

HATTERS' PRINTING.

The Various Impressions Found Upon Hat Tips and Sweet Leathers.

Hatters' printing which is the printing of names, trademarks and other designs upon hat tips and sweat leathers in hats, and upon labels used on hat boxes, is a business by itself. The hat tip, or crown lining of a hat, is sometimes made of paper, oftenest of satin. In a silk hat and in some stiff hats the tip covers the entire interior of the crown above the sweat leather; in straw hats the tip is often composed of a broad strip of satin upon a lace crown lining. Many stiff hats and most soft hats are now finished without tips, in which case the trade mark or name is printed on the sweat leather.

Tip printing is done from brass dies, and in the finest work from steel plates. These dies and plates are made in very great variety. In a large establishment devoted to hatters' printing there might be found 30,000 dies and 10,000 steel plates. Proof impressions of this great number of dies and plates fill many huge, ledger-like volumes, upon whose pages they are secured as in scrapbooks. There are throughout the country thousands of retailing hatters, each having a separate die of his own, with which the tips of the hats he sells are printed; some hat jobbers might have many dies including dies of trademarks and designs for special line of goods. All these dies and plates, however varied and widely distributed their ownership may be, are kept in the establishment of the printer, ready for use on occasion. The owner pays for the engraving of the first die, the cost varying according to its elaborateness; if a die or plate becomes worn and a new die is needed the printer supplies it.

In the large printing establishments everything pertaining to the business is done, including the designing and engraving of the dies and plates, as well as the printing from them. Some designs, the trademarks of old established houses, become familiar from long-continued use. As dies and plates wear out they are simply replaced, the design continuing the same. On the other hand, every year, for one reason or another, many designs go out of use, and finally the dies and plates are destroyed; but every year there are produced for individual dealers and for general trade purposes thousands of new designs, so that the number of dies and plates on hand at the printer's is always great. These designs, aside from those made for individual hatters, include a very great variety of subjects. Thus there might be seen printed on hat tips ships and locomotives and horses and anvils and many other things; and any name or object of public interest at the moment is likely to be reproduced inside of hats. Almost every hat worn bears within it printing in some form. It the hat has no tip it appears on the sweat leather, and it may also be in such a hat upon what is called a sticker, this being a piece of paper, cloth or leather, in outline of the exact shape and size of the die, upon which are printed the dealer's trademark and name, the sticker being pasted in the centre of the crown of the hat.

The retail hat dealer, wherever he may be, if he desires a distinctive trademark or name design to appear in the hats he sells, sends to some big hatters' printing establishment for a design; he sends, perhaps, a suggestion of his own, or it may be that he relies upon the designer of the printing establishment. One or more designs are made and submitted to him for approval. According as may be required, such signs might embody in some artistic form simply the name and address; or such dies of plates are made in almost endless variety. The plate would remain at the printer's, and when the retailer ordered hats of the jobber with whom he dealt the jobber would have the tips and sweat leathers with which the hats thus ordered were finished printed from the customer's own dies.

Tips are printed in gold leaf, in silver leaf and in aluminum leaf, and in ink in various colors: sometimes they are printed in combinations of metals with combinations of colors. Most commonly, however, they are printed in a single metal or color. All sweat leathers are printed in one or another of the metals.

Box labels for hat boxes are made both plain and embossed in a very great variety of styles and these are printed in variety as to color. A hat dealer might have his own design complete for box label as well as for hat tip; or he may select one from among many box labels that are made with a blank space to receive a die, and have his own die inserted in the label.

Many hats tips printed from dies engraved here are exported to Canada for use in hats that are finished there; and there are also made here suitable dies from which are printed hat tips for hats exported to South America.

Entrapping Opportunity With Capital.

Jacob Franks, who is reputed to be worth \$2,000,000, went into business in Chicago, when nineteen years of age, with

the determination to follow the rule—save money. His formula to-day is:

Good fortune cannot come unless you are provided with capital with which to seize opportunity when it appears. Save your money and be ready to invest. Never borrow capital, and never owe a dollar that you cannot pay on demand.

