

## FACTS, FIGURES &amp; FICTION.

**Mixed's Liniment for sale everywhere.**  
The race for wealth.—The children of Israel.

**HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL** is prompt to relieve and cure all coughs, colds, sore throat, pain in the chest, hoarseness, quinsy, etc. Price 25c. 4x10

In the Transvaal British generosity is treated as cowardice.

**URGENT RELIEF** guaranteed by using **Minard's Stomachic Powder**. No depressing after effects. 4x10

Jerusalem is about to be cleaned both inside and out by a sanitary committee.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.**

The cable rates between South Africa and England are to be reduced to four shillings a word.

It is so pleasant to take that children cry for it; but it's death to worms of all kinds. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. Price 50c. All dealers. 4x10

Rain has never been known to fall in that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Disinfection.**

Great Britain buys more than 20,000 horses from the United States every year.

**ROCK HEADACHE**, however annoying and distressing, is positively cured by **Loxal Pills**. They are easy to take and never gripe. 4x10

The girl who looks as pretty as a picture must come of it to her frame.

**CANADIAN RAILWAYS** in 10 to 60 minutes—One short puff of the breath through the blow, supplied with each puff of Dr. Agnew's Chamberlain's Powders.

It is forty years since the first British volunteer passed his uniform—and at that time it was 'his' in reality, for even private and those days provided their own garb and weapons.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Burns.**

They make a business of raising cats in some sections of India. During the past year no less than 6,000 cats were shipped from India to various states in the union and to foreign countries.

**To the Doer.**

A person cured of Diphtheria and notes in the name of Dr. J. J. Macdonald, New York.

**Fiddle!**—Wouldn't you like some more for your home, friend? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home. Mrs. Dugg—'You might sell me one if you've got one that says, "Better late than never."'

**A Worthy Object.**

**Daniel Allen**, Proprietor and Publisher of the **Examiner**, Ontario, Independent says: 'I was suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Trouble. I took a few bottles of **Minard's Liniment** and I am now a healthy man again.' For sale by J. J. Macdonald, Druggist. 4x10

**Downed!**—'Never write letters, my boy, that you'll regret in after life.' Dwell—'You speak as from experience! Dwell—'I do in early correspondence, once with her who is now my wife I signed myself 'Your obedient servant.''

**Minard's Liniment Cures Gargot in Cows.**

He had owned a dog, and this was the story he told—'Yes, sir, the way that dog was devoted to me was amazing. He heard me say to my wife that I was pressed for money, so went and died the day before the dog-tax was due.'

**A VOLUNTARY APPEAL.**

A Nebraska soldier who served faithfully in the Philippine campaign, never missing a day of his regiment was engaged in, wrote home to his wife:—

'I see they are preparing to give us a grand banquet when we return to Omaha. That's all right, but I want something to eat before the banquet comes off. And I want it at home. I want it on the table when I get home, too. What do I want? Well, here's the list:—

'Hot biscuit, and plenty of them, made by you.'

'Flour and milk gravy, about three quarts.'

'Mashed potatoes.'

'Apple sauce.'

'Corn on cob, 10 ears.'

'String beans.'

'Macaroni and cheese.'

'Peas and cream.'

'I want you to get all these things ready. We have had plenty to eat since leaving San Francisco, but when things are camp-cooked they all taste alike. Cook 'em yourself, and don't think because I've been away over a year you can ring in any kind of cooking on me. When I get through with this bill of fare I'll be ready to tackle the banquet.'

**A CARD**

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to defend the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' English Pills are used.

T. J. TUCK, Druggist, Sherbrooke, F. Q.

J. L. MATHIEU, Druggist, 153 Wellington St., Sherbrooke, F. Q.

D. J. McLENNAN, Druggist, 159 Wellington St., Sherbrooke, F. Q.

E. G. FRANKS, Druggist, 6 Commercial St., Sherbrooke, F. Q.

W. H. GUYTON, Chemist, 121 Wellington St., Sherbrooke, F. Q.

**Spotted in Transit.**

'I wonder,' said Cholly as they drove along the boulevard, 'why that thing in front of us is called a T car?'

'Perhaps,' suggested Miss Flippie, 'it is because it is just ahead of U.''

Which struck Cholly as being so clever that he undertook to reproduce it at the club that evening.

'I awoke her,' he proceeded, after giving the preliminaries, 'why that thing in front of us was called a T car, and she said it was because it was just ahead of me. Now, Jove, though, I can't make it sound the way it did when she got it off, don't you know?'

**What Worried Him.**

Beggar Woman—This cough bothers me so.

