

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Why don't you get out of debt?' 'I haven't time. It keeps me busy getting in.'

Poet: 'Why is it that you never print anything that I write?' Editor: 'Well, I suppose it is because you never write anything that I print.'

'Did your elopement come off successfully?' 'Yes. Her father caught us in time to stop it.'

Laura: 'Yes, Ida is engaged.' Lillian: 'She has met her match, has she?' Laura: 'Oh, no; I think the gentleman will find himself decidedly outclassed.'

'Any unique features at your entertainment last night?' 'Yes; the Chinese lanterns didn't get on fire.'

Footlight: 'How did your friend play the part of Julius Caesar?' Leading Lady: 'Grand! I really thought the audience would assassinate him before Brutus had a chance.'

'I am so annoyed. I do not want to invite that horrid Mrs. Prim to my reception, yet I cannot slight her.'

'Give her invitation to your husband to post.'

'I wish,' said the blind man, 'people could see things as I do.'

'I hear,' said the deaf man, 'that you see much further into things than the ordinary observer.'

'Why is it that geniuses are nearly always eccentric?' 'I should say it must be because that's about the only way in which a good deal of genius can obtain recognition.'

'She said she would trust me forever with her heart.'

'Well that was satisfactory.'

'Yes; and then we tell out about who would carry the purse.'

Some malicious old bachelor says that there is a musical society in the next villa to his residence which is fifty years old, and that several young ladies have belonged to it ever since its commencement.

'Young man,' said the young woman's father, 'you have boasted several times that you possess an honored name.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the suitor, haughtily. 'Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honored at and for how much?'

Grison: 'It was great fun sitting there and passing remarks on the people as they came in.'

Sarton: 'Ah, but, talking of fun, you should have heard the remarks of some of the people after you went out.'

'How do you like your new cook?' 'Oh, so so. She is very dirty. She has no idea of cooking, and she smashes everything round her; but still, she has one good and rare quality.'

'What is that?' 'She stays with us.'

'How did you come to think that man had any of the qualities of a successful author?' 'I quired the friend.'

'Oh,' replied the lecture manager, 'you're judging him merely by his books. You ought to see how uniquely interesting he looks in a dress suit on the platform.'

Amateur Photographer (touring in the Western States): 'Pardon me, sir; but would you object to my taking your daughter just as she is?'

Farmer Greene: 'Wa-al this is sudden; but take her and be happy. Keep your eyes on him, Sal, till I shoot round for the parson.'

Slopay (telling story): 'As I went down for the third time every event of my life passed before me like a flash.'

Lenditt (interrupting hastily): 'I suppose you don't remember borrowing that sovereign of me, year before last, did you?'

'The difference between the idealities and the realities of life,' said the philosopher thoughtfully, 'lies in the chance that when you meet your ideal and have thoroughly satisfied yourself that she is your ideal, you will find that you are not here.'

Then it was known that he was not philosophising in this instance, but giving a scrap of personal history.

Illustration of eyes and text: Eyes Tested Free - BY EXPERT OPTICIANS. The best \$1 glasses in the world. Everything at cut prices. Open evenings till 9 o'clock. BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N.S.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement:

'I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited. I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 26 years. I gladly tell my friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Before I began taking the medicine I did not have any ambition, but now all is changed and my dyspeptic trouble perfectly cured.' JAMES R. MURRAY.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PEARLS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Fisheries of Value Not Worked Among Islands of the Sulu Group.

In the picturesquely miscellaneous collection of Sultans, active volcanoes, Rajahs Dyak pirates, and so forth, handed over to the United States in the far Pacific as one result of the Spanish war, are the important pearl fisheries attached to the Sulu Islands—pearl fisheries that, since the decline of those of Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, divide with the north coast of Australia the reputation of being the most valuable in the world.

The Sulu pearl grounds have for some time been controlled by men or companies with large capital, of which the chief is a great London jewelry firm. These capitalists equip and send out fleets of from twenty to thirty moderate-sized schooners upon annual cruises, and employ in the pursuit, besides European officers and supercargoes many hundreds, if not thousands, of native divers.

