A Complaint.

By Katharine N. Birdsall. I have a little brother boy, But he's so very small, I can't see what he's made for-He's just no good at all.

No one could call him handsome: He's only eight weeks old: He stays in bed most all the day. And doesn't like the cold.

He cannot talk as I can, Nor eat nice meat and bread: He cannot even walk around Or stand upon his head!

But what provokes me most is To hear him wail and cry; Then mamma hugs and kisses him And sings a hushaby.

But if I fall upon the floor And hurt my precious head, Nurse says, "You are too big to cry-I'll put you right to bed!"

And I am only three years old, With lovely ourly hair-

a only cry for kisses; Now, do you think it's fair? -The Outlook.

Trade No. 47-The Samsons. By Harriet Caryl Cox.

The little town of Kentville was go-Ing to celebrate, and that in great style. It hadn't been growing steadily since its start 50 years ago, and outstripped all the adjoining towns for nothing. Indeed, it was going to show the country how the thing ought to done. The great feature of the celebration was to be a trades' pro-

For months previous, the merchants and tradesmen had been planning all sorts of floats and unique ideas whereby to illustrate their own particular business, and as the time drew near a general air of mystery and suppressed excitement pervaded the place. The members of the committee on the procession became men of importance, for they alone knew what the refeatures were to be, and to them all must apply for position in the procession.

"And it's got to be something pretty good, too, else they won't let you be torn and ragged, holding the placard: In it at all," said Eddie Marks, the "Before Mending." Beside her, in neatbutcher's son, as he unfolded portions ly patched apron, another, bearing of his father's secret to Jesse Samson, the words: as they sat on the back door-step

and talked the matter over. It wouldn't do to tell everybody what on his arm, smiled down upon the up-Eddie had just confided, for there was turned faces of the crowds. a big prize offered for the best feature,

interested on-looker. He might have had if his father how splendid his father would have giggle from someone in the crowd. looked in that procession. He was got an invention once, only somehow at the very last some one else managed to get a patent on the same thing, and that had spoiled it all.

That was just the way it had always been. Nothing seemed to go just right with the Samsons, but they should some day, Jesse determined, as, with sudden resolve, he took up the empty, basket and started for home.

He was the man of the family now, and by the time the town was 75 years old, he'd be a big man and he'd be in the procession, and have something that would outdo everything

He'd have 25 years to think of it in, and he guessed he could manage something pretty good in that time. But 25 years was a pretty long time to wait. He just wished he was big in the chorus, and now the decision enough to be in it now.

Well-wasn't he? The idea struck him suddenly and he put down the basket and sat on heavily. Wasn't he big enough? The conditions didn't say anything about age. He pulled out the printed circular that had been sent around, and slowly unfolded it. He was in no haste.-It was pleasant to think of and there was no hurry to be dis-

Down the creased page his dirty finger went-"Conditions!-Any citizen of Kentville"-

Yes-he was a citizen, of course, Hadn't he been born there twelve years ago

'Engaged in any business." Well, he was, that is, his mother was, and that was the same thing, he'd represent her, and it was part of the business, after all, to go for and carry home the clothes, just as much as the milkman delivering milk. In that case the cow was really engaged in the business, and the milkman was

the same as he, the carrier.

Yes, that was all right. "Must apply," etc. No, there was nothing about Well, then why wasn't it all right?

He just guessed he'd see about it at once and make no mistake, so with his basket swung over his shoulder, he started off for the office of the They were holding a meeting, and

when finally Jesse was admitted his courage had sunk pretty low, for they all looked so important. And there was rich Mr. Foster who was so particular, and whom everyone tried to please, and he looked sharply at Jesse as he stood twisting his cap and wish-But finally when he managed to tell

If you want to preserve raw, or injured by colds and shares the bed of the brothers or male portion of the family. coughs. Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, will branes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an or-

dinary cold. 50 cents and \$1.00 BOSTE & BOWNE, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

his story and how he wanted to be in the procession too, it was Mr. Fos-ter himself who had listened gravely the petition and who checked the smiles of the others, and said slowly, The boy is perfectly right, we can not debar him, nor would we if we

could. This had settled it, for while the others suggested that Jesse could do nothing worthy of the procession, Mr. Foster had smiled and said, "Well, let the boy try, and we'll see what he

And then there was nothing more to be said. He was given the position in the procession, and then he ran home somewhat but decidedly jubilant. Now he could be mysterious, too, and he wouldn't tell a soul, except his mo-ther, of course, and she wasn't exactly anyone else. No, he wouldn't even tell one word to Eddie Marks. He'd surprise everybody. Of course, he wasn't trying for the prize. Everybody would understand that.

