

This an That

WITH AN H.

"What's your baby's name?" asked a visitor who had called to secure Mrs. Johnson's services as washerwoman.

"I'm 'most 'shamed to tell you dat child's name," said Mrs. Johnson, "case de folks round here say it soun' like he was an Injun. But his name, dat his paw 'sisted on gibing him—his name am Ho-car, missy."

"Horse-car?" feebly repeated the visitor. "Yas in—Hoscar," said the mother sorrowfully. Dere was an Englishman dat was pow'ful good to Mr. Johnson when he took dat foolish trip out Wes' four years ago, an' put him on de cyars to come home again; and when my husband ax him his name he smile an say, 'Dey call me Hoscar when I'm to home,' he say. So when dis baby was born, nuffin would do but we mus' call him Hoscar, after dat Englishman."

"A MAN WENT OVER HERE."

I was on a train from Albany, N. Y., when I fur travelling n.en came aboard. They turned a seat so that they could face each other in conversation. Three of them conversed freely about the business they represented; the fourth, a quiet listener; and finally one said to this silent partner:

"And what house do you travel for?" "Well, gentlemen," he replied, "I represent a wholesale liquor store in New York City. Some people do not like my business. There's lots of money in it, and—lots of danger. Twenty years ago there were nineteen of us started out for the firm I represent well and hearty. We arranged to put into New York every Saturday night, and after reporting, went out on a lark together. I am the only one of the nineteen left; the others, every one of them, were killed by the liquor we sold. I tell you, gentlemen, there's lots of money in it, but lots of danger."—Lutheran Crusader.

THE BAR-ROOM OSTRACIZED.

The saloon has lost moral standing everywhere. It has no place in the church. Fraternities have put a ban on the saloon and its keeper. Insurance companies discriminate against the seller and the drinker, as well as the drunkard. Railroads, manufacturers and leading commercial institutions have no place for the tippler or the sot. The public schools are teaching the children the truth about alcohol—that it is an irritant poison to the human body and the saloon a curse to society. Science, with its hard, cold facts and its thousand tests has demonstrated that alcohol can add no vitality to, nor increase the strength of the human system. It lowers the mental, physical and moral powers of man.

It remains for this great free county to go out of partnership with the saloon business. —The Chicago Daily News.

NOT AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

The lesson in newspaper work is constantly, "Be brief!" If that order can be given picturesquely, so much the better. It will not be forgotten. The Saturday Evening Post says that a certain beginner in journalism picked up in a Southern town what seemed to him a "big story."

He hurried to the telegraph office and "queried" the editor of a New York daily.

"Column story on—, Shall I send?" The answer arrived promptly: "Send six hundred words."

This, to the enthusiastic correspondent, was depressing.

"Can't be told in less than twelve hundred," he wired back.

Then came this reply: "Story of creation of the world told in six hundred. Try it."

DRINKING AND APOPLEXY.

It is an established fact that all wines and liquors send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect noticed after taking a glass of wine is to send the blood faster than usual, hence the reason for the red face. The brain's activity is increased and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes faster to the brain i

also returns faster. . . . The blood is sent to the brain in such large quantities so fast that the arteries must charge themselves to make room for it. They increase in size, and in so doing, press against the more flaccid veins, which carry the blood out of the brain, and diminish the size of the pores, the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual. Hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. Hence, a man may drink enough brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even a few minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is being literally dead drunk.—The Sanitarian.

GET YOUR OWN LICENSE.

Uncle Joe is an old negro on a "farm near Chesapeake City, a farm owned by the family whose slave he was years ago. He is a widower, and lately has spruced up to a degree. Not long since one of the young men of the place started for the city, when he was hailed by Uncle Joe.

"Mistah George, he said, sheepishly, "you done goin' to town? You might do a favor for me."

"Certainly, Uncle," was the response. "What is it?"

"Well, you might—you might get a marriage license for me."

The white man was amused; but seeing that the old negro was offended, he said, "I'll get the license sure, Uncle, I'll get it," and rode off.

