

A GREAT SHOT.

The Mayor's Fine Work Paralyzed the Highwayman.

'I notice,' said Maj. Blazem, the other day, 'that the police officers of this city do some remarkably fine work with the revolver occasionally.'

The remark was made in a tone of voice loud enough to cause the loafers to look by and manifest some slight interest in life.

'Yes, sir,' he continued looking all around the lobby, 'they do very fair work. But I am somewhat of an adept myself at that business, as you will well own after having heard my story.'

'Several years ago—about fifteen, I think—I was riding from San Jose to San Francisco on my safety—'

'But, my dear Major,' I said, wishing to call his attention to the fact that safeties were unknown at that time, 'unless I err—'

'You do, sir; damme, you do,' he thundered. 'You are so young, sir, that you do not even know that it is unmanly to interrupt an older gentleman when he is talking.'

The Major grew very red in the face at a sudden. Then he cleared his voice violently and began again:

'As I was saying, I was riding from San Jose to San Francisco on my safety—here he glowered at me—'when a footpad, or a wheelpad, I should say, held me up at the point of his pistol.'

'There was nobody in sight, and so I threw up my hands, just to show him how small they were.'

'He relieved me of \$200, a watch that has been in our family since 1827—'

'Before Christ, sir,' queried a mild-faced gentleman on an opposite chair.

'No, sir, after,' retorted the Major. 'The watch is the identical one by which in later years the captain of the Mayflower regulated his cabin time piece, borrowing it from my ancestor for that purpose.'

'After going through all my pockets, the robber made me exchange wheels and then rode off.'

'In those days I always carried a Smith & Wesson long-barreled 38-caliber revolver with me, and it came in handy on this occasion.'

'I waited until the robber was about fifty yards ahead of me and then I fired, not at him, but at the tire of his wheel.'

'Of course I hit it. As the air began to ooze out the rider fell to the ground. Of a sudden I realized that I had damaged my own wheel, so I immediately fired another shot, aiming directly at the old mark. My aim was so sure that I hit it and completely soldered up the puncture.'

'I then captured the robber, who was stunned more by my prowess than by his fall, and delivered him over to the authorities.'

'But, Major,' I asked, 'how was it the robber overlooked your gun when he went through your pockets?'

'Sir,' he shouted, 'I carried it in my hat! Good-day, sir!—San Francisco Call.'

Imagination Lengthens Life.

'It is remarkable to what an extent the bodily health is benefited by the imagination,' said a medical man to the writer. I am not talking now merely of what are known as faith cures, where the patient gets well through an implicit belief in his medicine, I am thinking rather of cases in which patients are carried safely through dangerous disorders simply by their buoyancy of mind. People talk of the way in which imaginative people are attacked by various maladies. But in my experience it is the unimaginative folk who become confirmed invalids. The imagination carries a man out of himself, and that is just what these morbid and sickly people want. A mental specialist will tell you that the dull, phlegmatic mind is more liable to insanity than the quick, volatile, and imaginative one. Poets are rarer visitors

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The November Number IS CALLED THE Early Winter Number

and comprises a variety of matter of unsurpassed freshness and charm. The present and prospective fashions are exhaustively described, and the Literary and Household features are of the usual high degree of merit. Made on Earth, a story by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, typifies the love that women cherish for a home they can call their own. The College Stories, by Nancy Vincent McClelland, the scenes of which are laid at Vassar, reveal much of the significance of college spirit and student ties. In the series on The Common Ills of Life, by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, appears a paper on Obesity that will prove of general as well as particular interest. The article in the popular series on Amateur Photography, by Shariot M. Hall, deals specifically with Toning. Eleanor Georger contributes another scholarly chapter of practical exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice. A Floral Hunting Party, by Katherine E. Maxwell, outlines a delightful indoor entertainment. The Woman's Press Associations of the country furnish material for the regular article on Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow. In Girls' Interests and Occupations, by Lafayette McLaws, will be found a number of attractive suggestions. An excellent group of Household Subjects is embodied in Rolls and Fancy Bread, A Thanksgiving Menu, Magic Salt, and Waste in the Kitchen; and the regular departments: Social Observances conducted by Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, The Tea-Table by Mrs. Witherspoon, Fancy Stitches and Embroidery by Emma Haywood, The Dressmaker, Millinery, Lace-Making, Crocheting, Knitting, Tatting, The Latest Books, etc., are as complete and varied as the most fastidious could desire.

