

DIDN'T REMIND HIM.

And the Butcher's Kindness Only Became a Boomerang.

Perhaps the story of the entire incident will relieve the strained relations now existing between the parties in interest. They are a certain down town merchant, his wife and his butcher, all prosperous and highly respected personages, the merchant and the butcher being decidedly chummy until of late.

One forenoon recently the butcher's wagon stopped in front of the merchant's residence on Second avenue, the driver proceeding to carry in a big fat turkey, a pair of ducks, a leg of mutton and a whole sirloin of pork.

"Some mistake," said the woman of the house as her attention was called to the wholesale stock piled up on the kitchen table.

"No, it's all right, mum. The boss told me to leave 'em and say nothin. Number's on the basket, and he spoke to me peticular 'bout these goods."

"Oh, he did? Told you to leave them and say nothing, did he? Well, you just pack those things out to your wagon again, take them, every one, back and tell the butcher that we don't run a hotel or boarding house; that when we want things we'll order them, and that it will probably be a long while before we'll again want anything from him. 'Just leave them!' The impertinence of the man."

All this was faithfully reported, the butcher was so mad that he forgot and cut the bone out of the next order before weighing it, and he and the merchant have not spoken since. The truth is that it was the merchant's birthday when the things were sent, they being a slight token of the butcher's esteem. He had incidentally learned of what in many families is a festival occasion, but neither the merchant nor his wife so much as remembered that it was his birthday.—Detroit Free Press.

Answered by the Parrot.

A parrot owned by an Arch street physician gave signs of possessing "almost human intelligence" the other night. A party of young folks were on the lawn and were spending an hour in guessing riddles. Finally a young lady asked, "Why does a dog turn around twice before he lies down?"

Before anybody could answer the parrot croaked, "One good turn deserves another."—Philadelphia Call.

She Used Her Eyes.

Miss Chatter—I knew you would be here today to see sister.

Mr. Cudler (interrogatively)—Intuition?

Miss Chatter—No. Observation. You always appear on the same day that Ethel refuses onions at dinner.—Metropolitan.

The Cumminsville Sage.

"It is a little and an easy thing," said the Cumminsville sage, "to give a sunny smile and a cheerful word to the downtrodden and unfortunate. The only drawback is the danger that it may encourage him to try to borrow money from you."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Revised Answer.

"Is life worth living?" was at one time a much quoted question, to which the most popular answer was that "it depended on the liver." Nowadays a poorly paid and hardworked clergyman replies that "it depends on 'the living.'"—Punch.

Retort Courteous.

"The new boarder has not said a word about the meals yet," said the boarding house mistress.

"No, I believe he's a very religious man," replied one of the victims.—Yonkers Statesman.

Cure For Insomnia.

"I've cured my husband's insomnia."

"How did you do it?"

"Pretended I was ill, and the doctor left medicine which Henry was to give me every half hour all night long."—Vanity Fair.

A LESSON FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Dowson of Toronto Cured of Female Weakness by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TORONTO, Nov. 21.—The case of Mrs. Ellen Dawson, of 640 Gerrard St. east, who has been restored to vigorous health, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, after six years of agony from Female Weakness, and Palpitation of the heart, is causing widespread interest in the east end.

Mrs. Dawson writes that she used three so-called kidney cures and was treated by one of Toronto's most prominent physicians without deriving the least benefit.

The first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills gave her pronounced relief; eight boxes cured her thoroughly.

Mrs. Dawson's case furnishes a lesson every woman should learn. Dodd's Kidney Pills are women's best friend.

P. E. Island Railway.

Thanksgiving Day.

EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS will be issued at one first class fare to and from all Stations on this Railway on Wednesday and Thursday, 23rd and 24th November 1898, good for return up to and on November 25th, 1898. Tickets are good only for continuous journey in either direction, and are not good for going journey after date of issue.

G. A. SHARP, Superintendant, Office Charlottetown—23

# Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

## CURE NOVEMBER ILLS

**Lightning's Assault.**  
One of the best evidences of the value of lightning rods up to date has been afforded by the Washington monument. It is capped by a small four sided pyramid of aluminium, which metal, so cheap today, was very costly at the time of the building of the greatest obelisk that the world has ever known. This aluminium tip is connected with the ground by four copper rods which go down deep into the earth. On April 5, 1885, five immense bolts of electricity were seen to flash between the monument and a thundercloud overhanging in the course of 20 minutes. In other words, the monument was struck fiercely five times, but it suffered no damage whatever.

