# Weekly Monitor

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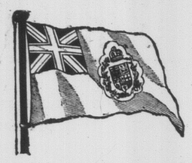

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## Poetry.

### NOTABILITY.

True worth is being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say is blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for his smile
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas, it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses
Nor catch them like fishes, in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life miss es
Helps more than the thing which it gets;
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, thro' hating—
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth,
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Carey

### INTERRUPTED.

In the midst of the music,
The joy and the fulness of life.
There swept a strange clangor; then silence
A stillness more startling than strife.
We heard not the blast of the trumpets
The bugles died out on the blast.
Could we march in that desolate waiting
For the thrill of a song that was past?

Could we work when our comrades no longer
Breathed courage and hope in our ear?
Could we triumph when sorrow and sighing
Had palsied our hearts, until fear
Swept over our souls like the shadow
Of some brooding evil to come?
Alas! We were stricken; the music
That had given us courage was dumb

Then down from the beautiful heaven
A word came, the word of the Lord
And it struck on our languor and trouble
Like a dominant silvery chord.
"Stay not for the music," it bade us;
"The music has only gone on.
You will hear it again in the glory
That waits when the day's work is done."

So now, though but faintly and seldom
We hear the sweet bugle-call blow
We march on in the path that our leader
Marked out in his conflict with woe.
Some day we will hear the grand chorals,
Some day we will stand on the shore
Where the comrades already are waiting
The music has gone on before.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## Select Literature.

### The 'Old Mogul's' Fresh-Air Fund.

It all happened through the fault of the clerks of the railway office; Mary Lizzie was sure of that. If they had not teased her, she never would have seen the president of the North Mountain Railway Company, and of course she never would have insulted him. But now she was disgraced, and was being sent, in charge of the messenger from the railway office, to Mr. Parker the pastor of the mission church where she attended Sunday school.

The messenger was doing his best to impress upon her that she might be thankful she was not on her way to the police-station instead. She did believe a word he was saying, but she would have greatly preferred being sent to the minister's. She did not know much about ministers, while she knew a great deal about policemen.

She would have darted away from the messenger if he had been older; but he was little more than a boy, and she knew he could catch her, and she wanted no more tales to be told to Mr. Parker.

For some minutes after the messenger had arrived with her at Mr. Parker's she cried so that, although she tried to talk, the minister had no notion what had happened. When he had dismissed the messenger and had comforted her, he asked her to begin at the beginning and tell him everything.

"You see, it was about Mr. Wicks, said Mary Lizzie. "The doctor says he'll die if he don't get out of the city."

"Yes, I know all about Mr. Wicks," said the minister, groaning inwardly. He had exhausted both the resources and the patience of every charitable supporter of the mission on such cases as that of Mr. Wicks.

"I went out collecting for Mr. Wicks so's he could go to the country. I was doing beautiful when I stuck to the tenements, I wish I'd never gone to the old railway office!" she said, beginning to cry again. "We had it all fixed up so nice! Miss Royal was going to take me in with her, and our folks was going to take the two youngest of the Wicks boys; then the eldest was going in with the Leflish family. Of course Janet would have to go with her father to take care of him."

The minister explained gently to her that it would take a great deal more money to send even Mr. Wicks and Janet to the country than the amount she showed him tied in the corner of her handkerchief. "But tell me what you did at the railway office," he said.

"It was their dinner-hour, I guess, when I got there, for the men were having a daisy time. They were just mean to me, that's what they were! It was my fault, I suppose; but they egged me on, and I sassed 'em back. They wouldn't give me a cent—only one man who gave me that quarter; that was the most I got. All the rest said they was just starting to Bar Arbor or Tucksido on their vacations They asked me how it came I wasn't spending the summer with the Vanderbilts, and when I wouldn't answer 'em they called me the Duchess of Cady street."

Mary Lizzie stopped, wrapped her hands nervously in her faded skirt, and went on: "That made me mad, and I told 'em I was no Dutcher than they was. While I was sassing 'em they all went to work pretty quick. A little, low, fat man had come in, but I didn't see him at first. When they wouldn't answer me any more, I turned to leave, and ran plump into him. "Barrot," he says as sharp as could be, "what's all this mean?" "I just come in sir," says the man. But it wasn't true, for he was one of the worst to tease me. "I'll tell you what it is," says I, and then I told him what I was collecting for, and they hadn't but one give anything."

