

FLASHES OF FUN.

Ned: He married the girl I was engaged to. Fred: Well, don't worry, you'll get over it before he does.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, announced an Australian paper not long ago, our last issue did not appear.

He: 'May I kiss you just once?'

She: No.

He (unabashed): 'How many times?'

A mother of six declares that those who say that boys know nothing about economy never saw them when they were using soap.

Screechley: 'Did my singing make a hit?'

Wigwag: 'My dear fellow it was just a howling success.'

Whipleigh: 'I hear your sister has gone in for the new woman craze!'

Snipleigh: 'I suppose so; I've missed a good many neckties lately.'

Ethel: 'I've had fully a dozen offers of marriage lately.'

Maud: 'Mercy, me! Good ones?'

Ethel: 'Yes. All from George.'

She: 'Julie and Joe are engaged, but they have decided to keep their engagement a secret; Julie told me so.'

He: 'Yes, I know it; Joe told me.'

The following advertisement is from an Irish newspaper: 'This is to notify Patrick O'Flaherty, who lately left his lodgings, that if he does not return soon and pay for the same he shall be advertised.'

Teacher: 'Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothing?"'

Patsy: Yes'm.

Teacher: Why?

Patsy: Cause you can't.

Maud: Why have you thrown Clarence overboard?

Madge: I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose.

Maud: 'How did his nose get broken?'

Madge: I struck him playing golf!

Two commercial travellers, comparing notes. I have been out three weeks, said the first, and have only got four orders.

That beats me, said the other; I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home.

Mrs. Mulligan: 'An' w'at did his 'onner say to you this morning?'

Mrs. Mulcahy: 'Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?'

Mrs. Mulligan: 'An' w'at did yer say?'

Mrs. Mulcahy: 'No, yer 'anner, not happily.'

An open-air preacher, addressing a meeting to young men on the subject of The Prodigal Son, became enthusiastic in showing the depth and persistence of paternal love, and finally shouted, 'Brethren! I believe that the father kept that fatted calf for years awaiting the return of his son.'

Lord Russell of Killowen, years before he took silk, was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches, during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered, 'Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?'

'Two mothers-in-law,' replied Russell, without hesitation.

Tramp: 'Yis, mum, I'm stone broke! I declare I was quietly attending to my business when the copper came up and arrested me.'

Kind-hearted Lady: 'What a shame! Here's a shilling for you. What is your business?'

Tramp: 'I'm a burglar, mum!'

A lecturer on Colorado asks, 'Where else in the world will you find in one spot, outside this state, such products as marble, iron, fireclay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, all manner of grains, and—but why enumerate them? Where? I say.'

To which a man in the audience promptly replied, 'In my boy's pocket.'

Two Irishmen were fishing upon the banks of a river, when it began to rain. With his line in his hand one of them stepped under the arch of a neighbouring bridge.

'You can't fish there,' said his companion; 'you won't get a bite.'

'Whist row,' cried Pat; 'don't you know all the fishes will flock under here to get in out of the rain?'

A teacher who was instructing a class in an infant Sunday-school made her scholars finish each sentence, to show that they understood her. 'The idol had eyes,' she said, 'but it couldn't—'

'See!' cried the children.

'It had ears, but it couldn't—'

'Hear!' was the answer.

'It had a nose, but it couldn't—'

'Wipe it!' shouted the children.

'I have here,' he said, 'the plans and drawings of the greatest aerial war machine ever invented.'

'How is it supposed to work?' asked the editor, after he had examined the design with considerable care.

'Oh, it isn't supposed to work at all,' replied the inventor, with pleasing frankness, 'but you can see at a glance how attractive it will look in a newspaper or a magazine.'

NECESSITY is the mother of invention, and a hungry Frenchman illustrates the old adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant, and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got round the difficulty in the following way:—

'Vaiter, vat is dat valking in de yard?'

'A cock, sir.'

