and in order to do so economically, must have good tools. You can get them at the Lyn Agricultural Works at following prices:

Steel-