"Who was the man who came in?" "Why, Colonel Balair."

"You don't mean you asked Colonel Blair to contribute for Mr. Wicks!" exclaimed the minister remembering vividly a certain experience of his own with Colonel Blair, at the end of which he found himself in the corridor of the great office building feeling that he had done a disgraceful deed in asking assistance for a sick man.

"Yes, I did; but I didn't know it was Colonel Blair when I asked him."

"Can you remember every word you said, and all he said?"

"I told him that Mr. Wicks had been the driver for some rich man for a long while, and now he was sick, and the man was so mean he wouldn't help him a bit."

"Didn't you know that Mr. Wicks was Colonel Blair's driver until he was taken sick?"

"No, was he? I thought Colonel Blair acted pretty mad! He squirmed round in his chair and said who sent me here? And I said nobody. And he said wasn't I lying, and looked at me real sharp, and I said no, I was straight. And I told him I made up the plan myself.

"Then he said, supposing the man had good wages all these years, and hadn't saved anything, was the railway company a charity organization? And I says I didn't know what the railway company was, but the man had buried his wife, and his daughter my age, had to keep house for him, and he was sick now for fourteen months, and the family earning next to nothing, and they couldn't help theirselves. And I told him how we was going to fix it to take care of the children so Janet could go to the country with her father, and wouldn't he please help?"

"And he said why didn't the churches 'tend to such things? And I told him about the nurse's fund and the free kingergarten, and how Dr. Cregan went to see the sick people that was too poor to pay, and all the rest you did for the people here at the church. I told him I knowed if you could you'd send Mr. Wicks, but you just couldn't, 'cause I knowed you paid for Mrs. Homer yourself. I know you did, Mr. Parker, for she said she just bet you did."

"And he said, whu didn't I ask somebody else? And I said there was no use to ask the "Old Mogul." And he said did I know who he was? And I said no. And he kind o' smiled as if he was proud to hear me say that and said, why wasn't it any use to ask the Old Mogul? And I said everybody said he never gave money to anybody. And he said didn't everybody say the Old Mogul was too smart to be taken in? and I said no; they said he was too stingy. And I thought some of the men in the outside office would fall off their chairs; but nobody looked round."

the minister, smiling.

"What did he say to that?" asked

"He looked awful black, and growled out, "They do, eh? Say I'm an old skinflint, I reckon! Who said that, please?" and I was awful scart, for then I knowed he was the old Mogul. And I says, slowly, "Why, everybody thinks so."

"He kind o' sunk down in his chair for a minute, and then he grabbed up his pen and scratched away in a little book as if he was going to carve the paper up. Then he called out, "Barrett, look in the directory and find where the Rev. Mr. Parker lives and take this child to him." And he tore off the letter as if he was tearing a piece of cloth and gave it to me and says. "Take that to Mr. Parker, and if what you say is true, all right; but if you've been collecting money under false ptetenses, I'll have you sent to the house of c'rection."

As she finished her story Mary Lizzie produced the paper, much crumpled and soiled from contact with her tear dampened handkerchief. Mr. Parker glanced at it and then looked up in amazement.

"Don't you know what a check is?" he asked.

"Yes. I've checked packages when I was a cash at the Bee Hive. But that isn't a check.'

"Mary, Colonel Blair has put into my hands as a trustee enough to send Mr. Wicks and the whole family to the country for the summer, and something more besides."

Two weeks later it was Miss Ann Royal's turn to draw her breath with a quick gasp of wonder over a letter that came to her. Just as Janet Wicks had done over the same sort of letter that came to her. The minister's wife had written it, so that Miss Ann might not be humiliated by receiving what she called charity. This was the letter.

My Dear Miss Ann:—Will you not allow me to reach out into our friendship far enough to offer you the enclosed? It is not my money that I am sending you; it has been hallowed already by having been given to the King, and I am only passing it on to you,

I know you need rest from the hard work which you have done so bravely for all these years. Just drop everything, and go to your old home in the country for as long a time as you can. I am not going to sign my name to this; only let me say that I am one who loves you and one who is like yourself,

A Daughter of the King.

"It's more than you deserve," Ann Royal," she said to herself, as she wiped her eyes. Miss Ann had lived so much alone that she often held animated conversations with herself.

