

TIPS IN AUSTRIAN CAFES.

Head Waiter Gets Them All Because He Is the General Collector.

The head waiter institution is among the odd customs of Austria. In every hotel, restaurant, cafe or other resort where food or drinks are sold there is a functionary who goes about among the guests, as they summon him with the word 'bezahlten,' and collects the pay for what they have drunk or eaten. Each man tips him to the extent of 5 or 10 per cent, of the bill. No other waiter can receive any money except a personal tip. The head waiter gets no salary for his services. On the contrary, he often pays the proprietor a good sum for the place. He is held responsible for everything—cables, drinkables, crockery, glassware, silverware; in hotels, even for room rent, carriage hire, and broken windows. His compensation comes from the tips, which sometimes amounts to many thousands of guildens a year (a gulden or florin is equivalent to 40 cents). The proprietor of the leading hotel in Reichenberg came up from its head waiter, while one of the largest banking houses in Bohemia was founded by a former head waiter from his accumulated tips.

The possibility of gaining wealth in this profession rests on the public honesty. Guests in a restaurant or cafe pay when they have eaten or drunk to satiety. Often this is hours after they began. Summoned by 'bezahlten,' the head waiter produces a slip of paper, if the guest has consumed several different articles, and writes thereon what the latter says he has eaten and drunk, handing the slip to the guest as his bill. The head waiter cannot possibly know in every case, or even in most cases, that the guest's statement is true. He has behind the scenes methods of checking up what has been served, but these cannot be used in every individual case of payment in a crowd.

A great music hall in Vienna illustrates the easy possibility of heavy loss under this system, through dishonest patrons. The place is furnished with many small tables. Some people take supper there. Everybody else at these tables drinks several glasses of beer, or a bottle of wine or mineral water. Near the close of the performance, the tables meantime having been generally cleared of dishes and bottles, the head waiter passes around on his collecting tour. Each of the hundred or more people tells what he has eaten or drunk. In accordance therewith, the collector fills out the customary slip. No doubt there is in the kitchen a list of articles recorded against each table, but the head waiter does not carry this with him for reference, and it is not conceivable that he could commit it to memory before starting on his tour. There is, besides, nothing to prevent a dishonest person from leaving the hall before the head waiter appears. Between the numbers of the programme people are moving all about the place and in and out of the lobby in crowds. Any person could walk away without paying his bill.

So far as is known nobody attempts to dodge his dues in Austrian cafes and restaurants. The fact that this custom is universal throughout the empire, that it continues year after year, and that head waiters make a large profit out of it, though they are personally charged by the proprietor with every crumb of bread and drop of drink, shows a degree of honesty hardly to be expected in a world where dishonesty so abounds. But the system places every one on honor, and is a sort of training school in honesty. People grow up and grow old under its influence and become immovably fixed in their relations to it. Some of them might be dishonest in other directions, but the settled habit of years makes it impossible for them to cheat the head waiter.

The Appetite of the Shark.

A considerable part of the food of fishes at the Aquarium is composed of other fishes—herring, cod, and so on cut into thin strips and slices and pieces of one size and shape and another, according to the wants of the fishes to be fed. Only clean and slightly food is put into the tanks, and so in cutting up the food there may be more or less refuse, heads and tails and other parts that must be thrown away. This depends, however, on how many sharks there are in the Aquarium. Just now there are twelve in the big central pool, and there is no refuse thrown away. They are not very big sharks, the biggest of them about four feet, but their appetites are good, and twelve sharks, even if they are not very large, can get away with a good deal of food. They eat all the refuse food and like it. There are two sharks in one of the Aquarium's large double tanks which get for food nice shiny pieces out of the side of the fish, but it is probable that they

would rather be with their twelve brothers in the pool, revelling on the heads and tails. —New York Sun.

Quick Love-Making.

Last autumn, at the English Opera House in New York, a gentleman fell suddenly in love with a young lady, who sat with her mother and sisters a few seats from him. Tearing a blank leaf out of his pocket-book, he wrote with a pencil, 'May I inquire if your affections are engaged?' and shortly afterwards she wrote underneath his question, 'I believe I may venture to say they are not; but why do you ask?' and returned him the paper. The gentleman then wrote on another leaf:—
I love you dearly,
I am single,
I have £1,000 a year,
I am not in debt,
I have a good house, and
I only want a good wife to make me completely happy—

Will you be mine? If you will I promise (and with every intention of keeping my word) to an affectionate, indulgent, and faithful husband to you, and what more can I say?

The young lady was so much pleased with the declaration that they immediately became acquainted, and in the course of four months afterwards he led her, with consent of her parents to the hymeneal altar.

Run Down Nerves.

Nothing Like

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It is the World's Best Spring Medicine

As far as the sick and the suffering are concerned, time is too precious in their estimation to waste in reading any long dissertation on their condition based on a medical or scientific standpoint.

The suffering and distressed know well of their perilous and low condition of health, and sad hearts yearn for release from the chains of death's agents.

Each broken down, weak and suffering man or woman should know that the underlying cause of their burdens and ailments apparent in headaches, sideaches, backaches, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, neuralgia and rheumatism, is a faulty nutrition of the entire nervous system.

