

# TO THE RIGHT

NO BIG WASHINGTONIANS SETTLED THIS POINT.

The Rule of the Road Crank Insisted on His Rights, but He Had Met His Match and Finally Had to Walk to the Left.

A big, broad shouldered man swung along Pennsylvania avenue in front of the house at about 8:45 the other day. He kept close to the coping of the road crank. He was traveling in the direction it was not difficult for him to belong to the keep to the right.

Another big, broad shouldered man approached from the opposite direction. He was up to this man to pass to the right to permit the man going east to the coping. But he gave no indication whatever that he was going to do such thing as he bore down upon the coping of the road crank. He was close fence coping himself, and his attitude as he approached the other man that he intended to keep the coping of the road or any other old rule. Two big men met and came to a still within two feet of each other. The rule of the road crank indicated by that the other man was to pass to the right and shake his head. The man at each other for fully a minute each sat back in a leaning position against the coping and gazed over at the other. If they could have seen how utterly silly they looked, they probably have hastened to yield the right to the other.

After scowling for some time at Lafayette square the rule of the road crank was tried to walk the other man a look.

"By," he said, "did you ever hear of a rule that requires civilized human beings to walk on civilized thoroughfares, up to the right?"

"Up," replied the man who was in the lead, "been hearing that for about 30 years now."

"You have, hey?" said the keep to the right man.

"Well, why don't you go by the rule, then? Haven't I got to walk to the right of you?"

"Well," replied the other, "I got the right to do any old thing I mean to say that I can't walk to the right of you?" snapped the keep to the man, looking threateningly.

"It looks a heap like it doesn't," replied the other man cheerfully as he pulled a cigar out of his vest pocket, examined it carefully for points then coolly lighted it.

The man who was technically to the right looked very ferocious for about half a minute, and then he calmed down and smoked a cigar himself. He went the other man one better by pulling a morning paper out of his coat pocket and turning to read it with every evidence of great interest. However, this move was called by the other, who also took a paper and began to read. At length the rule of the road crank remarked as he neared over a page of his newspaper: "I suppose you work for a living, don't you?"

"Light guess," replied the other, flicking ash from his cigar.

"At your office at 9, I suppose?"

"A-huh—when I can make it," replied the man, turning to the editorial page.

"Don't suppose you know it's 9 now, eh?"

"Well, I figured it was about that," then they went on reading and smoking, each occasionally shooting a glance at the other out of the tail of his eye.

"Haven't got much of a sense of common justice, have you?" remarked the other out of the tail of his eye.

"Oh, yes, some," replied the other, "but I don't stand for having it pumped into you on the king's highway. It wouldn't do you to walk to the left of me, nor would it break me up in business to walk the right of you. But I saw that you're determined to have me walk to the right of you, which is why I didn't do it."

The keep to the right crank had no words at hand to reply to this, so he applied himself to his newspaper.

They read and smoked, leaning there against the coping of the White House fence, for about ten minutes longer, and then the man who was technically to the right gave the first evidence of caving by looking nervously at his watch.

"Say," he growled to the other man, "pulling a quarter out of his pocket, 'I've got a family to take care of, and I've got a work to take care of, and I'm 25 minutes overdue at my office now. I'll watch you for it.'"

"You're on," replied the other man, sliding up his newspaper and producing his quarter. "Who's matching, me or you?"

"You," said the keep to the right crank, and they matched. The man who was technically wrong won, and he grinned in a Machiavellian manner at the rule of the road chap, who looked dazed at him as he restored his coin to his pocket.

"You win, all right," said the rule of the road man hoarsely, swallowing a gulp of moving out to let the other pass to the left of him, "but if I'd had had time I'd never let it come to matching for what belonged to me by right. I'd have had a carter serve my meals right here, and I'd have bunked here, and I'd have smoked you out if it took me 4,000,000,000 years."

The other stubborn man only smiled sardonically again, however, and then they went their ways, and the ridiculous incident was at an end.—Washington Post.

## Change Admitted.

"In your wife's divorce petition she says you have trampled upon her affections," said the lawyer.