He would just be in the procession, that was all. He owed that to the town; of course, he did. And then, perhaps, it would let folks know what his mother did. She hadn't had very much work lately. This would sort of advertise it, you know. Anyway, he would be in the procession, a part of Over the hills and far away—

it, and that was the main thing. It was a great day for Kentville, Never had there been anything like the decorations, the gayly dressed crowds, the bands of music and the general air of celebration.

The great event of the day was the procession, of course, and there was intense interest as feature after feature neared the judges' stand and passed on through the cheering crowds. Suddenly down the line there was laughing and cheering from the standers. The people craned their necks to see what new conceit was coming. It was an odd affair, strangely out of place with what had gone

A hay-cart, drawn by two slow-moving oxen. Supported by the poles at the four corners, in big black letters on a long strip of cotton cloth, extending around the cart, ran these

"The Samsons. Washing and Ironing. Mending Neatly Done. Er-

rands Run." Jesse drove. At the front end, Mrs. Samson stood at the wash-tub, her bare arms glistening in the suds from the clothes she was washing. From a line, spotless shirts and handkerchiefs swung in the warm air. At the other end stood two little girls, with bright, happy faces. One with apron and dress torn and ragged, holding the placard: "After Mending." Beside these, little Tom, in a pair of faded blue overalls, and an empty basket

A hush followed the first laugh and but then it didn't matter any if he cheer. Men looked once, then turned told Jesse. Jesse was only the washer- away. Tears came into the eyes of woman's boy anyway, and he had no many as the bright-faced little group Interest in the procession, save as an moved slowly onward, and then paused for a moment before the judges' stand. A stately figure in front slowly arose had lived, for he, too, would have been and a gray head was uncovered. In a In the procession, Jesse was sure, And moment not a man but held his hat in he sighed a little sigh as he thought his hand. There was a hysterical Jesse turned toward the stand. "You such a big man and he had such a see I did it!" he cried, with a glad

Jolly laugh, and he'd be sure to get laugh. Then as if suddenly rememthe prize for he was always doing bering that he was part of the processmart things. He had almost sion, and not Jesse Samson the boy, at all, he jerked his head back, fixed his eyes straight ahead, and gave the oxen a gentle cut with the whip. With a lurch, the cart started again, while a gaily-equipped float with

gauzy angels and golden cherubs, took its place. So on, and on, the procession passed, till finally the last number had been taken by the clerk and the committee retired to consult. The town hall was crowded to suffocation. The Governor was there and had made some very mentary remarks, and had been enthusiastically cheered. A quartet had sung an original song composed by the town poet, and the whole audience had patriotically sung "Amer-

Jesse and his small sisters, crowded into the very back seat, had joined of the judges was to be rendered. There was a hush as Mr. Foster stepped to the front of the platform. "In coming to its decision," he said, "the committee has taken into consideration the appropriateness of each feature, that is, the truth to life of the thing represented. There have been many unique and beautiful trade pictures today, but by the unanimous vote of the committee, the prize is

awarded-Here his keen eyes swept the hall, while one could hear the quick breathing of the anxious crowd. "The prize is awarded," raising his

voice a little, "to Trade Number 47— The Samsons." The instant's hush was broken by a burst of applause. Then as the hand of the chairman was raised to enjoin silence, a boyish voice was heard to exclaim: "Why, do you s'pose that means us, Tom?"-Interior.

Courtship Among the Boers.

The Forum. Courting among the race is a novel proceeding. A young man, having, of tron course, asked permission of his father to court the hand and heart of some | band." neighboring damsel-by neighboring I mean anywhere within 50 miles-proceeds to purchase the most loudly colored and decorated saddle cloth for his horse that he can possibly find. He be if you had anything to tell a bad will spend large sums on this article egg, why, break it gently." of equine adornment, and one knowing the country can never mistake a young Boer going out courting. Mounted on the house of the father of his lady-love. Unlike the youth of more civilized life, he avoids the lady and seeks her father, from whom he reverentially asks permission to court his daughter. consults his vrou, and the youth joins school inspector, finding a class hesi-The old man returns no answer, but

the young folks. No more notice is taken of him during the day, but if his request be agreeable to the parents, when the hour for retiring comes, the mother solemnly apples, don't cause a break approaches the young man and maiden in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there.

apples, don't cause a break with a long tallow candle in her hand, This she places on the table, lights, and bidding the couple an affectionate good-night, retires. This is the silent So the germs of consump- signal to the lover that his suit is suction find good soil for work
when the lining of the throat
when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made herself and her sisters, and the youth the fill of the small jug of milk."

