

FLASHES OF FUN.

'The politician that prees as the man with the bar,' said the Corned Philosopher, 'is apt to be really the man with the ax to grind.'

'A true poet writes poetry because he can't help it.'

'Oh, no; a true poet writes poetry because nobody can stop him.'

Miss Johnson—Oh, yes; he fell in love with me at sight. It was at the market ball you know.

Miss Jackson—Um! Now I understand how you were disguised?

Old plow horse—How do you like these automobiles?

Thrashing machine—Pooh; they make as much fuss as I do, and hain't got a bushel of wheat to show for it yet.

Mrs. Popley (excitedly)—Run! run! run for the doctor, Job; baby has swallowed that quarter you gave him to play with.

Mr. Popley—O! never mind. It was only a plugged quarter, anyway.

Nell—She was very popular at the shore this summer, I understand. At least, the men seemed to like her.

Belle—Yes—the designing thing! She went around boasting that she didn't care for ice cream or soda water.

Mr. Knowsitt—A thunderstorm is a valuable sanitary agent. It purifies things generally.

Mr. Seesit—That's so. When we had the last one the lightning struck a glue factory and three Chinese restaurants.

'Remember,' said Sen. Sorghum, impressively, 'that a high official is merely a servant of the public.'

'Yes,' answered Miss Cayenne; 'but some of them are of the kind of servants who go home every night and carry a big market basket with them.'

'Yes, sir, my father was one of the very ablest members of the community.'

'And your great grandfather?'

'He was a noble man, too.'

'Then, of course, you must be a firm believer in the theory that inherited talents are dead certain to skip every other generation.'

The guest at the expensive hotel had been overcome by the heat and the sight of the bill combined, and was lying on the marble floor of the office.

'Stand back,' exclaimed someone, 'and give him air!'

'No!' gasped the guest, temporarily reviving. 'Put it in the bill. I'm willing to pay for it!'

In the parlor a venerable old man accosted us.

'What a dreary world this would be,' he fervently exclaimed, 'if miss did not rhyme with kiss and kisses with Mrs.!''

Then he waved our hand and turned away.

Upon inquiry we learned that the man had been a humorous poet, whom the luxurious living incidental to his calling had driven mad.

Sure Enough.

A busy merchant, who had not taken a vacation for four years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two, and started for the mountains.

When about a day's journey from home he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

Dear Frank: Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unhurt. Come home at once.

MARIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

Dear Maria: What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you, and don't worry.

Affectionately, FRANK.

The Wisdom of Paul.

'Who was the wisest man?' asked the Sunday school teacher of Little Willie.

'Paul,' answered Willie in a tone that indicated familiarity with the subject.

'No,' said the teacher. 'Solomon was the wisest man.'

'Well,' replied the youthful student, 'my pa says Paul was the wisest cause he never got married.'

Sorry He Got Out Again.

Beerbohm Tree, the playwright, is accredited with the following rather smart take-down on a brother actor:

'I see you are getting on fairly well,' Tree remarked.

'Fairly? I am getting on very well. I played Hamlet for the first time last night. You can see by the paper's growing criticisms how well I got on.'

'I have not read them,' replied Tree quietly; 'but I was there.'

'Oh you were? Well, you noticed how awfully everything went off. Of course I made a bungle of one part by falling into Ophelia's grave; but I think the audience even appreciated that.'

'I know they did,' said Tree with a slight smile. 'But they were frightfully sorry when you got out again.'

Tragedy of the Typos.

He had not the look of a poet, and as a matter of fact he had never mistrusted before that he was one. But he loved a girl, and love makes poets of us all.

'Here,' he said, offering a folded sheet of paper to the editor, 'is a little thing I have written, and I thought perhaps you would like to print it. I don't care for any pay. Let me read it to you:—

Lines to Laura.

'Ah, heartless girl! If you were like your kind mother, I too—'

'Never mind,' the editor interrupted. 'I will look it over at my leisure, and if I can use it I will do so.'

There was a 'wild hunt' look in his eyes when he rushed into the office the next morning and dropped down on the chair that the editor pushed forward. After he had panted for a moment he said:—

'I am—here is my card.'

