

And a voice said "Go!"
On a slab in the dead house a little one lay,
The roses of life tinted still colored the clay,
The little pink fingers were chubby clasped
As if some loved plaything they jealously
grasped:
The wee feet were poems on that pitiful bed,
But the voice of their poetry forever was fled;
Yet never voice spoke so accusingly loud
As that little wee baby corpse, minus a shroud.

The doctors had searched with their knives in
its brain,
And the marks of their ravage were shown by
the stain
Of a life where the saw of the surgeon so
bright
Had searched, lest some drug might have dark-
ened its light,
And cruelly mangled and marked into twain
Was the breast that so close to a mother's had
lain.
But the small features smiled, as at insects or
flowers
That grow in a lovelier region than ours.

No drug in the brain had abridged the child's
life,
No violence had compassed the death, after
strife,
But a mother's fond arms in a fit of despair
Had committed her babe to the dark water's
care.
A gurgle, a sob, a breath, and a moan,
And the mother had stood in the darkness
alone.
A mother self-taught in adversity's school,
Cursing God and the charity running by rule.

That morning that baby had laughed in its
sleep,
That noon the hot tears of a mother did weep
Over the fatherless darling whose helplessness
fair
Seemed to cry for Omnipotent pity, for care;
For the poor mother's heart was overburdened
with dread
Lest the baby might suffer—she lacking for
bread.
An orphan asylum she sought in her woe,
And the mother replied: "Rule forbid; you
must go!"

And go forth she did, like the Master who bore
His cross, refused rest from the shoemaker's
door.
Sore heart and sick brain on she went: till she
came
Where the merciful waters are waiting for
shame,
Where the heart of the blackness makes signal
to rest,
And beckons tired souls from the weary life's
breast.
So the baby was drowned, but its death is a foe
Bearing witness to God against the voice that
said "go!"

—Mark S. Hubble,
Buffalo, Dec. 12th, 1891.

Christmas, 1891.
(Elizabeth Bullard, in Harper's Bazar.)
Through the still splendor of the Orient night,
To shepherd watching, waiting, on their plains
afar,
Breaks the glad rapture of the Angel Song,
Shines the calm radiance of the wondrous Star.
"Glory to God on High!"
Sing the bright, joyous throng,
While countless hosts prolong
Ceaseless the echoed song,
"Glory to God on High!"
Peace and Good-will!
God's Peace to Earth from Heaven
This day with His Son is given.
"Glory to God on High!"
Peace and Good-will to men!"
And the Star, leading still,
Led to the Christ.

Through the sad mists of the world's dreary
waiting,
Down the fierce ages of tumult and war,
Through fear and confusion and deadliest
hating,
Still sound the Angels' Song, still beams the
Star.
"Glory to God on High!"
Still sing the heavenly throng,
While priest and choir prolong
In measured chant the song,
"Glory to God on High!"
Peace and Good-will to men!
God's Peace to Earth from Heaven
This day with His Son is given.
"Glory to God on High!"
Peace and Good-will!"
And the Star, leading still,
Led to the Christ.

Where now in the world's high noontide bright
Men halt and doubt and question and bemoan,
Dazed by keen splendors of the bounteous
light,
Or drunk with achievement, pose as gods, and
fall
Of all the promised Peace and Rest;
Or, reaching, reach too far;
Or, searching for the Good, ignore the Best—
Still, like the sure tide, there that song,
Still through the glare serenely shines the Star,
While chant the heavenly throng,
And thankful hearts prolong
Round all the earth the song,
"Glory to God on High!"
Peace and Good-will to men!"
To-day through His Son is given
God's Peace to Earth from Heaven.
"Glory to God on High!"
Peace and Good-will!"
And the Star, leading still,
Led to the Christ.

Looking at the Shops.
"I must have money," said my wife,
"The shops I want to see.
Shell out your cash, dear Hubby mine,
And quickly give it me."
I, like a husband fond and true,
Obeyed her on the spot.
"Sweet wife," quoth I, "take care of this,
'Tis all the cash I've got."
"O, never fear, you cautious pet,"
She gayly made reply
"I'll guard this gold and silver like
The apple of my eye."
She viewed the coin with loving eyes,
Confessed it was enough,
Then slipped it in an open purse
Outside her little muff.
She chuckled me underneath the chin,
She kissed my martial chops,
And off she tripped right merrily
To contemplate the shops.
While she was looking through the glass
And thinking what she wanted,
A gentleman crept slyly up,
And with her purse levanted.
"Twas all your fault," said she to me,
In tones of angry pride,
"When I am looking at the shops,
You should be at my side."