THE STRAWBERRY STATION.

Where One Can Buy the Fruit for a Mere Nothing.

To the traveller familiar with Mexico, Irapuato is as suggestive of strawberries as Boston is of beans and culture to the average American. Your train draws up at the station, and you are instantly assailed by a swarm of strawberry vendors of both sexes and all ages. One swarthy stage brigand, taller than the rest, pushes his tray, piled high with baskets, right into your window, and you are informed confidentially that his fresas (berries) are the very best to be had in Irapuato, and that you may have your choice of baskets for only dos reales (twenty-five cents.)

Cheap! Yes, it would seem so to any one just from the United States, particularly if the month happens to be December or March. But do not be in a hurry to buy. There is no danger of the supply being exhausted, and as your train remains five minutes at the station, you have plenty of time.

One minute has passed, and the brigand having read in your face that you are meditating a purchase, informs you that he has decided to favor you by reducing the price to twenty cents a basket, and that such delicious berries are muy barata (very cheap) at that price.

But remembering that you are a 'bear' in the strawberry market, you still decline to purchase, eying the berries encouragingly, however; and at the end of another minute the market takes another slump, fifteen cents being the price now asked. At this point you begin examining with your eyes the trays of other vendors, with the immediate result that the price declines to ten real (twelve and one-half cents), and thence, as the fourth minute of your stay in Irapuato speeds by, to ten cents.

Now the engine-bell is clanging, and the conductor is looking at his watch. 'Vamanos!' (all aboard) he cries, and immediately the bottom drops out of the market. Down goes the price to un medio (six and one quarter per cent), and without stopping there, it quickly reaches five cents. Your time to buy has come. 'Two baskets,' you say to the brigand, and if you are a tenderfoot you drop, say a twenty-five cent piece into his hand, and select the berries you wish.

Then it is the brigand's turn. Very deliberately he places his tray on the ground tumbles in his pockets for your change. Meantime your train is moving away, and as you give a final look backward, you see him coolly take his hands empty from his pockets and pick up his tray.

On the other hand, if you are acquainted with Mexican wiles, you insist upon receiving, not only the berries, but your change as well before you surrender your quarter; and as your train moves away you find yourselves the possessor of half a pound or so of copper coins and two baskets, each seemingly containing half a gallon of beautiful berries.

You feel that you have got it 'on the ground floor,' and as it were, of the strawberry market, and are correspondingly elated. But do not become jubilant just yet—first examine your berries. On top you find a layer of splendid fruit; next, a layer of inferior grade, and then a roll of cabbage-leaves that fills the remainder of the basket.

Now you examine your change, and you find that it is legal tender in the state of Guanajuato only, and if you do not throw it out of the window to the children at Salamanca, you can only keep it to buy more berries with when you again pass Irapuato.

There are about fourteen thousand people in Irapuato, nearly all of whom are

dependent upon the strawberry-beds for existence.

A PASSPORT IN MISSOURI.

When a Stranger Says 'Corn Pone' the Host Replies 'Light and Come In.'

'I read something the other day, taken from a Richmond paper, about the decline and fall of corn bread in the South,' said a man from Missouri. The Missourian continued his remark in an aggrieved manner:

'I haven't been down South for a good many years, but if it has gone back on corn bread you may expect to hear of niggers going back on watermelon. Out in old Missouri corn bread, old-fashioned, sure-enough pone, is still served in the best families. In some of the first class hotels of that State they put corn pone under the head of dessert. I reckon you know that there is also the corn dodger, and then there is the hockcake, and then there is the ashcake—all made out of cornmeal. But the cornpone is the piece de resistance. When a stranger goes into a Missouri house and says he likes corn bread, 'specially corn pone, the cockles of the heart of the Missourian warms toward that stranger at once. It comes mighty nigh being a passport to the best society in my State.