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to lunatic asylums then plodding mechanic, improbable as the fact may seem. And it is the same with bodily maladies. I have met men whose mental vitality and complete absence of self-consciousness have kept them living very cheerfully in apparent defiance of physical laws. Some of these cases are simply enigmas to doctors.

A Popular Teacher Speaks About Paine's Celery Compound.

The Great Life Saver Cures even at the Eleventh Hour.

Mr. Belyea's Letter Should be Read by all Sufferers.

Gentlemen:—In the winter of 1884 I was taken with a severe attack of neuralgia in the head and shoulders. Since then it became seated, and I gave up the idea of ever being cured. Have taken medicine prescribed by different physicians, but all to no avail.

Some three months ago I was induced to try a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound. Before I had taken half of it I began to feel better. Sleep, which in my early days appeared so refreshing, has in these years of affliction been made up of frightful dreams; but not so now, as the medicine began to have a telling effect on my nerves.

I have taken three bottles of this glorious medicine, and to-day I can say that it is the first time in eleven years that I have felt none of those piercing pains to which I had once been a victim. Let me say to any person who may read this testimonial, in this province or elsewhere, that if you discredit this statement, just write me and I will only be too glad to inform you of what has cured me of neuralgia and a shattered nervous system.

Yours respectfully,

LEVERETT A. BELYEA,
Hamstead, N. B.

Device to Record Speed.

An ingenious form of speed-recording apparatus, recently devised for use in some German railway experiments, while simple in design, proved exceedingly effective and showed, moreover, not only the speed at any particular moment, but the time in which stops were made, speed around curves, up grades, etc. Electrical connections were made on the shaft of the car in such a manner that a dash and a space were marked off at each revolution on a paper strip fed by clockwork. By marking the length of ribbon corresponding to one minute of time and counting the number of dashes contained therein the number of revolutions is given at once, and from the diameter of the wheels the speed can readily be computed. In the experiments referred to the paper ribbon was ruled so that one second of time was represented by one millimeter of space, and by a subsequent plotting of curves a graphical record of speeds under various conditions was attained.

Not to be Caught.

Waiters in Parisian restaurants always have an answer ready. Zola, the novelist had noticed this fact, and according to the London Figaro, made use of it in perpetrating a joke.

'Bring me a sphinx a la Marengo,' he said to a waiter.

'I am sorry to say they are out,' was the answer.

'What, no more sphinx?' said Zola, in a tone of indignant surprise.

The waiter stepped close to the chair and whispered.

'The truth is, we have some, monsieur, but I don't care to serve them to you, as they are not quite fresh.'

CATARHAL HEADACHE.

May be Your Experience as it Was Mr. Spooner's—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Will Positively Cure You.

'I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for severe catarrhal headache frequently, and with every application the relief has been almost instantaneous. I believe it to be the very best remedy for catarrh that is on the market today, and take pleasure in saying these words in commending it to all catarrh sufferers.' C. Spooner, Editor King's County News, Hampton, N. B.

'Gentlemen I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye,' said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse he said, 'You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?'

'Yes, sir, there is; he is also blind in the other eye,' was the prompt reply.

Can't Sleep.



The weary vigils of the night, anxious hours that drag like days. How often they come, and how unwelcome they are. A system robbed by sleeplessness of natural rest cannot be vigorous and strong. The nerves are at fault and must be built up. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are the remedy that cured

MISS EMMA TEMPLE.

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At last, after eight months of physical weakness and nervous prostration, caused by over exertion and want of rest,—during which time I suffered greatly on account of the shattered condition of my nerves, and for which I was unable to find any relief. I have found a medicine (Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills) that in three months made my nerves strong, removed all nervous troubles, built up my physical system and made me strong and well. They removed despondency, and in consequence of taking your valuable Pills I look forward to the future hopefully. I have to thank your great cure for nervousness and bodily weakness for my present good health and strength.

Yours truly,
Signed, EMMA TEMPLE, Hastings, Ont.

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FLASHES OF FUN.

Rivers (fanning himself): This weather is too hot to talk about.'

Brooks: 'Thanks, I was afraid you were going to talk about it.'

He: 'Will you be my wife?'

She: 'The idea! Don't be ridiculous.'

'Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous; but, then, I'm not so particular as some men are.'

