Bunner in "Puck."

**They certainly are nice people, assented to my wife's observation, using the colloquial phrase with a consciousness that it was anything but a "inice" English, "and I'll bet that their three children are better brought up than their children are better brought up than the constant of familiar to every bing as if her young heart would break. "They certainly are nice people," I

most of—"
"Two children," corrected my wife. "Three, he told me."
"My dear, she said there were two."

"He said three."

4'You've simply forgotten. I'm sure she told me they had only two—a boy "Well, I didn't enter into particulars."

"No, dear, and you couldn't have understood him. Two children."
"'All right," I said; but I did not think it was all right. As a near-sighted man learns by enforced observation to recog-nize persons at a distance when the face is not visible to the normal eye, so the man with a bad memory learns, almost unconscicauly, to listen carefully and report accurately. My memory is bad; but I had not time to forget that Brewster Brede had told me that he had three children, at present left in the care of his mother-in-law, while he and Mrs
Brede took their summer vacation.

"Perhaps

"Two children," repeated my wife, "and they are staying with his Aunt Jenny."
"He told me with his mother-in-law," Jenny."

"He told me with his mother-in-law,"
I put in. My wife looked at me with a regions. Men may not work."

Tabb said that she didn't know how serious expression. Men may not remem-ber much of what they are told about children; but any man knows the difference between an aunt and a mother-in-

law. "But don't you think they are nice people?"asked my wife.
"Oh, certainly," 1 replied. "Only
they seem to be a little mixed up about

their chidren. "That isn't a very nice thing to say," returned my wife.

I could not deny it. And yet, the next morning, when the Bredes came down and seated themselves opposite us at table, beaming and smiling opposite us at table, bearing and suffice in their natural, pleasant, well-bred fashion, I knew to a social certainty that they were "nice" people. He was a finelooking fellow in his neat tennis flannels, slim, graceful, 28 or 30 years old, with a Frenchy pointed beard. She was "nice" in all her pretty clothes, and she herself was pretty with that type of prettiness which outwears most other types—the prettiness that lies in a rounded figure, a dusky skin, plump, rosy cheeks, white teeth and black eyes. She might have been 25; you guessed that she was

I was not surprised when, after breakfast, my wife invited the Bredes to walk with us to "our view." The Hoogencampthat sacred scene. We strolled across the fields, passed through the little belt of woods, and as I heard Mrs Brede's "I don't want," we heard Mr. Jaco-

to Brede to look up "By jove!" he cried, "heavenly 'And so that is your view?" asked Mrs Brede after a moment; "you are very generous to make it ours too.

Ah, how much better was this sort of talk than the chatter and gossip of the Brede reply, "have you yours?"
Tabb and the Hoogencamp—than the I think it was a chance shot; major's dissertation upon his everlasting

'Now, when I went up the Matterhorn," Mr Brede began. "Why, dear," interrupted his wife; "I didn't know you ever went up the Mat-

terhorn." "It-it was five years ago," said Mr Brede, hurriedly. "I-1 didn't tell you -when I was on the other side, you

its great shadow over the field where we lay. The shadow passed over the moun- in his white waistcoat (if white waist tain's brow and reappeared far below, a coats be the fashion of the hour) washed rapidly decreasing blot, flying eastward out of existence—can you tell where it over the golden green. My wife and I is? Can you—unless you are one of exchanged glances once more.

Somehow, the shadow lingered over document and hang it up on their draw a all. As we went home, the Bredes ing-room walls? us all. As we went home, the Bredes went side by side along the narrow path, and my wife and I walked together "Should you think," she asked me, "that a man would climb the Matterhorn

the first year he was married "I don't know, my dear," I answered evasively; "this isn't the first year I have been married, not by a good many, and I wouldn't climb it-for a farm.

When we reached the boarding house, Mr Jacobus took me asido. "You know," he began his discourse,

"You know what I mean?" she said.

