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ECHOES AND ETCHINGS.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Electricity has been doing some pretty work in the photographing of drops of water, and Prof. U. V. Boys in a recent lecture gave illustrations of what had been accomplished. He first showed photographs taken by the electric spark of soap bubbles in the act of bursting and explained the process by which it is possible to ascertain the respective speed at which different soap bubbles burst. One photograph showed an issue of liquid from a very small pipe, which to the naked eye appeared to be a perfect stream, but which, on an electric photograph being taken, was resolved into a beautiful and regular series of drops. In connection with this Prof. Boys remarked that the science of liquids and of the forces involved in the phenomena of the surface of liquids was one of the most interesting branches of physical science. The effect on a fountain of playing or singing was to change its appearance into one, two or three apparently separate, clear streams of liquid, but a photograph taken as a tuning fork was struck demonstrated that the water was disposed in drops in perfect regularity. A picture of a rifle bullet passing through the air at the rate of 2,000 feet a second was also exhibited. Prof. Boys, however, showed that if it were wished to investigate what was really happening when a rifle bullet was being projected through the air at the maximum possible speed, it would be necessary to have recourse to a method of illumination infinitely more rapid than the electric spark. For this purpose a mirror of steel, about the size of a 25-cent piece is now used. As mounted as to revolve with ease without getting hot at the enormous speed of about 1,600 times a second, and the end of the beam of light given off from this mirror passes across the screen at such a rate that it enables photographs to be taken in about one ten-millionth of a second.

A TRULY REMARKABLE BRUTE.

The sagacity of the elephant is a "chestnut" in all story books for boys, but a recent letter from Europe shows it up as an entirely new light, and incidentally shows that while the sagacity of the brute is indeed wonderful, besides having the supreme merit of being peculiarly fruitful. The account runs thus: The proprietor of the circus announced that on a certain night his elephant would play the Russian hymn on a piano with his trunk. Intense interest was aroused, and when the evening came the expectant public crowded the circus to the roof. After the usual performances four men carried in a cottage piano, which they placed in the center of the arena. Then the intelligent animal was brought in, paraded with much dignity three times around the ring, and then, amid the keenest excitement, advanced to the piano. With a movement of his trunk he touched the keyboard, but hardly had he done so, when a surprising change came over him. He trembled with fear and rage, whirled his trunk into the air, and then with a scream of terror, rushed out of the arena.

There was a great hurrying to and fro of the employees, and the circus proprietor: "The elephant kept left the ring for consultation. In a few minutes the proprietor returned, and announced with regret that the performance could not take place. The fact was, he said, that the elephant had recognized in the keyboard of the instrument a portion of the tusks of his long-lost mother, who had fallen a prey to the ivory hunters of Africa. He had suggested to the keeper that another piano might be procured, but that expert had informed him that the animal was so overcome with emotion that it would be impossible for it to perform that evening. Under these circumstances he suggested that the "Russian Hymn," followed by the "March," should be played by the band. The entertainment was thus brought to a close amid the frantic applause of the audience.

JAPAN'S STRONG MEN EAT RICE.

(Ed. Perkins.) While they devour their trees and shrubbery, the Japanese have made a race of giant men—a race of wrestlers. These wrestlers often weigh 200, 300, and 400 pounds. At the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo they brought their champion wrestler to my room. He was prodigious in size and as fat as a baby. He was a Hercules in strength, but looked like an overgrown cherub of Correggio.

"What do you eat?" I asked.

"Rice, nothing but rice."

"Why not eat meat?"

"Meat is weakening. Beef is 70 per cent. water. Rice is 80 per cent. food. I eat lean beefsteak once and my strength left me. The other man ate rice and threw me down."

My cousin said: "This wrestler is the Sullivan of Japan. No one can throw him."

WITH MASTER MINDS.

He that has lost his faith, what staff has he left?—[Bacon.]

Everyone can master a grief but he that has it.—[Shakespeare.]

Children have more need of models than of critics.—[Joubert.]

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.—[Dizrael.]

There is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human breast as envy.—[Sherridan.]

One kind of happiness is to know exactly at what point to be miserable.—[Rochefoucauld.]

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—[Wendell Phillips.]

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will ruin the law when he may have forgotten its cause.—[Henry Ward Beecher.]

Employment gives health, sobriety and morals. Constant employment and well paid labor produce in a country like ours, general prosperity, content and cheerfulness. Thus happy have we seen the country.—[Daniel Webster.]

Truly an impossibility.

"It is impossible to say too much in favor of the astonishing efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in severe cases of rheumatism."—[Christian World, London, Eng.]