After attending to his own affairs in town, he suddenly remembered the marriage license, but was nonplussed, for he had not asked the name of Uncle Joe's fiancée. He happened to recollect that he had noticed Uncle Joe around the kitchen a good deal of late, and that Amanda, dusky, fat and 40, and the best cook in the country, always had a delectable morsel reserved for the old man; so of course, it must be for Amanda. Armed with the happy credentials, Mr. George galloped home and handed the paper to the old man, who took it and looked at it. The license was read to him.

"Mandy Jones!" he cried, when the bride's name was pronounced. "Wiy, it ain't her—it's Liza Allen, down by de crick."

Here was a dilemma. "Well," said the white man, "there's only one thing to do: You must get another license. It is just \$3 thrown away."

Uncle Joe took the paper, folded it and put in his pocket. "I'll done ask Mandy to have me," he said; "for I don't think dar's \$3 diffrance 'tween dem ladies."

INTERESTING, IF TRUE.

You Can Try It Yourself and Prove It.

One grain of the active principal in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 grains of meat, egg or other wholesome food, and this claim has been proven by actual experiment anyone can perform for himself in the following manner: Cut hard-boiled eggs into very small pieces, as it would be if masticated, place the egg and two or three of the tablets in a bottle or jar containing warm water, heated to 98 degrees (the temperature of the body), and keep it at this temperature for three and one half hours, at the end of which time the egg will be as completely digested as it would have been in the healthy stomach of a hungry boy.

The point of this experiment is that what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do to the egg in the bottle it will do to the egg or meat in the stomach, and nothing else will rest and invigorate the stomach so safely and effectively. Even a little child can take Stuart's Tablets with safety and benefit if its digestion is weak and the thousands of cases accomplished by their regular daily use are easily explained when it is understood that they are composed of vegetable essences, aseptic pepsin, diastase and Golden Seal, which mingles with the food and digest it thoroughly, giving the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate.

Dying never cures dyspepsia, neither do pills and cathartic medicines, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines.

When enough food is eaten and promptly digested there will be no constipation, nor in fact will there be disease of any kind because digestion means good health in every organ.

The merit and success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are world-wide and they are sold at the moderate price of 50 cts. for full-sized package in every drug store in the United States and Canada, as well as in Europe.

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, Fullness 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 & 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,
B. S. TREXLER,
Allentown, Pa.

Radway's Pills

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

RADWAY'S 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 L.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 7 St. HELEN STREET MONTREAL.

"HEADLIGHT"

Is the Best and most Popular brand of

PARLOR MATCHES

ASK ANY GROCER FOR THEM.

MADE IN CANADA BY

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SCHOFIELD BROS., SELLING AGENTS.

Only a Tea Kettle of Hot Water



is needed with

Surprise Soap

Don't boil or scald the clothes. It isn't necessary. The clothes come out of the wash clear white, perfectly washed. The dirt drops out, is not rubbed in.

Child's Play of Wash Day.

Use Surprise the ordinary way if you wish but we recommend a trial the

Surprise way.

Read the directions on the wrapper.

Surprise is a pure hard Soap.



MADE IN CANADA FOR CANADIAN STOMACHS.

The Wonder Working D. C. is prepared for the Relief and Cure of all STOMACH TROUBLES.

Within 30 Days, on Receipt of 10c., we will mail to any address one large trial bottle. TEST IT.

Rev. P. C. Hedley

667 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.—"Of all the preparations for dyspepsia troubles I have known, K. D. C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one."

Rev. Wilson McCann

Rector of Omeme, Ont.—"I have tested K. D. C. and know its value can recommend it to all sufferers."

Rev. J. Leishman

Argus, Ont.—"It gives me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of K. D. C. as a cure for dyspepsia."

Dr. McDonald

St. Agnes de Dundee, P. Q.—"I have never known K. D. C. to fail where fairly tried."

Rev. A. Murdoch, M. A. LL. D.

Springford, Ont.—"It is only justice to you to state that in my case your K. D. C. has wrought a perfect and I believe a permanent cure."

Rev. Geo. M. Andrews, D. D.

Auburndale, Mass.—"I recommend K. D. C. very strongly—in my case it has proved singularly efficient."

We hold a host of Testimonials from the best people of America. Testimonial sheet on application. Above are a few extracts.

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