'Oh, yes,' the editor said, 'I remember you. You're the young man who brought a poem. I think it was the man in the paper this morning, wasn't it?'

'Yes—it was—' the poet said between his gasps. 'You remember that it was headed, "Lines to Laura," don't you?'

'Now that you call the matter to my mind, I do.'

'Well, Laura is not a fictitious name. Laura is really the name of the lady the lines were written for. I told Laura I was writing the poem; also I permitted Laura's mother to know about it. I love Laura. But let me read—no, don't be frightened—only two lines—as it appears in the paper:—

Lines to Laura.

'Ah, heartless girl! If you were like your kind mother, I too—'

After the editor had thought about it for a moment he asked:—

'What do you propose to do?'

'Run!' said the poet and he started at once.

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Points and Mount Points.

We are here to be educated and incidentally to be educators as well, if we possess the instinct of common gratitude.

Education presupposes mind, a supposition contrary to fact in some cases. 'I have shaken the napkin and find nothing in it,' said a distinguished educator to the parent of a youth who was represented as buying his 'lent in a napkin.'

'What I spent, I had; what I gave, I have; what I lent, I lost.' This is the sum of our spiritual ledger and cashbook, what ever forced balances we are tempted to make in the interests of self love and self deception.

Suburban Nerve.

Subbubs (sternly)—Bidget, didn't I tell you that if anyone came to borrow my lawnmower to say you didn't know where it was?

Bidget—Shure, 'hat's jist phwat Oi told th' gntlemin.'

Subbubs—And what did he say?

Bidget—He said he knew, an' wint down in the cellar an' got it!

Very Like Him.

The Photographer—'Here, sir, are the cabinets that your son ordered of me.'

The Father (regarding one)—'The picture is certainly very like him; and how he paid you?'

The Photographer—'No, Sir.'

The Father—'That is still more like him.'

Their Standing Assured.

She—Yes; I'm going to call on the new neighbors.

He—Why? Have you heard that they are good people?

She—I haven't heard anything about them, but three delivery wagons from the dry good stores stop in front of their house for every one that stops here.

Why, the Ideal.

At a 'stage' dinner given the other evening an old bachelor gave the following toast:

'Women, the morning star of infancy, the daystar of manhood, and the evening star of old age. Bless our stars—and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance.'

'Brevity is the Soul of Wit.'

Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

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Our American Alps.

There are many Americans who know the Alpine scenery of Europe better than that of their own country, simply because they never have taken the trouble to find out whether there is anything worth seeing in the way of mountain scenery on this side of the Atlantic. As a matter of fact, we have mountain ranges in this country which in height frequently excel the Alps, and in grandeur of scenery occasionally surpass them.

The height of certain nameless mountain ranges on the disputed border-land between Alaska and British Columbia is hypothetically given as nineteen thousand five hundred feet. Mt. St. Elias is more than eighteen thousand feet in height; and there are many peaks in the southern part of British Columbia which attain an altitude nearly equal to that of Mount Blanc. Mt. Whitney in California is higher than the Matterhorn; Blanca Peak in Colorado, Cerro Blanco in New Mexico, and Mt. Rainier in Washington, are very nearly as high.

Recent explorers from the Atlantic seaboard, which is distant but four days' travel from the heart of the alpine region, declare that when the remarkable beauty of the mountain scenery of British Columbia becomes more widely known, it will attract many visitors from among those who now habitually seek recreation in the 'play-ground of Europe.'

The scenery of these American mountains satisfies the aesthetic sense like that of the mountains of Switzerland and Italy; and the practical mountaineer finds that the greater stability of weather conditions makes climbing among the American mountains far easier than excursions undertaken among the Alps of the Old World.

Genuine Characteristics.

There is a man in Detroit who prides himself on looking like Napoleon, the chief point of resemblance being a lock of hair trained over his wrinkled brow 'a la Marguerite.'

The two jokers pretended not to see him as they passed into the club and sat with their backs to him.

