He Could See Through Them.

Carl Hertz, the well known conjurer, once entertained a company at a friend's house by performing some of his cleverest tricks. One of the parlor maids, who had been passing cups, cakes, glasses and so on, was much interested, and when the hostess gave a sign that nothing more was needed the girl still lingered to see the completion of the trick just begun.

"Will some one oblige me with a heavy shawl or cloak?" Hertz said. "Now," he went on, selecting a big cashmere shawl, "you observe the thickness of the shawl?" They all did, including the maid at the door. "Now, will one of you be good enough to write a number of three figures on a piece of paper, being careful not to let me see what is written?" One of the ladies did so, while the maid at the door leaned forward and began to breathe hard.

"Now place the written paper, with the figures on the upper side, under the shawl as I hold it." It was done, the thickness of the shawl being between Hertz and the paper as he looked down toward it. There was breathless silence. Then he said, "Surely the number is 101." It was. He had apparently seen right through the thick shawl. Every one was amazed.

Then upon the silence broke the shriek of the maid at the door. With one final gaze at the shawl and one at the handsome conjurer she hid her rosy face in her hands, yelling at the top of her voice, "What's the good of me clothes?" and fled.—Argonaut.

A Man of System.

A newspaper man of some celebrity as a disciplinarian was noted about his office for the extreme disorder of his own desk. Though insisting upon methodical habits on the part of his employees, he gave his own pigeonholes a cleaning out and sorting over only once a year, and his regular time for doing this, oddly enough, was Washington's birthday.

It happened one year nevertheless that he forgot to perform this task at the proper time, and a friend who happened in at his office on the morning of Feb. 23 was surprised at finding him surrounded by his usual hopeless litter of letters and papers.

"How does this happen, Mr. ——?" he asked.

"Forgot it," shortly answered the editor.

"Well, you're going to clean things up today, aren't you?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "That job goes over, under the rules, for another year. You don't suppose I am going to set an example of irregularity to the boys, do you? Not much!"

And he cleared away a space on his desk and began writing an editorial on the tariff.—Youth's Companion.

The Awkward Orderly.

A young wag of an officer, making a morning call upon his superior in the latter's tent, found him sound asleep, perhaps a little the worse for a night's carrying over the flowing bowl.

The officer was tall, and the cot was short, so that his feet stuck out at the foot of the bed.

Instead of waking him the visitor took the spurs from a pair of boots standing by the bedside, strapped them to the sleeper's ankles and went away.

The officer had pretty well lacerated himself about the shins and ankles before he woke up and instantly yelled to his orderly.

"What do you mean by this?" he screamed to the latter, pointing to his feet, which were scarred and bleeding.

The orderly looked at the spurs in consternation.

"I'll forgive you this time, for you did it in the dark," said the officer, "but the next time you yank my boots and socks off so quick that it leaves my spurs on I'll give you ten days in the guardhouse, do you hear?"—New York World.

Queer Fishes.

Amphibious fishes are to be found in various quarters of the globe. Beginning in Europe, there is the blenny, which, when kept in aquariums, has been proved to require at least an hour's pure air out of water to preserve it in good health and spirits. In the tropics is found the periophthalmus, which is singularly amphibious and hops over the muddy flats in search of food, notably the crabs and mollusks left stranded by the retreating tide. This fish is so active on land that it is difficult to catch, and various specimens brought from Mauritius were secured by means of a shotgun—truly a unique method of killing fish. This fish is also found at Ceylon, and it is noticeable that when chased they prepare to escape by land rather than by water; they really seem to appreciate the sport.—Chicago News.

With Invalids.

Yes? with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session, by the Dominion Guarantee & Accident Insurance Company for an Act to amend the Act of Incorporation of the Company, to enable the Company to carry on business of Insurance against sickness, and for other purposes.

DATED at Toronto, this 36th day of January, 1899.