"my wife, she used to live in N'York!" I didn't know; but I said yes. "The says the numbers on the streets run criss-cross, like. Thirty-four's on

one side o' the street and 35 on t'other. How's that? "That is the invariable rule, I be-

lieve.

"I know nothing about the character of your boarders, Mr Jacobus," I replied, conscious of some irritability. "If Jacobus wagon. I choose to associate with any of them—" "Jess so-jess so!" broke in Jacobus,

"Why, certainly not," I replied. Well-that wuz all I wuz askin ye. Ye see when he come here to take the rooms-you wasn't here then-he told my wife that he lived at No. 34 in his street. And yistiddy he told her that he

lived at No. 35. He said he lived in an apartment house. Now there can't be no apartment house on two sides of the same street, kin they?" What street was it?" I inquired

wearily.
"Hundred 'n' twenty-first street." "Maybe," I replied, still more weari-That's Harlem. Nobody knows

what people will do in Harlem. what people will do in Harlem. I went up to my wife's room. "Don't you think it's queer ?" she sak-

scribe an operation familiar to every married man. I waited until the last tress was coiled up, and then I spoke.

"I've talked with Brede," I said, "and I didn't have to catechize him. He seemed to feel that some sort of an extended to feel that some sort of an extended from the seemed from the seemed to feel that some sort of an extended from the seemed to feel that some sort of an extended from the seemed from th

ous it was until he had got so far into it that he couldn't back out; and he didn't tell her because he'd left her here, you —"I'd orter've known better," he said. see, and under the circumstances—"
And my last doubt of Mr Brede vanishing de das he shook that grimy hand in manly

been sitting with her the whole after-noon, sewing, and she told me that he

many lumps of sugar he took in his coffee. Now that seems queer, doesn't It did. It was a queer thing. But it

looked queer. Very queer.

The next morning, it was clear that war was declared against the Bredes. They came down to breakfast somewhat late, and as soon as they arrived the Biggleses swooped up the last fragments that remained on their plates, and made a stately march out of the dining-room. Then Miss Hoogencamp arose and de-parted, leaving a whole fishball on her plate. Even as Atlanta might have dropped an apple behind her to tempt her pursuer to check his speed, so Miss Hoogencamp left that fishball behind her, and between her maiden self and

contamination.

We had finished our breakfast my to take sides upon such insufficient testi-

After breakfast it was the custom the male half of the Jacobus household to go around the corner of the building prettier than she was at 20, and that she would be prettier still at 40. sat under a trellis covered with a grape-vine that had borne no grapes since the with us to "our view." The Hoogencamp-Biggle-Tabb-Halket contingent never stirred off Jacobus' verands, but we both felt that the Brede would not profane persons who were in earnest conversation in the straggling, half-dead flower-garden

little cry of startled rapture, I motioned bus say, "to enter into no man's pryvacy; but I do want to knew who it may be, like, that I hev in my house. Now, what I ask of you, and I don't want you to take it in no ways personal, is-hev you your merridge license with you?" "No," we heard the voice of Mr.

I think it was a chance shot; but it told all the same. The major (he was a circulars! My wife and I exchanged widower) and Mr. Biggles and I looked at each other; and Mr. Jacobus, on the other side of the grape trellis, looked at

-I don't know what-and was as silent as we were. Where is your marriage license, ried reader? Do you know? Four men, not including Mr Brede, stood or "I-I didn't tell you sat on one side or other of that grapetrellis, and not one of them knew where know—it was rather dangerous—well, as I was saying—it looked, oh, it didn't had one—the major had three. But where were they? Where is yours? A cloud floated overheard, throwing Tucked in your best man's pocket; des great shadow over the field where we posited in his desk, or washed to a pulp those people who frame that interesting

> Mr Brede's voice arose, after an awful stillness of what seemed like five minutes and was probably 30 seconds:

"Mr Jacobus, will you make out yo bill at once and let me pay it? I shall leave by the 6 o'clock train. And will you also send the wagon for my trunks? "I hain't said I leave—" began Mr Jacobus; but Brede ed to do. cut him short.

