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# COUNTESS CASSINI.

The Accomplished Niece of the Russian Ambassador.

One of the unmarried women in diplomatic circles at Washington is the Countess Marguerite Cassini, the accomplished niece of the Russian ambassador, who is a countess in her own right, not by heredity, but by special grace of the czar, and a curious story is told of the manner in which she won her title.

It was when Count Cassini had his fateful conference with Li Hung and the rest of the world .- Charlotte Chang at Peking, long before the Boxer trouble. The count's interpreter was away, for Li's call was unexpected, and as the Chinese statesman could not speak Russian and the Russian diplomat did not understand Chinese the conference came to a deadlock. The count's niece, who had picked up some-



SOUNTESS MARGUERITE CASSINI. thing of the language, stepped into the breach, and the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. The Chinese empress loaded her with presents, the czar's government made a note of the service performed, and when there was a question a couple of years ago of the young lady's precedence at Washington, where the count was then ambassador, the czar himself confounded her rivals by making her a countess. This was something like rapid promotion for the lady, but she bore her honors modestly and with a grace that won all who met her. In addition to her knowledge of Chinese Countess Cassini is a mistress of many languages and is as well a clever artist. some of her miniature work commanding the highest praise from critics.

### The China Closet.

Well arranged and full of handsome wares, a china closet is among the best ornaments of a dining room. Tint the

ness or to the progress of the race than right marriage, and no step is more uncertain. Our common saying that "marriage is a lottery" shows this. Often and often fine women draw blanks by mating with inferior or evil men, and as often fine men are united with weak, silly or vicious women. If women were trained to professions, it would better the chances of marriage in two ways-by improving the average in women and by enabling them to bear up against the possibly bad men. The business sense gained in any kind of useful work in the world (work in the home foes not teach women

makes a woman better able to judge a man before she marries him and better able to get on with him afterward. It also-and this, too, is importantmakes her able to get on with herself Perkins Gilman in Success.

business sense-no, not in 10,000 years!)

Superfluous Hair. The removal of superfluous hair by electricity is certain of success. It is, however, somewhat painful and taxes to the utmost the endurance of both the patient and the physician. A fine needle or jeweler's brooch connected with the negative pole of a galvanic battery is introduced deep into the hair follicle, following the direction of the hair. The patient now closes the current by touching a sponge connected with the negative pole. Twenty to thirty seconds suffice to allow the caustic alkali which forms around the needle while the current is closed to destroy that part of the skin whence the hair develops. Fifty or more hairs girl in the gallery to the gray sprinkled may be removed at one sitting, and if the operation be performed skillfully very few return. Warts, moles and birthmarks can be removed in the same

manner. A Drave Russian Woman.

A Russian woman, Eugenie de Meyer, has undertaken the arduous work of reclaiming the convicts at the penal settlement of Saghalien, where only the worst types of criminals are sent The czarina is keenly interested in this work of her young subject and is taking all pains to have the work continue. Eight thousand murderers are among the convicts, and this brave Russian woman lives among them entirely unprotected save for the courtesy shown her by t officials in charge. It is said that .... conditions of life at this settlement are such that even the keepers become brutalized through association with so hardened a

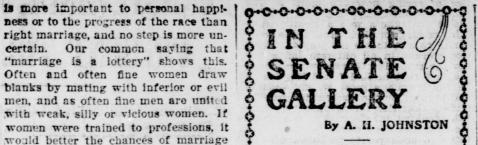
## Three Clabwomen.

In a village lived three women who were asked to join a woman's club. "Alas," said the first woman, "I have lived but twenty years, and I have read but few books save those of a frivolous character. I do not know enough to join a woman's club."

set of criminals.

lets.

kind.



