

MISCELLANEOUS.

Algy—"I don't want you to wash my face!" Grandma—"Why, I've washed my face three times a day ever since I was a little girl." Algy—"Yes; and just see how it shrunk it."

A medical paper prints statistics showing that in eight of the largest southern cities of the United States the proportion of deaths from consumption among the colored race, as compared with the total mortality, is more than 50 per cent. greater than that of the white population.

A boy walked into a Toronto merchant's office in search of a situation. After being put through a series of questions by the merchant, he was asked: "Well, my lad, what is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," he replied; "same as you have on your door—'push.'" He was engaged.

Those who have read "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" know the matchless power of pathos and humor of which Ian Maclaren is the master. He has engaged to write three new stories for *The Youth's Companion*.

Why He Felt Bad—"Good morning, Jasper. I am very sorry to hear of domestic trouble." "Wha' sorter trebble dat, sah?" "Why, I mean the trouble in your home affairs. I am told that your wife has run away from you. Is that a fact?" "Deed it ar', sah." "Of course you feel very bad about it?" "Yes, sah. De way de marter stan' at de present time, sah, I feels mighty bad." "At the present time; what do you mean by that?" "I mean, sah, dat she hain' had time yit ter fur 'nough to make de ol' man feel sho' dat she hain' comin' back."

ACHING JOINTS

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In reporting a sermon of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the London *Times* ascribed to him that "there is nothing ascertainable in what you call 'spiritual things,' the Postal Telegrapher, which best interprets this age, tells you the best you can come to in this line of thought:

'And falling with my weight of cares Upon the world's great altar stairs That slope through darkness up to God,' etc.

The next day the *Times* explained that the interpreter referred to was "the Poet Laureate," instead of "the Postal Telegrapher." It is a testimony of the fortitude and composure of the late prelate that in the interval he neither resigned nor went over to Rome, but kept on with his apostolic and administrative duties, as if nothing had happened. It is rare that the *Times* corrects or explains, but when the Primate of the Church and of Parnassus were both so closely concerned something of the sort was indispensable. Otherwise it would have gone far among the ribald and ungodly to promote the faith that a Talmage had been lifted into the seat of Anselm and Becket.

THE RESORT

Rev. T. C. Mellor, Rural Dean, Christ's Church Rectory, Guysboro, N.S., referred recently to K.D.C. in the following words:—"I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of K.D.C. for indigestion. I have been a victim of Dyspepsia for some time, but your remedy has worked wonders. Whenever the slightest symptoms return I resort to K.D.C., and instant relief is the result. I never fail to recommend K.D.C. wherever I go." Can more convincing proof be called for than the above. We say emphatically that K.D.C. is the Greatest Cure of the Age for Indigestion. The K.D.C. Pills are splendid for the Liver and Bowels, and cure chronic constipation when used with K.D.C.

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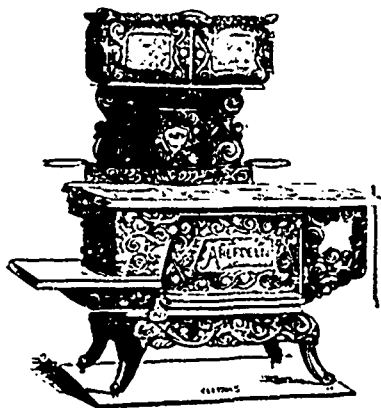
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It is said that an English steamship company is about to build a vessel which will be for the "sole use of invalids." The steamship is to be fitted up very luxuriously, and devoted entirely to the service of wealthy sufferers who are afflicted with pulmonary troubles, and who can only prolong life in the dry, salubrious climate of perpetual summer. Convalescents from other wasting diseases are to be accepted. An eminent corps of medical men will be on board, and the cuisine will be in charge of chefs trained to the delicate task of ministering to the refined and capricious tastes of invalids. The vessel will make its initial trip next autumn, and winter in the Mediterranean.

YOUNG MOTHERS

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.

A good story is told on the venerable Bishop Whipple, of St. Paul. One evening in the autumn, as he was walking along the street, he noticed a little fellow trying to ring the door-bell of a fine residence. He was so short that he could barely reach it on his tip-toes and the good bishop in his kindness said: "Shall I help you, my little man?" The boy intimated that he would be much obliged, and the bishop rang the bell. Thereupon the little fellow remarked, "Now we'd better run like sixty!" and decamped as rapidly as possible. It took the bishop just a moment to remember that it was Hallow-e'en, and it is said that he got around the corner about as rapidly as the small boy.

"My Experiences with Indians," by the Hon. Carl Schurz. The charm of Mr. Schurz's writings is well known, and it is again conspicuous in an article recently written for *The Youth's Companion*, which describes his visits as Secretary of the Interior to the Indian reservations, where he met such famous chiefs as Ouray, Spotted Tail and White Thunder.

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked. "No sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "The evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly; "stand down!" The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

Bob Burdette, the well-known American writer, wrote as follows to a drinking friend: "For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of 100 feet at a gulp. Just figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains just 43,560 square feet. Estimating for convenience that it is first-class land and worth \$43.56 per acre, you see that it brings it at just ten cents for ten square feet. Now take a good square drink and you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your jovial friends and treat them, and they will thus help you to gulp down a five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree and you will swallow pasture land enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin, brandy or whiskey; there is dirt in it—one hundred feet of good rich dirt, just worth \$43.56 per acre."

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