MADE THEIR START IN PITCHER'S BOX

Majority of Famous Baseball Players Have Been Introduced as Twirlers.

Probably over half of the players on the major league teams have started out as pitchers, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. There are several reasons why this is the case. The pitcher is naturally the kingpin of the team, and most youngsters have an ambition to shine in that department. If they are not good enough to pitch they take up some other position. Now, a major league player may have an arm strong enough to pitch on semi-professional or amateur teams, but it may not be good enough for even minor league twirling. As a result the pitchers begin to fill other positions, and if they have a good batting eye soon develop major league caliber.

Good fielding and batting pitchers turn their attention to other positions after they get into big league company when they realize that there is an overproduction of average pitchers, and unless one is a star he can draw more money from playing some other position well, and also last longer. It is also better from every standpoint to be a star player off the slab than on it. First-class players in other departments draw as much, if not more, pay than do pitchers of the same caliber, and, besides, they last longer in the game. Once the players reach the point where salary cuts more figure than heroics they naturally turn to the points where they get the most salary and draw it the longest.

Most of the recruits drafted at the beginning of the last season have fallen by the wayside, and what are still left may be expected to stick. Taken as a whole, the 1905 crop has proved a fruitful one, and more than the usual number of stars have been developed, besides the players who have had but average success. The National League has been particularly fortunate in this respect.

Three young pitchers who stand out as the finds of the year are now among the most prominent of baseball figures. They are Reulbach, the star, even be he a youngster, of the Chicago Club; Overall, of the Reds' staff, who in his present form is entitled to claim title with the best of them, and Young, the Boston youngster southpaw. They have won their spurs and are pitching finds par excellence.

The number of infielders who have made good without doubt is fairly large this year, and next year will see larger returns from the expeditions into the minor circuits.

There are Clancy and McBride, of the Pittsburg Club; Hoffman, the elongated Cub; Doolin, who has caused Rudy Hulswitt to be forgotten in Quakertown; Lewis and Batch, of Hanlon's staff, the former, though, with Owens, a jumper to the outlaws; Arndt, who was a Red and is now a shade removed and a Cardinal success, and Al Bridwell, who is a luminary that ever grows brighter.

Young stars in the National outfield are not many this season. Breaking into fast company this year are Del Howard, the hard-hitting western recruit, who has made Otis Clymer's Pirate job very questionable as a steady thing, and Schulte, the Cub left fielder. Billy Maloney, who is hardly entitled to be called a real youngster because of his service as a Red and as a St. Louis American, has for the first time shone as a star under Frank Selee. These names are the examples of the ascendency of youth in the National, and next season probably will see a longer list of successes recruited and installed as regulars.

PROTECTION FOR JEWS

Witte Cables That Massacre at Easter Will Be Frustrated.

Chicago, March 18. — Adolph Krause, of this city, president of the executive committee of the Independent Order of B'Nai B'Rith, has received a cablegram from Count Witte, Premier of Russia, in which the count declares that it is the intention of the Russian Government to protect as far as possible all the Jews in the country, from the massacres which it has been reported were to take place at Easter. The cablegram of Count Witte came in reply to a letter written to him by Mr. Krause, who informed the Premier of the reports that a great massacre of the Jews was to take place at Easter-time, and asked if the Government is in a position to protect the lives and property of the Jews equally with that of Christians, and to punish those who fail to do their duty in not preventing massacres. The reply of Count Witte is as follows:

"Adolph Krause, Chicago: I am sure you have no doubts that I cannot approve violence, no matter against whom it is directed. The deplorable events that have taken place were the result of riots. You may be persuaded the Government will use all possible measures to prevent violence against peaceable inhabitants, without regard to nationality. (Signed), Witte."

The government of Honduras has prohibited the importation of whisky rum and anisado in barrels, casks, or demijohns.

BASE SLIDING AS A FINE ART

Not Half as Many Good Sliders as There Used To Be, Says Clark Griffith.

"Sliding," says Clark Griffith, manager of the New York Americans, "is half of the game of baseball." Which is putting it rather strongly and, probably was more than the manager meant, but he did mean that the art of squirming into bases and eluding the touch of the ball was a big part of the game. It is a more important accomplishment, he declares, than is generally realized. He expressed his wonder that more of a study of it is not made by ball players.

