

Voices of the Fair.

"Come on, now, good people! This way to the Fair!" "They're fresh and they're juicy, they're ripe and they're rare!" "Oh, what are those things with the big whirling wheels?" "Now don't go in there, girls; let's go see the seals."

Kissing on the Platform.

"Bohemian" writes in the St. Thomas Journal. The railway stations are the great kissing marts of the world. It is there you can see kissing in all its styles, and it is interesting to watch the people doing the kissing act. All the different varieties of kissing known to civilized and uncivilized men can be seen, and to witness the exhibition takes all the sentiment out of a kiss for the spectator. People in every walk of life go to the railway station to meet friends and relatives, and the styles of kissing to be found there are about as plentiful as the leaves that strew the brooks of Valambrosa.

Testing Soils by the Color of Plants.

M. Georges Ville, a French scientific agriculturist, after almost thirty years of assiduous researches on the experimental farm at Vincennes, has made a remarkable and important discovery of a relation existing between the color of plants and the richness of soils in fertilizing agents. His conclusions, recently reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences, deserve consideration by all farmers and horticulturists. He finds that the color of the leaves of plants undergoes marked change whenever the soil is lacking in phosphate potash, lime or nitrogen.

Wild-eyed Man—I want a lot of poison.

Drug Clerk—It's against the law to sell poisons to people who look as if they wanted to commit suicide; but I'll let you have a bottle of Dr. Black-Sequin's Elixir of Life. That seems to be pretty sure death. It is announced that the Queen has postponed until next year her contemplated visit to Strathpeffer Spa, Rosshire, but will prolong her stay at Balmoral until November. She will probably go to Aix-les-Bains early in the spring.

CURRENT TOPICS.

On Saturday the city of London elected a Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs. As an evidence that the day of disabilities is over, it is only necessary to state that the new Lord Mayor is a Hebrew and a Jew, one Sheriff a Catholic and the other an Atheist. It is said that a vast army of tramps is abroad along the entire length of the Pennsylvania Railway, and like a swarm of locusts is devouring everything edible in its track. Decent, peaceable people are alarmed at the invasion. Farmers are at the mercy of these tramps, railway cars are pillaged and train hands assaulted. The queer thing about the matter is that these tramps come from the mines, factories and foundries of Pennsylvania, the most highly protected State in the Union, and the men are the offspring of the over-protected trades.

The motto of the British Volunteers is "Defence, not defiance." They are wholly for home protection and cannot be sent abroad. The War Office has just elaborated a scheme of defence and now every volunteer knows exactly where he is to be placed in a time of invasion, what is required of him and how he is to get to his destination. It is noticeable that in the arrangement Scotland has more volunteers than will be required in her defence. Having made herself all serene she will send to the assistance of England the two Highland and South of Scotland Brigades, with the guns of the Fifa, Ayr, Galloway, Aberdeen and Inverness Artillery Corps, besides movable batteries of garrison gunners from the seven brigades, and garrison gunners of the second class from the Banff, Argyll, Caithness and Orkney brigades. Four days after the order for mobilization every volunteer will be at his destination.

ONTARIO does not lack lawyers. Sometimes we are inclined to think there are too many of them, but we cannot sympathize with the measures that are spoken of to reduce the supply. One plan is to compel the students to attend the Law School both morning and afternoon, thus discriminating against those who depend for support upon the salaries they earn in the offices. Another plan is to raise the fees for becoming solicitor and barrister from \$30 and \$100 to \$400 and \$500. These changes would simply leave the door open to rich men's sons, and close it against the poor. A far better scheme would be to raise the standard of qualification to make the examinations harder. A head test is better than a pocket test. By the way, is it just the thing to let a company of lawyers decide the terms upon which other men shall be allowed to practice law, or to let the doctors' guild fix the rates surrounding the medical profession? The merchants have no such close corporation, nor have the editors, nor the carpenters, nor many other classes of workers, who, to put it mildly, require more brains than the lawyers to make a living. If the lawyers over-do the fencing-out business, the public will be apt to help the law students to re-arrange the whole system.