Plankinton: 'I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you? Have you a smart lawyer?'

Bloomfield:—'You bet I have. He owns the property now.'

Mrs. Wickwire: 'The idea! Here is a story in the paper about a woman suing for £2 000 for the loss of only a thumb.'

Mr. Wickwire: 'Perhaps it was the thumb she kept her husband under.'

Old gentleman (dictating an indignant letter): 'Sir my stenographer' being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.'

He: 'Reggy Fitzjames has become recklessly engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it.'

She: 'With decency?'

He: 'Oh, yes; he merely has to go and ask their fathers' consent, and it's all over.'

Thompson: 'You look pale and thin Johnson. Why will you persist in killing yourself working night and day in such weather as this?'

Johnson: 'I'm trying to earn money enough to pay the expense of a week's rest in the country.'

Citizen (to farmer): 'How are things out your way, Mr. Hayseed?'

Mr. Hayseed (gloomily): 'They couldn't be much wuss. My wife and three cows are down with pleuro-pneumonia. I refused twenty pounds apiece for 'em only last week.'

Brother Goodman: 'Ah, it grieves me to hear of Brother Hunker's death. We can ill afford to lose such men.'

Deacon Kinders: 'It is a great loss, but let us take it philosophically. His widow will now probably furnish the memorial window that we need complete to our set.'

She: 'When are you going to give me the money to buy that new dress?'

He: 'Next week.'

'That's what you said last week.'

'Yes, and that's what I say now and am going to say next week. I ain't the kind of a man to say one thing one week and another thing next week.'

'I would go with you to the end of the earth,' he asserted, passionately.

'Not with me you wouldn't,' she replied coldly.

'Why not?' he demanded.

'For two reasons. One is that I'm not going, and the other is that there isn't any end.'

Bride: 'I'm so afraid people will find out that we're just married, that I've made Will promise to treat me in public just as if he had no thought for anyone but himself.'

Matron: 'I adopted that plan when I married, and my husband never got over it.'

An ill-paid minister went to his deacon to ask for an increase of salary. 'Salary!' said the deacon. 'I thought you worked for souls!'

'So I do,' replied the poor man; 'but I cannot eat souls; and, if I could, it would take a good many of your size to make a dish.'

'My daughter,' said the loving father, with perhaps a shade of harshness in his voice, 'what does that young man who calls on you every evening in a dress-suit do for a living?'

'He hasn't determined yet, father,' replied the fair girl, with a glad look in her eyes, 'but he is thinking something of getting a position as life companion to a young lady.'

Counsel appointed to defend an Irishman challenged several of the jury, who, his client said, had a prejudice against him.

'Are there any more juryman who have a prejudice against you?' whispered the barrister.

'No, sir the jury's awl roight; but Oi want you to challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him several times already, and loikely he's beginnin' to have a prejudice against me.'

A man strolled into a fashionable church before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and, tapping him on the shoulder and pointed to a small cur that followed him into the sacred edifice, said:—

'Dogs are not admitted.'

'That's not my dog,' replied the visitor.

'But he follows you.'

'Well, so do you.'

The sexton growled, and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

Old Lady (to driver of growler): 'Now, driver, I want you to go very carefully.'

'Certainly, mum.'

'And not go racing with other cabs.'

'No, mum.'

'And not go round the corners quickly.'

'No, mum.'

After the job, the old lady, handing him a shilling said: 'You have driven me very carefully and well, and here is a shilling for you. Have you driven a cab all your life?'

'No, mum; I used to drive a hearse, and blest if I don't go back to it; it's a better gain than this. I hope I'll drive you again, mum.'

During the revolution, a little American privateer once stole up on a British line-o-

battle ship in a fog, mistaking her for an East India merchant, and ordered her to strike. When the seventy-four ran out her guns and threatened to blow her puny assailant out of the water, the Yankee skipper stepped to the gangway, and taking off his hat, said politely, 'Oh, very well, sir; if you won't surrender I will.'

'There's one thing I've noticed about the charity that begins at home,' sneered the crusty old bachelor.

'What's that?'

'It becomes so extremely domestic that it never calls on the neighbors.'



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There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont., sends the following letter: 'For the

past two or three years I have been a martyr to that dreadful disease diarrhoea. I tried every remedy I heard of and spent a good deal of money trying to get cured but all failed until I happened to read of a lady who was cured by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of

Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me.'

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