The blood is pale, watery and hampered in its life sustaining work by humors and impurities. The nerves cannot assimilate proper nourishment, no matter how much food is taken into the system.

When your condition is such as we have described, Paine's Celery Compound is your sure deliverer and rescuer. It quickly arouses a hearty appetite, regulates the bowels and brings about a normal action of the liver.

At this season, Paine's Celery Compound frees the system not only of rheumatism, eczema, salt rheum and other blood troubles, but also of neuralgia, nervous headaches, dyspepsia and kidney disease.

Let the advent of spring be to you a time of cleansing, toning and repairing of your entire system. Paine's Celery Compound will do this blessed work in a way that no other medicine can do. It is the only prescription that your druggist or medical adviser can honestly recommend.

No other remedy can take the place of Paine's Celery Compound for your case. The use of one bottle will bring quick conviction to the greatest doubters.

A Bold Desperado.

Australian papers which have recently arrived in this country contain columns about a stage hold-up sensation which developed into a comedy. The first report had it that a mail coach in New South Wales was held up, and that bushrangers had made a big haul of checks and postal orders. Most of the passengers by the coach lost their jewelry. Mounted police were in hot pursuit and arrested a man named James King. Then it came out that there was only one robber who relieved the passengers while he had a dummy figure standing by the fence. Moreover, he held up the coach with a toy pistol. The police have found upon him five or six caps of the sort that children use with make-believe firearms. —N. Y. Times.

A Boon for Catarrh Victims.

We offer our readers a new remedy for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, cold in the head, droppings in the throat, and kindred affections in Catarrhzone. There is no mystery about it, but the effect is magical. Ointments, washes, and snuffs cannot reach the diseased parts, and have been proved worse than useless, but Catarrhzone is carried directly by air to the diseased parts, and is like a breeze from the pine woods. Outfit, \$1.00. Send 10 cents for sample bottle and inhaler.

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An Enormous Reservoir Dam.

The foundation-stone of the great reservoir dam at Assouan on the Nile has just been laid by the Duke of Connaught. The dam will consist of a huge wall of granite, mile and a quarter in length, 76ft. high a

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.

A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker. I daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, 'Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has returned, hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength.' I am yours very truly,
(Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD,
Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel,
Peterboro.

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 DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

in places, and 30ft. to 40ft. in width. This enormous structure, unparalleled by any similar work, will intercept the current of the Nile, and form an artificial lake occupying about 670 square miles in area, three times the size of the Lake of Geneva, and 1,000 million tons of water. It is computed that from this great reservoir 2,500 square miles of desert will be converted into cultivated lands by means of irrigation canals, which the fellahs are adepts at making.

Made Him Tired.

The other day a farmer went into a watchmaker's and stood hesitatingly about for some time. Finally he edged up towards the counter and addressed an assistant thus:

'I say, could one of you fellows go out in the country about five miles and repair a watch?'

The proposition paralysed the jeweller. He finally rallied enough to ask why the watch could not be brought in and attended to.

'Why, you see, it's this way,' said the farmer; 'the watch belongs to a sick man, and he has to have it beside his bed so as to tell when to take his doses.'

'Then the watch must be going all right,' said the jeweller.

'Yes, the watch runs, 'cause the feller makes it run. He lays there and keeps the balance wheel going with his finger all day. He says he's getting tired of poking the wheel and wants one of you fellows to come and put it straight.'

Mr. Rockefeller's Wealth.

The latest estimate of wealth of Mr. John D. Rockefeller the 'low flash' millionaire, is that he is worth considerably over \$40,000,000. Seventy five thousand people are dependent on him for a living. The remarkable thing about his fortune is that every penny has been made by him within forty years. In 1855 he had nothing at all; last year his fortune amounted to over \$40,000,000. He controls 20,000 miles of pipe lines, and owns 200 steamers; he has 40,000 oil tanks, 3,500 tank cars, and 7,000 delivery wagons for the supply of small customers.

A Necklace That Cost \$100,000

The necklace presented by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt to his bride on the occasion of their recent marriage was probably the most valuable in the world. It is composed of diamond and rubies, the smallest of the latter costing \$800, and the largest \$1,500; the entire necklace taking no less than \$100,000 to purchase. It can safely be asserted that no Royal lady possesses a necklace of this value. The size of the rubies ranges from that of a man's thumb-nail to the size of the nail on his little finger, and the necklace took six months to make.

All Helped.

In a West Indian paper, which gives an account of a church festival, it is stated that 'The choir, assisted by a string band, consisting of a bass drum, tambourine, accordions, and a triangle, opened the expectations of the day.'

Furthermore, we are told that this orchestral accompaniment 'tended greatly to improve the singing.'

Musket-shots also, fired off in the churchyard, served to make the gathering a happy one.

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FLASHES OF FUN.

A recent advertisement in an Irish paper announced that Mr. So-and-so extracted teeth with great pains.

'We have a new preacher,' said Clericus. 'How do you like him?' asked Quericus. 'I can't say; my wife hasn't met his wife yet.'