"Bring me your bill." "But," remonstrated Jacobus, "ef ye

"Bring me your bill!" said Mr Brede My wife and I went out for our morn. rg's walk. But it seemed to us, when we looked at "our view," as if we could only see those invisible villages of which Brede had told us-that other side of the ridges and rises of which we can catch no glimpse from lofty hills or from the "Then—I say—these here new folk meant to stay out until the Bredes had that you 'n' your wife seem so mighty taken their departure; but we returned taken up with—dy'e know anything just in time to see Pete, the Jacobus darkey, the blacker of boots, the brusher of coats, the general handy man of the house, loading the Brede trunks on the

And, as we stepped upon the veranda down came Mrs Brede, leaning on Mr "I hain't nothin' to say ag'ınat yer sosherbil'ty. But do you know them ?"

Brede's arm, as though she were ill; and it was clear that she had been crying. There were heavy rings about her pretty

black eyes. My wife took a step toward her. "Look at that dress, dear," she whis ered; "she never thought anything like

this was going to happen when she put It was a pretty, delicate, dainty dre a graceful, narrow-striped affair. Her hat was trimmed with a narrow-striped silk of the same colors-maroon and -and in her hand she held a parasol that matched her dress.

"She had a new dress on twice day," said my wife, "but that's the pret-tiest yet. Oh, somehow,—I'm awfully sorry they're going."

But going they were. They moved

bing as if her young heart would break.

'Oh, you poor dear, silly, children!"
my wife cried, as Mrs Brede sobbed on

planation was looked for, and he was sobbed Mrs Brede; "and we d-d-didn't very outspoken. You were right about the children—that is, I must have misunderstood him. There are only two. But the Matterhorn episode was simple enough. He didn't realize how danger-ous it was until he had got so far into it.

noon, sewing, and she told me that he left her at Geneva, and came back and took her to Basle—and the baby was born there—now, I'm sure, dear, because I asked her."

"Perhaps I was mistaken when I thought he said she was on this side," I suggested, with bitter, biting irony.

"You noor dear, did I abuse you?"

"You noor dear, did I abuse you?" I recognize the obligations of the situa-

We five men filed down the street. The two women went toward the pleas-ces the little pittance, perhaps the name of ant slope where the sunlight gilded the her who gave it is forgotten, but it is forehead of the great hill. On Mr Jac- written on high where the millionaire's obus' veranda lay a spattered circle of name has no place; for that little was shining grains of rice. Two of Mr Jaco- given for "sweet charity's" sake, not to

The Baby Was Lost.

two lots to a young mechanic, who had come during the afternoon with his young wife to sign the necessary papers, among which were a score or more of promissory notes. The young wife had with her a chubby, pretty, blue-eyed, and rosy-cheeked little baby, possibly six or seven months old. The little one was asleep when the couple reached the office, and when the time care to sign the fashion recognizes no such thing as sufwife and I, before the Bredes appeared.
We talked it over and agreed that we notes the mother laid her sleeping baby

on one of the adjoining desks—one of the cylinder top variety.

How it ever happened nobody knew, but the clerk whose desk it was, having to go out, carelessly pulled the top down without noticing the mite of humanity, locked it, and went away. It took possibly ten or fifteen minutes to sign the notes and papers, and then the couple made ready to go. Then the mother discovered that her first born was miss-ing. For the life of her Mrs. couldn't remember what she had done with the baby. And then there was a

waste baskets emptied, and clerks search- come in contact with some poor, lost ed high and low, but no baby could be found. The young mother was almost frantic. a patrol wagon, with four stalwart bluecoats, soon appeared on the scene.

In the course of a half hour a crowd had gathered in front of the office. It was at this juncture that the clerk who had caused all the trouble return-

"What is the matter here?" he

quired breathlessly.