'I know of one man who was made to feel very much at home by his familiarity with corn bread and its habits in a Missouri home at a time when he was very much under suspicion. He had been sent to investigate a matter by his superior. He arrived at the house at a late hour. The folks had gone to bed. He aroused them by hallooing from the road. When the man of the house appeared and called off the dogs he asked the stranger what he wanted. The stranger was not just as satisfactory in his reply as was desired and the man of the house told him he had better go further up the road for entertainment for himself and beast. The stranger had his reasons for wanting to stay at the house where he had just made his call. He said it was pretty hard when a Missourian couldn't find shelter in any Missouri home where he made application. The man of the house asked him:

'Are you a Missourian?'

'When the stranger replied he had that honor, the man of the house kind o' hesitated, and then asked: 'Have you got any credentials?'

'Have you got any corn bread?' asked the stranger.

'What kind?' was the query.

'Pone,' was the reply.

'Light and come in,' was the hospitable invitation.

'When the stranger was in the house the Missourian apologized for keeping his guest without the gate so long by explaining that there were a good many peddlers about the country and he was very particular as to who he admitted.

'I don't want you to feel any uncertainty about me,' said the stranger, 'and to convince you that I am a Missourian and entitled to your hospitality, I can tell you right where that corn bread is kept. I'll bet I can find it in the dark. It's in a skillet in the lower part of the kitchen cupboard and the milk that goes with it is out in the springhouse in the back yard.'

'The Missourian host extended his hand to the stranger, and, shaking the latter's hand earnestly, he said: 'You could come mighty nigh getting into our lodge without the grip or the sign.'

'That was an actual experience, and when you are in Missouri and want to be taken care of in the proper way, just you call at any Missourian's home and say 'corn pone.'

A Noisy Box.

Like children, savages in all parts of the world are possessed of eternal curiosity. Mr. H. Cayley-Webster, a well known English traveller, gives an amusing instance of this trait among the natives of New Guinea.

One day a piano arrived for his excellency the governor, and some natives were told to carry the strange looking case from the beach to the house. After going a few yards one stumbled, causing one end of the crate to strike the ground, and ever on the alert for strange noises, their ears were immediately pressed against it, and they listened until the 'ting' of the wires had died away.

Again, after a yard or two, a similar mishap occurred. Again many ears were listening to the sound so foreign to them, until a native, rather more knowing than the rest, with a heave raised the whole case a few inches from the ground and let it go.

The noise which issued from the inside had by this time worked them up to such a frenzy that they one and all seized upon the case, rolled it over and over, and danced with joy at the strange sounds which came forth. And it was not until this odd performance had been repeated many times that the eye of an official was attracted by the shouts and yells of the natives; not, however, before much damage had been done and many strings broken. The natives who speak English have now come to call the piano 'box belong cry,' and generally add:

'Whitey man, he fight, him belong band. Box, he cry out too much.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

Marriage is usually a failure when a man thinks he is marrying an angel, and a woman a man like a novelist's hero.

'Papa, what is this color they call invisible blue?'

'It is the blue on a policeman's uniform when there's a row on hand.'

She: 'I would not marry you if I lived to be a hundred years old.'

He: 'If you were a hundred years old, do you think I'd ask you?'

'I never lose my temper,' cried the little wife.

'No dear,' grumbled hubby; 'I wish you would.'

She: 'Tell me, when you were in the Army, were you cool in the hour of danger?'

He: 'Cool? Why, I shivered!'

Judge: 'Why did you steal this gentleman's purse?'

Prisoner: 'I thought the change would do me good.'

Coachman (driving stout old lady on a lonely road in a very high wind): 'Please, mum, will you 'old the 'orses while I run after my 'at or will you run after my 'at while I 'old the 'orses?'

Nurse: 'It's time for your nourishment now, Mr. Peppery.'

Mr. Peppery (who is convalescent): 'Hang nourishment! What I want is something to eat!'

She: 'Why is it, I wonder, that little men so often marry big women?'

