

### Experience

The world was made when a man was born. He must taste for himself the forbidden springs. He can never take warning from old-fashioned things. He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth. He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to scorn. The hint of deceit in women's eyes—They are clear as the wells of Paradise. And so he goes on till the world grows old. Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold. Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his hand. And he shrugs the bright headache you ask him to quaff. He grows formal with men and with women polite. And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight. Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head. And lives for his pleasure, and 'tis time he were dead.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

### ABOUT CARPETS.

Some Hints Which are Very Reasonable Just Now.

"What do you mean by the 'standard'?" "Look at this piece of ingrain. You see the threads are interwoven—across and lengthwise. Now, a thread running across we call a 'pick.' Count the number of 'picks' in an inch. There should be fourteen. That is the way we make our 'standard.' If there are one, two or three less than fourteen you see the carpet is far more loosely woven and less durable, though you wouldn't notice the difference on the surface. An ingrain, you know, consists of several thicknesses or layers of threads woven together—ply, as we say—that is, a two-ply carpet is two thicknesses of threads, and a three-ply three. The three-ply is the carpet of our grandmothers. After having fallen into disuse for many years it is coming in again. No, I don't think the rage for the antique has begun to believe again in its serviceability, that is all. So much for the cheaper carpets. The more expensive kinds, the Brussels and the Wiltons, are woven on a rack upon wires running crosswise. The standard is ten to an inch. The wires being drawn, semi-cylindrical tubes of wool are left. This is the surface of the Brussels carpet. The Wiltons differ in this way, that the tubes of wool are woven thicker and higher. The wires here have a knife attachment on the end, and, upon being withdrawn by machinery, split directly through the top of the tiny tube. A rich and plush-like surface is thus formed. Here you can get effects and delicacy of tints and shades that you can't have in a Brussels carpet. Compare these two pieces, and he threw on the floor side by side a Wilton and a Brussels. "Now, these are exactly the same pattern. That is evident, made of exactly the same shade and kind of wool. That is not so evident, for it doesn't seem so in the least; their effect is totally different. The plush and velvety surface of the Wilton has a softness, a richness, a delicacy which the Brussels look flat beside it. Still, you wouldn't notice the difference unless you compare them directly as we have been doing. This carpet, the Wilton, is thicker and finer and heavier and handsomer than the other, but it costs just about twice as much. An Axminster? Oh, that is the finest of all."

### MANAGI & STOVES.

Some Points on the Economy of Fuel in the Household.

How to minimize the expense of heating is a question of vital importance to the pointed out relative to the wasteful use of coal for manufacturing purposes is no less true for domestic uses. Few families get anything like the maximum calorific power out of their fuel, and the reason is carelessness. With the exception of Kentucky and Arkansas lignite, which runs very low in calorific power, the differences between various kinds of coal are, after all, merely nominal, and the question of economy in coal resolves itself largely into one of use or treatment. The management of fires is the one important thing for people who wish to economize to post themselves on. As in factories, so in private dwellings, different fuels require different treatment. The harder the coal and the stronger the draught the thicker should be the bed of coals, or, in other words, the deeper should be the fire-pot. Hence size of stove, height of chimney, supplying of fuel, and judicious shaking or poking of the fire are important factors in the economy of fuel. In a general way the loss of heat results from one or other of three or four causes. Whenever the products of combustion are removed at too high a temperature, or there is a greater influx of air than is necessary to keep the fire sufficiently lively, or warm ashes or cinders are precipitated too soon, or the combustion is imperfect, there necessarily results a great loss of heat. So far as imperfect combustion is concerned, the escape of combustible gases, the fall of coal into the ashpan, and the precipitation of carbon as soot are the chief causes. Now, these are facts that the masses are apt to overlook, and in measure they are all under the control of the one managing the fire. It will be noticed that the only effort usually made to reclaim this loss is to sift out of the ashes the bits of coal that have dropped down. Why not aim to save the other lost products? To begin with, there is no economy in small stoves. A stove with a large fire-pot can be run lower in point of heat and expense than a smaller stove. The thickness of coals over the grate can be better adjusted to the draught. A greater or less accumulation of ashes on the bottom of the pot is all that is necessary to regulate this matter. Poking and shaking should be avoided as much as possible, and the large stove requires this less than the smaller one. There is thus less partially burned coal precipitated into the ashpan, and the heat of the ashes constantly accumulating in the fire-pot is utilized to the fullest. When these are poked or shaken down they cool almost immediately, and the heat is lost. Another important point is the care given to the draught. No stove should be forced any more than possible, and with proper attention the necessity for forcing can be minimized. Combustion requires that the constituents of the air and the fuel should unite in exact proportions. Too much or too little air will entail loss of heat. As the quantity of air admitted into the stove in a given time increases its velocity is accelerated, and the air passes up the chimney in a highly heated condition and bears off heat in the measure of the volume and velocity of the current. If too little air is admitted, carbonic oxide instead of carbonic acid is developed and passes away in like manner. Hence a fire-pot adequate to the needs of draught, the avoidance of poking out hot ashes into the ashpan and of disturbing the coals, and the closing of all direct draughts of the stove that would afford egress for hot air, gases, and unconsumed carbon in the form of soot are factors in the economy of fuel more important than the selection of the material.