A Christmas Song.
(Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.)
Sleep dear, sleep, where nothing ill is,
Let no joy bells, ringing in the morrow,
Give you a happy dream a thought's sur-
prise.
Screened from all the world of wrong and
sorrow
By the lilies
Of your spotless purity and peace.
Sleep, and only hear in dreaming
Far-off music, beating, fleet—
Never lullaby so sweet and blest—
Christmas bells the heavenly song repeating.
Softly seeming
Angels singing you to deeper rest.
Sleep love, while the gracious story
Of another child the bells are telling
Where dear hands are holding yours to-night,
The sweet Christ Child bending from the
dwelling
Where His glory
Fills the heavens themselves with tender light.
Sleep! the Christ Child keeps the heavens above
you,
Still the song upon your dream intruding,
Fold around you slumber's silent fleece,
Fills the mother heart about you brooding.
So doth love you
That He lends his purity and peace!

A congress on Prehistoric Anthropology
will be held in Moscow next year.

MIRACULOUS CURES.
Rev. A. B. Simpson Says He Can Vouch
for Scores of Cases.

BROKEN LEG HEALED BY PRAYER.
The closing services of a two-days' con-
vention of the "Four-Fold Gospel" alli-
ance was held in their hall, on Duffield
street, Detroit, on Sunday afternoon. The
four leading features of this society are
comprised in these declarations: "Christ
our Saviour, Christ our sanctifier,
Christ our healer, our coming Lord." The
society is made up of members
of all denominations of Christianity
who assent to the above belief, none of
whom leave the membership of their re-
spective churches, but are simply banded
together, as they declare, to cultivate in
themselves a higher degree of spirituality.
Their meetings, therefore, are held so far
as practicable at such hours as not to inter-
fere with the regular services of the churches.
There are between 50 and 100 belonging to
the society in Detroit.

In his remarks before the convention on the
subject of divine healing, Rev. Mr. Simp-
son (formerly pastor of Knox Church, this
city), said he was personally acquainted
with a score of cases of immediate and
miraculous healing in answer to the prayer
of faith. He gave one instance of the case
of a young man in Chicago, who suffered
a compound fracture of one of his legs. The
doctor set the bones and bandaged the leg
in the usual way. During the night,
in answer to prayer, he was
told by the Lord that his leg was
healed, and in the morning he removed
splints and bandages and went about
his work fully restored. Mr. Simpson
vouched for this case and repeated that he
personally knew of scores equally as em-
phatic. Nevertheless, he did not favor
these miraculous healings, as the tendency
of them on the subjects was to pride
and a falling away from that humility
and spirituality that characterize the
true believers in Jesus Christ. But the
healing he recommended was that in
which the patient suffered through days or
weeks, or months, it may be, of slow con-
valescence, in which his faith was put to the
test. "Coming through such a fire of
affliction," said he, "one would more fully
appreciate and understand the loving sym-
pathy of the Great Physician, and become
the more fully devoted to His service, in
the great work of lifting the world up to
a higher plane of life."

The reverend gentleman's great work now
is in the missionary field. He related to the
convention his labors during the past four
months, in securing pledges from persons to
go to foreign fields as missionaries, and
pledges of means for their support. He
stated that fifty-four working girls in New
York have subscribed \$1,500 for the
missionary work for the current year. At
a meeting a few weeks ago in Ocean Grove,
45 persons within 15 minutes, pledged \$500
each for the support of 45 missionaries for
a year, and before the meeting
closed, pledges were given in 60
amounts for the support of 60.
He now reports a sufficient sum pledged
within the past four months to support about
150 missionaries at \$500 apiece, and one
business man has just donated \$50,000
toward the expense of their transportation
to foreign fields. Within these past four
months, also, 240 men and women have
pledged themselves to go out as foreign
missionaries.

A missionary training school is maintained
in New York city. Mr. Simpson says that
in the past five or six years, since engaging
in the alliance work, he has received and
disbursed \$500,000, all of which has been
voluntarily furnished, and not a cent
solicited.