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Vulgariy, the king of the lobby was and is supposed to deal in money-crisp banknotes of a denomination large enough that a number may be carried in the pocket without bulging, and yet may be passed over the counter by a representaive of small resources without attracting attention. This is all very vulgar, and not here to be discussed. Certain it is that the king of

the lobby never so fully realized until that day the this business lay not with banknotes in the analysis, but with subtle undercurrents of a human soul that no plummet fathoms. He had spent-never mind, the figures were nowhere set down-but he

had spent money actually and had sweat blood figuratively to pass the canal bill. The canal bill was to come to a final vote within fifteen minutes, and if a coin had been tossed up he would have laid even money on heads or tails. As he looked out over the big hall, swinging a pince nez idly, not a muscle of his strong face twitched. His intelligent eyes narrowed to two cunning predatory slits, his glance flitting from the pink and white face of a

head of a man who sat at a desk well forward in the room below. Two persons perhaps in the assembly knew how the vole would turn, he thought. One of these was the girl and the other the man. On second thought the king of the lobby revised

his opinion. The girl did not know, for Archibald, with the banknotes burning in a stuffy envelope in the inside pocket of his coat, could not have told her. Or if the banknotes were even now on their way back to the king of the lobby Archibald was still not the man to have told her. Archibald did not pose, whatever he did. And at thirty and eight a politician and a bachelor does not get himself engaged to a girl for the purperhaps not even questions of ethics. This is the way that matters stood, as far as the king of the lobby could to the days when old Dick Yates, the the expense of his own pocket, could voked as much heat as the canal bill.

pose of talkink statecraft with her, and know. The oldest senator, and the memories of some of them went back war governor, prorogued a refractory legislature and fitted out regiments at not recollect a measure that had pro-It was a bill about which one honest man might hold an opinion diametric-

ally opposed to the opinion of another

honest man, and, as every one knows,

girl did not conceive of riding through , life in other than a coach and four, as **A DEFLECTED** she had ridden thus for nineteen years by the grace of a parent who slaved and another parent who managed. Archibald was poor and latterly sunk DUFI 🐇 By William into debt, but he accepted the idea of a coach and four as though he had been born to it. And this is not say-Copyright, 1901, by W. J. Lampton ing that it was thrust upon him. It was merely a part of the divinity that hedged about a handsome girl who "Why didn't I marry Mirandy spoke of ordinary politicians and their

wives as "those people." Howe?" exclaimed Hiram Hostetter, Where the money was to come from he had not the least idea, and he found it more tolerable on the whole not to dwell upon ways and means. her!" He simply marked time, and his hair grew whiter and something came up every day to remind him that he was not young any longer.

Ordinarily the coarse blandisaments of the lobby had no terrors for Archibald. But when you come to the love of a woman, a nice sentiment about marriage settlements, a mountain of debt and a dizzy sum of money in a plain brown envelope, and the bill is a good one perhaps anyway, and no one cares a copper whether you go up or down, why, that is another thing

Only that morning Archibald had taken the girl for a drive in a fancy cutter behind a pair of thin flanked bays. It might have been chance, but it looked like fate, that as they dashed past the steps of the capitol the lobby king, on the topmost step, had lifted his hat to them.

and beyond that their acquaintances "Oh. by the way," said the girl, "I'm took no concern. The hostler in his coming over at 3 to hear the contest more prosperous days had made a on that horrid canal bill. It will be number of trips into the hill country, exciting. buying horses, and had heard some of

"Don't, dear," said Archibald. the legends of that section. "Why?" pouted the girl, whose face "Oh, you git it out of Hi if you kin," shone temptingly pink and white over responded Mr. Burgess, without looka grav fur boa. ing up from his work.

the minutes some of the men most in

terested sat with faces working de

spite strong efforts at self control.

up strips of blank paper and folded

ward Archibald, for by an unaccounta-

"Because," stammered Archibald. "I never did hear the straight of it," very intent upon the restive bays, "the said the hostler, the taunting tone givstruggle is all over. There is nothing ing place to one of soft persuasion, left but voting." "and I'm sure these gents ought to When the girl, with a bevy of other

know it just for the sake of your repladies, took her seat in the gallery that utations. Don't you think so?" afternoon, Archibald did not look up at "Well, I ain't objectin'," admitted once, but he knew that she was there Mr. Burgess, "if Hi wants to tell about as well as if he had had eyes in the it." top of his head.

