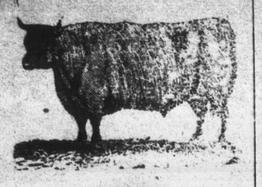
# WANTED



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Court Glen Buell, No. 878. Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on 2nd and 4th Friday in each month, at 7.30. Visitors always welcome

W. J. ANDERSON, C. R.
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

EAST OR WEST

It will pay you to patronize "The Old Reliable Grand Trunk Railway" and take advantage of its excellent Passenger Train Service which leaves Brockville as follows:

GOING EAST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Express (Sunday included) | 4.05 a.m. |
| Passenger | 5.50 a.m. |
| Way Freight | 6.30 a.m. |
| Express | 2.00 p.m. |
| Express (Sunday included) | 2.48 p.m. |

GOING WEST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Express | 12.15 a.m. |
| Limited Express | 1.55 a.m. |
| Passenger | 8.00 a.m. |
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3 Home-seekers' 60-day Excursions to Canadian Northwest Points 3

COLONIST RETURN FARES

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| Winnipeg, Deloraine, Reston, Estevan, Binscarth, Moosomin, Cowan | Going June 27th. | Returning until Aug. 26. |
| | Going July 13th. | Returning until Sept. 12. |
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| Regina, Moosejaw, Yorkton | | 30.00 |
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City ticket and Telegraph Office, corner King street and Court House avenue, Brockville.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS BY THE PRINCIPAL LINE.

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not any other kind of an extract, but Pond's, and Only Pond's.

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WAGES OF SIN

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD 25,000 OLD MEN CURED

WE CURE NERVOUS BLOOD SKIN PRIVATE DISEASES

250,000 CURED

YOUNG MAN Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Dare you marry in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.

CURES GUARANTEED

"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 2c stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.
DETROIT, MICH.


## MINE MULES.

**One Man Who Thinks They Are Wise Beyond Their Generation.**

Jim Smiley has studied the character and idiosyncrasies of the coal mine. Jim believes an old mine mule has more than horse sense and in some cases is gifted with second sight. Jim drove a white mule for Captain W. B. Rodgers of the Tide Coal company that had this faculty, and owing to his exercise of it Jim is able to relate some of his wondrous experiences with mine mules. The mule, Jim says, has Scriptural authority for seeing things that his drivers cannot see, and cites the story of Balaam and the mule ancestor, in corroboration of his theory.

The particular mule that Captain Rodgers owned was noted for his light heeled proclivities and his general objection to going the way he was directed. One morning Jim Smiley was taking a trip of care into a cross entry that had some of the pillars "ribbed." This slightly weakened the roof, and, although timbers had been put in to support the roof, it had begun to "creep." Jim shouted a few "cuss" words at the mule, and, calling him by an opprobrious name, invited him to "gwan." He started off in good style until the cross entry was reached. Here he stopped. Jim insisted that the mule proceed. The mule switched his tail. Jim applied his black snake whip, which he unwound from his shoulders for the purpose.

Force and persuasion were unavailing. Jim got behind the mine car and pushed it against the mule. The animal held back. Jim pushed harder, and the mule toppled over into the car. Jim could not get the mule out of the car and was forced to get another mule and pull the wise mule to the side track, where it was high enough to jump him out of the pit car.

Jim took the borrowed mule and went back into the cross entry, and when he arrived at the point where the wise mule had stopped he found that a fall of roof had occurred in his absence, completely closing the entry. Had Jim succeeded in driving the mule beyond the place of the "hold up" both he and the mule would have been entombed. Jim says no man knows as much as a pit mule, and they don't talk so much either.—Pittsburg News.

## ANTIQUITY OF SAWS.

**They Were In Use Centuries Before the Christian Era.**

Saws were used by the ancient Egyptians. One that was discovered with several other carpenter's tools in a private tomb at Thebes is now preserved in the British museum. The blade, which appears to be of brass, is 10½ inches long and 1¼ inches broad at the widest part. The teeth are irregular and appear to have been formed by striking a blunt edged instrument against the edge of the plate, the bur or rough shoulder thus produced not being removed.

A painting copied in Rosellini's work on Egyptian antiquities represents a man using a similar saw, the piece of wood which he is cutting being held between two upright posts. In other representations the timber is bound with ropes to a single post, and in one, also copied by Rosellini, the workman is engaged in tightening the rope, having left the saw sticking in the cut. In an engraving given in the third volume of Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians" a saw is represented of much larger dimensions, its length being by comparison with the man not less than three or four feet. It does not appear that the Egyptians used saws worked by two men.