### SOMETHING IN A NAME.

How a Member of the Smith Family Ended a Dilemma.

James Smith suffered some trouble from his surname. Sydney Smith is reported to have named his sons Douglas and Wyndham, not that he had any connection with these noble families, but to distinguish them from the other Smiths. James Smith, when a solicitor, says a writer in "Temple Bar" for March, was very much troubled by another James Smith, who came to live in the same house. Deeds and confidential secrets went to the wrong Smith. James Smith determined to put an end to the dilemma, and told the new arrival he must intrude. "Why should I leave?" said the intruder. "Because," said James Smith, "you are James the second, and must abdicate." There is something in a name. The Duke of Newcastle, of borough day's fishing by a newly arrived clergyman. The reply was: "The Duke of Newcastle cannot comply with Mr. Noss's request. P. S.—Finding Mr. Noss's name is Rose, he is pleased to grant his request."

### HARRYING WOMEN AND BABIES.

The Brutal Evictions on the Olphert Estate at Falmouth.

The police having ascertained that the houses had not been fortified, left the battering ram and the bulk of their military and civil forces in reserve in the village. Only 60 constables accompanied the sheriff and his men throughout the distressing day. The houses visited were grouped together, rendering easier the work of the crowsbar brigade. In some instances a feeble attempt at barricading had been made. The tenants of the first two houses found themselves on the roadside within a half hour of attack. At the third house the painful monotony of the proceedings was varied by a vigorous attack made upon the sheriff by the tenant's wife who, despite the incumbrance of a 7-weeks-old child in her arms, belabored the minion of the law with a stick until a policeman came to the rescue. The poor woman retreated inside and clung tenaciously to a bedpost, whence she was brutally torn by two burly bailiffs, Patrick O'Brien, M.P., as the risk of being sent to prison for another long term for obstructing the police, rescued the infant and lured it to sleep with masterly skill. At the fourth house the bailiffs turned out a bed-ridden old dame despite indignant protests that the exposure would kill her. Real resistance was only offered at the last two houses visited, but the defences were so feeble that they were soon broken down, and the garrison, consisting of all told of one man and ten women, were sent off to prison. Fourteen out of 70 families were evicted to-day.—London Correspondent of the New York Sun.

### A Letter from Home.

The hotel bus from the midnight train brought only one passenger through the rain. A commercial tourist, weary and sad, For trade had been dull and collections bad.

Not a single order was on his book. The disgust he felt was shown in his look; With a careless hand he wrote his name On the page of a book unknown to fame.

The drowsy night clerk the signature scanned. Then a letter placed in the drummer's hand; See how he starts, what a smile of delight Comes over his face at the welcome sight.

Open the envelope is quickly torn. And over his face so weary and worn Now sits, like sunbeams after a storm, Smiles of joy as the message takes form.

Thus clouds of despair that will often appear To the travelling man sometimes in the year Are quickly dispelled by such simple means As one friendly letter—How queer it seems!

So wives, sweethearts, brothers and uncles, If you know where we'll be when Sunday comes, Write us if you can, what a smile of delight Draw on us at sight and we will remit—Ours THANKS.

### Day Dreams.

How they come and how they go. Ever fleeting, never slow. Salting up to heaven; Tiny, subtle, upward things, Brilliant meteors, sparkling rings, Which flash, and then are given.

How they go and how they come, Some so restful, yearning some; Others like wild foaming seas; Some like fragrant, sweet winds; Some like clouds upon the mind, Which, later, turn to showers.

How they come and how they go, Born in sorrow, nursed in woe! Oh, happy, useless dreaming! Rainbow tinted, mystic star, Tear drops shed, sweet fancies marred— Is all to end in seeming?

