POOR DOCUMENT

Fredericton Globe.

VOL. II. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892. No. 46.

Professional Cards.

J. A. HANDLEY,
TEACHER OF THE BANJO.
☞ Lessons given at Pupils residence if desired.
Terms: $8.00 for 12 Lessons.
☞ Special rates for clubs.
Residence:
ROYAL HOTEL.
Oct. 31—91.

H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 Queen St.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

BLACK, JORDAN & BLISS,
Barristers, Notaries, &c.
SOLICITORS BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.
260 QUEEN STREET
Money Loaned on Real Estate at lowest current Rates.
Fredericton, N. B., May 3.

JAS. T. SHARKEY,
Barrister & Attorney,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SEC.-TREAS. OF SUNBURY.
OFFICES: West Side of Carleton St., Second Door from Queen St.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.
Best English, American and Canadian Companies.
APPLY AT OFFICE OF
JAS. T. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.
NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.
All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.
In Effect October 30, 1891.

DEPARTURES.
☞ EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ☜

6.15 A.M. EXPRESS for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North; Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West.

10.35 A.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton Jc., St. John and points East.

3.00 P.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton Jc., St. John and points East, also with Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and Saturdays excepted, with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, the West North West and Pacific Coast.

ARRIVALS.
9 20 a m from St John, etc.
2 15 p m from St John, Bangor, Montreal, etc.
7 20 p m from St John, St Stephen, Presque Isle, Woodstock, etc.

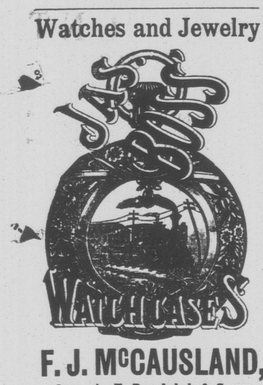
GIBSON.

DEPARTURE.
6.20 A.M. MIXED, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

ARRIVE.
5 10 p m from Woodstock and points North.

☞ All above Trains run Week days only. ☜
C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agt. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen. Supt.

Watches and Jewelry



F. J. McCAUSLAND,
Opp. A. F. Randolph & Sons.
Fredericton, N.B., June 7.

New Advertisements.

-:- TEAS! -:-
Always the Best Value in
Panyong, Sayruue, Oolong, Indian and Ceylon Teas.
☞ If you want Blended Tea, Ask for It. ☜
The Finest Value in the Market in 21lb Boxes.
Fresh Coffee Ground while You Wait, at
THE LONDON TEA STORE,
W. H. TIPPET, Proprietor.

WATCHES!
If you want time, the correct time, and want it every time you need it, look no further than our well-filled show cases and shelves for your watches and clocks. A gent or lady who secures one of our watches, feel as if they always have a true friend by them and the housewife knows she can depend to having the correct hour to minute, with one of our handsome clocks on the mantel shelf.

R. BLACKMER'S,
Queen Street, - Nearly Opp. City Hall.

150 QUEEN STREET. ESTABLISHED, 1850. 150 QUEEN STREET.
JAMES R. HOWIE,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
Has a Splendid Stock of Impored and Native Cloths.
This Season and Cases are arriving daily. Counters and Shelves and Windows are filled with finer goods than ever. These are full lines of Staple Goods in Corkscrews, Diagonals, Worsted suitings, West of England Cloths, and Meltons, Canadian, Scotch and German Tweeds, and Trouserings of every Style.
A SPECIAL NOVELTY
In Trouserings is of French Make, and a splendidly finished Silk Mixture, soft and fine, and smoth as satin. It comes in beautiful designs, a fine selection of which can be seen on the Counters. SPRING AND SUMMER OVERCOATINGS are of specially good value and Style this year, and now is the time to have them made up. MY READY MADE CLOTHING is all it should be, and more, as my many friends are testifying daily. Come and see the makes and prices, they will astonish you.
BOYS CLOTHING
Is a model Line with me this Spring. My Stock cannot be BEAT, (a fact which should recommend it to all School-boys.) But Seriously, every suit is Stylish, durable, and cheap Sales in this department are very Rapid. Gents' Underwear is better than ever. All Styles in summer Neckwear are in my Store, a really beautiful, choice and cheap Stock.
MY OLD STAND, 150 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

XMAS, 1891-92.
There is nothing so nice for a Christmas Present as a Handsome Piece of Furniture.
A well furnished house makes HOME comfortable.
Our Stock this season is far too Large and Varied to enumerate or quote prices in this advertisement. A visit to Our Store will repay you.
We are showing New Lines in Parlor, Hall, Dining-room, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture, also Carpets, Rugs, Curtains and Furniture Coverings.
New Lines in DINNER, BREAKFAST, TEA and TOILET SETS. Fancy China and Glassware.
A Beautiful assortment of Parlor, Banquet, Table and Hanging Lamps, (Fine Decorations).
New English Table Cutlery, and a Very Large stock of the Toronto Silver Plate Co's reliable goods.
We can guarantee Best Value in the city.
FANCY GOODS at Low Cut Prices.
James G. McNally.
Dec. 1st, '91.