"You tell it, Milt," pleaded Mr. Hos-A strange calmness fell upon the tetter.

"No, you do it, Hi," insisted Mr. buzzing senate chamber as the clerk's shrill voice took up the first syllable of Burgess. "I kin mabe a better cob his reading. Debate had been exhaustpipe than you kin, but you kin outtalk ed in weeks of turmoil, and nothing me. You know that's what Mirandy now remained but the formal ballot. al'ays said." which had been made a special order

were sober, honest and industrious,

Mr. Hostetter's face flushed, partly of the day. In the nervous tension of with pride, partly with embarrassment. "If you re'ly want to know the pertickelars," he said, "and Milt's willin', I reckon I might as well tell it so's some grinned foolishly and others tore you'll git it kerrect. You see, me and Milt was both courtin' Mirandy fit to them with care. Many eyes turned to kill and murder, and it was nip and tuck atween us fer two year er more. ble but not unusual telepathy the As Milt says, I was a talkin'er man knowledge had spread that his might than him, but he owned a farm, and be the casting vote, and Archibald's there is women that sees more in a reg'ler book langwidge and as perlite farm than perlite conversation, other as a basket of chips, 'don't let me in-"The clerk will now please call the things bein' equal. As fer me and

put water in it. Anyway we was hand prompt, fer we meant business didn't we, Milt?"

"Ruther, I reckon," responded Mi Burgess to Mr. Hostetter's appeal. "An we wasn't no cowards neither.'

"Much obleeged, Milt." said Mr. Hos tetter gratefully. "As I was sayin' we was there prompt, and the general superintendent ranged us up about twenty feet apart and give orders that we was not to shoot till we got the word 'Fire!' after he had counted three and drapped a hat."

flushing angrily in response to a taunt "There wasn't no foolishness about it neither," put in Mr. Burgess, "fer from the hostler. "S'pose you ask Milt me and Hi seen to it that they didn't Burgess over there why he didn't marry put up no job on us by not loadin' the guns right, fer when they handed them The little crowd loafing in front of to us, sayin' they was all right, we the livery stable in the country town poured a handful of duck shot in each pricked up its ears and concentrated bar'l, so's there wouldn't be any misits interest on the hostler and Mr. Hostakes." tetter, Mr. Burgess in the meantime

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hosbecoming more intent upon the corntetter. "As I was sayin', we was to cob pipe he was laboriously constructshoot at the word, and we stood lookin' "How's that, Milt?" inquired the at each other, with murder stickin' out hostler in the same taunting tone. Evall over us till you could 'a' scraped it off with a chip. When a man is bad idently he knew more of the inner hisin love, he's the wust, I reckon. Anytory of Hostetter and Burgess than the others did, for they were all curiosity way, we never said a word; no handshakin', no nothin': just cold killin' and had no comments whatever to make. Both men were considerably was what we was there fer, and we past middle age and had come to the was goin' to have it. Our seconds kinder dallied around as if they was town several years before from the waitin' fer somethin', but we stood hill country bringing no credentials there waitin' fer the word to shoot." other than a desire to better their condition and a fair ability to do so. They

"It gives me gooseflesh to think about it even this fur off." commented Mr. Burgess, with a shiver.

"Much obleeged, Milt," nodded Mr. Hostetter in full sympathy with his late antagonist. "As I was sayin', we stood there waitin' with our guns cocked and drawed tight to our shoulders, and the general superintendent begun to count one, two, three, and we tuck sight with intent to kill. The superintendent stopped at three, holdin' the hat ready to drap and say 'Fire!' when all to once there was a rustle in the bresh, and Mirandy come bouncin' through and landed smack between the muzzles of the guns."

"Dern if I didn't think it was an angel drapped out of the sky," exclaimed Mr. Burgess feelingly.

"Much obleeged, Milt," responded Mr. Hostetter. "As I was sayin', Mirandy landed right betwixt us and throwed up one hand.

