

**This and That**

**OBEEDIENCE.**

A German captain was some time ago drilling a company of volunteers. The parade ground was a field close to the sea-side. They were marching in the line of the water, at some distance from it. He resolved to give them an order to march directly towards the water, and see how far they would go. The men are marching along. "Halt, company!" says the captain. In a moment they halt. "Right face!" is the next word, and instantly they wheel round. "Forwart march!" is then the order, in the captain's broken English. At once they begin to march directly towards the water; on they go, nearer and nearer to it. Soon they reach the edge of the water. Then there is a sudden halt. "Vat for you stop? I no say halt!" cried the captain. "Why, captain, here is the water," said one of the men. "Vell, vot of it?" cried he greatly excited; "water is nothing; fire is nothing; everything is nothing; ven I say forwart march, den you must forwart march." The captain was right; the first duty of a soldier is to learn to obey. Obstacles are no reason for disobeying.

**AN UNWILLING JUROR.**

A New Hampshire judge has in his possession the following letter sent to him by an old farmer who had been notified that he had been drawn as a juror for a certain term of court:

"Dear Judge: I got your letter tellin' me to come to manchester an' do dooty on the jury an I rite you these fue lines to let you know that you'll have to git some one else for it ain't so that I kin leave home now. I got to do some butcherin' an' sort over a lot of apples just about the time the jury will be settin' in your court. Si Jackman of this town says that he would as soon as not go, fer he ain't nothin' else to do jes now, so you better send fer him. I hate the worst way to to obldge you, but it ain't so I kin at present. Anyhow I ain't much on the law, never havin' been a jooryman 'ceptin' when old Bud Stiles got killed by the care here some years ago when I was one that set on the boddy with the Koroner. So you better send fer Si Jackman, fer he has got some kin in manchester he wants to visit anyhow, an' he'd be willin' to go fer his car fare there an' back. Ancer back if you want Si."—Lippincott's.

**SEAL HUNTING.**

(From Outing)

Hunting the seal from the icy storm-swept coast of Newfoundland is not sport; it is toil, whereby, in part, the Newfoundlanders win his scanty measure of bread. The hunt is a slaughter, dull and bloody—a leap into the whining, scurrying pack and the swinging and thrust of an iron shod gaff; a merciless raining of blows, with a silent waste of ice, all splashed red, at the end of it. There is no sport in this, nor is there any fear of hurt, for the harp

**THE EDITOR'S BRAIN.**

Did Not Work Well Under Coffee.

A brain worker's health is often injured by coffee, badly selected food and sedentary habits. The experience of the Managing Editor of one of the most prosperous newspapers in the Middle West, with Postum Food Coffee illustrates the necessity of proper feeding for the man who depends on his brain for living.

"Up to three years ago," writes this gentleman, "I was a heavy coffee drinker. I knew that it was injuring me. It directly affected my stomach and I was threatened with chronic dyspepsia. It was my wife persuaded me to try Postum Food Coffee. The good results were so marked that I cannot say too much for it. When first prepared I did not fancy it, but inquiry developed the fact that cook had not boiled it long enough, so next time I had it properly made and was charmed with it. Since that time coffee has had no place on my table save for guests. Both myself and wife are fond of this new cup which 'cheers but does not inebriate' in a much truer and siter sense than coffee. My stomach has resumed its normal functions and I am now well and strong again mentally and physically.

"I am confident that coffee is a poison to many stomachs, and I have recommended Postum with great success to a number of my friends who were suffering from the use of coffee. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

seal pleads and whines like a child, even while the gaff is falling, but the chase is beset with multitudinous and dreadful dangers which are seldom foreshadowed and are past all fending off perils so vast and uncompromising and wilful that escape from their descent is by the veriest chance.

The wind gathers the ice into floes and jams it against the coast, an immeasurable, jagged expanse of it, interspersed with plains; then the Newfoundlanders takes his gaff and his 'grab' and his goggles and set out from his little harbor, making the start at midnight, that he may come up with the pack at dawn. But the wind which sweeps the ice in inevitably sweeps it out again, without warning, in an hour, or a day, or a week, nor does it pause to consider the situation of the men, who are twenty miles off shore; it veers and freshens and drives the whole mass, grinding and heaving, far out to sea, where it disperses it into its separate fragments.