IT COSTS 75 CENTS.

heal inflamed mucus mem- The Only Remedy in Existence Which Will Cure Rheumatism in One to Three

Days-Is Within the Reach of All. South American Rheumatic Cure, for rheumatism and neuralgia, radically cures in one to three days. Its action mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents, --- When making purchases of merchants who advertise with us, you will confer a favor on this paper by mentioning that you saw the advertise. --- When making purchases of merchants who advertise with us, you will confer a favor on this paper by mentioning that you saw the advertise. --- When making purchases of merchants who advertise with us, you will confer a favor on this paper by mentioning that you saw the advertise.

Over the Hills.

Over the hills and far away. A little boy steals from his morning And under the blossoming apple-tree He lies and he dreams of the things to

Of battles fought and of victories Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great Of the valor that he shall prove son

day, Over the hills and far away— Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away It's, oh, for the toil the livelong day! But it mattereth not to the soul aflame With a love for riches and power and fame!

On, O man! while the sun is high-On to the certain joys that lie Yonder where blazeth the noon of day, Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away, An old man lingers at close of day; Now that his journey is almost done, His battles fought and his victories The oldtime honesty and truth

The truthfulness and the friends of Home and mother-where are they? Over the hills and far awav-Over the hills and far away! -Eugene Field.

La Tricoteuse

The fourteenth of July had come, And round the guillotine The thieves and beggars, rank by rank. Moved the red flags between.

A crimson heart upon a pole-The long march had begun, But still the little smiling child Sat knitting in the sun.

The red caps of those men of France Shook like a poppy field; Three women's heads with golden hair The standard-bearers wield. Cursing, with song, and battle-hymn, Five butchers dragged a gun; Yet still the little maid sat there, A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags, A broken throne and crown, A ragged coat upon a lance, Hung in foul black shreds down. 'More heads!" the seething rabble cry And now the drums begun; And still the little fair-haired child Sat knitting in the sun.

And every time a head rolled off, They rolled like winter seas. And, with a tossing up of caps, Shouts shook the Tuileries. Whiz-went the heavy chopper down, And then the drums begun But still the little smiling child Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong, And every man a sword: The red caps, with the tricolors, Led on the noisy horde. "The Sans Culottes today are strong," The gossips say, and run; But still the little maid sits there,

A-knitting in the sun. Then the slow death-cart moves along And, singing patriot songs, A pale, doomed poet bowing comes And cheers the swaying throngs. Oh, when the axe swept shining down, The mad drums all begun; But, smiling still, the little child

Sat knitting in the sun. 'Le Marquis!"-Ilnen snowy white, The powder in his hair, Waving his scented handkerchief, Looks down with careless stare. A whir, a chop-another head-Hurrah! the work's begun; But still the little child sat there,

A-knitting in the sun. A stir, and through the parting crowd, The people's friends are come Marat and Robespierre-"Vivat! Roll thunder from the drum."
The one a wild beast's hungry eve, Hair tangled-hark! a gun! The other kindly kissed the child

A-knitting in the sun. 'And why not work all night?" the child Said, to the knitters there; Oh, how the furies shook their sides, And tossed their grizzled hair!

Then clapped a bonnet rouge on her, And cried-"Tis well begun!" And laughed to see the little child Knit, smiling in the sun.

—George W. Thornbury.

"Did you marry your ideal?" asked a new acquaintance of a bright ma-"Mercy, no! I married my hus-

"Have you read that article on how to tell a bad egg?'
"No,I haven't; but my advice would

Elephant-Yes, I'd like to keep up with the times; but I can't afford it. his most spirited steed, he approaches It would bankrupt me to have to buy even a new spring overcoat. Giraffe-But think what it would cost me to wear standing collars.

> A Misunderstood Object Lesson-A tating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Samson slap the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his cheek and asked: "What is this?" The whole class-The jawbone of an ass.

> A woman visiting in Ireland was delighted with a certain hot cake served at breakfast. From the native cook of her hostess she duly got the "You must take more than receipt: you think of flour, ma'am, just what you'd know of butter, the slightest taste in life of baking powder, and

Jim's Diplomacy-"Here, Jim, take these two cakes and give the smaller one to your brother." James examined the cakes carefully, appeared undecided, and finally took a herioc bite out of one of them, which he passed over to his brother, with the remark: "There, Tommy, I've made smaller one; they were both the same size."

Teacher-I should like some scholar

Best for Wash Day makes clothes sweet, clean, white, with the least Best for

before his house, he threw down the reins and they all alighted." Teacher-Well, Johnnie, how would

labor.

simple, you see.

you express it? Scholar-The reins descended and the Floods came.

Professor A .- Do you know, I find it difficult to tell the ages of my chil-Professor B .- I have no such trouble. I was born 2,300 years after Socrates; my wife 1,800 years after the death of Tiberius Caesar; our son John 2,000 years after the entrance into Rome of Titus Sempronius Gracfor the re-enactment of the "leges Liciniae," and our Amanda 1,500 years after the beginning of the Folk-wandering. That is perfectly

A young woman from out of town went to a tea among the literary set recently. She was introduced to a whole roomful of people, and after ward she went about trying to call everybody by his right and proper name-she rather prides herself or that sort of thing, you know. She remembered an amazing number of names, but when she came to one distinguished looking man she paused in despair.

"I know eyerybody else's name," she said, "but when I try to remember yours I am completely at sea.' "Then you're not far wrong," said the distinguished looking man. "My name is Atwater.'

A NEW SUNDAY DRESS

Cost Only Ten Cents.

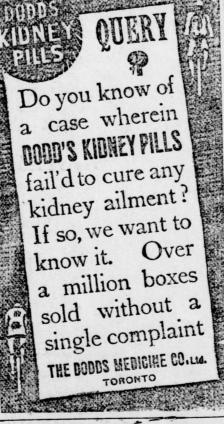
A lady who understands the use and value of Diamond Dyes writes as follows: "I had a Hight blue dress, made of expensive material, but so light in shade that it faded quickly. It was too good to be cast aside, so one evening I took it to a dyeing establishment, and was surprised when they told me they would dye it some dark color for \$2. I did not care for dark colors, so I took it home again. The next day I bought a package of Diamond Dye, and colored it a beautiful cardinal red, and it now looks just like new, so that

Virtues of the Apple.

and it only cost ten cents.

now have a new dress for Sundays,

The apple is such a common fruit hat very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up; but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. is not all. The apple helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best-known preventives of diseases of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge.-Dr. G. R. Searles, in Detroit Bulletin of Pharmacy.



Calekly, Thoroughly, Forever Cured

by a new perfected scientific method that sid. You feel improved the first day, feel a benefit every day, soon know yourself a king among men in body, mind and heart. Drains and losses ended. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will energy, brain power, when failing or lost are restored by this treatment. All small and weak portions of the body enlarged and strengtheacd. Victims of abuses and excesses, reclaim your manhood! Sufferers from folly, overwork, early errors, ill health, regain your vigor! Don't despair, even if in the last stages. Don't be disheartened if quacks have robbed you. Let us show you that me-dical science and business honor still exist; here go hand in hand. Write for our book with explanations and proofs. Sent sealed, free Over 2,000 references. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

-- When making purchases of mer-



On a Hot Day A drink brewed with Stower's Lime Juice Cordial

is most refreshing. STOWER'S has no musty flavor.

Hobbs Mfg. Company

Free samples from your grocer.

CUT GLASS CIGAR SIGNS, PATENT MEDICINE ADS,

Glass Paper Weights,

remark-

able lasting

properties make

SURPRISE most

Every Day

economical and

Gold Lettered Glass Signs for Windows,

Flavor

T. R. F. CASE, SEAFORTH Break Up a Cold in Time BY USING

PYNY-PECTORAL The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRON-

CHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc. Mas. Joseph Norwick,
of 68 Sorghem Ave., Toronto, writes:
"Proy-Pectoral has never felled to cure
my children of orony after a few doses. It
cured myself of a long-standing cough after
saveral other remedies had falled. It has
also proved ab excellent cough cure for my
fauxly. I prefer it to any other medicine
for doughs, though or hourseless."

H. Q. BARBOUR, of Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "As a cure for coughs Pyny-Pectoral is best aciling medicine I have; my cus-mers will have no other." Large Bottle, 25 Cts. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Proprietors, MONTREAL

Sturtevant House Broadway and 29th St., New York.

HENRY J. BANG, Proprietor. Rooms with board, \$2 50 per day and up- TORONTO and HAMILTON Rooms without board \$1 and upwards. Most central in the city: near elevated roads, street car lines, principal places of amusement pusiness centers and large retail stores.

way cable cars passing the door, train parts of the city. STEAM HEAT.