WILKIE COLLINS, the novelist and dramatist, died Monday. Some weeks ago it was cabled here that Mr. Collins was dying, but he afterwards rallied and for a time seemed to improve. Death, however, has overtaken him at last, and with his life disappears one of the familiar literary figures of the 19th century. William Wilkie Collins was the eldest son of William Collins, the well-known painter of rustic scenes, and was born in London in January, 1824. After being educated at a private school and spending two years with his parents in Italy he was articled for four years to a firm in the tea trade, but he soon quit to study law. His first literary production was a biography of his father, published in 1848. From this time he devoted himself entirely to literature, and published successively "Antonina," 1851; "Basil," 1852; "Mr. Bay's Cash Book," 1852; "Hide and Seek," 1854, etc. Soon afterwards he became a contributor to the "Household Words" and his "After Dark" and "The Dead Secret" are reprints of the tales which originally appeared in that periodical. In 1859 he published the "Queen of Hearts" and in 1860 his masterpiece, "The Woman in White." In 1862 "No Name" appeared, followed in 1863 by "My Miscellanies" and in 1866 by "Armadale." "The Moonstone," "Man to Wife" and many other works followed in rapid succession. Of late years he has contributed largely to Harper's Magazine. Mr. Collins' works have been translated into almost every modern language and have run through several editions. He was a member of the Guild of Literature and Art. "He wrote 'The Light House,' first played in private at Tavistock House and afterward produced at the Olympic Theatre. 'The Frozen Deep' was produced at Tavistock House by a company of amateurs, among whom was Charles Dickens. Mr. Collins dramatized 'The Moonstone' in 1877.

Many Years a Bachelor.

Young lady (to middle-aged gentleman at Saratoga)—Mr. Rivington, I suppose you are very fond of little children? Mr. R.—Yes, indeed; passionately fond of them. Young lady—You have some of your own, have you not? Mr. R.—Oh, no; I'm a bachelor. Young lady (innocently)—You don't mean it? How long have you been a bachelor?

Indisputable Evidence.

De Pole—Where do you intend to spend your vacation? De Pole—I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood. "Huh! You don't take his word for it, do you?" "No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."

"Tiny" Quantrell, the English jockey, is now riding for a stable in Pennsylvania. He is a little fellow, not more than four feet in height. He has had a wide experience in his calling. He has had mounts in hundreds of races in England, including a number of Derbys. He has ridden in the Grand Prix at Paris, has plied the whip and spurs in South Africa, and has raced on every track in Australia. He has been in the west for some time, and is making his way back to England, having got as far as the Keystone State.

ARISTOCRATIC SPORT.

What it Costs to Maintain a Deer Forest in Scotland. No one but a millionaire will think of hiring a deer forest. And yet there are deer forests with fishing which are not highly rented for men of modest means and a quiet mode of life. The lodge party, the champagne luncheons, the racket and fashion of the west end transported to Glen Sneskin—these are what render deer-stalking expensive. Still it is computed that each deer that is shot costs its slayer fifty guineas. There are over a hundred deer forests in Scotland, some like the forest of Mar, Blackmount, or Glenstrathfarrar of immense extent, the first of those named comprising 80,100 acres. They occupy about 2,000,000 acres on the whole. Estimating their rental at 2s 6d per acre, this alone amounts to £150,000. The cost of living and various other modes of outlay will certainly add £50,000 to these figures. Ample is the harvest of gold which the Paotulus of deer-stalking rolls though some of the most barren districts of the Highlands, running, however, here rents are much easier, yet each brace of grouse shot is supposed to cost the sportsman £1. Moors stand at from 10d to 2s 7d, or 2s 6d per acre, with lodges upon them. Taking a case, for instance, where the rental would be 2s per acre, a shooting of 1,000 acres would cost the lessee £100, and the acres of heather ought to hold a hundred brace of grouse, while fifty brace would be left as breeding stock. There are not less than 2,400 shootings in Scotland (in addition to the deer forests) which hold grouse as well as other sport. In a good season it is estimated that 500,000 brace of grouse will be shot in Scotland, which represents the same number of pounds in rent. Travelling and living must, of course, be included in the costliness of these moors. Taking on an average ten sportsmen annually as visiting each of these forests and moors, 25,000 persons, besides ladies, children and servants, have to be transported to and fro, and if £20 each be allowed for this purpose, the modest sum of £500,000 must be added to the amount of rental.