"Here only last week," she went on, "you were grumbling because you had to work such long hours, when you know it was a blessing that the daylight lasts so long now that you need not buy any oil. And now you are a regular aristocrat, going off for a long vacation. But Ann Royal,' she shook hersell sharply as she spoke, you wouldn't think of going off to enjoy that money all alone, would you? Go straight to Mary Lizzie Moore's and divide up with her. Let her go to the country, too."

Mary Lizzie sat blissfully smoothing out the crisp bills which lay in her lap after Miss Ann had gone back to her own room.

"Catch me going into the country, she said. "Why I'd die of lonesomeness! I'm going to get a lovely new dress, I am; one like they have in the show-window at the Bee Hive. I'm going down to the beach. I'll catch onto a different excursion every day, I'll go to the merry-go-round every night, and I'll ride all the time. And I' go to the bicycle railway and the crystal maze, and the roller toboggan slide. I'll have ice cream for breakfast and for every other meal."

"Why Mary I thought you were going off for a vacation!" Mr. Parker exclaimed, a week later, when Mary Lizzie, in her same faded dress she had worn on the day of her visit to Colonel Blair, came into the library.

"I did go down to Light House Point with the Third Ward Tigers on Monday," she said.

"I think I could find you a pleasanter company than that," Mr. Parker began.

"Oh, the crowd was all right. One of the men swum out in the surf till they thought ne'd drown; and there was some men on the boat that's going to vote the other ticket and they most had a fight. McMullin's Independent Club is going down to-morrow."

It was evident that Mary Lizzie was not seeking advice on the question of excursions.

"Say Mr. Parker," she broke out, "can't there be something done for that baby of Mrs. Fogle's?"

"Why, I thought it was well again! Hasn't Dr. Cregan been attending it?"

"It was better till the hot weather came back last week, and now it's worse'n ever. I just believe it'll die, like all the rest! It cries 'most all the time. Monday the last thing I heard when I went down the hall was its little, weak cry. I couldn't get it out of my ears all day. It's crying now. I can't have a vacation if that baby's going to die. See!"

"But it ain't going to die!" she added fiercely; "not if I can help it. I've brought you the money Miss Ann Royal gave me—what's left. I wish I hadn't spent some of it. They took the dress back, 'cause I used to work in the store. There is twenty-two dollars and thirteen cents. Won't that do some good?"

"Mary, you dear girl, it will do some good! I am sure you'll get more money, if you can give like this! But you've been planning to do so many things with this money; can you give them up?"

"I reckon I can give 'em up better'n the baby can. See? Besides, I've got to get that cryong out of my ears, or I'll be neruous prostrated."

Three weeks later, when Doctor Cregan and Mr. Parker were visiting the Sanitorium, as they had come to call the little colony of sick babies and children at the old Royal farmhouse Colonel Blair's private car ran on the switch to wait for the passing of a freight-train. Mr. Parker persuaded him to come up to the porch, where it was cooler, and see the convalescent children. He took but languid interest, however, until Mr. Parker asked him whether he had ever made a better investment.

"What have I to do with this?" he asked.

"Not everything, but the principal subscription is yours."

"How's that? I thought I gave that money to the girl for Wicks?"

"So you did, and the doctors and I gave him one hundred and fifty dollars of it at once, to come up here and camp out. They are on that high ground. He sent back fifty dollars because they didn't need so much. We gave that to Ann Royal a woman who was working herself to death in the city, to come out here and rest for a while. She divided her gift with the same little girl who came to see you. The girl gave practically all her share to get the first of these sick babies out of the heat of the tenement. We took some other money that was given us afterward to buy milk, ice and other supplies. We are paying the Wicks family ,who rented the farm, and paying Miss Ann Royal, too, for the work they do in caring for these children out of the other hundred you gave for Wicks."

"You don't mean that you have supported a family, given a poor woman a vacation, and brought all this mob of young ones out here on that two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"That and a very little more."

"Mr. Parker, you ought to have been a railway man. If I had had hold of you before you went to preaching, I could have trained you so there would not have been a sharper superintendent in the state."

"The doctor had as much to do with it as I had, and the girl had more to do with getting it started than either of us."

"Where is that little hustler of a girl who got the money in the first place? Isn't she going to have any of the fun? I call that shabby! Bring her up here and make some sort of place for her. I don't know but I'll have to make a railway man of her. But anyway we'll establish a vacation fund, and you may call it for the Old Mogul if you like. Only keep the farmhouse filled with babies all summer long, and have that girl here to help take care of them. There's that freight whistling."