'Oh, I don't know,' said one of them, as though continuing a conversation; 'I can't see anything grand, gloomy and peculiar about him.'

'None so blind—you know the rest of it, Grand diamond he wears. Heirloom, I believe. Nobody gloomier when he's stuck more than once in succession at a game, and nothing under the canopy of heaven so peculiar as his waddle when he's in hot pursuit of a street car.'

'But as to genius, mastery of men, soaring ambition, and all that?'

'Blank has them—has them in an innumerable form. But they have restricted fields of operation because of his environment. Did you ever see a brighter genius for working in, a more tyrannical mastery of the men who wait on him without tips, or a more soaring ambition to be regarded as something better than a cheap imitation of the mighty man of destiny?'

'Look out!' yelled a waiter. One joker ran under a flying book and the other dodged a chair by falling backwards off his own. 'Napoleon' was on the war-path for fair, and he wasn't waiting for Blucher or anyone else. But when he next appeared the Marguerite was gone, and he tried to be cheerful even unto playfulness.

Flash of Inspiration.

When the representatives of American professional baseball made the tour of the world, several years ago, they met various kinds of receptions, the interest in the game being in most instances hardly what they expected. Europe and Asia are not yet thoroughly alive to the beauties of our national game.

At one place in England, however, where they had been warmly welcomed and their playing witnessed by large crowds, a banquet was arranged for the visitors, a young scion of nobility being master of ceremonies.

At the close of the feast one of the

American players a man high up in the baseball world, was called upon to say something. He was not accustomed to speaking in public, but he rose red-faced and embarrassed to do his best.

'Well,' he said, 'all I've got to say is that we've been treated white—that's what! We've been treated white. You all know I'm not a speech-maker, but I want to propose three cheers for—for—his—'

Here he paused. He could not think of the conventional term or title for the nobleman who was presiding. A sudden inspiration however came to his aid.

'Three rousing cheers, Americans,' he said, for his dukes! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! The cheers were given with a will and 'his dukes' made a gracious response.

The Bright Side.

'Every time,' said practical old aunt Fatfoot, 'I contemplate my niece Lavinia's shuckles, no-count husband, who is too datted lazy to get out of his own way and always puts off till the next day after never what ought to be done today, I feel that, after all, Mormonism, depraved as it is generally considered to be, and universally reprobated as it is, ain't as bad as it might be—'tennyrate, it don't throw all the burden of supportin' a worthless husband on one woman.'

Men and Women.

Many a man thinks he is waiting for a leading of Providence when he is really too lazy to do any hustling for himself.

Many a woman stands on a pedestal because she doesn't know how to get down.

There is always some regret after a platonic affair; usually that it was platonic.

A woman loves a man who is absurd for her sake; but the man loathes the woman who makes herself ridiculous to serve him.

Realism.

Scene: Children's party. (Punch and Judy show going. Tom discovered by his hostess's papa in tears.

Hostess's papa—'A' said, Tom? Cheer up, old man, they're only dolls.'

Poor frightened Tommy—'They won't be dolls when I dream about them tonight.'

A Discerning Woman.

'Oh, yes,' said young Mr. Blackstone, 'I have been admitted to the bar, but I am not practicing regularly at it.'

'Indeed,' murmured Miss Gooph, 'I thought you practiced very often.'

And the young man wished that he had not placed so much reliance in those clothes.

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To the Electors of the County of Kings, New Brunswick.

Notice is hereby given that a convention of the Liberal party of the county is called for THURSDAY, 20th SEPTEMBER, at 3 o'clock, at the Court House, Shiretown, Hampton.

BUSINESS.

1. Meeting of delegates from parish associations to nominate a candidate for the coming election for the Parliament of Canada.
2. Presenting to the meeting the report of non-union for ratification or otherwise.
3. General business.

Hon. A. G. Blair, M. P., will be present and address the meeting.

A mass meeting will be held at Sussex at 7.30 in the evening when Messrs. Blair, Davies, Fielding, Domville and others will be present.

JAMES DOMVILLE,
Chairman of the Liberal Association.
Rothsey, Kings Co., N.B., 8th Sept., 1900.



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ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.



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