

YES, SHE DID.

She went around and asked subscriptions
For the heathen black Egyptians
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did;

For the tribe of Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,
So she did.

She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly cake and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi,
So she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian,
And the poor, half-melted Fijian,
And the dear Malacca Islander!
She did.

She sent tins of red tomato
To the tribes beyond the equator,
But her husband ate potato,
So he did.

The poor, helpless, hopeless thing
(My voice falters as I sing)
Tied his clothes up with a string,
Yes, he did.

—Exchange.

MRS. APPLETON SHORE!

A Story of Latter Day London.

It is an old story now, but to this day the rivals of The Daily Dazzler rack their brains for explanations of the brilliant special which gave extra illumination to that radiant sheet on the day after the Lord Mayor's Commemoration Banquet.

There was one occurrence on that day which intensely puzzled Sir Taggart McTaggart, the Lord Mayor. The occurrence had its ridiculous side, and Sir Taggart was not the man to risk his personal dignity, so the affair was steeped in secrecy at the time; but the Lord Mayor has now changed his residence from Hyde Park mansions to Kensal-green Cemetery, and, so far as I can make out from his venerable private secretary, this is what happened.

Sir Taggart hit upon the scheme of discovering if any wives or widows of men who served as masters of city companies at the time of the good Queen's coronation were still alive.

"What an attraction it would be," he said, "if one of the old ladies could be found, and induced to attend the banquet."

"And be introduced to the Prime Minister," the private secretary acquiesced. "You couldn't do anything more popular." So that was settled.

There was no difficulty in tracing two veteran ladies, and securing their promise to attend the banquet, but the presence of a third was more uncertain. Mrs. Appleton Shore was an invalid, impulsive by nature, with a curious disinclination to give direct replies. Up to the very day before the banquet the private secretary was uncertain if her seat would be occupied or not.

In due course this indifference reached the ears of Miss Aldine Munro, the versatile "Andrey" of The Dazzler, to whose lot it fell to interview these old ladies in the interest of that journal.

The records of the time show that the banquet was an unprecedented success. Peers, statesmen, bishops, were there in imposing array, clad in the white linen of a virtuous life, ladies in resplendent dresses, and officers in gorgeous uniforms. The table blazed with plate and sparkled with wine. Conspicuous sat Lord Cecilton, grave with the weight of a coming speech.

"Who the Dickens are they?" one of the guests said, pointing to two frail old ladies who had just been escorted to their seat.

The same question rose on the lips of others, but word soon went round the tables that these were the widows of masters of city companies when the Queen was crowned.

"I thought there were three," was the comment as the banquet went on, and a vacant seat among the distinguished guests pointed to one important non-arrival.

"So did I, and that they were to sit in the gallery with the Lady Mayor's maids of honor."

"That was altered at the last moment," a well-informed diner struck in; "the ladies were deaf, and Sir Taggart made a place for them downstairs."

A few minutes later there was a stir at the end of the dining hall. A lady of great age, with white ringlets clustering round her wrinkled face, was seen advancing slowly, with the aid of a stick, preceded by an official, towards the vacant seat. What a picture she looked as she sat there, gazing on the glowing scene in front of her! The old eyes seemed to flash with memories of long-forgotten ceremonies, the old fingers to tremble as they toyed vaguely with the clustering hair. Worn as she was with her years, her glance seemed quick, and her ears kept them company, but she spoke in a quavering voice. "Mrs. Appleton Shore" was the explanatory whisper that ran round the hall.

All through the animated proceedings of the night this picturesque old lady was one of the chief attractions. Celebrity after celebrity, roused to curiosity by the reports of her sharp, almost modern replies, went up to her to congratulate her on the occasion. Even Lord Cecilton, not yet freed of the burden of his speech, tickled the ears of the dainty Madam of a past generation with his courtier compliments. One could guess that the conversation was not confined to affairs of state. The movement of the old dame's

fan, sometimes made with surprising quickness, sometimes heavily, suggested an interchanged of pre-Victorian badinage. The eyes of the assemblage were fixed on the statesman during this strange encounter.