To Prevent Frozen Feet.
In cold weather never wear a woolen
stocking inside a thin tight shoe. To do it
is to invite frozen feet, says *The Ladies'*
Home Journal. The wool grows damp and
clammy with insensible perspiration, the
shoe pinches the blood vessels into sluggish
torpor. Betwixt them you have a frozen
foot almost before you know it. Much
better put a thin silk, lisle-thread or cotton
stocking next to the foot, and draw the
woolen one on outside the shoe. With
arctics over the stockings, you can defy
Jack Frost, if you are shod like Cinderella
herself.

The Earl of Errol, Baron Hay and Baron
Kilmarnock, died on the 3rd inst. at Staines
Castle, Aberdeenshire, aged 68 years. He
was the eighteenth Earl of Errol—one of
the oldest titles in the peerage, having been
created in 1453—and is succeeded by his
eldest son, Charles Groe Hay, presently a
major in the Royal Horse Guards.

Scotland is fast losing its distinction as
the home of religious conservatism. A few
Sundays ago Rev. J. H. Crawford, the
esteemed pastor of a Presbyterian Church in
Dundee, made a plea in his sermon for
cheap theatres.

The *Monetary Times* says that the beet
sugar factory at Farnham, Que., is at
work, and a good deal of sugar has been
made and sold. The beets have yielded
fairly, and the farmers who have raised
them are, with very few exceptions, sat-
isfied, and find the cultivation remunerative.
The correspondent of the *St. John's News*
says that the resident superintendent,
Baron Seillier, has just gone to New York
on business connected with the factory.

"There is some idea of running the
factory throughout the year, using it as a
refinery in the summer." More than half
the sugar consumed in the world is now
produced from the beet root. The Canadian
refiners import raw beet sugar from
France and Germany. The Canadian soil
and climate are perfectly fitted to produce
beets rich in sugar, and unless the cost
of labor is too great the business, properly
managed, should thrive here. The home
market amounts to 200,000,000 pounds a
year, and the market of the United States,
which imposes no duty upon raw sugar, is
practically limitless. The established
success of the Farnham factory would lead
to the erection of many more factories
throughout the Dominion. Our farmers
require some new crop to take the place of
barley, the price of which has been reduced
by the McKinley Bill.

A London omnibus traverses about eighty
miles a day, and earns \$80 a week.

NEW STYLES OF FUNERALS.
Hereafter Nothing Grand Will Be Tolerated
by the Salvation Army.

There are to be no more expensive funerals
in the Salvation Army. The general
usage has been issued, and hereafter mem-
bers who have fought the "Muckle-horned
Clootie" in its ranks will be interred when
they die with "an entire absence of any
vain show." There is to be no hearse, no
mourning carriages, no mourners, no black
crepe.

"We propose to conduct the funerals
hereafter in a style that will be in keeping
with our soldierly status," said Captain
Flory. "If we can carry the coffin along,
just holding it among us by the handles, it
will be all the better. Yes, a battlefield
stretchers would be even a better scheme."
"A half-dozen comrades would lug it
along easily, and all of the commissioned
officers and members of the departed sol-
dier's corpse could walk along with it before
and behind, singing and glorifying God. If
there are any sick relatives who wish to
attend, but who cannot walk, they can hire
ordinary cabs themselves. We don't wish
to be obtrusive so far as the wishes of the
family of the deceased are concerned.
Every funeral conducted in our simple
manner will prove attractive to the people,
and we will use it to make more converts.
You get more strength from on High when
you are walking than you do when you are
riding. The route to the cemetery will
always be chosen through the thoroughfares
where there are the most people, and with a
band of music from the front, and the Grand
Army chorus will be most impressive."

The funeral announcement will be made
hereafter on white cardboard, surrounded
by evergreens. This will be hung up in
barracks. Every member will wear a
white band on the left arm until the Sun-
day after the burial. The services at the
grave will include a solo by some sister,
with the full chorus. Then three volleys
will be fired, and verbally fired from the
mouth. "God bless and comfort the be-
lieved ones!" "God help us who are left
to be faithful unto death," and "God bless
the Salvation Army." The band will then
strike up a hymn in quickstep time, and the
Army will march away.

The Salvation Army *War Cry* for this
week contains two or three thrilling pieces
of news from correspondents, viz:—
"Staff Captain McIntyre, who has just
taken charge of Newfoundland, says that
on his reception tour one night his slumbers
were much disturbed by the snoring of a
lady in the next house, resembling the dis-
tant roosting of the sea."
Another paragraph announces that "the
total number of *Cry's* taken by La Salle,
Ill., is 0000000000000000000000000000000000."
A third piece of current history is to
the effect that "a neck strand of bells with
a tambourine jingle has been presented to the
little dog that acts as rank sergeant at
Colusa in the Army turn-out."