### Why Are Deserts Barren?

The answer is that without vegetation there is no such thing as soil on earth anywhere. The top layer of the land in all ordinary countries is composed entirely of vegetable mould, the decaying remains of innumerable generations of weeds and grasses. Earth to earth is the rule of nature. Soil, in fact, consists entirely of dead leaves. And where there are no leaves to die and decay there can be no mould or soil to speak of. Darwin showed in his last great book that we owe the whole earthly covering of our hills and plains almost entirely to the perennial exertions of that friend of the farmer, the harmless, necessary earthworm. Year after year the silent worker is busy every night pulling down leaves through his tunnelled burrow into his underground nest, and there converting them, by means of his castings, into the black mould which produces in the end for lordly man all his cultivable fields and pasture lands and meadows. Where there are no leaves and no earthworms, there can be no soil, and under those circumstances we get what we familiarly know as a desert. When new land rises above the sea it first emerges bare and rugged like a sea cliff. No living thing is harbored on its naked surface. In time, as rain falls upon its jagged peaks and barren pinnacles, the rock crumbles, and streams wash down deposits of sand and mud into the valleys and hollows. Lichens begin to spring in patches on the bare face of the rock, and ferns, whose spores have been wafted by the wind or carried by the waves or borne on the feet of unconscious birds, sprout here and there from the clefts and crannies. These, as they die and decay, form a thin layer of vegetable mould, the first beginning of a local soil, in which the earthworms imported in the egg on driftwood or floating weeds—sets to burrow, and which increases by his constant labor. On the soil thus deposited flowering plants and trees root themselves as fast as seeds, nuts and fruits are wafted to the island by various accidents from surrounding countries. The new land thrown up in the Gulf of Ceylon four years ago by the great eruption of Krakatos has in this way already clothed itself from head to foot with a luxuriant sheet of ferns, mosses and other vegetation.—Cornhill Magazine.

### COAL AND PHILANTHROPY.

An English Dealer Fined for Giving His Customers Overweight.

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" may have been excellent advice when Mr. Pope wrote, but it would require reshaping to bring it into harmony with modern requirements. A Yorkshire coal dealer, who has been doing good by stealth on quite an extensive scale, now has cause to blush at finding himself fined by a police magistrate. The philanthropic trader owns a weighing machine which gives his customers 2 lbs. overweight on every hundred weight. Some time ago his attention was officially drawn to the fact, and he received solid warning that if he continued his sinful benevolence he would be summoned. A weighing machine that gives overweight is as illegal as one that does the other thing, the law demanding a perfect adjustment of balance. This coally Samaritan refused to believe, however, that his stealthy benefactions were punishable, and so persisted in adding the little bonus to every hundred weights of black diamonds that left his shop. A fine of 5s. and costs is the result, the bench expressing the opinion that it looked a little hard to punish a man for cheating himself to benefit his customers. It does look hard, no doubt, but what a splendid advertisement.—London Globe.

### Wash Your Hands.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed their ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

### WANTED TO JINE.

But Jim Finally Concluded That He Wouldn't Be a Mormon.

While waiting at a station in South Carolina one day, writes M. Quad in the Detroit Free Press, I was joined by a man who carried an old-fashioned satchel on his shoulder, and who had evidently walked many miles through the mud. He was fully 60 years of age, scrawny and homely, and he simply nodded to me and sat down on a bale of cotton. In about 10 minutes along came a woman in home-spun, fully his age and about as homely. She had also had a long walk. She nodded to me and sat down on another cotton bale. Not a word was said between us for 10 minutes. Then as the whistle of the train was heard in the distance she said to the man:

### Royalty at the Races.

There was the smartest show of dresses at Sandown races that has been seen this season, says London Truth. Grays, green and black, and various shades of terra cotta and brown, seemed to predominate, though two or three white costumes shone bravely in the spring sun, and one lady, whose olive green dress was adorned with a broad band of vivid brick color, was as conspicuous as a lighthouse. Soldiers and soldiers' wives, sisters, cousins and aunts, thronged the enclosure, and the air was full of regimental "shop." There were many drags, and much eating and drinking upon and around them. Royalty was present on both days—the Prince and Princess on Friday, and the Prince alone on Saturday. The Princess looked charming in a simple gray dress, trimmed with astrakhan and contrived to make the smartly dressed ladies appear very ordinary. I am a Radical, but granting for the sake of argument, the necessity for a Queen, I must say that I have never seen a woman who so perfectly looks the part as the Princess.