The only sure alarm clock in the morning is a faithful oil rooster. You can buy a good one for a quarter and he will go to your neighbor's for all his meals.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

WITH THE FAIR SEX.

DRESS LIKE MEN.

The women of the Nomad Mongolian tribe known as the Kalmucks dress like the men. They are usually below medium height, and their facial expression is hard and without interest. The Kalmuck women ride as wildly as the men, and seated astride their horses are able to stoop down and seize an object from the earth when in full gallop. They are good mothers, although slaves to their husbands. Girls may marry at 14 years of age, and if, at the age of 20 they are still single, they must marry a widower, and never a young man.

THE SWEET SINGER.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has given £1,000 toward founding a hospital in France, especially intended for the cure of diseases of the throat. Such munificence on the part of the famous singer is the result of an early vow. Mme. Nilsson, whose parents were very poor, had often to shiver under the cold blast of wintry Sweden. When she was about 7 years of age she was attacked with croup, and had to be conveyed to a small hospital at Chirana. Such attention was paid to her that she was able to escape the danger which at one time threatened her. Hence the vow and its fulfillment.

ANCIENT FASHIONABLE DINNER HOURS.

In the fourteenth century the King of France dined at 8 a.m. and retired to rest at 8 p.m. In the time of Philip the Good an old verse said: "Rise at 5, dine at 9, sup at 5, go to bed at 9, and thou shalt live to be ninety and nine." In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the dinner hour was 11 a.m. Louis XV. changed the dinner hour to 2 o'clock. Two o'clock remained the usual dinner hour in France up to the time of the revolution, after which 6 o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper classes breakfasted at 7 a.m. in the reign of Henry VIII. and dined at 10 a.m. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner hour was 11 a.m. and supper was served about 2 o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner was still that of the French revolution was 12 o'clock. Afterward it was fixed at 1 o'clock.

THE LADY AND THE ELEPHANT.

The London courts will be called upon soon to decide one of the most curious cases that ever puzzled legal brains. A lady was seated a few weeks ago in the Zoological Gardens, and for security's sake the keeper of the arena. Then the intelligent animal was brought in, paraded with much dignity three times around the ring, and then, amid the keenest excitement, advanced to the piano. With a movement of his trunk he touched the keyboard, but hardly had he done so, when a surprising change came over him. He trembled with fear and rage, whirled his trunk into the air, and then with a scream of terror, rushed out of the arena.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

1. To clean piano keys, the finest whitening.
2. For taking all stains out of fine clothing, benzine applied in a circle around the spot, working to the center, and sponging off.
3. Taking a grease spot off delicate fabric, by touching the spot with the yolk of egg, then laying a piece of white ribbon over the spot, repeating with fresh water several times.
4. Taking out paint from a garment by wetting with benzine, rubbing with a woolen cloth, then wetting and rubbing again.
5. Removing ink from white goods with oxalic acid and then warm water.
6. Taking ink stains from a carpet with javelle water.
7. Rubbing a fruit stain with yellow soap, putting on wet starch, and hanging in the sun several days.
8. Dipping an iron-rusted spot in tartaric acid and hanging in the sun.
9. Rubbing finger marks with javelle water.
10. A sunbath instead of fire heat.
11. Keeping flowers by immersing the stems in hot water.

WOMEN AS DENTISTS.

It is rather an interesting fact that a large proportion of the women students in the Philadelphia Dental College come from abroad. Last year out of twelve matriculants five were foreigners. Indeed, the first woman dentist in the world was a Mrs. Hirschfeld, a graduate from the Philadelphia college, who afterward became dentist to the late Emperor William. Another graduate from the same college was Gertrude Bright, a niece of John Bright, and a very successful practitioner. As a rule American women shrink from the thought of dentistry as a profession, and few have the steadiness of nerve required. Only in Chicago, where the number of women in the profession is truly remarkable, do women dentists flourish in any number. There it is found that more than half a dozen have found a name and are really busy and prosperous.

It is said that the greater part of the practice of women dentists is among children, who are less afraid of a woman dentist than a man; also that as a rule a woman drifts into dentistry instead of directly seeking it as an occupation, but this is often equally true of all the other professions into which many now quite prominent drifted through sheer force of circumstances.

A PATIENT WIFE.

John Ballentine, one of Chicago's foremost newspaper men, and brother-in-law to Col. Eugene Field, contributes an entertaining sketch to the "Wives of Well-Known Men" department of the Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Field is said to be very "trying," writes Mr. Ballentine. He is free from what are commonly called vices, and he is affectionate and devoted to his family, but he is a genius. He is esteemed and loved by all who come in contact with him, but he is also nervous, dyspeptic, usually amiable, but at times extremely irritable, always eccentric, extravagant, generous to the point of prodigality, a creature of impulse, and a perpetual obstacle to the orderly living.