"A baby has been kidnapped. "What!' and the advertising agent oined in the search. Finally the demands of business caused him to open his desk, and lo! there inside neatly curled up in her white robes, lay the little one fast asleep. During all the hubbub and confusion the baby had slumbered undisturbed. for letters in the desk had furnished all the air its little lungs needed.

Messes C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents-I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. consider it a remedy no home should be J. F. CUNNINGHAM. without. Cape Island.

So SAY ALL .- That MINARD'S LIN-IMENT is the standard liniment of the wanted to have ye day, as it does just what it is represent-

> Warts are due to some local irritation of the cuticle. They can be easily re-moved by small doses of sulphate of taken internally. treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were prompt ly cured. M. Aubert cities the case a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences, and who was in a month by a drachm and a half of megnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts. A still simpler but effective cure is external—mere rubbing of the wart at frequent intervals during the day. This persistent agitation or knead-

> > Should and Would.

Richard Grant White says : not know in English literature another passage in which the distinctions between shall and will, and would and should is at once so elegantly, so variously, so precisely, and so compactly ilustrated as in the following lines a song in Sir George Etherege's 'She Would if She Could' (1704):

"How long I shall love him I can no more tell Than, had I a fever, when I should be well, My passion shall kill me before I will show it, And yet I would give all the world he did know it. know it;
But, oh! how I sigh when I think should he
woo me
I cannot refuse what I know would undo me!

-Dr. E. Young.

"I think I'll have a talk with that young man to-night," I said, "and see if he can give some account of himself."

"But, my dear," my wife said grave-humiliation of her position, turned sharphad the measles or not."

"Why, great Scott!" I exclaimed, "they must have had them when they were children."

"Please don't be stapid," said my wife, "Please don't be stapid," said my wife, and my wife moved toward my wife, and my wife moved toward my wife, and my wife moved toward my wife moved to ward my wife moved to ward my wife of mining world if the rich man; he wife man the deep humiliation of her position, turned sharphade of the rich man; he way and opened her parasol to shield the world of the rich man; he wife man; he way and opened her parasol to shield the world of the rich man; he wife man; he way and opened her parasol to shield the what thy right hand doeth;" and again, it is a charity described as humble and not puffed up. Is the ostentatious charity of the rich man the charity of which God spoke, and which He so dearly loves? Will this so-called charity, which wins so much applause from the world, find the same approval from above? It is certainly not a charity which "hides its light under a bushel," and the left hand is certainly well aware of what its fellow is doing, especially when it signs those big checks, the amount of which will figure in tomorrew's papers. And when the charitable rich man sees those four or five figures which the world will so admire, what are his thoughts? Is his heart filled with gladness that he was able to aid in fashion.

The two women were walking off tothe sufferings of humanity, or puffed with pride at the encomiums his charity will win from the world? Let his own heart answer the question. There may be different kinds of charity, more or less worthy; but there is but one form of perfect charity, and that is given with sacrifice and self-denial. Sometimes, at the bottom of that list which is headed

by the millionaire's name, is a very small sum given by a poor widow. No one notibus' pigeons flew down and picked up the shining grains, making grateful noises far down in their throats.

win approval from the world, and meant for the giver some sacrifice, a voluntary self-denial in a life which knew but little save hardship and suffering. Do not look for true charity among the rich, the From the Chicago Tribune.

S. F. Gross, the real estate agent, sold two lots to a young mechanic, who had come during the afternoon with his

ity. When one of earth's favored ones fashion recognizes no such thing as suffering upon its surface, no matter how many hearts ache and break beneath. You must bring to it a smiling face, and when misfortune comes ask from it neither help nor sympathy, but sink quietly out of sight, and rest assured you will be unmourned and unlamented. But among the poor there are both sympathy and help for misfortune—true sympathy from hearts which have their own heavy burdens; help cheerfully, ungrudgingly given, though the givers have but little and can ill afford to give. You will find true charity among the poor in the hand

they hold out to the weak and sinful.

