

FLASHES OF FUN

'Dar ain' no wus victim ob misplaced confidence,' said Uncle Eben, 'dan de man who gits ter thinkin' he knows ev'rythin'.'

'What is a prophet, Uncle Jim?'
'A prophet? He is a person who is always surprised at the way things turn out.'

There is probably less sincerity manifested at an amateur musicale than upon any other social occasion known in the civilized world.

Caller—'Can I see your typewriter a few minutes?' Business Man—'She's engaged, sir.' 'That's all right, sir. I'm the fellow.'

In the Prison. Warden—'A reporter wants to see you. What shall I say?' Convict—'Tell him I am not at home.'—*Fliegende Blätter.*

'Mertie has a score of men in love with her, and she is engaged to most of them.' 'Yes. Isn't it awful? She calls them her reconcentrados.'

Perry [Patetic]—'I see they're talkin' about stoppin' the copper cents.' Wayworn Watson—'I didn't know a copper had any sense to be stopped.'

Simmons—'Is this new song of yours written for the piano?'
Timmins—'It can be sung to the piano, of course, but it was written for the stereopticon.'

Louise—'I've fixed Kitty so that she will answer my letter at once.' Belle—'What did you do?'
Louise—'I wrote her a lot of gossip, and forgot to send the middle pages.'

Ned—'Jack and Tom were bitter rivals for the hand of Miss Gotrox, and now Jack says he is willing to let by-gones be by-gones and be friends again.'

Ted—'Yes; Jack won the girl.'

Dimpleton—'Do you know, old man, I don't spend so much money now as I did before I was married.'

Von Blumer—'How's that?'
Well, I don't have it to spend.'

'What's the latest?' eagerly inquired the man with the flag on the lapel of his coat, who had just come up.

'No game—rain,' answered one of the men standing near the bulletin board.

'Colonel,' the beautiful girl asked, 'what was the bravest deed you ever did?'
'Let me think a moment,' the old warrior answered. 'Oh, yes! Once while conversing with a Boston girl, I deliberately said "I done it."'

'Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement,' said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

'I understand,' said the matter-of-fact chairman. 'We're not blamin' you. You done the best you could.'

'This is the fourth time you have asked me to marry you,' said Miss Cayenne, rather impatiently. 'How often do you wish me to refuse you?'
'Well,' replied Willie Wishington. 'I think three times quite sufficient.'

Burglar Bill (to the new cell-mate)—'So you're a musician, are ye, an' got sent here for stealin' a pianny? Well, ye won't do much muscle practicin' in dis place, I'll bet. New Comer—'Oh, I don't know. If I get hold of a file I'll probably try a few bars.'

'Have you read Rudyard Kipling's latest poem?'
'Yes; it's great, isn't it?'
'Wonderful! Do you know what it means?'
'No; do you?'
'No. What a genius he is!'

As the Colonel viciously tore up the bulk of his mail and threw it into the waste-basket, he remarked:

'There is one commonplace interdiction that I would like to see inscribed on the walls of our Post office.'

'What is that?' inquired a friend.

'Post no bills!' was the reply.

He—You say the detective was positively insulting?

She—Yes; he was.

'What did he say to you?'
'He asked me if I knew anything about the case.'

'Naturally.'

'And then he said he only had a minute to spare, and for me to tell him all I knew.'

'Mistah Pinkley,' said Miss Brown, 'what is dis here diplomacy?' 'Well, I dunno whethuh I kin transpari de question so 's you 'll see froo it. But ef de lan'lord come 'roun' foh de rent an' I says I ain' gwinter pay, why, I gits put out. But ef I tells 'im ter come 'roun' nex' week, an' nex' week tells 'im ter come 'roun' ag'in, an' so on, dat's diplomacy.'—Washington Star.

IN A NUTSHELL.

How he could be happy though he was a married man.

'After all,' remarked the Koback Philosopher, aggressively, 'and, in spite of all the assertions to the contrary, it is easy enough to be happy, though married.'

'The matter has been discussed and debated and thrashed over, ad infinitum, as you might say, in public meetings and private jangles, and in columns and columns of print, by long-haired men and short-haired women, on the rostrum and everywhere else that you can think of, even in monologue in the sanctity of the bed chamber while the nominal sheik of the family kept his weary head buried beneath the coverlids; and, yet, despite all the



BLIND TO
HIS OWN
INTERESTS

is the man (or woman)
who buys common soap
when

Eclipse Soap

can be secured at such
a low price.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers
or 60c. in stamps with coupon and
we will mail you a popular novel.
A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

good breath and costly ink that have been expended on the subject, it is, to most minds, still a debatable point. But, after having given the matter my attention for about three minutes, I discovered that there was nothing in it to debate about:—no two sides to it. If a woman gets all she wants to wear and a man gets all he wants to eat they'll be happy in this life, married or not married. If they don't they won't; and that's all there is to it!"—Puck.

