

Porpoise Oil.

Oils, animal, vegetable and mineral, are second in importance to but few domestic articles of commerce. Already medicinally invaluable in the bygone ages of hand labor, lubricants have become almost a condition of existence in this century of machinery, and of all oils porpoise oil is the finest, the most difficult to obtain, almost the most costly. The difficulty, be it incidentally remarked, lies not in expressing the oil from the porpoise, but in catching the porpoise itself. These cetaceans, like the fish they prey on, are most uncertain in their movements, at one time playing by the week in our very harbors, at others staying a whole month far from the coast. An economic and reliable method of obtaining a regular supply of porpoises from our seas would be worth a fortune.

At present their capture is not more than accidental. Porpoises are known to venture into salme- estuaries during spring flood tides, returning to salt water with the ebb, and, as an improvement on the present casual supply system, strong rope nets might be cast at the mouths of these estuaries to intercept the invaders as they leave. Probably, however, the ultimate solution will be found in the rifle and some particular cartridge, preferably fronted with soft, hollow lead to flatten in the creature's ribs. It may be that even with a fatal bullet the difficulty is not ended, for it has not yet been shown whether, when fatally hit, the porpoise sinks or floats.—London Spectator.

Webster Coved Them.

William Wetmore Story, the sculptor and poet, was one of the few men who presumed to call Lowell "Jim" to the end, and Miss Mary E. Phillips, in her "Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story," tells, in Story's own words to her, the following tale of the two young men: "James Lowell and I were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil hall on the evening of the 20th of September, 1842, we determined to go in (from the Harvard Law school) and hoot at him and show him that he had incurred our displeasure. There were 3,000 people there, and we felt sure that they would hoot with us, young as we were.

"But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became as cold as ice and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium, our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from an abject contempt to belief and approbation."

His Hair In Danger.

A young artist whose pipe, eyeglasses and luxuriant blond hair have made him well known in town went to a garden party not so much for social amusement as for pencil studies of high life. He wore a tall hat, frock coat and lavender trousers and carried a sketching block a yard square. At the party his epigrams, paradoxes and fiendish silvery laugh overwhelmed, as he intended, all the girls in sight or hearing, but he got through with his social duties as speedily as might be, then went and sat down on a distant fence.

Soon pencil studies lay all around him on the grass. Suddenly he felt a gentle tug at his back hair. He thought, "That is some fresh Alec trying to gny me," and he did not look up. The gentle tugging ceased, began again, became much stronger, and then he felt something wet, soft, slimy, on his neck. With a dreadful oath he leaped from the fence and looked behind him. Back there was a smart trap, in which sat two girls and a young man laughing. The horses were close to the fence, and it was one of these that had commenced browsing on the artist's profuse locks. Explanations followed and apologies. "All flesh," the artist said, "is grass, but not all hair."—Philadelphia Record.

Some Extraordinary Mothers.

Probably the youngest grandmother of whom we have record was a Lady Child of Shropshire, England. She had married at 12 years of age and had a child before her thirteenth year was completed. This child in turn married while still very young, with the result that Lady Child was a grandmother at 27. The most extraordinary cases of motherhood were those of Mrs. Honeywood of Charing, in Kent, and Lady Temple of Stow. When the former died, on May 10, 1630, aged 93, she counted as her descendants 16 children, 114 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren and 9 great-great-grandchildren. The other case was even more remarkable. Lady Temple, who died in 1656, had given birth to 4 sons and 9 daughters and lived to see more than 700 descendants.

Taste of Boiled Water.

In advocating the practice of boiling water (and milk) of uncertain purity Professor Bizzozero combats the prejudice against boiled water as a beverage. He maintains that the "taste" frequently complained of in boiled water is really caused by the kettle and can scarcely be due to the absence of dissolved air, of which water from wells of great depth often contains very little.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Get a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo-Camphor Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure, 50c.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

MAKE WEAK PEOPLE STRONG.