The invention of saws was variously attributed by the Greeks to two or three individuals, who are supposed to have taken the idea from the jawbone of a snake or the backbone of a fish. There is a very curious picture among the remains discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, representing the interior of a carpenter's workshop, with two genii cutting a piece of wood with a frame saw, and on an altar preserved in the Capitoline museum at Rome there is a perfect representation of a box saw, exactly resembling, in the form of the frame and the twisted cord for tightening it, those used by modern carpenters. From these remains it is evident that these forms of the instrument were known to the ancients.—London Architect.

**An Ink Wiper.**

Query—Do all knee breeched public school boys wipe their pens on their stockings? The practice seems startlingly general. Can public opinion carry the fastidious teacher here whither she would?

It is a study hour; an ink well is closed; a notebook pushed aside, down goes a pen to take a turn or two about a stocking leg!

"Garvin, is that a nice thing to do?" This from the teacher, only loud enough to be heard by a selected neighbor or two.

"It don't show" (stolidly). Was there ever a better example from ancient Sparta to modern America of that widespread, deep rooted belief that a crime is not more than half criminal till society's ears have been shocked and aggrieved by its publication?—Teachers' Magazine.

**The Ideal Feminine Figure.**

The feminine acrobat, trapeze performer and popular danseuse give us some idea of the ideal feminine figure in the bountiful curves and outlines where difference of sex is most marked. If an object lesson is sought to prove that muscular development tends to emphasize the evolution of sex differentiation, it can be found in such shows as Barnum & Bailey's in the beautiful bodies of both male and female acrobats. While if another is needed to demonstrate that want of muscular development produces an approximation to the type masculine, it can be found, alas, all too easily among women who either cannot take exercise (as overworked teachers and seamstresses) or who will not.—Mrs. Ormiston Chant in Nineteenth Century.

**Different Papas.**

A north Omaha lad of 7 winters recently committed an offense against the parental rule and was called to account. The little fellow prevaricated about it.

"You should not tell me a story, son," said the fond papa. "That only makes the matter worse. George Washington would not tell a lie, and when he confessed to his papa that he had done wrong his papa forgave him and did not punish him."

"That was all right for George," said the youngster, "but they ain't making no papas now like he had."

The offender was let off with a reprimand.

**Bought.**

"What a contradictory face Miss Wellup has!"

"I don't understand."

"She wears a complexion that doesn't wear—because it is ware."—Chicago Tribune

**Appropriate.**

"What a pretty little donkey you've got there, Mr. Sprouts! Have you had him long?"

"'Bout a fortnit, mum."

"What's his name?"

"W-e-ll, 'e ain't 'zackly got no nime yut, but we corls 'im 'Pertickler.'"

"'Particular.' How extraordinary! May I ask why?"

"'Cos 'e's a fast steady ass!"—Ally Sloper.

**A Song of Cheer.**

De worl' is not too po' for you;
You gwine ter git yo' fill ..
You dunno what in sto' for you
Outside dat grocery bill

Den cheer up
En bear up,
Hit ain't no use ter rear up.
You dunno what in sto' fer you
Outside dat grocery bill.

De da'k cloud driftin fum de blue,
De sun done kiss de hill,
You dunno what in sto' for you
Outside dat grocery bill.

Den cheer up
En bear up.
Hit ain't no use ter rear up.
You dunno what in sto' fer you
Outside dat grocery bill.

—Atlanta Constitution.

**From the Roman Senate.**

"How long, O Catiline, wilt thou continue to abuse our patience?" spouted Cicero

"Oh, I don't know," replied Catiline, with a sneer. "I guess my little eccentricities of conduct don't make people any more tired than your speeches do."—New York Journal.

## Blood Poisoning.

**TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY FARMER.**

**Hospital Treatment Failed to benefit Him and His Life was Despaired Of—Again Well and Strong.**

From the Belleville Sun.