Planist—BOTHERS you? It bothers me more because you cough an octave too high.—Fleeglede Blatter.

**A Sudden Absence.**

'I have returned.'

As he spoke we handsome and broad-shouldered stranger brandished in the face of the girl he loved a Gladstone bag stuffed with bonds.

'When you returned me because I was poor,' he said, 'you little knew what I was capable of.'

The first question on her lips after she had properly thrown herself in his arms was to inquire how he got it.

'For the last three weeks,' he said exultingly, 'I have been head waiter in a summer hotel.'

**Couldn't Spring That on Them.**

'Now, children,' said the visitor who was addressing the Sunday school, 'let me give you a simple illustration of what faith is. You see my watch chain. You would not have the slightest hesitation, now, in asking me what time it is, because you have faith that I have a watch.'

'Not unless we see the works,' replied the children as one boy.—Chicago Tribune.

**His Heart All Right.**

'You are all right,' said the doctor after he had gone through with the regulation thumping and listening with his patient. 'Not a trace of heart disease. Fifteen dollars, please.'

The patient drew a long breath and remarked: 'I am sure now I have no heart disease. If I had, I should have dropped dead when you mentioned your fee.'—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

**It Seemed Tailless.**

'It's a good deal interested in the new planet they are preparing to study,' remarked the man who finds relaxation from business in astronomy.

'A new planet?' echoed the trust-magnate reproachfully. 'What was the use! We don't own all the earth yet!'

**Something Noteworthy.**

'What has he ever done to make the world remember him? Nothing—absolutely nothing. He has never—'

'Hold on, now. You're getting ahead of the subject. He's made enough money to keep his heirs fighting and his name in the newspapers for years after he is gone.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

**A Successful Show.**

First Circus Man—How do you manage to fill your show with only six performers for the dozen?

Second Circus Man—I carry 12 bill posters.—New York Weekly.

**Getting His Measure.**

'Is that newcomer a naturalized Englishman?' inquired the earl.

'No,' answered the duke. 'He's merely an unnaturalized American.'—Washington Star.

**Pro Bono Publico.**

'I've a scheme to improve our street car manners.'

'What is it?'

'Have a chap on each car.'—Chicago Record.

**Our Honorary Titles.**

'Why do you use "Hon." in addressing a letter to him?'

'He was once a delegate to a county convention.'—Chicago Post.

**When Willie Had the Measles.**

When I had the measles, year ago, Ma said, 'Now, Willie, don't you know you've got the measles, so you must be good. An easy indoor as all sick children should be.'

One, I was good. The father used to call me a good boy, but I wouldn't go at all, because I had the measles. Joe broke out as speckled as a turkey egg, about.

At Ma, she fed me on raw berry jam. 'At we only have for company, an jam—Ma, let's my brother—didn't get now. Cuts An chicken pie as all good things should be. But bread an ham an bacon, like Sam had. Didn't, 'cause my appetite was bad. Oh, nothing was too good for me, you know, when I had the measles, year ago.

At sometimes, when Ma said I could, I took the great big ham's ribs down to look at pictures—Ma in the kitchen, Joe.

A little baby in a basket—Joe. Then there was old Daniel in the flower den, with growing lions, crochets in the dark. Ten times as easy as at Lincoln park.

When I had the measles, year ago, Joe, I lived right! An one day Sam, I've once, An I felt sorry. Pa says he's a done. But I guess not, for think of the jam! All locked up tight. I quite agree with Sam—'Well then, "Don't write me when I'm sick. You're had 'em once you never can again.'—Chicago Record.

**C. C. RICHARDS & CO.**

DEAR SIR—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring bone with five bottles.

It blistered the horse, but in a month there was no ring bone and no lameness. DATED: MARCH 1900.

Four Falls, N. B.

**Fixed the Fire Anyhow.**

'The worst kind of a fool in the world is a well-meaning fool,' said a detective sagely. 'I was walking along one night in a neighborhood not necessary to specify, when up rushed a man in his shirt sleeves and grasped me by the arm. "Say, officer," he exclaimed, calling me by name, "I just saw a fellow do something that he ought to get ten years for at least. He was a big heater in a check suit, and I would know him again in China."'

'But what did he do?' I interrupted.

'Why, I was sitting on my porch, replied the man in shirt sleeves, and saw him go up deliberately to that better box on the corner and drop in a lighted cigar stump. Just think of the valuable mail the scoundrel might have destroyed!'

'Are you sure the cigar was lit?' I asked.

'Well, I'm pretty sure, he said, but you needn't worry. He hasn't turned up anything.'

'How the dickens do you know he got around?' I said, I'm surprised.