'So old Yabley is dead, eh? Well, well! Did he leave anything?'
'Yes. It broke his heart to do it, but he left everything.'

Indignant Mother: 'How dare you suffer him to kiss you, Marguerite?'
Sweet Seventeen: 'Oh! there wasn't any suffering about it, ma, dear.'

Little boy (to sister): 'Look here, Kitty we must be very naughty to-day, so that we can please mamma by promising on her birthday to-morrow that we will be better.'

'How could you distinguish the waiters from the guests?' asked one gentleman of another.

'The waiters were polite,' was the reply.

'Japan says she proposes to demolish China,' said Mr. Blykins.

'She ought to have our servant girl,' replied his wife, wearily.

She (just after he has been introduced): 'It seems to me that I have seen you somewhere before.'

He: 'Probably; in fact, I am one of the men you were engaged to last summer.'

Snips: 'How did you enjoy your outing?'

Quips: 'Oh, just fine. Gained 130lb. in weight. It's right. And, by Jove, she's coming down the street. I'll introduce you.'

New Lady Lodger: 'The sun never enters this room.'

Genial Landlady: 'That will make it 21. 6d. a week more. You can sit by the window without the danger of getting freckled.'

'Dearest,' she murmured, 'I'm so afraid you'd change.'

'Darling,' he answered, 'you'll never find any change about me.'

Which was painfully true in a double sense.

Freddy's mamma had a caller one day, who several times during her stay said, 'Now I must go,' always resuming her seat nevertheless.

Upon another repetition of the remark, Freddy said, solemnly, 'Don't you believe it until she's gone, mamma.'

'Don't misunderstand me,' said Weary William; 'I ain't down on work.'

'You don't seem to have much affection for it,' replied Plodding Pete.

'Yes, I have. Work is a good thing. If it wasn't for work, how would all these people get money to give us?'

The nine points of the law are thus concisely, it somewhat cynically, given: (1) Good deal of money; (2) A good deal of patience; (3) A good cause; (4) A good lawyer; (5) A good counsel; (6) Good witnesses; (7) A good jury; (8) Good luck.

Husband: 'What was that you were playing, my dear?'

Wife: 'Did you like it?'

'It was lovely!—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!'

'It is the very thing I played last evening and you said it was horrid.'

'Well, the steak was burnt last evening.'

Mrs. Nabuns: 'My husband is a perfect brute.'

Friend: 'You amaze me.'

Mrs. Nabuns: 'Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his father's whiskers—and, yesterday, he went and had his beard shaved off.'

Pupil (in riding school): 'I thought you said that after twenty lessons of an hour each I should know how to ride this wretched bicycle?'

Riding-Master: 'So you would, sir, if you hadn't unfortunately spent the best part of that time on the ground instead of in the saddle.'

Algernon (aged nine, soliloquizing): 'Hevins! to-night she refused ter kiss me at partin'. Wot kin it mean? Has she discovered mi wealth is a myth? Has she found out dat mi claims ter aristocratic decent are false? Has she been informed dat the expectations of a lieutenant's commission in the regular army are ephemeral—or has she been eatin' onions?'

A suburban widower married a second time, and his choice was a wealthy lady about fifty years of age. When the bride and bridegroom returned home from the wedding, the husband, introducing the wife to his children, said: 'My dear children, kiss this lady. She is the new mamma I promised to bring you.'

After taking a steady look at the 'new mamma,' little Charlie said: 'Pa you have been cheated. She isn't new at all!'

Mrs. Guff: 'What might be the matter, Mrs. M'Daffer? Sure and ye look mighty puzzled.'

Mrs. M'Daffer: 'And I am that, Mrs. Guff; I want to buy a quarter of a pound of tay and a new glass outhier dish, and by this and by that I don't know whether to buy my tay at the shop where they give away the butter dishes, or to purchase my butter dish at the place where they give away the tay.'

They were talking about the recent fog, and someone stated that his morning train had stopped every half mile on its way to the city, the fog being so thick that it was impossible to see either of the railway banks.

'Oh, that's nothing!' said another man

who was of the company. 'Down in Lincolnshire the fog is sometimes so thick that the driver has to get out and lead the engine.'

New Assistant (after hair-cutting, to Tibbs, who has been away for a couple of weeks): 'Your 'air is very thin be'ind, sir. Try singeing?'

Tibbs (after a pause): 'Yes, I think I will.'

New Assistant (after singeing): 'Shampoo, sir? Good for the 'air, sir.'

Tibbs: 'Thank you, yes.'

New Assistant: 'Your moustaches curled?'

Tibbs: 'Please.'

New Assistant: 'May I give you a friction?'

Tibbs: 'Thank you.'

New Assistant: 'Will you try some of our—'

Manager (who has just sighted his man in stage whisper): 'You idiot! He's a subscriber.'



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This is what she wrote:

'Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Salt Rheum three years ago. It was so severe that my finger nails came off. I can truly say that I know of no more valuable medicine in the world than B.B.B. It cured me completely and permanently, as I have never had a touch of Salt Rheum since.'

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