Ball in a Barn.
What would the plain country farmer, a
genuine "hayseed," have thought of the
entertainment given in the barn of Ham-
ilton McKimble, son-in-law of the Van-
derbilt family, at Madison, New Jer-
sey Friday evening? This big barn,
with its enormous wings, was lit up with
thousands of incandescent electric lights.
It was decorated with evergreens and
crimson; with laurels and feather plant;
with an immense rope of pumpkins and
carriage wheel at its end; with vases of
chrysanthemums, sheaves of wheat, and
red, white and blue pampa grass, with
white muslin, rhododendron, jack-o'-lanterns
and ears of corn. Lander's orchestra was
in one balcony and the Hungarian band in
another. The cow stables were turned into
dressing-rooms. Delmonico furnished the
supper. The New York *Mail* and *Express*
calls the entertainment "old-fashioned
fun." We shall have to ask Josh Whit-
comb if he ever participated in such an en-
tertainment. He could tell us, no doubt,
about the old-fashioned husking bee with
the candle or oil lanterns throwing their
feeble rays into the darkness and the bevy
of stalwart farmer lads and rosy-cheeked
country girls; but what resemblance did
that bear to the McKimble fete?—
Rochester Herald.

Apocryph of Whom?
Chicago *Times*: It isn't the man who is
at the top who always has the most sense.
Remember that a balloon is sure to rise,
but is nothing but a bag of gas, after all.

William II. of Germany puts Mr. Stead,
of the *Review of Reviews*, in mind of
General Gordon, in that he believes that he
is a partner with the Almighty—except
that Gordon was humble enough to con-
sider himself only the junior partner.

What will you do if you are elected?
asked the deputation of voters delegated to
ascertain the ground whereon the candidate
stood. "Great Scott! What shall I do if
I am not elected?" groaned the candidate to
himself before he had made an audible
reply.

Enpee—A man told me a story about a
woman who did not speak to her husband
for fifteen years. Mrs. Enpee—Indeed,
what was the matter? Enpee—She was
dead.

A man of average strength can lift with
both hands a weight of from 230 to 240
pounds.

A ship described as A 1 Lloyd's means
"the best of hulls with the best of furni-
ture."

St. Mary's Church, in Newry, England, a
Protestant Anglican place of worship, was
on Sunday the scene of a very disorderly
occurrence. While services were going on
eleven vestrymen advanced to the altar and
seized the communion cloth, on which were
embroidered the letters I. H. S. The rector
also seized the cloth, and a struggle ensued
for the possession, a struggle in which the
vestrymen were victorious. Having secured
the cloth, they cut off and burned the let-
tering I. H. S. The vestry had long agitated
the subject of the removal of this lettering,
which proved extremely objectionable to
certain of the parishioners. After the ves-
trymen had attained their object, police
were summoned and took their names.
They will be summoned.

Figgs—Do you believe the Bible writers
were inspired? Diggs—Yes; especially
those who wrote "The Family Record."
"How else could they have been inspired?"
"How else could they tell in what year
a woman was born?"

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.
James Gordon Bennett's Sarcasmic Interview
With a Young Reporter.

"There should be a rule in every news-
paper office prohibiting the use of certain
phrases and expressions," said an old war
correspondent to a New York reporter, as
he threw down a paper in an elevated car.
"It distresses me to see poor, old, hack-
neyed expressions kept at work daily when
they should have been retired long ago.
Why should a reporter always refer to a
man's 'immaculate linen' when he means
to say that the man wore a clean shirt, and
why in heaven's name should a man or
woman be described as 'well groomed'?"
Here they are both in one paragraph,
and just beside them is the man who,
according to the reporter, is always saying
something real devilish "with a twinkle in
his eye," and the other fellow who made
this or that remark as "he lit a fresh
cigar."

There should be a cemetery for senile and
used-up words and phrases that have out-
lived their usefulness, if they ever were
useful, and about one thousand of them
should be laid away in quicklime at once
and never resurrected.