"By a good slider I mean one who can get to the bag safely when the baseman has the ball in his hands ready to tag him," continued Griffith. "There are good sliders, but not half so many as there ought to be. In the two leagues I don't suppose the average of first-class sliders is two to a club. Players don't give enough study to being proficient in this trick. They don't hit the ground often enough They save themselves too much. I insist on my players hitting the dirt at every possible chance. There could be great improvement in this department if more players would try to acquire the twist slide.

"Feet first is the only way. There are two ways of making the twist slide feet first. One is by crossing the left leg over the right, which throws the body to the right, and the other by crossing the right leg over the left, throwing the body to the left. The principle is the same as a boy guiding a sled with his legs. The body is guided by the legs. Whether the body should be twisted to the right or left depends on where the baseman is. If he is taking the throw in front of the bag the idea is to throw the body outward and away from him, and if he is playing back the body is drawn toward the infield and away from him. The reasons are apparent. The chances are that the baseman will miss the body, and he has only the leg or foot to touch. That bothers him more than when he can touch the body.

"The cases I have just mentioned refer to sliding into second base. The third base slide is somewhat different. When a left-handed hitter is up, or a fast right-hander, third basemen can't play deep, and they are playing in on the grass a good deal of their time. To head off a steal they have to back up and yet watch the catcher. The head foremost slide is the best for third base, but for no other base. This is a different play altogether from the one at second base. The body is thrown out toward the outfield to elude the third baseman's reach, while the outstretched arm touches the bag. If the third baseman has had to back up he can't get you unless on the arm, and that is a small target to aim for. When the throw is coming from the catcher the runner never should slide in front of the third bag.

"As a rule shortstops have the better chance to get a man at second base, as the play is in front of them oftener than it is with the second baseman, who frequently is moving in the same direction as the runner. That is a situation that depends on what's doing, on what the signals are, who the batter is and what understanding there is between the pitcher, catcher and fielder. Pitchers pitch a good deal on what's doing on the bases.

"I believe there are times when it is a good thing to slide for first base. No time is gained by doing it, but a fast man like Harry Bay often fools the umpire by doing it. If it is a dry day and he hits the ground seven or eight feet in front of the bag he raises a cloud of dust which makes it all the harder for an umpire to see whether he beat the throw or not. I've seen many a man steal a base hit by sliding to first.

"The slide home calls for a feet first slide and the body twist. The runner can't see the ball coming in, and doesn't know where it is, but he keeps his eye on the catcher. If the catcher waits behind the plate for the throw it is up to the runner to slide in front of the plate; if the catcher steps up forward to take the throw-in, then the runner slides behind the plate. Anyway, he ought to watch the catcher and be guided by the latter's movements. There are catchers clever enough to give no indication as to where the ball is, and thus deceive the runner.

"The player who always has to be told by the coacher where the ball is makes a poor base runner. The coacher can't help a runner much at second base, and if the runner buries his head when he slides to second and gets caught through not watching the ball, that is his fault, not the coacher's. I think the best slider I ever saw was Bill Lange, except possibly Dave Fultz. Dahlen, too, is a first-class slider—one of the best. So is Elberfeld, also Frank Chance. Hedrick was a great slider. Lange stole twice as many bases in one season—'96, I think it was—as the best base runners steal these days. No, the foul strike doesn't account for the difference. That rule handicaps a man in getting on, but not after he gets on.

"Lange slid feet first altogether, and skidded both ways. Dahlen has a split slide, and Bay is a slider who bounces right up after he makes his dive and is in position to keep right on without apparently checking his stride in the least. George Browne, I am told, slides that way, but I have seen but little of National League players in the last five years, and am not in a position to say much about them. Doggy Miller had that trick down fine. Bay doesn't lose sight of the ball for an instant. Another player who is a great base runner, because he has his eye all the time, is Hal Chase. He rubbers around as a runner ought to do when he hits the second bag.

"Mertes is a good slider, and so are Keeler and Fred Clarke. Then there are wicked sliders, those who look as if they wanted to spike somebody. Fred Pfeffer was a corking good slider in his day, and would twist his body either way. Fultz I consider the king of base runners. He batted poorly last year, and didn't get on often, but was way up on stolen bases. If he batted .300 he would lead the country. He is a wonder on the bases, one of the hardest men to touch that I know, has speed to back it up, and is enough to drive a pitcher to drink. A good many men steal on speed alone, and would be a lot better if they knew how to slide. About the best head-first stealer I know of is Monte Cross.

