

✻ This and That ✻

A MOVING SCALE.

When Turner exhibited his great picture, "The Building of Carthage," he was disappointed because it had not been sold at once at the private view, and angry with the press for criticizing it severely. Sir Robert Peel called upon him.

"Mr. Turner," said he, "I admire your 'Carthage' so much that I want to buy it. I am told you want five hundred guineas for it."

"Yes," said Turner, it was five hundred guineas, but to-day it is six hundred."

"Well," said Sir Robert, "I did not come prepared to give six hundred, and I must think it over. At the same time, it seems to me that the change is an extraordinary piece of business on your part."

"Do as you please," said Turner. Do as you please."

After a few days Sir Robert called again upon the great painter. "Mr. Turner," he began, "although it is a very extraordinary thing for you to raise your price, I shall be proud to buy your picture, and I am prepared to give the six hundred guineas."

"Ah!" said Turner, "It was six hundred guineas, but today it is seven hundred."

Sir Robert grew angry, and Turner laughed. "I was only in fun," he said, "I don't intend to sell the picture at all. It shall be my winding sheet."

For years he kept it in his cellar. Then it was brought up and hung in his gallery, where it remained as long as he lived. When he died he left it to the nation.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

There are still people who remember the jokes of "Josh Billings" with pleasure, and there are a few who heard the lectures that he used to give. One of his admirers still likes to tell of his only meeting with the author of the ill-spelled aphorisms.

When I was a boy Josh Billings advertised a lecture in Bloomfield, about ten miles from my father's farm. I wanted to hear him. We were in pretty good circumstances then so my father gave me some money, and I hitched up and drove to town.

I got there about seven o'clock, and found that there was likely to be a poor house, for a free church fair was in full blaze, and the town was small and not very rich.

NECESSARY

People May Go Without Food for Days but Not Without Sleep.

Fasters have gone without food for many days at a time but no one can go without sleep. "For a long time I have not been sleeping well often lying awake for two or three hours during the night up to three weeks ago, but now I sleep sound every night and wake up refreshed and vigorous," says a California woman.

"Do you know why? It's because I used to drink coffee but three weeks ago I cut off the coffee and began using Postum. Twice since then I have drunk coffee and both times I passed a doubly convinced coffee caused the trouble and Postum removed it."

"My brother has been in the habit of drinking coffee three times a day. He has been troubled with sour stomach and I often would notice him getting soda from the can to relieve the distress in his stomach. Lately hardly a day passed without a dose of soda for relief."

"About two weeks ago he asked me for a cup of Postum—said he liked it well enough to give up coffee and since then has been drinking Postum three times a day and says he has not once been troubled with sour stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Even after this lady's experience with coffee her brother did not suspect coffee was causing his sour stomach, but easily proved it.

Coffee is not suspected in thousands of cases just like this but it's easily proved. A 10 days trial works wonders, and of course "there's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

I bought my ticket and went into the little hall, which was lighted by small smoky lamps. It was empty. I waited anxiously for people to come, but none appeared. The ticket-taker walked around, nervously looking at his watch. About eight I heard him talking to some one at the door. Looking around I saw "Josh" chewing his thumb and taking a melancholy survey of the empty benches. In a moment he came forward and sat down beside me.

"Well my boy," he said with a wan smile, have you come to hear the lecture?"

"Well there ain't goin' to be no lecture," he said, with a droll squint. "Madam Patti" who was going to assist me is ill."

I did not know Madam Patti, and looked at him, evidently showing my disappointment.

"Of course," he said, "you will get your money back. Let's see did you pay four dollars or three ninety-five for your seat?"

"Fifty cents," I said. Then plucking up my courage, I added, "And I don't care for the money, but I've come ten miles to hear you."

"Yes? Queer how the country folks follow me! The last time I lectured a man came twenty miles to be near me—just to be near me, for he'd heard my lecture many times."

"Will he be here to-night?" I asked.

"No; fortunately no. I paid the bill and he was the sheriff, you know."

"Well, I said, rising, 'I'm awfully disappointed. I don't care about the money, but it's hard after I've driven all the way over.'"

"Um!" he murmured. "Your not pressed for money then?"

"No," I had a dollar extra.

"My boy," he exclaimed, "I have an idea. You shall not lose the lecture. Of course it would be absurd for me to get up there and talk to you alone; but if you'll recover your fifty cents before the management runs off with it and come round the corner, we'll have an oyster stew and I'll talk to you really I'll give you all my best jokes."