Among the rich sin is gilded, and they Tables and desks were shoved aside, draw aside their dainty skirts lest they creature whose thin hand is held out for charity, whose sad eyes say, "Have The police were notified, and pity; give me a chance in the name of wagon, with four stalwart blue-charity," but the rich pass accornfully on. but the rich pass scornfully on. That rich woman goes to the club, where from Philadelphia the other evening, they They, too, ransacked the office, but in she is chief in some great philanthropic met two young ladies who proved to be scheme to relieve the suffering and sinis president of this club and that club that it was a case of love at first sight on again." Sweet Girl: "Did I? Then or the relief of suffering humanity; who subscribed so generously to the Home for the Fallen: who was so indefatiga ble in getting up a bazaar to buy a sum mer resort for the sick children of the poor, or the charity ball for a new hospital; but in the eyes of heaven she i only the woman who turned away in from the poor, lost creature wh asked her charity, and, finding it not sank back into the dark abyss of sin the doors of which hunger, suffering and scorn had opened to her. The pool have no fine societies and no money, but they have kind, tender hearts and a hand ever ready to raise the weak and sinful. And, my lady of wealth, in you dainty silks and laces, who shrink back lest your skirt touch that poor unfortunate, look closely into your own life and see if it be as stainless as that woman's of poverty who raises up her sinful sis ter from the gutter and shrinks not when the poor head is bowed in shame and penitence upon her breast. And when one day you and she stand before the judgment seat of God, which will weigh heavier-your money, ostentatiously given or her words of kindness, of gentle pity before the God who said to the falle woman, "Go and sin no more?" read of a very rich man who had the reputation of being very miserly and uncharitable, because he refused to give to public charities. But, when he died twas found he had spent the greate

> and wants of the poor. And I am sure a "God bless you, sir," from the lips of applause the world could give, and the God of charity could not turn a deaf ear to such a blessing. - Emma Howard Wight in Catholic Mirror.

charity in relieving the suffering

part of his income in privately

Stick to the Right Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's ing seems to displace the root, and in a short time the wart disappears.

Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

Madame D., in Vienna, was a very pareful sort of person. She met Madam S., who asked her what birthday present she had made to her husband. Madame D. replied :- "You see, I find it very ifficult to save anything from my hous keeping money, these hard times, and I had to set my wits to work. My husband, you know, is an inveterate smoker and passionately fond of a good cigar. During the last three months, I have every evening taken a cigar out of his case and stowed it away in a box. On the evening before his birthday I presented him with this box as a surprise, "Tis impious in a good man to be sad, and you should have seen hew delighted

A RIVER MYSTERY.

SHERBROOKE (QUE.) THE SCENE OF A TRAGEDY.

The Body of James Moir, a Montrea Merchant, Found Floating in the St. Francis-Was It Accident, Suicide or

Murder? Montreal, Aug. 27.—The body of James Montreal, Aug. 27.—The body of James Moir, a Montreal merchant, was found last night floating in the St. Francis River at and bad appetite, but after a few day's use of B.B.B. I felt stronger, could eat a good meal and felt myself a different man.

W. H. Story, Mosside Onto the firm of Forrester & Moir, but some years ago he lost heavily in gold mining speculation and retired, going to Chicago, where he became an insurance cago, where he became an insurance broker. A year ago his wife died and he returned to Montreal and resided with his brother, Arch. Moir, when it was noticed that symptoms of incipient insanity were developed. On Aug. 12 Arch. Moir with his family and the deceased went to Portland Harbor, Long Island, to spend the vacation. On Aug. 20 the deceased was missed. When night came the deceased was missed. When night came and he did not return Mr. Moir became uneasy and a search was at once instituted but and placards with the description of the deceased. It is not likely that it will ever be going to Sherbrooke, whether he was accidentally drowned or whether he took his own

2 Wm. T. Glynn, Wilfrid. Ont. life in a fit of despondency. Mr. Moir was 65

200 BASKETS OF PEACHES.

Counce lout's Entire Crop Will Amount to N. WOICH, Conn., Aug. 28.-Forty years age the Connecticut peach orchards were the finest in the world. The fruit was as fair as that of California, and a great deal more delicious. So immense was the yearly crop that the market was su-fetted and farmers turned their hogs into the orchards. Then came "the yellows,"

learned to deal with the disease.