He loves books, pictures, curiosities, dogs, chickens and birds. Upon the inanimate objects he lavishes a large part of his income and upon the living creatures the choicest vanda he can openly or surreptitiously extract from the larder.

He realizes what Mrs. Field has to endure. In fact he tells a dream he once had about it.

"I thought," he says, "that I had died and gone to heaven. I had come difficulty

in getting past St. Peter, who examined my record closely, but finally permitted me to pass the pearly gates. As I walked up the street of the heavenly city, I saw a venerable old man with long gray hair and flowing beard. His benign face encouraged me to address him.

"I have just arrived and am entirely unacquainted," I said; "may I ask your name?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I'm Job."

"Indeed," I exclaimed; "are you that Job whom we are taught to revere as the most patient man in the world?"

"Yes," he said, with a show of hesitation, "yes, I did have quite a reputation for patience once, but I hear that there is a woman now on earth who has suffered more than I ever did, and has endured it with greater resignation."

"Why," said I, "that is curious. I am just from earth, and I do not remember to have heard of her case. What is her name?"

"Mrs. Eugene Field," was the reply.

"Just that," said I, "is the name of the woman whose trials have left no mark on her face. She might readily be mistaken for an elder sister of her youngest boy. Mr. Field touches very gracefully on this in a poem relating to his 33rd birthday: 'And, dear girl, with velvet eyes, I wonder what you mean, Through all our keen anxieties, By keeping sweet a steen.'

WITH THE POETS.

WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT IT.

Lyrics to Inez and Jane.
Dolores or Ethel and Mary;
Senoritas distant as Spain,
And damsels just about the way.

It is not that I'm jealous, nor that,
Of either Dolores or Jane,
Of some girl in an opposite hat,
Or in one of his castles in Spain.

But it is, that salable prose
Put aside for this profitless strain,
I sat day darning his hose,
And he sings of Dolores and Jane.

Though the winged horse we know must be free
To "spurn (for the pretty) the plain,"
Should the text of work fall wholly on me
While he soars with Dolores and Jane!

I am neither Dolores nor Jane,
But to lighten a little my life,
Might the poet spare me a strain—
Although I am only his wife!

—Charles Henry Webb.

OF A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

I would not care if I could repeat
A life which still is good and sweet;
I keep in age, as in my prime,
An unobscured step with time.
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait.
And trust the path I cannot see,
That God is good, sufficient me,
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That I may lose little in truth,
And gain in Heaven's immortal youth,
And all our loves and longings prove
The foretaste of divine love!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

TO ONE DEAD.

You, who when living, were so dainty-sweet
That even summer suns would seem to glow
With heatier radiance on the path your feet
Might choose to tread—you, who from long
(From fairy babyhood to those dark days
When laughter ceased), have ever loyally
spread
Your tender witchery before our gaze—
Do you regret us, dear? you, being dead.

Are there no moments in your calm grave rest
When you remember earth, and earth's warm love?
Has recollection paled before that best
And highest joy which waited you above?
The sliver of memory was ours to bind
Into heart-roses, but its pain thus fled,
Does it now nestle in your heart, or find
Its piteousness refused? you being dead.

It would not harm your unity of praise,
Though we had had the blue of April eyes,
Now they are veiled our own we dumbly raise
To fix them on the blue of Paradise.
And I might make it easier could I deem
That old familiar names one daily said
Find a hushed echo, like some twice-dreamed
dream:

Ah! for we miss you dear! you, being dead.
—Mabel E. Wotton, in Temple Bar.

SOCIAL REFORM.

FATHER OF PROHIBITION.
Neal Dow will shortly publish a history of the Maine liquor law, which promises to be an important document. It will contain biographical sketches of prominent men identified with it.

SACRAMENTAL WINES.

The Christian Patriot of Morristown, Tenn., says: "There was no brandy in the passover wine which our Lord used in instituting the great feast of the church. The art of distilling was unknown in his age. There should be no brandy on the communion table. But the wines of commerce, claret, port, etc., are 'fortified' with brandy to keep them. They should not be used for sacramental purposes."

THE DEVIL AND BRANDY.

Who invented brandy? The good people in certain parts of Germany say that it was the devil, and perhaps they are not so far wide of the mark. Here is the legend: A Steinbach man enjoyed the father of evil spirits entering an orchard tree and there he was imprisoned until the tree was cut down. His first step on regaining his freedom was to visit his own particular dominion, which to his horror he found empty.