### A Thief's Novel Disguise.

The man who has done so much horse stealing in the western part of Queen's county is locked up at Newton. He was apprehended at Trenton, New Jersey, having in his possession a horse which was one of a team that he stole from Peter Luyster, of Newton, last Sunday night. The other horse was found in a stable in Brooklyn. No trace, however, has been obtained of the four horses that he stole from F. W. Dunton, of Morris Park, or the fine animal he took from Mr. Van Pelt, of Corona. He has been identified as the man who was seen in the places named and had the horses in his possession at different places trying to dispose of them. On these occasions he appeared to have two eyes. When arrested he had but one eye and his identification was not easily established. A glass eye was found in his clothes and when placed in the socket every person recognized him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Wash Your Hands.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed their ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

### Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were sympathetic in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by the great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.

### His Strong Point.

He is dissipated and heartless. He has no idea of financial prudence. He plays cards for money; he is recklessly extravagant and altogether totally unfit to be your husband. I cannot consent to the engagement.

"Oh, but think, papa, how well he looks in a drawing room. Why, he is the most becoming man I ever danced with."

### No Letters Lost.

A very busy young man, the week of whose wedding had been decided upon, wrote to his fiancée, on a postal card, "What day, Tues.?"

The answer came back promptly, also on a postal card: "No, Wed."

### Uneasy About Johnny.

Wife (at bedtime)—Cyrus, what day is this?  
Husband—Wednesday.  
Wife (anxiously, holding a small pair of trousers at arm's length)—I am afraid Johnny isn't well, Cyrus. He generally has at least two pounds more of marbles in his pockets at this time in the week than he has to-night.

### Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were sympathetic in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by the great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.

### Served Him Right.

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence DeJohns?" "It is quite true," "Gracious! What was the cause?" "He was addicted to the use of slang." "Oh!" "Yes, I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it." "And the result?" "The result is he is in the soup."

### News of Nelson's Victory Came.

Joseph Sutherland, who was a powder-boy on board the vessel which first brought to England the news of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, has just attained his 100th year at Milton, Sittingbourne. He has good health and has all his faculties intact.

### Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were sympathetic in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by the great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.

### Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were sympathetic in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by the great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.

### Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were sympathetic in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by the great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.

### Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were sympathetic in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by the great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.

### Wanted to be Heard From.

If any person has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial, and has not been perfectly and permanently cured, that person should write the proprietors of that wonderful remedy, for they are in dead earnest and "mean business" when they offer \$500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, deodorizing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing.

### The Singing-Teacher Dodge.

The following is the latest swindling scheme reported: A sleek party representing himself as a first-class singing teacher goes through a neighborhood and gets several of the best farmers to sign their names to a subscription paper. A very low price is asked, and no trouble is had in getting all the good ones he wants. The "teacher," of course, fails to put in an appearance after the names are obtained, but those who signed after a few days find their note at the bank for collection, the subscription paper being a promissory note payable to bearer. The singers have ample time to sing after the "teacher" has gone to look for more suckers. Is it possible that people will ever learn to carefully read papers which they are requested to sign by strangers?

Then he clasped her with emotion. Drew the maiden to his breast. Whispered vows of true devotion. The old, old tale you know the rest. From his circled arms upspringing. With a tear she turned away. And her voice with sorrow ringing. "I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family, he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. For all bronchial, throat, and lung affections, it is a potent remedy.

### Served Him Right.

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence DeJohns?" "It is quite true," "Gracious! What was the cause?" "He was addicted to the use of slang." "Oh!" "Yes, I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it." "And the result?" "The result is he is in the soup."

### Too Much Dandelion.

California has a new grievance—the dandelion. Some years ago it is said that a citizen imported from the east the seed of the old-fashioned dandelion. He wanted something to remind him of his early home. Like the man who imported the sparrow, he did worse than he knew. The sparrow is everywhere, so is the dandelion. The seed drifts in the wind like that of the thistle, the down is built into the nests of birds, and every seed which gets a lodgment on a lawn or grass plot will, in due time, produce a million more. Now the solitary dandelion is very attractive in bloom, and hardly less so when after the blossom the garzo globe appears, and a few days after ward goes sailing off before the wind like a small balloon. But the citizen who is forced to dig up his lawn because a million dandelion roots have strangled the grass will utter no benediction over this rich golden blossom.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### All in Harmony.

A.—What is a dude, anyway?  
B.—He is the graceless son of Egotism and Stupidity; his sisters are Vanity and Heartlessness. There is only one thing to praise about him, and that is he lives in harmony with the rest of the family.

CONFEDERATE MONEY FOR 50c. Send to JOHN W. WATTS, Montgomery, Ala.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, \$1.00. Cash to accompany order. E. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

# DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND