"IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?" HE ASKED. No need to bolster up his sinking courage with fallacious hopes. He knew as by a sudden intuition who the man was

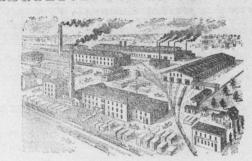
could be settle down to the old life. And it turned him cold and sick to realize how deep and strong a hold the money

had upon him.

But how did he know, he demurred

a thousand mocking fiends dinning their

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA. Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE. Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materia Send for Estimates.





# Modern

Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white. BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED.

Property for Sale.

FOR RENT.

JOB DEPARTMENT

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS - Distressing

Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in

That pleasantly situated

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

#### Clubbing Rates.

The "l'os;" and any one of the following will be sent to any address at the prices stated below:

### For Sale.

The farm known as the Chipman Sear farm in Midgie containing twenty two acrewith new dwelling house and barn. Also the Chipman Sears 7 acre lot of marsh in "Goose Lake." For terms apply to Messrs Powell & Ben nett, Sackville N B.

## For Sale.

For sale low ten and a half acres marsh land in s na m good condition with barn thereon nate at Dorchester Cape, known as the acknowse marsh lot, also fifty acres Wood-nd. For terms ac, apply to MRS. CHARITY PALMER, or JOHN A. PALMER Ex'trs Estate of late E. C. Palmer

PROVINCE of New Brunswick, County of Westmorland, S. S.

GREETING

Whereas Henry A Powell and Albert J. Turner, executors of the last will and test ament of Albert J. Dobson, late of the Parish of Westmorland in the said County and Province, farmer, edecased, have file the accounts of their administration and the accounts of their administration and prayed that a circular issue ecased, and prayed that a circular issue ecased, and prayed that a circular issue ecased and effects which were of that decay to appear and all chars in acre ted in said castate and effects to appear and all chars in acre ted in said castate and all chars in are ted in said casta and all chars in acre ted in said casta and all chars in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the unnary passages in very part of the unnary passages in acre ted a

and damma, sa d little Elsie as the annly elsele was discussing acquamtances, 'i ko w two men, one is a gentleman and accessing acquamtance of the control o

orighth day of June nexts. the twenty the afternoon to at the afternoon to at the afternoon to at the accounts or the accounts of the accounts of the accounts of the said court, this twenty g alay of May, A. D. 1895.

Signed,
FREDERICK W EMMERSON.

CHAS E. KNAPP.
Registrar of Probates,
County of West.

Judge of Probate,
County of West.

### In Pound,

IN POUND DISTRICT NO 1, DORCHESTER N. B.

Clara-I came near flopping right into a man's lap in a cable car to-day.

Maude-Didn't you?

Clara-No; another girl got there Ten young cattle, yearlings, five marked by slit in right ears and five with halfpenny mark on left ears. If said cattle are
not claimed before the fourteenth dayof
June next by the owner or owners, and all
charges and expenses incurred paid, the
cattle will then be sold in front of the
Court House Dorchester in the County of
Westmerland at ten o'clock in the forenoon
and the proceeds of said sale taken to defray the cost of taking, keeping 'and advertising said cattle and the sale bf said
cattle. Mr. Softie - 'Is there anything I can Mr. Solue—13 there m., to to prove my devotion?

Miss Beautie—'Y.e-s, there is.'
Name it.' 'When you call, bring some handsome and entertaining gentleman

now they are talking about you.

WHY IS IT?

load? While the feet that are surest and firme smoothest path to go.

And the back that is straightest and stro

smile to give, And those who want just a lit

Why is it the noblest thoughts are the Thy is it the grandest deeds are the ones

Thy is it the things we can have are the things we

Wealth Against Commonwealth.

SKETCH OF H. D. LLOYD'S HISTORY OF THE GROWTH OF THE RICHEST OF MONOPOLIE4.

More than sixty years ago it was known that illuminating oil of an ex-cellent quality could be extracted from bituminous coal; and in 1860 there were more than threescore manufacturies of it in this country. In that year it was first discovered that vast deposits of rock oil lie un-der the soil of Pennsylvania and ad-joining States. Throughout wide listricts, wherein wells were driven, he oil flowed like water. The cost was almost nothing, and in ten years the native product could be bought in my quantity for ten cents a barrel housends of men at once learned the mple business of distilling it for use,

and refineries sprang up everywhere.
It seemed that no department of aman activity of ered less encouragent to the spririt of monopoly than the production, refinement and distribution of this natural oil. Yet hardly five years passed, after the value of the great discovery became known, before a mysterious power was felt to interfere with the business in every branch, from the sink-MRS. CAPT. TIMOTHY OUTHOUSE, or A. W. BENNETT. Sackyille, May 8th 1895. ing of new wells to the final distri-bution of oil among customers. The refiners were first to suffer. Those who paid the standard prices announced by the railroads for transporation found themselves undersold. Their business became unprofitable. Many were compelled either to close COTTAGE on Main St. with'u five minutes walk of the Colleges. Possession given June 1st. Apply to May 8th '95, or A. T. Fawcett. heir works or to sell them at nominal orices to a combination, the only purchaser. This little group of refiners, whose home was Cleveland, were masters of every important line of

Land for Sale.

Fifty acres partly cleared land on Cook ille Road will be sold low. For terms aply to be seen to be sold low. For terms aply to be seen to be sold low. For terms aply to be seen to be sold low. East of the ligher rates charged to other shippers. Courts and legislatures, the men and committee.

COMPT East of the sold low which oil could be carried from the wells to the use increase, and thence to the several great markets. They had seer to contracts with these roads, entitling them to enormous preferences in rates, and even to a large bonus out of the higher rates charged to other shippers. Courts and legislatures, the men and committee.

COMPT East of the wells to the use increase, and thence to the several great markets. They had seer to contracts with these roads, entitling them to enormous preferences in rates, and even to a large bonus out of the higher rates charged to other shippers. Courts and legislatures, the men and committee. of Congress, were appealed to, inve-tigations were held; every engine which public opinion or the business incorrects of the independent refiner DON'T FORCET OU 'Jones, why don't you go to work and earn a living?' My dear Smith, what's the use? I tried it once for a little while, and no sooner did I earn a dol-lar than I had to send a to

ar than I had to spend it. So I gave Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great sarprise and delight on acce ant of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and svery part of the urmary passages in whose and pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and make or female. It reliev es retention of mediately from war, at quick relief and D in Lie of deposition of the world, with estate and pain in passing it almost important to the magnificence of this success which impresses the imagination of him who reads their exploits, which Mr. Lie of chronicles in his Wealth Against Commonwealth, just published by Harper & Brothers.

"But I could pay you my passage the dy Harper & Brothers."
"So you have said, but it really won't

All Sorts.

Bank cashier - 'You'il have to be identified before I can cash this cheque.'
Put Grogan - 'Begob, that's aisy enough. Here's my photygraph as I had tuck in Jersey city lasht week, ye'd know me annywhere by it.'

MRS. R. J. THORNE, of Digby, N.

The Fate of Guy Darrell. By B. M. STRONG.

me how you come to figure so agreeably in his will."

Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones soon dim with tears?

Why is it the lightest heart must ache and ache with fears?

While eyes that are coldest and hardest shed never a bitter tear,

me how you come to figure so agreeably in his will."

Whereupon Guy told of his first and in fact only interview with his unknown benefactor, finishing by asking, "But had he no relations, no one belonging to him?"

"After his wife died, none. He was quite alone. His son"—
"Oh! Then there is a son"
"No, there was. They could not agree after the wife died, and the lad, who was somewhat of a rover, went abroad, where he, too, died."

"So then the old fellow was left quite "Quite, and that no doubt is why he thought of you. Originally the monsy was settled on the wife, so that had the

son lived"-

son lived"——
"It would have gone to him, I see"—
"Yes. And what makes it the more
pitful is that the son left home under
suspicion of—no matter what now—it
was a sad case altogether. The two mes-

was a sad case altogether. The two messages—the one conveying the news of
discovery of the son's innocence and his
recall, and the other the account of his
death—crossed the ocean on their opposite ways at one and the same time."
"Poor old boy! and poor young one,
too!—for it must have been hard to die
so young—an exile and in disgrace—
knowing one's self innocentall the while.
One might almost be afraid of such a
heritage of woe—afraid lest some of the
ill might not cling to the old fellow's
gold."

"Why, my dear sir, you are alm why, my dear sir, you are amost as fanciful as old Varley himself. He certainly was unlucky, while you—well, you must allow your luck is in the as cendant, for you will have the spending of close on \$2,500 a year."

or crose on \$2,500 a year."