The lives of the hunters depend upon the watchfulness of the attenuated line of lookouts, from the women on the head to the first sentinel within signalling distance.

**BURYING ON TRIAL.**

(The Baillie.)

A Blairgowrie man had married a native of Kirkcaldy. Some years later, when the woman was dying, she said to her husband; "John, I've been a good wife to you, and I want you to do me a favor."

"Weel, 'owan, what is it."

"Weel, John, it's jist this, that ye'll bury me among my ain folk at Kirkcaldy."

"Hoots, 'owan, it canna be; I tell you it canna be."

"Weel, John, if ye dinna tak' me to Kirkcaldy, I'll haunt ye; my speerit'll haunt ye."

"Aweel, if oit comes to that, 'oman I'll hae to do it; but I'll try ye in Blairgowrie first."

**TEN LITTLE PUMPKINS.**

Ten little pumpkins sitting on a vine; Through the fence a cow's head came, then there were nine.

Nine little pumpkins growing near the gate; Over one a wagon rolled, then there were eight.

Eight little pumpkins growing round and even; Baby thought he'd found a ball, then there were seven.

Seven little pumpkins with the tall weeds mix; Along came the gardener's hoe, then there were six.

Six little pumpkins left to grow and thrive; On one the pony stepped, then there were five.

Five little pumpkins where ten grew before; One withered in the sun, then there were four.

Four little pumpkins, green as green can be; Johnny made a lantern, then there were three.

Three big green pumpkins; then said little Sue, "Make me a lantern, please," then there were two.

Two yellow pumpkins ripened in the sun; Aunt Mary took one home, then there was but one.

One ripe pumpkin, largest of the many, Robbie found for grandma, then there wasn't any. —Youth's Companion.

**SOME BRITISH BIRDS DYING OUT.**

Every bird has his day, apparently, and the day of several birds once common enough in this country seems to have arrived. For instance, the fat bustard is now practically extinct. This bird much resembles a fat Christmas turkey, and at one time was easily enough found; now there are many naturalists who would give £50 for one. The golden eagle is another beautiful bird that has become very rare in the country; in desolate parts of Ireland and Scotland it is still to be met with occasionally, but the young gemina in these parts are ever on the lookout for the eggs of the bird, and usually know where to find them, with the result that the beautiful bird is becoming scarcer every year. The raven is also rapidly dying out of existence, as is also the golden-bird. Bird snaring and nest robbing are largely accountable for the disappearance of many beautiful British birds.—London 'Tattler'.

**FREE GIFT.**

An eminent specialist, well known in all sections of North America, who has written some of the most valuable medical books of the present day has decided to give away, absolutely free of charge, a limited number of one of his best publications. This book, which represents the study of many years, is one of the best works ever gotten out by its author. No pains or expense were spared to make it all that he desired, and he now presents it, as a free gift to humanity, to all who desire it.

The book deals with Indigestion and enters fully into its causes and its cure. To any one who has any form of stomach trouble this book will prove valuable beyond words. In fact, it is written expressly for all Dyspepsia sufferers, to guide them back to health. Every page is full of profitable information. From beginning to end it is bright, readable and—best of all—helpful. Years of medical and scientific research give its statements authority and weight. A heart keenly sensitive to the sufferings of mankind lends sympathy and friendliness to every line.



So complete is this book that it starts where digestion begins, with the salivary glands. The section on the stomach includes a separate very instructive treatise on the gastric glands. The functions of the liver and bowels are fully described, and the effect of dyspepsia on the heart and nerves is made plain in an interesting manner. Fine pictures adorn the pages, carefully drawn by skillful artists. Altogether it is an ideal medical work for family use.

**Send For It At Once.**

Do not pass by this generous offer. Dr. Sproule wants every victim of Dyspepsia to have the book because it will positively help all who suffer from this painful ailment. Thousands have been cured by the information contained between its covers. It was written to teach people what they ought to know about their digestive organs, if they desire to be well and happy. It is offered you in sincerity and friendliness, and it will give you that priceless gift—perfect health.

Write the name and address plainly on the dotted lines cut out and send to Dr. Sproule, B. A., English Specialist (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland formerly Surgeon British Royal Service) 7 to 13 Deane St., Boston.

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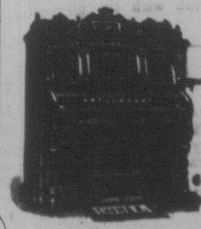
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