## WRONG SIDE OUT.

Flora has always had a temper, or, rather, a will. If Flora ever gets set on anything she seems to turn into a sort of human fortress, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't make much of an impression on her, yet it was through this very will that Flora came to marry Albert Eddy. I am Flora's aunt, and I know all about it. There isn't any harm in my telling. I have heard Flora tell it herself dozens of times.

It was quite late in her life that Flora was married, though she was real good looking and considerably well-to-do. I don't know why the young men didn't seem to care much about her; perhaps one reason was she never seemed to care much about them; perhaps another was she always looked kind of settled down and satisfied. Flora's eyes were never wandering around in search of husbands and she used to sit as straight as a gun in meeting and never turn her head. But then she didn't have to, to see the minister. However, she used to look at him just to hear the sermon, and she never hung behind after meeting to see him, nor had any questions of conscience, that she needed spiritual advice for, like a good many women in the village. She just kept right on in her own way. When he came to call on her, she turned the mats,and her tidies and the pictures, and her apron, just as she did for other callers that she wasn't real intimate with, but that was all. She'd sit and talk with him as calm as a clock.

You see this habit that Flora had of turning things to keep them nice made quite a talk in the village, though she wasn't the only woman who was a nice housekeeper who did that. I know lots of women now, who never have their mats right side out unless they have particular company, but Flora carried it a great deal farther. Why, I've been into Flora's house when there wasn't hardly a single thing that was right side out. She had a new carpet in her parlor, and she put that down wrong side out to begin with, because it had a blue color on the right side that she was afraid would fade, and all her mats were turned, with the sewed ridges of the braid showing, and the pictures all back-to, and the tidies, and the table-cloth and Flora's apron. She was very thrifty, and a splendid housekeeper. Some said she was the best housekeeper in the village. She could not bear a speck of dust or anything out of place; the dishes in her buttery used to look as if they were fairly grown to the shelves. She used to keep even the dishes wrong side up, or, rather, bottom side up, the plates all piled on their faces, and the cups and saucers all turned over, and the bowls and the covers of vegetable dishes and sugar bowls and teapot set in the wrong way.

When Flora had a particular caller, like Mrs. C. C. Belton, who is the richest woman in town, or the minister, she used to fly around and put things straight. Luckily, her house set high, and she could see a long way down the road. I've been in there when she spied someone coming and helped her. The way we would whop over those mats, and the table-cloth, and the tidies, and the way we'd clap over those pictures, and George Washington would loom up, Daniel Webster, and a little vase of flowers in pencil that Flora had done when she went to school,—was a caution. I used to tell her that there wasn't any need of her being so careful of things, that she had enough to buy others when those gave out, but she wouldn't listen to me.

Finally people began to whisper that the minister, Mr. Albert Eddy, was calling pretty often on Flora, and I joked her a bit about it. She blushed and didn't act as if she minded, and that very afternoon when we were sitting there, in the parlor, I saw him coming down the road, "Land, here he is now, Flora said.

Flora whopped over the mats, and I turned over the pictures, and by the time the door bell rang everything was right side out except Flora's apron. She had clean forgotten that. When she came in with the minister I saw right away that she had it on wrongside out; it was ruffled, too, and that made it worse. I rose up when the minister came in; I thought I wouldn't be in the way, but I hated to leave and not tell about that apron. I knew she would feel awfully about it afterward. So I tried to catch her eye, and made a motion toward it while the minister was asking after my health, but I couldn't manage it.

So I went out, but I hadn't more than shut the door before it opened, and Flora came flying out after me. "Good land," she whispered, "I forgot to turn my apron, and I had to tell him that I had a book I wanted to send to Aunt Susan; you'd better take that book of Pansy's on the table on the sitting room, so I shan't lie quite so bad." All the time she was whispering, she was tying on her apron right side out.

"I hope he didn't notice," she said.

"Oh, I guess he didn't, men ain't apt to," said I.

But he had noticed it and he thought she had told a falsehood, for he looked out of the window and saw I didn't have the book. I had read it before, and I didn't want it, and besides I don't like covering up a fib with such a flimsy sort of veil; it has always seemed to me worse that telling one right out.