"Yes, one ought to get something out
of life with \$2,500 a year." And Guy
got up excitedly to pace the room. "How
cramped and narrow has my life been
up to now! The wonder is that they

cramped and narrow has my life been up to now! The wonder is that I have borne it for so long. While to think of poor young Varley—this should all have been his—and he is dead?"
"Yes, it is an ill wind," and the solicitor coughed, afraid lest the other should suppose him callous.
Guy Darrell was not callous. He was only human. But to a poor, hardworking scribe, by courtesy a barrister, the promise of an assured income and the freedom from all save voluntary labor after his first natural regret could not but seem delightful in the extreme. Already his toil bent shoulders straightened themselves, and he began to take a fuller survey of all that lay within his reach.

survey of all that lay within his reach.

Now, he supposed, he might venture
to marry—a step he had never dared seriously to contemplate as meaning ruin to a poor man's social and professional c.wreer. But first he would take a trip to Australia just to freshen himself up and blo w away the dust of musty studies.

CHAPTER IL CHAPTER II.

Readly being rich was very delightful.

Wherever one went to see others grinding away whether they liked it or not served but to put a keener edge to the pleasures of one who now need neither toil nor spin. This was indeed a holiday, the first he had ever had worthy of the name.

Thus ran Guy Darrell's meditations on the day, the ever to be remembered day, at Sydney on which he betook himself to the agent's office of the ship by which he had traveled.

He was in no hurry; had all the long, the was in no hurry; had all the long to the ship had the ship in sould receive the same than the ship in sould receive the same than the same than

been ill.'

wrong a possible solution of the problem.
With Varley's return to health there
came a return of his original roving pro-

bright day before him; could revel in the glorious sunshine and the sweet, exhila-rating air, and—finding another man in possession of the inquiry window—could wait with a kind of pleased patience for

was saying;
"I am really very sorry, Mr."—
"Varley—Gabriel Varley," answered
the man weakly, and the words were
followed by a cough, quite as weak.
Guy was watching the clerk and his
visitor in an indifferent way, and though interests of the independent refiner could command was tried in a tack jung these discriminatings. But the result was everywhere the same. The business of refining oil became and remains practically a complete monomains practically a complete monomains practically a complete monomains. mains practically a complete monos boly in the hands of the Standard Oil
Company.

Some of the men who conceived
the combination in question are now interest to Guy Darrell, who up to this moment had been so free from care, so

"So you have said, but it really won't do. It may be quite as you say, but we have been done so often. If you had any-

With Varley's return to health there came a return of his original roving propensities. After so many years where was the hurry? He debated. Why go home—a buggar? Why not have one more dip into the lucky bag to try to retrieve his fallen fortunes? The secret of which change lying in that he had met some men he knew, adventurers, bent on some new expedition. Ostensibly their aim was scientific, but really their quest was gold, and having need of another tried and trusty man they were anxious he should join the party.

He had been over a greater part of the ground the expedition would cover, had prospected for gold, and though he had failed to find it his experience and knowledge of the country would be invaluable to the party, and therefore he was urged to go and was offered special inducements in the nature of an extra share should the undertaking prove successful.

There would be a certain amount of risk, he allowed, in discussing it with Guy, but he did not mind that. What he did mind was having to go back after all these years as a prodigal son and submit "to be provided for."

"But how if you never come back at all?" and Guy's face whitened with the terrible subtlety of the temptation and the suddenness with which, spite of his long debate, his decision must be made.

The expedition would be full of peril, look at it how he might. Malaria, fever, poisoned arrows, snakes and almost every sanitary and climatic condition would be against them. Of those who would set out terribly few would return. How then could he let him go—go in ignorance that the necessity no longer existed for jeopardizing his life for the gold, of which, by rights, he should have plenty and to spare.

Oh, it was horrible! It was so easy to thand aside, to do—nothing. He half interely not to interfere, and the chances were that this menace to his new found happiness would remove itself never to Al! Sorts.

MRS. DAVID LOGAN, Indiantown says: "We have used Prussian Oil for Burns, Corus, a bad Cold and severe Headache, and have proved it to be just, the right thing for them." Try it. All Druggists sell it.