'Ah! And vat you call de cock's wife?'

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Better Than Poetry.

'Well, poor old Parrington has struck it rich at last.'

'What, Parrington, the poet.'

'Yes; he's just made a fortune.'

'Wrote a great poem I s'pose. I always said he had it in him.'

'No; he wrote a few fool verses that a friend of his set to music. Now it's the popular song of the day.'

Always a Kick.

Banks—I see that somebody has invented a sail which will enable a bicycle to run before the wind at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

Harper—Gee! Wouldn't that come in handy if somebody could turn in now and invent a contrivance of some kind to make the winds occasionally blow in the direction a person wants to ride?

'The hen, sir.'

'And vat you call de shidrens of de cock and his wife?'

'Chickens, sir.'

'But vat you call de shicken before dey are shicken?'

'Eggs, sir.'

'Bring me two.'

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way they were obliged to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The first lot fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the poor fool's head while he was sleeping.

He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, 'Here's a pretty mistake, you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me!'

Frederick Maccabe, the celebrated ventriloquist, was once in Lancashire at the time when the name of Joe Goss, the champion pugilist, was in everyone's mouth. He was walking quietly along, when a clogger came up and evinced a disposition in the direction of quarrelsomeness. Thinking to intimidate him, Maccabe said:—

'Do you know who I am?'

'No,' was the reply.

'Well, I'm Joe Goss,' shouted Maccabe, impressively.

'Are you, by Jove?' replied the clogger, joyfully. 'I never had a go with a prize-fighter, but here goes!'—and Maccabe was dealt the severest blow he ever received.

ANÆMIA, OR BLOODLESSNESS.

Its Victims are Pale in Color, Subject to Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, and Other Distressing Symptoms.

From the Echo, Plainville, Ont.

Anæmia, which literally means bloodlessness, is prevalent to an alarming extent among young girls and young women of the present day, and is a fruitful source of "decline" and consumption. The symptoms of this trouble are many, but among the most noticeable are pallor of the face, lips and gums, shortness of breath on slight exertion, dizziness, severe headaches, weakness of the vital organs, palpitation of the heart, and dropsical swelling of the limbs. The more of these symptoms shown, the greater the necessity for prompt treatment. Among those who have suffered from anæmia and found a cure is Miss Emily Webb, a young lady residing near Wolverton, Ont. Miss Webb says:—My illness first came on when I was about sixteen years of age. My complexion was a pale wax color; I was troubled with general weakness, dizziness and palpitation of the heart. I was placed under medical treatment, but the medicine prescribed by the doctor did not appear to do me the slightest good. As time went by I was slowly but surely growing worse. I was unable to do any work about the house, and my limbs would tremble to such an extent at the slightest exertion that I could scarcely stand upon my feet.

Then my stomach became so weak that I vomited almost everything I ate; I grew despondent and feared I would not recover. While in this condition a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I followed the advice. After I had used two boxes I noticed an improvement and my heart was gladdened with the hope of renewed health. At the end of six boxes my appetite had fully returned, and with it strength, color to my cheeks, and brightness to the eyes. I still continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken in all twelve boxes, and I can truthfully assert that I am healthier and stronger than I ever was before. I owe this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would urge all girls who suffer as I did to give them a fair trial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done more to make strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls than any other medicine ever discovered, and mothers should insist upon their daughters taking an occasional course of this medicine. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Offered in any other form the pills are substitutes intended, to deceive.



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TEST OF THE JACKPOT.

A Gambler's Search for Proof of a Theory Concerning a Womanly Weakness.

Bent, but tall, with sparse whiskers seldom trimmed, nearly 70 years, Uncle Uriah used to sit in the poker game in Omaha, his long, thin fingers tremblingly placing his chips and his old eyes glittering as he timorously skinned his hand. Pathetically like Little Nell's grandfather he looked sometimes, but he was at no desperate shift to obtain a stake, for he was the possessor of a competence, and he brought into the game the saving grace of the parsimony to which he had been habituated in his earlier days in a New Hampshire home. He never bought more than \$5 worth of chips at a time. These he would for the most part ante away waiting for aces or better, and when he finally did get a good hand, a bare call represented the climax of his enterprise.