A reporter of the Belleville Sun recently had an opportunity to investigate a cure made through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which is little short of miraculous. The subject of the cure is Mr. William H. Conklin, a well known farmer who lives in Ameliasburg township, Prince Edward county. When the reporter drove over to see Mr. Conklin he was under the impressions, that he would find a partial invalid, but to his surprise found a stalwart, robust man of six feet, actively engaged unloading logs from a sleigh. On making known the object of his visit the reporter was invited into the house and Mr. Conklin gave his story as follows:—

You can see for yourself that my condition is now one of good health, and yet I have been near death's door. A year ago last summer I injured my hand with the result that blood poisoning set in. A doctor was called in and the usual treatment given and the hand apparently got well and I started to work. It soon turned out, however that the poison had not been entirely got rid of and it spread through my whole system. The doctor was again called in, but looking upon my case as critical, advised me to go to the hospital at Belleville. This I did and remained there throughout the month of October, 1897. My condition was desperate, and as I was not making any progress towards recovery, I may frankly say that I gave my case up as hopeless. Believing that I could not recover, I asked to be taken home. I then tried various treatments with no better results. I could not walk without help and I was doubled up like a jack-knife. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and sent for half a dozen boxes. After using the first half dozen my appetite returned and night sweats which had been the bane of my sleeping hours deserted me. Knowing that the pills were helping me I sent for a further supply. Meantime a swelling came in my hip which finally broke, and from that on my progress was more rapid and I am again as sound as ever and able to do a day's work with any one. I can only add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me to my present state of good health and so long as I live I shall praise the remedy that brought me back from the verge of the grave.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## ANNUAL DICOESAN PILGRIMAGE

**Will Take Place on July 25th Under the Direction of Rev. Fathers Stanton and Twomey.**

The Annual Diocesan Pilgrimage under the auspices of His Grace Most Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston, is announced to take place on Tuesday the 25th of July. It will be under the direction of Rev. Father Twomey of Tweed and Rev. Father Stanton of Brockville, who has so successfully organized the pilgrimages of past years, and have very kindly and generously consented to give his invaluable assistance on this occasion also. Starting from Toronto it will take in all stations on both G T R and C.P.R. as far east as the limits of Ontario. Fares and time limits will be the same as those of last year, and inasmuch as it is for a worthy object, we bespeak for it a large measure of success. Further particulars desired will be cheerfully given on application to the Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont.

**ADDISON.**

FRIDAY, June 30.—A number from this village intend going to Westport on Dominion Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Wiltse are snugly domiciled in their new home on King street.

We notice a paragraph in a recent issue of the Brockville Times that some cellars in that town are still being entered and some goods being carried off, but perhaps the police look on the statement with suspicion.

Mrs. Patrich of Lyn is a guest of her brother, R. H. Field.

Mrs. Edwards has returned home after spending a few weeks with friends at Smith's Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis of Lombardy were the guests of Mr. John Murphy, King street, on Sunday last.

Mr. Joseph Moulton who had been employed in the Athens brickyard is home on leave of absence.

Mr. A. Cram of Carleton Place is busily engaged crushing stone for Victoria Road under the superindency of Mr. Jas. Lee of Reynard Valley.


**The Fruit Pepsin Cure for Dyspepsia.**

**Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. 10 cts. and 35 cts.**

They are as pleasant as the fruit itself.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. Dyspepsia dulls the sparkle of the eye and depresses the heart and mind.

2. Dyspepsia weakens the blood and bleaches the red out of the lips and cheeks.

3. Dyspepsia saps the strength out of the sinews, muscles and nerves.

4. Dyspepsia dries up the juices of life and thus impedes the function of every organ.

5. Dyspepsia loosens the hair, mars the face with pimples, and fills the mouth with burning little sores.

6. Dyspepsia makes life a burden of torture and distress, and gradually destroys the vitality.

7. Dyspepsia is cured quickly, and all trouble and discomfort of indigestion is rectified and relieved at once by Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—the infallible remedy—35 cents a box—60 tablets in a box—small size 10 cts. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.


**ADDISON**

MONDAY, July 3.—Mr. Charles Lewis of Napanee was the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. R. H. Field, on Sunday last.

Mr. Albert Cramm of Carleton Place has arrived with his celebrated stone-crusher and will be very busy for some time crushing stone in this section.

Mr. J. Hillis and lady of Portland were guests of our king street blacksmith on Sunday last.

Dr. Brown has been quite indisposed for a few days but is able to be around again.

Mr. William Langdon of Lyn paid our village a short visit last week. He was in search of a fancy road horse.

Mr. Thomas Brown of Slab st. filled the bill to perfection with his celebrated Black Diamond.

Mr. Edwards has returned home after spending a few days with friends in Smith's Falls and Carleton Place.

Mr. John Murphy and lady were visiting friends at Portland on Sabbath last.

Mr. William Peterson has engaged to carry Her Majesty's mail for a term.

