

This an That

LIFE HINTS.

Find your purpose and fling your life into it. Try to be somebody with all your might.

What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. Start right.

The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

Don't brood over the past, nor dream of the future; but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

Necessity is the priceless spur.

Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?

Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities seize common occasions and make them great.

A great opportunity will only make you ridiculous unless you are prepared for it.

The lucky man is the man who sees and grasps his opportunity.

The world always listens to a man with a will in him.

The man with an idea has ever changed the face of the world.

There is nothing small in the world where a mud creek swells to an Amazon, and a stealing of a penny may end on the scaffold.—Success.

SEEMED TO HAVE GOT OUT.

A Chicago man on his summer vacation went to a Wisconsin lake resort, and one day became engaged in conversation with the proprietor. He commented on the attractiveness of the surroundings, and finally asked the hotel keeper how many acres there were in the property.

"About forty," replied the proprietor.

"I see there is another resort a short distance north of you. Who owns that?"

"The Widow Simmons."

"You and she join do you not?"

The landlord's sunburned face turned a shade or two redder.

"We're expecting to next October," he said "but I didn't think anybody'd found it out yet."

A small girl, who had been forbidden to touch the ink bottle, had managed to spill its contents over her mother's desk, the rug two chairs and her own apron.

When the father of the family returned at night, his little daughter met him at the door and asked: "Papa how much does a bottle of ink cost?"

"Oh, about five cents."

"And to think," exclaimed the aggrieved youngster in a tone of deep disgust, "that mamma would make such a fuss about one little bottle of ink!"

GETTING HER MONEY'S WORTH.

Mrs. Lane was young and inexperienced but certain principles of economy had been installed into her from childhood. She knew that since one could send ten words in a telegram for twenty-five cents, and any smaller number cost the same amount, it was an obvious waste of money to send less than the ten.

She had also been taught by her eminently practical husband that in sending a telegram one should keep to the matter in hand, and avoid all confusion of word. On the occasion of Mr. Lane's first absence from home, he sent a telegram from Chicago saying, 'Are you all right? Answer, Blank Hotel, Chicago.'

Mrs. Lane knew she must be wise, economical and speedy, for Mr. Lane was making a flying trip, and had told her he could not plan on his whereabouts long enough ahead to have a letter sent. She spent a few moments in agitated thought and then proudly wrote the following message:

'Yes. Yes. Yes, I am very well indeed, thank you.'—Youth's Companion.

Sox—"So all this belongs to a building loan association, eh? What is their scheme?"

Fox—"They'll build you any kind of a house you don't like, and let you pay for it when you aren't ready."

JAPANESE HUMOR.

Here is a typical Japanese humorous story. A quack doctor had prescribed the wrong medicine for the only son of a certain family with the result that the boy had died. The parents determined to have revenge. So they sued the doctor in a court of law.

The affair was evidently patched up, the quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this the doctor heard a loud knock at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that the wife of one of his neighbors was dangerously ill and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife he said: "This requires consideration my dear. There is no knowing it may end in their taking you from me."—Chicago News.

A BORN DIPLOMAT.

"I have come," he said, "to ask for your daughter's hand."

The banker gazed over his glasses at the fellow, and demanded:

Well, have you any means of supporting her?"

"Alas, I am poor. But hear my story."

"Go on."

"When I spoke to Claudin about coming to see you she said it was useless—that her mother was the man of the house, and that I had better go to her. But I said, No. Your father may permit your mother to think she is the man of the house just to humor her, but I have seen enough of him to know that when a matter of importance comes up his strong will must always assert itself. His strength of character may not be brought out by little things, still—"

"My boy, interrupted the old gentleman, patting him on the shoulder, "I have known all along that you were not one of those ordinary persons who are incapable of understanding what is going on in the world around them. Take her, and may you always be happy."—Chicago Journal.

STORY OF GANYMEDE'S BIRTH.

A professor in a Western college, while giving an examination in mythology in a country school, called upon a bright looking girl and asked the following question: "Who was Ganymede?"

Promptly came the answer: "Ganymede was the son of Olympus and an eagle."

The class teacher blushed for her pupil and exclaimed: "Why Elizabeth. Where did you learn that?"

"Indeed, it says so in the book," replied the girl.

The professor then asked the girl to find the place and read the paragraph aloud, whereupon the class was both astonished to learn that Ganymede was borne to Olympus by an eagle.—Lippincott's Magazine.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Last week I had a call from a colored woman, an old woman who had loved me all my life, and who now, at nearly 80, fights a battle for me whenever the need arises. This time she brought me an old fashioned sweet potato pudding.

"Aunt Crety," I said, as I dished up a plateful of the rich, brown, delicious mixture, "what is in this pudding?"

"Sweet potatoes, grated."

"What else?"

"A little sugar."

"What else?"

"Som' butter."

"What else?"

"A few eggs."

"How do you mix it?"

"Mix it. Now des lis'n at dat. Why, I des gits de things tegerther en mixes 'em. Dat's how."—Nashville Banner.

Lady Visitor—Your little girl seems to be very much taken with me, Mrs. Stepswell.

Mrs. Stepswell—Yes, and she doesn't often take to strangers. You think Mrs. Kippur is real nice don't you Agnes?

Agnes—You said she was a cat, mamma; but she doesn't look a bit like one.—Boston Transcript.

Elsie—Let's play house. I'll be the lady Ethel—All right. I'll be another lady callin' on you.

Elsie—Oh yes! Now I must pretend I'm glad to see you.—Philadelphia Press.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, July 3, 1904, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains Leave St. John.

No. 6.—Mixed for Moncton	8 00
No. 2.—Express for Halifax Sydney and Campbellton	7 00
No. 26.—Express for Point du Chene Halifax and Pictou	11 45
No. 4.—Express for Moncton and Point du Chene	11 10
No. 8.—Express for Sussex	17 15
No. 134.—Express for Quebec and Montreal	19 00
No. 10.—Express for Halifax and Sydney	23 2
No. 136, 138, 156.—Suburban express for Hampton	18.10, 22.4

Trains Arrive at St. John

No. 9.—Express from Halifax and Sydney	6 25
No. 7.—Express from Sussex	9 00
No. 133.—Express from Montreal and Quebec	12 50
No. 5.—Mixed from Moncton	15 10
No. 3.—Express from Moncton and Point de Chene	17 0
No. 25.—Express from Halifax Pictou and Campbellton	17 15
No. 1.—Express from Halifax	18 45
No. 81.—Express from Moncton (Sunday only)	1 35
No. 137, 137, 155.—Suburban express from Hampton	7.45, 15 30 22.05

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., July 2, 1904.

GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,
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