We did it. He talked and ate, and I ate and listened. He told me story after story for two hours. Then he saw me drive off, and waved to me from the steps of the hotel. I never had a better time in my life.—Ex.

SCOTCH STORIES.

Sir Archibald Geikie has just published his *Reminiscences*—a volume full of stories about the Scots. Here are some of them:

"Weel, Tam, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" was the invariable greeting of a doctor to a tailor of his acquaintance, whom he met carrying a bundle. Once the tailor saw the doctor walking in a funeral procession: Weel, doctor, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" he asked.

Descanting on the changes in life and work brought about by time, a farmer said: "When I was young I used to think my father hadna muckle sense, but my sons look on mysel' as a born eediot."

At a funeral in Glasgow, a stranger who had taken his seat in one of the mourning coaches, excited the curiosity of the three other occupants one of them at last asked:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?"

"No, I'm not a brither to the corp?"

"Weel, then ye'll be his cousin?"

"No; I'm no that!"

"Then ye'll be at least a friend o' the corp?"

No, that either. To tell the truth, I've no been weel mysel', and as my doctor has ordered me some carriage exercise, I thocht this wad be the cheapest way to take it."

He tells for instance of the Highlander who had been in Glasgow and seen that wonderful invention, the telegraph.

What is it like? asked his neighbors asked him. "If I trod on ma collie dog's tail in Oban said Jock 'and it squeaked in Tobermory that wud be a telegraph.—Ex.

He—"so the engagement is broken off?"

She "Yes. He told her he thought she should stop reading novels and read something more substantial; something that would improve her." He—"Well?" She—"Well the idea of a man intimating to his fiancée that she could be improved in any way?"—Philadelphia 'Press."

"Man overboard!" cried the sailor, seeing a passenger fall into the sea.

"What do you mean with your 'Man overboard'?" gasped the unfortunate, bobbing up. "Mr. Alderman Brown is overboard."

DISCOMFORT AFTER EATING

December 4, 1903

People who suffer after eating, feeling oppressed with a sensation of stuffiness and heaviness, and who frequently find the food both to distend and painfully hang like a heavy weight at the pit of the stomach, or who have Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Headache, Disgust of Food, Gaseous Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or suffocating Sensations, when in a lying posture, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flashes of Heat, should use a few doses of

Radway's Pills

Which will quickly free the system of all the above named disorders.

RADWAYS PILLS

All purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

For the Cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Piles, Sick Headache and all disorders of the Liver.

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Cured Mrs. Edmond Brown, Inwood, Ont., when she had almost given up hope of ever getting well again.

She writes: "I was so run down that I was not able to do my work, was short of breath, had a sour stomach every night and could scarcely eat. My heart palpitated, I had faint and dizzy spells and felt weak and nervous all the time. My husband got me a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills but I told him it was no use, that I had given up hope of ever being cured. He however persuaded me to take them and before I had used half the box I began to feel better. Two boxes made a new woman of me and I have been well and have been able to do my work ever since."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cts. box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Ltd.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Port Mulgrave June 5, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for colds, etc. It is the best liniment I have ever used.

MRS. JOSIAH HART.

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

Radway & Co., New York.

Gentleman—In regard to "Radway's Pills," I wish to say, that I have never found any remedy that can equal them.

For the past two years I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and constipation. After eating I would have a sensation of heaviness in the stomach, feel like vomiting, pain and dizziness in the head, and then I would become nervous. I tried everything that was recommended to me. My physician told me I had chronic constipation and a sour stomach. He could relieve me somewhat, but still did not cure me. I was almost in despair. At last a friend persuaded me to try "Radway's Pills," which I did. And I am glad to say, that they not only relieved me, but positively cured me. Even after taking them only a few days, a regularity of the bowels was established, and the dyspeptic symptoms have already disappeared. Now I feel like a new person.

May God bless you and your wonderful remedy. I remain,

Yours for health,

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On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 11, 1904 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN	
6—Mixed for Moncton	6.30
2—Exp. for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton	7.00
4—Express for Point du Chene	13.15
16—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	12.15
8 Express for Sussex	17.10
3 4—Express for Quebec and Montreal	18.00
10—Express for Halifax and Sydney	23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.	
9—Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.20
7—Express from Sussex	9.00
3—Express from Montreal and Quebec	13.50
5—Mixed from Moncton	15.30
3—Express from Point du Chene	16.50
25—Express from Halifax Pictou and Campbellton	17.40
1—Express from Halifax	18.40
81—Express from Moncton (Sunday only)	24.35

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General Man.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 9, 1903.

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