"There's one thing about sliding, and that is umpires call too many men out just because the ball happens to get there first. They miss a good many plays in which the baseman fails to touch the runner. One thing I like about Sheridan's umpiring is that he watches the play closely and doesn't call a slider out just because he looks to be out, and because it looks to the crowd as if he were out."

Fire at Meaford.

Meaford, March 18.—Fire broke out in R. Finley & Sons' drygoods store last night about midnight, and before it could be got under control had done considerable damage in the dress goods and curtain departments. It is hard to estimate the loss at present, but it is placed over $3,000; fully covered by insurance.

It is said that last year the salaries of 24,000 elementary school teachers in Ohio averaged 72 cents a day.

WRITER HANDS OUT SOME TO CORBETT

Of Sweet Disposition, But Will Never Be a Matinee Star, 'Cause He's Married.

A sporting writer in the Brooklyn Citizen hands out the following to Jim Corbett:

Jim Corbett says the heavyweight class was never in such disrepute as just now. With Jeffries out, Corbett can't see a real first-class man.

Among pugilists James J. Corbett is spoken of an an actor. Actors call him a pugilist. Mr. Corbett was born in San Francisco in 1866. He has naturally pompadour hair, although he doesn't wear it that way now, and a strawberry birthmark on his left arm. He is of a sweet disposition and was the original gentleman of the prize ring. He first attained national prominence by defeating John Lawrence Sullivan, at a time when that eminent tragedian was generally regarded as undefeatable. Later in life Corbett met one James J. Jeffries—he met him on two occasions, and after each meeting Mr. Corbett's friends walked home.

By remaining a gentleman, Mr. Corbett, however, managed to attract considerable public attention.

Mr. Corbett is married, which precludes him from ever becoming a matinee idol. Harriet adores only the lisping single gent with roached hair and dimpled chin.

Mr. Corbett writes pieces for the papers, tells humorous stories, has a growing bank account and takes some interest in politics. He was once heard to express the opinion that the side which polls the most votes should win. Mr. Corbett's strongest claim on public affection is that in all the years he has been before the public he has never given a testimonial for a dyspepsia cure.

Although he makes his home in the east, he says he can never forget that he was born in the west, and that some day, in the far-off future, when all the world seems rather sad, he will wander back there and stop off between trains.

"When I was a mere child, and did not know what war was," he says, "I used to go at eventide to Sutro Heights and as the last halting ray of departing day painted the splendors of the sky and mirrored them in the rolling waves, listen to the bull seal on sea rocks as he crooned his evensong to his silently listening mates. Ah, those were happy days, and what a voice that old bull seal had."

Mr. Corbett lived in San Francisco long enough to form a scratching acquaintance with one-half the flea population.

Just now Mr. Corbett is playing a footlight fudge. After playing it awhile in New York he composed a soulful little ditty called, "The Ghost Shall Not Walk Tonight." Mr. Corbett is at large somewhere in the country with the same footlight fudge, but the ghost is said to have formed the habit of appearing once each week and handing out packages of joy to all the members of the cast.

STUDENTS' CONVENTION

Subject of Two Addresses at the Auditorium Sunday.

At the Auditorium yesterday afternoon, Messrs. James Grant, of the Western University, and T. J. Hamilton, of the Huron College, who were delegates to the recent conference of the student volunteers, at Nashville, Tenn., told of that wonderfully successful organization and the work that had been accomplished.

Briefly summarized, an outline of the missionary movement is as follows:

Founded at Mount Hermon, Mass., in 1886, there are 50 denominations and 100 missionary societies represented today, and it has been instrumental in sending to foreign fields in 20 years 2,953 volunteers, one-third of whom were women. One thousand volunteers were sent out during the last four years. Of the 3,000 who volunteered, 826 are now in China, 624 in India, Burmah and Ceylon, 313 in Africa, and 275 in Japan. The movement has organized, in 668 institutions, 1,149 mission classes with an enrollment of 12,629 students. It has prepared seventeen courses of missionary study. It has brought about annual contribution to missions by 25,000 students and professors amounting to $80,000, and has given rise to the Young People's Missionary Movement and the World's Student Christian Federation.

Rev. Principal Waller of Huron College, spoke briefly in introducing Messrs. Grant and Hamilton, and Rev. Dr. Ross and Dyson Hague took part in the service.

