| The content of the when suspending an unusually large viotim. You would hardly imagine that so small a creature could be a helpful servantto man, and yet the spinning and weaving of this humble mollusk have been turned to most valuable account. At the town of Bideford, in Devonshire, is a long bridge of twenty-four arches crossing the Torridge River. The tides flow with such swiftness at this bridge that no mortar will hold the masonry of the arches. But the corporation of the town keep boats for the purpose of bringing mussels from a distance, which are applied to every interstice of the stone work. The masonry is entirely supported and held to gether by the strong threads these bivalves spin, and the law makes it a crime, punishable by transportation, to remove any of them." The assertion that the removal of mussels from Bideford Bridge is "punishable by transportation" is lovely It has the flavor of the "good old days" when a man could be hung for stealing a sheep.

Musterings of an Undertaker.

New York **Herald: "Put on airs, my

Mutterings of an Undertaker.

New York Herald: "Put on airs, my beauties," muttered an undertaker, travelling on the elevated railroad. "Put on airs, but when I get you there won't be any airs, and one of you will look pretty much like the other."

A bevy of bright and haughty damsels had boarded the train at Twenty-eighth street and their bearing annoyed the undertaker.
"I tell you," he said, "when I bury them they all look pretty much the same. They don't sneer at the poor old undertaker, either. I never saw a proud looking corpse in my life, and I've buried thousands. No difference, air! The millionaire in the loebox and the pauper you couldn't tell apart. Put a President or a Senator in the morgue and I defy any one to pick them out from the other people there.

"That's what! think always when I see people putting on airs. It doesn't worry me in the least. I remember the time when the undertaker will be laying 'em out and when a live newsboy will' be worth fifty of 'em."

No matter how careful I am, ...

Ame way.

Perhaps you don't use enough coffee.

Noneense. I put in a whole half cupful,
and everybody says that's plenty.

Did you measure the water?

Huh! Who ever heard of measuring
water? All cooks pour right out of the
teakettle. I've seen'em often—so there. He Didn't Care.

Wool—Joblots is married again, lawyer told him last night that his divorce wouldn't hold water. Van Pelt—What did he say? Wool—Didn't care whether it not; they are going to Kentucky t

Witherby—I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown.

Plankington—What, was she angry?
Witherby—Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another one?

The man who skips the advertisements in perusing a newspaper is certain to miss a valuable amount of news. No part of a newspaper contains more accurate information as to the condition of the people than the columns devoted to advertising. Here is to be found the best instruction as to the practice of economy in living as well as the practice of economy in living as well as the

tentions.

Daughter-Oh, dear me, no! I threate to tell you every time any one of there Little Johnny on Managing Girls.

I like girls. Some boys n.t, but that's because they doesn't know how o manage 'em. Girls gets tired of ything so quick that all you got to do is to et 'em have their own way 'till they gets dof tan' then you can boss 'em all the res of the day. I guess womens is the same way. What Makes a Prohibitionist?

One of the lofty lights of the Prohibition party says: "A man may drink nothing but whiskey and still be a Prohibitionist." Precisely so. It is not his own habits, but his intense desire to regulate the habits of his neighbors that fixes a man's standing as a reformer.—Chicago Tribune.

The Retort Courteous.

The Reters Cenriceus.

Tramp (to Salem Girl)—Can't you give me a cup of coffee? Salem Girl—No; I have only cups of china. I can give you some coffee in a cup, however. Tramp—Thanks, miss. And please be kind enough to drop a cube of sugar into the receptacle, with a spoonful of bovine juice.

When the clocks tolled twelve strokes last night and the first day of July made its appearance, nearly 150,000 Pittaburg workmen, who had toiled almost incessantly during the past year, were out of employment. The scale in force during the past year expired at midnight, and in all the mills, the proprietors of which had not signed the scale for the ensuing year, work ceased entirely at that time. All was quiet at Homestead and in the city to day. The atreets were filled with idle men, but the best of order prevailed.

Hon. A. G. Porter, the American Minister at Rome, and Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador, have handed to Signor Brin, the Italian Prime Minister, a request from their respective Governments, that King Humbert appoint an arbitrator to take part in the settlement of the controversy between the United States and Great Hritain regarding the Behring Ses.

"Ma?" Yee, darling?" "Mr. Le Bean aaked me if I loved him last night. 2 "Yee".

regarding the Behring Ses.

"Ma?" "Yes, darling !" "Mr. Le Bean asked me if I loved him last night." "Yes! Yes? Go on, darling." "Well, I wouldn't tell him at first, but he squeezed it out of me in the end."

Did you ever really know a woman too busy to run to the parlor window to look at a neighbor with a new hat?

a reformer.—Chicago Tribune.