Democratizing Drinks.

"Give me a great double-barreled, centre-fire, back action drink of soda and phosphate," ordered a jolly customer at a drug store last night. "Do you know what this favorite of yours is doing for you?" asked the venerable druggist, as the customer drained his glass. "Killing the germs in my stomach," was the reply. "Yes, and it's killing your stomach, too. Some of these days you'll want it copper-plated, and you'll want in vain. Phosphate is something that no one should take except after a full meal. Why? Well, I will explain. You wouldn't think that the inflammable ends of matches were a proper thing to eat, would you? But phosphate is derived from phosphorus, and if you used it to excess it will burn out your stomach just as alcohol would if used in excess. You feel benefited by it now, but if you keep on the time will come when you will wish that you had never heard of phosphate. Of course, we sell it because there is a foolish craze for it, but I advise no one to use much of the fiery substance." "Should no one use it at all?" "In moderate quantities just after a full meal it will not hurt any one; but beware of using it in excess or on an empty stomach, for if you do that organ will need half-soiling and healing some time."

Life is Much What We Make It.

Take time; it is no use to fume or fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened. The chief secret in comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures. Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like let us like what we can get. It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble. The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back. Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals. Show your sense by saying much in a few words. Try to speak some kind word or do some kind deed each day of your life. You will be amply repaid. Set your work to song.—Washington Post

Ready for the Waste Basket.

Young Poet—Now, to tell the truth, I don't think this poem of mine can be improved on. Friend—Is it as bad as that? Joseph Aroh, the English labor leader, is a stout man with a pock-marked, weather-beaten face, covered with stubby beard. His eyes are blue. When roused by excitement his chest expands, his voice roars and he exhibits the characteristics of an angry lion. A TIMELY WALL. The season grows colder apace, The winds begin to roar; So, when you come into this place, Please, mister, shut the door. It's most too warm for fires as yet, They'd open every pore; But frost has come, mankin' to fret, So, mister, shut the door. Don't leave it swinging while we sneeze, And distract you a bore; Unless you want to see us freeze, Why, hang it, shut the door! Don't make us shiver 'till we're blue, And hanker for your gore; Look here, we've said all we're going to on this subject, and the next thing you know we'll be over there wiping the floor up with you. Unless you shut that door. —Hotel guest (sitting up in bed, watch in hand)—Six o'clock and nobody comes to wake me. I shall be sure to miss the train. Manager J. C. Duff's comic opera company, which is presenting "Paola" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, will shortly take to the road, playing in all the large cities east of the Mississippi, and will return in the spring.

LIPS THAT NEVER TOUCH.

