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

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 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 "poh'

white trash " of Albama.

A black man who belonged to the public white trash about a ferry was one day accosted that —

"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

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I

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

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uacle 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.

COLLEGE COMPLEXIONS.

Can be Ruined by Others.

Nothing so surely mars a woman's complexion as coffee drinking. A young college girl of Hyattaville, Md., says, "I never drank coffee up the time I went to college, and as long as you are not going orpublish 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 frieads said college life had been too much for me. After questioning me about my diet Mother gave me a cap 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 fally 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 co had just let it come to the boiling point and then served it, and it was taste less, 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 het 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. Pleased not publish my mame." Name can be given by Postume Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Me Lud," replied the barrister, "I have been arguing a case all day in Court

A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

Begin your married life in a home of your own. Boarding is at best a lazy way of existence, and the young couple who commence life in this way will surely regret it sooner or later. Take a house, no matter how small it must be ; make a careful selection of rugs, curtains, and furni-ture; and when the little nest has been cozily furnished, settle down to become acquainted with each other-for this is a matter of no small account.

Living in his own house the man at once becomes a factor in society, while in a boarding-house he is but a grain of sand. So it is with a woman. In her own home her interest is constantly aroused, every womanly instinct is called forth, and one constantly becomes more and more womanly and lovable.

It is the woman who boards who becomes a trifler, not the woman who has her own home. It is the woman who boards who becomes flippant, not the woman with home ties and home cares. A woman who spends a few years in a board-

woman who spends a few years in a boarding-house becomes accustomed to the ease and comforts which surround her without any exertion on her own part, and she becomes more and more rejuctant as the years pass by to exert herself to make a home for her family.

Children brought up in a boarding-house lose the best part of their inheritance, for they have no home association, no happy recollection of their home-life, in true pleasures to which they can look back when they have become men and women. Make, then, a home, girls, in which you can look back after many years have passed with pleasant thoughts of the many happy hours which were passed beneath your own roof-tree.

There are cares and trials in every home, but the pleasures also are to be found there reather than in the boarding-house, where gossip and idleness are among the chief features, and where home pleasures are lacking—Philadelphia Pablic Ledger.

A MERRY LAUGH.

Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good, hearty laugh expands his chest, and makes his blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a good laugh—not to a little sniggering laugh but to one that will resound through the house; it will not only do your child good, but it will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blue-

devils away from a dwelling. Merriment is very catching, and spreads in a remarkable manner—few being able to resist the contagion ! . A hearty laugh is delightful harmony; indeed, it is the best of all music! A merry laughing child makes a cheerful countenance, and a cheerful countenance is the finest cosmetic and beautifier in the world! Moreover, "a cheerful countenance doeth good like a medicine," and is decidedly the pleasantest of all medicines — causing neither wry faces nor qualms in the ad ministration thereof. There is great philosophy in a laugh; a laugh gets the digestion to work, it drives off crude humors from the brain, it converts black blood into red, it makes the heart sing with joy. Such is a physician's opinion.

It love—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry
and wild;

Ringing out on the air with its innoceut gush. gush,
Like the trill of a bird in the twilight's
soft hush;

soft hush;
Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so

free, Is the merriest sound in the world for -Michigan Christian Advocate,

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 choos
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 ard, and his hair is of a jet, and glossy blackness, which turns gray only at an ex treme age, when a Caucasian head would be either snow white or bald. Then again the Chinese have the most perfect nerv 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. 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 query flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little cour-

Rew 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 graduweaken 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 greataunt 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 adything in particular. Vesterday Mrs. D. appealed to her several times. It seem ed to draw her out. She is remarkably in telligent, and has had wonderful experi ences 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."

happiness."
A young man said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Eather 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."

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 thousaud 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. An Englishman had been arrested as a spy

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