THE PLACE TO BUY Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware IS AT **A. F. MORRELL'S.**
A Fine Assortment of
WEDDING RINGS
Always on Hand.
A. F. Morrell,
OPP. BRIDGE.

BE A MAN

All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the VIGOR OF MEN is easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address,
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

HEROISM: HEROIC ENDOWMENT.

Heroism—that divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men.—Carlyle.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it—Richter.

Man, wherever found, is susceptible to the exalting influence of heroic doings and actions, and nations as well as individuals have their ideal heroes. Even nations of antiquity whose actual records appear blended with legend and tradition, with ostensible pride supply us with the narratives of many characters possessing the attributes of daring and valour.

Heroism, as regarded by the ancients, implied the possession of personal qualities of distinguished valour and intrepidity, and accordingly ancient history draws the largest contingent of its heroes from the field of battle as well as from other scenes of physical action. Pagan mythology taught that a hero, though mortal, partook of immortality and after his death was placed among the gods. Accordingly we find that Achilles, when slain by Paris' fatal arrow, does not, like ordinary mortals, go down into Hades, in whose gloom wander the ghosts of his friend, Patroclus, and his enemy, Hector. No; his apparent death has been but a translation, and afterwards, when with unusual pomp, the mourning Greeks have made ready a magnificent funeral pile, their hero's body suddenly disappears. Later it transpires that it has been conveyed to an island in the Euxine sea, there in seclusion to enjoy a new and perpetual life.

Every century of the history of modern nations ascribes to some individual an inordinate measure of heroic endowment, whereby his active life becomes more or less inseparably associated with some nation all circumstance of his time. As some great mountain looms up higher and higher in proportion as we recede from its summit, in like manner do these heroic characters frequently seem to acquire additional powers and skill as we view them through the succeeding generations of human applause and commendation.

The contemporaries of a great man, a hero, seldom view aright his doings, seldom fairly regard his motives, and for this reason are unwilling to accord to him the earnestness and acuteness of intellect that he merits, for, as Carlyle says, intellect is the primary outfit of a hero. When enquired into, this will be found to be the experience of the world's greatest heroes. Emerson gives us a partial solution of this mystery. "Heroism," he says, "works in contradiction for a time to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now, to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than anyone else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act until after some little time be past, then they see it to be in unison with their acts." This is indeed the creed of true heroism.

A genuine contempt and disregard for established methods and conventional usages may be observed in all men who have become famous in the broad field of human actions. True heroism, indeed, measures itself by its contempt for the conventionalism and recognized beliefs that may appear in its chosen path. Burns, with his verses enlightening and liberalizing the peasantry of stern Scotland; Luther, inaugurating the Reformation; Mahommed, advancing from idolatry; Cromwell, the enemy of tyranny, the champion of equality, illustrate this under-lying principle of human greatness.

Carry on illustration farther, and it will also be seen that the hero is, in high degree, a contributor to the intelligence and civilization of his time. The fearless character of Burns' writings served to dispel much of the stern dogmas of Calvin and Knox, and encouraged a spirit of democratic equalization among the people, thereby exalting religion and expunging fallacy.

Mahommed, shattering the temple idols and establishing in their stead a faith that recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being, and insists upon charitable doings, is assuredly a step in the interests of humanity. Who can predict what may yet be the outcome of this strange wild faith? It must be remembered that Christianity was evolved from Judaism. No person will deny that at a late hour, Oliver Cromwell, but summarily disposing of a crowned head, did redeem the departing honour and justice of monarchial England, and once more directed his institution towards the protection of his subjects and the advancement of his interests.

A strong impulse is the logic of heroism. The hero is governed by the flash-like decision of impulse rather than by the cool operation of reason. Joan of Arc had but to feel the necessity of relieving the oppression of her countrymen and her own blood shall be the pawn in a heroic effort for their release. William Wallace required no act of reason after the slaughter of his father and other friends by King Edward's soldiers to enable him to decide whether or not these English marauders should be driven from Scottish soil.

