

The Little Boy and the Inevitable Man.

Once upon a time a little boy went fishing on a Sunday and met the inevitable man in the white choker.

"Why," asked the inevitable man, "do you fish upon the Sabbath day?"

"Oh, sir," protested the little boy earnestly, "it is because I have thought of something quite original to say if anybody shall ask me what becomes of little boys who fish on Sunday?"

The inevitable man did not rise to the occasion, but went his way much dazed.—Detroit Journal.

Tallied One. "Euphemia," said young Spoonmore, "will you marry me?"

"I will not," replied the young woman indignantly.

"Miss Lickladder," he rejoined, making an entry in a small memorandum book and replacing it in his pocket, "you have the honor of being the first girl who has refused me since the new century began."—Chicago Tribune.

A Boomerang. "You're a nice editor, Chubb!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, you said the publisher of The Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass."

"Well, he is."

"But you add, 'We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways.'"—Harlem Life.

She Was Pale and Languid

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament street, Toronto, states: "My daughter was pale, weak, languid and very nervous, her appetite was poor and changeable; she could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung; she could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement."

"As she was growing weaker and weaker I became alarmed, and got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for some weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most effective treatment for the ailments and weakness of women that is obtainable. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS. Pyny-Balsam. The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS. Large Bottles, 25 cents. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, 100 Queen Street West, Toronto.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It is successfully used monthly by over 1,000,000 ladies, safe, efficient, ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50¢ per box, No. 2, 10¢ per box, longer, 85¢ per box. No. 1 or 2 mailed on receipt of price and two 4-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont.

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This is the age of specializing. To do one thing and do that one thing well is the aim of modern man. The Slater Shoe Makers produce nothing but men's and boys' fine shoes and concentrate their combined efforts on them.

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Every shoe bears the slate frame trade mark on the sole if it's a genuine "Slater" look out for the imitation. \$5.00 or \$3.50. CATALOGUE FREE.

Christie & C. ron sole local agents.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST SAD JOURNEY.

The Ceremony at Cowes and the Crossing of the Solent.

Britain's Naval Tribute to Our Lamented Queen—Borne from Cowes Through Lines of Powerful Battleships—The Royal Family Walked Behind the Gun Carriage From Osborne to the Pier—Viewed Off Portsmouth the Mourning People on the Shore Looked Like an Unhoused Nation.

Cowes, Feb. 1.—Military pomp, naval splendor and nature's glory—these were the dazzling accompaniments of Queen Victoria's last sad journey from Osborne House today. They made the first stage of her historic funeral pageantry impressive beyond the power of description. They filled tens of thousands of British hearts with solemn grief and added to the nation's story a page of brilliancy which generations of memories can never efface. Those who watched it will call up the radiant sunlight and blue skies that cast a lustre over the spectacle. Some will cherish the memory of the scarlet and gold and gleaming brass of the soldiery which generations will treasure the recollection of the illustrious suite—the King, the Queen, the Kaiser and the Princes and Princesses of royal blood who followed their dead with the humbleness of peasants rather than with the show of the mighty.

Ensemble of the Picture. But it was the ensemble of the picture which will live the longest. It was the magnificence of the sorrowful setting which will enshrine the memory of "the good Queen" in the hearts of the people.



AN EMPIRE MOURNS.

hearts of her people with a halo of grandeur typical alike of her life and death. Less than forty-five minutes represent the length of the funeral ceremonies in which the Queen's old Isle of Wight neighbors were privileged to participate. There was the quiet conveyance of her body from Osborne House, the short, sad tramp through the woods to the town, the silent departure of the casket-laden yacht from the harbor of Cowes and all of England's most beloved ruler was gone forever from the scenes which she had hallowed so long.

Punctuality was regarded by the Queen as one of the golden virtues, and it was a characteristic feature in all details of today's mournful last statefully pageant. The Queen's company of Grenadiers was drawn up with the Queen's colors near the entrance to Osborne House at the appointed time, and presented arms as her devoted Highlanders reverently brought out the coffin and placed it on the gun carriage with the crown and the orb of the empire beside it.

A simple evolution left the Grenadiers on each side in double ranks as the guard of honor. With eight Equerries and four Queen's Aides-de-Camp on each side of the coffin, the Highlanders led the way to the carriage drive, with the Queen's pipers behind them playing the dirge of the Black Watch.

Royal Simplicity. Behind the black-colored gun carriage walked, with bowed heads, the King, the German Emperor in naval uniform, and eight English, German and Danish Princes, and Queen Alexandra and nine English and German Princesses in deepest black.

