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ANOTHER BOOK WITH A MORAL.

Have the Wonders of Feminine Power Fallen into a Rut?

A new novel by a new woman who modestly hides her identity under the name of "The Yellow Aster" and follows the beaten path of the latter day realist. It is on the same general theme as the work of John Oliver and Sarah Grand— which is an excellent way of medicine.

The literary work of these women and those of their school is, of course, superior to that of the old-time woman writers whose heroines went over sentimental ropes for three volumes and argued the curves to the end. The new writers are brilliant and keen. They have the power to tell strong stories, the ability to tell them well, and the old cry that humor is conspicuous by its absence in their work cannot be raised. But, at the same time, they possess a sort of morbid bias, for the spiritual dissecting room, and that is a place where the average man and woman does not care to go. Introspection, soul-dissection, revelations of feminine faults, follies and foibles will grow as wearisome in time as the description of heroine's hair and the troubled course of her love affairs used to be. By and by, when all the morbid souls and unbridled, untrained minds have been dissected, the woman's question will have become uninteresting, and the woman writer will be again at a discount. There is a happy medium between the young woman whose only charms were her eyes and her woe and the young woman whose whole existence is a protest against something. And it will be rather pleasant for the reading public when some of the women who know how to write find it worth while to celebrate one of these happy mediums.

A Typical American.

Two young fellows walked up Main street last Saturday night. They had been talking about skill at games of cards. One of them alleged that he could play any game of which the late Mr. Hoyle was cognizant. The other was equally sure of his mastery of the pastboards. "I will play you any game you choose for money, marbles or chalk," said the tall one. "I'll just call that bluff," said the short one. "What'll we play?" asked the tall one. "Well, we'll go up here and play a game of pedro." "No, I ain't very good at pedro." "Let's have a game of casino, then." "I never did like that game." "I'll play you poker." "That's a game I never play." "Pinochle?" "The counting is too much bother." "Cribbage?" "Don't know that game." "Hearts?" "Hearts is no good." By this time the short one was disgusted. He stopped and said: "Well, you dog-gasted chump, what will you play after all your bluffing?" The tall one hesitated for a minute. Then he said: "I will match pennies with you."—Buffalo Express.

Street Venders in Japan.

The horse is practically unknown in Japan, and the peddlers must carry their wares on their shoulders. Those who sell food carry it about in square boxes slung over each shoulder on a large pole. In one box is usually a charcoal furnace, with a pot of soup over it. The other contains a sort of curd, made of beans, which is sold in square slices that look like clear salt pork. On selling a slice the dealer transfixes it with a stick and besmears it with the soup, which is red, and so thick as to form a paste. The vender of sweet-meats often carries his goods on his head in a box surmounted with paper flowers. He beats a drum as he goes along, and the children, who seem always happy and smiling in Japan, gather about him. A toy peddler has a little cart (everywhere in Japan a little) covered with paper decorations.

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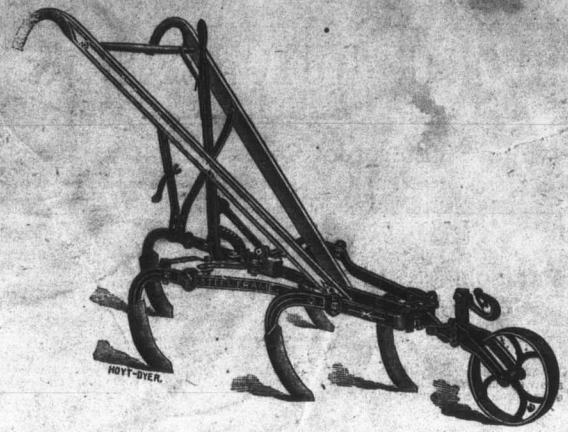
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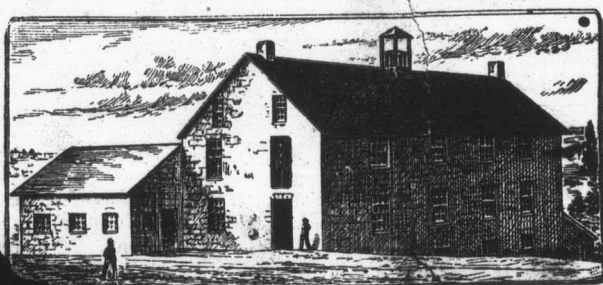
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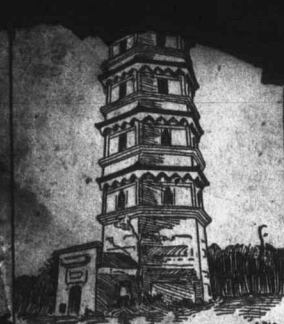
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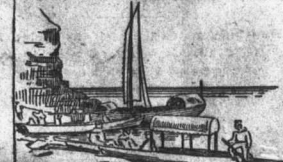


Good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth. All the same at moderate prices. Pay the highest price for the best quality.



KINCHIANG OF THE YANGTZE.

Last night I left Kinchiang, a big city at the mouth of the Yangtze. During the past two weeks I have seen dozens of cities of the size of Montreal, and have traveled the same number of great aggregate population of 1,000,000 people. All I have found is more than you find in any city, and I am of this great populous province.



FERRY OPPOSITE HONGKONG.

width. Our first hills were passed about fifty miles inland. Seven hundred miles from the coast I found its width to be more than a mile, and it holds that width nearly all the way from Shanghai to Ichang, a distance of about 1,000 miles. I could fill this paper with the mention of the different kinds of craft and their loads. There are Chinese lifeboats, for instance, everywhere. These are low junks with oars and sails, and they watch the river during the storms and pick up such sampan and fishing boats as are overturned. They are under the control of the districts through which they go and form a sort of a river police.

Now and then they capture a smuggler or a pirate, and here and there outside of some of the villages I saw boats which had been cut in half and set up on end. I asked what they were, and I was told that they had belonged to pirates and thieves.

At her recommendation her husband also began the use of Pink Pills. About a year before coming to New-castle he had suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he did not recover his former health. His blood seemed to be thin and watery, and he was weak and easily worn out. Through all this he kept steadily at work, although he says that when night came he was thoroughly wearied and depressed. When his wife began to feel the beneficial effects of Pink Pills she urged him to try them and he did so. After taking three boxes he began to feel a wonderful change. The tired feeling left him, he had a better appetite and energy, and he had not lost any of his strength.

At other times they plaster inside of the boots with the Pink Pills. The boots are then put up as warm as a blanket. The boots are then put up as warm as a blanket.

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