Over in the Mikado's empire kissing is an unknown pleasure, and even between husband and wife oculostory enjoyment is a liberty never indulged in. Although the young Japanese maidens have the rougiest of lips, the whitest of teeth and the sweetest of smiles, their dainty little mouths are as forbidden fruit to their sighing swains, who must content themselves with more formal manifestations of their love. A Tokio correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle writes thus: "It is a melancholy fact, but a Japanese has no such impulse. No lover courts his mistress with 'sweetest persuasive kisses.' No mother kisses her baby as she hugs it to her bosom. Parting husband presses the hand of his wife and bends her forehead to the mate in sad farewell. Our salutations run through the crescendo of bow, hand-shake, kiss and kiss. I can't explain the difference in grade between the last two, but everybody knows. But in Japan the expression of regard is regulated by the number and length of the salamas. A friend who constantly travels about the country told me of a little illustration in point. He had been on the road for six weeks, having with him a native merchant who was interested in his business. On their return to Tokio he accompanied the broker to his home, a permit for the night's visit having been obtained from the local Inspector of Police. The wife met her husband and friend at the door and ushered them in. Together they assisted their guest to remove his coat. The wife next took from her lord his wadded kimono and other wraps and folded them away. Then, and not until then, did they meet upon the mats and bow long and low to each other. 'You have been many weeks away from us,' said the wife, in a sweet, affectionate voice. 'We have waited for you with impatience. I hope that you are well, dear Ianoekesan.' And he thanked her and said he was. Virtue in Good Coffee. So extensive is the adulteration of coffee it is not easy to obtain the pure article, even although the highest prices be paid. The substance commonly used in adulteration are chicory, roasted grains, peas or beans. The principal element of roasted chicory is sugar. It is useful in coloring the decoction, but adds nothing to its virtues. As for the other substances, although they may be harmless, considering their use from an economic point of view, nothing is made in buying coffee which contains them, even if the price of the mixture be much under that demanded for the pure article. This is evident when it is known that not infrequently what passes for low price coffee contains at least 60 per cent. adulteration. In buying coffee the pure is actually the cheapest. And in the matter of adulteration of this important article of food there is a weighty consideration beyond that of economy. The more good, pure coffee there is obtainable the less will be the demand for spirituous liquors, for even the wariest toper will often choose the former in preference to the latter.—Boston Herald. The Bashfulness of Office. A tourist stopped in front of a "shack" house, over the door of which a prominent Kansan was nailing a sign, bearing this legend: "I am a candylate for the office of sheriff." "That is very unlike the way we do in the East," remarked the tourist. "There we believe, with the proverb, that the office should seek the man, and—" "Wal," interrupted the prominent one, "that may do for the East, whur the offices hain't so durned bashful; but, out this way, if you expect the office to ride up to your place, an', whirlin' the loose uv its lassos three times round its head, drag you outer your house an' off to the county seat, I'm afeard that grip disappointment will be your portion."—Pack. Value of Christian Heads. In the late war between the black flags of Tonquin and the French, the leader of the Chinese outlaws made a monetary estimate of the value of his enemies. He offered his men a sum equivalent to \$125 for the head of every Frenchman and \$25 additional if the victim had gold braid on his coat. The fact that most orientals express great contempt for native Christians was illustrated in this black flag proclamation, which offered \$50 apiece for the heads of native soldiers in the French service, but added that \$15 for the heads of native Catholics was all they were worth. He Was Misunderstood. Judge—you have abandoned your wife. Not only that, but before you left you treated her in the most brutal manner, dragging her around the room by the hair of her head. Culprit—What a fuss you all make because I took a lock of my own wife's hair by which to remember her during my absence. As the Marriage Agency. Would-be Customer—Yes, I would like to marry, and if you come across a handsome, young amiable girl who has money and who wants a good home, just drop me a postal. Marriage Broker—I beg your pardon, but if I find that kind of a female I'm going to marry her myself. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Summer Guest (impatiently)—I have found dead flies in every dish I touched this morning, and I think you might at least make a reduction in your charges. Hotel Proprietor—I can't reduce your bill, sir, but you will come with me to the kitchen, I'll let you hear me swear at the servants. The Shortcomings of Journalism. "These papers are very unscientific." "What's the matter now?" "Why, it tells here of a man who fell from the top of the Eiffel tower, but doesn't say whether he was hurt or not. We have the Pasti corset, the Langtry gold paint and bustles, the Judic hat, the Hading veil, and now we have the Joshua Whitcomb cough syrup. —Women are ever dupes or victims of their extreme sensitiveness.