It may be information to many that the chief revenue of the pearl fishing industry is derived not from the pearls—a very uncertain contingency—but from the pearl shells, or mother-of-pearl, which brings in the market \$100 a ton and upward. As an illustration of this, while the West Australian pearl fisheries netted in one year \$400,000 from the shells, the returns from the find of pearls was valued at a little more than \$150,000, or about one-third. In this respect, while the pearls found in the Sulus are of the finest quality, the mother of pearl is sometimes characterized by a yellowish tint which renders it less valuable commercially than that obtained on the adjacent Australian banks.

The actual diving operations are carried on chiefly by the natives, though of late years Europeans, with diving apparatus, have in some instances been employed. The former method is simplicity itself. The diver being denuded of his clothes and provided with a knife and a small net bag in which to gather the shells, and having a forty-pound stone attached to his feet, draw a deep breath, and is let rapidly down by a rope into the transparent waters. The depth at which pearl diving is generally carried on is from thirty to forty feet, though depths of eighty feet have been thus reached in a few instances. Once at the bottom, the diver quickly proceeds to cut the shells from the rocks in his neighborhood, and while filling his bag remains under water for a period of sixty to a hundred seconds.

While thus engaged the divers are sometimes subject to the attacks of sharks, but they find a far deadlier enemy in the exhausting nature of their work, carried on beneath the waters of the tropics. Their lives are generally of short duration after once adopting the profession.

When a vessel has received its full capacity of from twenty to thirty thousands shells, it is put into the shore where the cargo is landed and piled high on the beach for the sun to assist in causing decomposition of the dead fish, so that the pearls may be more easily obtained. During the cleaning and washing process great care is exercised in order to discover the loose pearls, which being nearly all perfect spheres, are the most valuable for stringing or necklace purposes, after which the shells are examined for those that may remain attached, furnishing the many quaint shapes to be seen in jewellers windows. Pearls of value are seldom discovered in shells under four years of age—the age being computed by the weight of the shell—and eight years, it would seem, being the extreme limit of pearl mussel longevity.

The pearls found in the Sulus are remarkable for their fine white color and soft iridescent sheen and up till the present have found their principal market in London, but now that archipelago has become an outlying territory of the United States one may naturally expect that these gems

will come more into favor on this side of the Atlantic than heretofore.

Account-Book Peery.

Chamber's Journal tells of an old lady shop-keeper in a small country town in England who for the last twenty years has kept her accounts in verse. There is, of course, something to be said in favor of keeping accounts in the orthodox fashion, but on the other hand, there is reason to believe that a lady so persistently poetical would have forced her way into print and into the ranks of the minor poets if she had not had what we may call a business outlet for her muse. Below are some extracts from her books:

If Mrs. Jones has half a pound of tea on 'tick,' it is entered thus: Mrs. Jones doth owe to me For half a pound of Souchong tea . . . 1s. 4d.

If Mr. Smith buys a pound of sugar, two pounds of rice and a Dutch cheese, the entry will be, under Smith's name: A pound of moist sugar, And two of best rice, With four pounds of Dutch cheese, Which I hope will be nice . . . 1s. 11 1/2d.

And so on through the book. In some cases the verses express doubt as to the customer's intention or ability to pay for the goods ordered. Thus: Lizzie Barber for her father Had some flour today; Some apples, too, and toilet soap, But I don't believe he'll pay . . . 2s. 3d. [This bookin' work will drive me mad When I think of folks like they.]

The lines in brackets are suggestive, if not grammatical, and their sentiment is likely to be appreciated by shopkeepers the world over.

La Grippe's Victims.

THE AFTER EFFECTS MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DISEASE.

A Well-Known Quebec Farmer Suffered Untold Misery for Three Years Before He Found Relief.

The epidemic of la grippe which has swept over Canada like a scourge this winter, has left thousands of weak and despairing sufferers in all parts of the land. Grippe is a treacherous disease. You think you are cured, yet the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are left in a weakened condition and fall an easy prey to its manifold complications. The blood is left impure and impoverished; the nerves shattered, and heart trouble and nervous prostration are too often the result.