Quite a number from here went to Westport on Dominion day and report a jolly time.

**SEELEY'S BAY**

SATURDAY July 1.—Wm. Chapman and daughter Miss Ila, are spending a few days with friends at Westport and Perth.

R. K. Tate is getting better.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Young and family of Kingston are visiting friends here and in this vicinity.

The new English church is completed. A grand pic-nic in connection with the opening will be held on August 12th.

Dr. Christie died suddenly on Friday morning of heart failure. He had not been very well for some time but nothing serious was expected. The funeral will take place on Monday and the remains taken to Brockville for interment. The sorrowing parents and friends have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

Mr. W. Foster is attending the school examinations at Newboro this week.

**LANSDOWNE.**

MONDAY, July 3.—Mr. Lafontaine, a former teacher of the school here, is renewing old acquaintances here at present.

Mr. Jas. McMullen of Gananoque is at present with his daughter, Mrs. Nelson Bowen. He has been ill for some time with no hopes of recovery, so they brought him here on Friday last.

Mr. Mitchell sent up nine candidates for the entrance exam. and two for the public school leaving.

School closed on Wednesday of last week.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Stephen Findlay on the 11th of June from heart disease. A husband, two sons and two daughters, mourn a kind and loving mother. Mrs. Findlay took a very active part in all temperance work and was president of the W. C. T. U.

The funeral of Mr. W. J. Cornett was held on Sunday and was one of the largest ever seen in this section. He was buried under the order of the I.O.O.F.

Mr. Hilliard Warren has rented the store of Mr. Norman Webster and takes possession this week.

**Glen Buell Honor Roll.**

Report of Glen Buell public school for June:

Sr. IV.—Charlie Moore 597, Ada La Pointe 511, Delbert Dack 255,

Jr. IV.—Stella Anderson 626, Chloe Sturgeon 586, Wilfrid Sturgeon 523, Amelia Perkins 433, Stanley Hayes 430, Clinton Stewart 413, Gordon Mott 388, Florence Percival 145, Clement Sturgeon 99.

Class III.—Ada Ralph 678, Clifford Stewart 417, Peter Davis 377.

Class II.—Gertie Forth 414, May Sturgeon 408, Clare Sturgeon 408, Eddie Ralph 369, Lottus Charlton 253, Willie Burgess 230, Nellie Dancy 100, Mabel Westlake 25.

Sr. Part II.—James Anderson 227, Lloyd Ireland 160, Wesley Dack 160, Claud Stewart 80, Ernest Charlton.

Sr. I.—Bryce Moore 126, Rex Ireland 30, Hattie Lee 30.

Jr. I.—Flossie Charlton, Nellie Sturgeon, Johnnie Lee.

ANNA SCOTT, Teacher.

**Elbe Mills Honor Roll.**

The following is the Elbe Mills honor roll for the month of June:

Class V.—*Eva Bates.

Class III.—Morton Bates 572, *Gracie Cornell.

Class II.—Arthur Bates 506, *Dyson Dixie.

Part II.—Dealie Whitford 364, Lesley Bonesteal 168.

Sr. I.—Lucy Allen 353, Gordie Bonesteal 98.

Int. I.—Carrie Green 328.

Jr. I.—Frankie Whitford, Jonnie Allen, Lucy Green, Wilford Green.

Those marked * were absent during examinations.

LAURA BROWN, teacher.

**A New Departure.**

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of Chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may now procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

Dr. Marschand has a world wide reputation for successfully treating all nervous diseases of men and women, and you have but to write the doctor to be convinced that your answer, when received, is from a man who is entitled to the high position he holds in the medical fraternity.

Why suffer in silence when you can secure the advice of this eminent physician free of charge.

All correspondence is strictly confidential and names are held as sacred. Answers to correspondence are mailed in plain envelopes.

You are not asked to pay any exorbitant price for medicines, in fact it rarely happens that a patient has expended over 50 cents to one dollar before he or she becomes a firm friend and admirer of the doctor.

A special staff of lady physicians assist Dr. Marschand in his treatment of female cases. Always enclose three cent stamp when you write and address the Dr. Marchand Chemical Co., Detriot, Mich., U. S. A. —Mention the Athens Reporter when you write the doctor.

