

This and That

ABOUT MR. EDISON.

To Mr. Edison time is so valuable that he does not waste it even by taking account of it. Time to him is only the chance to get things done, and no matter how long it takes they must be done. In his office safe there is carefully locked away a \$2,700 Swiss watch, given him by a European scientific society. It is never used. He buys a stem winder costing \$1.50, breaks the chain rings off, squirts oil under the cap of the stem, thrusts it into his trousers pocket—and never looks at it. When it gets too clogged with dirt to run he lays it on a laboratory table, hits it with a hammer, and buys another.

A gentleman who lives in a southern town the other day employed a carpenter to partition off a part of his study, and particularly requested the workman to make the partition sound proof. The carpenter declared that he could do this electrically with a filing of sawdust. When it was finished, the gentleman stood on one side and called to the carpenter on the other, "Can you hear me, Smith?" "No, sir, not a bit," was the prompt reply.

FEARED ANOTHER NAP.

Joseph Jefferson was presenting "Rip Van Winkle" in an Indiana town many years ago. In the hotel where he stayed was an Irish porter. At 6 a. m. Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on the door, with slowly returning consciousness he remembered that he had left no call on the night before to be aroused early, and naturally became indignant.

MENTAL ACCURACY.

Greatly improved by leaving off Coffee.

The manager of an extensive creamery in Wisconsin that while a regular coffee drinker, he found it injurious to his health and a hindrance to the performance of his business duties. "I cannot say," he continues, "that I ever used coffee to excess, but I know that it did me harm, especially during the past few years."

It impaired my digestion, gave me a distressing sense of fullness in the region of the stomach, causing a most painful and disquieting palpitation of the heart, and what is worse, it retarded my mental faculties so as to seriously injure my business efficiency.

I concluded, about 8 months ago, that something would have to be done. I quit the use of the old kind of coffee, short oil, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The cook didn't make it right at first she didn't boil it long enough, and I did not find it palatable and quit using it and went back to the old kind of coffee, and to the stomach trouble again. Then my wife took the matter in hand and by following the directions on the box faithfully, she had me drinking Postum for several days before I knew it. When I happened to remark that I was feeling much better than I had for a long time, she told me that I had been drinking Postum, and that accounted for it. Now we have no other kind of coffee on our table.

"My digestion has been perfectly restored, and with this improvement has come relief from the oppressive sense of fullness and palpitation of the heart that used to bother me so, and I note such a gain in mental strength and acuteness that I can attend to my office work with ease and pleasure and without making the mistakes that were so annoying to me while I was using the old kind of coffee.

"Postum Food Coffee is the greatest table drink of the times, in my humble estimation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

His sleep was spoiled for the morning so he arose and appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded, "why have I been called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know," replied the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

The porter was summoned. "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the coat-sleeve, the Irishman led him to one side. "He was snoring like a horse, sor," he explained, "and I'd heard from the b'yes how onct he were after slavin' for twenty years; so, says I to myself, 'It's a-comin' on him agin, an' it's yer duty to get the crayther out o' the house instantly!'"

SYSTEM IN SAVING.

"The only good plan for saving is to make it an invariable rule to deposit something each week or each month," said a bank president. "Having thus put the money aside, it should be considered out of reach and on no account to be drawn upon except in case of sickness, loss of employment, or death. It is surprising how money will pile up when such a system as this is followed. If every one who possesses any income at all would adopt the practice and stick to it no matter how small the deposits might be, poverty would be well-nigh abolished."

A POOR RECIPE.

"Don't talk to me about the recipes in that magazine," said Mrs. Lane, with great energy. "Wasn't that the very magazine that advised me to put on that soy solution and leave the tablecloth out over night to take off those yellow stains?"

"I'm inclined to think it may have been," said Mrs. Lane's sister, with due meekness. "I sent you a number of them in the spring, I remember."

"Well, and what happened?" asked Mrs. Lane, with rising wrath.

"Don't the stains disappear?" asked her sister.

"Disappear!" said Mrs. Lane in a withering tone. "It was the tablecloth that disappeared. I don't know anything about the stains."

The gentleman who likes to ask questions was visiting Miss Abbott's kindergarten. Finally, says the Christian Register, he turned his attention to "Johnny."

"My boy," he said, "do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"

"Yes, sir," "Johnny" answered promptly.

"Good!" exclaimed the visitor, delighted to learn that in "Johnny's" case, at least, the work of hand and brain were going forward together.

"How would you go about it?"

"Why, jus' pull her tail," said "Johnny"; "that's all."

CANNED FLOWERS.

Ethel's auntie was canning strawberries. Ethel liked to watch her and to think how nice the berries would taste next winter, when the snow was on the ground. She looked out of the window at the flowers, and said: "I wish we could can some of the flowers, auntie, and have them next winter."

Auntie laughed and said: "Go outdoors and watch the bees a while, and then come back and tell me what you think about it."

When Ethel came back, she said: "I watched the bees a long time. They went to the flowers to get their honey. I think that honey is canned flowers. I will remember that next winter, when I eat the honey."—Primary Plans.

Mrs. Pancake (to a fourth-floor lodger)—"Anything the matter with your steak, Mr. Hardup?"

Hardup—"A trifle overtrained, maybe madam; but, really, I never saw a fatter muscle!"

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