e best to clean er injures any. ore or rough ard soap, and

B. S., cow and 3 of her . A. Archibald; 2nd, R. B. S., herd-1st, C. A. R. A. Snowball. t Cattle, Any Breed. W. Black, Amherst, er 3 years old-1st and Heifer, 3 years old and nd, W. W. Black. Cow, under 3 years old V. W. Black. attle, any age, neither ered in other section W. W. Black.

-Dairy Grades. old and upwards isi re Bros., Sussex Cor-R. Robinson, Sussex old-lst, R. Robinson ld-1st and 2nd; McIn-R. Robinson. r old—1st, McIntyre Peters & Sons, Elm-Harding Bros. Wels. McIntyre Bros.: 2nd

les, over 2 years old to be in milk-lst md. R. Robinson. -Beef Grades. ld and upwards-1st, mherst, N. S. d—1st, W. W. Black. 2 years old—1st, W. W. W. Black. old—lst, W. W. Black. W. W. Black. W. W. Holsteins

ld and upwards-1st, 6 months-ist, Hardge-Diploma, Harding Senior, 18 month mths-1st, Harding Junior, 12 months der 1 year and over 6 der 6 months 1st Herd, to consist of 1 runswick exhibitor-

fer, of any age, own a New Brunswick exs get, get to be bred RSES.

or French Draught

Canadian Bred. old and upwards Fredericton.

esdale Horses nadian Bred. Fxer old and upwardsonagle, Sussex Cor-

lst, W. W. Black. 3 years old and up-Black, "Miss Moyears old 1st W. W. Blank

MAN DEAD.

years has Th was 67 years of PICMO

More than 38,000 the annual picnic Railway Mechandon on Saturday, were distributed

EY TROUBLE. Kidney-Liver Pills of constipation, troubles and a ble after years now sixty-eight grateful for what Liver Pills have tor what

ash., Sept. 4.-The which struck ario straits, yesy lying in deep in order to give y to examine the rtments are fil are provisioned for instant use is still at work ree feet in length ater, but has not in the hull. The

a serie 1918 . while the minimum of the

Mr. Bowser didn't seem to enjoy his breakfast the other morning, and Mrs. Bowser, who took mental note of the fact, made up her mind that he should have a good dinner to make even. Knowing how fond he was of an old-fashioned boiled dinner, eh ordered corned beef, potsatoes, carrots, cabbage and parsnips. The dinner was splendid as to quantity and quality, and it was with considerable pride that she announced the fact when he arrived home at 6 o'clock.

"And I have a presentiment that I shall some day meet that fool of a "That's very nice of you, I'm sure; but unfortunately for me, I cannot partake of it."

"But why?"

"Naturally I would rather you would mit marry at all bat I am not going to exact any promise. I im thos symptoms heralded an attack of appendicitis."

"I was told by a doctor this morning in that thos symptoms heralded an attack of appendicitis."

"I was told by a doctor this morning in that thos symptoms heralded an attack of appendicitis."

"Herald your grandmother! Some day, but it won't come on that won't did the so-called doctor man's the other day the good wife was at the gate with a look of im or tell you to do?"

"That is all I ask. The doctor assured me that milk and water," sighed Mr. Bowser.

"Or in wilk and water," sighed Mr. Bowser.

"Or in wilk and water," sighed Mr. Bowser say the fellow was a humbug?"

"And I have a presentiment that I have a presentiment that I have a presentiment that I shall some day meet that fool of a doctor and tell him what I think of the life. The rest of your natural life. Didn't Mrs. Bowser say the fellow was a humbug?"

"You ought to be kept on that diet for the rest of your natural life. Didn't Mrs. Bowser say the fellow was a humbug?"

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"You ought to be kept on that diet was a humbug?"

"You ought to be kept on that diet was a humbug?"

think best to heed.'

What sort of warning?" Doctor Macelready was in the of-e on some business, and, hearing me utter an involuntary groan as l rose up, he began to question me. It wasn't five minutes before he announced that I would have to be very careful or fal' a victim to appendici-He said I had all the symptoms

"I don't believe any such tale, Mr. owser. I haven't heard you groan, involuntarily or otherwise, for a year. Did he charge you a fee for telling you this?".
"He made no charge, but natu-

"Naturally you went and handed him over at least five dollars while I am in need of a dozen different little things. You have no more cause to be alraid of appendicitis than I have of the Indian plague. Why do you let people work you like this?"
"Softly, now—softly," he said, as he led the way to the dining room, instead of shouting "Woman!" at her. "Mrs. Bowser, I cannot be classed as an alarmist. Thousands of things have ailed me, and I have

things have ailed me, and I have never said a word to you about them. I wasn't going to say a thing in this case, but, being put on a diet by the doctor; I had to make some

Tailt going to follow the directions given me by the doctor."