IRELAND AT PARIS.

Magnificent Specimens of Art in Textiles. One of the most delicate exhibitors of long-skilled handicraft, at the present French exhibition, is from the linen looms of Ireland, in the form of damask napkins out of a set of two dozen doilies, made for a jubilee gift to Queen Victoria by a Belfast manufacturer. These doilies are woven from the finest linen yarn which has ever yet been spun from flax fibre. The napkin is exhibited in its unbleached state, and also in its bleached and finished condition. Upon each is a strikingly faithful delineation of the factory from which it comes. The building is photographed, as it were, in the linen web. One of these damask doilies, about sixteen inches square, contains 3,000 threads of warp and 4,012 threads of woof, and these threads, joined together, would extend a distance of more than two miles. Yet the napkin seems to be the merest flimsiness of gossamer—a fabric of lightest gauze, a thing one might blow away with a breath. The draughtsman was engaged for seven months in the preparation of the enlarged design—about twelve feet square—upon paper. This plan or map, so to speak, of the napkin was divided by fine machines into 12,000,000 squares, each line standing for one thread of the web. On the damask work are represented 41 different species of ferns, birds, butterflies and flowers. Irish lace, hand-made, at 100 guineas a yard, handkerchiefs at \$250 each, and many other samples of exquisite skill and patient toil, from the north of Ireland looms, are included in the display. In further illustration of this great industry, there is a display of flaxseed, the flax plant with its blue flower, flax straw, scutched flax and flax spun into yarn and wound upon bobbins ready for weaving. There are also illustrated plans of the different processes of making damasks, and the entire exhibit is appropriately surmounted by an Irish flax wheel for spinning men thread. The Burdens of Womanhood. Thousands of women are silently suffering untold misery, simply because they shrink from consulting a physician in those numerous complaints arising from functional irregularities and disorders. Many a modest girl and woman prefers to bear her heavy burden in silence rather than to go to the family physician for advice. All sufferers from this class of disorders can, however, find prompt and sure relief in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a specific in such cases, and has brightened the lives of countless women by restoring them to perfect health. Lusk. First Tramp—Some folks is born lucky. Rember Bill Sooks? Second Tramp—Yep. First Tramp—He got into Sweepter's brewery the other night an' was drowned in a beer vat. Don't be Stumbugged. with the foolish idea that Catarrh cannot be cured! The world moves, and medical science is progressive. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay \$500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists at only 50 cents. Knowledge is Bliss. Mrs. H. Arlen Flatts—I wanted to see that new play at the Downtown Theatre to-night, but the critics say the play is a failure, and the weather reports say it is going to rain. Mr. H. Arlen Flatts—Then let us go by all means. The play will be charming and the weather delightful. Poison the fountain and the stream is impure; poison the blood, and its taint is carried through the entire system—those innumerable veins and arteries carry disease and death instead of life and vitality. As a result, you have Headache, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and General Debility. An inactive Liver means poisoned blood; Constipation means poisoned blood; Kidney disorder means poisoned blood. The great antidote for impure blood is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Acting directly upon the affected organs, restores them to their normal condition. "A word to the wise is sufficient." The "Discovery" is guaranteed to cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. The Same Thing. "I see," said Smith, laying down his paper, "that old man Skindin's has willed his property to Groggins, the saloon-keeper." "How's that? I supposed that he left it all to his son, Harry?" "Well, he did, but that was only an indirect way of leaving it to Groggins." Patient Waiting No Loss. Confiding Son—Mother, what's the best way to propose to a girl? Mother—When the right girl comes along, my son, you won't need any advice. —Geese at the north will commence to fly southward when the fall storms break up the watering place society. The Rev. Dr. Messies, minister of Abernethy, has, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, been appointed Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in room of the late Professor Crombie. D. E. L. 4189. AGENTS MAKE \$100 A MONTH with us. Send \$5. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND