

This and That

SELFSH AND LEND-A-HAND.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled;
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy
child;
Birds greeted her from many a tree;
But Selfish said: "No one loves me."
Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Little Miss Selfish met with trouble and
loss,
The weather was bad, the folks were
cross;
Lend-a-Hand said when the journey was
o'er,
"I never had such a good time before."—
Mrs. Mary F. Butts.

AS TO MISSING HIM

Perhaps few experiences of life are harder to
bear than when an appeal to another out of
the fulness of one's heart is received with an
utter lack of sympathy. A dishonest garden-
er had received notice of discharge, and, after
an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate his
character by plausible platitudes, said
mournfully to the vicar:—
"Ah, sir, you will miss me before I be gone
half an hour!"
"I sha'n't mind that," answered the vicar,
cheerfully, "if I don't miss anything else!"—
London Tit-Bits.

AN HONEST MAN.

An incident, which exhibits the sterling
integrity of a man who could withstand the
temptations of wealth rather than do the
smallest act of injustice, is told in Mr. H. M.
Chittenden's "History of Steamboat Naviga-
tion on the Missouri River." The princi-
pal actor was one of the early settlers of
St. Louis, Mr. LaBarge who had purchased
a small tract of land for which he paid
twenty-five dollars.

Land was then of very little value, and
transfers were often made without deed and
with no more formality than in exchanging
cattle or horses. In this way Mr. LaBarge
traded his land on what is now Cedar Street
St. Louis, to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse.

Long years afterward, when these trans-
actions were almost forgotten, and the
property had become very valuable, a lawyer
presented himself to the old gentlemen and
asked him if he had ever owned any land on
Cedar street. Mr. LaBarge replied in the
affirmative, and described its locality. He
could not at first recall, but Mrs. LaBarge
remembered the circumstances and related
them to the lawyer, at the same time remark-
ing to her husband that that was the way
they got their horse to set themselves up on
the farm with.

The lawyer then assured Mr. LaBarge
that the title to this property was still vested

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled
me for years" says a lady of Columbus, O.,
"and I had to take medicine all the time. I
had what I thought was the best stomach
medicine I could get, had to keep getting it
filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did
not know what the cause of my trouble was
but just dragged along from day to day suffer-
ing and taking medicine all the time.

"About six months ago I quit tea and
coffee and began drinking Postum and I
have not had my prescription filled since,
which is a great surprise to me for it proves
that coffee was the cause of all my trouble
although I never suspected it.

"When my friends ask me how I feel since
I have been taking Postum I say, "To tell
the truth I don't feel at all only that I get
hungry and eat everything I want and lots
of it and it never hurts me and I am happy
and well and contented all the time."

"I could not get my family to drink
Postum for a while until I mixed it in a
little coffee and kept on reducing the amount
of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now
they all like it, and they never belch it up
like coffee.

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine
maker. I feel it helps one greatly for we do
not have to think of aches and pains all the
time and can use our minds for other things."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek
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The one who has to bother with coffee
aches and pains is badly handicapped in the
race for fame and fortune. Postum is a
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Look in each pkg. for the famous little
book, "The Road to Wellville."

in him, and that he could hold it against all
comers, for there was absolutely no record of
the conveyance in existence.

The old gentleman, with a look of indig-
nation, asked the lawyer if he took him for
a thief.

"I traded that land," said he, "to Chaurin
Lebeau for a horse, which was worth more
to me than the land was. I shall stand by
the bargain now. If Chaurin Lebeau's heirs
have no title, tell them to come to me and I
will make them a deed before I die."—Ex.

THE SQUAW'S SUGGESTION.

Lieutenant Colonel Pratt, the United
States army officer in charge of the Carlisle
Indian School, says that many of its gradu-
ates who return to tribal life lapse into
slipshod speech. Undoubtedly this is true,
yet the Kansas City Journal tells of one who
at a pinch, could use ancient Bostonese, and
have fun in doing it. This exception was a
squaw, who one day went into a trader's
store at a Western Indian agency, wrapped
in a blanket and bearing other evidences of
a return to native ways.

"How muchee?" the squaw asked, point-
ing to a straw hat.

"Fifty-cents," said the merchant.

"How muchee?" she asked again, point-
ing to another article. The price was
quoted, and was followed by another query
of "How muchee?" Then the squaw looked
calmly at the merchant and said:

"Do you not regard such prices as extor-
tionate for articles of such palpably and un-
mistakably inferior quality? Do you not
really believe that a reduction in your
charges would materially enhance your
pecuniary profits? I beg you to consider my
suggestion."

