

MISCELLANEOUS

'SHOWED OFF.'

The hearts of many parents have been saddened by having their children obstinately refuse to show off their mental attainments in the presence of visitors. It is always a paternal delusion that this display of Johnny's or Sally's accomplishments can be but a source of infinite joy to all beholders, whereas the victimized visitor is simply enduring in enforced silence the torture forced upon him, Jenkins, a friend of mine, has a son three years old, supposed by the Jenkins family to be an infant prodigy, a future President, and all that. The friends of the Jenkins family have different sentiments, which I will not here expose because of my regard for Jenkins, I called at Jenkins' house the other evening when the phenomenon of the family was overflowing with smartness. He came into the room with a whoop and a yell combined with a hop-skip-and-jump movement that plunged him headlong into my lap where he lay burrowing his head into my stomach and screaming frantically.

There, there, said Mrs. Jenkins, you didn't hurt yourself much, I guess. Stop crying and speak your new piece for the gentleman.

I won't!

Why, Johnny, is that the way you talk to mamma?

Y-a-a-as!

No, it isn't. If you'll speak your piece I'll give you some candy.

I want it first.

No, dear; speak your piece first.

I shan't

The gentleman wants to hear you.

The gentleman didn't want anything of the kind, but he said he did, and Johnny finally condescended to stand up in a corner, give his head a jerk, and begin:

Terwinkle, terwinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above this—

Here Johnny suddenly broke off and goes racing and tearing around the room upsetting chairs, snatching at table-cloths and shouting like a young Indian.

Don't, says Mrs. Jenkins, that isn't half of your piece.

It's all I am going to say, and the mad race is resumed.

Johnny! Johnny! interposes Jenkins, Sr.

The infant Jenkins is now standing on his head in a corner, kicking out his heels and laughing. This interesting pastime is soon abandoned for the more exhilarating one of prancing around the room on his hands and feet and imitating the woof, woof, of a bear.

You're too noisy, says Mrs. Jenkins.

Ain't! briefly retorts Johnnie.

You are, says Jenkins, Sr.

I a-a-a in't! shrieks Johnnie.

You, John Henry Jenkins!

Ire is in the father's face and voice, but Johnnie doesn't care for ire or anything else.

The result is a sort of a pitched battle, in which the combined forces of Pa and Ma Jenkins are sufficient to drag Johnnie out by the heels. His mother returns red and mortified.

Children never will show off when you want them to, she says, sadly.

It seemed to me that Johnny had showed off, to perfection.

NOT SO VERY GREEN.

Boys, it isn't always safe to gamble on the greenness of country chaps, remarked a drummer in the smoking car; only last week I was in a little town down in Missouri, and the bar-room of the hotel was full of the gawks of the town. I worked several smart little snaps for drinks that would not have caught a single sucker in a city, and had begun to think myself in luck. After awhile I heard a couple of fellows disputing about something and I asked them what the row was about.

Jim, here, says one, declares he kin go out and pace off a quarter of a mile an' come within two feet of the actual measurement. He's a braggin, and kin never do it, stranger. I've just bet him \$5 he can't; will you hold the stakes?

I'd a good deal rather put up \$25 against him, says I; there's no man living can pace off so correctly as that.

I go you the \$25, says the fellow they called Jim, promptly pulling out his money, and or course I couldn't back out. So the \$50 was staked with the landlord and we went out to see him pace. We hunted around and found a twenty-foot pole, and Jim went into the middle of the street in front of the hotel and asked me which way he should go. I told him I didn't care, and after we had marked the spot he started of pacing very deliberately and with much caution. We followed him up with the pole, measuring after him. Pretty soon he stopped, stood still and waited for us, calling out that that was his quarter mile limit. In a few minutes we had measured up to him, and what do you suppose the distance was? Thirteen hundred and twenty feet to an inch—exactly a quarter of a mile. I had lost as clear a whistle, and I thought it the most wonderful feat I had ever witness-

ed. Before leaving town, however, I discovered how the thing was done. Jim was able to pace that quarter of a mile to an inch because he had carefully measured it off with the same pole we had used, and marked the two ends in a way known only to himself. More than that, he had measured from a certain spot in front of the hotel in three directions, and was thus prepared to go any way his victim might select. The fellow who bet the \$5 with him was a roper-in, and I wasn't the first man they had made a sucker of, by a long shot. I'll have revenge on that town if I have to start up a skin taro layout or a drug store there, you see if I don't.

