

A GAME OF CHECKERS.

"Play checkers, School master?" "Oh, yes; I play checkers." The tune betrayed the rash confidence of youth, but the older man met it with a serene smile, born of the memory of many victories. "Hattie, bring that checker board. What kind of a game do you play, Teacher, side or centre?" "I don't understand your terms," replied the schoolmaster, "but I play the regular opening, and then gauge my play according to my opponent's play."

"I fail to see," persisted the teacher, "what there is so remarkable in that young fellow that he should take up all your time." "Come, tell me, Miss Bates, what on earth he is noted for." She looked up sideways into his face. "Pa says," she answered gravely, "that he is the best checker player in the county!" "Can he beat me?" "The question meant a good deal. With a reckless flash of her great grey eyes, and dropping into the Michigan country dialect, which the schoolmaster had labored months to eradicate, she answered: "Um huh! Beat the boots off'n you!"

"You'll be lonesome drivin' that twelve miles all alone," said Edna sympathetically. "Yes," he answered, "considerin' that I expected to take some one with me, it'll be dum' lonesome!" The contrast between that moonlit drive, as he had pictured it to himself, and as it would now be, struck him with full force. He pulled his cap over his eyes. His vocabulary was not extensive: "Dum' it!" he said; and it is doubtful if any fate could have got more than that from him.

A STUDY OF FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Dignity, Euphemisms, Avocations, and Hopes of Up-to-date Undertakers. Although the word "undertaker" is a manifest euphemism meant to hide the nature of the trade for which it stands, the undertakers long ago sought further to disguise their profession by elegant phraseology. Nobody but a pauper is now buried in a coffin by an undertaker. The wealthier dead are laid away in burial caskets by funeral directors. The undertakers of this town as a class are an interesting, if somewhat grisly, subject of study. Nobody who has ever really known an undertaker can doubt the truth and realism of the gravediggers' talk in "Hamlet." The modern funeral director of this town is not a gravedigger, but he is a man of small reticence touching subjects that most men prefer to avoid. He has become called upon by use to such things, and he has an unpleasant way of dwelling upon certain details of his profession, as had Shakespeare's gravediggers.

Armenian Cookery.

The attention now directed to Armenians may arouse interest in their culinary methods. Powerful seasoning is not objectionable to them. Tarragon, onions, rose, cinnamon, coriander, cloves, pepper, mustard, cumin, and salt are employed. These are all used in a sauce for a sort of ragout not unlike Scotch haggis. An Armenian sandwich is recommended to givers of afternoon teas. This is made of two thin slices of wheaten bread covered with white chicken. Grape sirup is poured around it, with alternate rows of almonds and nut kernels, pieces of cheese, olives, sprigs of tarragon, and rings of hard-boiled eggs. It is sprinkled with salt and eaten, cut in slices, with virgin oil. If this be not enough to satisfy a delicate appetite, it may be followed by a sweet composed of thin cases of pastry that envelop a rich amalgam of almonds and fragrant flavoring, served in a sauce of melted butter and sugar. As provocative to renewed gustatory effort Armenian hors d'oeuvres are suggested. These consist of spiced vinegar, cheese, red eggs, olives, pickled fish, and asparagus in oil. If all this be not enough to stay hunger in anticipation of an 8 o'clock dinner, thin pancakes fried in oil, floating in a rich sirup, and covered with rose water, may be effective.—New York Sun.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

Advertisement for RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. Includes text: "DO NOT BE DECEIVED", "HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.", "DEARBORN & CO.", "WHOLESALE AGENTS", and a list of agents in various cities like New Glasgow, Riceville, East Dover, etc.

ALSO PARALYSIS.

The Stricken to be Seen in Every Community.

Many Cured of this Appalling Form of Manifold Death by Using Dodd's Kidney Pills. The most startling example of human helplessness is the paralytic. The victim excites your commiseration, but with eye clear and mind still unclouded he resents your interest. The most hopeless sufferer of all is he of the tottering gait and dragging feet. He of the palsied hand still yearly pressing his numbened side to be seen every where you go.

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IN FAVOR WITH THE DOCTORS.

Dr. Godbut, M. F., Beauca, Que., Speaks in Highest Terms of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. When a member of the medical profession, hedged in as by a large measure of conservatism, expresses an opinion of a proprietary medicine it means a good deal. Dr. Godbut, the popular member in the House of Commons, of Beauca, Quebec, speaks in highest terms of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, not alone as a professional man, knowing the nature of this remedy, but from a personal experience. He has used the medicine for catarrh, and freely lets the public know of the remarkable, speedy and effective nature of the medicine in all cases of the kind. One puff of the Powder gives relief in 10 minutes. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

MARRIED.

Guylford, Jan. 25, by Rev. W. Purvis, Thomas Horton to Mary O'Neil. Brockton Mass., Jan. 14, Angus Beaton to Cassie McFarlane, both of N. S. Milford, Feb. 4, by Rev. A. D. Dickett, Grant McDonald to Nellie I. Isenor. Andover, Jan. 31, by Rev. W. B. Pepper, Nellie Nelson to Marion C. Madson.

BORN.

Westville, Jan. 21, to the wife of J. D. Fraser, a son, Milton, Jan. 29, to the wife of Dwight Cain, a son. Halifax, Feb. 4, to the wife of B. J. Mulcahy, a son. St. Croix, Jan. 30, to the wife of D. Spence, a daughter. Riverdale, Feb. 4, to the wife of Alex. Bain, a daughter. Lunenburg, Jan. 31, to the wife of Lorenzo Parks, a son. Ottawa, Feb. 5, to the wife of C. W. Treadwell, a son.

Advertisement for Orinoco tobacco. Includes text: "What is 'Orinoco?'", "Ask your Tobacconist", and "Try it. You will be pleased."