The households of the Queen and King followed on foot the royal mourners as at a simple village funeral, and behind them the military officers, Mayors of the Isle of Wight, Royal servants and tenants of the Osborne estate.

The pipers played until the Queen's gate was passed, and then the muffled bands which had been stationed in advance with mounted grooms in scarlet, a detachment of the Hampshire Carbineers and files of staff officers, began the slow movement of Chopin's funeral march.

The embarkation. The hands ceased to play when Trinity pier was approached, and the long, muffled roll of the drums alone broke the stillness. Trinity pier was reached a few minutes before half-past 2 o'clock.

The Grenadiers first gained the pier, inclosure forming a circle of scarlet and black, and standing with heads bowed over the butts of their burnished rifles.

The gun carriage was drawn close to the landing stage of the pier, where a squad of blue-jackets stood ready to lift the flag-draped casket tenderly aboard the funeral yacht Albert, moored hard by.

That Spot.

Did you ever have that little tickling spot in your throat? Felt as if you could almost touch it with your finger, didn't it? How hard you tried to reach it, but couldn't! It's easy with Vapo-Cresoline, for you breathe it. There's nothing in the world equal to it for stopping these tickling coughs; and it's so pleasant, too. For asthma, croup, bronchitis, catarrh, and whooping-cough, it's the great remedy.

Vapo-Cresoline is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresoline outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresoline, complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresoline 50 cents and 25 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresoline Co., 130 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

Recommended and sold by J. E. Richards, Aylmer.

rich red-cushioned dais aboard the Albert, surrounded with heavy wreaths and within ten minutes the precious-laden casket, resting on a steaming out into the Solent, her pennants drooping sadly in the gentle wind.

The Royal mourners simultaneously entered launches to board the yacht Osborne, Victoria and Albert and Hohenzollern, anchored in outer harbor.

Race For the Hilltops. Then Cowes crew into life again like the buzz around a beehive. The throngs which had held possession of the village streets since dawn broke into a race for the hills and peaks on the Solent side of the island, there to watch the Queen's passing through the bristling columns of the fleet.

CROSSING THE SOLENT.

Historic Demonstration in Which Forty-Six Warships Took Part—Multitude to See the Pageant.

Portsmouth, Feb. 1.—The body of our late Majesty, Queen Victoria, lies aboard the royal yacht Albert tonight, close beside the Clarence pier. Four giant guardsmen stand watch above it, motionless. At their nearby moorings float four royal yachts, the Kaiser's great white Hohenzollern rising conspicuously above the rest. Only a few lights show in the fleet and for all the sound it makes it might be a mirage in the harbor mists. King Edward VII., his Queen, the Emperor of Germany and other august personages, sleep aloft. They have passed through a memorable pageant to-day and will move on to London for further stupendous ceremonies to-morrow.

Forty-six warships participated in today's historic demonstration on the Solent. Thirty-eight of these, with great black hulls and white cabins with yellow funnels, were British. They formed the northern line of the late Sovereign's "naval corridor," reaching from Cowes to Portsmouth, a distance of eleven miles.

Foreign Ships in the Fleet. The southern line of this magnificent avenue embraced fifty vessels sent by Germany, France, Japan, Spain and Portugal to pay the last tribute to England's departed Queen. Each vessel in the long, winding line displayed the white ensign of the Union Jack at half-mast.

Multitude to See the Pageant. The biting air and brilliant sunshine made a perfect day for the nautical tribute. Only a few clouds flecked the blue and they served but to beautify the Solent by nothing but the sailing waters. Daybreak found the people stirring for the great occasion and high noon saw them assembled in such multitudes as southern England never knew before. They were massed on the hill tops and house-tops and fort tops and along the coast, and the sea, riding in sailboats, steamboats, yachts and ocean liners. Viewed from a ship lying off Portsmouth the south sea beach extending for a mile southeastward of the city, looked like an unhoused nation. The south sea castle esplanade seemed small mountains of people, while no giddy height in or about the town rose beyond the courage of some of the reckless climbers.

Start of the Naval Procession. For hours the great fleet assembled in the Solent road had lain sleeping in the sun, when suddenly, far away toward Cowes, the guns of the cruiser Alexandra broke the stillness, and Portsmouth knew that the naval procession had started. The Camperdown, the Rodney, the Benbow, the Collingwood and the Colossus took up the signal. On it came down the winding line of ships like fire along a fuse. There was a fresh rush for positions on the part of the crowd massed from Portsmouth harbor south to Sea castle. Reinforcements came pouring out of the city, and black with eager sightseers.