An Acknowledged Fact.

Three years ago there was not a remedy on the market that could prevent corns or cure sweaty, tender, swollen feet. Now thousands of boxes of Foot Elm are being sold, and everyone admits that it is worth its weight in gold. 25c. a box; 5 for \$1. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at drug stores.

A Bishop on Wheels.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kinnion, Bishop of Bath and Wells, is making no end of talk in England, making his Episcopal visits on a bicycle, and he had announced that he will continue to do so. He wears his gaiters and apron and black coat, but instead of his sugar-loaf hat he uses a soft black cap.

A NEW MAN.

Paine's Celery Com-
pound

Gave Him a Fresh Existence

He Had Endured Years of
Misery and Agony.

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE AND EX-
PECTED TO DIE.

It Is the Medicine for You, Poor
Sufferer.

You Cannot Be Disappointed if
You Use Paine's Celery Com-
pound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—I can conscientiously recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who may be suffering from dyspepsia and liver trouble. For years, while living in Black Brook, I suffered from a complication of troubles, and was so bad with dyspepsia that I could not touch a morsel of food. I found it difficult to sleep, and what little I did get was often broken with horrid dreams. Intense sufferings from liver complaint added to my load of agony; I also had dizziness, pains in the back, and was pale, haggard and despondent.

I kept doctoring and dosing without deriving the slightest benefit, and finally gave up all hope of getting well. One day my daughter, who had read of a wonderful cure by Paine's Celery Compound, begged me to try one bottle of the medicine. I told her it was no use to throw away money, but she pleaded so hard that to please her I bought a bottle, and before it was used up I felt better. Encouraged so much I continued with the medicine and improved every day.

I am now cured, thanks to Paine's Celery Compound. You cannot wonder that I consider Paine's Celery Compound the greatest medical discovery in the world. I urge all who are suffering to try this grand medicine and test its virtues.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES COMEAU,
Neguac, N. B.

Variation in Boiling Heat.

Water boils at different temperatures, according to the elevation above the sea level. In London water boils practically

at 212 degrees Fabr., at Munich, in Germany, at 209½ degrees; at the City of Mexico, at 200 degrees; and in the Himalayas, at an elevation of 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, at 180 degrees. These differences are caused by the varying pressure of the atmosphere at these points. In London the whole weight of the air has to be overcome. In Mexico 7,000 feet above the sea, there is 7,000 feet less of atmosphere to be resisted and consequently less heat is required and boiling takes place at a lower temperature. Boiling water, therefore, is not equally hot.

FOR WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY.

Consumption is often caused by a weak state of the blood, permitting the germs to obtain a foothold. That Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills cure disease and make the system safe, the following evidence amply proves:

I suffered for two years with what the family doctor claimed was an incurable case of consumption and debility, telling me that my life was but for a few months at the best. As I was about to give up, I picked up your advertisement and resolved thereupon to give Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills a trial. The first box of them worked such a wonderful change I felt that at last I had struck a medicine that would help me. I continued the use of the Pills, receiving from them day by day flesh, strength and vigor, in fact friends of mine that had not seen me for some time hardly knew me, so great was the change that Dr. Ward's Pills worked. Out of the fullness of my heart in the joy of my being rescued from the grave, comes this testimonial. I shall, as long as God permits me to live, herald forth their usefulness and life-saving power to all afflicted by that monster of disease that almost claimed me for its victim, thereby repaying you in a small measure for the grand, new lease of life Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have given me. Yours truly, JOHN P. THORP, Cork St., Guelph, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DR. WARD CO., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information free.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS

The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles. Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

Menu Cards.

Wedding Invitations.

Programmes, etc.,

Printed in the very latest
styles, by the

Progress
Job Printing
Department.

A STRANGE SENTENCE.

Condemned to Die When He Reached the
Age of 99 Years.

In 1801 a man died in the Catskills who had been condemned by one of the strangest sentences on record. Ralph Sutherland was born in 1701, and lived in a stone house near Leeds. He was a man of violent temper and morose disposition, skunked by his neighbors, and generally disliked. Not being able to get an American servant, he imported a Scotchwoman, and according to the usage of the times, virtually held her in bondage until her passage money had been refunded. Unable to endure any longer the raging of her master, the girl ran away. Immediately upon discovering her absence, the man set off in angry chase upon his horse, and soon overtook her. The poor woman never reached the house alive, and Sutherland was indicted and arrested on the charge of murder.