Blackstock Nesbitt Chadwick & Riddell & Co. Solicitors for Applicants.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

CURE WOMAN'S ILLS.

A NURSE'S SECRET

She Tells How She Saves Mothers' Lives and Restores Strength at the Critical Maternity.

From the Evening News, Detriot, Mich.

No woman is better fitted for nursing, or has had more years of practical experience in that work than Mrs Moses Morris, of 310 Fourteenth Street, Detriot, Michigan. For twenty years she has been recognized as the best and most successful nurse in confinement. When asked once by a leading physican the secret of her great success in treating mothers in confinement cases, she said she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in such cases, as they build up the mother more quickly and surely than any other medicine she had ever used.

Mrs. Morris was seen at her home on Fourteenth Street, and when asked regarding the use of these pills in her profession, said: "I have used Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People since they were put on the market. They built me up when I was all run down and so nervous I could not get any rest. After they began to help me I began to use them in restoring mothers. There is nothing that can be prescribed or given by a physician that will give health and strength to a mother so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I have given them in hundreds of cases of confinement to the mother, and it is wonderful how they build up the system. I have practically demonstrated their great worth many times and have recommended them to hundreds of mothers for their young daughters. Yes, I have been successful in confinement cases, but I must give Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People a great part of the credit for the speedy recovery of mothers. They certainly have no equal as a strength and health builder. You can say for me that I strongly advise that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be kept and used in every house."

NERVOUS TROUBLE CURED.

Mrs Jas. Pryce, Glen Adelaide, N. W. T., writes:—"I suffered very much from nervous troubles, at times so bad I could not sit still in a chair. I took doctor's medicine for months, but it did not do me any good. My husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have done me a world of good. I can heartily recommend them for nervous sufferers."

Woman's Work

Woman's work, whether in society or in the home, is filled with more or less care and worry, and they are compelled to regretfully watch the growing palor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles, and thinness that become more distressing every day.

Every woman Knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty, and that good health gives the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. PURE Blood, and STRONG Nerves is the secret of Health and Beauty.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS for PALE PEOPLE build up and purify the blood and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable; to the mother they are a necessity; to the woman at forty-five they are the best remedy that science has devised for the crisis of her life.

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution, but these never cured anyone. Refuse any package that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers, but if in doubt, send to the Dr Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50

HEADACHE AND DIZZINESS CURE

Miss Leba C. Schilling, Peninsula, Gaspe, Que., writes: "I had been suffering for some time with a heavy feeling. I had not strength to walk about. I suffered from headache, dizziness and poor appetite I could not walk even a short distance without being completely out of breath. I took no interest in anything, as I thought nothing could do me any good. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only taken them for a short time when I noticed a great improvement in my health. I was strong enough to walk a long distance without resting, could eat better and felt better in every way. I would recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly to all other sufferers, and think they will be surprised at the results obtained from their use."

ANÆMIA CURED.

Mrs. M. N. Joncas, Berthier, Quebec, writes: "My daughter, aged fifteen, has been restored to good health through the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills. She was very feeble, her blood was poor and watery, and she was troubled with headaches, poor appetite and always felt tired. After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is enjoying as good health as any girl of her age, and we are glad to give the credit to your grand medicine Mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their young daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

NERVOUS AND WORN OUT.

Mrs. Peter Mahar, Seal Cove, Quebec writes:—"It gives me real pleasure to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I believe had it not been for their use I would now be in my grave. My health was broken down, and the least exertion would fatigue me. I was troubled with dizziness, shortness of breath, and palpition of the heart; my appetite was fickle, and I was extremely pale. I gave the pills a fair trial, and they have restored me to perfect health, and I can do all my household work without experiencing the least fatigue. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic I know of for weak, tired and pale people

The Army Medical Library.