The guns continued to thunder momentarily until the stately procession, headed by eight torpedo-boat destroyers carrying the Queen's flag, sailed seaward, round Spithead buoy and passed the last ship in the fleet, creeping slowly toward the Clarence pier. All the while the warships' deep-toned guns alone had rent the silence. Huge black masses of mourners looked on, speechless, rest and sorrowful as the royal yacht Albert, bearing its flag-wrapped burden, followed the destroyers.

Emblems at Half-Mast. Behind the Albert came the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, the royal

yacht Osborne, the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern and the admiralty yacht Enchantress. All the warships carried their national emblems at half-mast when the admiral's flag flew at the mastheads.

The pageant passed off perfectly on a body of water sparkling with sun, light and only slightly ruffled by the wind.

The ill-fortune of Spain's navy asserted itself at the last moment, for word came that the Emperor Carlos V. had turned back from her trip with crippled engines.

Between Lines of Warships. The pathway between warships was a quarter of a mile wide avenue of clear water. Behind the lines of warships hovered a few yachts and channel steamers. Black torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers were skimming about and officers' gigs and launches swarmed everywhere.

Bugle calls came over the waters and gaudy signal flags burst out and disappeared. The British ships were also lighted with gleams of the scarlet coats of the marines. The black muzzles of the huge guns showed

from their ports looking very imposing.

For nearly three hours the fleet watched for the coming of the funeral. The officers on the bridges, in the most gorgeous uniforms, with all the decorations and medals, scanned the Cowes shore docks through their glasses. An occasional brilliant burst of sunshine showed tens of thousands of spectators.

Sound of a Great Battle. Shortly before 3 o'clock white smoke broke from the Maestri's side and a second later a report cracked over the harbor and echoed to the hills announcing the start of a great battle. The officers on the bridges, in the most gorgeous uniforms, with all the decorations and medals, scanned the Cowes shore docks through their glasses. An occasional brilliant burst of sunshine showed tens of thousands of spectators.

Eight torpedo-boat destroyers crept ahead, moving in pairs like silent pall-bearers marching before a hearse. They were the Portsmouth squadron, six in number, followed by a line of hull and machinery painted a dull black, with an officer standing like a statue in the bow, each of the crews aligned at "attention" like sentries on their decks. Hardly a ripple came from their bows, their speed being barely five knots. The pairs of torpedo-boat destroyers were about 100 yards apart, with four boat lengths between stern and bows.

Royal Yacht With the Catafalque. Then, a quarter of a mile behind, but seeming, across the water, but a stone's throw, followed the royal yacht Albert, the vessel on which the eyes of the world may be said to have been centered. It was a commonplace-looking little vessel, lying low in the water, with a gilt-trimmed hull and silver-lacquered rigging, speck being barely five knots. The pairs of torpedo-boat destroyers were about 100 yards apart, with four boat lengths between stern and bows.

Only Touch of Color. The after-deck of the yacht was roofed with a white awning, and beneath the awning through glasses could be seen the catafalque. It was a pavilion artistically framed with red hangings, and surmounted by a canopy of ruby velvet, over which stood a tall officer, uniformed in dark blue, alone, as motionless as part of the ship. The Union Jack was at the foremast, the Royal Standard fell from half way up the mainmast and from naval ensign trailed from the stern.

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A line of scarlet coats, topped by snowy, shining helmets, on the after-decks, showed where the marines were stationed. The fighting tops and guns were also manned. The officers stood out in showy, full-dress array.

The band of each ship took up the funeral march when the Albert came abreast, and the spectators on all the other craft took off their hats.

Boat With Royal Mourners. Following the Albert trailed along five other yachts at regular intervals. First was the Victoria and Albert, a royal yacht twice as large as the Albert, carrying the royal mourners, who, as relatives or officials, followed the coffin.

King Edward and Emperor William were chief among them, but from the observation posts they were the only group not recognizable. A few scarlet coats could be seen, with ladies in the deepest mourning, and on the upper deck the Queen's Indian attendants were distinguishable by their white turbans.

In the wake of the Victoria and Albert Emperor William's yacht Hohenzollern loomed up like an ocean greyhound, as large as a warship, painted a spousal white, with yellow funnels, trim, glittering uniforms and a German ensign at her bow and the naval ensign at half-mast at her stern.

Three other yachts came in single file. The Osborne, larger than the Albert and of the same class. Next came the admiralty yacht Enchantress, smaller, and then a little Trinity House yacht. Finally came another vessel, a black torpedo-boat destroyer.