The following statement made by Mr. Daniel Clossey a well known farmer living near West Brome, Que., indicates the ravages made by the after effects of this scourge. Mr. Clossey says:—'Some five years ago I had an attack of la grippe. The earlier symptoms passed away, yet I continued to fall in health, and I suffered intense pain in my head. I was subject to attacks of dizziness, and unless I would grasp something would fall. I gradually grew so weak as to be unable to do any work. My legs and feet were as cold as ice even in the summer months. If I attempted the least exertion my heart would beat violently. For three years I was in this helpless condition, and although during that time I was attended by three different doctors, their treatment procured not the slightest benefit. At this time I read the statement of one who had suffered from similar trouble, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. The result was simply marvellous. A dozen boxes did what three years of expensive medical treatment failed to accomplish—restored me to full health and vigor, and I am again able to do my work about the farm. I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I am glad to make this statement for the benefit it may bring to others.'

After an attack of la grippe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can promptly restore you to health. They drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.20 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont. Always refuse imitation or substitutes.

'Not the General's Cow.'

'Tommy Atkins—the slang name of the British private—is not noted for his politeness, but for his obedience to orders. Years ago in a seaport town in England a general and an admiral were neighbors. The general's house was fronted by grass-plot, on which he pastured a cow. One day his wife complained to him that the supply of milk was falling short. The sentinel accounted for the deficiency—The public trod down the pasture. There upon the general gave orders that no human or other animal except his cow

A Much Maligned Beverage.

'Death in the tea-pot.' Well cheap teas—stewed instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good teas properly drawn, are a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as, for instance, Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

SURPRISE SOAP. A pure hard Soap which has peculiar qualities for Laundry Uses. 5 cents a cake.

should be allowed on the grass-plot. He added that if this rule was infringed the sentinel should be flogged. Soon after, the admiral's wife in haste to keep an engagement, took a short cut over the plot, disregarding the sentinel's orders to keep off the grass. 'Common soldier, don't you know who I am?' ejaculated the offended lady. 'All know is that you're not the general's cow,' was the reply.

FIVE CARDS TOLD THE STORY.

A Suicide's Sufficient Explanation of the Final Act of his Life.

'I was dealing a game out of the box in Kansas City back in '84 when a man killed himself in the upstairs part of the establishment,' said a man with short grey hair and a pair of piercing eyes. 'I was the first man upstairs after the shot was fired, and when I looked the man over I remembered him as a young chap of rather dissolute habits who had struck Kansas City with apparently plenty of money only a few weeks before. There were five or six four-handed poker games running in the room. I asked the three men—cattle man from Kansas, they were—what had laid there table mate. They passed it up.'

'He just hauls out his gun sudden and does the Dutch act,' said one of them. 'Maybe he was a hard loser. I believe we're into him a few hundreds.'

'Didn't he say anything at all before plunging himself?' I asked.

'Nary a say, was the reply. 'Just scanned his hand—a pretty fairish sized jack pot, which he had opened himself—and then he reaches behind and brings up that silver-mounted pop-gun, which don't look like its built to kill a full-grown man at that. Then he puts it behind his right ear—we just locking at him, thinking he's fooling—and off it goes, and there he is, too dead to skin. It's a queer enough game to get me going.'

'A jack pot, you say?' I inquired. 'Who won?'

'The men looked at one another. They didn't know. The young fellow had put the ball in his head before the pot was decided. They looked at their hands that they had thrown face down when the young man had shot himself. One of them had tens up on nines, that he had had on the go-m. Another had a pair of queens, also on the go in, and the last of the three had drawn to an ace and failed to connect. Then I turned over the suicide's cards, that he had laid down neatly before reaching for his gun. There were a pair of sixes, an eight, a tray, and a king. I showed the cards to the three men. They understood. 'The ombrey needn't have killed himself over it,' said one of them. 'He might have got thrown out of the window and his pile confiscated, but he wouldn't ha' got killed.'