Neuralgia and Insomnia

A well Known Justice of the Peace Tells of the Benefit He Derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Charlottetown Patriot. The Patriot's special correspondent "Mac" being in the eastern section of the island on business heard many complimentary remarks concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which appear to be the favorite medicine in all parts of Canada. Among those who are very emphatic in the praise of this medicine is Neil McPhee, J. P., of Glencorrodale, and our correspondent determined to call upon him and ascertain from his own lips his views in the matter. Mr McPhee was found at home, and as he is a very entertaining and intelligent gentleman, our correspondent was soon "at home" too. When questioned about the benefits he was reported to have received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr McPhee said:—"About four years ago I got run down from overwork on the farm. As there is considerable timber



land on my property, I thought I could go into making timber in addition to my farm work. The task, however, proved too heavy for my strength, and I soon began to break down. I contracted a severe cold, neuralgia followed, and I found myself in shattered health. I felt very much distressed and discouraged and spent many sleepless nights. I tried several very highly recommended medicines but received no permanent benefit from any of them. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were so highly recommended through the press I thought I would give them a fair trial. After using a few boxes I found they were having the desired effect and I began to find my wonted health and strength gradually returning. I kept on using the pills until I had regained my former vigor and gained considerable flesh as well. Now I consider myself a healthier man, and feel as well as ever I did in my life. I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any person suffering as I was. I have the utmost confidence in their curing properties."

Giles in the Pulpit.

The tenets of John Wesley and his disciples were eagerly embraced in Norfolk, and Giles frequently became a local preacher. One "local," Sam by name, is described as "a born teacher," though his smiles often dropped to the brusque. On one occasion he took for his text, "The wages of sin is death," and prefaced his sermon as follows:

"My friends, Brother Paul tells us that the wages of sin is death. Now, let's see wuther we kin grasp wot he mean by't. S'pose I wor tu go an du my haerwest for Mr. H. (a local farmer), an arter all the wuk wor dun go an ax Mr. T. (another farmer in the same village) fur my waages, wot du yeon think Mr. T. would saay? Sure-ly he would up and saay, 'Sam, yeon air a fule. Go an ax Mr. H. fur yer waages; yeon ha' dun yer haerwest there. Wot du yeon come an ax me fur yer waages fur?' An ef I wuk all my loife fur the daavil an go tu God fur my reward he wool saay, 'No, no, Sam; yeon go tu the daavil fur yer reward; yeon hev wuked fur him in the haerwest o' loife; he must pay yeon.'"—Westminster Gazette.

A Sufficient Diet.

A quart of milk, three-quarters of a pound of moderately fat beef—sirloin, for instance—and five ounces of wheat flour, all contain about the same amount of nutritive material, but we pay very different prices for them, and they have different values for nutriment. The milk comes nearest to being a perfect food. It contains all of the different kinds of nutritive materials that the body needs. Bread made from the wheat flour will support life. It contains all the necessary ingredients for nourishment, but not in the proportions best adapted for ordinary use. A man might live on beef alone, but it would be a very one sided and imperfect diet, but meat and bread together make the essentials of a healthy diet. Such are the results of experience, and the advancing science of later years explains them. This explanation takes into account not simply quantities of meat and bread and milk and other materials which we eat, but also the nutritive ingredients or "nutrients" which they contain.—New York Ledger.

YOU MUST have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would BE WELL.

CONSUMPTION AND PILES.

Mr C H Clark, Scotchtown, N.B., says:—"My occupation is partly that of a farmer and partly fisherman, but both expose me to all sorts of weather and one case of exposure brought on a severe cold which left me in a precarious condition. To add to my trouble I was badly constipated and this gave rise to piles, which caused me great pain and at times helpless. I tried a number of medicines without getting better, and I was discouraged. About this time some one sent me a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them and to make a long story short, my troubles including the constipation and piles, have disappeared and I am as well and strong as ever I have been, and feel it my duty to add my tribute to this wonderful life saving medicine."

