

**This and That**

**NOT A GOLD BRICK.**

Russel Sage boarded a Sixth Avenue elevated train at Rector street one day last week. He carried under one arm a sample brick wrapped up in a newspaper. It was one that the builder of the Emma Willard seminary had taken to the financier's office. Repairs to Sage Hall are to be made, and Mr. Sage wanted to see the brick that is to be used. It was worth perhaps two cents. At Twenty-eighth a sporty looking youth, who evidently knew the great man, reached down seized the brick, dashed to the door and was downstairs and away before Mr. Sage, much annoyed, could get to the door and breathlessly explain to the guard what had happened. "I felt sorry for him," said a witness, when he told of the experience. "He looked real sad at losing that brick, but I'd have given a dollar to see the face of the other fellow when he cut the string."—Ex.

**LIPTON AS A "SMOKER."**

In his earlier days Sir Thomas Lipton denied himself almost every pleasure except that of amassing a fortune. Calling one day on a consul on business matters, he was offered a cigar by the official. "No thank you," said Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Lipton. "Although I am the biggest smoker in England, I never smoke cigars." "What do you smoke?" was the surprised query. "Bacon," was the prompt reply.

**DANGER IN JUMPING AT CONCLUSION.**

Lynn, Mass., was favored not long ago with a visit from Representative J. Adam Bede as a banquet guest there, says the Washington Post. He was facetious, as usual, and in the course of his postprandial remarks spoke about the folly of jumping at conclusions.

"Let me illustrate," Mr. Bede continued, "I never new but one locomotive engineer who had a long flowing beard. He was a friend of mine, and lived in a certain western State. One day he was running about sixty miles an hour, with a straight track stretching ahead.

"This engineer poked his head out of the cab and the wind whisked his long beard back in his face. Obeying his first thought that it was a haystack, he called for down brakes," and while his audience was laughing at this Mr. Bede sprinted away to another ludicrous observation.

**A NOTE O' HAND.**

Mr. Johnson, after looking at a turkey long and wistfully in the market one day made an effort to purchase it. The Young Peoples Weekly gives the only terms on which it could be bought:

"How could I—what arrangements could a pison make dat wanted to buy dat turkey?" Mr. Johnson asked after a pause.

"Easy terms 'nough," said the marketman, briskly. "You get him by means of a note o' hand."

"A note o' hand," repeated Mr. Johnson, brightening up at once. "Do you mean I writes it out, and pays some time when—" But his hope in this glorious prospect was rudely shattered by the marketman.

"A note o' hand means, in dis case," he said, with disheartening clearness, "dat you hands me a two dollar note, Mr. Johnson, and I hands you dat turkey in response to dat note."

**A LITTLE AMBIGUOUS.**

A young lawyer was sent from Edinburgh to a country north of the Forth to act as a junior counsel in a licensing club case. He had to cross examine the certifying justice, who was very diffuse and rather evasive in his answers.

"Speak a little more simply and to the point, please," said counsel mildly; "you are a little ambiguous you know."

"I am not sir," replied witness indignantly. "I have been strictly teetotal for a year."

**THE BEAUTIFUL AFTERWARD.**

In the beautiful, beautiful afterward, When all this life is o'er, And we have left this world of care, And reached the other shore, We'll find the friends we mourn for here The loved ones gone before, They'll meet us at the pearly gates, And ne'er be parted more.

In the beautiful, beautiful afterward, We'll pass through the pearly gates; We'll walk the streets of brightest gold, To the throne where Jesus waits. We'll meet him there thus face to face, Who helped our burdens bear, We'll join the throng around the throne, And rest forever there.

In the beautiful, beautiful afterward, The mists shall be swept away, And we shall see how Christ's own hand, Is guiding us here to-day. We'll many things then understand, Which now to us hidden lie, But we shall know it all that day, In the afterward—on high.

—New York Observer.

**PARSON'S JOKE.**

A well known Chicago clergyman, who is a widower and the father of two charming grown daughter, is also something of a wag. During his vacation this summer he sent the following telegram to his daughters.

"Have just married a widow with six children. Will be home to-morrow."

The next day he arrived alone and he found his daughters in tears.

"W-where is the w-widow?" they sobbed in unison.

"Oh," he replied, a merry twinkle in his eye "I married her to another man."—Chicago Daily News

**DIAMONDS ARE CHARCOAL**

Is it not strange to think that the precious diamond is only a crystal of the purest carbon? That is the reason it is not fusible and cannot be injured by acids or alkalis. "The fire in a diamond is brought out in the cutting. Rough diamonds are cheap, for the cutting takes so long and is such a delicate business that it costs a great deal. And yet they must be cut to attain their brilliancy. Diamonds come from India, Brazil and South Africa and are found in all colors—white orange, yellow, red brown, pink, blue, green black and opalescent.

The pale yellow and brown shades are more common but the decided hues are extremely rare. Indeed just one deep red diamond has thus far been found. The most popular colors are pure white, blue white and a deep golden yellow.

Mr. Skinflint—"The paper says skirts are to be worn longer than ever." Mrs. Skinflint—"Well you needn't be figgerin' on me wearin' mine any longer. I've worn it five years this comin' fall!"

**FORGOT HIMSELF**

Mrs. Lyon-Hunter—"This is our new piano count. The tone I believe is perfect. Will you not play for us?" Count Peanuttii (absent-mindedly)—"Weez plaisir, Signora. Where eesa de handle."

A man takes a good deal of risk when he goes into politics, doesn't he? "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's very much like going over Niagara Falls. You don't want to attempt it unless you have a good stout barrel."

**C. C. RICHARDS & CO.**

Dear Sirs,—A few days ago I was taken with a severe pain and contraction of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for pain, and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and one hour from the first application, I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared.

You can use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used.

**CHRISTOPHER GERRY.**

Ingersoll, Ont.

**"HEADLIGHT"**

Is the Best and most Popular brand of

**PARLOR MATCHES**

ASK ANY GROCER FOR THEM.

MADE IN CANADA BY

**THE E. B. EDDY CO.**  
SCHOFIELD BROS., SELLING AGENTS.



**A Yard**  
of flannel is still a yard after washed with  
**Surprise Soap**  
Its pure hard Soap—  
thats why.

Don't forget the name—  
**Surprise** 



**PATERSON & CO.**  
PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.  
107 GERMAIN ST.  
SAINT JOHN, N.B.

**To Intending Purchasers**

Do you want an ORGAN of Superior workmanship. Beautiful in design, made of the best materials and noted for its purity and richness of tone? If so you want the

**"THOMAS"**

for that instrument will fill the requirements.

**JAMES A. GATES & CO.**

MANUFACTURERS AGENTS.

**Shorthand in 20 Lessons**

Absolutely most complete and up-to-date methods; position guaranteed; lessons by mail exclusively; no interference with regular occupation; no difficulties; everything simple and clear; indorsed by boards of education and leading newspapers; thousands of graduates; first lesson free for stamp.

**Campaign of Education,**

Department 51,

211 Townsend Building,

New York

**Would**

there be any demand for  
**45 Successive Years**  
for any article unless it had superior merit

**Woodill's German Baking Powder.**

claim this as 45 RECOMMENDATIONS to all who use BAKING POWDER.

Ask your Grocer for it.

IF YOU HAVE  
**PIGS**  
TO SELL, WRITE US. We pay highest market prices.

**F. E. WILLIAMS CO., LIMITED,**  
St. John, N. B.

Herring nets hung in festoons in the cancel of Yarmouth parish church, England, were solemnly blessed by the vicar on Sunday night, Oct. 2, preparatory to the starting of the fishing fleet next morning.