Particular emphasis was laid upon the splendid speech that Rev. Mr. McDonald, of the Toronto Globe, made at the convention.

Mr. Allan Blackwell, of the medical class of '06, rendered a solo and the Askin Street Church Quartette, composed of Misses Mills, Thompson, Westman and Switzer, rendered a very pleasing number. Mr. Reginald Hudson led the singing and Miles Orchestra furnished them usic.

Big Atlantic Gale.

Boston, Mass., March 18.—Terrific March gales and tedious delays were reported by steamers arriving at his port today. The steamer Lancastrian from London, reported that her decks had been flooded by tremendous seas from the moment she left the English coast until she reached the Boston light. The steamer was one and a half days overdue.

Closing the Bucket Shops.

Toronto, March 18.—Five of Toronto's bucket shops have already closed their doors, as the result of the campaign of Crown Attorney Curry. By the middle of this week it is expected that the few remaining ones will have closed up shop or joined the Stock Exchange.

USE THE SAFE, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

SANDY SAM'S FRIEND

By Kathleen L. Greig.

When he came to Cripple Creek his name wasn't Sandy. He was Richard Morton Sims from Scranton, Pa., then. But before he had been on the backbone of the continent two weeks his name was Sandy. And Sandy he remained to the end of his life—and, without doubt, that is the name which would have been put on his headstone if he had had one, which he hadn't, for they buried him out on the plains, with no decorations save a sprig or two of sage-brush.

However, all that has nothing to do with the story, which is all about his pal and one or two others—or, more correctly speaking, one other; because in life, as on the stage, you seldom find more than two star actors in a drama at the same time. I simply mention Sandy in passing, because he was the man who put the idea into his pal's head. And a man who can put a good thought into anybody's head ought to be remembered even if he is dead.

It has been a hard year for Sandy. Early in the season he struck what he considered a big find. He said nothing to any one, but bought up all the land around at a fair price, but dirt cheap considering what he was to get out of it, or thought he was. Well, he never got enough out of that claim to pay for the tobacco he smoked up trying to soothe his nerves when he saw how that blamed streak had fooled him.

You see, Jim—that was his pal's name—was in love, and if you can imagine anything worse than being a man, and in love, and living in New Jersey, I want to report it to the humane society.

Well, things were drifting along pretty much in harmony. Sandy was as miserable as he could be, and so was Jim, or, at least, he thought he was, but saw his mistake when along came a letter from the girl, saying that she hoped he would forgive her and all that, and that he must brace up, or something of that sort, but that she had changed her mind.

She simply couldn't bear the thought of seeing him again, because she had just seen a man who came from out on the plains somewhere, a relative of a friend of hers, and the man looked so like the frontier that he gave her a cold chill. Perhaps it was his store clothes that fitted too soon, and his hat didn't fit soon enough, and his shoes!— well, they just simply kicked the sentiment all out of her.

Of course, she didn't put it in that way. She got around it as gentle as a feather. Said that when she saw what the frontier had done for this man, who had been out there only a few years—how different he looked from the others at the reception—she felt that the life out there must be of the sort that would rob "the garden of romance of its sweetest flowers," or some such foolishness as that.

Well, anyway, that silly girl's letter, written on pink paper and perfumed with sachet powder, was as bad as a death warrant signed by the judge of the Supreme Court to poor Jim. He just caved in like an abandoned mine, and when Sandy asked him how old the girl was, and after hearing, told him to cheer up, that girls of that age always got fool notions and got over them, he seemed not to hear, though he ought to have listened and taken heed, for Sandy knew a good bit more about women than he did about mining.

Things went along in this cheerful way for quite a spell, and Jim's face took on an expression that made a burro look cheerful alongside of him. Then, one day when we were over in front of Jim's abode, we saw a sight that made us forget ourselves. Along the road came Dick—"Horseshoe Dick" we used to call him, because he struck luck where others struck nothing but sand.

And since he had a lot of money and little sense, he went along at a brisk pace even when he was on foot. But along came Dick, seated on a horse that might have been saddled for an Indian prince or a circus rider. And of all the swell togs you ever saw, Dick's took the prize; from his shoes to his new Mexican hat he was simply a picture. And as I stood there looking at Dick, with Jim standing there beside him loking like the last rose of summer, I was surprised to see Sandy jumping up as if he had fallen on a cactus brush, and slapping his hands together as if he had struck a second Independence mine.

