

AROUND THE WORLD.

That New York man who is turning into stone seems to be playing in hard luck.—Denver Post.

Guatemala now wants annexation to the United States. It might serve Uncle Sam for a watch charm.—Topeka Capital.

A Philadelphia man claims that he can manufacture ice at a cost of 40 cents a ton. This almost beats nature.—Cleveland Leader.

No "taffy," please. The up to date Samoan says, "Settle the dispute by talking as sweet to me as you like, but don't give Ma-taafa."—Hardware.

The polar expeditions, the relief expeditions and the expeditions for the relief of the relief expeditions keep the northern waters all churned up.—Minneapolis Times.

If we are not to have a slice of China, we may at least sell the invading Christian powers the locomotives they will need in their new territory.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Now that little Japan has been admitted into the senior class of civilization she must remember that dignity and self poise are traditional necessities of such a position.—St. Louis Republic.

When it comes to trying to put a book into a single word, the Germans certainly take first prize. They have called their new electric cabs "automobilitaxameter-droschken."—New York Herald.

The kissing bug was invented by a band of Washington correspondents to give them a sensation for the dull season. They even invented its alleged scientific name. Entomologists say such an insect does not exist.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

If the Pennsylvania professor who has discovered that asphalt can be made out of red herring would now turn the process end for end and show how red herrings can be made out of asphalt, the process would possess an enhanced commercial value.

The Sponge Animal.

If the sponge as brought up fresh from the sea bottom were a familiar object, says Dr. Ledekker, few would be in doubt as to its being an animal. When fresh, it is a fleshy looking substance covered with a firm skin, and if cut it presents somewhat the appearance of raw meat. Its cavities are filled with a gelatinous substance called "milk." American sponges, and those of all other parts of the world, are inferior to the sponges of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The finest of all sponges is the Turkey toilet sponge, which is cup shaped. The American sponge most nearly approaching it in quality is the West Indian glove sponge.—Youth's Companion.

Dewey Had No Grievance.

"Where do you take command of the fleet?" a lady friend asked Dewey just before he left for Manila.

"At Hongkong," he replied. After a silence the lady said: "Aren't you aggrieved, in view of our possible trouble with Spain, over being ordered to the remote Asiatic station, which can hardly be in the picture in case of war?"

"Sailor's luck!" replied Dewey. "Moreover, I haven't entertained grievances for years."

And then he added, evidently as an after thought, "Besides, you know, Spain owns the Philippines."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Giving Him a Hint.

"John," she said softly, "have you been saying anything about me to mother lately?"

"No," replied John. "Why do you ask?"

"Because she said this morning that she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now, I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother."

And John said he would.

Peculiarities of the Japanese Bath.

To their credit, he it said, Japs are regular whalers at bathing, and usually when not drinking tea are bathing. Their only trouble in life seems to be their inability to enjoy both these delights at the same time. If some American trick swimmer could teach the Japs how to swallow tea out of a bottle while under water, they would build a tin temple round him, burn incense made of old rags and bones under his nose and worship him.

Public baths are numerous in which "mixed bathing" was practiced until lately, but now a bamboo fence separates the sexes, though it does not screen them from view, the fence being only two feet high in bathhouses in the interior of Japan. Some homes have a wooden bathtub, circular shape, with a stove built in one end, which heats the water. The whole family, beginning with the father, bathe in the same water. Sometimes women "tub" themselves and their children outside their doors in the streets where sidewalks should be. The first time a foreigner falls over one of these bathing parties and into the arms of the bather he feels the situation is unique, but by the time he has tumbled over half a dozen he tires of the fun, rubs his shins and makes some very uncomplimentary comment, while the polite little woman underneath squeaks out, "Sayonara" (Sir, please call again), etc.

What the Mouth Tells.

A certain philosopher declares that a woman is known by her mouth, not by the words that issue therefrom, but by the shape and color of the lips and the lines and dimples that gather about this important feature. He is supported in his theory by physiognomists, who all endeavor to prove that no woman with the small, red lipped "Cupid bow" mouth, so praised in song and story, was ever intellectual or generous of heart, and it is consoling to those whose mouths are not in accordance with the lines of beauty laid down by the poets to be told that a "wide, straight mouth, with strong, white teeth," denotes the woman of superior intelligence, goodness of heart, strength of mind and a thousand and one other sterling qualities which one likes to think she possesses.

It is the fashion at present for women to hold their lips slightly apart. This is supposed to give that innocent, wistful, wondering expression which was the peculiar property of the heroines of old fashioned novels, but which bicycle riding and kindred modern amusements have caused to vanish. It is difficult for the thin lipped, determined woman to acquire this trick, but perseverance works wonders.—Baltimore Herald.