As a cure for paralysis, solatica, rehumatism, female troubles such as suppressions, bearing down pains, etc., general debility and that tired feeling peculiar to many, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid on receipt of price—60 cents a box—The Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Do it with pleasure sah," replied the host.

The cards were produced and the drummer won. The rocater was turned over to him and was brought to the world's fair city.

A few days of the Chicagoan again repliatered at the same hotel in Decatur. The proprietor immediately recognized him.

"Aren't you the man who played me a game of cards two years ago for a rocater?" he saked.

"Wall, I've been thinking of you, sah, quite a powerful lot since that time. Do you know, sah, I've never been able to respectively the sah, and you will oblige me now by sominating the sort of poison you prefer."—

Chicago Mail.

Considerate.

Considerate.
Young Mr. Fiddleback.—Is Miss Redbud at home?
Servant.—She is, sir; but the minister is talking to her just at present, sir.
Fiddleback.—Oh, all right. Don't wake

Mrs. A.—So George is to be married next month. Is he making a good match? Mrs. B.—I believe his flasce is in every way suited to him.

SOOTHING. CLEANSING.
HEALING.
Instant Relief, Permanent
Oure, Failure Impossible.
Many so-called diesesse are
simply symptoms of Cakarrh,
until as Information of Cakarrh,
until as Information of Cakarrh,
or depitting, general feeling
of depitting, ste. If you are
trioubled with any of these or
indred symptoms, you have
Cakarrh, and should, lose no
time. Procure. Be warned in
time, neglected cold in head
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FULFORD & 50. Breckville, Ont.

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We pay the highest price for the work and supply the materials. Send stamped envelope for
particulars to Ben. Lomand, San Francisco,

Tack Up Advertisement Cards. 33 A DAY and EXPENSES to right party. Send stamped envelope for particulars to Bea. Lomand, advertising manager, San Francisco, Cal.

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The Mentana Mining, Loan and Investment Co. (180 Line of Marine) BUTTE CITY, MONTANA

THE PATENT PINLESS NO CLOTHES

Piso's Hollands for Calerry to the Best, Enslast to Uso, and Chenpest. CATARRH 80' 1 by druggists or sent by mail, 600. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren. Pa.

tight, the chimney will break as it expands with the heat, These catches are easily loosened without injuring the lamp.

"I ant a drak, pape," the parened has piped weakly.

All day long the yellow-haired man sat beside the fever-stricken baby. Oftimes his head sank on his breast, as if from sheer exhaustion, but he was always ready to instantly attend to the feeble cry of "Ant a d'ink, pape," of repeated.

The oblid seemed to be sinking rapidly. Its hot breath came and went in painful, flattering came. Lynch Law Among Rats. Lynch Law Among Eats.

In the neighborhood of Burley the other day a gentleman looking over a wall saw a dead hen in the field. Presently a rat ran up, sniffed at the defunct fowl with much satisfaction, and went away in some haste. The onlooker, who is a student of natural history, knew what that meant and removed the hen from the spot. In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends, with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use. Arrived at the spot where the fowl had lain the rat raised a loud squeak of astonishment at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends.—

Lecte (Eng.) Evening Post.

When and What to Each. Its hot breath came and went in painful, flattering gasps.
Often the yellow-haired man's eyes closed involuntarily, but the baby's feeble wail for water always aroused him.
He took the little sufferer in his arms, and, as the sun sank from sight behind the distant mound, he seated himself before the open window.
The soft southwestern breeze, laden with the perfume of the wild verbenas, gently agitated the interlaced morning glory vines that crossed the window.
It dallied about the little hot face, fanned the burning cheeks, and kiased the small parched lips. It toyed with the baby's yellow outs, so like those of the pale-faced man who bent above it.
The little head nestled closer to the man's heart.

When and What to Read. "Sing, Papa," the parched lips whis-

When and What to Read.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go to see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.—

Golden Censer. silt, was only an old-fashioned inliaby, mple, even silly perhaps, but the tenor voice that sang it so softly glorified the hemely air.

The swift, Indian summer swilight of the plains came and went: and still the yellow-haired man sat in the dim room by the open window and sang the sweet old iuliaby. The song went steadily on, and presently the body was still, except for the feverish breathing. breathing.
Ont in the darkness a night hawk fell, seemingly from the very clouds almost to the earth, uttering, as he turned to begin his ascent, his weird, booming, discordant Refused by Inference,

Dallas—I hear that you proposed to Miss Testy last night and got a refusal? Callous—Well, as to that, ahe didn't ulundy refuse me; she wouldn't wound my cellings by doing that, yet the inference of ter remark was plain snough. Dallas—What reply did she make to your grongal? Proposal?

