

GUARD YOUR CONVERSATION.

I wonder whether we realize how much of our ordinary talk consists of criticism? There is no doubt that it is immensely interesting to watch people, to study their characters and ways, and to communicate our impressions about them to others.

WIRELESS PRAYER.

As the progress of our times has gone along, it has, however, furnished us with still more wonderful illustrations of the mystery of communicating with the world beyond, so that the modern wonders of the telegraph wire, of the ocean cable, of the telephone, of the wireless waves of electric vibration that can now cross the ocean from vessel to vessel—these become still higher types of the wonders of prayer.

GIVE YOUR STOMACH A NICE VACATION.

Don't Do it by Starving it Either—Let a Substitute Do the Work.

The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies just as well to the stomach, one of the most important organs of the human system, as it does to the man himself.

If your stomach is worn out and rebels against being further taxed beyond its limit, the only sensible thing you can do is to give it a rest. Employ a substitute for a short time and see if it will not more than repay you in results.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a willing and most efficient substitute. They themselves digest every bit of food in the stomach in just the same way that the stomach itself would, were it well. They contain all the essential elements that the gastric juice and other digestive fluids of the stomach contain and actually act just the same and do just the same work as the natural fluids would do, were the stomach well and sound.

This "vacation" idea was suggested by the letter of a prominent lawyer in Chicago. Read what he says: "I was engaged in the most momentous undertaking of my life in bringing about the coalition of certain great interests that meant much to me, as well as my clients. It was not the works of days but of months. I was working day and night almost, when at a very critical time my stomach went clear back on me. The undue mental strain brought it about and hurried up what would have happened later on."

"What I ate I had to literally force down and that was a source of misery as I had a sour stomach much of the time. My head ached, I was sluggish and began to lose my ambition to carry out my undertaking. It looked pretty gloomy for me and I confided my plight to one of my clients. He had been cured by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and at once went down to a drugstore and brought a box up to the office."

"I had not taken a quarter of that box before I found that they would do all the work my stomach ever did; and as a rest or vacation was out of the question for me, I determined to give my stomach a vacation. I kept right on taking the tablets and braced up and went ahead with my work with renewed vigor, ate just as much as ever I did and carried out that undertaking to a successful issue. I feel that I have Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to thank for saving me the handsomest fee I ever received as well as my reputation and last but not least my stomach."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at retail, a box

duty on some valuable imports he was taking with him. He happened to know that his mother was sailing on another vessel of another line, and that this vessel was in a radius of fifty or one hundred miles. He sent a wireless telegraph upon the ocean requesting his mother to pay the purser of her steamer ten pounds, and have the purser communicate with the purser of his steamer. About an hour later a message came back over the sea saying, "Credit ten pounds to Mr. So and So." He had not seen the vessel, but received his answer in hard cash.

Now this little incident speaks of that other world in which some of us are permitted to live, and how we can breathe out upon the waves of either the needs of this life; and though we cannot see them nor the place they reach, we see the things that come back to us, "grace to help in time of need."

HOW SHE MANAGED IT.

"I don't see how you can possibly go to church three times on a Sunday," said one lady to another at a social gathering.

"I manage it simply by doing no work of any kind on the Sabbath. I think it positively wicked for women to stay at home and cook dinners for their husbands on Sundays," returned the other.

"I suppose, then, you have a cold lunch at noon?"

"Oh, dear no. I always take dinner at my husband's sister's. She's a splendid cook, and she always tries to do her best on Sundays."

TELLING ALL.

A young man who had involved himself in debt went for assistance to Cecil Rhodes, the Colossus of South Africa.

"How much do you owe?" asked Mr. Rhodes.

A sum was named.

"Is that all?"

That was all. A check for the amount was written out.

"Come, to see me to-morrow about an appointment and be ready to leave for the North."

The young fellow left happy, but in the morning there was another story. In his dread of stating an amount which to him seemed large, he had not named the true sum of his indebtedness, and had spent the afternoon trying to raise the extra money from Mr. Rhodes' own friends on the strength of the appointment he was to receive.

"It won't do," was the unexpected reply he received in the morning. "I asked you a question, and you gave me a wrong answer. You are of no use to me. Good day."

In our anxious care for the morrow, we fail to enjoy the blessings of to-day; we spend our lives anticipating, but not realizing; for as soon as we have reached a desired point, we see beyond us something to reach after which we believe to be necessary to our happiness. If we have not the spirit of contentment to-day, we are never likely to have it. If we pass by unused the resources of to-day, we are like to do the same to-morrow, thus making all our days barren of the joy and satisfaction which come from having made the most of the day's gifts.—Louise Heywood.

It is no small part of the mission of Christ to throw congenial souls in the way of each other, to beautify the life of each by transplanting something to the other's life. The church of God furnishes companionship which satisfies the cravings of an immortal soul.—Nehemiah Boyson, D. D.

"Why do you sit here and gaze at the moon?"

"I am an optimist."

"An optimist? What has that to do with the moon?"

"I like to look on the bright side of things."—Kansas City Journal.

Nagsby—I thought you were never going to work for those people again.

Wagsby—I did say so. But since that time they have decided that I might come back.—Baltimore American.

"Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man.

"Not a bark; he was too busy."

"Busy! What doing?"

"Carrying the lantern for the burglars. If you know anybody who wants a dog send them around."

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 11, 1903, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN. 6—Mixed for Moncton 6.30 2—Exp. for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton 7.00 4—Express for Point du Chene, 13.15 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou, 12.15 8 Express for Sussex 17.10 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal 18.00 10—Express for Halifax and Sydney, 23.25 TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. 9—Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20 7—Express from Sussex 9.00 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec 13.50 5—Mixed from Moncton 15.20 3—Express from Point du Chene, 16.50 25—Express from Halifax Pictou and Campbellton 17.40 1—Express from Halifax 18.40 81—Express from Moncton (Sunday only) 24.35 All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time 24.00 o'clock is midnight. D. POTTINGER, ager. General Man. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 9, 1903. CITY TICKET OFFICE. 7 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Telephone 1053. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.

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