Gentlemen who retain a youthful appearance preserve their hair with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

'I don't sse, mum, why your other cook went away so quick!'

'My hasbanf found fault with a pudding he thought I had made and the cook overheard him.'

The housefly—That moth and his wife have separated.

The Cockroach — Yes; they were thoroughly incompatible. He was very fond of books while she cared for nothing but clothes.

Wonderful cures by Ayer's Saisapartilla in every part of the land. Write for names.

cattle.

Dated the 28th day of May, A. D. 1895.

EBEN COOK.

District No. 1, Dorchester N. B.

The end of a novel (compressed by the editor, owing to lack of space)—
Ottokar took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket, and lastly his own life.

Servant—Excuse me, madam, but I'd advise you to wait a few minutes. Just now they are talking about you.

Pat Grogan — 'Begob, that's aisy enough. Here's my photygraph as I had tuck in Jersey city lasht week. ye'd know me annywhere by it.'

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MRS. R. J. THORNE, of Digby, N.
S., certifies: "We have proved Prustian Oil to be a splendid thing for Toothache and Corns. It relieves both immutes, and speedly effects a cure. It is a perless remedy for Palpitation, Short in the land. Write for names.

Why have have proved Prustian Oil to be a splendid thing for Toothache and Corns. It relieves both immutes, and speedly effects a cure. It is a perless remedy for Palpitation, Short in the land. Write for names.

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Why have have proved Prustian Oil to be a splendid thing for Toothache and Corns. It relieves both immutes. "Why is Mis. Highfly wearing mourning?"

Why is Mis. Highfly wearing mourning?

Why is Mis. Highfly wearing

trouble him again. And yet—oh, it was indeed horrible! He had played with temptation, had let himself drift, until now his will was paralyzed, and he could not—it was impossible to decide.

Easy to see the right, but how fatally impossible to act! To let the man go was little short of murder, while, to tell the truth, in his present mood, the opposite course would be suicide downright, for he could not take up the old life where he had laid it down—could not, in short, give up possession of the other's goods.

And full of self pity Guy Darrell saw and owned the truth—he had no shadow of right whatever. Almost he could be-lieve in a mocking devil seeking thus lieve in a mocking devil seeking thus subtly to destroy him. Twelve months before and he would have laughed at the idea of such a situation warping him aside from the plain path of duty. Now he turned and twisted and wavered, while his companion filled in the details of the proposed exploration. Once, but weakly, he urged him to reconsider.

"Why not rest contented here? You have had one narrow squeak for life. Surely you need not"—

"But you forget the inducement, the splendid stake for which we play. A

and how, spite of his long absence and reported death, the real owner of old Jacob Varley's money had, as it were, risen from the dead to oust him from his new found wealth.

It was hard, cruelly hard. Never again nan must be a fool not to risk all on that. "Always supposing you do come back," objected Guy, forced thus far by his un-

asy conscience.

Then out of the dreadful supposition Then out of the dreadful supposition he drew an inspiration, whether from his good or bad angel he staid not to inquire. That he was driven to such straits was no fault of his. He had fallen innocently into the pit. So far they were on equal terms. The stake they played for was indeed large—larger than the other knew. Then why not leave the issue to its initiator—fate? Why not play out the game? But now the know, is dealth at the had not patience to follow out the thought.

How did he know—why, was not the hideous conviction borne in upon him by

a thousand mocking fiends dinning their derisive message in his ears? How did he know—was it not just the situation and the hour that a malignant fate would choose to play him—such a trick? How did he know—and he woke up, startled by a deep and hollow groan, to find himself outside and facing the man whose return to life or falsely reported death was the cause of all his present misery. Could it have been he, poor wretch, CHAPTER III.

he seem.

"Are you—tied as to—to time?"

"I have no money, so cannot wait, if that is what you mean, while for the same reason, it appears, I cannot go. 1 am not strong enough to work. I have been ill."

meaning of his choice, and—no, he found it would not do.

How could he ge, taking his life in his hands, knowing that through him the other's life was jeopardized as well. No good blinking the fact or glossing it over. If Varley died, fie, Darrell, would have been his murderer, just as surely as though he were to shoot him where he sat, smiling back, at his supposed benefactor. No, it must not be. The decision and the guilt—if he chose the been ill."

"Yes, you look it, even now," assented Guy, compassion struggling with his more active selfish fears. "You have friends perhaps on the other side?"