The banquet sped on, and the heavy artillery of the table was just about to sound, when a puzzled official was seen whispering to the Lord Mayor, and during a period of silence a shrill voice was heard through an open door:

"I tell you I am Mrs. Appleton-Shore."

There was no counter attraction for the moment, so the eyes of the company were diverted to where the sound issued, followed by appealing whispers. Just as the excitement was rising, another old lady, the counterpart of her who had made the great statesman merry with her wit, passed into the banquet room. There were the same white ringlets, the same shaking, tremulous movement of the limbs, the same heavy leaning on the stout stick, but one could detect even at a distance that she was not so tall as the first guest of that name, nor were her eyes so bright.

On she came to the seat which had been the scene of the interchange of merriment between the venerable dame and the great statesman. Why, it was empty! See there she filled it; but it could not be the same for Sir Taggart, begging the patience of his neighbors, welcomed her as if she were a newcomer. No one had seen the other old lady leave the hall, so much occupied were they with the approach of her counterpart. Those who had observed closely felt there was a mystery somewhere, but a great speech soon drove the thought of it from their head.

Sir Taggart looked displeased at lunch next day when his eldest son, handing him a copy of The Dazzler, pointed to a racy account of the proceedings of the distinguished visitors at his banquet. The look of displeasure deepened as he read.

"What idiot told all that to the press?" he shouted at last. "There will never be another Minister at a 'Guildhall banquet.'"

The situation was indeed serious. There in black and white were detailed the idle, too often inane jokes in which the celebrities indulged in the security of their own companionship. A startling freedom of speech characterized the published opinions of the chief guest of the evening on his colleagues and the city corporation. Mild irreverences were attributed to a bishop, bold gallantries to a retired general, shallow jocularities to all and sundry, deepening in their feebleness as the hours went on. There were items about appetites, too, and a few stories at which the celebrities had screamed with laughter.

Indignant tongues were busily denouncing the perpetrator of this outrage when an official was announced.

"Well, what news?"

"Can't find a trace of her, your lordship."

"Surely she was seen leaving the building?"

"No, your lordship. A young lady in a long black cloak was seen leaving, but no old lady. There was this card under the table."

Sir Taggart took the card and read, "Miss Aldine Munro, Daily Dazzler."

A look of quiet intelligence came into his face. "Miss Aldine Munro," he said to himself, "that's the very lady who told Mrs. Appleton-Shore the banquet had been postponed."

"It may have been dropped by one of the reporters," the official added. "I don't think it amounts to much."

Sir Taggart looked as though he would burst into a fury of contemptuous protest against this view of the situation. With a struggle he suppressed it, as their occurred to his mind the tempest of ridicule that would descend upon him if what he then for the first time suspected became known. Turning placidly to the official he remarked:

"Doesn't amount to much, you think. No, I don't think it does."

And it didn't, but The Dazzler had a splendid run, and when next Sir Taggart met Miss Aldine Munro he remarked that she looked years younger since he had seen her last.

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Willie—"Papa what's the 'Great Divide'?" Pa—"It comes after an election."

A man recently undertook to ascertain the age of a shark while examining his teeth. The next morning the papers gave man's age.

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And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expusite Trimmings of all kinds, Including Flouncing Silks.**

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A country rector was walking in a Suffolk lane, and was about to take a short cut through a field, but one of his scholars was sitting on the style eating his dinner, which consisted of a thumb piece of fat pork and bread, and as he did not offer to move and make room for the rector, the latter remarked:

"I don't know my lad, but I think you are better fed than taught." Upon which the boy replied:

"Yes, very loike, for you taches me and I feeds myself."

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I suffered from Catarrh for ten years and was treated by some of the best physicians in Canada. I was recommended by Mr. C. Thompson, druggist, Tilsonburg, to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and can state positively it cured my Catarrhal Sore Throat.

Yours respectfully,
J. D. Phillips, J. P. WITNESS. ANNA A. HOWEY, Eden, Ont.

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