

## This and That

### NOT A GENTLEMAN.

A story with a genuine touch of human nature is told of Congressman Adamson, of Georgia, who lives at the Hotel Varnum, Washington. Congressman Lloyd, of Missouri, tells the story, thus:—

"If there's a Congressman who loves children it is Adamson, and while at the Varnum he spent much of his time playing with the youngsters, with whom he is a general favorite.

"One morning, just as Adamson was starting for the Capitol, a five-year-old girl walked up to him, and asked him to let her ride on his back. The child's mother objected, saying, 'Why, Mabel, you shouldn't make a horse of a gentleman.'

"O, mamma," answered the child, 'he isn't a gentleman; he's a Congressman.'

"The child's remark appealed to Mr. Adamson with peculiar force, and the desired ride was freely given."—Ex.

### NO DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Booker T. Washington tells this story of a man who belonged to the "po' white trash" of Alabama.

A black man who ran a ferry was one day accosted thus:—

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Doan' you got no money 't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. Er man what's got no three cents am jes' ez well off on dis side er de river as on de odder."

—Ex.

### TIRED.

Mr. Timothy Healy, who is a King's counsel, as well as a member of Parliament, was lately opposed in the assize courts to a distinguished barrister, remarkable for his capacity to talk against time. This lawyer asked for the postponement of a trial in which he and Healy were interested on opposite sides.

"On what ground do you seek this postponement?" queried the court.

### COLLEGE COMPLEXIONS.

Can be Ruined by Others.

Nothing so surely mars a woman's complexion as coffee drinking. A young college girl of Hyattsville, Md., says, "I never drank coffee up the time I went to college, and as long as you are not going to publish my name will admit that I was proud of my pink and white complexion, but for some reason I began drinking coffee at school and when vacation came I looked like a wreck. Was extremely nervous and my face hollow and sallow.

All my friends said college life had been too much for me. After questioning me about my diet Mother gave me a cup of strong, rich coffee at breakfast although formerly she had objected to the habit, but the secret came out in a few weeks when everybody began to comment on my improved looks and spirits. She said she had been steadily giving me Postum Food Coffee and I did not know it.

My color came back, much to my delight and I was fully restored to health. I will return to college without the slightest fear of losing ground for I know exactly where the trouble lies.

Mother says the first time she had Postum made no one would drink it for it was pale and watery, but the next day she did not trust to the cook but examined the directions and made it herself. She found the cook had just let it come to the boiling point and then served it, and it was tasteless, but the beverage made according to directions, by proper boiling, is delicious and has a remarkable 'taste for more.'

One cup is seldom enough for Father now. I have a young lady friend who suffered several years from neuralgia and headache, obtaining only temporary relief from medicines. Her sister finally persuaded her to leave off coffee and use Postum. She is now very pronounced in her views as to coffee. Says it was the one thing responsible for her condition, for she is now well and the headaches and neuralgia are things of the past. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

### THE SUPERCILIOUS SEED.

A little seed lay in the ground,  
And soon began to sprout;  
Now which of all the flowers around,  
It mused, "shall I come out?"

"The lily's face is fair and proud,  
But just a trifle cold;  
The rose, I think, is rather loud,  
And, then, its fashion's old.

"The violet is very well,  
But not a flower I'd choose;  
Nor yet the Canterbury-bell—  
I never cared for blues.

"Petunias are by far too bright,  
And vulgar flowers besides;  
The primrose only blooms at night,  
And peonies spread too wide."

And so it criticised each flower,  
This supercilious seed;  
Until it woke one summer hour  
And found itself a weed.

—St. Nicholas.

### HARD TO TELL CHINAMAN'S AGE.

How old is a Chinaman? Can you give a good guess? It is harder to tell than the age of a negro. The Chinaman has no beard, and his hair is of a jet and glossy blackness, which turns gray only at an extreme age, when a Caucasian head would be either snow white or bald. Then again the Chinese have the most perfect nervous system of any people in the world and do not wrinkle up with age. They can stand any amount of opium smoking without material injury that would send a white man to his grave or an insane asylum. So you have little to go by. A Chinaman will look thirty when he is twenty and when he is fifty. If you ask him his age, he will place it at least ten years ahead, for he holds old age to be honorable, and among his people he will be respected and looked up to by all his juniors.—Washington Post.

### APPLES OF GOLD.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

A young girl was passing her aged great-aunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head beside her and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

Few of us realize the dearth of such attentions which the old suffer. Many of them have been persons of consequence in their prime. As illness and sorrow gradually weaken their spirits they retire into the background. They are no longer pursued by the honeyed words which interest or affection once heaped upon them. Too often they linger on in more or less cheerless obscurity until they die.

"I was astonished to find what an interesting person that old lady is who lives at Mrs. D's," remarked one lady to another. "She seems to be an aunt or a great-aunt of Mr. D's, but she has always sat back in a corner when I have been there, and I never supposed that she knew anything in particular. Yesterday Mrs. D. appealed to her several times. It seemed to draw her out. She is remarkably intelligent, and has had wonderful experiences of life."

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?"

"No, that didn't occur to me."

The knowledge that her words and personality had so favorably impressed her visitor might have given the quiet old lady a pleasure which would lighten many weary hours. "There is no tonic like happiness."

A young man said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remarked casually, 'What a pretty gown you have on to-day, and how nice you look in it.' She almost cried she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing as that would be likely to please her."

"I never expect to eat any cookies so good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words, for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.—The Congregationalist.

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### THE ENGLISHMAN'S UMBRELLA.

The late Lord Kimberley was fond of telling this story to illustrate how an Englishman always clings to his umbrella: An Englishman had been arrested as a spy by the French during the Franco-German war, and, in spite of his protestations, he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. On the way to execution, as if suddenly remembering something, the 'spy' asked leave to go back and fetch something he had left behind. Such a thing, declared his guard, was impossible, but the prisoner's importunity prevailing, he was allowed to go. 'What is it you have left behind?' asked the guard, and the man on his way to his doom replied calmly: 'I have left my umbrella.' The soldiers, said the peer who told Lord Kimberley the story, were convinced that nobody but an Englishman could be such an idiot, and the man's umbrella saved his life.—Ex.

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