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

Mr. John Sterling, Blenheim, Ont., writes:—"I cannot too strongly express my appreciation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Some years ago I had a severe attack of la grippe, and following this, I was attacked with what the doctors told me was catarrh of the bladder. I got some medicine from the doctor which relieved me at first, but I was soon as bad as ever, and the medicine failed to have any further effect. I could hardly walk from my house to my shop. I could not get rest at night, and had wasted away to a skeleton. I tried a number of advertised medicines, but got no benefit from them. Then I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had taken seven or eight boxes my health was fully restored, and I can truthfully state that they saved my life."

A MOTHER'S TRIALS

Her Health Gave Out and She Lost Fifty-two Pounds in Weight—Fainting Spells Were Frequent.

From the Orangeville Sun. In a cosy little house in this town, lives Mr. John Garrity, his wife and family. They are indeed a happy family, although a few years ago a sadder household would be hard to find. Their happiness was not occasioned by the sudden obtaining of a fortune, but by something much more precious—the restoration to health of a wife and mother when everyone whispered that she must die.

Our reporter heard of Mrs. Garrity's illness and cure and for the benefit of our readers investigated the case what he learned is well worth repeating. A few years ago Mr. Garrity kept a well known hotel at Cheltenham, and was known far and wide for his hospitality; his wife, too, was noted for her amiability. However she was stricken with a peculiar sickness, her health failed rapidly and from one hundred and forty-seven pounds her weight became reduced to ninety-five pounds. Fainting spells became frequent, and a continual pain in the back of her head drove her frantic. Physicians were in attendance, but the doctors said there was no hope. Mrs. Garrity saw death staring her in the face, and the thought of leaving her little children caused her much sadness. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but thought they could not possibly do her any good when physicians had failed to alleviate her sufferings. Hoping however, almost against hope, she procured a supply, and wonderful to relate, she had not been taking the pills long when the dreadful symptoms of her illness began to pass away, and today she is the picture of health. A few months ago Mr. Garrity and family removed to Orangeville, and in conversation with our representative Mrs. Garrity said:—"I cannot find words to express my thankfulness for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. Why it is almost miraculous. I wish that everyone who is suffering as I was could hear of this remedy. We always keep a box of the pills in the house."



Lucy Smith's Joke.

Sydney Smith was very happy in his country life, and his children caught his spirit of delight over common things. They loved animals and spent long hours in training them. One little beast, a baby donkey, became under their tuition perhaps the most accomplished of his species and unconsciously gave rise to a quattrain which now belongs to the fame of Sydney Smith. The donkey was a well educated chap. He would walk up stairs, follow the family in their rambles like a dog and when they entered his meadow run to meet them with ears down and tail erect, braying joyously.

One day, when Billy's head was crowned with flowers and he was being trained with a handkerchief for a bride, Mr. Jeffrey unexpectedly arrived. He joined in the sport and to the children's infinite delight mounted Billy.

Thus he was proceeding in triumph when Sydney Smith and his wife, with three friends, returned from a walk and took in the festive scene. The great man advanced, with extended hands, and greeted his old friend in an impromptu which has become familiar to the reading world:

Witty as Horatius Flaccus, As great a Jacobin as Gracchus, Short, though not as fat as Bacchus, Seated on a little jacksall! —Youth's Companion.

The Death of Coaching.

The coaching system died a lingering, lamentable death. I can remember something of a few coaches in remote districts which longest escaped strangulation, and memory of those distant days has been sweeter without them. They resemble what Nimrod describes as the obsolete, old fashioned coach of his boyhood, drawn by spirited, ill fed jades over long stages. One of his paragraphs well describes what used to make my blood boil with impotent fury, imbittering the joy of returning home for the holidays, and deepening the depression of the schoolward journey:

"The four horse whip and the Nottingham whipoord were of no avail over the latter part of the ground, and something like a cat-o'-nine-tails was produced out of the boot, which was jocularly called 'the apprentice,' and a shrewd apprentice it was to the art of torturing, which was inflicted on the wheelers without stint or measure, but without which the coach might have been often left on the road."

