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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 novel.

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 wept over sentimental woes for three volumes and argued the curves to the end.

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.

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.

"I'll just call that bluff," said the short one.

"What'll we play?" asked the tall one.

"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.

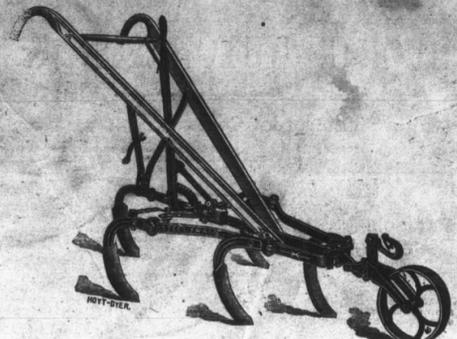
The vender of sweet-meats often carries his goods on his head in a box surmounted with paper flowers.

He beats a drum as he goes along, and the children, who seem always happy and smiling in Japan, gather about him.

Every toy peddler has a little cart (every one in Japan a little) covered with paper decorations.

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Every one who has used one of my Horse Hoes with the Genesee teeth, says they are the "best wader in the world". Don't be persuaded to try any other until you have tried this.

G. P. McNish, Lyn, Ont.

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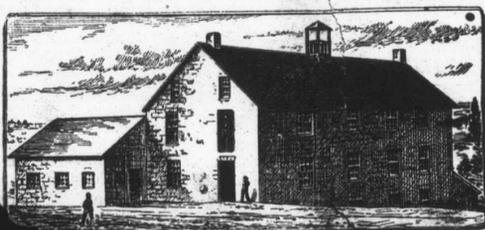
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KINCHIANG OF THE YANGTZE.

Last night I left Kinchiang, a big town at the mouth of the Yangtze.

During the past two weeks I have seen dozens of the size of the Yangtze.

The same number of great population of about 1,000,000 people.

All I have found is that you find more than you find Monday, and I am of this great population.

Its mouth, province, more than United States.

That is, it is 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.

Writs had been caught and beheaded, and their brothers to beware of the law.

of the Yangtze Kiang is a vast country, and its course the grass is green in winter, and two or three feet high everywhere grown.

Escape you see no people live in villages, with walls of mud and plaster inside.

Sometimes the huts are built on stilts, and at other times they are built on the ground.

The houses are twenty feet high, and the roofs are thatched with straw.

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, and he had a better appetite and energy.

With a little more rest he had not only regained his health, but he had also gained a new lease on life.

He is now a healthy and happy man, and he is able to do his work as usual.

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