On June 15 of the same year a more tremendous assault was made upon the monument from the heavens, and the result was a fracture of one of the top-most stones. The crack still remains to show what nature can do in the way of an electrical shock, but the slightness of the damage is evidence of man's power to protect himself from such attacks. The obelisk is ideally located for attracting electrical assaults from the skies, and yet, while many times hit, it has suffered only once, and that time to a trifling extent.—Boston Transcript.

**The Hour of Lincoln's Shooting.**

A highly interesting story is told to account for the fact that almost every wooden clock in America has its hands painted to indicate the hour of 18 minutes past 8. It is related that most such watchmakers' signs were originally made by one man, who was at first in the habit of painting the hands to indicate any old or young hour that struck his fancy when he came to that part of the job. But when President Lincoln was assassinated he conceived the idea of commemorating the event by recording the hour and minute thereof upon all his wooden timepieces, a custom ever since perpetuated. There is something striking and dramatic about this notion of time standing still forever after an event of such tragic significance. There is no doubt about the fact that nearly all the wooden clocks do indicate the hour of 18 minutes past 8. You can see that for yourself. But if the clockmaker thought he was thereby recording the hour of the assassination his intelligence was as wooden as his wares, for President Lincoln was shot not at 18 minutes past 8, but at about 15 minutes past 10.—New York Post.

**A Timely Event.**

The bell at the parsonage went ting-a-ling, and, as the dominie was in his study and his wife getting the baby to sleep, Master Harold, aged 7, went to the door. On opening it he found a couple, evidently from the country, both young and bashful; but, after looking at the boy a moment, the young man queried, "Is the parson to home?"

"Yes," said Harold. "Do you want to get married?"

"That's just what we're here for," said the prospective bridegroom as he looked fondly at the blushing girl by his side.

"Well, come right in, then," said the boy, ushering them into the parlor, and when they had seated themselves on the edge of two chairs side by side he started off, saying: "I'll call pa, and ma too. She'll be awful glad, for she has all the marryin money, and I heard her tell pa this mornin that she wished some folks would come to get married, 'cause she hadn't 'nough money to buy her new hat."—Chicago News.

**Musicians Live Long.**

A French writer notes that, though a few great musicians have died young—to wit, Mozart at 35, Schubert at 31, Bellini at 33, Mendelssohn at 38 and Weber when he was but 40—a large number have lived to be very old men. Those who died between 60 and 70 years of age include Bach, Von Bulow and Rubinstein. Living beyond 70 years came Gluck, Gounod, Handel, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Spontini and Wagner, while the great age of 89 was attained by Auber and others. Dying at more than 80 were Cherubini, Cramer, Lachner, Palestrina, Rameau, Schutz and Taubert. The average age of musical celebrities is about 67 years.

**Good Reasons For Giving.**

At the meeting of the Fisherie association held in London Dr. Wallace told a story of a pensioner who used to stand with a placard on his breast enumerating his claims to the coppers he begged. The list ran thus: "Battles, 4; wounds, 5; children, 6; total, 15." This is almost as good as Sir M. Grant-Duff's story of the Irish beggar who prayed, "For the love of God, sir, give me a crust, for I am so thirsty that I don't know where I shall sleep tonight!"—London Globe.

**The Bishop's Advice.**

A clergyman once complained to Bishop Blomfield of London that his parishioners were indifferent to his teachings.

"No sooner," said he, "do I begin to preach than they begin to doze."

"Do you," asked the bishop, "preach your own sermons?"

"Always, my lord, always."

"Then, my good friend, suppose you try some one else's," retorted the bishop.

**The Apparent Difference.**

Johnny—Pa, some of the curious people round here they call "odd" and some of the others "eccentric." What's the difference?

Pa—When a man is said to be eccen-

### GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B. Ralph Giberson, postmaster of Monquart, Carleton Co., N. B., is also known as a prosperous agriculturist and enthusiast in his line. Now stalwart and rugged, weighing 250 pounds he scarce would be recognized as the man who six months ago was the picture of one suffering the terrible symptoms of general debility. He was run down in health, suffered much from dizziness, almost blindness, general dullness and depression of spirits. He had a poor appetite and such food as he ate gave him great distress. He was incapacitated for the work that fell upon him and was well nigh utterly discouraged. The symptoms bordered on to those by which hypochondria is manifested. Through reading the Advertiser he learned of the particular benefit that several of his friends in this vicinity had received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by the hope held out by their testimonials he secured a supply and took them according to directions. The result was almost magical; soon his symptoms became less disagreeable, and he steadily gained until now he is perfectly free from his old troubles. He gladly and freely gives this testimonial, that all who may read it may know the remedy if ever they are troubled with general debility.