Both library and museum date their existence from the late civil war, whose horrors and sufferings prompted a profound study of military medicine and surgery. In 1862, Surgeon General Hammond directed all medical officers of the army "to collect and forward to the office of the surgeon general all specimens of morbid anatomy, surgical or medical, which may be regarded as valuable, together with projectiles and foreign bodies removed, and such other matters as may prove of interest." The office of the surgeon general possessed about 350 books on medical subjects at that time, when congress legislated to appropriate $5,000 yearly for the purchase of reference books to be used in the compilation of the "Medical and Surgical History of the War." In 1865, Dr. John S. Billings, U. S. A., was placed in charge of the embryo enterprise and his wide, grasping mind instantly seized this opportunity to lay the foundation of a national medical library. The success of this scheme, under his energetic administration as curator for 30 years has been phenomenal.

Since April, 1897, Dr. J. C. Merrill has been in charge of the library, which at present contains on its shelves 120,000 volumes of bound books, and more than 200,000 pamphlets, besides a valuable collection of atlases of plates and engravings, and is acknowledged to be "the most complete collection of medical literature in the world."—Godey's Magazine.

New Zealand Mutton.

The story of a New Zealand sheep designed for the London market may be very briefly told. It is taken from the run to the slaughter house, killed, dressed and transferred to the cooling room. The skin and superfluous fat are retained; after ten hours' cooling the carcass goes into the refrigerating room for 36 hours. Thence it goes to the storing room, and when it has been enveloped in its cotton "shirt" and labeled is ready for its journey over sea. The steamers which bring the meat to us through the tropics have, of course, to be fitted with refrigerating appliances, and our sheep takes its place among thousands of others, some of the boats being fitted to carry as many as 70,000 carcasses at one time.

There are 88 vessels engaged in the trade, capable of transporting 6,700,000 sheep per annum. Arrived in the Thames, the barges come alongside the vessel, and the sheep is transferred to a cold storage station. Here it may lie for weeks or for months if necessary, so that—an important commercial advantage—there is no necessity for immediate sale on a depressed market.—Good Words.

The Fare and the Fine.

A good story is told of a certain Scotch bailie who, on rising one morning, found that he had overslept himself and had but a few minutes in which to keep a most important appointment. Making a hurried toilet, he rushed from the house and hailed a passing jehu.

"Drive me," he said to the man, "to the courts of justice with all possible speed. On no account delay an instant."

Faithful to his instructions, the driver urged his steed to its very utmost. Faster and faster they went until, after an exciting drive, he deposited his fare at his destination in time for the appointment, but not before he had damaged a passing vehicle in his mad career. The bailie, on alighting, handed him his fare, with the addition of a substantial tip, and then, to the man's astonishment, pressed 30 shillings into his hand, at the same time saying: "Here's your shillings, my man. You will be round at before me tomorrow for furious driving, and I shall fine you that amount."

Don't Put Things Off.

"I cannot too strongly impress upon you, Philip," said Mrs. Gratebar, "the fact that things in general are not automatic—that is, they will not do themselves—and the longer you put off the attack upon them the harder they are to tackle. Don't put things off, Philip. To things that require deliberation you will give sufficient thought; but, as to the run of things that come up, acquire the habit of disposing of them as they come along; you will find it a great help in many ways. Don't cord 'em up, Philip. The first thing you know you will have more stacked up than you can saw, and then, too, the pile is liable to fall on you at any time and hurt you.

"Two things to remember, Philip—first, things are not automatic; second, the time to attend to things is now."—New York Sun.

The man who stands idly by and sees the life fading out of his wife's face, sees her health going, sees her becoming old and faded and wrinkled when she should still be in the perfect enjoyment of vigorous, useful health, either less than a man or else does not know of the one remedy which will bring her back to health and strength. Perhaps her husband cannot persuade her to go to her doctor, because she naturally dreads the inevitable "examination" and "local treatments." He can persuade her, if she needs persuasion, to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This truly wonderful medicine has cured hundreds of women after the best physicians have failed. It has been in constant use and tested every day for thirty years. It is'nt an experiment, there are no chance about it. It is a certain cure for all derangements, weakness, irregularities and displacements of internal organs peculiar to women.