Well, before I could see what it was all about, he had Dick into the house, and Jim too. And then Sandy raced—if you could call Sandy's fastest gait racing—over to Peterson's corner, where the squaw sat all day long making Indian baskets. Back he came with the poor old thing all dressed up in her fancy blankets, and behind them came the chap with the weak lungs, who lived at the hotel and didn't do anything but take the air and snapshots with his camera, which seemed as much a part of him as his lisp.

Sandy went into the cabin and came out with Jim all rigged out in Dick's clothes, which fitted him to perfection, and up he goes on Dick's horse. And you should have seen Sandy. He acted for all the world like a professional photographer—made Jim strike a pose that was simply great, and then got the old squaw off in the distance, but not so far away that she didn't make a part of the picture.

She looked at that distance, with her blankets artistically draped around her and her face out of sight, like some sweet, slender maiden gathering flowers, which goes to show that a photograph can lie to beat the band sometimes. Sandy got them just as he wanted them, and then shouted to the youth to "let her go!" and he did.

And the next day he came over with a picture that was enough to make any living man vain if he recognized it as a likeness of himself. There sat Jim, as straight and proud as the chief in a fireman's parade, and beyond him stood the slender maiden gathering flowers, or rather that is the way she looked in the picture.

And that night Sandy sat down and told Jim what to write to the girl in New Jersey. At first he acted like a stubborn broncho, but at last he did as Sandy told him; wrote to her that perhaps she was right—he had spent about a dollar in postage stamps before this, asking her to take back what she wrote, but it didn't budge her.

This time he said that he, too, had been thinking things over. He knew she was beautiful and stylish and all that, like the other poor devil, he, too, might look like a back number among her swell Eastern friends if he came back. Then, also, she might not fit into the life here—he had often tried to imagine how she would look dressed in some of those Oriental looking blankets, but couldn't for the life of him see how she would look. Therefore, goodby, forever, and he would inclose a photograph as a parting gift.

Well, we waited with anxious hearts. And in double quick time along came a letter for Jim with a special delivery stamp on it—a letter that looked as if it might weigh a pound; but after reading it, Jim acted as if he didn't weigh an ounce. He acted as crazy as a chained coyote. That picture had brought the girl to terms.

She wrote that she felt that fate had intended her for "the grand, free, glorious life of the great horizon reaching plains and the heaven kissing mountains," and a lot more rubbish like that. You see, she was only eighteen years old, and had never been out of New Jersey. But, just the same, she made Jim a fine wife when she came West two years after. And the foolish notions have long since gone out of her head.

But, maybe, after all, she had some right on her side. Of course, clothes don't make the man, but I've sometimes thought that they came so mighty near it that it's no joking matter.—Browning's Magazine.

The Merry Minstrels.

Bones—Good ebenin', Mister Johnsing. Ah done trust dat Ah see you all well dis ebenin'?

Johnsing (sings bass in the middle)—You suttinly do, sah.

Bones—Ah don't recomember of ever seein' you lookin' quite so flamgastribus as you do dis ebenin'. You am suttinly lookin' mighty swell, sah.

Johnsing—Well, Mr. Bones, I'm sorry dat Ah kaint say de same fer you.

Bones—You could, sah, if you told as big a lie as Ah did. Ha, ha, ha!

Johnsing—That's one on me. You am suttinly getting to be a reg'lar cut up, Mr. Bones. Ah, good ebenin' Mr. Tambo. How do you cirgashiate dis ebening'?

Tambo (who has been nodding on his corner)—Oh, Ah feels 'bout lak de Bruce campaign.

Johnsing—About like de Bruce campaign? Will you kindly tell the ladies and gentlemen do dat is?

Tambo—Kind o' dead, sah.

Terrific applause and laughter.

Tambo—Mr. Johnsing, Ah done got one fer you.

Johnsing—All right, Mr. Tambo. You may proceed to unlock your gag box and tell us what you-all have in cold storage.

Tambo—Ah done understand dat de lady what used ter be Alice Roosevelt is worth $2,000,000.

Johnsing—Yes, sah; $2,000,000.

Tambo—Well, if dat am de case, what am Mister Longworth?