"Speaking of cemeteries, why should a
man as soon as he is dead be referred to as
'poor'?" Here I read of a railroad conductor
who was killed in a railroad collision. Yes-
terday he was the "genial Conductor
Brown"; to-day he is "poor Brown." The
word seemed to be applied especially to
men who in life were good fellows and also
to those whose death was caused by
violence. It is not used in connection with
great men. You never hear of "poor
Napoleon," "poor Shakespeare," or "poor
Frederick the Great," do you?"

"I do not expect the reporters to reform
as long as their employers allow the use of
such idiotic words and phrases. When I
was younger than I am to-day and thought
I knew about as much as an ordinary man
could be expected to know this side of the
grave I was reporter on the *Herald* under
the elder Bennett. Mr. Bennett sent for
me one day. He said:
"Young man, I notice that in your
efforts to find men whom you have been
instructed to interview you never enter a
hotel."
"Never enter a hotel, Mr. Bennett?" I
said.
"No, sir; you invariably write that you
'drifted' in, and when you do drift in you
never meet the man."
"Never meet him?"
"No, I observe that in every case after
drifting in you either 'run against' or
'stumble across' the object of your pur-
suit. I wish that in future you would sim-
ply walk into the hotel and meet these
people. That's all, sir."
"I was angry, for I prided myself on
my English and on my literary style. I
said:
"Mr. Bennett, I have been writing now
nine or ten years and have worked on a
number of newspapers as good as the *Her-
ald*. I flatter myself I know something
about the English language, and I—"
"Young man," interrupted Mr. Bennett,
"did you ever read of how a man once
boasted to Sidney Smith that the stick he
carried had been twice around the world,
and how Smith took the stick, and, after
carefully examining it, said, 'And yet—
and yet it is only a stick after all!'"
"What did you say to that?" I asked my
friend, the war correspondent.
"I maintained a tumultuous silence,
and—no, I did not drift out—I went out of
the room."

He Was the Fool Killer.
Two friends, newspaper men, went on an
excursion. While on a railway train they
were moved to mischief by the comical
appearance of a country-looking fellow who
sat near.
"How long did it take you to write
"Paradise Lost?" one of the friends asked,
addressing his companion.
"Oh, about two weeks, but I was busy
on the 'Course of Time' a good bit of the
while. You worked quite a while on the
"Victor of Wakefield," didn't you?"
"Well, yes, quite a while. Oh, I could
have done it sooner if I hadn't worked too
hard on the "Basel" during the time.
But when it comes to work, let me tell you
that I caught it on 'The Decline and Fall
of the Roman Empire.' I had to have it done
by a certain time, and hanged if I didn't
write a volume a week for six weeks. After
that I took it easy and didn't write more
than a volume in two weeks."
They glanced occasionally at the country-
man and tittered gleefully. Pretty soon the
fellow got up, approached them and said:
"I have taken a lay off merely to look
for you fellows. I wanted to have some fun
with you." And before they knew what he
was about he seized them in a strong and
mysterious way and bumped their heads to-
gether; and then, as the train had reached
a station, he bowed politely and got off—
Arkansas Traveler.

Prudent Papa.
New York *Herald*: He—You said that
I might learn my fate to-night.
She—Well, I spoke to papa and he
told me to wait. He wants to consult a
Mr. Bradstreet first, though I don't know
him at all.

The German Socialists want equal suf-
frage, the direct participation of the people
in legislation, with the right to initiate or
reject laws, and the annual revision of the
scale of taxation, the abolition of capital
punishment, free medical assistance, includ-
ing attendance at childbirth, free medicine
and free disposal of the dead, and an un-
broken period of rest of at least thirty-six
hours in each week for every working-
man.

The latitude of New York city is about
seven hundred and fifty miles south of that
of London.

Little Mabel, 3 years old, suddenly
burst out crying at the dinner table.
"Why, Mabel," said her mother, "what is
the matter?" "Oh," whined Mabel, "my
teeth trod on my tongue."

By the collapse of an overweighted brew-
ery at Pinnerburg, Germany, yesterday, 28
workmen were buried beneath a mass of
debris, and 15 of them died before the
scuvers could reach them.

Said—What was that solution you gave
my wife for her eye? Dr. Endes—Chloride
of sodium; why? Said—Nothing, only
Mrs. Knochall was so cock-sure it was salt.

