

Ideals.

MODEL HUSBANDS, WIVES, JOURNALISTS, POLITICIANS, BABIES AND CLERGYMEN.

The ideal husband is a kind-hearted, noble man, with the figure of an Apollo and the beauty of an Adonis, who pays the same delicate attention to his wife that he did before their troth was plighted; the real husband is a round-shouldered, grizzly looking fellow, who buys the second quality of butter for the table, eats his meals at a down-town restaurant, and only remembers that he is married when he is obliged to pay the household expenses.

The ideal housewife is a woman who keeps her home in the most delightful order, who cooks the most delicious dinners and presides at the tea-table with the grace of a queen; the real housewife is a woman whose face is red and blazed with cooking over a hot stove, whose voice is sharp and earnest, and who just "slats" things around anywhere, no matter where, in order to get her work done in season for a buzz over the backyard fence with the neighbors.

The ideal newspaper man is a man whose brain is crammed solid full of all things classical, social and political, whose pen can reel off poetry, sentiment and sense to order, and into whose presence we should come with feelings of awe inspired by overpowering genius; the real newspaper man is a worn out fragment of humanity, who carries a sickly smile significant of hope deferred and financial depression, and wears a seventy-five cent alpaca coat.

The ideal politician is a man whose breast is heaving full of patriotism, and whose interest in the welfare of the country is second only to his allegiance to divine power; the real politician is a man with his hands full of wires pulling in all directions, from the dram shop to the pulpit, to worm himself into an official position with big pay and lots of nothing to do.

The ideal baby is a little fellow with the damkiest tinted cheeks, curliest hair, sweetest little "coo," and with angel's wings just sprouting from his shoulders; the real baby is a young and of humanity with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistle-down, and as for angel's wings, well, they don't fasten them on with safety-pins.

The ideal clergyman is a man born too good for this world, with the virtues of Christianity trailing all over his character and shining forth

like the rays of the noon-day sun; the real clergyman is a man who preaches his best sermons "on an exchange," in the hope of getting a call with a bigger salary.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it: there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

BIRTH.

At Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 25th March, the wife of W. L. Cotton, Esq., editor of the *Examiner*, of a son.

MARRIED.

In St. Stephen's parish, Boston, Mass., on Monday, the 21st February, by the Rev. Father Power, Mr. Joseph Carver, printer, formerly of Charlottetown, to Miss Maggie Finn, of Boston.

DIED.

At San Francisco, Cal., on the 22nd March, of dropsy, John Spear Godsoe, printer, a native of this city, in the 58th year of his age.

At Philadelphia, on the 5th April, John. H. Fleigher, printer, aged 27 years, late of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

In this city, May 11th, John L. Bellingham, in the 24th year of his age.