Courage, it is said, is the instinct of a child and the habit of a man, and the hero, at a critical moment, makes few pretentions to gravity. Personal danger serves but to sharpen his perceptions and inflame his valour and, faced with death itself, his manner is stamped with either the stoicism of indifference or the recklessness of levity. Blanched-faced for his sacred cause he may approach the fatal block but audibly repine he will not.

In one of those rare old plays of Beaumont and Fletcher we find Julietta telling the brave captain and his men:—

Jul.—Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Master.— Very like'y,
'Tis in 'our' powers, then, to be hanged and scorn ye.

Livy, although moderately imbued with the national prejudices of the Romans, cannot, however refrain from paying high compliment to the noble courage of Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian General, in his last encounter with the Roman legions, "He it was," writes the annalist, "who kept his men up while they fought by cheering them and facing every personal danger like themselves; he it was who, when they were tired out and gave way from very weariness and fatigue, reawoke their spirit now by entreaties, now by reproaches; he rallied them when they fled, and restored the battle at many points where the struggle ceased. At last when it was clear that the day was the enemy's, refusing to survive the fate of the army which had followed him as leader, he spurred his horse right into one of the Roman cohorts. There he fell, fighting to the last, as became a son of Hamilcar and a brother of Hannibal."

Scipio, charged by a political faction with speculations during his military command, meets the charge with scorn refusing to do himself the disgrace of waiting for justification from the tribune, indignantly tears up the scroll of accounts containing his own vindications in the face of his accusers.

In that greatest of sanguinary dramas of French Revolutions, what imperishable examples do we find of true manly and also of womanly heroism! Philippe D'Orleans when about to prostrate himself to the horrid guillotine, was ordered by the executioner to draw off his boots, replied: "Tush they will come better off after; let us have done."

Madam Roland, queenly in her uncomplaining grief, arrives at the scaffold, and pointing to the statue of Liberty, exclaims; "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name." The scaffold mounted, she informs the dejected Lamarch by her side, who is also presently to share her unhappy fate, "that she will die first; show him how easy it is to die." Sir Thomas More, while ascending the scaffold, said to one: "Friend, help me up; when I come down again let me shift for myself." Laying his head on the block he bade the executioner hold till he put aside his beard; "for," said he, "it never committed treason" The Koran teaches that Paradise is under the shadow of swords, and true to a brave impulse we find the Arab (otherwise a fierce creature unworthy of eulogy) eagerly engaging in hostile combat, where even the the odds are decidedly against him death in battle being regarded a certain passport in Paradise. The noble daring thus exemplified in the highest types of men wanting in admiration when generously declared.

Perseverance is also a characteristic of heroism, it is its real hope. Perseverance is a desirable quality in all men, but to the the hero it is indespensable. It is the great highway to success, and tho man who, from native indolence of disposition, expects to achieve any great undertaking without persistence shall meet with disappointment. There is no gilded pathway leading to distinction or renown, as there is said to be no royal road to learning. Once enlisted in the mission of a noble impulse, the hero is not discouraged by disappointment or defeat; he acquires strength and courage through adversity. Bruce utilized his successive reverses on the field as stepping stones to Scotland's freedom. The repeated protestations of the Spanish sailors against Columbus continuing his voyage of discovery, and their repeated threats to throw him overboard into the unknown waste of waters around them, served but to further convince the far-seeing mariner that his plan was correct and that favourable winds would yet declare him the herald of the new world. When Cyrus Field declared his purpose of laying a submarine cable in the Atlantic ocean, many greeted the intelligence with derision and regarded such an undertaking as impractible and madness, and when in the process of laying, the cable snapped in mid-ocean, many exulted in the fulfilment of their prophecy that such an occurrence would inevitably result. But, with renewed confidence in science, and an assertion of self-trust, he controlled obstacles, and finally succeeded in traversing the ocean depths with a veritable gossamer thread of subtle properties, bringing the people of two widely separate continents into a state of prompt and marvellous communication. We find Thomas Carlyle, with the vigour of heroic endowment (such as has thus far generally been mistaken for the irascibility of dyspepsia), fearlessly discussing the social and political evils of this century there existing no dignitary or situation to deter him from his chosen work. For the great majority of offenders he had no pleasant remedy to prescribe, and, by this class, could not hope to be commended. To those who had already declared their allegiance to the established standards of literary style these strange mandates had a wild and unsubduable tone. "Man, know thy work and do it," is the first article of his creed respecting human duty and action, and the second is like unto it, "work according to thy faculty or starve according to necessity." This is high counsel; and pre-eminently orthodox at all times, among all people and under all circumstances.