"I assented to the client, 'I'll admit all the affection she has is centered little hairy dog, and the way I've led on him has been frightful.'"

—Napoli Sun.

## Badly Mixed.

A new dog seems to sleep in the bed in order to bark all night. I guess he's a Chinese dog.

"These dogs?"

"Of course you know that when it says in China it's night here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## She Loved Botany.

She said she loved botany. They were entering through a botanical hall. And where do they keep the electric light? she asked. He was so shocked.

—Philadelphia Times.



# His Wife's Weak Heart.

It is a singular thing that in the popular view of disease the interdependence of the several organs of the body is lost sight of. The heart, for example, is diseased and it is treated as if it were entirely separated from, and independent of, every other organ.

The fallacy of this opinion is shown by the cures of heart "trouble," liver "trouble," kidney "trouble," and other so-called "troubles," effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Primarily the "Discovery" is a medicine for the cure of diseases of the stomach and blood. But it cures diseases of organs seemingly remote from the stomach, because these diseases have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and its associated organs of digestion and nutrition.

"I doctored with three different doctors for weak heart, but they did me no good," writes Mrs. Julia A. Wilson, of Cuyahoga, Wood Co., Ohio, Box 52. "I was so tired and discouraged if I had my choice to live or die I would have chosen to die. My husband heard of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and he bought a bottle. I took that and the first half seemed to help me. I took six bottles before I stopped. I am perfectly well, and am cooking for six boards. It has been a Godsend to me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

## The Food Value of Alcohol.

It is claimed that alcohol is a food because it is oxidized in the body. The fallacy in this argument will be clearly seen if it is stated in the form of a syllogism.

All foods are oxidized in the body. Alcohol is oxidized in the body, therefore alcohol is a food. Let us take some other substances that are known to be oxidized in the body. Phosphorus is oxidized in the body, therefore phosphorus is a food. Iron filings are oxidized in the body, therefore iron filings are a food. In the decay of meat and other proteins, certain compounds are formed known as ptomaines. Some of these are deadly poisons and are oxidized in the body, therefore ptomaines are food.

Again, it is claimed that alcohol is a food, because it decreases tissue waste. Apply the syllogism, and see how this will bear the test of logic. Morphine, when taken into the body, reduces tissue waste, therefore morphine is a food. Arsenic diminishes tissue waste, therefore arsenic is a food. And so we might multiply by going through the whole list of narcotic poisons.

What can be said in defence of such sophistry? Is it not an insult to the common intelligence of school children? To say nothing of the audacity of attempting by such argument to overthrow the combined testimony of the highest authority on physiology?

## They Worked on Benches.

The dignified dame was not really English, but she had mastered the dialect to some extent.

"My nephew 'Erbert," she said, "wants to marry a school teacher! Fawcett! A person who works for a living! To be sure, now that I think of it, that is not always a disgrace. You, my dear, write for the press now and then, I am told, but you don't 'ave to, you know. That is different."

"Yes," replied the young person to whom she was speaking, "but I may be said to have inherited a tendency to work. My father and grandfather both worked for a luxury of a chair to sit on. They worked on benches."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the dignified dame, greatly shocked. What did they—ah—work at?"

"Well, my father was a judge of the Superior Court, and my grandfather was one of the justices of the United States Supreme Court."

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## HOW THE CIRCUS INSTRUCTS.

Military Engineers Got Pointers From American Showmen.

When one of the big American shows first arrived in Europe, appearing now in the cities of England, now in those of Germany, Austria and Hungary, the phase of the American circus which most astonished military men was not so much the show itself as the manner in which it was moved. Two or three incidents will serve to illustrate the curiosity with which the transportation department of the English and continental armies views the organization, discipline and ingenuity shown in moving, without halt or hitch, such a large amount of property and so many persons.

While preparing to open at the Olympia, the Madison Square Garden of London, the building department of that city told the owners of the Olympia that a new prosecution arch of steel must be built. This arch was to frame a stage at one side of the edifice and was 280 feet wide by 70 feet high. The material was brought into the building, and the arch was put together, bit by bit, flat on the ground.