YOUR WIFE Will soon go on her vacation, and in her absence it is not necessary for you to eat cold meals. Come to us and we will make special rates with you.

door, transfer to all

The Hub Dining-Rooms, Dundas Street. ywt A bargain in a 6-covers No. 9 new Jewel Hange with high shelf: bedroom suites, extension dining tables, chairs, springs grass matts. Call and get prices. Old furniture taken in exchange.

GEORGE PARISH, 355-357 Talbot St., south of King St.

MERCANTILE REPORTS. COLLECTIONS. Personal attention given to slow pay accounts

162 St. James Street, Montreal.

26 Front Street West, Toronto

Royal and United States Mail Steamers for Queenstown and Liverpool. BRITANNIC May 27, 12 noon

*MAJESTIC June 3, 12 noon

GERMANIC June 10, 12 noon

*TEUTONIC June 17, 12 noon

BRITANNIC June 24, 12 noon

*Superior second cabin accommodation en *Superior second cabin accommodation on these steamers.
From White Star dock, foot West Tenth St. Saloon rates—On Teutonic and Majestic, \$30 and upwards; second cabin rates, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45; round trip. \$78 40 to \$88 90, according to location of berth. Saloon rates on Germanic and Britannic, \$60 and upwards. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Steerage at lowest rates. Company's office, 41 Breadway, New York.
For further information apply to

EDWARD DE LA HOOKE SOLE AGENT FOR LONDON. "Clock," corner Richmond and Dundas

Navigation and Railways.

Mirrors of Every Description.

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, Calling at Moville.

Parisian.....
*Laurentian... Passengers can embark at Montreal the

Passengers can embark at Montreal the previous evening after 7.

"The Laurentian carries first cabin passengers only from this side. The Mongolian and Numidian will not stop at Rimouski or Moville. New York to Glasgow, Nebraska, May 29, State of California, June 12. RATES OF PASSAGE. First cabin Derry and Liverpool, \$50 and up-wards; return \$100 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, \$30. Steerage, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, at lowest rates everything found.

rates, everything found. AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, "Cleck" corner Richmond and Dundas, Thos. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas stress, and F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street.

TORONTO to) MONTREAL S

RETURN, - - \$10 (Including meals and berths). These special low rates are in effect only from May 1 to June 20, and after tept. 1. Steamers leave Toronto Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3 p.m. For tickets and to secure berths apply

FRANK B. CLARKE, Sole agent, 416 Richmond street, next "Advertiser" Office. ywt

CANADA'S FAVORITE TRIP THE LIGHTHOUSE SUPPLY

STR. ACADIA _LEAVES_

-ON OR ABOUT-MONDAY, JULY 6th. calling at all Canadian ports on Lakes Erie, Huron, Georgian Bay and Superior, giving tourists ample time to view the places of interest.

35 DAYS FOR \$55 The steamer is newly furnished and lighted throughout with electricity.

For further particulars apply to
R. O. & A. B. MACKAY, Hamilton.

AMERICAN LINE. New York-Southampton (London-Paris). Twin screw U. S. mail steamships. Sailing at 10 a.m. First cabin \$85 and upwards; second cabin \$60 to \$60.

NEW YORK May 27 | BERLIN June 6

ST. LOUIS June 2 | ST. PAUL June 10 RED STAR LINE.

New York to Antwerp.

I. cabin \$65 and upwards: II. cabin \$45 to \$66.

KENSINGTON....Wed., May 27, 10:30 a.m.

WESTERNLAND.....Wed., June 3, noon.

BERLIN........Saturday, June 6, 10 a.m.

SOUTHWARK....Wed., June 10, 9:30 a.m.

International Navigation Company.

Pier-14. North River. Office-6 Bowling

Green. N. Y. Agents-Thos. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets; E.

De la Hooke, corner Richmond and Dundas

streets; F.B.Clarke, 416 Richmond St., London

LONDON -TO-CLEVELAND AND RETURN, Via the elegant electric-lighted STFAMER MELBOURNE and the L. E. and D. R. R. Train leaves G. T. R. depot 7 p.m. Saturday.

Boat leaves same evening.

On the return trip the boat will leave Cleveland I p.m. Monday, giving passengers a day-light sall across the lake. Tickets can be had from Frank B. Clarke, Richmond street, next "Advertiser": De la Hooke's, "Clock" corner, and G. T. R. depot. L. E. & D. R. R.

DAYLIGHT SAIL.

PORT STANLEY

Monday, May 25. FARE FOR ROUND TRIP 30 CENTS Trains leave London 10:05 and 10:30 a.m., 1:10, 2:30 and 7 p.m. Returning leave Port Stanley, 1. 4:45 6:46 and 10 p.m.