He: 'I don't know unless it is that the little fellows are afraid to back out of the engagements.'

Mistress: 'Why Jane, what is the matter with little Fil-fi?'

Jane: 'Please mum, Mastea George has been tying him to a pole and cleaning the windows with him.'

Drawing-master (who wears a large wideawake hat): 'Now, does any boy want to ask me a question?'

A scholar at the back of the class: 'Where did you get that hat?'

Wife: 'I'm tired to death. Been having the baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.'

Husband: 'How long did it take, then?'

Wife: 'About four hours.'

She (archly): 'Whom should you call the prettiest girl in this room?'

He (looking about him): 'H'm. Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place.'

'My dearest Maria,' wrote a husband. She replied: 'Dear, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose that you have other dear Marias?'

Ardent Swain: 'If I give you chocolate, will you tell your sister I am waiting here for her?'

Little Sister: 'How much will you give me if I don't tell my big brother?'

Wayfarer (to the robber): 'I haven't any money with me, I'm sorry to say, but I will advise all my friends and acquaintances to take walks along this lonely path hereafter.'

Smith: 'What! Are you learning to fence, Jones?'

Jones: 'Yes; you see, I'm going to a peace conference, and it's just as well to be prepared.'

According to an old joke, Englishmen used to say: 'It's a fine morning. Let's go out and kill something.' But now they say: 'It's a fine morning. Let's build some new battleships.' And they do it too.

First Man: 'Why did you ask Blibbs just now to lend you five shillings? You had plenty of money this morning.'

Second Man: 'I have plenty now; but I know Blibbs was going to ask me for some.'

Professor (to his wife, provoked): 'I never know how to take you, Amelia. Five years ago you were crazy for that hat, and now I've bought it for you, and you don't like it at all!'

'Are you sure that the room you have to let is quiet?' asked the timid young man.

'Ah! Rest assured of that,' said the landlady. 'There is a singer in the next room, and it must be quiet, or she couldn't practice.'

Patient: 'What does it cost to have a tooth pulled out?'

Dentist: 'Two-and-six.'

Patient: 'Then do you mind pulling it out half-way for one-and-three, and I'll finish the job myself?'

'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Winbiddle to a stranger, 'I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least half an hour.'

'You are a physician, I presume?'

'No; I am a coal dealer.'

'I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape!'

'Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken.'

First Lady: 'I saw your husband meet you in the street yesterday, and I noticed that he removed his hat while speaking to you. I admired him for it. Very few men do that.'

Second Lady: 'I remember. I told him in the morning to have his hair cut, and he was showing me that he had obeyed.'

Fogg: 'I am afraid I'm breaking up.'

Figg: 'Why, what's the matter now?'

Fogg: 'I want to look at a house that is to let, yesterday. It was only five-minutes walk from the station. I know that, be-

cause it said so in the advertisement; but hang me if it didn't take me forty minutes to walk it. It is evident enough that I'm ageing fast.'

'Halloo, old boy! Heard you're going to be married—and a fine girl, eh?'

'Well, yes, she has a very comely figure.'

'Oh, but that's aside from the question. How about the incomey figure?'

Scribendus: 'I've got a beautiful dramatic idea for a story.'

Editor: 'Then why don't you write it up?'

Scribendus: 'Well, the only trouble is that it has been done before by Shakespeare.'

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: 'Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum.'

'When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure.'

'After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire.'

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

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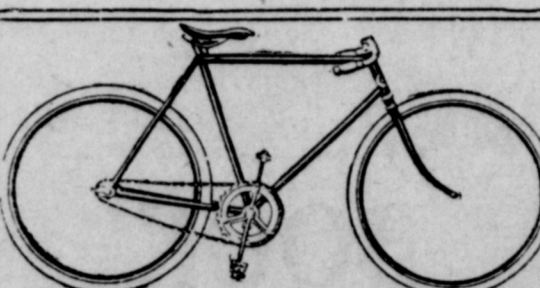
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