Then the graduate of Carlisle swept
gracefully from the store, leaving the mer-
chant staring after her.—Ex.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

The following story is told of a zealous
parson and a shepherd who was not a
regular churchgoer.

"Well, John, I have missed your face in
church."

"I dinna doot that."

"And have you not been to church all
this time?" was the parson's next question.

"O't ay'e have I; I've been many times
in the kirk ower the hill."

"Well," said the parson, "I'm a shepherd
myself, and do not like to see my sheep
wandering into other folds and among other
pasturage."

"Well," said John, "that's a difference, ye
ken; I never mind where they gang if they
get better grass."—Ex.

The reporter was interviewing the new
millionaire.

"Is it true that you are going to endow a
chair in that University?"

"Endow a chair!" he thundered; "why, I
can give a whole set of furniture, an' I'll do
it, too. Say that in yer paper. There ain't
nothin' cheap about me."—Tit-Bits.

"Uncle," said little Johnny, "tell me how
you charged with your war-house up the
hill at the head of the troops."

"Well," said the battle-scarred veteran, "I
mounted the fiery animal, drew my sword
from its scabbard, rose in my stirrups, cried
"Forward!" and dug the spurs deep in the
quivering flanks of my gallant steed."

"Yes," exclaimed the boy, breathlessly, "Go
on uncle. Tell me the rest of it."

"There isn't any more to tell, Johnny,"
said his uncle, with a passive sigh. "The
horse jibbed."—Tit-Bits.

"I thought you were going to sell that
mule?"

"I done change my mind sence I done read
de papers. En'y time I looks at him I gits
thankful 'cause I knows dat even if he do
git disagreeable, he ain't gwine ter splode
like he might ef he was a automobile."—
Washington Star.

A German was playing at chess when one
of his friends entered the cafe about nine in
the evening and asked him how he was.

The German, absorbed in his game, made
no reply; but, on finishing with an elaborate
check-mate about eleven o'clock, he turned
and said:

"Tolerably well. And how is it with you?"

To Intending Purchasers

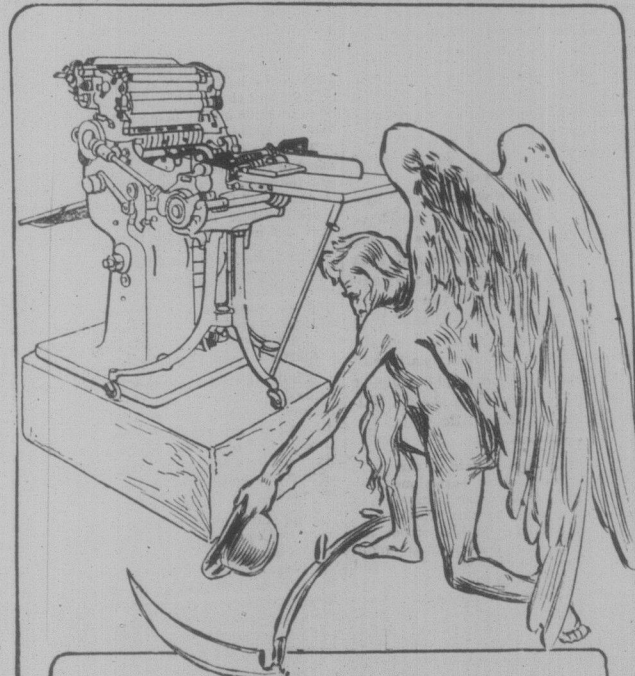
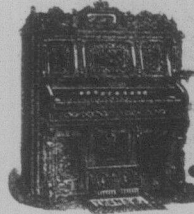
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"Are you the society editor?" asked the
large woman.

"No madam, said the one addressed: I am
only the court reporter."

"Really, I am surprised! But perhaps you
will do. Your paper said in the account of
the affair at my house that floral decorations
"lent beauty to the scene." I wish you
would have your state that the floral beauty
was not lent. Everything was paid for.

FORTIN' AND MISFORTIN'.

"M-i-s-f-o-r-t-u-n-e," spelled the child
slowly. "Misfortune, what does that mean,
Aunt Dinah?"

"Well, honey, it's dis way," explained the
old woman, nodding her head in comfortable
assurance of her own condition. "Fortin' is
good t'ings, an' misfortin' is de good t'ings
what misses you an' goes somewhar else.
When somebody 'cross the street hab some
pow'ful streak of luck, deys mos' tickled to
def, but you ain't feel dat way kase it didn't
hit your house. Dat blessin' 'cross de street
am one of your misfortin'."

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**