

This and That

A Western farmer owned a fine horse that was taken sick. Being called away from home on business, he gave instructions to his Swede farm hand regarding the administering of medicine to the horse during his absence.

"Place the powder in this tube, Hans, put one end in the horse's mouth, and blow it down his throat."

On his return he questioned Hans on the matter.

"Did you give Prince his powders?"

"Naw."

Why not? I told you how to do it."

"Vell, it was dees way. Ah take de powder and put heem in de tube, and ah take one end in my mout and put de oder in de horse's mout, but de hoss he blow first."—American Weekly.

A PET TROUT.

A remarkable story is told of a lady living near Ingestre Hall, Staffs who has made a pet of a trout. A correspondent writes that while walking round a pool in that neighborhood he observed a lady throw a piece of bread in the water. Almost immediately the surface of the pool was ruffled, there was a glimpse of bright colour and the bread had disappeared. Other crumbs followed, thrown nearer and nearer to the bank, and gradually there swam into view a fine trout.

Without the slightest trace of shyness the trout came to the edge of the bank, to the very feet of the lady, and waited for more bread to be thrown.

In reply to a question put by the visitor, the lady stated that the trout had been her pet for a long time, and had become so tame that it would take a worm or a pince of meat from her fingers.

The pool is stocked with hundreds of trout but this, curiously enough, is the only one among them all to act in this way. It lives by itself in a part of the pool which no anglers are allowed to invade, and comes regularly at the appointed time for its meals of bread.—London News.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

A gentleman, on returning home from India, took with him a goodly stock of souvenirs. Among them was a pair of those interesting creatures known as the laughing jackasses, and he entrusted them to his servant Tom.

The unaccustomed shipboard life did not agree with the animals, and in spite of all Tom's care they pined away and died. When he discovered the catastrophe Tom was in despair. He confided his trouble to a comrade, who advised him to break the news gently to his master, and he would find it all right. The advice seemed sound, and Tom sought his master.

"Scuse me," he said, "you know them things upstairs—what you call larfin' jackasses?"

"Yes."

"Wel, sir, they ain't got nuffin' to larf at this morning."—Ex.

"I think old Kreezus has the queerest way of teasing his wife I ever heard of."

"I thought he was fond of her."

"He is, but he likes to get a joke on her. You know she is sensitive about her age. Well, he has let everybody know that when they were married he gave her a magnificent necklace of diamonds, each diamond representing a year of her age, and he adds one to the string every time she has a birthday. Imagine how the poor woman is torn between her desire to display the necklace and the fear that when she wears it everybody will be counting her diamonds."

Prayer and kindly intercourse with the poor are the great safeguards of spiritual life—it's more than food and raiment.—Thomas Arnold.

It is a profound remark of Prescott's that "liberty is dependent upon forms." But what is of more importance to remember is that love is dependent upon forms—courtesy of etiquette guards and protects courtesy of heart.—F. W. Robertson.

Mamma—"Johnny, I am ashamed of you for keeping at the bottom of your class in school." Johnny—"I keep there for the advantages of the place, mamma. It's my last guess at a question, you know. When all the others have failed, it's most impossible for me not to guess right."—Boston Transcript.

BOTH WRONG.

Scene—Scotch wayside station; train approaching—Sandy, to his master—"Here's your train, sir."

Master, who has his own ideas about correct speech—"That's not my train, but rather the train I'm going by."

But it happened to be a special train, and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed: "We's bath wrang, for it's neither your train nor the ane ye're gaun by but its the ane that's gane by you!"

A short time ago a traveller entered a restaurant in Dublin to partake of lunch. He took a seat at a table, and opposite him sat two young Irishmen. In the centre of the table stood a nicely arranged glass of celery, and at the end of his meal he helped himself freely to it, when he noticed one of the youth opposite looking at him very suspiciously, and overheard him whisper to his mate: "Look, Moike, he's afther-eating the bouquet."

Fond Mamma—"I am not surprised, Edith, that young Mr. Higmus prefers your society to that of Kate Garlinghorn. She may be more dashing and coquettish, but she is far from being your equal in the enduring qualities of intellect and culture."

Miss Edith—"Yes; that's where I've got the bulge on poor little Kit."

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

This tot, who is as pretty as the proverbial picture and wise beyond her years, was hurrying with me the other day to catch a train, and, unconscious that I was taxing the little one beyond her power, I said, with masculine brusqueness:

"Walk faster, walk faster, or we'll be left?"

"Oh, I can't," was the panting reply; "I'm all out of air."—Boston Budget.

HIS INSPIRATION.

"What furnishes your inspiration?" they asked of the author.

"My wife," was the reply.

"How lovely," they cried. "How perfectly idealistic?"

"Yes," he went on, "if the muse ever halts and I feel like loafing her demand for a new dress or some additional money for household expenses stirs me to renewed effort, and puts Pegasus in a gallop."

Mrs. Burden—"It's strange that a strong man like you cannot get work."

Tramp—"Well, yer see, mum, people wants references from me last employer, an' he's been dead twenty years."

AN OFFER ANALYZED.

"Do you think that politics offers a career to the average young man?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "It offers a career. But like everything else in politics, the offer is liable to have a string to it."—Washington Star.

Kindness is a grace that all can understand.—J. C. Ryle.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring-bone, with five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a month there was no ringbone and no lameness.

DANIEL MURCHISON,

Four Falls, N. B.

DISCOMFORT AFTER EATING

December 4, 1903

People who suffer after eating, feeling oppressed with a sensation of stuffiness and heaviness, and who frequently find the food both to distend and painfully hang like a heavy weight at the pit of the stomach, or who have Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Headache, Disgust of Food, Gaseous Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or suffocating Sensations, when in a lying posture, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flashes of Heat, should use a few doses of

Radway & Co., New York.

Gentleman—In regard to "Radway's Pills," I wish to say, that I have never found any remedy that can equal them.

For the past two years I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and constipation. After eating I would have a sensation of heaviness in the stomach, feel like vomiting, pain and dizziness in the head, and then I would become nervous. I tried everything that was recommended to me. My physician told me I had chronic constipation and a sour stomach. He could relieve me somewhat, but still did not cure me. I was almost in despair. At last a friend persuaded me to try "Radway's Pills," which I did. And I am glad to say that they not only relieved me, but positively cured me. Even after taking them only a few days, a regularity of the bowels was established and the dyspeptic symptoms have already disappeared. Now I feel like a new person.

May God bless you and your wonderful remedy. I remain,

Yours for health,
B. S. TREXLER,
Allentown, Pa.

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