## AN ODD LITTLE GIRL.

**PATTI USED TO THROW PAPER BOUQUETS AT HERSELF.**

**The Famous Prima Donna's Own Story of Her First Appearance on the Stage When She Was but Seven Years of Age.**

It was the night of Nov. 16, 1857. In New York, where my parents then resided, was a great, wide thoroughfare paved with cobblestones, and on the east side of this thoroughfare was a theater known as Niblo's Garden. The piece was "Una Voce," in which my father and mother were playing. I was then a tiny girl of 7 years, with a pale face and very, very black eyes, and next to singing my favorite pastime was running down Broadway trundling a hoop. One of the first memories I have, next to that connected with my hoop, is my standing behind the scenes and peering through a hole in the curtain while my father and mother went through their performance.

Once, not long after my debut, a great soprano, who had been starring for a few nights, had just finished a long aria, rounding off with a beautiful trill. She had made her exit as the house rang with applause when she stooped down and looked at poor little me.

"Oh, dear," I said, "how badly you trilled! 'Twasn't close enough. Just listen to me. I'll show you the way." I had never been taught to "shake," yet it came to me quite naturally, and a great many people besides my parents praised it. I still wonder what the famous soprano thought of me.

But before I tell you what happened on that first night I must tell you why I became a prima donna at such an early age—because I had been a prima donna of the nursery months and months before. When I had been put to bed on my return home with my father and mother from the opera, and I was quite certain that they and the rest of the household had gone to sleep, I used to hop out again and imagine myself even as great a personage as the famous soprano I have just mentioned.

Oftentimes now I can see myself in a room of that very modest brick tenement, dancing and singing, and dressed up in all the odd costumes I could put my hands on. Death scenes were my weakness, and I do not mind admitting that "Norma" was my favorite. When I had done something which I considered very fine indeed, I cried out, "Brava, Adelina!" and threw magnificent bouquets and wreaths down before my own bare little feet. And then I would grow sleepy, palled with success, and so creep back to bed, leaving the bouquets and the wreaths in the middle of the floor. Shall I tell you that these magnificent tokens were made of old newspapers? Yes. I'm sure I was a very strange little girl.

We were all very oppressed and anxious in those days, and the prospects of making money were very bad. I was 7 years old when the opera company of which my father and mother were members began to return so little money that I could no longer stand my father's troubled face. I remember saying: "Don't sell your beautiful turquoise pin, papa. Let me help you. I can sing well enough, and I will be a little prima donna."

And I remember, too, my father's eyes filling with tears as he replied: "No, little one. What you say is impossible."

But I had made up my mind nevertheless. My mother had already given me lessons in music, and I had practiced a little with her. I gave them all no peace until one day it was noised abroad that little Adelina, the daugher of Signor Patti, was to sing "Una Voce" and "The Sonnambula" at Niblo's Garden.

A prima donna of seven summers! said everybody, and I am sure they must have laughed. But it was no laughing matter to me or to my mother and father, although I was not a bit nervous or frightened, but, on the contrary, full of childish confidence. I didn't care for much to eat that evening, but nobody paid any attention to my want of appetite. I coaxed my mother, and she braided my hair and powdered my tiny brown face. We burned candles in those days, and I can still see myself looking for many minutes into the mirror of my bedroom, with the heavy shadows behind me, before we set out for the theater.

From time to time my father brought reports to us in our dressing room of the appearance of the house. It was not a large audience. At 7 o'clock the curtain went up, and I came on. I think everybody in the house must have applauded, for, besides having a great many friends there, it would have been hard of anybody not to have been interested in so young a cantatrice. They told me afterward that from those first notes nobody had any doubt that I was a success and a born prima donna. Child as I was, I felt sure that le Bon Dieu was at my side.

When the curtain went down on "Una Voce," I saw a great number of men and women clapping and waving their hands and crying "Brava, brava!" and even the gods in the gallery tried to whistle as loud as they could, and you must not forget that the gods were my personal friends. There are no street arabs like those of New York. They had long before nicknamed me "The Little Chinee Girl" because of my black eyes and yellowish features.

Then I remember my father catching me up in his arms and kissing me, and my mother and all the members of the company petting me as if I had done something wonderful indeed, but it was not more than I expected to do. But there was "Sonnambula" to come before the evening was finished, and they told me there were more people to hear "Sonnambula" than "Una Voce," because many of the audience had gone out and brought in chance acquaintances.

They told me that one man actually brought over no fewer than six friends from the New York hotel over the way, and, what was more and better for us, he paid for them.

But I have told you enough. The world knows pretty well what has happened after that. But I have here told you the story of my first appearance.