### WEAK AND RUN DOWN.

Among many in Ottawa and the vicinity who have benefited one way or another by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the Journal has learned of the case of Mrs. Gilchrist wife of Mr. T. V. Gilchrist, of Hintonburgh. Mr. Gilchrist keeps a grocery at the corner of Fourth Ave. and Cedar-street, and is well known to a great many people in Ottawa as well as to the villagers of this suburb of the Capital. Mrs. Gilchrist states that while in a "run down" condition during the spring of 1897, she was greatly strengthened and built up by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Speaking of the matter to a Journal reporter, she stated that while able to go about at the time she was far from well; her blood was poor, she was subject to head-aches, and felt tired after the slightest exertion. She had read different times of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. She was benefited by the first box and continued their use until she had taken five boxes, when she considered herself quite recovered. Mrs. Gilchrist says that she always strongly recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a builder and strengthener, when any other friends are weak or ailing.

### RHEUMATISM CURED.

Mr. M. Caroli, of Roland, Man., writes:—While living at Sidney, Man., I wrote to you that your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured me of rheumatism of twenty-five years standing, after many other medicines had failed. I am pleased to again write you and say that the cure has been permanent, as after a lapse of several years, there has been no return of the trouble. I sincerely hope my experience will be the means of helping some other poor sufferer."

### CURED OF SCIATICA.

Mr. C. Thornton, Bluevale, Ont., says:—About seven years ago I rented my farm, and moved into this village, where I have since carried on business as a pumpmaker. In the fall of 1895 I was attacked with sciatica, and for more than a month suffered intensely. I took medical treatment but it did not help. Then a druggist advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; under this treatment the sciatica was banished, and I have not since felt any return of it."

### GAINED TWENTY-THREE POUNDS

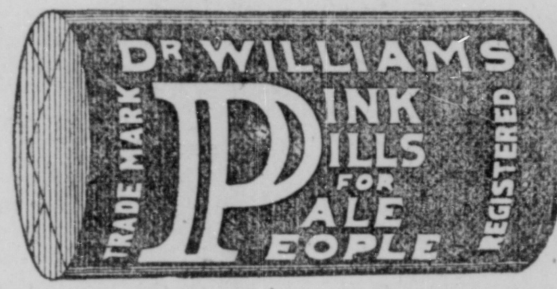
Mr. Arthur Piper, Dixville, Que., says:—Last autumn I became very weak, my whole constitution seemed to be undermined, and I lost flesh rapidly. I had no appetite, the least exertion tired me, and the words 'felt miserable' will best describe my feelings. Having read so much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to try them, and the results were most beneficial. Astonishing as it may seem, I gained twenty three pounds in three weeks, and I am now feeling as well as ever I did in my life. To those who feel as I did I would say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will speedily cure them."

### WASTING AWAY.

Mrs. J.N. Gordon, Catarqui, Ont., says:—If I could not have got Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I believe I would not now be living. I was wasted away to a shadow, and my hands were literally transparent. I had a hacking cough, could not sleep and could scarcely eat. Doctors having failed to help me, I determined to try soon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was gratified to find that they were helping me. I continued their use for several months, and am thankful to say that they have fully restored my health. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a blessing to humanity."

## November Ills.

November is a dangerous month. The cold the damp, the sudden changes that foretell the coming winter attack those unprepared for their assault.



In package like this—Always printed RED.

will prepare you if you are not ill yet; and will cure you if you are beginning to feel the effects of November ills. But you must get the genuine—substitutes are worse than useless—much worse.

If your dealer has not got them, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cts., a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

etc. he usually has more or less money when he is poor, a man is simply odd.—Boston Transcript.

Twenty-three men in every 1,000 serving in the British army are 6 feet and upward in height; 33 in every 1,000 are 5 feet 11 inches, and 58 in every 1,000 5 feet 10 inches. There are 785 in every 1,000 army men under 5 feet 9 inches.

In only three cases out of ten the sight is equally good in each eye.

## THE IMPROVED RUPTURE CURE

## GET WELL

By taking DR. CLIFF'S treatment for CHRONIC DISEASES and RUPTURE. Diploma registered in U.S. and Canada. Send Stamp for information, or call at CH'TOWN, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY.

## I Have Just Completed

My New Oyster Place.

Call and see the brilliant display of beautiful oysters on and off the shell. Our Oyster king is standing in the window. See him, and then you will eat 'ysters.

John P. Joy,

VICTORIA CAFE

Great George Street.....

### Dynamo, Dynamite, Dynasty.

Abdul Hamid, it appears, still lives in fear of machinations against his life. One of the largest firms of electrical engineers in the city has been applying for an electrical concession in the sultan's domains. Everything had been satisfactorily arranged and the necessary formalities complied with, and only the sultan's signature was required. But Abdul Hamid is determined to keep control of things and not be a figurehead. He read the document through, when suddenly his eye lighted upon the word "dynamo." This was quite enough. He immediately tore the paper up; for, though not properly acquainted with electrical machinery, he has learned that "dynamite" carries with it certain terrors. Explanations were of no avail, and the concession was not granted.