"'What air you plumb ijits goin' to do?' says she, lookin' first at one of us and then at t'other.

"'Goin' to shoot each other,' said the superintendent, bowin' low. "'What fer?' says she, lookin' at us.

"'Fer you,' says I. "'Fer you,' says Milt.

"Then she laughed so loud and kinder raw that it shuck the bark off a hickory tree standin' jist by the edge of the clearin'. "'Well, gentlemen,' says she, startin'

to git out of the way and talkin' in terfere with the festivities, but before

## Almost Racked to Pieces. MISS SADIE E. RUSK, OF RUSKVILLE, ONT. HAS A TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Ruskville, Ont., March 1st, 1902 .- It affords me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of DR. WOOD'S NOR-WAY PINE SYRUP. About a year ago I was attacked by a hacking cough. It was so distressing that I was almost racked to pieces by its violence. I saw DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP highly recommended for coughs like mine, so I purchased a bottle, and it completely cured me. I find it equally beneficial for colds in the head, and any obstruction of the nasal passages. It is an excellent preparation, and too much cannot be said in its favor .- Sadie E. Rusk

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP contains all the essential lung healing principles of the pine tree, and is a wonderful cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Pain or Tightness of the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25c. Bottle, at all Dealers.



# THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13.

J. Lampton

walls to match the general tone of the room or else cover them with a very thin hardwood veneer accurately fitted and tacked in place with the smallest size brads. Varnish the veneer and keep clean by weekly wiping with a soft cloth wrung very dry out of tepid water.

Leave the shelf surfaces plain and cover them with linen cut to fit and ornament with a line of drawn work. Heavy butcher's linen is best, though the soft toned art linens may be effectively used. Set one shelf apart for glasses, preferably the upper one. Cut the linen for it twice the shelf width, hem it all around, then double it. Thus there is a light pad all over the shelf. It can be kept as fresh as the single covers and will safeguard expensive glass. Big pieces of cut glass, especially punch or salad bowls, may break under the jar of setting down upon a hard surface. More than that, they ley. have been known to break from vibration due to heavy street traffic close about the house. Jarring of any kind ; indeed may induce a fracture. The linen pads stop all this. It is, moreover, a fit and dainty base for fine crysta). Never set anything inside a piece of cut glass. To do so is to invite calamtty.

Fuchsia Emerics. A useful and pretty gift and one casily made is a fuchsia emery. Take a muslin bag about two inches long and about half as thick and till with emery powder. Then cut a small strip of crimson felt, about three inches long and two and one-half wide. Slash it up about an inch and trim the four divisions into facsimiles of the long, pointed fuchsia petals. Fasten a ball of cotton batting to the bottom of the emery bag and cut out a piece of violet colored felt three inches long and a triffe more than an inch wide. Fashion the ball shaped petals for the bottom of the flower from this, joining them together at the top of the piece of felt. Wind this strip around the small ball of cotton and wind the red petals around the emery bag, letting their pointed ends hang over the bell in the way the natural fuchsia is formed. Fasten a piece of thin wire to the flower and wind it with a narrow green ribbon for a step. Put a tiny bail of green for a calyx where the stem joins the emery bag. This ball can te made of the green ribbon, wound. several times around the stem and. "tacked" with a neat stitch or two of green sewing silk. Join two of these fuchsia stems together with a bow of violet ribbon and they will be ready for the sewing basket, to hang on the wal, of the sewing room.

Intelligence and Trained SHIL. Reauty and health and womanliness none of their potency from being used with intelligence and, trained. sill: and, if the woman holds her personal independence, she holds always a certain power over the errant wings of love. Man does not soon tire of what he does not wholly own. No step in life

Five thousand soldiers have been ised by the chiefs of the Clan Fraser | Bologna, Italy, has forbidden the for their sovereigns' service since 1757. priests in his diocese to use bicycles.

