

**BLACK INK AS A WASH**

A British traveler in Africa, weary and exhausted, was received hospitably one evening in the kraal of a Hotentot prince. Early next morning he was about to write down the events of the previous weeks when he perceived, to his dismay, that the ink in his traveling case was dried up. With a sigh of disappointment, he was packing up his writing materials when his eye fell on a glass vessel standing on a bamboo shelf, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a genuine ink pot nearly full to the brim.

Delighted at the discovery, he sat down and worked away at his diary. Suddenly he was disturbed in his occupation by a young negress, who, springing toward him, snatched the ink pot from the table in passionate haste.

Her agonizing screams soon attracted the other members of the family, and the unsuspecting stranger was soon made aware that he had committed the heinous offense of laying sacrilegious hands on the carefully guarded provision of ink which the rich aunt of the monarch had bought from a European trader as a toilet preparation for improving the complexion.

The explorer was forthwith arrested and sentenced to death, and the edict would have been put into execution had not a British man-of-war arrived in the bay. The captain, learning of his countryman's exploit, promptly intervened and appeased the irate royal house by a gift of half a pint of black ink.

**The Safest Part of a Train.**

A party of travelers in a train were talking over their traveling experience and the danger of accidents, and finally the question arose as to the safest part of the train. Failing to settle the question among themselves, they called on the guard, and one of them said to him:

"Guard, we have been discussing the matter of the safest part of the train and want to know your opinion."

"Want to know the safest part, eh?" replied the guard.

"Yes, that's it."

"Well," continued the guard, "I've been on the line for 15 years and have been turned over embankments, 'busted' up in tunnels, dumped off of bridges, telescoped in collisions, blown off the line by cyclones, run into open switches and had other pleasant incidental diversions of a kindred nature, and I should say, gentlemen, that the safest part of the train was that part which happened to be in the works for repairs at the time of the accident."—London Telegraph.

**He Dodged the Question.**

The story is told in The Church Review of a certain vicar near Birmingham who had an amusing passage at arms with his diocesan. It seems that he had been in the habit of issuing a private manual of devotions in the church without the bishop's consent. On the front cover, he it said, was the notice, in bold type: "Not to be taken away. The property of the vicar."

By some means or another a copy of the little book found its way to the palace, and a few days after the vicar received a somewhat tartly worded communication from the diocesan, asking when his lordship had given permission for the use of the manual.

"My dear lord bishop," wrote the vicar, "the same week that your lordship received the manual, which, on looking at the cover, you will see is my property, my vestry clock also dis-



**"ASLEEP!"**

Nothing so appeals to a mother's heart as the sight of her baby asleep. This is doubly true when the white lips, the fevered brow, the blue lines beneath the eyes and the thin little hands tell the pathetic story that baby is ill. To the child that comes into the world robust and healthy, the ordinary ills of childhood are not a serious menace; but to the weak, puny baby with the seeds of disease implanted in its little body even before birth, they are a serious matter and frequently mean baby's death.

The woman who wants a strong, healthy baby must see to it that she does not suffer from weakness and disease of the important and delicate organs concerned in motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on these organs, allaying inflammation, healing ulceration and soothing pain. It fits a woman for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the discomforts of the period of anticipation and makes baby's entry to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the newborn's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It rids maternity of its perils. It has caused many a childless home to ring with the happy laughter of healthy children. Over 90,000 women have testified to its marvelous merits. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All medicine dealers sell it. Ailing women who write to Dr. Pierce will receive free his best advice.

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Is the baby too thin?  
Does he increase too slowly in weight?

Are you in constant fear he will be ill?

Then give him more flesh. Give him more power to resist disease. He certainly needs a fat-forming food.

Scott's Emulsion is just that food. It will make the baby plump; increase the weight; bring color to the cheeks, and prosperity to the whole body. Thin children take to it as naturally as they do to their milk.

See and \$2.00, all druggists.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.**

appeared. If you will kindly send me the name of the person who stole my manual it might lead to the apprehension of the person who stole my vestry clock."

**A Soapless Country.**

In spite of British rule, India is still virtually a soapless country. Throughout the villages of Hindustan soap is indeed regarded as a natural curiosity, and it is rarely, if ever, kept in stock by the native shopkeeper. In the towns it is now sold to a certain extent, but how small this is may be gathered from the fact that the total yearly consumption of soap in India is about 100,000 hundredweight—that is to say, every 2,500 persons use on an average only 112 pounds of soap among them, or, in other words, considerably less than an ounce is the average consumption a person.

**Took It to Himself.**

Stubb—I made an awful blunder last night.

Penn—What was it?

Stubb—Why, Tommy called me about midnight and asked what the noise was down stairs. I told him it was the old cat.

Penn—Was it?

Stubb—No; it was my wife looking for water. It took me until morning trying to convince her that I was alluding to the old cat with black fur and nine lives.—Chicago News.

**Titles in Spain.**

In Spain you can become a nobleman by marrying a duchess, a marchioness or a countess. The man who marries a lady bearing one of those designations immediately becomes invested with the same rank. You may obtain nobility without money by these means, it is true, but, generally speaking, you will find it a hard task to secure a titled wife unless you are well provided with cash.

**He Couldn't Help It.**

The funniest interview I ever had or heard of, relates Julian Ralph in his reminiscences, was when I was on the staff of the New York Sun. I had been sent to look up some one in a suburb of the city. The address was a number on Fourth street, but, to my amazement, I found three such streets in the place. The house I sought was not in any of them. Tired and almost discouraged I turned into a cobbler's shop, and seeing a bearded German bending over a last in the glare of a swinging lamp, I cleared my throat and said:

"I beg your pardon, but I am a reporter of The Sun?"

"Well, well," he said soothingly, before I could finish the sentence, "you cannot help dot."

I could not continue for a full minute, so struck was I by the unexpected philosophy and wisdom of his reply. I could not help being a reporter, and I knew it. When I explained that I wanted an address on Fourth street, and had already been to three Fourth streets, and would like to know if there were any more, he lifted his hammer and poised it in the air for half a minute.

"You want to know if there is some more of those Fourt' streets?" he asked.

"Well, I will tell you. I had lived here twenty years, trying to find somedings owt, and I didn't find anydings owt yet."

**Nomenclature.**

"Have you studied any language beside English?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "three—golf, baseball and yachting."—Washington Star.

**Care of Rubber Goods.**

In putting away rubber gloves, rubber sponge bags and rubber bathing caps a liberal supply of talcum, or even ordinary toilet powder, should be applied to them on all sides, and they should be placed carefully in boxes without rolling. When they are needed for use again, they will not be found adhering in different places in a way that makes pulling apart dangerous, if not entirely disastrous.

The judge often gets a man's misdeeds down to a fine point.

Selfishness is the only thing that stands between some people and happiness.



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100 Ladies Jackets half price. 53 great big fellows in Scotch Wraps, suitable for Golf Capes.

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183 Ladies' Feather Boas, [not ostrich] Half Price.

153 Paris Ladies' Gloves nearly Half Price.

38 Greenland Seal Collars, 6.75 for 4.75

Men's and Ladies' Gloves and Mitts, in Astrachan, Coon, Grey Lamb, Wolf, etc, etc.

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100 Men's Ties at 10c. 150 Men's Ties at 25c.

The Swell Flow end Tie at 50c and 75c.

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