It is curious Abdul is not a better Greek scholar. If he had ever thumbed a lexicon, he would know that the grim Greek root which gives us "dynamo" and "dynamite" is, by an irony of etymology, the origin of the word "dynasty." It is thus that the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.—London Mornin' About People.

Coughs and colds need not be endured; they can be cured, and that quickly.

Many mixtures are temporary in effect, but Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a permanent remedy.

The oil feeds the blood and warms the body; the hypophosphites tone up the nerves; the glycerine soothes the inflamed throat and lungs.

The combination cures. This may prevent serious lung troubles.

See and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

### THE BOOKMAKERS.

M. Felix Dubois, the author of the famous book on Timbuktu, has just been made a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

Gyp having proposed a general boycott of the Jews, her publishers, MM. Calmann-Lévy, have informed her that they will no longer publish her books.

Miss Gertrude Warden (Mrs. Wilton Jones) is writing an English society novel in collaboration with Harold E. Gorst, the theme of which is said to be exceedingly fin de siècle and startling.

Ether Voynich, the author of the novel "The Gaddy," is 33 years old and is Irish by birth and English in ancestry, being the daughter of the logician Boole. Her husband is a Pole of quiet tastes who has long lived in London.

Marion Crawford says of herself: "Most of my boyhood was spent under a French governess. Not only did I learn that language from her, but all of my studies—geography, arithmetic, etc.—were taught me in French, and I learned to write it with great readiness as a mere boy because it was the language of my daily tasks."

### Breathing and Malaria.

The importance of guarding against aerial transmission of malaria is shown by the personal observations of Dr. Maurer. In Africa he had spent nights tramping in the marshes without suffering the least inconvenience, while his assistants suffered from chills, merely because they did not seem to be able, literally speaking, to keep their mouths shut. He absolutely refrained from talking, so as to allow none of the miasmatic air to reach his lungs through the mouth, the nasal passages, as is well known, acting as a sterilizing apparatus through the destructive action of the nasal secretions upon atmospheric organisms.—Exchange.

A Chicago paper suggests that the battleship Illinois be christened with water from the Chicago river. Bust a chunk of it over her bow, eh?—Denver Post.

Chicago women insist that the battleship Illinois shall be christened with water, but are considerate enough not to specify Chicago river water.—Lafayette (Ind.) Call.

Illinois is all tangled up over the question of what liquid shall be used in christening the battleship that is named after it. Either Chicago river water or Peoria whisky will do. There is not much difference in their killing power.—Kansas City Times.

### When Marriage is the Topic.

The wedded state is a favorite subject with the epigram makers. From a very old ballad we take this:

There was a criminal in a cart  
A-goin to be hanged;  
Respite to him was granted,  
And cart and crowd did stand  
To know if he would marry a wife  
Or rather choose to die.  
"Tother's the worst—drive on the cart!"  
The criminal did reply.

More modern is this verse:

I would advise a man to pause  
Before he takes a wife—  
In fact, I see no earthly cause  
He should not pause for life.

Who, by the way, is the author who describes a second marriage as being "the triumph of love over experience?"

Samuel Lover's matrimonial epigram is very apposite:

Though matches are all made in heaven,  
They say,  
Yet Hymen, who mischief oft hatches,  
Sometimes deals with the house 't'other  
side of the way.  
And there they make Lucifer matches.  
—Chambers' Journal.

### Such is War.

The actions of men wounded in battle are often misunderstood. General Fuller, as quoted in the Chicago Inter Ocean, cites a pathetic instance of this kind:

In the midst of battle General Fuller was trying to check the flight of panic stricken men. One poor fellow came stumbling along, not heeding a word that was said to him.

Indignant and impatient, Fuller, as he came near this man, leaned from his horse, and, touching him with his sword, said sharply, "Go back, sir!"

The man looked up with an expression of anguish and despair on his face that said as plainly as words, "I am looking for a place to die." He opened his blouse and showed a big, gaping wound in his breast. Then he dropped to the ground.

The general instantly dismounted, but almost as he raised the man's head to his arm the poor fellow breathed his last.

### ALL HEADACHES

from whatever cause cured in half an hour by HOFFMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS 10 cents and 25 cents at all druggists.

LOST—On Euston Street, between Queen and Brighton Road, a gold cuff button. Finder please leave at this office, 209

WANTED—A general servant, must understand plain cooking. Apply to Mrs. James Simpson, Rochford St 2613