"But I" said the secon "have lived twenty-five years, and I have read Ruskin and Emerson and much of Browning. I know enough to join a woman's club." "I," said the third woman, "have

lived thirty years, and I know too much to join a woman's club."-Carolyn Wells in Life. ing with the lobby.

#### To Blanch Parsley.

The king of the lobby, according to his custom, wrote down on a sheet of Only a good cook realizes that paper the names of all the honest men chopped parsley for soup or any sauce who were reckoned upon to vote against must be blanched. This produces a the bill, on another sheet the names of bright green instead of a dull green. the nonest men who would vote for it, The best method is to place the parsand still on a third sheet he wrote the ley in a strainer and dip it for a few names of the "wabblers" and the "sellseconds in fast boiling water in which ers." He employed plausible men to there is a squeeze of soda, then squeeze convince the "wabblers" and dispatchdry in the corner of a clean cloth and ed cunning lieutenants who bought the chop finely. Those who try this method "sellers." All these names he added will at once realize the improvement it to the list of the canal bill's backers. is both to taste and color of the parsand yet three names of the requisite number were lacking. He got two

Violat Parinme.

from the other side-no matter how. A pleasant violet scent is easily made Then, as the days went on and the third was not landed, the lobby king with orris root and spirit of wine. Cut half an ounce of orris root into little sweat with fear. Archibald of Cook, pieces, put it in a bottle and pour over silent and patient and conservative. it an ounce of spirit. Cork tightly and had given no inkling of the way that leave for about a week. A few drops he intended to cast his vote. But of this on a handkerchief will have a Archibald was a man of character, so smell of the sweetest and freshest viothey said, and the most timid were never afraid to peep as Archibald

piped. A Dress Hint. The king of the lobby heard things-The girl with the too slender figure stories of debts, and of the love affair must have her clothes fitted in a shapethat was gossip, and being a lobby ly fashion, but loosely, that she may king he saw a desperate chance and seem to fill them out, and the stout girl resolved to play it. It was not the should always have her belt and waist business of the lobby king to deal in trimmings point downward and should ethics, which in the long run every never wear figured materials of any man must attend to for himself. So. late in the past evening, Archibald had been informed in the most delicate White Enameled Furniture. way that friends of the measure were

To keep white enameled furniture in condition sponge occasionally with warm water and white castile soap, dry it and then apply a little whiting with a flannel cloth slightly damped. When dry, wipe off the whiting and polish with a soft cloch or chamois.

#### To Make a Filter.

An excellent filter can be made from a common flowerpot. Close the openclerk stood up to read the long legal ing with a sponge, then put in an inch title of the bill that afternoon as to thick layer of powdered charcoal, an just what disposition had been made Inch layer of silver sand, two inches of of the brown envelope. gravel and small stones. Archibald sat composedly at his desk

in the senate writing letters. Or, per-Table mats of embroidered linen have haps, he only pretended to write to a lining slashed in the center through conceal a latent nervousness. It is cerwhich an interlining of asbestus is intain that he glanced at the girl in the troduced a suggestion for table mate gallery but once, and then surreptitousof home manufacture. ly and timidly. For that matter, politician as he was and considerably experienced in the ways of the world.

Make your knot on the end of the thread that first leaves the spool, and Archibald was always timid in the presence of the girl. She was only you will sew with a smooth thread and nineteen, a slender slip of femininity an unruffled temper. just out of boarding school, but she

had taught Archibald a great many Never light a lamp with paper, for fragments of it are sure to drop off into things, or at least he thought that she had, and it is much the same. He did the burner. not defer to her judgment precisely, but he shifted his point of view to Young women are employed as ush-

meet her sentiments. For example the ers in the Edinburgh theaters. Maria Schemmer, a St. Louis woman Cardinal Syampe, the archbishop of

unable to read or write, died there the \$200.000.

this brings about a state of affairs. ping smartly on the desk. There was randy liked me"-Such was the hue and ery that by the time the bill had passed the lower the clerk's shrill call: house and had reached the senate even "John T. Aldridge! its strong supporters were afraid to

vote for it. At this juncture the men conceded that he would. of money behind the bill, being also "Thomas S. Allen" men of graft, came to an understand-

name was the third on the list.