Imagine the manuscript of "Sartor Resartus," with its rich Nestorian mines, lying in a drawer for upwards of seven years before any publisher coild be induced to give it book shape, and eventually when it appeared piece-meal in Fraser's Magazine we hear of an indignant nobleman enquiring of the editor when "that stupid series of articles by the crazy tailor were to end."

Mistaking its genuine declaration of exposure and reform for the wail of revolution and anarchy in everything that pertains to human weal, this latest and richest of human gospels was for a time regarded rather as a tissue of revolutionary sentiments than a work of verified doctrine suited to the exigencies of humanity; its "everlasting no" and everlasting yea" literally scaling the dizziest heights of thought, sounding the eternities and the soul. Possessed of ill-health, precarious means of livelihood, scant demand for his early productions, and surrounded with discouragements of many kinds, he nevertheless perseveres in his chosen field. Favor, honor, or preferment he is not in search of, neither desires; alone intent upon doing whatsoever seems to be his duty and in the manner that appears best to himself. True to the test of heroic constitution Carlyle's teachings and method appeared in "contradiction" for a time to the voice of the great and the good," but as time and mutation dispel the mortal mists that often obscure manly worth, we are able to behold in him the operation of the acutest mind of modern times—an intelligence that we mistake not for insanity—a force that is not frenzy—a vigor that is not vanity.

Through persistent application a great deal, otherwise refractory and stubborn can be reduced to a state of possibility. "Never mention to me," said Mirabeau, "that blockhead of a word, 'Impossible.'" "If you have no gunpowder," Napoleon once replied, "make it; if you have no bridges, build them." This certainly sounds like the language of self-trust and perseverence. "Impossible!" in current usage with the mass of mankind is a cant phrase, a delusion. An important object that may in one direction defy your best efforts, may at last yield if assailed in another. The Gordian knot that refuses to untie, can be cut by any Alexander who has the temerity to do so. Opportunities for personal distinction have at all times been open to the world, but it has ever been the urgent moment, the extreme need that called forth a Watt, a Stephenson, a Davy, or an Edison. Nevertheless, how rich yet is nature in undeveloped resources, and what additional wants is human experience, in the infinite variety of its exercise daily proclaiming!

We have already observed that sincerity is also a characteristic of the hero. Every claim for a new method or discovery has, as a rule, in proportion as it deviated from established custom or teaching necessitated an earnest pleading at the bar of public opinion. Such is the record of the world's incredulity that it seldom accepts sincerity on the part of an innovator as a guarantee of good faith for the performance of his new work. The opposition that Galileo's brilliant discovery in the heavens provoked, and subsequently the resistance offered to Jenner's boon of vacination, are evidences of the correctness of this assertion.

Nevertheless the world's benefactors will be found to have all been earnest men. Sincerity, when associated with intelligence, has seldom resulted harmfully to mankind. In social reform, in politict, in theology and in science this fact is fully exemplified. Without earnestness all the eloquence of Wilberforce or Wendell Phillips would never have triumphed over the curse of slavery. Religion suffers little at the hands of earnest doubters, provided they be intelligent. The day will shortly be at hand when the memories of such great minds as Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall shall resent the imputation of unfriendliness to religion. "Sceptics," you say; well, save in the matter of a few universally recognized concessions, is not mankind, as a whole, more or less sceptical? These men whom you style 'sceptic' have but had the courage to frankly declare themselves upon these matters as they really appear to them, opinions that have been, and are still, secretly entertained by thousands of others. The ethical creed admitted, man, by constitution, is in other respects the victim of secret doubt, of scepticism. Repeated attempts to systematize certain arbitrary standards and constructions of moral and spiritual ideas, have been productive of this adverse criticism styled scepticism. Is a man to be charged with some spiritual obliquity who renounces Calvin's doctrine of infant damnation? The world as a unit has long ago grown sceptical on this point. Church presbyteries and synods, judging from their animated and protracted discussions in certain directions, are also manifesting signs of scepticism.

The hero smiles at elegance, and hesitatingly shakes his head at luxury; they are to him mere tinsel to allure the indolent; his ideals are simple and primitive, and constitute his environments. With him gold is seldom at par, save as it contributes to the supply of his meagre wants.

Plato tells us that two Thessalian princes once tried to induce Socrates by the offer of a large sum of money to settle at their courts; but the Athenian sage, with heroic independence, replied that it ill became him to accept benefits that he had little hope of being able to return, and that his personal requirements were few, for he could purchase four measures of meal for an obolus (two cents) at Athens, and besides there was excellent spring water to be got there—for nothing.