"I think so, to judge by this." And the man looked doubtfully at the letter he held in his hands.

"Who are they?" asked Guy.

The man handed him the letter and waited quietly while he read it.

the situation and to make up his mind. That he was trifling with temptation he knew. It was merely putting off the evil day. That the surrender would grow no easier he recognized gloomily enough even while he spoke. But what of that? It was too hard already and did but grow the harder with each step he took down the fatal way, and even yet more impossible as time went on and the supposed dying man got better.

Suddenly there appeared what promised to his distorted sense of right and wrong a possible solution of the problem.

Nor dare he stir to open door or window wrong a possible solution of the problem. Nor dare he stir to open door or window nor to fan himself lest he should affect the issue—though now he would have bartered the entire fortune for a single bartered the entire fortune for a single breath of air. But already one—the fatal one—to his strained eyes seemed gaining on its fellow, and through all his agony of preoccupation he could hear the mantel clock tick londly and remorselessly on as the lights sank lower

and lower.

Presently Varley, whom he had almost forgotten, fidgeted and began to move about. Oh, how he longed to bid

move about. On, now ne longed to but him with an oath be still! Yes, he must ring the bell and order fresh lights. Would the old ones last until the new ones came? brooded the fascinated Guy, watching on as one possessed, forgetting to speak, to smoke, almost to breathe,

watching on as one possessed, forgetting to speak, to smoke, almost to breathe, as in came the waiter bearing the lighted candles on a tray.

Ought he to call out or interfere—or would that imperil the true fairness of the ordeal? And for a moment or two he sat on in an agony of doubt.

"There, put them down, man, can't you?" cried Varley to the waiter, whereupon the stupefied Guy awoke to the necessity for prompt decision.

"No, no, leave them alone"—he was beginning, but—too late, for already the man had laid his sacrilegious hand on the fatal light, and—puff! it was gone.

Yes, the right hand light had disappeared, and at the sight Guy groaned aloud as from a blow, then turned his eyes to the left, when—wonder of wonders!—it must have been the draft—but that, too, was gone! And the twin spirals of light blue smoke curling up as though in mockery were all that was left after half an hour's long drawn agony of suspense—a suspense not over even then. For which had been extinguished first—who could say?

And in the face of this new disaster Guy grew desperate and ashamed. All that was manly woke within him. Was

or marred by a pure accident such as this? No, a thousand times no! Fate would not settle it. Then he would, once for all, would be his own fate, as every man, whether consciously or not, sooner

man, whether consciously or not, sooner or later, must.

Yes, he would own up, would wash his hands of this horrible, blistering, soul destroying wealth that was poisoning all of good there ever had been in him; would tell Varley the truth—the whole

would tell Varley the truth—the whole truth, then and there.

To him therefore did he turn at once, for he dared not trust himself to delay.

"Varley!" he cried hoarsely, "Varley!" he repeated, for the man was not attending, but was busy lighting a cigar.

"There is something I have to say."



"VARLEY!" HE CRIED HOARSELY. "To me?" inquired Varley. "All right, fire away! It's about time you did saysomething. I thought you were asleep."
And Varley's tones were both vinous and indistinct as he went on more impet

hideous conviction borne in upon him by a thousand schring their deriation massing in his ears? How did he there was the cause of all his present misery. Chapter in the same of the large hotels, and had choose to play him such a trick? How did he know—and he woke up, startled by a deep and hollow groan, to find him self outside and facing the man whose return to life or falsely reported death was the cause of all his present misery. Could it have been he, poor wretch, who nad groanes, as wondered, as he starded at the hollow cheeked, needy look ing man. Apparently not, for the stranger had been startled in his turn. "Is anything the matter?" he saked sympathetically. "Are you ill too? Can do anything for you?"

Guy shook his head, but made no attempt at reply. Both the had better do and hamit of anything for you?"

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Guy shook his head, but made no attempt at reply. Both the strength of the concluded, after all, and he turned aside, casting about hopelessly as to what he had better do and hamit of the concluded, after all, and he turned aside, casting about hopelessly as to what he had better do and hamit of the concluded anything the matter? He had been expected to stand between me and— He broke of with a shuder to anything the matter? He had been expected where he was being carried; then quite as saddenly came the suggestion. Why not temporize? Why not startly the condition of the proper is the startly and formulating his plans a he went along.