"No!" shouted Allen, with the full tetter modestly. "But, as I was sayin', strength of his lungs. There was a lit- Mirandy kinder liked me a shade bettle handclapping, which the chairman ter, and with that and my talkin' I was suppressed immediately "George D. Archibald !" called the kep' gittin' from bad to wuss 'twixt me

clerk. The king of the lobby caught his breath for the fraction of a minute, riled every time we met up with each and patriarchal senators stroking their white beards leaned over anxiously to as likely to be a funeral on the creek hear the voice of the hale, quiet man as a weddin'. Mirandy seemed to infrom Cook.

"Aye," said Archibald clearly, and there was a slight uproar of mingled | t'other, and aggin' us on all the time." hisses and applause. The king of the lobby folded his arms

and smiled a little. After that, silk hat in hand, he stood to hear the vote through with the born expression of a man who anticipated every move of the game.

He turned when the vote was announced and bumped into a page who had been waiting at his elbow to hand him a stuffy brown envelope. It had been ripped open and banknotes were sticking out of the end audaciously.

"Returned with the compliments of George D. Archibald," ran the indorsement on the back. The king of the lobby, with a muttered oath, whipped the bills into the inside pocket of his coat.

Meantime the girl in the gallery was saying to a friend how hor.id it was of Mr. Archibald to vote on the side that people hissed; which, of course, it was.

#### Only Wanted Part,

A certain reverend doctor who for many reasons must be simply known by the ordinary name of Jones is generally considered to be a most eloquent preacher, but unfortunately he belongs in some respects to the old fashioned school and finds it nearly impossible to adapt himself to the prevailing fashion of short discourses. It is a frequent joke far beyond his own immediate family circle that after writing a sermon he is obliged to cut it up into a series of modern discourses.

A short time ago he received a note from a well known clerical brother conveying an urgent request that he would | people." deliver a sermon upon some special church festival that was shortly to be held. The doctor replied to the effect that he would come and that he had just completed a sermon upon the golden calf which might be singularly appropriate for the occasion.

The brother clergyman was an old friend and knew Dr. Jones very intimately, and, being thus acquainted both with his peculiarities as well as with his ability to take a joke, he sent the following answer by telegraph: "Golden calf just what is wanted. A fore quarter is all that will be needed."

An enormous sunfish, weighing one and one-half hundredweight, has been other day, leaving an estate valued at left stranded by the tide at Blakeney,

roll," said the lieutenant governor, rap- Milt, disrespective of substantials, Mi-

the audible rustling of a leaf, and then "Hi was a heap sight better lookin" in them days than he is now," explained Mr. Burgess, whose personal Aldridge voted "aye," as it had been | beauty was not, to put it mildly, exactly phenomenal.

> "Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hosneck and neck with Milt's farm. It and Milt, though we'd been pardners fer years, so's to'rds the last we got other, and folks begun savin' there was joy it, though, and kep' us on the tenter

hooks, smilin' fust one way and they "Mirandy could be the aggravatin'est critter," commented Mr. Burgess half to himself and dreamily, as out of the dead past.

"Much obleeged, Milt," acknowledged Mr. Hostetter. "As I was sayin', things kep' gittin' more skeow-wowed, and me and Milt kep' gittin' closeter and closeter, and like as not we'd a clinched some day right where we met, but Mirandy packed up her duds and went over into the adj'inin' county to teach winter school, and when she was gone me and Milt shied off for awhile and didn't have no grievance ag'in each other, least ways not in sight. Mirandy, so we heard, had a sight of beaus where she was teachin', but she never told nobody at home about her business in that line when she come back three er four times visitin'. The school lasted three months, and when it was out Mirandy showed up ag'in, and was jist as smillin' at me and Milt as ever -smilin'er. I reckon, fer before we knowed where we was at we had fit. tooth and toe nail, fer her, right in the road. Neither one of us got the wust, but both of us got it purty bad, and so we agreed to shoot it off with our shotguns and settle it fer once and all."