What is wealth to James Watt until his scheme of the steam-engine is worked out, or to Columbus while in mid-ocean and the new world yet undiscovered? We are wont to commiserate the poverty and misfortune of the world's great men, but under more affluent circumstances can it be assured that they would have attained their admitted greatness? In many cases some stern master secretly rules. Samuel Johnson writes "Rasselas" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; Sir Walter Scott turns out volume after volume of the romantic "Waverley" in order that the well-nigh insatiable claim of the Ballantine disaster may be liquidated; Robert Burns, in the closing years of his fretted life, supplies Thompson with sweet songs to maintain his family. Herein we may find the key-note of the following couplet from Johnson's imitation of Juvenal:—

Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the garret and the jail

Lastly, unselfishness is a trait of a great man as already observed, the truly great man is essentially a hero. Generosity and selfishness represent the positive and negative poles of human feeling, the two extremes of sympathy, and the great and good are attracted by one and repelled by the other. Generosity with cup in hand ever repairs to and renders warm and cheerful the scenes of affliction and oppression, while niggardly selfishness aggravates the disress it seeks to assauge. The munificence of George Peabody, Peter Cooper and Stephen Girard and many other philanthropists in founding educational institutions, hospitals and other charities, is to-day the heritage of millions. The noble womanhood of the age, in one direction or another, daily emulates the immortal examples of Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling.

Human nature attains its highest degree of excellence in the exercise of these heavenly qualities. and from the standpoint of history, if from no other, every eye involuntarily turns to Jesus at Nazareth as the highest example of their purity. The derision of the atheist moderates into silent respect when admonished with the unselfishness of Christ's life; the hopeless want of the infidel becomes subdued when confronted with His merciful acts. Down through nineteen centuries burdened with the sorrows and joys of mortal experience, comes stories of Christ's beneficence and martryiom, around which cluster tender associations, whose memories in every land evoke a strange and sacred interest. In hallowed remembrance of the far distant scenes of his matchless kindness and unselfishness, and of the integrity and purity of His brief life, millions of tiny hands are daily clasped, and millions of innocent bosoms swell in childish petition for the gift of His meekness and love; millions in the vigour of life daily bend a knee desirous of His truth and humility; and as the drama of life draws to a close, ere that strange and awful emotion stupefies mortal consciousness what spiritual support is afforded by His cheering words, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." This is, indeed, supreme beneficence.

D. R. MOORE.

Stanley, N. B.

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

She (bride-to-be): 'And who shall you send, John, to write up the account of our marriage?'

He (an Editor): 'I shall send nobody. I intend to do it myself. My motto is, that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself.'

Fred: 'I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours.'

Ed: 'You don't mean it? Where did you fall?'

Fred: 'I fell asleep.'

Doctor: 'Take this mixture as directed, and your cold will be gone in two or three days.'

Patient: 'You seem quite hoarse, doctor.'

Doctor: 'Yes; I've had a bad cold for a month.'

Bees are said to be possessed of power-memories. So are all people to whom the bee ever introduces himself.

A barber displays the following sign:—"Hair cut and whiskers trimed for fourpence; children, half price.'

'Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?'

Village Pastor: 'No; but I have often wondered what he would do if he had mine.'

Sanso: 'He is not rich, and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends.'

Rodd: 'How can that be?'

Sanso: He works in the Mint.'

Captain: 'I wouldn't ship on this voyage if I were you.'

Sailor: 'Why not? Ain't I all right?

Captain: 'Yes, but you are too fat.'

Sailor: 'What if I am! I can handle a rope as well as a thin man.'

Captain: 'Yes, yes, but we are bound for the Cannibal Islands.'

Boarder: "What! Mutton again, Mrs Skimp?"

Mrs. S. (indignantly): "And, pray, have you any objection to a beautiful leg of hot roast mutton?"

Boarder: "Oh, no, madam; but I object to the ghastly train that will follow it for many weary days—cold mutton, hash, etc., etc.!"

As a cure for paralysis, sciatica, rheuatism, female troubles, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, etc., general debility and that tired feeling peculiar to so many, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box—The Dr Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the perscription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SRYUP."—Aug.9—91—1y.

An old smoker declares that he has been using 'Myrtle Navy' tobacco ever since the second year of its manufacture and that during that time he has never suffered from a blistered tongue or parched tonsils or any other of the unpleasant effects which most tobaccos will leave behind them. His experience, he said, is that no other tobacco which he has ever tried is quite its equal and that in value for the money 'no other comes anywhere near it.'