A SHARP-EYED BOY.—A poor lad living near Philadelphia was invited a couple of years ago by a wealthy friend in town to dine with him. Among the dishes new to him on the table, he noticed that one which he particularly relished was sat down on the menu as "Filet de beef aux champignons." A sharp scrutiny showed him that the "champignons" were only mushrooms, such as he had gathered on the sheep walks. These, however, as his friend explained to him, were of finer quality, and had been cultivated and canned in France. They sold at retail, his friend explained to him, readily at sixty cents a can. Strolling through the market the next day, the boy saw one or two quart baskets of native mushrooms marked at that price.

Is there much demand for these things he asked. We do not think much of them in the country.

They are considered a rare delicacy, said the man, but only epicures can afford to buy them.

The lad passed on with a new thought in his brain. Why could he not grow mushrooms? He was poor, to be sure and had little time to spare from his regular work and had no land. Here was a crop which he had been told could be raised in a cellar, one for which there was already a demand which could easily be increased, and no supply.

He went home, and during the next few weeks read every book he could find on mushrooms, laid out beds in a back cellar, manufactured his spawn with a few old mushrooms and the manure heap and last fall filled the market with his boxes of tiny silver buttons, blushing delicate pink. They were of precisely the same quality as the French canned champignons, only they were dewy, fresh, and sold at twenty cents. Epicures eagerly filled their baskets, and others who had never tasted them in the prevailing high prices of all kinds of food tried the new cheap vegetables and came again and again. The crop fairly took the market, and the boy has already laid up a snug sum towards going to college.

THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX.—For some months past, excavations have been carried on at Ghizeh, near Cairo, with the view of freeing the famous Egyptian Sphinx from the masses of sand which have gradually buried the monument. M. Maspero, the director of the Boulak Museum, has superintended the operations which have proved remarkably successful, and in a recent letter he states: 'The result is beyond all my hopes. The face, raised 15 meters above the surface, is becoming expressive, in spite of the loss of the nose. The expression is serene and calm. The breast has been a good deal injured, but the paw are almost intact. We have nearly reached the limits of the diggings of Maritte and Caviglia. The work now going on is in beds of sand, which have not been disturbed since the first centuries of our era.' Later he writes: 'The stones of the right paw are covered with Greek votive inscriptions, while the left have none—an indication that the piety of the faithful was called into play more on the south side.'

Accordingly, M. Maspero thinks that there might have been direct communication between the Sphinx and the granite temple to the south, and that in the intervening space either an unknown chapel may be concealed or some group of statues, such as Mariette discovered at the Serapeum. Another important question to be solved by excavation is whether the Sphinx rests on a bed of rock or on a specially hewn out pedestal. Egyptian sculptors represent the Sphinx on a pedestal ornamented with designs similar to those on early sarcophagi; and if their representation prove true there is a prospect according to M. Maspero, of finding the door of a temple or a tomb on the eastern side.

In this case the pedestal may have been buried by the time of the Roman occupation, and the Ptolemies may have erected their monumental stair over the sand which covers it. This question will be decided when M. Maspero unearths the first steps.

QUINE AS A TOBACCO CURE.—Mr. George W. Osgood has been an inveterate user of tobacco, to his harm as he well knew, and tried frequently to overcome the habit, but never could master it, although he knew it was killing him. But about three months ago, acting on the inspiration of a common-sense pointer, he put away his tobacco box, and concluded to stimulate with quinine for an experiment. He took a two-grain

quinine pill at noon, the stimulus from quinine is well known to be more lasting than that from tobacco. (and moreover quinine was just what Mr. Osgood needed, being a bilious man) so that he did not feel any desire for tobacco the rest of the day. The next morning he took another pill, and determined that he would not again take a pill till he felt the return of tobacco appetite. For two days he had no desire for tobacco. On the third and fourth days he took one pill in the morning, and went three days without any notice of appetite; so he kept on taking a pill only when he felt the need of something bracing. Soon the once wasted saliva began to accomplish its wonted function in his system; his appetite improved; in two months he was completely over the habit, and for a month has taken neither quinine nor tobacco, and is not tempted by the old power—today a free man? He has put on from 15 to 20 pounds of flesh, and is looking fatter and healthier than the *Patrol* man ever saw him! Mr. Osgood permits me to use these facts in hopes of doing good to others.

