

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Never get tired of journalism," said Sir Edwin Arnold the other day to a press man, "for it is the cleanest profession of all." During the last thirty years Sir Edwin himself has written probably more than 10,000 leading articles.

Fred Douglass wrote a sentence by request in a lady's birthday book. Picking out the date of Abraham Lincoln's birthday, he wrote under Lincoln's name: "The only public man with whom I ever conversed for an hour without being reminded of my colour."

There are still five of the road coaches running out of London, and they will, as at present arranged, continue doing so until Easter, while it is probable that one or two others, notably the Quicksilver, which ran to Burnham Beeches during the summer, will be added to the number before Christmas.

Among the many anniversary celebrations which are to be observed this year in England is the 200th anniversary of the foundation of the Bank of England. The Old Lady of Threadneedle street came into existence in 1694; and its charter was renewed by the administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1844, when it received what is practically a monopoly of issuing English banknotes.

The jewellery found recently in an excavation near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4300 years ago. The figures cut on amethyst and carnelian are described as exquisite and anatomically correct. The gold is skilfully worked, and precious stones are set into it so as to give the effect of enamelling.

Probably the oldest clergyman in the world was a Greek priest who lately died in Thessaly, Greece, after completing his 120th year. He never left the place in which he was born and where he died. He was accustomed to begin his priestly offices before sunrise, and to retire promptly at nine. His sight and hearing were in excellent condition to the day of his death, and he never made use of glasses. He was in the active ministry for ninety-nine years.—*New York Tribune.*

As everybody knows, a good many steady customers of barber shops and Turkish bath establishments have their own cups, brushes, soap, and so on; but it may not be so well known that certain steady customers of beer saloons keep their own mugs there. Nevertheless, this is a fact. Usually the mugs are of German stoneware, with illustrations, mottoes in old text and pewter covers. And they hold more than glasses, which is much in their favour from the customer's point of view.—*Evening Sun.*

Mr. Grant Allen will have it that Tyndall was not a materialist. In an appreciative article in the *Review of Reviews* he says that "the City and West End are full of materialists, who think the universe consists entirely of matter, with a material heaven and a material hell, and with material spirits more or less pervading it. They think they themselves have souls, but that the universe at large is inert and lifeless. Against this gross materialism of the world, Tyndall, like all other thinking men, revolted. He was impressed with the infinite mystery and majesty of the cosmos."

The way in which the late President Carnot was named after the Persian poet, Sadi, who is little read nowadays, is interesting, and recalls a deal of French history. Sadi was the favourite poet of the French revolutionists of the last century, and the literature of the day is full of quotations from him. Carnot's father, of the Directory, was, like the rest, a great admirer of Sadi, and named one of his sons after him. This son was the late President's uncle, and the name was continued in the family. After the death of his father the late President was simply Mr. Carnot. Before that he had been Mr. Sadi Carnot.

Hung Fung, the Chinese sage, nearly a hundred years old, being asked by the Emperor what was the great risk of the Empire, answered: "The rat in the statue"; and he explained that the rat hides in the hollow, painted, wooden statues, erected to the memory of dead ancestors, and he cannot be smoked out, because that would desecrate the statue, and cannot be drowned out, for that would wash the paint off; and so the vermin can find secure refuge in the sacred inclosure. Everywhere social evils are the rat in the statue. Many a sin gets into the Church itself, and cannot be smoked out, lest we defile the Church, nor drowned out, lest we wash off from the Church the paint of respectability.

The Duchess of Bedford recently told a girls' needlework society in Mile End, England, that the bonnet which the Queen wore at the jubilee service was practically made by the Princess of Wales. "It was sent home," said Her Grace, "looking heavy and ugly. Nobody dared return it to the milliner without the Queen's orders, and nobody liked to ask Her Majesty for such instructions. So the ladies in waiting showed it to the Princess of Wales, knowing how clever she is in all such matters, and Her Royal Highness with her own hands altered it and twisted it till it became the extremely becoming and tasteful headdress which we all admired on that memorable occasion. Everybody who saw it thought that the Queen had never had a prettier bonnet, but how it came to be so pretty is news of to-day."

AN OLD RHYME RESET.

"Affliction sore long time she bore
Physicians were in vain."
At last one day, a friend did say,
"You'd soon be well again."

if you would take, as I did, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for that is the cure for all the peculiar ailments of women. It is a safe, simple and sure remedy. It banishes those distressing maladies that make woman's life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammations and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. As a nerveine it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria and induces refreshing sleep. She took the advice and and is well. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* of curing in every case, or money paid for it returned.

Asthma cured, by newly discovered treatment. For pamphlet, testimonials and references, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN ESSEX COUNTY MIRACLE.

HOW AN OLD LADY WAS RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

Strong Testimony of a Reliable Witness Added to the Already Long Chain of Evidence—Why Suffer When the Means of Cure are at Hand?
From the Leamington Post.

Mrs. Mary Olmstead, a highly respected and well known lady residing south of the village of Wheatley, eight miles from Leamington, has been the subject of an experience that has created not a little wonder, and has excited so much comment in the vicinity of the lady's home that the Post believes it will prove of general interest.

Proceeding to the handsome farm residence, we were ushered into a room where sat the genial old lady. Upon enquiry she informed us that she was in her eightieth year, and for one of her years she is the picture of health. She expressed her readiness to make public the particulars of her suffering and cure, stating that while she did not care to figure prominently in the newspapers, yet if her testimony would relieve others suffering as she had done, she would forego any scruples in the matter. She then related the story of her case as follows: "About six years ago I was stricken with sciatica rheumatism, which first made its appearance in my left knee, but gradually took possession of all my limbs. Within three months after its first appearance I was unable to leave my bed, and day and night suffered the most excruciating pain. My limbs were swollen to more than twice their natural size, and drawn out of all natural shape. My feet were also badly swollen, and my right arm was in the shape of a semi-circle. For three long years I suffered in this manner, being unable to put a foot to the floor, the only way I could move around was by being wheeled in a chair. My appetite gradually left me until I had no desire or relish for food of any kind, and I got very thin and weak. During all this time I kept doctoring with the medical practitioners of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of medicine which cost my husband much money, but I am unable to say that I received any benefit from this medicine. My agony kept increasing and my system growing weaker, till many times death would have been a welcome relief to my sufferings. After reading in the newspapers about the many cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to try them. My case was a stubborn one, and it was not until I had taken half a dozen boxes of the pills that I began to feel an improvement. I continued taking the pills, however, and never had a relapse, and to-day I am as hearty and healthy as I was before the rheumatism came on. I am now able to knit and sew as fast as any young person, while for years my fingers were as stiff as needles. I owe my recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the Company's trade mark. Do not be persuaded to try something else.

I was CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N.S.

R. F. HEWSON.

I was CURED of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth, N. S.

FRED COULSON,
Y.A.A.C.

I was CURED of Black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglesville.

J. W. RUGGLES.