What He Would Be.

"I regret to say," she said reprovingly, "that you do not always use words with a due regard for their exact meaning."

He bowed with becoming humility.

"Now, if Fido had bitten you," she went on, caressing the dog, "you would doubtless be angry, and he might be mad."

He shook his head.

"No," he replied with much feeling, for he had no great love for the dog, "he would not be mad; he would be dead."—Chicago Post.

Novel Mensuration.

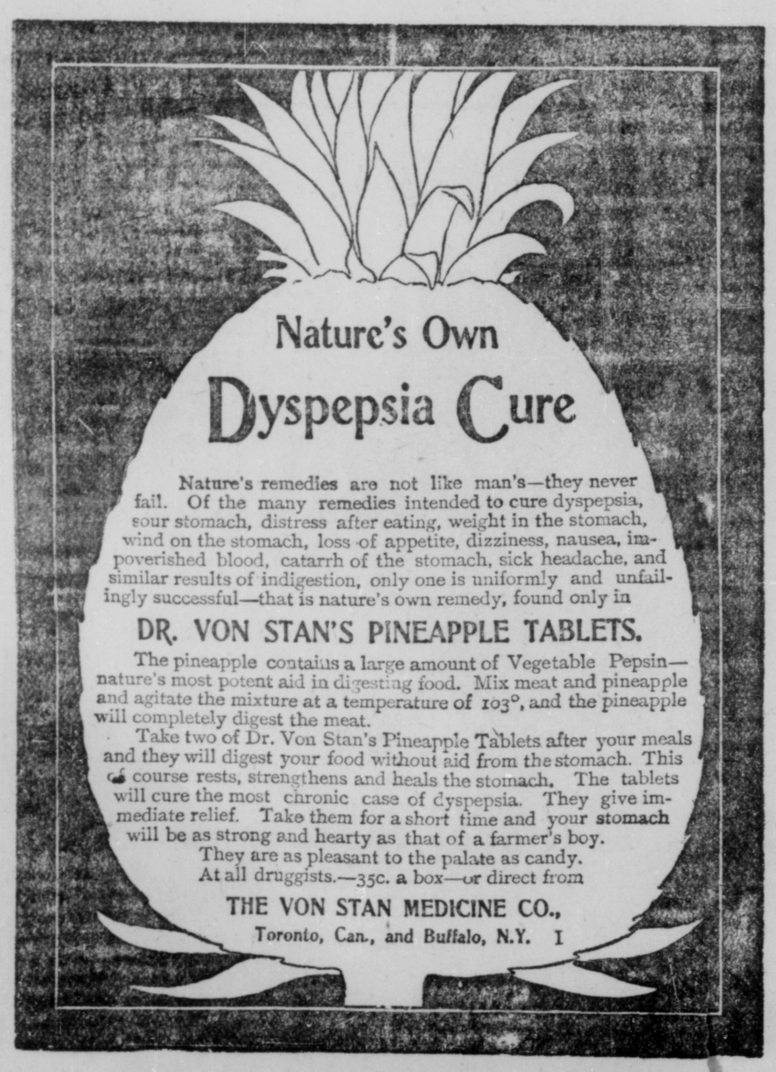
One of the difficulties in the way of acquiring exact information in Georgia courts is thus indicated by the Atlanta Constitution:

"How far was it," asked the lawyer of the witness, "from your house to the road where the difficulty occurred?"

"'Bout a acre en a half, suh."

"I mean how many yards?"

"Dey wuzn't any yards dere at all, suh, exceptin of my yard, en dat wuz 'bout a acre en a half fum de road!"



Sold by Dr. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes, Druggist

THE ROAD.

Pray, whither leads the road, fair heart?
Say, whither leads the road?
Across a rill, around a hill,
Beside a dell where rivers start,
Where bending nut trees shed their load.
Oh, thither leads the road, dear heart,
Oh, thither leads the road!