This naturally would not do, so he sat about reaping hell without delay. He thought the quickest plan would be to start a distillery, so he hurried off to Nordhausen, where his manufacture of brandy (his own invention) became so famous that people from all parts came to him to learn the new art and to become distillers. From that time his satanic majesty has never had to complain of the paucity of subjects.

PROHIBITION OVER THE BORDER.

Kansas, with prohibition, has 100,000 more people than Texas, has but one penitentiary and 966 prisoners. Texas, with saloons, and 100,000 less people than Kansas, has two penitentiaries and 3,000 convicts. The banks of Maine have just reported that of the 601,000 people of that State 146,000 have \$50,278,452 deposited in the savings banks, so that prohibition cannot have ruined business. A glance at local opinion in operation in Illinois shows that the prohibition town of Pullman, with a population of 11,000, gets along admirably with a police force of but two constables in all. The Dakota Farmer says:

"Notwithstanding the efforts of the liquor dealers to the contrary, drunkenness has been almost wiped out—many a former moderate drinker has quit the habit, and, above all, a host of young men have started on a sober and industrious career under the influence of prohibition. The drink bill of the two Dakotas dropped off 70 per cent. the very first year, and has been growing materially less ever since, and no one has been made the poorer thereby but the saloon-keepers, brewers and distillers."

ALCOHOL IN SURGERY.

Mr. Frederick Treves, the well-known surgeon of the London Hospital, in his "Manual of Operative Surgery," has some striking remarks on the risks attending operations on the bodies of drunkards. He says: "A scarcely worse subject for an operation can be found than is provided by the habitual drunkard. The condition contra-indicates any but the most necessary and urgent procedures such as amputation for severe crush, herniotomy and the like. The mortality of these operations among alcoholics is, it is needless to say, enormous. Many individuals who state they 'do not drink,' and who, although never drunk, are yet always taking a little stimulant in the form of 'sip' and an occasional glass, are often as bad subjects for surgical treatment as are the acknowledged drunkards."

"Of the secret drinkers," continued Mr. Treves, "the surgeon has to be indeed a surgeon. Sir James Paget mentions the case of a person who was a drunkard on the sly, and yet not so much on the sly, but that it was well known to his more intimate friends. His habits were not asked after, and one of his fingers was removed because of disease had spoiled it. He died in a week or ten days with spreading cellular inflammation, such as was far from unlikely to occur in a habitual drunkard. Even abstinence from alcohol for a week or two before an operation does not seem to greatly modify the result." Dwell on the immense importance to an operator of cultivating "a surgical hand," the same writer points out that "a shaky hand" may be developed by irregular modes of living, by the moderate use of alcohol, and by smoking—[Journal of Inebriety.]

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Ed. L. WILLIAMS, of Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Alma, Neb. I give it Daughters' College to my children when Harrodsburg, Ky. I troubled with Croup have depended upon and never saw it in attack of Croup. It is simply my little daughter. It is simply my little daughter. It is simply my little daughter.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible fits of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

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Supplies all the elements of PRIME BEEF needed to form "Flesh," "Muscle" and "Bone."

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The great nerve and brain restorer. It builds up a wasted system, restores to normal nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Fits and Neuritis, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Wards, Loss of Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude and all draining or loss of power of the generative organs in either sex. Involutionary Losses, or Self Abuse, caused by Over-Excitation, Youthful Indulgence, or the use of tobacco, opium, stimulants which ultimately lead to consumption and insanity. With every \$5.00 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Price \$5.00 a package, or 6 for \$25. By mail to any address. Ask your druggist for it, or if you prefer, a substitute or imitation which pays him a larger profit, leave his dishonest store, and mail it to us. A. A. BROWN & CO., Windsor, Ont. Agents for Can., Spanish Med. Co., Madrid.

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FOR THE VOICE.

"Now is the Winter of our Discontent made Glorious Summer" by the warm and comfortable

Melissa Rain-Proof Clothing!

This is the season of the year when one appreciates the great benefits which Melissa has placed within the reach of everybody.

No one thinks of going out these days without taking something along as a protection against the inclement weather.

An Umbrella does not fill the bill

or, even if one does not leave it in the street car or somewhere else, it is always in the way.

A Rubber Coat won't do

for it is positively dangerous to be folded in the clammy embrace of an airtight waterproof in cool weather, and then the odor is so intensely disagreeable.

A Melissa Coat is the thing

Stylish, warm, comfortable, rain-proof, porous, odorless—takes the place of an overcoat, waterproof and umbrella.

Be sure you get the genuine Melissa, stamped with the Melissa Trade Mark. All good dealers keep them.

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