They couldn't cure it and at the end all druggists in white wrappers only. 1m of three years it invariably kills an orchard; but they set out new trees each year, and in the second and third year, you think, love, if I were to smoke it before the yellows attacked the orchards, would spoil the curtains?" Wife: "Ah! the growers had two big crops. Then you are really the most unselfish and they let the trees perish. In this way the prestige of Connecticut peaches was revived. where; certainly it would." Husband: But this year more ill-fortune has befallen the peach men. The trees didn't bear at all, Chatter. and the crop is a total failure.

A big fruit grower at New London said a look is dismal enough for

QUICKEST ON RECORD. A Walk on Atlantic City's Boardwalks tory in drug store); in which a Washington man plays a leading part comes from Atlantic City. While Mr. William B. Perkins, a such to and direct dire cessful commercial traveler for a large ing along the boardwalk with a lawve friends of the legal light from the Quaker both sides. And it was no ordinary case either, for after their short acquaintance, acquired during the progress of their promenade, they went to a magistrate and were married. The young lady was a Miss Nettie Dahl, of Germantown, Philadelphia's pretty suburb. She is a remarkably pretty blonde, vivacious and enter- not view my going with anger." taining, and declares that she will never regret her hasty and romantic act. She will has declined to receive him as a worshipaccompany Mr. Perkins in his next trip to er; "en the contrary, it gives me joy." purchase goods for his Washington house.

ALL ALONG THE LINE Brooklyn's Association Team Turns Up Her Toes—Who's Next? SYRACUSE, Aug. 27 .- At the conclusion of Thursday's game the Brooklyn Association Club closed its existence, and Manager Kennedy and his men left for New York tonight. Although four weeks in arrears in Association is responsible and will pay up. Centrefielder Peltz was signed by Manage Frazier, and he will take Hemp's place on the Syracuse team. Catcher Pitz has also been signed by Syracuse. Pitcher Murphy will go to Albany with the State League Club of that place, and Joe Gerhardt will join the St. Louis Browns in Baltimore on Wednes-

day. The Players and The Association NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—A special meeting of the Central Board of Directors of the Players' League was held to-night. The proposed amalgamation of the Brotherhood and the American Association was knocked in the head. The Boston club protested the games which Twitchell played for Buffalo.

Scores in Three Leaugues. PLAYERS' LEAGUE—Boston (1st game) 8 Chicago 7; (2nd game) Boston 2, Chicago 8 Brooklyn 9, Buffalo 10; New York 10, Pittsburg Philadelphia 5, Cleveland 6.

National League—Boston (1st game) 16, Cincinnati 8, Brooklyn 1: New York 1, Chicago

Susie's Little Brother
know what you live on. AMERICAN ASSOCIATION—Baltimore 10, St. Louis 11; Athletics 6, Columbus 3,

Silver Spur's Thousand Sove London, Aug. 27 .- At the York August neeting to-day the race for the Great Ebor have been suggested. Probably if handicap plate of one thousand sovereigns never went anywhere or did anything

The Furness Liner Ulunda Wrecked. HALIFAX, Aug. 27.—The Furness line satisfactory solution of the question. steamer Ulunda from St. John for London, Feople nust have recreation and enjoyvia Halifax, went ashore at 11 o'clock last ment, and frequently catch cold in the night at the entrance of Westport harbor, pursuit of them. Wilson's Wild Cherry Bay of Fundy, and is a total wreck. The steamer is valued at \$125,000. had a light cargo.