In those days there was always a game on Sunday afternoons, and Uncle Uriah, although a devout Methodist, could be counted upon to arrive directly after service, and to sit in until the time for afternoon Sunday school. The boys used to joke him at first, and ask him if he had sneaked his stake out of the contribution box, but to this question and to all others of similar levity he opposed a scared seriousness which showed that his passion for the game was more a weakness than a vice.

Uncle Uriah lived with his two sisters—Abigail, aged 68, and Ann aged 55. In New Hampshire they had been called 'the girls,' but in Omaha the irreverent, with rude directness, referred to them as 'Uncle Uriah's old maids.'

It did not take the boys in the game long to discover that Uncle Uriah was in much fear of Abigail in general and in mortal dread that she would discover his besetting weakness. He would always shy at a new player and he frequently held forth to the boys on the impropriety of talking on the outside about the features of the game.

'I sh'd hate to hev the parson know,' he used to say. 'I wouldn't keer so much 'bout Ann, 'cause she's easy skeered, but I wouldn't hev Sister Abigail know fer the biggest jack pot was ever played on this here table!'

There was never any solution to the mystery of how Sister Abigail discovered the obliquity in Uncle Uriah's life. Some officious neighbor may have told her or in an excess of caution Uncle Uriah himself may have aroused her definite suspicions. At any rate, on a particular Sunday afternoon he arrived at the room at the regular time, but without the key with which he, in common with other participants in the game, had been provided. The negro attendant admitted him and he was soon engrossed in the play.

There was a good jack pot on the table. Uncle Uriah was in and was dealing. It was his last say and the two men ahead of him had bet \$10 each. He had drawn one card and the play was up to him. He had not, however, looked at his draw when the key turned in the snap lock of the front door and Sister Abigail, pale with a righteous and terrible rage, strode into the room and up to the table.

'Gambling!' she cried. 'And on the Lord's day with the church bells ringin' outside and decent people flockin' to His worship! I expected to find you here, you hypocrite!' she went on, turning to Uncle Uriah. 'You better get on your duds right now and come home.'

'I am comin' in a jiffy,' the old man said, weak with fear. 'I guess I might as well go 'long with you as with anybody else.' He rose and steadied himself by holding the chair.

Seth Coe was the coolest hand in the game. Even Sister Abigail had not disconcerted him. He reached over and turned up Uncle Uriah's hand. It was a flush. 'You better straighten this pot out before you go, Uncle,' said Coe. 'You call, of course, I suppose a flush is good?' Coe asked, turning to the others players. They nodded assent. Coe stacked up the chips. 'Forth-three dollars here,' he said, pushing them toward Uriah. The old man started instinctively toward the pot and then remembered Sister Abigail. He stopped and waited tremblingly for her decision. It seemed to the players who turned from the weak and timid old man to the dominant woman that at this critical test something of her moral rigidity relaxed. She did not sweep the chips to the floor. She said nothing about ill-gotten gains. With a visible effort she overcame a slight nervous constriction of the throat. She grasped her skirts firmly and swept toward the door.

'Uriah,' she said with great dignity, 'I will wait for you in the hall at the foot of the stairs.' After Uncle Uriah had obtained his \$43 and departed Seth Coe said in his leisurely way: 'The old man didn't have a flush. I slipped in a card to fill it out for him. I reckoned you fellows wouldn't mind payin' once more for positive proof that no matter what kind of a woman she is, she's always in her play when you win the pot.'

Mattie: 'Were you ever in love?'

Helmi: 'Yes, with myself.'

Mattie: 'Well, you never had any rivals to worry about, anyhow.'



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Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



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