What matter where the road may lead,
So thou and I together go.
Companionship is all our need,
Division all our woe.

The pine tree tall on yonder hill
For years has watched the passerby.
When he is dust, we shall be still
Together, thou and I.

How hushed the afternoon! I dare
Not whisper love, but send the thought
In speechless message. All the air
In silence thrall is caught.

Oh, these are God reared trees! How soft
The wind dreams round their tall heads creep!
The drowsy leaves that doze aloft
Stir like a child in sleep.

Young autumn's fire begins to burn
The brands to hurl at winter's brow.
The sun wooed leaves sigh low and turn
To crimson on the bough.

Pray, whither leads the road, fair heart?
Say, whither leads the road?
Across a rill, around a hill,
Beside a dell where rivers start,
Where bending nut trees shed their load.
Oh, thither leads the road, my heart,
Oh, thither leads the road!
—John Albert Macy in Chap Book.

Our Cosmopolitan Capital.

"I am just finding out the charm of Washington society, which lies in the great variety of people one meets and the interesting topics discussed when there is time to talk," writes "A Cabinet Member's Wife," in giving her observations and experiences in Washington in The Ladies' Home Journal. "At home everybody had known everybody else in society from the cradle, and we did not have much but each other to talk about, but as I get to know people here and go to entertainments outside of the official round of duties I begin to understand why so many come to Washington for residence who have no business, official or domestic ties in the place. It's rather nice not to have people know just how much you pay your servants and when you bought your last piece of furniture."

General Rosecrans' Autograph.

Carefully treasured by a Columbia man who has an interesting collection of autographs is a note written some 15 years ago and signed "W. S. Rosecrans, Brevet Major General, U. S. A.," which says: "Your application for autographs should contain an envelope, stamped and addressed to yourself. This is the rule of right and is worth far more than a quotation from some well known poet."—Kansas City Journal.

Arithmetic and Medicine.

It is an honest quackery that confesses its own blunders, still ignorant that they are nothing worse.

A whaling skipper, in the old days, carried a medicine chest and a table of directions. One of the rules ran, "For sore throat with fever, give a tablespoonful of No. 15."

"Well, it so happened," explained the captain, "that No. 15 was all used up, so I gave the man a dessertspoonful of No. 5 and another of No. 10, and I don't think the chap that drew up the table could have been good at figures; or else, what's just as likely, the medicines were all shams. Either way, it was hard on poor Bill. He died in half an hour, with a dreadful pain in his inside."—Exchange.

Misapprehension.

Wickwire—If you do not work, you ought not to eat.

Hungry Higgins—There you go agin, jumpin on me for eatin. I eat 'cause I have to, not 'cause I want to.—Indianapolis Journal.

To "knock the spots off anything" is an allusion to the traditional skill of western cowboys and famous rifle shots, who would shoot the spots out of a card held between the fingers of a friend.

Drinking In Mediæval Universities.

The relation which the universities sustained with reference to the municipalities in which they were situated forms a large chapter in their early history. The university was a state within a state. Every person connected with it even remotely, down to the servants in the families of the professors and those who waited upon the students, were amenable only to the academic court. The student was the citizen of a nation of scholars, whose flag overshadowed him wherever in the kingdom he might be.

Members of the student world were exempt from military service, and in many cases from all municipal tax. They might receive their books and furniture, wine and beer, free of duty. The students of Leyden availed themselves of this privilege to so great a degree and imported in such immense quantities by private arrangements with the publicans that a law was necessary prescribing how much a student might legally receive without payment of excise. The wise legislators, animated with a generous sense of the privileges of a university, after due deliberation fixed the proper drinking capacity of a student at 80 gallons of wine and 12 half casks of beer, which he could receive free of all tax.—Professor W. T. Hewett in Harper's Magazine.