Johnsing—Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission Mr. Reginald Worthington, the celebrated Manitowoc tenor, will sing that beautiful ballad, entitled, "Don't Take a Candidate's Promise, or Who Put Horseradish in the Catsup?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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We are receiving a most liberal patronage in DRESS GOODS SECTION.

Ladies, particular in the matter of dress, find their tastes catered to in such a delightful and satisfactory manner.

Values are so excellent, too.

BARATHEA, 50c

Beautiful soft goods, with an almost invisible weave and a smooth finish like a Henrietta. Splendid thing for young ladies' wear. Plain colors of myrtle, reseda, brown, cardinal, gray, Alice blue, fawn, seal, light and mid navy, cream. Special value at..... **50c**

LLAMA, 65c

Pure wool, soft and pliable. Pleats smartly. Make very dainty summer gowns. Plain weave in shades of gray, dark reseda, brown, cardinal, seal, light navy, navy and ivory. Special value at **65c**

SPRING CURTAIN STYLES ARRIVE FROM NOTTINGHAM

We have on display in our House Furnishings Department, our first 1906 shipment of Curtains direct from Nottingham.

In this lot will be found new patterns in Nottinghams and Cable Nets, and many clever, lacey copies of the much more expensive kinds of Curtains, such as Brussels, Irish Points, Battenburgs and Marie Antoinette Effects.

Because we imported these direct from one of the foremost English Manufacturers, we secure Curtains with nice, even weaves and good cotton threads; are able to give you exceptionally excellent values.

Furthermore, we placed our order last fall before cotton went up to its prerent high price, which means additional savings for you now.

By way of an introductory offer we place on sale

$1.00 New Nottingham Curtains for 79c

103 pair New Nottingham Lace Curtains, note the size, 54 inches wide by 3½ yards long, in two new and effective designs. Made of good, serviceable cotton threads. Regular price $1.00 pair. Great bargain at **79c**

New Nottinghams at $1.25 and $1.50 Pair.

Best range we ever had at these prices. Beautiful designs. Made by one of England's best makers. You will do well to let us show them to you.

Nottinghams and Cable Nets at $2.00 and $2.50

Make a specialty of securing handsome designs at these popular prices. Large assortment of new effects and designs to show you.

Nottinghams and Cable Nets at $3.00 and $3.50

Finer designs and all are new and exclusive. Patterns are confined to this store.

Fine Lace Curtains at $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00

Especially pretty designs in Cable Nets and Nottinghams. Handsome interpretations of the weavers' art. Reasonable indeed at such moderate prices.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM, 149, 151, 153 and 155 Dundas Street.

HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE

Although your brain be racked with pain,
Your voice be weak and hoarse,
Yet fear no ills, give up your pills,
And take to HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.

If sorrows come and you feel glum,
To drink don't have recourse;
Just get a chop and on it pop
A drop of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.

Don't stop to wail if business fail,
Nor downcast be at loss,
But simply take a good beefsteak
And eat with HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.

REFUSE ALL IMITATIONS

Bank of Nova Scotia

Incorporated 1832.

Capital Paid Up, $2,500,000 Reserve Fund, $4,200,000
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BRANCHES.—This bank has 54 branches in Canada, two in Newfoundland, two in the United States, one in Cuba and two in Jamaica, and has correspondents in all parts of the world, thus affording all needed facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.

DEPOSITS.—In the Savings Department deposits of one dollar and upwards are received, repayable on demand, and interest is compounded twice a year.

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ASK FOR

Labatt's (LONDON) INDIA PALE ALE

The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite.

10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.

John W. Hutchinson, the last descendant of the famous Hutchinson Quartet, and known as the "Bard of High Rock," celebrated his 85th birthday in Washington recently.

TO DISCERN and deal immediately with causes and overcome them, rather than to battle wih effects after the disease has secured a lodgment, is the chief aim of the medical man, and Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of patient study along this particular line. At the first appearance of a cold the Syrup will be found a most efficient remedy, arresting development and speedily healing the affected parts, so that the ailment disappears.

After two nights of fog nearly 6,000 birds were found dead under the lantern of Cape Grisnez lighthouse, says the London Chronicle. They had been attracted by the brilliant light and were killed by flying against the lighthouse.

TRIAL PROVES ITS EXCELLENCE.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. It not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

Crown Prince George of Servia, who recently attained his majority (18), is rapidly obtaining a European reputation that will equal that of the King of Belgium.