Did he tell you to sleep with your feet out of bed and breakfast, dine and sup on catnip?"

"No, ma'am, he didn't. He told

me to live on milk and water for the next four days. That boiled dinner smells to Heaven, but I can't touch a mouthful of it. It's either milk and water or death for me." "Look here, now," she said, deter-



doesn't stave off appendicitis, and the results are fatal, you will find all my business papers in the safe," he observed, as he walked up and down. HE GOES HUNGRY TO CURE APPENDICITIS.

Observed, as he walked up and "Very well."

To keep a roof over your head."

No."

'Naturally, I would rather you would not marry at all, but I am a sold to exact any promise. I

"And roaring in head?" 'A cold."

"And when your teeth seem too "A little neuralgia in the jaws. Why, what do you think ails you?"
"I was told by a doctor this morn-



'HA WAS EATING LIKE A MICHIGAN LUMBERMAN."

yellow streaks under your eyes, and wife you have somebody would ge

them. I wasn't going to say a thing in this case, but, being put on a diet by the doctor, I had to make some explanations. I have known for months and months that the appendicitis was after me. I have figured that when it overtook me at last I would make a sneak for the hospital and have the operation performed before you knew anything about it. That is the way with me; I do my own worrying and planning."

The planning is the saked.

"Pains in the back, roaring in the go. She knew the druggist was a go. S

"Pains in the back, roaring in the head, wakefulness, and all that. There are days when black specks dance before my eyes. The other morning when I got up my teeth seemed too long."

"And this ass of a doctor made you believe those were symptoms of appendicitis!"

"I knew they were before he confirmed me. I have been saved by just of a new one?"

Mrs. Bowser was glad to have him go. She knew the druggist was a blunt-spoken man, and would diagnose the case pretty speedily. She therefore ran into a neighbor's for an hour. Mr. Bowser made his way to the druggist's, and not finding him rushed, he began:

"Doc, take a careful look at my face, will you?"

"Cert. Thinking of trading it off for a new one?"

"'Cert. Thinking of traum, for a new one?"
"How?"
"I am going to follow the directions given me by the doctor."
"Cert. Thinking of traum, for a new one?"
"Does my phiz tell you anything?"
"Not much. It never did. The yellow streaks under your eyes show that you are bilious."

those mean biliousness and nothing the socks off your feet."

Mr. Bowser didn't jaw back.

get a few mouthfuls to eat!

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HE DROPS INTO MIDSUM.* And the way that he could hustle

man's the other day the good wife With spots of white along its spine

the plow?"
"Don't make fun, Abe. Jim

good fellow. My husband bought a bull, and when Jim was leading the animal home it attacked him. The doctor says the poor fellow won't be out for a month. He wants to see "But how can I help him? I'm sor-

ry, but that's all I can do." No, it ain't. You can come and speak a few words to him, and you can write a piece of poetry. I know he's got his mind sot in it, but fears to ask you. Don't be mean.
Abe. If Jim thinks poctay wald
help him, come in and write him
something. He'll send copies of it
to twenty different neeple, and if you
are ever out of a job as a rural mail carrier it may help you to get one as

wanted to oblige the whole family, and so I went in and spoke a few encouraging, words to the bull's victim and then sat down and chopped out the following:-



"HE GAVE A BELLOW AND A

by night, and with what force they will; but the bottle of Alloviator sitting on the parlor table will remain undisturbed and be an asset to begin lars belonging to the bland and smillers belonging to the bland and be an asset to begin the bland and be an asset to begin the bland and belonging to the bland and blan

undisturbed and be an asset to begin business on anew.

At the Galveston flood one of my bottles floated across to the West Indies and cured four patients when opened. At the San Francisco fire one was warped to the shape of the letter S and still preserved its contents.

Undisturbed and be an asset to begin lars belonging to the bland and smiling old kuss who was coated with tar. It was then that I determined never to doubt integrity agin.

Two days later I was jogging along between the towns of Hell Bent and Angels' Roost, when I encountered a female. It is agin my printents.

"THE DECEIVING BULL; OR.

HOW JIM SIMPKINS WAS TOOK. (Sing to most any old air.) Jim Simpkins was a hired man, and

'round was a caution for to see; He always had a job, did Jim-He always worked with fervid vim-And ne'er went on the spree.
'Twas Farmer Hardman bought bull-the color it was red,

from tail unto the head; The bellow of that mighty bull Was like Niagara at its full, And sometimes raised the dead. "Jim Simpkins went to lead him

home—to lead this old bovine. Who'd roamed around the pasture lot and many things had seen; The bull looked gentle in the eye, And nothing proved him on the fly, Or cantankerous and mean,

"Yes, I've seen him.