"Yon—you are antious to get beak to—the man and the broke of with the carried had the st

Varley's—that is, Paterson's—eyes as he crossed over and wrung the other's hand, while Guy, thoroughly bewildered and scarcely venturing to trust his ears, breathed again as he watched cloud after cloud of misapprehension—all of his own creating—roll harmlessly away, for had he not at the outset given way before temptation so weakly as he had he might have known all he knew then about the supposed Varley two months ago.

ago. Yes, it had been his own fault entirely. He saw that clearly now. The only crumb of real comfort to be drawn from the whole trying experience lay in the fact that he really had made up his mind

to own the truth—before ever he learned t.—Illustrated Magazine.

We have all read in our nursery cla cleverly that the birds came and pecked at them. A funny paraphrase of the old tale occurred at one of the well known Long Island watering places the other day. The artist in this case was Mme
of Paris, and the masterpiece was
"a perfect love" of a hat—a great shady
leghorn most artistically twisted into picturesque shape and decorated wit perfect summer blossoms. They wer so perfect that it was no wonder tha patient Dobbin, Farmer Hayseed's old horse, stretched out his nose longingly toward the lovely clovers, daisies and

grasses that bobbed so temptingly on th

head of a pretty girl just beyond his reach, where he stood before the postof-fice waiting for his master. Just at that moment a tall youth with nearer to the wistful, outstretched nostrils of the longing brute until, with one final reach of his long neck, he attained the coveted morsel. Before the somewhat absorbed young people realized the situation he had wrenched off the entire garniture of the beautiful French hat, and amid the laughter of the spectators backed out of reach to enjoy his feast, caving the poor girl with a completely enuded, ridiculous looking pinned by the station of the spectators are the only reliable and Hones Medicine he offers some works. backed out of reach to enjoy his teast, leaving the poor girl with a completely denuded, ridiculous looking pinned up affair, its erstwhile "cachet" lost forever.

—New York Tribune.

Wives Advised to Retaliate Father Naraiello of the Church of the acred Heart has received numerous omplaints of men neglecting their families and spending their money loons. He advised the wives w ceived brutal treatment at the h drunken husbands to retaliate. If en husbands construed their in vows to give them a right to be wives, the wife had an equal right beat her husband. The vomen not to be afraid of drunken rutes, as in nearly every case they would be found to be great cowards.—Bloomfield Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Fuddy—The villain! But you made him swallow his words? Duddy—How could I, when they were so bitter?

Tommy-Pop, what's the difference between a bon mot and a joke? Tommy's pop—A bon mot is some-thing you tell a friend, and a joke is something a friend tells you.

Miss McFlirter—I have refused seven offers of marriage since last season.

Miss C. Vere—Quite a sleight-of hand reformer, aren't you?

Mrs. Borer—Why, here's little Wilalie Johnson. How is your mamma, Wilalie I hef Willie-Pretty well, I thank you.
When we came out she was starting to

And in the face of this new disaster Gruy grew desperate and ashamed. All that was manly woke within him. Was he a child to leave himself and his whole future at the mercy of every chance wind that blew, to let his whole life be made



Dean Swift's Dinner

Swift, who, after a series of expensive entertainments in London, invited six expecting the usual costly surfeit of good things. They found the table laid with a piece of bread, a bottle of wine, a plate at each cover, and a waiter behind each chair. They took their

"Mr. Dean," said the lord chancellor, "we fail to see the joke."

Swift lifted his plate. Underneath was the bill of fare of a neighboring cafe and a half-crown. He turned to the waiter at his side, and gave him the money. "Here," he said, "bring me the worth of that in goose and po-

The guests each sent the money under his plate for whatever dish he

Swift then laid upon the table one nundred pounds, and deducting the three crowns which had been spent said; "The remainder-the crumbs and fragments—are to go to the poor.
We all have had enough money to satisfy hunger. You shall advise me

-Lady John Scott, who gave "Annie Laurie" to the musical world, still devotes her time to relieving the troubles of veterans of the Crimean war.

"I suppose you are looking forward to the baseball season with pleasure?" said Hobbs to his friend, the baseball

"I don't know," said the crank pathetically. "You see, my vocal chords are a wretched condition.

"Best Liver Pid Made."
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