**Too Convenient.**

"Here's a queer tale of a family of 11 that has its home in a hollow tree," said the woman who is always interested in strange stories as she looked up from her paper.

"How would you like such a home as that, Willie?" inquired the woman's husband, turning to his son and heir.

The boy shook his head.

"Too easy to get hold of a switch," he answered, as his mind reverted to some of the little controversies he had had with his father.

## THE PERFECT BRUTE.

**How He Wriggled Out of It When His Wife Caught Him Fibbing.**

"I have a very simple scheme for wriggling out of trouble when my wife catches me in a fib," said a perfect brute to several congenial companions. "On such occasions it is a great mistake for a man to attempt any explanation. The thing to do is merely to assume an air of injured innocence. That attitude will puzzle a woman and shake her confidence in your guilt. She will begin unconsciously to cast about for some explanation, some theory, some clew to the mystery, and when she finds one, no matter how preposterous, she will be satisfied by her own cleverness that it is the reasonable one and persuade her to accept it out of hand, as you see, I have reduced the thing to a science. To illustrate:

"I told my wife not long ago that I would be detained over my books until past midnight. After I left, some neighbors, confound 'em, invited her to the theater, and during the last act she saw me, of course, with some of the boys in the parquette. When I got home, there was an explosion. I said nothing. I simply looked at her, sadly, wistfully, reproachfully. Next day there was another explosion. I resumed my tactics.

"That evening she said, 'Look here, Charley, I want you to tell me whether you really went to the theater to see Colonel Hawkins.'

"Then I remembered suddenly that Hawkins was seated at my left, and also that she knew I had been trying to close a large sized business deal with him. In the goodness of her heart the dear girl had arrived at the conclusion that I must have gone to the show to clinch that contract. I mused wanly. 'I would have thought, Mary,' I replied with great gentleness, 'that something of the kind might have suggested itself to you before.'

"That was enough. She wept copiously. I was not a monster. I was a martyr. Eventually I forgave her upon her solemn promise never again to suspect me of an untruth. So you see how it is. If I had tried to explain, I would doubtless have made a mess of it and planted lasting seeds of distrust. As it turned out, the episode redounds to my credit. It's a great thing to have brains, boys, when you're dealing with women."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## A PERFECT VIOLIN.

**It Is Said That Such an Instrument Does Not Exist.**

"After studying the violin for 25 years and spending several thousand dollars in foreign travel to complete this investigation," an experienced musician said to me recently, "the fact confronts me, as well as the musical world, that there is not on earth today a perfect violin. Most of the old Cremonas extant I have tested, but as these have all had to be rebarred and remeched in the attempt to bring them up to modern pitch requirements they have necessarily all been thrown out of the acoustic proportion and adjustment originally designed by their makers, and so are, consequently, imperfect makeshifts. Most of these have beautiful tone quality, but they are weak.

"As the violin is considered the foundation of all instrumental structure, I put forth the plea that some concerted action should be taken by those interested to perfect the violin. In doing this all instruments played with the bow will, of necessity, be improved, as their fundamental principles are identical.

"The first step in the solution of this problem is to abandon all the misinformation contained in the books on violin making, and also the advice of the violin makers and repairers, for these men all follow the books; consequently not one violin worthy the name has been or ever will be made by them so long as these errors are persisted in.

"Two hundred years of their gross stupidity in thus blindly following these delusions, with no results whatever, should be enough to prove the truth of my position. I take this decided stand only in the hope of advancing the art of music, and consequently the interests of thousands of musical artists, some of whom are obscure and needy only because they can get no instrument capable of exhibiting their skill.

"I am not content to accept an Amati, a Stradivarius or a Guarnerius as the highest standard possible. I want something better than was ever produced in the workshops of Cremona, and I know that concerted intelligence can produce it."

**The Trouble With the Watch.**

"I wish you would tell me what is the matter with this watch," said the customer, passing it over the counter.

"It stops occasionally, and you have to shake it hard to make it go, don't you?" inquired the jeweler after he had examined the timepiece with the aid of an eyeglass.

"Yes."

"Sometimes you have to open it and start the balance wheel with a toothpick or something of that kind?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you don't blow blow through the works to get the dust out as often as you should."

"I've done that dozens of times, and it doesn't seem to do any good."

"Well, what really ails the watch is that it has a darned fool for an owner," said the jeweler.