INTERESTING ITEMS BY WIRE.

A Central train jumped the track near Fairport

N.Y., Tuesday night. Ten cars were smashed, engineer and fireman badly hurt. Sir John Thompson has arrived at the Capital. Japanese girls whom he has been instructing He makes no secret of his intention to marry found it!"

ODDS AND ENDS.

Mrs Joliet (on their first trip across.) Feel sea-sick, Eliot?

Mr Joliet.—Not a mite; but I'm suffering terrible with that old dispensy of mine. It's jest took me.—Puck.

I have used your Burdock Blood Bit-ters and Pills and find them everything to me. I had dyspepsia with bad breath A Mosside Story.

W. H. STORY, Mosside, Ont.

Practical Mother :- "My daughter, now that you are engaged to be married

Unbearable Agony.

For three days I suffered severely from without results, although telegrams were sent about the country and railway depots pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr Fowler's known what was the object of deceased in Extract of Wild Strawberry, I found

> George: "Love, I dreamed last night that I proposed and you accepted me; that we were married and our lives were spent in bliss." What think you of this dream?" Marie: "George, dear, I have very little faith in dreams; but we might make a test."-Smith, Gray & Co's, Monthly,

For nearly twenty years this valuable

medicine has been largely used for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Loss of Voice, and an inexplicable disease that killed every tree in the state. After that few peaches grow in Connecticut, until a dozen years ago fruit growers began to set out new orchards and learned to deal with the work of the state. After that few peaches grow in Connecticut, until a dozen years ago fruit growers began to set out new orchards and learned to deal with the work of the state.

"Well, then, take the curtains down.

day or two ago that the crop in Connecticut will be less than 200 baskets. Hartt writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done look is dismal enough for preservers.

In New York and New Jersey the yield will be smaller than in many years before, and the California supply will not hold out better the california supply will not hold out be the california supply will not hold

First Young Lady (examining direc-Ends in a Wedding.

Washington, Aug. 28.—A romantic story n which a Washington man plays a First Young Lady : "Let us go to another drug store and examine their

directory."-Boston Courier.

Binard's Lintmentfor Rheumatisn Sweet Girl (poutingly): "You haveful. She is known as the charitable Mrs

City. Mr. Perkins was introduced Nicefello: "The last time I was here
so and So who does so much good; who and strolled off with one of them. It is said you told me never to dare call on you you were very rude not to stay away a

week."-Good News. Minard's Liniment is the Rest

"Miss Clara," he remarked as he reached for his hat, "I trust that you do er, "Mr Barlow !" replied his idol who -Harper's Bazar.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor .- Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy salaries they are consoled in the fact that the FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully, DR T. A. SLOCUM, ly 164 W. Adelaide st., Toronto, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

At a party, while a young Aberdeen lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelor exclaimed, 'I'd give the world for those fingers!' 'Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady's observant mamma. .

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Luring Mystery

Paterfamilias (at the supper table to Mr Thomas Cash, Susie's beau)-It is said that a Spaniard can live upon an onion and a few olives a day. It seems surprising to us, does it not? Susie's Little Brother-Mr Cash, I

Mr Cash-What, Tommy? Little Brother—On your aunt, papa says so.—Yankee Blade.

To avoid catching cold, many plans was won by Charlton's Silver Spur, Lang's out of the usual routine of life, they would be free from many of the ailments that flesh is heir to, but this is not a Wilson's Wild Cherry will cure a Cough or Cold in the short-She est possible time, and by its tonic effects, strengthen and invigorate the system at the same time. Sold by all druggists, in white wrappers.

engineer and fireman badly hurt.

Sir John Thompson has arrived at the Capital.

