

**This and That**

**HOW TOM JOHNSON KNEW.**

Tom L. Johnson, multi-millionaire, free trader, Mayor of Cleveland, and former Congressman, who was in Philadelphia on Wednesday, and took occasion to congratulate Mayor Weaver on his campaign for good government, is one of the most picturesque characters in the political world, and has frequently jarred his opponents in the most unexpected manner.

There is a good story told of the strenuous Ohioan's characteristic way of taking any advantages that might be presented, while at the same time vigorously opposing the conditions that make them possible.

It was while he was in Congress and waging vigorous warfare against the trusts. There were those of his colleagues on the other side who did not agree with him, and wearing of the repeated demands for legislation, the late Mr. Dingley, of Maine, the author of the War Revenue Bill, made a speech in which he said plumply that the clamor against the trusts was all in vain, and that as a matter of fact there was no such a thing as a trust in existence.

Johnson was greatly interested. "How about the steel rail trust?" he demanded.

"There is no such thing as a steel rail trust," replied Mr. Dingley, "and never was."

"Well," said Mr. Johnson, cheerfully, "there is a steel rail trust, and I am president of it."

Mr. Dingley sat down without another word.—Philadelphia 'Telegraph.'

An old story of Abraham Lincoln has been revived, and will bear retelling. One day the President was unusually distraught. There had been a little domestic wrangle over the color of a wall-paper. Mrs. Lincoln was determined to have yellow, the President was equally strong on green. The next morning he was quite cheerful, and the secretary ventured to suggest that the little affair had doubtless been settled to his satisfaction. "Oh, yes!" said Lincoln. "We've made a compromise—it's going to be yellow."

**A SPOON SHAKER.**

Straight From Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me.

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents; my heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood. I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect. I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

A guest arrived one evening at a village hotel and asked to be called at 3.30 next morning. The landlord had no alarm clock and no servant, but he managed to call the guest promptly. The man turned over and said lazily: 'Oh, I'll let that train go, and sleep till seven.' 'No, ye won't, either!' shouted the landlord, emphasizing his remarks by banging on the door. 'I sat up all night to get you up in time, and you're going to get up or I'll know why!'

A man who had been hired by a closefisted farmer, who believed in burning the candle at both ends, was called the first morning at three o'clock. About fifteen minutes later he came downstairs with his hat in his hand. 'Ain't you going to work?' asked the farmer, in surprise. 'No,' was the disgusted answer; 'I'm goin' to hunt up some place to stay all night.'

**HIS WISEST PUPIL.**

As a teacher, Carlyle was a strict and gloomy disciplinarian, whose large, glowing eyes constantly shot forth wrath. His mere scowl, writes a Scottish lawyer in some reminiscences of the days when he was one of Carlyle's pupils in Kirkcaldy, would hush the whole school, while he often made you writhe under his sarcasm.

One morning, just as we were entering the schoolroom, a donkey appeared on the playground, and one of the scholars, named Bill Hood, rushed to mount the animal, and attempted to ride it into the school room. The donkey was induced to carry its rider over the threshold amid shouts of laughter and cheers from the boys. Just as Bill was spurring the donkey into the master's desk, Carlyle appeared.

We expected a tremendous explosion of wrath, but instead the Chelsea sage burst into a roar of laughter. Finally the master spoke:

"That," he said, "is the wisest and best scholar Kirkcaldy has yet sent me; he is fit to be your teacher." He tapped the donkey's head, as he was wont to do ours, and continued: "There's something here, far more than in the skulls of any of his brethren before me."

**FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.**

'Maggie!' 'Yes'm.' 'Why didn't you put this watermelon in the icebox as I told you?' 'I did, mum.' 'But it isn't cold.' 'No, mum. Yez see, I had to take the ice out to get it in.'—Cleveland 'Plain Dealer.'

**NO WHISKEY, NO MONEY.**

A disgraceful condition of affairs was brought to light in the British House of Commons.

The "Drink and Native Races Committee" have brought before Parliament a report from Lagos that "The District Commissioner of Badagry recently visited Addo and Pokira, at which places he inquired of the kings why it was that the spirit trade had stopped in their towns. Both kings replied that their country was open to free trade, and that the trouble was between the traders and their customers. The Commissioner told the kings that if he had found they were the cause of the trouble it would have been serious for them. He subsequently sent the two kings their stipends which had been withheld."

Much indignation has been expressed in many quarters in reference to this threat in the interests of the liquor trade between Europeans and the West African natives.

**THE TURN OF LIFE**

**A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for It. Two Relate their Experience.**

The "change of life" is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and liziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free.

Read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound did for Mrs. Powless and Mrs. Mann:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"In my opinion there is no medicine made for women which can compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and you have no firmer friend in the Dominion than I am. At the time of change of life I suffered until I was nearly crazy, and was not fit to live with. I was so irritable, irrational and nervous that I was a torment to myself and others. I surely thought that I would lose my reason before I got through, when fortunately an old friend recommended your Vegetable Compound. I took it for five months and then off and on until the critical

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.



Mrs. E. Powless

period had passed, and it restored me to perfect health. My advice to suffering women is to try your Vegetable Compound, and they will not be disappointed."—Mrs. E. Powless, Deseronto, Ont.

**Another Woman's Case.**

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"As I owe my splendid health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very pleased to write and tell you my experience with it. I am the mother of three children grown to womanhood, and have safely passed the change of life, and feel as young and as strong as I did twenty years ago, and I know that this is all due to your woman's friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used it before my children were born, and it greatly assisted nature and saved me much pain during the change of life. I took it, off and on, for four years, and had but little trouble and sickness that most women have to endure."—Mrs. James K. Mann, 806 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Canada.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Powless and Mrs. Mann, it will do for any woman at this time of life.

It has conquered pain, restored health, and prolonged life in cases that baffled physicians.

**DON'T HOLD IT!!**

For Sulphur to burn off — there is none

**USE IT THE MOMENT**

**YOU STRIKE IT.**

**Eddy's "SILENT" Parlor Match.**

Sold by all grocers. Used by everybody.

SCHOFIELD BROS., SELLING AGENTS,

St. John, N. B.

**A New Woolen Mill!**

It Stands to Reason that a new mill with new machinery, making your good pure wool into strong cloth, should be able to give great satisfaction to all who patronize it.

Ask your dealer for our cloth, yarn and ladies' goods.

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited, - Amherst, N.S.

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