

**This and That**

**THE SUCCESSION.**

"Of course," said the bachelor thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as a joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."

"True; but the scepter passes from one to another."

"How?"

"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again."

"She keeps it forever?"

"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."—Ex.

**GROWING SUSPICIOUS.**

"I wonder who it was that said politeness doesn't cost anything," said Farmer Cortnessel.

"Don't you believe it?"

"Well, I have my doubts. Whenever I go to town and some stranger is especially polite to me I always feel as if it were liable to cost me anywhere from \$1 to \$75, according to how much I happen to have."—Ex.

**A SNUG FIT.**

An English tourist in the highlands tells the following amusing story: He was travelling one day last summer by rail in the north of Scotland, and at one of the stations four farmers entered the train. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the one side of the compartment.

At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, cadaverous individual with about the girth of a lamp post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, and finding it a difficult operation he said to one of them: "Excuse me, sir; you must move up a bit. Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to act of parliament you are only entitled to eighteen inches of space."

"Aye, aye, my friend," replied the farmer: "that's a very good for you that's been built that way, but ye canna blame me if I ha'n been constructit according to act of parliament!"

**"COME HOME."**

A poor woman lost her only daughter in the vicious whirlpool of London life. The girl left a pure home, to be drawn into the gulf of guilty misery and abandonment. The mother, with a breaking heart, went to Dr. Barnado, and telling him the story, asked if he could do anything to find the lost one. He said:

"Yes, I can. Get your photograph taken, frame a good many copies, write under the picture, 'Come Home,' and send them to me."

Dr. Barnado sent the photographs to the gin palaces, dance halls, and other places which wretched outcasts are in the habit of frequenting, and got them hung in conspicuous places. One night, the girl, with some companions in sin, as she entered one of these dens of iniquity, saw her mother's picture. Struck with astonishment, she looked closely at it, and saw

**ALLURING COFFEE.**

Nearly Killed the Nurse.

When one of the family is sick, Mother seems to be the only person who can tenderly nurse the patient back to health. But we forget sometimes that it pretty hard on Mother.

Mrs. Propet of Albany, Ore., says:—"About twenty-seven months ago, Father suffered with a stroke of paralysis, confining to his bed for months, and as he wished Mother with him constantly, his care in a great measure fell to her lot. She was seventy-four years old, and through constant attendance upon my father, lost both sleep and rest, and began drinking coffee in quantities until finally she became very weak, nervous and ill herself."

By her physician's order, she began giving Father both Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts, and in that way began using both herself. The effect was very noticeable. Father improved rapidly, and Mother regained her strength and health, and now both are well and strong. Mother says it is all due to the continued use of both Postum and Grape-Nuts."

the invitation, "Come Home," written underneath. To whom was it addressed? To her? Yes. She saw by that token she was forgiven, and that night she returned to her mother's arms just as she was. This is God's loving cry to every wanderer, "Come Home."—Selected.

**NOT MY BUSINESS.**

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused. After being further pressed he said:

"Gentlemen, it is not my business."

A few days after his wife and daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage with liveried attendants he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Hark! Did some one say, "accident?"

There are twenty-five railroads centering in St. Louis. If there has been an accident it is not likely it has happened on the — and Mississippi railroad. Yet it troubles him.

It is his "business" now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and upon inquiry he finds it has occurred twenty miles distant, on the — and Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent:

"I will give you \$500 for an extra engine."

The answer flashes back: "No."

"I will give you \$1,000 for an engine."

"A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no other."

With white face and anxious brow the man pressed to the station and walked to and fro. That is his business. In half an hour, perhaps, which seemed to him like half a century, the train arrived. He hurried towards it, and in the tender found the mangled and lifeless remains of his wife and daughters. In the car following lay his other daughter, with her ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whiskey, which was drunk fifty miles away by a railroad employee, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dares to say of this tremendous question: "It is not my business?"—The Free Press.

**FATHER MATHEW'S TACT.**

The southern love of music clings to the Irish peasant. When for any purpose he and his fellows are organized, he is nothing without a band. I can remember well how, in the far-off days of Father Mathew's Temperance movement every temperance association prided itself upon its band.