'Why, I got a pitcher of water and poured it right in, said he. I walked off. I never did find out what those letters looked like, but I got around.'—New Orleans Times Democrat.

**His Unconquered Laugh.**

'Laugh and the world laughs with you.' How true that is,' said Mr. Higgleston. 'To have written just that line was worth living for.'

'Oh, I don't know about that,' Mrs. Higgleston replied. 'I admit that there is a good deal of philosophy in the poem from which those words are taken, but it isn't always true.'

'My dear,' Mr. Higgleston exclaimed, 'you are mistaken. It is always true. "Laugh and the world laughs with you." It's as true as anything that has ever been written. The whole philosophy of human existence is bound up in those few words.'

'The whole philosophy of human existence may be bound up in them,' the lady responded, 'but I insist that it doesn't always happen that way. I've noticed that you always laugh when you try to tell a funny story, but it's very seldom that the world laughs with you.'

Mr. Higgleston drew himself up with all the dignity he could command and, striding angrily from the room, exclaimed:

'As Milton says in his "Essay on Man," "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a sneering wife!"'

**When Lincoln Died.**

And so the hours passed without perceptible change in the president's condition and with only slight shifting of the scene around him. The testimony of those who had witnessed the murder began to be taken in an adjoining room. Occasionally the figures at the bedside changed. Mrs. Lincoln came in at intervals, sobbing out her grief, and then was led away. This man went, another took his place. It was not until daylight that there came a perceptible change. Then the breathing grew quieter, the face became more calm.

The doctors at Lincoln's side knew that dissolution was near. Their bulletins of a clock read, "Faint failing," that of half past six, "Still failing," that of 7, "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," and then at 22 minutes past 7, in the presence of his son, Secretary Stanton, Welles and Usher, Attorney General Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Dr. Gurley, his pastor, and several physicians and friends, Abraham Lincoln died.

There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the stillness. "Now he belongs to the ages,"—McClure's Magazine.

**Only Jar of His Kind.**

Horace Walker took a lively story of an old porcelain vendor, who had an exceedingly rare and valuable jar on which he set an almost fabulous price. One hot summer a slight volcanic shock, such as the British Isles occasionally experience, joggled his house about his ears and split his porcelain vase. To an ordinary mind the accident would have been calamitous, but the china vendor was superior to fortune. He doubled the price of the article immediately and advertised it as "the only jar in the world which had been cracked by an earthquake." Nothing very new about that. Whether he got his money is not added, but he certainly deserved it.

**Had Lifer For Paris Unknown.**

In murder trial in Dallas the counsel for the defense was examining a witness regarding his qualifications to serve. The candidate admitted that he had once been a member of a jury which tried a negro for murder. It was not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the trial, so the counsel said:

'Where is that negro now?'

'Don't know,' was the reply. 'The sheriff hanged him at the appointed time.'—Law Notes.

**Modest Appeal.**

The attention of English speaking visitors to the Milan cathedral is readily attracted by the following notice which appears over an altar base:

'Appeals to Charities. The Brothers, so called, of Mercy ask slender arms for the Hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases and have no respect to religion.'

If the Prussian conscription were applied to the defense was examining a witness regarding his qualifications to serve. The candidate admitted that he had once been a member of a jury which tried a negro for murder. It was not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the trial, so the counsel said:

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**What The War is About.**

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE EDITORIAL PUTS THE WHOLE MATTER IN A NUT-SHELL.

New York Tribune: Old Kaspar, in Southey's poem, could not tell what the battle of Blenheim was about nor what good came of it. Thus we are to reckon as an indication not of the wisdom of the battle but of the crass ignorance of Old Kaspar. What little Peterkin there may be in the world is to be reckoned as an indication not of the wisdom of the battle but of the crass ignorance of Old Kaspar. What little Peterkin there may be in the world is to be reckoned as an indication not of the wisdom of the battle but of the crass ignorance of Old Kaspar.

What is the Boer fighting for? They are fighting for their independence. It is not for their independence of treaty obligations and international law. Almost the last word spoken by Great Britain in this quarrel was a solemn renunciation and denial of all intent to infringe upon the domestic autonomy of the Transvaal and the declaration of willingness to stand upon the conventions of 1881 and 1884. That is the offer which the Boers have refused. They are fighting for an abrogation of a solemn agreement, and for the right to conduct their government in respect to alien territory without regard to the common accepted principles of justice among civilized races. They are fighting to deny to the Outlanders the rights of citizenship, the rights of the rights of citizenship. They are fighting to deny to the Outlanders the rights of citizenship, the rights of the rights of citizenship.

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