"Well, he's in the hodse with four broken ribs. Happened two days ago."

"You don't say! Did he fall over the bluebirds kept a-singing, and the player."

The bluebirds kept a-singing, and the player. The crows were out on every

And Jim was blithe and gay.

"But, ah, alas, that wicked bull, he had his little plan—
The scheme it was to rid himself of that 'ere hired man; He gave a bellow and a hook— Beneath the arm our Jim was took.

And shut up like a fan.

is hands and cried like a child. I don't think it was because I had hurt his feelings the more.

When I had jogged along down to Farmer Ben Williams place Uncle Ben called me from the back door of the house and I descended to find a bag of harvest awaiting me. When I had sampled three or four specimens of the fruit Uncle Ben said:

"Abe, the old woman ain't feeling none too good to-day. She got word in the same in the same in the fruit uncle Ben said:

"Are you a sober, honest, industrious boy?"

"I am, sir."

"Yes, by thunder, it will, and somebody ought to go to States Prison for it. Young man, what are you hanging around here for?"

"The in charge, but if any more horses fall dead around here you'll get yourself in a scrape. I won't have it, I tell you. It gets on to my nerves, and at my age nobody "Abe, the old woman ain't feeling none too good to-day. She got word that a little orphan boy living with her sister down in Branch County was drowned in the cistern. We never saw the boy, but they say he was awful smart. They don't have no poetry in Branch County, and if you could step off a few verses to send to the sister it would dry her tears. Can't you spare ten minutes?"

I replied that I could, and after making a few inquiries the following making a few inquiries the following.

Then I think I can trust you. Then the man who lived in the house just opposite where the horse had fallen came home. He saw the horse and he saw the crowd, and he was mad. He came up and gave the body a kick and demanded.

Who left this here?"

"He fell dead," explained Humpy.

. "FISHING FOR WHALES;

Or, THE WET FATE OF WALTER ROB-INSON. *No particular air.) 'The shades of night were closing

down When Mrs. George McGhee, Who lives in Hedden City, near The romping, roaring sea. Got out a story book and read

A tale to orphan lad-It was about a monster whale And the story made him glad. According to the writer of The story in the book,

The whale was roaming ro When he espied a hook. 'He seized the bait with eager jaws,

And swallowed hook and all And started off for other seas As though he'd had a call. But hook and line were in the

'In time the whale was landed, and

'All night that orphan boy did

He dreamed of catching that 'ere "When morning came he dug his bait, And hook and line prepared; And from his breakfast got away

And midst a gentle gale.

Threw in his hook in hopes to catch
The biggest kind of whale.

farmer and his wife, and when I had concluded the tears stood in all our concluded the tears stood in an outer eyes and we could not speak to each other for the emotion. It is a grand thing to be a Napoleon, but it is a sleep just as well for all that."

I want to die myself. He won't have no headstone to his grave, but he'll sleep just as well for all that." thing to be a Napoleon, but it is a grander thing to be a poet and play on the human harp-strings.

"Well, keep it there until you get pride returned."

inding that he must go, the boy made a start. It was a walk of only two blocks to the grocery in a straight line, but of course he didn't pursue the direct course. That wouldn't have been like a boy. He had gone eight blocks, and was wondering how he could make them twelve, when he came along to where a horse had fallen and died in the ished, and he covered his face with his hands and cried like a child. I as Humpy came up, the officer said don't think it was been a know will be made into sausages?"

In they thought him dead, but he survived to live a few years more—by two blocks to the grocery in a straight line, but of course he didn't no fool. I didn't think it was a brick house. What I want to know is how he came here?"

"He was walking along and he fell dead."

"He did, eh? Well, he was a fool of a horse or he would have died in his stable. I suppose the body will go to Packingtown and be made into sausages?"

horse, and he had just ached to see another. Here he was with one at

"Well, well. Say, Hump Skinner, haven't I always said you was just as smart as Cicero? I've said that a dozen times over, and here is proof of it. In fact, you are smarter. Cicero, as far as we can learn, was never left in charge of a dead horse. This is the beginning of your carcer. From now onward you'll be climbing up. Why couldn't I have had such luck?"

Hump was walking and to want for the dentist to put them in. You see—"

Then the boys out at the gate heard one wild yell as Humpy was selected by the neck, and they ran away and sat down under a tree and wondered whether his death was as sudden as that of the poor horse on the street.

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Hump was walking round and round the body, arms folded, and feeling that it was the greatest day of his life, when an old woman came along. She stopped and drew back at sight of the horse, and then ask-

"Bubby, is that horse dead?" "Yes m," replied Humpy.
"What did he die of?"
"Of—of liver complaint, ma'am."
"Shoo! That's the first time I ever



ments were peaceful?"

"He never even kicked, ma'am. He just fell and gasped and died."