ANCIENT ENGINEERING.
The author of "Salmonella" tells how
Spandau effected an entrance into Carthage
in time of siege by floating down the aqueduct.
No man can sail or swim through one
of Mr. Gattahere's modern cast-iron water
pipes. It is interesting, indeed, to be told
about the magnificent system of aqueducts
and covered reservoirs, from which, 2,500
years ago, the inhabitants of Carthage drew
their water. In looking at those works, we
must remember that Carthage flourished for
over 700 years before its destruction by the
Romans, 150 years before the Christian era.
Rising again from its ashes, under Roman
rule, it became one of the most magnifi-
cent cities in the world, then fell again, and
for 1,000 years was destroyed piecemeal,
until nothing remains except remnants
of the waterworks. On a commanding
eminence, looking out upon the harbor and
the sea, there stands the Cathedral and
Monastery of St. Louis, marking the spot
where Louis IX. of France died in the year
1270, and also occupying the site of the
citadel of Carthage, called the Byrsa, as
named as tradition says, in commemora-
tion of the artifice by which Dido, 892
years before the Christian era, secured
from the natives the ground on which it
was erected, agreeing with them for as much
land as a bull's hide (byrsa) would cover,
and then cutting the hide into thin strips,
and inclosing with it a tract of twenty-two
stadia. Here it was that Dido watched and
waited for Aeneas, and from this hill the
smoke of her funeral pyre ascended to the
sky. Then a great city spread in all direc-
tions around the citadel. Now, outside of
the white walls of the Monastery, utter
desolation reigns as far as the eye can reach,
except from the occasional smoke from a
railroad train between Tunis and its sea-
port Goletta. On closer examination of the
site of the ancient city, some interesting re-
mains are to be seen, however, of the
waterworks. The tourist in Tunis may
visit the site of Carthage by taking a train
on the railroad to Goletta, or he may take
a carriage and drive over five miles of
dusty, but pretty well-kept macadamized
road, out to the great reservoir of
Maalaka, half a mile from the sea. The
Arabic word Maalaka, means "connected
together," and typifies the collection of
vaulted communicating chambers, which
covered a space of about 500 x 750 feet, and
served to collect and store the rain-water
from the marble-paved area around the
reservoir, and the streets of the city.

A recent visitor to these ruins says that
enough remains to show the character of
workmanship and materials that were used
in ancient days, and that it gives one a
curious feeling to see the arches of concrete
and rubble masonry, which, where not de-
stroyed by the hand of man, have stood un-
harmful by the elements for more than
twenty centuries, and to consider that we
are now, with our latest improvements and
inventions for securing pure and wholesome
water, simply returning to the practice of
the days of Dido. But these, as by name,
means, all of the remains. All over the
site of the ancient city, somewhat similar
cisterns are found, and there is another
great public reservoir near the sea, about
400 feet long and 110 feet wide,
vaulted, and divided into 18 compartments,
two of them evidently intended for filter-
ing or settling basins, and the rest for
the storage of the settled water. These
reservoirs have been restored, and are
now used for the water supply of the
towns of Goletta and Marsa, water being
brought to them from the hills of Zaghouan,
some 40 miles distant, utilizing for a portion
of the way the magnificent aqueduct built
1,670 years ago by the Emperor Hadrian.

The greater portion of this aqueduct lies
on the other side of Tunis, and it is a some-
what arduous journey to visit it. Long
colonnades of arches of cut stone cross the
valleys, and even in their present state of
decay are said to be most imposing. But
between Tunis and Carthage the original
structure is still utilized, and few things are
more impressive and surprising to the
tourist than to encounter on the drive from
Tunis to Bardo, the palace of the Bey, the
lofty aqueduct which crosses the Mazonba
Plain. We pride ourselves on some of our
little modern aqueducts, but here is a con-
duit carried for more than five miles on
piers from 70 to 80 feet high, and which has
been in use for 1,700 years, and still is used
for its original purpose.

Rosina Vokes, when she appears at the
Park in the "Tinted Venus" expects to
produce a new two-act comedy as one of the
three short pieces of the evening. The San
Francisco critics praised Miss Vokes and
her company highly on their recent trip.

It would never do for a baker to stick
up a sign "No loafing here."

It is said that the first regular theatrical
company to perform in the United States
came from England in 1752 and landed at
York, in Virginia. Its first public appear-
ance was at Williamsburg, Va.

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actually needed to en-
rich the blood, curing
all diseases coming
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VITATED HUMORS
in the blood, and also
invigorate and Build
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System, when broken
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