Unappreciated.

The teacher of a district school in Maine tells a story that reminds me of Mary and her little lamb, only it is of Joe and his little dog.

Joe was a boy about 8 years old and was devoted to a small, lank puppy. Out of school hours boy and dog were inseparable, and Joe apparently could not reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher allowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk.

Then there came a day when the small dog could not be kept quiet, but frisked about, to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

"Joe," she said firmly, "you must take that dog out."

Joe looked at her mournfully, but picked up the pup and, with its head against his cheek, started for the door. The boy's feelings were evidently hurt, but he said nothing until he reached the door; then, giving his teacher a reproachful look, with a pitying glance toward his dog, he said slowly, "And he's named for you!"—Youth's Companion.

An Insect Tragedy.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, pretty couch are protected by an equally pretty coverlet made of the same material.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little brush of downy fur. Then again, the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows their course, the effect resembles the busy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the "brush" of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering, and there is nothing left for her to do but die, a sacrifice which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

She Silenced Greeley.

Horace Greeley once had a discussion with an advocate of women's suffrage shortly before the American civil war. He was using as his final argument the inability of women to fight. "What would you do, for instance," he asked his friend, "in the event of war?"

"Just what you would do, Mr. Greeley," she replied promptly. "I should stay in an office and write articles urging other people to go and fight."

Measuring Time.

Just when the day became divided into hours is not known, nor is the process explained. The Greeks and Romans measured time by the water glass and the sun dials. The hourglass, filled with sand, was the outgrowth of these vessels, from which the water dripped through tiny openings.

If a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of 20 years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

Nothing takes impudence out of people so promptly as adversity.—Athenaeum Globe.

As Far as He Went.

"I asked you if I could sue on that claim," said the disappointed litigant to his lawyer, "and you said I could."

"True," admitted the lawyer, "but I didn't say you could win."—Chicago Post.

He Does Not Need Them.

Landlady—Is it true that sharks have three rows of teeth?

Boarder—Yes, and they don't live in boarding houses either.—New York Journal.

Generosity.

The Major—Yer boortday is it, me boy? Then, look here, I'd like ye to get yourself a gold matchbox from me, and, be'ad, I'll owe ye for it.—Moonshine.

Mania for Operations

Among the Doctors. No Need of the Knife to Cure Piles. A Surer, Cheaper Easier Way, Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dread of the surgeon's knife causes multitudes of people to suffer on year after year with piles, when they could be cured without risk, expense, or danger of an operation by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only preparation guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles. Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Ark., Ont., writes:—"For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching and protruding piles. I used many remedies and underwent three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining any permanent benefit. When about to give up in despair I was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and did so, finding relief at once. I used three boxes, and am almost entirely cured. The itching is all gone. I have advised others to use it, believing it would cure them as it has me."

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"Battle of Tugela River," "Battle of Spion Kop" "Gordon Highlanders at Battle of Belmont," "Battle of Magersfontein," "Surrender of Gen. Cronje at Paardeberg." These pictures are 22x28 in. Sample and terms 40 cts. each; all five for \$1.60; \$3 per doz.; 25 for \$6.00; 50 for \$12.00; \$24 per 100. Very handsome; printed in 9 to 14 colors.

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(LOCAL TIME.)

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Express leaves for the west..... 8 35 a.m.
Express arrives from the west... 9 50 p.m.
Accommodation leaves for the west..... 4 10 p.m.
Accommodation leaves for the west..... 6 00 p.m.
Accommodation arrives from the west..... 10 55 a.m.
Accommodation arrives from the west..... 2 25 p.m.
Express leaves for the east..... 7 05 a.m.
Express arrives from the east... 9 10 a.m.
Accommodation leaves for the east..... 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation arrives from the east..... 4 50 p.m.

STEAMERS

PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning 9 30 a.m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening at..... 8 30 p.m.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Monday..... 12 p.m.
Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday..... 10 a.m.

HALIFAX.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Thursday..... 7 p.m.
Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday..... 1 p.m.

CAMPANA.

Arrives from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday....
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.

CITY OF GHENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....
Leaves for Halifax every Friday 10 a.m.

JACQUES CARTIER.

Leaves for Orwell Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays..... 3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday at..... 3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday at..... 2 p.m.

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"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.
"Elfin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 5.30, 8.9, 11, a.m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, p.m. local time. Sundays at 9 a.m., 12.45, 2, 3, 4 p.m. Returning 1.15, 2.30, 3.15 and 6.30 p.m.

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