Father Mathew encouraged this artistic feeling, and was very patient with the defects of execution which occasionally followed even the most musical intentions. He was entertained once at a tea-meeting in a small country town. There was a band, and the band struck up for his gratification an air from one of Moore's melodies. Father Mathew made every expression of delight. There was a pause, and then the band began again the same air. Another pause, and still the same familiar tune.

One of the guests to whom no particular reflection had occurred, suggested in an ill-starred moment that Father Mathew should be allowed to select his own favorite air for the next performance. The good father had, however, long since grasped the full meaning of the situation. He rose and smiled his sweet, winning smile, and declared that he liked so much the air he had just been listening to, that for his part he would prefer to hear that, and nothing but that, for the whole evening.

Dear Father Mathew, how he won the hearts of that orchestra; how he softened away all difficulties, and relieved all distressed minds! The band was made up of very young men; it had been practising but a short time, and rose to the performance of only one single air. Father Mathew had guessed this almost from the first, and made things pleasant for every one.—Justin McCarthy.

The observance of the 30th anniversary of the Bodleian library at Oxford University will begin on Thursday. Among the honorary degrees to be conferred is that of doctor of civil law on Lord Strathcona.

**Few People Realize**

The Danger in That Common Disease, Catarrh.

Because catarrhal diseases are so common and because catarrh is not rapidly fatal, people, too often overlook and neglect it until some incurable ailment develops as a result of the neglect.

The inflamed condition of the membrane of the nose and throat makes a fertile soil for the germs of Pneumonia and Consumption, in fact catarrhal pneumonia and catarrhal consumption are the most common forms of these dreaded diseases which annually cause more than one quarter of the deaths in this country.

Remedies for catarrh are almost as numerous as catarrh sufferers but very few have any actual merit as a cure, the only good derived being simply a temporary relief.

There is, however, a very effective remedy recently discovered which is rapidly becoming famous for its great value in relieving and permanently curing all forms of catarrhal diseases, whether located in the head, throat, lungs or stomach.

This new catarrh cure is principally composed of a gum derived from the Eucalyptus tree, and this gum possesses extraordinary healing and antiseptic properties. It is taken internally in the form of a lozenge or tablet, pleasant to the taste and so harmless that little children take them with safety and benefit.

Eucalyptus oil and the bark are some times used but are not so convenient nor so palatable as the gum.

Undoubtedly the best quality is found in Stuart's Catarrh Tablets which may be found in any drug store and any catarrh sufferer who has tried douches, inhalants and liquid medicines, will be surprised at the rapid improvement after a few days' use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets which are composed of the gum of the Eucalyptus tree, combined with other antiseptics which destroy the germs of catarrh in the blood and expel the catarrhal poison from the system.

Dr. Ramsdell in speaking of Catarrh and its cure says: "After many experiments I have given up the idea of curing catarrh by the use of inhalers, washes, salves or liquid medicines. I have always had the best results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; the red gum and other valuable antiseptics contained in these tablets make them, in my opinion, far superior to any of the numerous catarrh remedies so extensively advertised. The fact that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold in drug stores, under protection of a trademark, should not prejudice conscientious physicians against them because their undoubted merit and harmless character make them a remedy which every catarrh sufferer may use with perfect safety and the prospect of a permanent cure."

For colds in the head, for coughs, catarrhal deafness and catarrh of the stomach and liver, people who have tried them say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are a household necessity.

The National Council of Evangelical Free Churches has sent an identical letter to Premier Balfour, all the members of the house of Commons and all the members of the house of lords, appealing for the withdrawal of the government education bill. At the same time the council has issued a manifesto to non-conformists, offering to enroll the names of all those who are willing to refuse to pay the school rates.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

Henry I. Toews, a Mennonite school teacher in Aitons, Manitoba, shot John Hiebert, Abraham Rempet and Peter Keller, school trustees, also three children, girls, 8, 10 and 13 years of age, and then shot himself after running a mile towards the railway station. The cause of the tragedy was some complaints about the teacher's management of the school. Toews, Rempet and Hiebert and two of the girls will die.

Messrs C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years. Yours Truly, J. B. LEVESQUE. St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1900.



**THAT'S THE SPOT!**

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A. CONNOR, Sec'y Ex. Com.

Wolfville, N. S., July 1.

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