Well, Mr. Albert Eddy went home pretty soon, and he didn't come any more.

It turned out that someone had been telling him how Flora kept her things turned wrong side out, and I guess that had more to do with his staying away than her telling a fib. He said some things, finally, or folks said he did, that came right back to Flora of how ridiculous he thought it was. Then I began to think it was all over sure, for it has always seemed to me that when a woman begins to make fun of a woman, that is the end of his affection. I was sorry, because I had always thought a good deal of Flora, and I hated to think she had nothing before her, but a solitary old age, But all the time I felt puzzled. I used to sit in meeting and watch Albert Eddy and I saw his eyes turn in spite of himself to Flora sitting down there, looking as handsome as a picture, if she wasn't as young as some, and I thought to myself that if I didn't know what I knew, I would think he was far from getting over his liking for her.

But there was no doubt whatever that he had given her up; he told me so himself afterward. He had come to think she was eccentric, and wouldn't make a good helpmeet. And a minister has to think of that more than other men.

It came to the day before Christmas and he hadn't called on her for six months, but that afternoon I was in Flora's house, and I saw him coming down the road, He thought he ought to call, and he made up his mind to make a short formal call, but it did not come out the way he planned.

When I saw him coming I turned to Flora and I said, "Flora I guess Mr. Eddy is coming."

She turned pale, then a beautiful color came into her cheeks. "Well," said she, "let him come."

I jumped up and began to turn the mats over as usual, and she jumped up, too, but she just grabbed my arm to stop me instead of going to work herself. "Don't," said she; "I don't want them turned over."

"Why don't you Flora?" said I.

"Because I don't," said she; "I do not want them turned over." "Nor the pictures, either?" I said.

"No," said she, "nor the tidies nor anything."

All the time she was talking she was pulling off her dress skirt. Then she got into it wrong side out, and put on her apron again wrong side out.

I stared at her. "My land, Flora, are you gone crazy?"

"No," said she, "I have not. but there sha'n't be any more talk about deception, and if he thinks I'm old, he shall get the full brunt of it" Then the doorbell rang and Flora went to the door, with head high, switching along that wrong-side skirt, and that apron. When she came in, she did look ridiculous. All the seams of her skirt showed the overcasting and then was the drab cambric facing.

I saw the minister looking at it with the strangest look I ever saw on a man's face. He looked as if he wanted to burst right out laughing and yet he looked sort of admiring. I didn't know what to think of him or her. There were all the pictures with their board-sides out and the tablecloth showing the long stitches; it was one that Flora had worked herself; and all the tidies wrong. Flora talked along just as easy as if everything was all right.

It seemed to me that I never saw Flora look so handsome. Her cheeks were blazing and her eyes were like black stars. Presently she said: "Oh Mr. Eddy, you have never seen my house! I have heard you are interested in old houses and old furniture and this is over a hundred years old, niture. Wouldn't you like to see them?"

Of course he couldn't do any less than say he would, and we all rose to go. I knew if Flora was going to show him the house she would want me to stay.

Well, Flora took him into the kitchen and there was everything wrong side up, down to the broom. Flora called attention to that, "I always take pains to stand my broom with handle side down," said she, "otherwise it wears out dreadfully."

She took him all over the house; in the chambers all the bed spreads were on wrong side out, and even the looking glasses hung faces to the wall. "I can't have the sun shining on the glass," said Flora, "it spoils it."

She took him into the buttery, and there were all the upside-down dishes. She had baked some pies that morning and they were upside down in their plates. "If the bottom crust gets the air they keep longer," said Flora. I stared at her, for I had never heard of such a thing, but I didn't say a word. I began to think that she had been expecting he might call, and getting everything ready, that it was all cut and dried, and I guess it was.

The minister followed after her, and that queer look on his face seemed to deepen and deepen.

We had got around to the spare chamber and it was a sight; an old-fashioned counterpane on the bed, with the wrong side of the knots showing and the carpet wrong side up and the mats and covers on the bureau and stand and the looking-glass face to the wall, and the two pictures one of Flora's flower-drawings and the other a hair wreath she made when she was a young girl. The curtains had the wrong side to the room and I declare if even the chairs weren't tipped up and faced the wall. That whole room looked as if it were backing out of sight as fast as it could go.

