

✻ This and That ✻

THE CRIMES OF THE TONGUE.

The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun—the first is the human tongue. The gun merely kills bodies; the tongue kills reputations, and oftentimes ruins character. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The full evil of the tongue lives through all the years; even the eye of Omniscience might grow tired in tracing it to its finality.

The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying, and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in a single year the aggregate sorrow, pain, and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. Place in one of the scale-pans of justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.

At the hands of thief or murderer few of us suffer, even indirectly. But from the careless tongue of friend, the cruel tongue of enemy, who is free? No human being can live a life so true, so fair, so pure as to be beyond the reach of malice, or immune from the poisonous emanations of envy. The insidious attacks against one's reputation, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, half lies, by which jealous mediocrity seeks to ruin its superiors, are like those insect parasites that kill the heart and life of a mighty oak. So cowardly is the method, so stealthy the shooting of the poisoned thorns, so insignificant the separate acts in their seeming, that one is not on guard against them. It is easier to dodge an elephant than a microbe.—William George Jordan, in "The Kingship of Self-Control."

THE ART OF LOOKING AND KEEP- ING WELL.

The carriage and position of the body, during both the day and the night, have much to do with one's figure, health, and appearance. How quickly one can distinguish an army or navy officer on the street, though he is a stranger!

Always, standing or walking, hold yourself as erect as possible; throw shoulders back and down, elevate the chest a little, and draw the chin in a trifle. When standing the weight of the body should fall upon the ball of the foot, neither upon the heel nor the toe.

No one can have a good figure without throwing the chest well forward, the shoulders back and down, and carrying the body in an erect position. Follow

WIFE'S INGENUITY

Saves Her Husband.

The author of the "Degeneration of Dorothy," Mr. Frank Kinsella, 226 W. 25th St., New York City, was the victim of a little by-play—but he can best tell the story himself. "I must confess that I have been the victim of an innocent deception which turned out all for the best, however."

I had been resting under the belief, for some years, that coffee served as a lubricant to my cerebral convolutions, in other words, "made the wheels go round," and I had an idea that I could not work without it as a stimulant.

I soon paid the penalty in nervousness, loss of flesh, insomnia and restlessness, none of which troubles would yield to any or all medicines. I finally got in rather a bad way and my wife took a hand in the affair all unknown to me. She purchased a package of Postum Coffee and first gave me one half Postum and one half coffee. In a little time she had me down to clear Postum, and I was none the wiser.

I noticed that I was getting better, my nerves were steadier, and I began to gain flesh and sleep nights. My work was performed far better than in my old condition.

Commenting upon my greatly improved health one morning I was told the truth. 'Tis to laugh, so I submitted gracefully and joined the Postum ranks.

Experience teaches that boiling is one-half the game. When the directions are carried out the result will be as fine a cup of rich, fragrant coffee as ever delighted the senses without ruining the nerves."

these simple rules strictly, and you will greatly improve your figure and bearing.

Do not bend the legs too much when walking; and let the weight fall slightly more on the heels first. Swing the arms naturally, but not too much.

Be careful not to bob up and down when walking. A graceful walker seems to glide easily along. Curves are always graceful, and an angular, jerky movement is always ungainly. Grace is an acquirable quality, and we must remember that nature abhors angles and spasmodic movement; she always uses curves which are most graceful and delicate.

Most people, when sitting, slouch at the waist; in fact, this fault is nearly universal, except in those whose who have been trained.

It is impossible to slouch on chairs or on a sofa all day, and then expect to have a good bearing and poise when standing or walking. Again, slouchy positions will very soon react upon the mind, and produce mental shiftlessness and slouchiness in thought.

A habit of reading in bed, or lying down, or in a careless position, slouching down in one's chair with the feet up, will very soon tell upon the quality of the thoughts. It is impossible to do good thinking in these positions. The body must be in an erect and dignified posture without being cramped by position or dress. No one can think well without freedom and ease of body.—Selected.

PROOFS OF SONSHIP.

Mr. Mack, a Baptist minister, who had been separated from his mother in his youth, sought her after an absence of many years. He knew her instantly, but she would not believe that the tall, grave, fine-looking minister could be her boy. When a child she accidentally wounded his wrist with a knife. To comfort him she had said, "Never mind, my bonny bairn, your mither will ken ye by that when ye are a man." When his mother would not credit his identity he bared his arm and said, "Mither, mither, dinna ye ken that?" In a moment they were in each other's arms. God never wounds us by mistake, but the marks of his rod are the proofs of your sonship.—Sel.

LOVE'S GREATEST GIFT.

That was a touching story of sick-room ministrations which Mr. Gladstone gave in Parliament, when announcing the death of the Princess Alice. Her little boy was ill with diphtheria, and the mother had been cautioned not to inhale the poisoned breath. The child was tossing in a delirium of fever. The princess stood beside him and laid her hand on his brow to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought back the wandering soul from its wild delirium. He nestled a moment in his mother's lap; then, throwing his arms around her neck, he whispered: "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of mother-love was stronger than all the injunctions of physicians, and she pressed her lips to the child's. The result was death.

You say she was foolish. Yet where is the mother who would not have done the same? There may be peril in the sick-room for those who minister there for Christ; but love stops at no peril, no sacrifice. There was peril in Christ's own mission to this world. In his marvelous love for us he put his lips to the poison of our sin—and died.—J. E. Miller.

Never a sincere word was uttered lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground. Always the heart of man greets and expects it unexpectedly. A man passes for what he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light which all men may read but himself. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations; and the grasp of hands.—Emerson.

Miss Nellie Ross, granddaughter of the veteran James Ross, of St. Martins, a few days ago, while in the act of removing some article cooking from the kitchen range, caught a kettle of boiling water, turning it over, scalding her entire arm and partly down her side.

What I dull, when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of colour to the violet, its fragrance to the rose; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder, any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove. What I dull, when earth, air and water are all alike mysteries to you, and when as you stretch out your hand you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered; while all the time Nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to understand her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her! Go away, man; learn something, do something, understand something, and let me hear no more of your dullness.—Sir Arthur Helps.

Lord Lansdowne has informed the secretary of the German ministry for foreign affairs that the British government has taken note of the publication by Germany of the despatch from Dr. Von Holloben, the German ambassador to the United States, concerning the meeting of ambassadors held in Washington April 14, 1898, without following the usual procedure of obtaining the consent of the other governments interested. Lord Lansdowne and the British government desire Germany to know that it has misunderstood the action of Lord Pauncefote, the ambassador to the United States, in the meeting of April 14, 1898. Lord Pauncefote's part in that meeting was simply that of the senior member of the diplomatic corps and nothing that he did was prompted by unfriendliness to the United States.

FRIED ONIONS

Indirectly Caused the Death of the
World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gourmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of stomach it is claimed also, was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odorous vegetable.



The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort whether it be fried onions or beefsteak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion, some stomachs lack pepsine, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack hydrochloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food, and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

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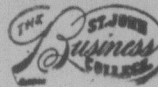
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