Private letters from Tokyo declare that the friends of Sir Edwin Arnold are seriously alarmed over his infatuation for one of the young language of the whom he has been instructing. "I meant to have told you of that THE GOSSIP OF A

COMING INDUSTRIAL EXHIE TORONTO.

Benwell_Burchell Case_Lord Aberdeen-Ras Wiman at Ontario and Dominion Rifle Convict Stabbed-The U.S.

TORONTO.—Sept. 1. It seems petition to say day after day the fair for 1500 will be the great great fairs of the Industrial Expectation. But it is almost upo boom is going out and swelling the street of the city a roar in the streets of the city the land. The harvest is good ers and villagers and townsper parts of Ontario will flock to ond and third weeks of Se second and third weeks of Seg-energetic Canadian agents of the can railways have flooded the York, Pennsylvania and Ohio w literature, and a number of mar sions from those States has be sions from those States has be So it is predicted fearlessly ple will be here in hundreds And they will see a great shot ber and variety of entries ha been so great. The staff at larger this year than ever befo finds itself unable to overtake work. The space in all the been engaged for weeks and have been make for the acc the overflow in tents. It w

On Sept. 8th the exhibition the Earl of Aber expected that Prince George the Governer-General with of Preston and other memb regal family will visit Toron take in the big show. Lord and Lady Aberdeen b

in the country. Their chil staying in Toronto for a tinguished visitors have b Montreal and Ottawa. The Hamilton. After opening bition they will go back to l a villa has been rented, and to have a quiet rest. Before in the Aberdeens will take the Pacific Coast. Rumour Aberdeen is to be our next G It is somewhat early for suever as Lord Stanley has on

The Ontario Rifle Assoc concluded a four days mee Common. The shooting all and prize money big. The following officers we current year, by the Counci Mulock, Esq., M. P., Tor-Mulock, Esq., M. P., Tordents, first military dis Lewis, retired list, London district, Lieut.-Col. Jones Brantford; third military Hugbes, Lindsay Warde Lindsay; fourth military d Macpherson, militia staff, O Lieut.-Col. Alger, distriction ronto; Secretary, Capt. Own Rifles, Toronto; Au Boomer, Toronto; Capt. T

Boomer, Toronto; Capt. T

This week will see every Ottawa, where the great Hollingworth, a convic Penetentiary, who is doing for stealing registered lecterk, has been fatally st convict. It is not expecte the Penitentiary. That a a large pair of scissors fr his cell and secrete them a murderous assault upon is a strange thing. In the murdered a guard at some years ago. If t in one case withou could not all the conv selves and make a general guards? The man who desaid to have been a ge

worker in his departmen ated to the deed by the It was understood that the allowed to speak to each shows that they can not they can quarrel. The rare not such, evidently, man, but rather to inter The McKinley tariff through the United Sta seems not work so much interests as anticipated. the principal products the United States last ye

Eggs, \$2,157,000; Hor 918,000; Hay, 822,000; 405,000; Peas, 313,000; toes, 193,090; Poultry, Under the new tariff pected will become law ber, the duty on bar from IOc. to 30c. per admitted free, will be there will be a specifi on horses and an ad va of 30 per cent. on all ad the duty on hay v 24 to \$64 per ton.

Assuming our exp United States to be 't last, the increase in th \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,00 not be so great since year was nearly 2,000 estimated yield has 7.000,000 bushels. If the United States for proportion to the who last year we will only there and that can I new duty takes effect. blow aimed at Car nothing to fall upon The 72 jurors to b stock for the Burch been chosen. Woods small building, and l newspaper men, artic Council, with the fri get crowded in, ther siders to witness the It is reported are Bullock, who is con of criminally assault step daughter, Jenn ed to his victim. Inspector Archib Inspector studied ether such a ma

ful, but the law is si Hon. J. W. Long eral of Nova Scotia Prof. Goldwin Smit annexationist or fre has also been here star combination in week to address a n dian farmers on th city, unrestricted a to reports, very fe of ladies.