Mr. Burgess stopped work on his cob pipe long enough to chuckle audibly at something or other which Mr. Hostetter's remarks had suggested.

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter, smiling himself. "As I was sayin', we agreed to shoot off the prize. and the live man left over was to git the gal. You see, each one of us was bettin' odds that he was the chosing

Again Mr. Burgess chuckled audibly. "Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter. "As I was sayin', when we agreed to the shootin' proposition we got a second apiece and a kind of general superintendent to manage the match, and we picked jut a nice, quiet place over in Brand's holler, where there was a moonshine still once, and nobody had ever been there since the revenoos had scattered it to the four winds and wasn't likely to go, it was so dern lonesome. In course we swore everybody to eternal secrecy, but there's no tellin' how leaky a bar'l is till you

A handsome monument, commemorating the valor and service of the Botetourt Artillery during the civil war, was unveiled at Buchanan, Va.

actual hostilities begin I think I owe it to each of you to say that you had better go over to Pleasant Ridge first and Shoot John Henshaw, for I am goin' to marry him next Tuesday week, Providence permittin'. Fire!'

"Mirandy stood lookin' at us, the superintendent snorted, the seconds laid down in the weeds and rolled over and me and Milt shuck hands and walked off the field, not sayin' a dern word to nobody, and we didn't go to the weddin' neither."

"It's a affydavit fact, gents," corroborated Mr. Burgess.

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter. "It shore is."

#### A Spoiled Climax.

There was once an old time "religious revival" meeting at a negro church near Savannah. In order that the revival spirit might be quickened it was arranged that the preacher should give a siganl when he thought the excitement was highest, and from the attic through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit the sexton was to shove down a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the audience was expected to have an inspiring effect and, as far as emotional excitement was concerned, to cap the climax. All went well at the start. The church was packed. The preacher's text was "In the form of a dove," and as he piled up his eloquent periods the excitement was strong. Then the opportune moment arrived, the signal was given, and the packed audience was scared out of its wits on looking up to the ceiling and beholding a cat, with a clothesline around its middle, yowling and spitting, being slowly lowered over the preacher's head. The preacher called out to the sexton in the attic. "Whar's de dove?" And the sexton's voice came down through the opening so you could hear it a block, "Inside the cat!"

#### Philadelphia's Old Clothes.

Philadelphia is said to do a bigger business in old clothes, says the New. York Commercial-that is, of course, in the cast off or second and third hand clothes of men-than any other city on the American continent. It is the center of the trade in the east, and the buyers of New York, men with their bags from Canal, Hester and Baxter streets and from all over the middle states, "work" the City of Brotherly Love for old clothes every business day of the year. These outsiders number nearly 600 on an average. The capital invested in the old clothes trade of Philadelphia aggregates \$3,500,000. There are about 1,000 flourishing retail stores, and the average value of their stock is set by experts in the trade at \$3,000. Each of a half dozen stores carries goods valued at \$15,000 or \$20,-000. Each store gives employment to three persons on an average-the proprietor, his wife and the "busheler," or mender. In all there are fully 3,000 in the retail shops.

When a large badger was caught and killed recently at Hemingby, Lincolnshire, England, it was found to weigh 29 pounds.

Look into its ingenious patented contrivances for saving time and fuel, satisfy yourself that it will pay you grand returns as an investment. Take the trouble to do this once and your kitchen troubles will be doue forever.

The makers will be glad to write you personally if you let them.

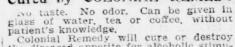
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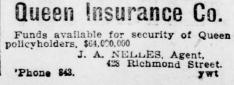
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deeply grateful to him for the vote which he intended to cast in their favor. As a trifling return a very small proportion of the about to be increased dividends of the canal company were transferred to him in a plain brown envelope by the hands of a messenger. The lobby king was accustomed to suspense, bat it was a matter of some concern to him as the