No; the last of the road coaches—corruptio optima!—disappeared and left none to mourn them.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Bribing Spurgeon.

The autobiography of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon contains an account of what may be termed an early business venture and its influence on his character.

Spurgeon was brought up on Watt's hymns, but not altogether willingly. His grandmother coaxed him with money to learn them. At first she gave him a penny, but when she saw how easily it was earned the old lady reduced the prize to a halfpenny and then to a farthing. There is no telling how low the amount per hymn might have fallen, but just at this time his grandfather made a discovery which seemed more desirable to Spurgeon.

He discovered that his house was overrun with rats and offered his grandson a shilling a dozen for all he could kill.

The occupation of rat killing gave him more money than learning hymns. "But," Mr. Spurgeon characteristically says, "I know which employment has been the more permanently profitable to me."

All Business.

"I'm afraid our new son-in-law isn't much of a business man," she said.

"Don't you worry about that," replied the old gentleman. "If he doesn't know how to make the best of a bargain, I don't know who does. The day before the wedding he discovered that Minnie had a freckle under her left ear, and he made me add \$1,000 to her dowry on the ground that the goods weren't entirely in accordance with the invoice. I was almost tempted to believe that he wasn't a nobleman at all, but a New England Yankee in disguise."—Chicago Post.

Practical Classics.

Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and, after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of his having a thoroughly good education, finished up by saying, "And be sure he learns Latin."

"But, my dear madam," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a dead language."

"All right," said Mrs. Timkins. "He'll want it. He's going to be an undertaker."—London Tit-Bits.

An Awful Sentence.

A celebrated Irish judge once passed sentence in the following manner. The prisoner was a butler who had been convicted of stealing his master's wine: "Dead to every claim of natural affection, blind to your own real interests, you have burst through all the restraints of religion and morality and have for many years been feathering your own nest with your master's bottles."—London Telegraph.

PERFECT HEALTH. Do not make experiments with your health. The body is too delicate to play with. If you are not well use only a medicine known to cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an experiment. They have cured thousands of people—some of them in your own neighborhood. Do not take anything that does not bear the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is an experiment and a hazardous one, to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

Her Splendid Hair. When Mrs. Norton was in the heyday of her loveliness, a very beautiful Italian woman came to London, bringing letters of introduction. Mrs. Norton asked a small party of fashionable people to meet her at dinner, among whom was Lord Normanby, a great admirer of pretty women. All the men were enchanted with the beautiful stranger and all the women rather jealous. One of her great beauties was a profusion of splendid hair, dressed in innumerable plaits. The women decided they were not all her own. Before the evening was over Lord Normanby expressed his admiration of the wonderful hair and intimated how much he should like to see it let down. "Since you wish it, my lord," said the woman, and she forthwith uncoiled one massive coil after another, while the other women looked on, devoured with envy. "I am doing for you, my lord, what I do not do for everybody," said the houri, casting up her fine eyes at the enraptured Lord Normanby from under her mantle of flowing locks. "It is three weeks now since I last undid my hair."

Which announcement in some degree consoled the English dames for their inferior locks. A hundred times perhaps it is natural. If perfectly well, this is probably the case. But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

BUY A Happy Thought Range AND BE HAPPY. Happy Thought Happy Thought. Every Range guaranteed. A full stock of all kinds of stoves. SIMON W. CRABBE, Walker's Corner STOVES & HARDWARE.

BRIGHTON BEER. Brighton Brewery having undergone extensive alterations we can guarantee to supply our customers with this old reliable beverage brewed from the finest Malt and Hops only. ALSO. Always on hand a full stock of India Pale X X and X X X Ales and Extra Stout in wood or bottles. All size packages to suit the trade. Fresh grains at Brighton Brewery every Tuesday and Friday 25 cts per bbl.

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