

This and That

MARVEL OF SCIENCE.

During a visit to the South with an eclipse expedition some years ago, says the "Omaha Mercury," an eminent American professor met an old negro servant whose duty it was to look after the chickens of the establishment where he was staying. The day before the eclipse took place, the professor, in an idle moment, called the old man to him and said: "Sam, if to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock you watch your chickens you will find they will all go to roost."

Sam was skeptical, of course, but when at the appointed time next day the sun in the heavens was darkened and the chickens retired to roost, the negro's astonishment knew no bounds. He approached the professor in awe. "Massa," he asked, "how long ago did you know dat dem chickens would go to roost?"

"Oh, a long time," said the professor, airily. "Did you know a year ago, massa?" "Yes."

"Then dat beats de world!" exclaimed the astonished old man. "Dem chickens weren't hatched a year ago."—Ex.

WHISKEY DID IT.

One of the best Greek scholars in New York City is a guard on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The "L" guard referred to, wrote to a newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book, and signed himself by his road number. After a month's search a correspondent found the man. "How does it happen," he said, showing his card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?" He looked at the correspondent sadly, and his red face flushed more than usual. "I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin," he replied. "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by—whiskey."—American Issue.

GRAND WIFE.

The Kind Worth Having.

A well known lady of Carthage, Mo. says: "Although I do not drink tea or coffee myself I have had a most interesting experience in my family for about a year ago my husband began to fail in health. He would get so very nervous at times he would have to give up his work and come home. His eyes were failing him and the doctor became alarmed—was afraid he was going to lose his sight. He also got very yellow in complexion, at times his blood ran cold, from nervous child's the doctor said.

"In a few days he would return to work still in that dull, chilly condition. He would drink coffee, coffee, coffee, 'for a stimulant' he would say (as he drank no liquor).

His condition gradually got worse instead of better until finally I made up my mind coffee had something to do with it, so I bought a package of Postum without telling him, and made it according to directions. He drank it and seemed to like it so I continued to make it and before the first package was gone he began to get so clear of complexion and feel so well, gaining fast in flesh, he was so delighted he would get weighed every day.

"Finally he talk so much about it (he had gained ten pounds in 10 days) I could not keep it a secret any longer and told him to give Postum the credit. The consequences are there has been no more coffee since (and no doctor either).

Postum is a delightful drink made according to directions, I have found no better way as it is a rich golden brown when cream is added.

"I forgot to say husband's eyes are as strong as they ever were, he is well and hearty, does not sit around the stove chilled all the time as he did before." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Coffee poison causes eye trouble as well as other, and is never suspected. A 10 days trial proves things you will never forget! Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

ALL THEY COULD AFFORD.

As an illustration of the nature of Southern negroes, the Rev. D. J. Saunders, the negro president of Biddle University of Charlotte, North Carolina related the following incident to some members of the Presbyterian General Assembly at a recent meeting. The story is reported by the New York Times.

Negroes are great lovers of pomp and ceremony, of titles and decorations, and the members of a large but ignorant congregation in North Carolina conceived the notion that it would add very much to their influence as a church if their pastor could append the initials D. D. to his name.

One of the brethren learned that a certain institution in the North would confer such a degree for a price. He wrote, and got a letter from this institution, stating that fifty dollars would secure the desired honor.

Meantime the members of the congregation went to work to raise this fifty dollars, but their utmost efforts failed to secure more than twenty-five dollars.

The committeemen put their heads together and it was finally decided to send the money, with this message, to the Northern institution:

"Please send our pastor one 'D,' as we are not able to pay for the other at this time."—Ex.

GRAMMAR AND GROCERIES.

The purist who figures in the following story was the proprietor of a grocery in St. Louis, but the Chicago Record Herald, which prints the story, suggests that he probably came from the East.

One day he was called to the telephone in great haste. "Does some one wish to speak to Mr. Perkins?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girlish voice at the other end of the wire. "Mamma wishes me to tell you that she wants the eggs she ordered this morning very bad."

"I am sorry," replied the grocer, "that we have not, to my knowledge, a bad egg in the house. I couldn't your mother possibly use good ones?"

"Dear me!" he murmured, hanging up the receiver. "I wonder why she rang in my ear that way?"—Ex.

BRAVE AND TENDER.

A year or two ago there was a shipwreck at St. Margaret's Bay, England, and the life-line brought sailor after sailor to shore, amid the cheers of the rescuers. At last only the captain remained on board. The line was ready, the signal was given, but the answering jerk did not come. Again and again, for a quarter of an hour, the question passed along the line without reply. At last when hope was nearly dead, the signal came, and the captain was hauled, dripping, to shore. He picked himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast-pocket, and set it tenderly down. Then he looked around and said in simple apology, "I couldn't find the little brute anywhere!"—Southern Baptist, Australia.

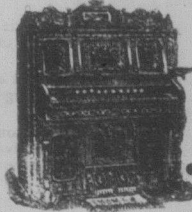
A story is related of little Prince Edward of Wales. The little prince dislikes arithmetic, and, in fact, mathematics in general. His punishment for dereliction of duty is being put in a corner. Some time ago, when he saw his governess taking out the book and slate to prepare for the day's lesson in the particular branch which he specially disliked, he said, very deliberately—"I don't believe I care to do arithmetic to-day. I'll go into the corner again, if you don't mind." Away he marched like a soldier, leaving an astonished teacher wondering what course he was to pursue.—Ex.

SCRATCH HIS EAR FOR MUSIC.

A schoolmaster received a visit from the mother of one of his pupils, who demanded to know why her boy was not being taught music. The dominie explained that the boy had no ear for music, whereupon the woman gave vent to her astonishment by exclaiming: "What dae ye say? Nae ear for music! Guidsave, man, the laddie has a lug like a saucer."

"So your son has finally decided which college he will attend?" "Yes; he has found one at last where the professors do not allow the studies to interfere with the athletic work."—Ex.

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