

**This and That**

**AN AWFUL POSSIBILITY.**

Turkey! Turkey! such a lot!  
 'Nen putturnips, steamin' hot,  
 An' potatoes; stuffin' too,  
 Celery, and dess a few  
 Limer beans—but 'ey was great!  
 An' I ate, an' ate, an' ate.  
 Maw dess gave me everything!  
 Firs' a drumstick, 'en a wing;  
 'Nen some dark meat, 'en some white  
 Paw said 'at it wasn't right.  
 I was feelin' dess firs' rate,  
 So I ate, an' ate, an' ate.  
 'Nen we had plum puddin', too,  
 Maw she said I'd have to do  
 Wif four slices: Paw said, "My!  
 Hate to be pie by an' by!"  
 But 'at mince you it dess, was great!  
 'An' I ate, an' ate, an' ate.  
 'Nen bimeby I fell asleep,  
 Firs' thing chased me was a sheep,  
 'Nen a lion chased me, too!  
 'Nen a tagger says, "Say you!  
 Des I'll start in wif your feet,  
 'Li'l boys is good to eat!"  
 'Nen a big black snake it came,  
 Says to me, "Say, what's your name?"  
 Told it Tommy, snake says, "Oh!  
 Dess I'll eat you awful slow!"  
 'Nen I cried a drefful lot,  
 Snake says, "Eat you, cry or not!"  
 'Nen I woke up an' I saw  
 'Ere was maw and 'ere was paw.  
 An' the doctor shook his head,  
 "Indiejestum!" doctor said;  
 "Get him all right by and by."  
 Oh? my tummy hurts—my, my?  
 —From "Li'l Verses for Li'l Fellers."

**THE FINISHING TOUCH.**

The small boy with his eyes open often knows more of things as they are than the artist who draws things as they are not. An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work maintains that his most valuable critic is his son—a boy of twelve.  
 "He knows little about drawing," says the artist, "but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well: Not long ago I had to make a draying of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a life-like and moving scene, and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.  
 "He surveyed it a moment, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said: "The people are all right, but where's the dog?"  
 "The dog, I inquired. "What dog?"  
 "Any dog," he said, in a tone of pity for my dullness. Why father don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Have't you ever been to a fire father, or seen a crowd going to one?"  
 "When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in."  
 —East and West.

**WORRY.**

**A Sure Starter for Ill Health.**  
 Useless worrying (a form of nervousness) is directly the result (through the nerves) of improper feeding. A furniture man of Memphis says:  
 "About a year ago I was afflicted with nervous spells, would worry so over trivial things.  
 "I went to consult one of the best physicians in Memphis and he asked among many questions if I drank coffee.  
 "His advice was: "Go to some provision store and get a box of Postum, drink it in place of coffee and as you are confined to your desk to a great extent try and get out in the open air as much as possible," I followed his instructions regarding the Postum.  
 "At that time my weight was 142 and I was taking all kinds of drugs and medicines to brace me up but all failed; to-day I weigh 165 and all of my old troubles are gone, and all the credit is due to having followed this wise physician's advice and cut off the coffee and using Postum in its place.  
 "I now consider my health perfect. I am willing to go before a notary public and testify that it was all due to my having used Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason for quitting the drug drink coffee, and there's a reason for drinking Postum. Trial 10 days proves them all.  
 Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

**AN ELOQUENT PERORATION.**

'And,' said the rising young politician, as he reached his eloquent peroration, I predict that our candidate will, when the votes are counted, be found to have ridden to success upon a tidal wave of glory that will have swept all before it, like wild-fire breaking in flying spray upon the strand when the sun of victory shall blaze forth its first effulgent rays upon the close of one of the most noble, most memorable campaigns that have ever been launched upon the sea of politics to gather strength and carry all before it like the cyclone sweeping across the broad prairies from which even the orbs of day has disappeared in terror.

**ROUGH ON THE OLD MAN.**

He was a philosopher and a talker. She was a woman of action. They stood together on the bridge and watched a tug that was hauling a long line of barges up the river.  
 I look there, my dear, said he. Such is life. The tug is like the man, working and toiling while the barges, like the women are,—  
 His wife gave him no time to finish the sentence. I know, she said; the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden.

"But George, as time passes and I grow stout and red-faced, will you love me just the same?" "I don't think it's quite fair to put it in that way, Mabel. You see, I'm quite likely to experience a change myself. No doubt I'll develop an aldermanic rotundity, a double chin, and a dignified waddle,—  
 Stop, George, I can't bear to think of you looking like that. And I can't dream of you as stout and red-faced, Mabel. Why borrow trouble?" "Why, indeed?"

John had been invited with two or three other little boys to Charlie's birthday party, and was conducting himself with a propriety that would have surprised his long-suffering mother. At the table the little host took advantage of the situation, and behaved very shockingly. "Charles," said his mother at last in despair, just see how prettily Johnny behaves. What will he think of you?" "Never mind Mrs. Jones, John said, that's just the way I act when I'm home."

"Everybody says the baby looks like you. Doesn't that please you?" "I don't know replied Popley, but I tell you what; I'm glad nobody thinks of saying I look like the baby."

Mr. Stonefront—"What! Ask me to serve on a jury? Me? on a— Caller—"But this is for a jury at the poodle show." Mr. Stonefront—"Oh, ah! Of course. That's another matter! I'll serve with pleasure."

I succeeded in developing a splendid negative in a strong light yesterday, said the amateur photographer.

"How did you manage it?" queried his friend.  
 "I asked Miss Riche to marry me," replied the photographer.

Mrs. Jones—"Are you aware, Mrs. Skintone, that your dog has bitten my little Willie?"

Mrs. Skintone—"What your Willie, who only just got over scarlet fever? Oh, Mrs. Jones if anything should happen to Fido, I'd never forgive you."

Mrs. Blank met her family physician on St. Catherine street the other day, and as is her custom, began to pour out her woes. "Oh, doctor," she said, "I'm completely exhausted; can scarcely walk. What shall I take?"  
 "I'm," said the doctor, meditatively, "you might take a car."

Bracer (tentatively)—"No, he's hard now with a good friend like you it's different. If for instance, I should tell you I needed a dollar, I know I'd be welcome to it."

Fewitt—"Well—er—I don't know that you would be as welcome to it as it would be welcome to you."

**C. C. RICHARDS & CO.**  
 Dear Sirs:—Your MINARDS LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.  
*It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.*  
**CHARLES WHOOTEN,**  
 Port Mulgrave.

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

**RADWAY & CO., 7 ST. HELEN STREET, MONTREAL.**

**Ogilvie's FLOURS**

have been selected as the **STANDARD** for Manitoba Spring Wheat Flour in the Dominion of Canada by the Government Flour Committee.

This is conclusive proof of their strength, color, and general high quality.

What stronger argument do you need in their favor?

Do you need to ask any questions now about Flour values.

**GOING SOUTH**

To escape cold weather and enjoy the winter months, many people are taking passage for

**The British West Indies**

by our steamers this month. The cost is little more than the expense of living at home, and the delights of the voyage are boundless.

WRITE US.

**PICKFORD & BLACK, Halifax, N. S.**

**Amherst Boot & Shoe Co. Ltd.**  
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Paid up Capital,	\$160,000.00
Output, 1902,	\$600,000.00

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