All of a sudden I saw the minister's mouth begin to twitch, then as if he couldn't hold out a minute longer, he burst into a great roar of laughter. He doubled up with it. I never thought he could laugh so. Flora looked at him, her mouth twitching as if she couldn't help it then she laughed too.

I went downstairs. It suddenly came to me that they might have an understanding. I went off home and did not say one word.

I went over again the next morning, for I must say I was a little curious.

"What made you run off so last night?" says Flora, but she looked as if she was glad enough I did. I didn't answer her for a minute, I was so struck. I couldn't think what had come to the house. Then I saw everything was right side out. There was the sun pouring in on the carpets, and the mats, and the pictures and everything, and Flora had on her apron right.

"For the land sakes, Flora," said I, "who's coming?"

"Nobody just yet that I know of," says Flora. She blushed all over her face and neck.

"I don't know but the minister and his mother will come in to supper, as it's Christmas," says she, "and I'd be glad to have you come over too."

"Then you are going to—"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Flora.

"But he isn't coming till afternoon, then," said I, looking at the pictures and the mats again.

"I know that," says Flora, "but I'm going to keep things right side out after this. I got up this morning at four o'clock and turned the parlor carpet. I had my way yesterday but this morning I've given it to him for a Christmas present."


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### PANAMA ROUTE CHOSEN.

(Montreal Witness.)

The Senate of the United States has deliberately chosen Panama as the route for the canal, thus expressing the opinion of the country as well as that of expert engineers. This shows a very great change of sentiment, as until within the past two years the Nicaragua route was overwhelmingly in favor. The International Technical Commission made a report in favor of Panama in 1898, which had great effect, and this was followed by the United States Commission, any further change in technical opinion, which led up to a great change in popular opinion and the recent vote in the Senate. The case for Panama superiority was well expressed by Colonel Hains recently. There is shorter length of canal, fewer and less difficult obstacles to be overcome a more thorough knowledge of the physical difficulties, the less total amount of curvature, the more moderate degree of curvature—that is, the greater proportionate length of canal that approaches a straight line; the lower summit level of twenty-two feet in favor of Panama, where the lift is only eighty-two feet compared with a hundred and four feet in Nicaragua; the greater ease with which the level of lake Bohio can be regulated as compared with Lake Nicaragua: the largely diminished cost of maintenance the belief that, if the United States builds a canal at Panama, a canal in competition would never be built anywhere else; because the actual time of transit will be less; because the dangers of temporary obstruction are less in proportion to the length of the canal; because a railway is already constructed and fully equipped. We quote these arguments at length because they set the superior merits of the Panama route forth very tersely. Possibly an argument which prevailed as much as any of them to turn the tide of battle was the fact that the enormously costly work already done on the Panama canal was to be purchased dirt cheap and at a price ruinous to those who did it. Many went into the Senate debate holding the Nicaraguan route as a cult, and almost a religion, as referred to in the taunt of Senator Morgan, who holds that the American nation today stands guilty of apostacy in having abandoned the true Nicaraguan faith.' There is no doubt but that the Panama route is the best, and it is to be hoped that the 'Spooner Bill' will pass safely through its other stages. Not when has been desired for a hundred years will come to pass, and another world's route be opened to the human race,


Messrs. C. C, Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs:— While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. Minard's Liniment is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. OKE

Harbor Grace, Nfld., Jan. S. 1898.


### CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

Toronto, June 6—One of the most successful annual meetings of the Ontario Medical association was brought to a close with the election of officers yesterday afternoon; a number of valuable papers were read at the morning and afternoon sessions, but nearly all were of interest only to the profession. Dr Knopp of New York, the authority on tuberculosis, deprecated the feeling that was abroad that the person afflicted with consumption was a hopeless outcast. His experience led him to take a most hopeful view of the curability of this disease with the proper methods. The banquet was a very pleasing affair, when, in the speeches, feeling references were made to the good work of Canadian surgoons while under fire in South Africa.


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Dr. Hamilton's pills cure headache.


### AN ODD DUCK.

Some officers of an American ship were dining with a mandarin at Canton. One of the guests wished for a second helping of a very savory stew which he thought was some sort of duck. Not knowing a word of Chinese he held a plate to the host, saying, "Quack! Quack quack!"

His countenance fell when the host, pointing to the dish, replied:

"Bow, wow, wow!"


A pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.

"Test it!"

Save the tags, they are valuable.

Minard's Liniment cures diphtheria.