This, however, was the remark he made to himself. What he said to the customer was that it needed about $5 worth of repairs

**Pay of College Professors.**

College professors in the United States are poorly paid as compared with the more liberal procedure at foreign universities. The same grade of professor who receives from $2,500 to $4,000 (nearly the maximum) in this country is paid from $4,000 to $6,000 in England. Several chairs in both Edinburgh and Glasgow draw from $8,000 to $12,000, and in Aberdeen a number of chairs, both scientific and medical, run about $5,000. The leading chairs in the University of Berlin are worth from $10,000 to $15,000 a year, chiefly from a share in students' fees.—Kansas City Independent.

**Ruins His Dignity.**

Mrs. Stiles—I shall never invite Mr. Funniman to dinner again.

Mr. Stiles—Why not? He is a very entertaining chap.

Mrs. Stiles—That's just it. He tells such funny stories that he makes the butler laugh.—Harper's Bazar.

Costa Rica means the rich coast, and in most respects it is rich, particularly in the snake family, the most deadly of which is the deadly culebra de sangre (or blood snake).

Saturday afternoon William A. Lillico of Toronto, formerly of Elmvale, was walking east of the Union Station, on the C.P.R. tracks. He was hard of hearing, and a pursuing passenger train was unnoticed. It struck him. He was picked up dead. His arms and legs were mangled and his back was broken. The deceased was 63 years of age and a painter by trade.

## THE ROYAL BOX.

The Duke of Cambridge is the oldest member of the English royal family, being two months older than Queen Victoria.

The Prince of Wales' injured kneecap is now perfectly cured, and the prince has recently taken again to his favorite pastime of bicycling.

Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia is writing an autobiographical novel in which her family troubles are to be given to the world in the guise of fiction.

Queen Victoria highly prized an ivory handled umbrella given her long ago by the prince consort. The other day she dropped it from her carriage and the handle was broken into a thousand pieces.

The czar's peace message was largely due to the influence of a book. He read the novel "Lay Down Your Arms," by the Baroness von Suttner, which has been translated into most languages, and was so struck with the moral therein painted that he set to work to think what he could do in the cause of peace.

## UP TO DATE SCIENCE.

The horseless carriage cannot begin to come up to the tailless kite.—Boston Transcript.

Tesla says he can signal to Mars. So can we, but the trouble is that Mars won't signal back.—Louisville Post.

A Missouri physician claims to have found the elixir of life in a goat. The elderly rounder will be more than ever glad to get fuller than a goat.—Minneapolis Journal.

One can imagine the consternation of Ponce de Leon et al. if they happen to look over the gold bar of heaven and see mortals grappling for eternal youth with goat lymph and a hypodermic syringe.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A mathematical machine for speculating in stocks has just been invented. Having no emotions and being impervious to choice tips, it is supposed to be considerably smarter than the average lamb.

## THE PEACEMAKERS.

Present appearances are that Great Britain will have her own way at the peace conference or break it up.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some pessimists profess to believe that the peace conference will be followed by a big boom in the gun trade.—Pittsburg News.

The indications are that The Hague peace congress will finally resolve that "peace is a good thing" and then adjourn.—Kansas City Times.

Those secret proceedings at The Hague ooze out with the same ease as the details of an executive session of the United States senate.—Washington Post.

## JINGLES AND JESTS.

**Shirt Waist Girls.**

Fair as any vernal flowers
That illumine a woodland way
With their brilliancy of color
On a Maytime's perfect day
Are the maidens now before us,
With their wealth of tangled curls,
Whom we designate with justice
Springtime's lovely shirt waist girls.

Man might lose his faith in summer
Were it not for such as these,
Harbingers of rosy Junetime,
With its fragrance laden breeze.
When he sees them come, as blossoms,
On the street, away he hurls
All his doubts of coming mildness,
And he blesses shirt waist girls.

Woman has more trust than man has,
For she'll wear a fine new straw
Ere the last white flake of winter
Has decided when to thaw.
Thus they ever lead men onward
(Those who won't be led are churls),
So at least these maids answer
Who are known as shirt waist girls.

Be the skies or fair or cloudy,
They will somehow look the same,
Just a sight to cheer a fellow,
So he losing at life's game.
And if I'd a choice between them
And the choicest of choice pearls
I had rather see before me
Half a dozen shirt waist girls.

—Boston Globe.

**His Wonderful Uncle.**

A young lawyer who graduated from Cornell a few years ago enjoys the adoration of a 5-year-old nephew. The young man has considerable intellectual power for one of his years, and when he returned from college entered the law office of his father, who has for years sat on the bench.