Marines "Reversed Arms." The guns of each warship ceased firing when the Albert had gone

by and the marines "reversed arms." But they and all the crews remained at their stations while the fleet steamers from the shores, their decks solid masses of black, raised their anchors and followed outside the line of warships.

Arrival at Portsmouth. Gradually the din of the minute guns lessened as the batteries of ship after ship ceased firing, while the funeral parade swept around the end of the line and into the entrance of Portsmouth harbor.

When the Albert entered the harbor with the minute guns in the furthest sounding, the bells of all the churches of the city tolling, the ancient frigate Victory moored there fired a salute of muzzle-loaders. The marines stood at arms.

The admiral's band played a dirge. The escorting torpedo-boat destroyers drew ahead and steamed to their berths, and the Albert was moored in Clarence yard. A guard of a hundred marines marched on board. During the night the quarter-deck where the tier rests is lighted by electricity.

They All Do It. Finck—Now, when I drink at a public fountain I always put my lips at the edge of the cup, near the handle, to avoid contamination.

Cynick—Yes, I've noticed everybody does that.—Ohio State Journal.

The Gratitude of Posterity. The Artist—That is by far the best portrait in your whole collection.

Mr. Waesch—You bet! Why, my wife and I are constantly quarreling over who should have him for an ancestor.—Brooklyn Life.

The Bon. "Why, Madge, where are all the tasses on your new chenille bon?"

"Oh, I stepped on some of them, and other people stepped on some."—Detroit Free Press.

FALLING HAIR

Does this illustrate your experience? And are you worried for fear you are soon to be bald? Then cease worrying, for help is at hand. You need something that will put new life into the hair bulbs.

You need a hair food, such as AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It brings health to the hair, and the falling ceases. It always restores color to gray hair. You need not look at a white silk. Underneath the canopy was the coffin, on a bier draped with ruby velvet, and on a red velvet cushion was the royal crown, with the orb. These combinations of reds with the resplendent gold crown were almost the only touch of color in this sombre pageant. Four officers in somber uniforms stood at the four corners of the catafalque, with their faces turned toward the ships.

A few other persons could be seen clustered on the after-deck, and the funeral yacht moved slowly past the decks of the warships were crowded with their crews. They were all manned to their full complement. The sailors in blue, with straw hats, formed a solid mass along the decks of each ship, standing with their arms at "attention."

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FOR SALE—75 acres of sandy loam land, two miles from the 7th Con. of Stratfordville, good farm buildings, near a new, good orchard, soil all good water land, well drained, being part of lot 15, in the 5th concession of Bayham. A great bargain in farm land. Must be sold by C. O. LEAHY, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—100 acres of good sandy land, with first-class buildings being the north half of lot 22, in the 5th con. of Middletons, good orchard, convenient to school, post office station, etc. will sell right, or will exchange for a larger farm, and pay the difference. For further particulars, apply to C. O. LEAHY, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—150 acres of choice land, being the south half of lot 23, and the north half of the north half of lot 25, in the 4th con. of Middletons, two good sets of farm buildings, soil, clay loam and silty, well drained, and well watered, on a good gravel road, convenient to church, school and post office, will divide this area in one hundred acres, or for further particulars, apply to C. O. LEAHY, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

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"Good-bye! Ni away!" "Yes, The cats when I got hom "Nelly!" "Well, to be se for that, but I r a letter from dad! have a good time ternoon! Did Mrs out?" "Hang Mrs. Ke where are you g "To dad, our do down south togeti ago we broke up some North. We t better up here, you sd out to look fo downward I came l prospectin'. He's s says and wants r I'm goin' to-morro "Nelly, you mus n't I tell you," ex despair. "I love y must stay with me "You don't kno in", Mr. Winslow. "Why, you can't I mon servant girl."

"I can and I will answered Winslow live without you. I'll ever you go. I've lo I first saw you. N my wife I don't yo "Well, yes, I de, suddenly; and the minutes before Wl chance to say anyt "Oh, what will "She contrived to as

"Yes, it's ti may be raidi must not con want you." "Nonsense!" "I you are goi But Nelly w she sprang in the rope and guessed her in "I can row n to," she annou defiantly. "Nelly," he i Nelly looked "You'd bett friends. That eye-glasses i Winslow said der his breath others. Will E gan to chaff h looked so dang eluded to stop, that Winslow rter just then w Evans, himself, all the world. His friends d evening on thei and dropped h farm. At dusk to the shore. I dim and shadoo shining above t the river the P lights twinkled slow watched I stand it no lon off with his sk with's dory was five minutes, W ing her on the V sitting on a rock He went over a beside her. A f above the dark h in the faint