"T'm glad of that. That's the way
I want to die myself. Ha won't have

with a bang, and say:
"Fellers, it's a case of broken heart

Humpy Skinner was trying to make

-just what ails me. The old nag was in love and his girl went back on him. Let's take him by the tail and run him down the street."

"You let him alone!" commanded Humpy in tones of authority, and thus drawing the attention of the boys to himself.

They looked at him for a moment and there was a rush from all sides.

Humpy Skinner was trying to make a lariat out of an old piece of clothes line in the back yard the other day when his mother called him in and Said:

"I want a new broom from the store, and I want it within fifteen minutes. Go to White's and get it, and if you fool around on the way you'll hear from me when you get back."

"Can a boy fly?" protested Humpy, who felt a bit hurt.

"No, but he need not crawl along

"Tryin' to lick me."
"And you made them all run! Say. py, who felt a bit hurt.

"No, but he need not crawl along like a turtle. If you were going to a circus you'd do your best to fly. What's the matter with your foot?"

"Got a sidewalk spike in it and it hurts."

"And you made them all run! Say, sonny, you are a great boy. I'm almost in love with you this minute. Are you used to bossing jobs like this?"

"I've seen millions of dead horses

"I've seen millions of dead horses before this," answered Humpy as his "Well, keep it there until you get back, and then I'll take the tongs and pull it out. Anything elso the matter?"

"One of my suspenders has busted."
"Never mind that. You'd bust a dozen pairs a week if you had 'em."
"But 'spose I'd meet the Mayor on the street and he'd stop to ask what time it was?" argues Humpy.

Mrs. Skinner looked around for something to use as a weapon, and finding that he must go, the boy made a start. It was a walk of on
"Well, keep it there until you get pride returned.
"Yes, I'll bet you have. I've always said I'd never marry any but a brave boy, and I've found him. I'm willing to be engaged if you are."

Humpy was blushing and looking confused when an old man with a cane came along. He wasn't looking for dead horses, but he had to see this one, and no sooner had he stopped than he called out: "Young man, I want to know what this means!"

"He ways said I'd never marry any but a brave boy, and I've found him. I'm willing to be engaged if you are."

Humpy was blushing and looking for dead horses, but he had to see this one, and no sooner had he stopped than he called out: "Young man, I want to know what this means!"

"It's a dead horse."

Who left this here?"
"He fell dead," explained Humpy.
"But why did he fall dead in front
of my house?"

another. Here he was with one at his feet, and he could not only gaze as long as he wanted to, but he was the boss of the job. His chest was swelling out with pride when along came that Chester boy with his eyes bulging out.

"By George, but what's this, Humpy?" he exclaimed.

"A dead horse."

"And who's in charge of him?"

"I am."

"Who put you in charge?"

"The police."

"You don't say! Then you are just as big as a policeman?"

"Just as big."

"Well, well. Say, Hump Skinner, haven't I always said you was just as smart as Cicero? I've said that a feard one wild yell as Humpy was door and here is proof.

cells.)

VETERAN VS. RECRUIT. "I had been on a spree for a week when I sobered up sufficiently to en-list in the United States Army," said list in the United States Army," said the high private, as he sat at the camp fire. "I was rushed off to the Philippines before I was used to the feel of my uniform, and next day after landing we were rushed up the country to clear out a lot of Indrones. I had never smelled powder, and as far as I could size myself up, I wasn't going to do anything very

and as far as I could size myself up, I wasn't going to do anything very brilliant in my first fight. I can't tell you just how it happened, but when we had skirmished with the enemy for awhile I found myself and an old veteran cut off from the main body and surrounded. We got into a hollow, and it looked to me as if the case against us was closed. "There are only fourteen of them," said the old vet after counting, 'and now here's your chance.'
"'Chance to die?' I queried.

"'Die nothing! You go at it and run those fellows off. I want a quiet smoke.'

"He filled and lighted his pipe and lay down on the broad of his back and left me to do all the fighting. I had his weapons in addition to mine, and though my teeth were clicking together I banged away and did the best I could. Not a word of advice or encouragement did I get from my comrade. When I had fusilladed for a quarter of an hour the Ladrones withdrew, and the veteran got up and led the way over to where they had been thickest. There we found two dead and one wounded man, and evi-dences that two more wounded had

"SAY, SONNY, YOU'RE A GREAT crawled away.
"'Humph!' sneered the old vet. " 'What's the matter?'

no headstone to his grave, but he'll sleep just as well for all that."

When she had passed on along came five or six hoodlums in a body. They were led by a boy about fifteen years old, and his first act was to raise

Councilior Enos Smith complained at the meeting of the West Ham Town Council that the Custom House Library was overrun by a plague of earwigs. The matter was referred to the Library Committee.