The little nephew is fond of talking of his hero uncle and never loses an opportunity to eulogize him. Recently he was chattering to his aunt, and the conversation turned to "Uncle Bert."

"Auntie," said the 5-year-old thoughtfully, "I think it's awful nice that grandpa can be in the office with Uncle Bert. He'll learn a great deal more from him."—Boston Traveler.

**Works Both Ways.**

The class of '99, Yarmouth high school, have chosen for their motto, "Beyond the Alps Lies Fair Italy."

And after the class of '99 has been up against the cold world for a few years they will realize that their motto will read well the other way around—"Beyond Fair Italy Lies the Alps."—Pidderford Journal.

**The Controller Controlled.**

He was a man of mighty brawn, a Milo he for muscle;
His grip and twitch quick floored his man in rough and tumble tussle;
And yet a mote, a microbe small, subdued his fierce resistance
And laid him prone upon his back, beseeching for assistance.

—Detroit Free Press.

**Usually He Overlooks It.**

Williamson—What do you think of this newspaper story of a woman being hypnotized by a book agent into subscribing for a book she didn't want?

Henderson—I believe every word of it! I was just looking over my library yesterday.

**The Stay at Home.**

And some will go to Europe,
The mountains will get more,
And some will hie them heneceward
To the ocean's sounding shore.
The farm will get its quota,
And they'll all recoup with zest,
Leaving lots of room for me right here
To take a needed rest.

—Philadelphia North American.

**Not Like Some Lovers.**

Mrs. Matchman—Mr. Cokefair, the gas man's son, has given Eva a beautiful diamond brooch.

Mr. Matchman—That's only common justice! I figure that durng the three years he's been courting her I've paid over $100 for extra gas!—Jewelers' Weekly.

**Correct.**

Though there's sand on Neptune's beach
As far as the eye can reach,
The man who summers on the strand
Must carry with him lots of "sand."

—Philadelphia North American.

**Hopeless Case.**

Smith—Is she the only one who objects to marrying you?

Chap—Yes.

Smith—Why don't you get her parents to oppose the match?

Chap—Can't. She's an orphan.—Cleveland Leader.

**Life.**

We mount the car with haughty tread—
With bold intent to forge ahead,
When, lo, fate hitches on the back
And pulls us down some other track.

—Chicago Record.

## MATRON AND MAID.

Miss L. J. Large of Northam can claim a record of no fewer than 62 years' continuous Sunday school teaching.

Mrs. Russell Sage is an admirable needlewoman and, for amusement's sake, insists upon doing much of her own sewing.

Mrs. Lucinda Pratt of Chicago on May 4 celebrated her one hundred and third birthday. She was born in Pittsfield, Mass.

Mrs. Booker T. Washington is her husband's most efficient helper in the management of the Tuskegee Institute. She is a graduate of Fisk university.

The Duchess of Marlborough owns a spaniel whose ancestor was the dog which followed John Churchill, the first duke, through the battle of Blenheim.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is having a bronze statue of her husband made in New York city, which will be placed over his grave in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is to devote a year in the interests of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, to the study of the modes of government of the leading American colleges.

A pension of $27 a month has been granted Lulu B. Randall, the 16-year-old daughter of Frank B. Randall, chief engineer of Dewey's dispatch boat McCulloch, who died from sunstroke the day after the battle of Manila Bay.

Mrs. T. Benton Leiter, niece of Levi Z. Leiter and a popular society woman of Chicago, has decided to go on the stage. Mr. Leiter is an invalid, and Mrs. Leiter says she is actuated by a desire to support him, as their income of $300 a month is not enough to pay his doctor's bills.

Miss Jeannie Langtry, daughter of the Jersey Lily, whose debut in London society is scheduled for this season, is a very pretty girl, though not as handsome as her famous mother. She has been carefully reared, and Mrs. Langtry has kept her away from the theatrical and other gay associations.

Mme. Lancelot-Croce, the French artist, has just made for the French government a necklace composed of 12 medals bearing the heads of the 12 most famous women of French history. The subject was inspired by Queen Margherita of Italy, and the ornament is to be presented to the empress of Russia.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has just passed her eighty-fourth birthday. As the baroness is the only woman on whom the queen has conferred a peerage, she is "the second lady in the land," or, to use the words of the Prince of Wales, "after my mother, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is the most remarkable woman in England."

## REAR ADMIRAL WATSON.

Admiral Watson, it is hoped, will not find a thing to do when he reaches the Philippines, and we "haven