HE HIT THE CASE.—A stranger was writing a letter at the desk in the corridor of the post office when a woman with a postal card in one hand and the other tied up in a handkerchief came walking up and eyed him in a wistful manner.

Ah! you want to write a card, madam, he observed.

I don't believe I can, sir. I have a letter from my husband, who is in Cincinnati, and I want to let him know I got it.

I see. Give me the card. His name is—?

Peter Jones, sir.

Exactly. Peter Jones, Esq., Cincinnati, O. Now, then.

He turned the card over and rapidly wrote:

Mr. Jones—Your letter, the first for three weeks, is at hand, and the \$2 bill has been noted. I am half sick, out of wood and provisions, and tired of lying to the landlord. Either come home and attend to business or change your name to No Good and never dare to address me again. I am, sir, your patient, but determined wife.

He read it to her in a well-modulated voice, and she held up her hand and exclaimed:

Oh! thanks! That's beautiful. Why I couldn't have done so well in a week! You must surely be a married man your-self!

She trotted away to mail it, and went out of the office with a smile all over her face.

A boy was recently sent from home to boarding school. He was homesick, of course, and after standing it just as long as he could, wrote: 'Dear Father,—Life is very short. Let us spend it together. Your affectionate son.'

— MARCH —

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"Our Joshua as a Reporter." This is the title of a neatly-printed book of some 150 pages, from the facile pen of Herman H. Pitts, of the *Fredericton Reporter*. The story, which savors of the *Bad Boy* style of fiction, treats of the adventures of Joshua Bangs, from his entry into the office of the *Swampton Era* up the inky ladder of journalistic success till he reveals in wealth and domestic felicity, the editor of a thrifty village daily. Mixed up with Joshua, from start to finish, is one Spuds, a practical printer, who divides the honors with him. Mr. Pitts boldly lifts the veil that hides from vulgar gaze the mysterious interior of the sanctum and discloses the manner in which the crank of an opinion mill is turned. Only early familiarity with the secrets of a printing office could have enabled the writer to dress up his characters as naturally as he does; indeed one is almost forced at times to believe that Mr. Pitts, in the earlier chapters, has simply torn a few pages from his own autobiography. If for Bangs we substitute the name Pitts, and transform *Swampton* into *Fredericton*, the interest in the tale is heightened and its true inwardness made more plain.—*St. John Daily Sun*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," is one of the funny books of the season, and having been written by a New Brunswicker and dealing with the amusing incidents of provincial life is calculated to amuse if not to instruct Canadians. This mythical reporter's extraordinary adventures form a story far better worth the twenty-five cents charged for it than many more pretentious publications. It may be purchased at the book stores or ordered from H. H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Yarmouth Herald, Nova Scotia*.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of "Brother Jonathan Sketches." Brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life, it describes the experience of a Reporter, whose numerous escapes, love affairs, etc., make up an amusing story. Published in pamphlet form, price 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamps. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*St. John Daily Telegraph*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," has just reached us. It is from the pen of the author of "Bro. Jonathan Sketches."

This little manual is replete with graphic descriptions of 'Joshua' as a Reporter. We may return to it again.—*Victoria Star, Grand Falls*.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of the "Bro. Jonathan Sketches." It graphically describes the trials of "Our Joshua" as the devil in a printing office, and his experiences as a reporter on a weekly and daily paper. It is brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life and will be particularly interesting to those who have been at some time connected with journalism. Joshua's many scrapes in the printing office in company with his friend Spuds are dwelt on at length; his trials as a reporter; his falling in love and leaving home on account of a difficulty with the "boss"; and finally his triumphant return, all form the basis of an interesting story. The book is published in pamphlet form, in readable type, and contains 160 pages. Price, 25 cents; for sale by all Booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamp. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Carleton Sentinel, Woodstock*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter" is a pleasant companion for a leisure evening, or railway journey. The hero certainly managed to get into as many scrapes as the general run of printers' devils and reporters, and to come through on all occasions with quite the usual *sans froid* and *ecet*. But there is no need we should relate any of these adventures, when 25 cents remitted to Mr. H. H. Pitts, Business Manager of the *Fredericton N. B. Reporter*, will secure the volume.—*Orillio Packet*.

Flattering notices have also been given the work by the *St. Croix Courier, Woodstock Press, Chatham World, Summerside Journal, P. E. I. The Watchman, Halifax, N. S., Watson's Illuminator* and a number of other Provincial and United States papers.

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