'The young fellow had taken a big win-out chance in a moment of desperation by opening a jack pot without holding the openers, and when it failed to go through he was afraid of the consequences or crazy or something, and so he just let gaslight into his head, which, for all the men who had been playing with him said, would unquestionably have happened to him when they discovered that he had opened the jack without openers.'

A Wonderful Clock.

A remarkable mechanical clock has recently been completed by M. Noll, after five years of uninterrupted work. The clock, which is of enormous size, weighs 4,000 kilogrammes, and the whole of the works have been made by hand. It is built to represent a church, and there are forty-six mechanical figures, which go through various evolutions. The clock indicates the seconds, minutes, quarters, hours, days, weeks, months, seasons, and the years, together with the movable or fixed feasts for the next 104 years. Every hour the twelve Apostles make their appearance, march past, and bow before the Saviour, who bestows His benison on them. Among the other mechanical curiosities are the four ages of life—Death with his scythe, a bell-ringer calling to vespers, six Capuchin monks, who enter the church, the seasons, a cockatoo, a shrill-throated cock, a night-watchman sounding a trumpet or beating a drum, and the faithful listening to a musical mass. Each of these movements is seen at its appointed time, and the whole of them can be set in motion at any moment without disturbing the machinery of the clock

the Wouldn't say. 'I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am.' 'I think not.' 'He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the tram's crowded. There are people standing up.' 'That's all right.' 'I haven't any time to argue the matter, ma'am! You'll have to pay for that boy.' 'I've never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin to do it now.' 'You've got to begin doing it some time. If you haven't had to pay any fare for him, you're lucky, or else you don't do much travelling.' 'That's all right.' 'You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll have to stop the tram and put him off.' 'That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me.' 'You ought to know what the rules of this company are, madam. How old is that boy?' 'I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman sitting in the corner. He got on with him.'

Don't Rub Your Eyes.

Whenever your organs of sight feel weak do not claw at them with the knuckles, so to express it. You must not massage your eyes the same way you would the stronger parts of the body. They need help from the hands, but this help must be administered very gently and delicately. A well-known physician had a way of treating his eyes which, it is said, preserved their vision to old age without the help of spectacles. This was to place his thumb and forefinger each upon an eyelid and gently rub them toward the nose a number of times each day. The action encourages circulation of the blood in that locality, does away with the tiny spots that sometimes float before the vision, and prevents that flattening of the lenses which causes dimness of sight at a certain focus. It is wonderful how much good can be done to the eyes of people of all ages by using this simple exercise ten or fifteen minutes each day.

Too Risky.

At a party one evening a gentleman told a very strange story, which like many other true tales, appeared more like romance than reality. Seeing that the faces of his auditors bore evident doubts of his veracity, he appealed to a gentleman, who had been present at the time when the matter occurred, to corroborate his statements. To his surprise and indignation, this gentleman denied all knowledge of the affair. Meeting next day, the narrator asked his friend: 'Is it possible that you can have forgotten the circumstances which I related last night?' 'Certainly not' replied the other. 'But I could see that everyone present took you for a liar, and I had more regard for my character than run the risk of being taken another.'

How to Enamel Chairs.

Shabby Windsor or bent wood chairs can be made to look quite smart enough for bedroom or 'den' by being painted over with black enamel paint. If, when the enamel be dry, a little bronze paint be smeared or smudged over them, a 'Japanese' effect will be obtained, which will be very pleasing, and a great relief to their somber appearance. The expressions 'smeared' and 'smudged' are used advisedly, for the bronze should be put on with an almost dry brush and should merely cling to the hair, so that they may leave a certain amount of color when they are dragged over the black enamel. To regularly paint on the bronze would be to lose the pretty effect sought.

Britain's Homeless Wanderers.

In great Britain it has been reckoned that there are about 1,000,000 absolutely 'homeless wanderers,' and that 90,000 of those belong to London.

Heads on Coins.

No human head was impressed on coin until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that time were deities.

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