When completed, the British workmen were confronted by the task of lifting the heavy frame into place. Days were spent in futile attempts until at last the show proprietor said that if they would turn the job over to him he would raise the thing of steel. He then called to his 300 American workmen and in three hours had the arch in position and secure, using for the purpose only the circus paraphernalia which he had brought with him from America.

A London newspaper printed an editorial urging the government to detail one or two officers from the engineering corps of the army to travel with the circus and thus acquire knowledge that would be of practical use in moving military material. The government acted upon this advice, and throughout the tour several army officers were always present to witness the loading and unloading of the cars, the transportation to and from the grounds and the erection of the tents. The reigning monarch of one of the European nations himself came to the show incognito. He did not come to see the performance, but devoted the night to a personal inspection of circus operations, such as the taking down of tents, their movement to the train and their loading on the cars. He said that he regarded this as one of the most important objects in the movement of heavy material that he had ever witnessed and that he intended that officers in his army should familiarize themselves with it.

## SUCCESS IN BANKING.

Assured by a Constant Attention to Detail and Accuracy.

A habit of carefully noting the details of every transaction should be cultivated. Minute observation is essential if costly mistakes are to be prevented. In law a man is presumed to be ignorant until his guilt is legally established, but it is not so in banking. Inquiry as to papers, persons, notes and coin is always in order. A spirit of investigation is as necessary to the right kind of banking as it is to the man of science. Slipshod methods are entirely out of place, and system must become second nature. Neatness and order are nowhere more essential than in every department of bank work.

As exactness is a characteristic of banking transactions, so a stricter compliance with habits tending to success in other lines of business is required of bank clerks. Punctuality is especially to be commended. It is the rule of the New York clearing house to impose severe penalties on banks failing to make prompt settlement of balances, and fines are assessed for tardiness generally. Though a clerk may be but a small part of a bank's machinery, his absence within required hours may possibly hamper the workings of the whole mechanism. From a disciplinary standpoint, few things are more important in a bank than to be on hand at the appointed time.

Obedience to orders and rules is to be expected as a matter of course, but this does not imply that even a clerk is never to use his discretion and intelligence. "Theirs not to reason why" may be proper enough for soldiers, but the bank clerk who reasons why will be on safe ground. Rules are not inflexible. If a rule does not seem to fit a particular case, it will be prudent to consult a superior before acting. Banking cannot be carried on by automatons.—Success.

## Applause Is Prohibited.

The audiences in Russian theaters are strictly forbidden to applaud. The audiences in the theaters of Japan are not permitted to applaud until they receive the cue from the stage, on the prompting of the manager.

The first nighters in the theaters of ancient Rome were much more punctilious in the matter of applause than modern audiences are. When the Roman theater goers were fairly well satisfied with a play, they applauded by snapping with the thumb and middle finger. If they wanted the actors to understand that they were really satisfied with the performance, they clapped loudly by beating the left fingers on the right hand. A more hearty token of approval was given by striking the flat palms of the hands against each other.

At the two imperial theaters in Vienna, the Opera and the Burg, applause is not allowed until the conclusion of an act, and encores are strictly prohibited.

## He Told Her.

Housekeeper—You promised that if I'd give you a good meal and a suit of old clothes you'd tell me how to keep the premises free from traps.

Tramp—Yes, mum, I'm a man o' me word, mum, an I'll keep me promise, although that meal wasn't no great shakes an this suit of clothes ain't much of a fit. But I'll tell ye.

"Well, what course am I to pursue?"

"Never give 'em anything, mum. Good day, mum."

## An Inference.

The Professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it will eat about 600 times its own weight.

Dear Mrs. Ernot—Whose boy did you say he was?

Let a fireman play on your piano with his hose for a few minutes if you want to get all the music possible out of it.

average person breathes in a gallon of air a minute.

# Dr. J. E. Price, L.D.S.

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Yours J. E. Price  
Dentist  
W. H. Norton

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