Callous—She said if I was the last man on earth she might consider it. Women Read Advertisen Wemen Read Advertisements.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: It has been my good fortune during my week's stay at this notel to be seated at table with three or four bright women. Every one of them comes down to breakfast with a newspaper in her hands. And what do you suppose he reads first? Why, the advertisements of the big dry goods houses, of course. She dwells and comments on every item of the advertisements with the serious interest that I devote to the market reports.

The door opened softly and someone tiptoed into the room.

"Paul," said a low voice, your cue comes
in five minutes. You must go now."
The yellow-haired man left the aleeping
child softly on the bed, and followed the
newcomer out into the darkness.

He staggered weakly as they strode along
the dark street, and once would have fallen
had not his comrade caught him.

"Take my arm, Paul," the comradesaid.

"Take my arm, Paul," the comrade said.

The impromptu opera house, a new, half finished building, with a make-shift stage and scenery, was crowded to overflowing.

The stitions of Sonddy were present almost to a man, and even the cowboys from as far out as the Yellowhammer and Spade ranches were in attendance.

Jack Bates, with a bouques clutched in his hand, occupied a prominent position and applanded every part of the performance with impartial vigor.

The performance had been going on for some time when the yellow-haired tenor sppeared. He came upon the stage with unsteady, stambling steps. His yellow hair was tossed about and his face was drawn.

St. Louis Giobe-Democrac: It has been ested at table with three to find the high distribution of the section being my good fortune during my week's taxy at this hotel to be seated at table with these to four bright women. Every one of them the hands. And what do you suppose he reads first? Why, the advertisements of the big dry goods houses, of course. She dwells and comments on every time of the advertisements with the serious interest that I devote to the market reports.

"I say, my friend," said a traveller from Maine, "can yeu tell me where there's a haunted house?" "Yes, sir," was the respective of the performed and the performance of the performance with impartial vigor.

The performance had been going on for some time when the yellow-haired tenor speared. He came upon the stage with unsteady, stambling steps. His yellow hair was tossed about and his face was drawn Puck.

A detective from Scotland Yard, Londo is in Quebec, looking up the antecedents Dr. L. N. Cream.

hat no one could suggest her ceasing to repeat the remark: "Did you know that nice?"

A Besperate Keung Man.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munn, with some anxiety in his manner, as he led his only child to a seat in the parior.

"Wes, papa. Why do you sake?" "Did he of the her of remark in the first anything happened to him?" "Did he of the her of propose marriage to you?" "Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thorse has his body been discov—" "Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discov—" "Did you give has happened to him "" "No, papa. Has his body been discov—" "Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discove—" "Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discove—" "Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discove—" ""Old you give him any encouragement whatever?" "No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or—" "You rejected him finally and irrevocably, did you?" "Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. Oh, papa, as it is tawful?" "Yes, it's awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done to-day." "Oh, gapa, do you think I shall be arrested for the "Oh, dear, no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you." "But tell me what he has done, papa." "He's gone to work."—Detroit Free Fress.

"But tell me what he has done, papa." "He's gone to work."—Detroit Free Fress.

"But tell me what he has done, papa." "He's gone to work."—Detroit Free Fress.

To break off a Loug Salt.

The Emd of a Loug Salt.

The Emd of a Loug Salt.

The Emd of a Loug Salt.

The Cond of a Loug Salt.

The Emd of a Loug Salt.

The Cond for Lough Indicates to pay royalties on a p

Mr. Foster replied that it was improving.

Mr. Landerkinquoted the trade and navigation returns to show that from 1875 to 1877 inclusive the trade with the West Indies was \$11,409,694, while from 1885 to 1887 inclusive it was \$6,582,269, a falling off of over four millions. This did not seem to him a satisfactory state of affairs.

Mr. Mills contended that the prime difficulty as to exports was that Canada put barriers in the way of imports from the West Indies. The experience of the world proved that goods could not be sold by one nation to another unless it was prepared to take in return what that other had to sell. It was because she recognized this principle that Britain's foreign trade had grown to such enormous proportions.

After further discussion the item passed.

Remarkable are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the city of Sacramentor: "Here is laid Daniel Borrow, who was born in Sorrow, and Borrowed little from Nature except his name and his love to mankind and hatred to redakins; who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot; who, through a long life, never killed his man except in self-defence or by accident; and who, when he at last went under, beneath the bullets of his cowardly etsemies in the salcon of Jeff Morris, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlating morrow." The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fitly conclude our compilation of a few of the curicatites of epitaph literature: "Sacred to the Memory of Hank Monk—the Whitest, Biggest-Hearted, and Best-Known Stage-Driver of the West; who was kind to All and Thought Ill of none. He Lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero, and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets.'

· A Veteran Still Fighting. "And you want a pension?"
"That's what."
"How long were you in the war?"
"Well, sit, I wur married 'long in '6i
n' peace ain't been declared yit; so you ki
es' calkilate fer yerself!"