At the trial he tried to prove that his horse had taken fright, run away, pitched him out of the saddle, and dashed the girl to death upon the rocks; but the jury did not accept the defence, and Sutherland was sentenced to die upon the scaffold. Then came the plea of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence and the efforts of influential relations. These so worked upon the court that the judge delayed the sentence of death until the prisoner should be ninety-nine years old.

It was ordered that the culprit should be released on his own recognizance, and that, pending the final execution of his sentence, he should keep a hangman's noose about his neck, and show himself before the judges of Catskill once a year to prove that he wore his badge of infamy and kept his crime in mind. It was a more cruel decision than the sentence of immediate death would have been, but it was no doubt in harmony with the spirit of the times. Thus Ralph Sutherland lived. He always lived alone. He seldom spoke. His rough, imperious manner had gone. Years followed years. At each session of the court the broken man came before the bar of justice, and silently showed the noose that circled his neck.

At last his ninety-ninth year came; the time when the court had ordered that the utmost penalty of the law should be executed. For the last time the man tottered before the judge's bench; but new judges had arisen in the land, new laws had been made, old times had been forgotten or forgiven, and there was none who would excuse him or execute sentence. Indeed, the awful restriction, that had bound his life so intimately to the expiation of his crime, was now legally removed. But the spirit of self-punishment continued, and when Sutherland, after he had passed his hundredth year, was discovered dead, alone in his house, his throat was found to be encircled by the rope which had been placed there nearly three quarters of a century before.

A Baby in Battle.

Among the Chinese present at one of the battles between the two Asiatic nations in the late Chinese and Japanese war, was one spectator of an unusual kind. After the capture of a small fort by the Japanese, and the retreat of such of their enemies as had not been taken prisoners, a healthy-looking Chinese baby was found by the victors, lying on the ground in their line of march. The captain of a division picked him up, and did his best to administer consolation, and presently called one of the prisoners, to whom he offered his liberty on condition that he should take the child to his parent. The captive joyously assented, but the baby raised a noisy objection. He lifted his voice on high and cried so loudly, when the attempt was made to take him from his Japanese friend, that the latter saw no resource but to submit. So, holding the baby on his left arm, while he grasped his sabre with the right, Captain Higuchi marched on to the capture of the next fort, receiving, meanwhile a bullet through his cap. The baby looked on wonderingly while the fort was taken in gallant style, and seemed to be quite unmoved by the din and uproar of battle, so long as he could rest upon his captain's shoulder. When the fight was over, the captain gave the child to some of his troopers, who bore the little creature to a Chinese house near by.

A CONVERTED PHYSICIAN.

With the Aid of South American Kidney Cure, Nurses his "Hopeless Cases Back to Health."

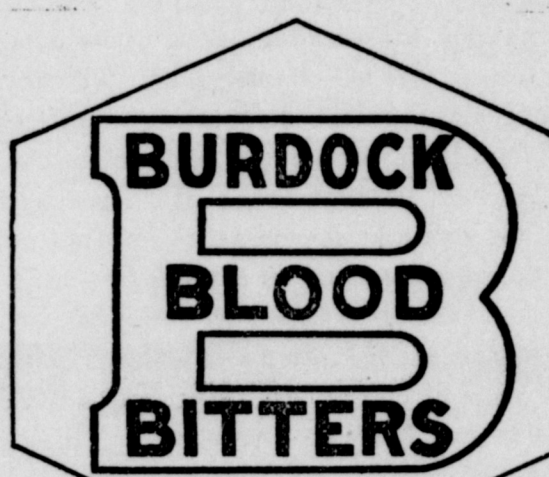
A prominent physician writes this diabetes: "Personally until very recently I have never known an absolute cure." But this same physician says further that he has noted the wonderful work accomplished in patients of his by South American Kidney Cure; patients whom he had ceased to treat because in his estimation there was no cure and no hope. What a tribute this is to the medical genius in the compounding of this great remedy—this kidney specific. It soothes, heals and cures the diseased parts. Does it quickly and permanently.

Sacred Password.

Only three people know the password of the Tower of London and they are the Queen, the Lord Mayor and the Constable. The password is sent to the Lord Mayor quarterly, signed by her majesty. It is merely a survival of an old custom.



Chase &
Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND
JAVA AND MOCHA
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE



MRS. THOS. McCANN, Mooresville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children."



News and Opinions
OF
National Importance
THE SUN
ALONE
CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, - - - \$6 a year
Daily, and Sunday by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.
Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year
Address THE SUN, New York.