

This and That

A LAWSUIT.

Squire Nickerson was sitting in his office the other day leisurely reading the newspaper, when a man rushed in with a child in each hand and asked in a loud voice for Squire Nickerson. "I guess I'm the man you are looking for," answered the squire, laying aside his paper.

"You Squire Nickerson?" asked the man, sharply. "Well, you are the man I'm looking for, and I want to file suit."

"Whom do you wish to file suit against?" queried the squire. Here the man released the children and began some mild gesticulations, which signified more heat to follow.

"I want to sue a woman down at my boarding house."

"What has she done?"

"She's got a dishpan of mine, squire, and I want to sue her for it."

"Yes, you might get the dishpan by suing her for it," agreed the squire, "but how does she happen to have your dishpan?"

"Well," said the stranger slowly, "I broke a lamp chimney belonging to her, and she took the dishpan. She said that she would keep it until I paid her for the lamp chimney. But I want to sue her, and get the dishpan."

"Now, look here, my good man," said the squire, "you don't want to do anything of the kind. You want to take ten cents, go down to the grocery and buy a lamp chimney, and then take it down to this woman and get your dishpan."

"But can't I get it by suing her?" asked the man stubbornly.

"You might get the dishpan, and it might cost you several dollars. Instead of spending car fare to come up here and see me, you could have had a new lamp chimney bought by this time, and your dishpan would be under your arm."

"The lamp chimney will cost only five cents."

"And you wanted to bring suit

HONEST PHYSICIAN.

Works with Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that physicians are always skeptical as to the curative properties of anything else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those who seek to heal with as little use of drugs as possible and by the use of correct food and drink. A physician writes from Calif. to tell how he made a well man of himself with Nature's remedy.

"Before I came from Europe, where I was born," he says, "it was my custom to take coffee with milk (calle au lait) with my morning meal, a small cup (calle noir) after my dinner and two or three additional small cups at my club during the evening.

"In time nervous symptoms developed, with pains in the cardiac region, and accompanied by great depression of spirits, despondency—in brief, 'the blues!' I at first tried medicines, but got no relief and at last realized that all my troubles were caused by coffee. I thereupon quit its use forthwith, substituting English Breakfast Tea.

"The tea seemed to help me at first, but in time the old distressing symptoms returned, and I quit it also, and tried to use milk for my table beverage. This I was compelled however to abandon speedily for while it relieved the nervousness somewhat, it brought on constipation. Then by a happy inspiration I was led to try Postum Food Coffee. This was some months ago and I still use it. I am no longer nervous, nor do I suffer from the pains about the heart, while my 'blues' have left me and life is bright to me once more. I know that leaving off coffee and using Postum healed me, and I make it a rule to advise my patients to use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

rather than settle the trouble for a nickel?" asked the squire, incredulously.

"Never thought of settling it the way suggest, squire," remarked the man after a thoughtful pause, "but I reckon you are right." Whereupon he took his two children by the hands and left the office.

"Much obliged, squire," he shouted, as the trio clattered down the stairs. —Indianapolis News.

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life I had to walk."

"You were lucky," said the youth. "When I first started in life I could not walk." —Chicago News.

DEFINING A STATESMAN.

Horatio G. Herrick, of Lawrence, Mass., for many years sheriff of Essex county, took a lively interest in the schools of his home town. Shortly after Garfield's death Mr. Herrick visited one of the schools and made an address upon the life of the statesman. He asked:

"Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?"

A little hand went up, and a little girl replied: "A statesman is a man who makes speeches."

"Hardly that," answered Mr. Herrick, who loved to tell this story. "For instance I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman."

The little hand again went up, and the answer came triumphantly: "I know; statesman is a who makes good speeches."

THE PLANS WEREN'T READY.

General Grant records a good story that used to amuse him greatly, of a certain rough carpenter who accompanied "Stonewall" Jackson in many of his marches.

On one occasion, when he was making a rapid movement he came to a deep stream; the bridge had been burned, and it was necessary it should be restored as soon as possible.

Jackson sent for his engineers, and the carpenter, telling them what was required, and the engineers retired to their tents to prepare their plans.

Two hours later the carpenter reported: "General, that bridge is finished, but them picter's a'nt come yet."

Agnes—How's Cousin Percy getting on at college? I hear he's gone into athletics.

Uncle Peter—Yes, he's quarterback on the football team, and he's full-back in his studies.—Brooklyn Life.

1. All boarding houses are equal to the same boarding house.
2. Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same floor are equal to one another.
3. The landlady of the boarding house is an obliging, angular figure that cannot be described; but is equal to anything.
4. A wrangle is the disinclination to one another of two boarders that meet together but are not on the same floor.
5. All other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.—Punch.

Among examples of American humor recently given in The Nineteenth Century and After is a story which a bright ornament of the English bench is said to have told more than once.

A speaker in a Western town had started out to show that there might be great differences between national and local reputation. He had said "A man can't always tell what his neighbors think of him," when he was interrupted by one of his hearers.

"I came mighty near knowing once," said the man, with a reminiscent look, "but the jury disagreed." —Youth's Companion.

Tumors Conquered Without Operations

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Cases of Mrs. Fox and Miss Adams.



One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by excessive menstruation accompanied by unusual pain extending from the ovaries down the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation; secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use and write Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Read these strong letters from grateful women who have been cured:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (First Letter.)

"In looking over your book I see that your medicine cures Tumor of the Uterus. I have been to a doctor and he tells me I have a tumor. I will be more than grateful if you can help me, as I do so dread an operation."

—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut St., Bradford, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (Second Letter.)

"I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine.

"Eighteen months ago my monthlies stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician, and was told that I had a tumor on the uterus and would have to undergo an operation.

"I soon after read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles as directed, the tumor is entirely gone. I have again been examined

by the physician and he says I have no sign of a tumor now. It has also brought my monthlies around once more; and I am entirely well. I shall never be without a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the house."

—Fannie D. Fox, Bradford, Pa.

Another Case of Tumor Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"About three years ago I had intense pain in my stomach, with cramps and raging headaches. The doctor prescribed for me, but finding that I did not get any better he examined me and, to my surprise, declared I had a tumor in the uterus.

"I felt sure that it meant my death warrant, and I was very disheartened. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring, but the tumor kept growing, till the doctor said that nothing but an operation would save me. Fortunately I corresponded with my aunt in the New England States, who advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before submitting to an operation, and I at once started taking a regular treatment, finding to my great relief that my general health began to improve, and after three months I noticed that the tumor had reduced in size. I kept on taking the Compound, and in ten months it had entirely disappeared without an operation, and using no medicine but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and words fail to express how grateful I am for the good it has done me."

—Miss Luella Adams, Colman Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

Such unquestionable testimony proves the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and should give confidence and hope to every sick woman.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all ailing women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Eddy's "SILENT" Parlor Match.

If held tightly
Then rubbed lightly
And struck rightly
Will BURN BRIGHTLY.

Ask your grocer for a box. TRY THEM.

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