A Beomerang.

Young Van der Million—Wouldn't it be rare fun for us to become engaged just for the summer, you know?

She—Just the thing! Inever did believe in long engagements. "Oh, misery!" cried the editor.
"What's the matter now?" "I just threw a poet out of the window, and his wife, who was waiting for him below, has presented one of our insurance coupons at the cashier's deak. He had it on him! Another \$500 gone, when \$2 would have bought not only his poem but his everlasting gratitude."—Puck.

time. To give up a reputable business to dabble a politics. To blame your children for following your plumply.
"Why," she exclaimed, "how abrupi you sre! You won't give me time."
"I can't do it," he snapped. "This is a cash transaction." To blame your children for following your bad examples.

To take part in the difference between your neighbors.

To give up a safe but plodding business for a bubble speculation.

To accept the scandalous stories you hear concerning other people.

To quarrel with your wife because she criticipies your faults.

Or with your husband because he doesn't tell you everything he knows.

Or with your sweetheart because she treats other gentlemen with courtery.

Or with your lover because he mixes common sense with love making.

To go in debt because the shop-keepers, have confidence in your honesty.—Cincinnats Enquirer. cash transaction."
And so they were married and lived hapily to a good old age.

Bon't be in Maste.

To break off an old and tried friendship.
Or contract a new and doubtful alliance.
To give advice without being asked for it.
To spend your salary in advance of earnne it.

Wealthy, but-0b, My ! Mrs. Pry—Those Watkinses mu wfully poor people. Mr. Pry—Why? How so? Mrs. Pry—They never give a begga

a prote The scarlet fever epidemic in old London growing more serior s.

hing—never.
Mr. Pry—Do you?
Mrs. Pry—No; but it ian't be aven't plenty.

Guite Ready.

Ethel—Old Mrs. Matchmaker ha husband for Miss Frostique.

Maud—I suppose Miss Frostique.

Maud—Is suppose Miss Frostique.

Ethel—No. She simply said, "
man ?" and when she was told it waid, "Let him bring a preacher alo im."

Brew a Line at the Shirts.

The husband of Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, the cooking lecturer of this city, is a mild-mannered gentleman, who is contented to sink his personality, mind his own affairs, and let his wife travel about and gather fame unhindered. He broke over the traces with a vengeance the other day, asys the New York Times, when he burst into her presence with his arms filled high with a freah delivery from the laundry. "This thing must stop right here," was his angry greeting. "Why, what is the trouble, dear?" asked his spouse. "Trouble i trouble enough!" he retorted, his voice shaking. "I have stood by quietly and let you have your own way with the public. That is all right. I make no objection now. But when my shirts come back from the laundry marked 'Sarah T. Rorer,' I draw the line."

Opt. Hermann Gleis, of the Commissary Department at Insterburg. Prussis, has been sentenced to four years' penal servitude for embezzing 15,000 marks belonging to his regiments funds.

Babies get ten times more feeding than they can possibly digest. They are fretful, need a cool drink or chopped ice, or a walk out in the air, and instead of these they are made to nurse when they are not hungry. If kept warm, dry, clean and quiet most children will thrive and seldom cry. Crying is a protest against conditions that are in-

my dear.

Little Johnnie—It's early yet, ma.

Mrs. Brown—I know it is. But I your father coming down the street, an don't think he caught many fish to-day. On the Other Foot. "The Irish are incapable of self-gover ment; see how they act in a campaign say the English. Ma. Stanley, however, running in England, not Ireland. New Yor Herald.

The man who always agrees with you may be a pleasant companion, but when you want advice go to someone else.

Professor Marshal a tells us that the cal in a general way req ires to grow from 12 to 200 years before it is fit to cut for large timber.

None but the Brave, Etc. He was poor, but nervy, and she was beautiful and rich. "Will you marry me?" he asked

Quite Ready.

Time for Action.

Mrs. Brown—You'd better hurry to

she wants another one?

Prince Bismarck, who was pelted with flowers by admiring young ladies at Kissingen and had his eye injured, was almost as unfortunate as Mr. Gladstone, at whom a woman hurled a "chunk" of gingerbread.

The looking-for-a-gas-leak-with-lighted match idea is winning a record among the didn't-know-it-was-loaded and starting-the fire with-kerosene schemes.

Half the year is onne. Have you no ticed it

Cooking by Observation. Mr. Newwoded—This coffee is as weak as water again. Mrs. N.—I can't account for it, my dear. No matter how careful I am, it's always the

ISSUE NO 28. 1892.

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FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED IN every town and district in Canada. Big profits to pushing People. Send stamp for particulars to Deminion Silver Company. Toronto, Ont.

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