

This and That

WHEN STONEWALL JACKSON WAS A BOY.

At the "Old Cummins Jackson mills" on the West Fork River, in what is now West Virginia, was living fifty-seven years ago a healthy boy, who had very definite ideas of honor, and a strong sense of right. Little Tom Jackson, like a good many other boys, was fond of fishing, and equally fond of selling his fish whenever he could find customers.

In the village of Weston, three miles above the mills, Conrad Kerster kept a small store and market. He had agreed with the boy to give him fifty cents for every pike a foot long or more in length that he caught in the mill-pond.

The boy was only ten years old, but he made the contract in good faith; and, as the sequel showed, he knew how to keep it.

As time went on, a good many twelve-inch pike were delivered at the market with mutual satisfaction to both parties in the trade. One day the boy was seen tugging through the village an enormous fish that almost dragged on the ground. It was two inches over a yard long. Colonel Talbot, a gentleman who knew the young fisherman very well, hailed him and complimented him on his success.

"A noble fish, Tom! Where are you going with it? I want to buy it."

"It is sold to Mr. Kerster," said the boy, without stopping.

"That can't be. He hasn't seen it. Say, I'll give you a dollar for it."

"I tell you it's sold. 'Tisn't mine."

"What's Kerster going to give you for it?"

"Fifty cents!" shouted Tom, still keeping on his way.

"The colonel called after him: 'I'll give you a dollar and a quarter!'"

Tom turned a moment with an indignant look and replied: "If you get any of this pike, you'll have to get it of Mr. Kerster." And on he went, bending under his load till he reached the store.

Mr. Kerster was astonished. "Fifty cents isn't enough for that fish," he said. "I shall have to give you a dollar."

"No, sir, it's yours at fifty cents," insisted Tom. "I'll not take any more. You've been kind enough to pay me for some that were pretty short."

And fifty cents was the price paid for the big pike.

This story Mr. Kerster himself, in his old age, gave to his nephew, Judge McWhorter, who gave it to the Chicago Standard.

The fine conscience and keen sense of humor that ruled the boy fixed the habit of his lifetime. The name by which he became known to the world was "Stonewall Jackson—Presbyterian."

DON'T FIDGET.

Don't fidget. That means power going to waste. The one who paces a room restlessly, or drums his fingers, or twirls his hat, is using strength aimlessly. None of us have any surplus. If we are making our lives count as we should, we have ways of utilizing every ounce of energy, physical or mental.

Fidgety people never inspire confidence.

DON'T TRY PRESSURE.

Trust To Intelligence.

You cannot by process of law prevent anyone from drugging themselves to death. We must meet the evil by appeal to the intelligence.

One of the drugs that does the most harm to Americans, because of its wide spread use and its apparent innocence, is Coffee. Ask any regular coffee drinker if he or she is perfectly well. At least one-half are not. Only those with extra vigor can keep well against the daily attack of caffeine (in the coffee). The heart and pulse gradually lose strength; dyspepsia, kidney troubles and nervous diseases of some sort set in and the clearly marked effects of coffee poisoning are shown. These are facts and worth anyone's thought. The reasonable and sensible thing, is to leave it off and to shift to Postum Food Coffee. The poison that has been secretly killing is thus withdrawn and a powerful rebuilding agent put to work. The good effects will begin to show inside of 10 days. If health and comfort are worth anything to you, try it.

Strength should be controlled. In an emergency we turn instinctively to one who is steady, composed, deliberate. The friend who is fidgety and fussy may have as good brains and as warm a heart as the other, but somehow it never occurs to us to lean on him in our need.

Don't fidget. Practice sitting quietly in your chair without either twirling your fingers or swinging your feet. Learn to wait without pacing the room like a captured animal in a cage. The harder it seems, the more necessary is the lesson.—Young People.

THE FARM YARD.

When others go for excitement to city hall or exchange or club, I go to the farm yard, the heart and centre of the life of the farm. From it go forth in the morning the laborers, the teams, the machines, and cattle that give organic life to the domain. At night they flow back again, and here is stored the product of every acre, and here the cows are milked and the butter is made. Everything here has the impress of real life and is full of live interest, even when I find no one at hand ready to discuss the crops and the weather.

Now they are loading hay on wagons to take it to the station. One after another the bales are rolled out of the barn, a strong young man fastens them on an iron hook and weighs them on hanging scales. Then he calls off the weight to the boys, who writes it down on a shingle and afterwards when the bale is lowered to the ground, paints the number of pounds with a brush on one of the slats that surround it. Thereupon two men jerk the bales into the cart with hands and knees in unison. Yonder three other wagons wait their turn. The sun shines hot through the cool morning air, the near gray horse is nibbling weeds on the left; a fox-terrier lies panting in the shade of the load, alert for rats. Now the wagon with its broad-tired wheels moves along heavily-laden over the cozy carpet of hay on the ground, and another draws up.

Is there anything as vital as this in courthouse or public square or ball-room? This is the real thing for which at their best they stand. They are faint reflections of this genuine life of man between sun and soil. The heart of the farm is the true heart of society.—Ernest Crosby in The Pictorial for August.

ASHAMED OF THE COMPANY HE KEPT.

The Lewiston Journal, a Maine paper, tells an instructive story of the times of the great temperance agitation in 1844. In those days practically every retail merchant in the country kept liquor for sale, or to give away. In a Kennebec village an old grocer, otherwise a reputable man, derived a considerable part of his income from the sale of rum.

The temperance revival had come to this village, and a question of action, friendly or unfriendly, to the liquor traffic, had arisen in the town-meeting. A division was demanded, and those in favor of the traffic went to one side of the town hall and those opposed to it to the other.

The respectable grocer referred to watched this process, and saw, evidently to his surprise, that the people to whom he had been dealing out liquor for years were not as good-looking as the people on the other side of the hall. Finally he rose and joined the opponents of the traffic.

"What are you over here for?" some one asked him. "Are you opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors?"

"N-no—"

"Then that's your side over there."

The old grocer looked around angrily at the men on the other side and replied:

"You don't suppose I'm going over there with that crowd of red-noses do you?"

His view of his own customers, all in a bunch, had made a temperance man of him.—Sel.

Smith—"I don't like to make any complaints to a neighbor, Mr. Jones, but your dog kept up a terrible barking all night." "Oh, that's all right, he's used to it—won't hurt him. Kind of you to mention it, however."

THE END OF THE WAY.

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am traveling
Will more than my trials repay—
All the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
That I often am longing to rest;
But he who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best.
I know in his "Word" he has promised,
That my "strength shall be as my day"—
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of the city appear—
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear—
Then all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day—
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint.
Then—I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often, though each weary day
The toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.
—Selected.

MY MOTHER.

She gave the best years of her life
With joy for me,
And robbed herself, with loving heart,
Unstintingly.

For me with willing hands she toiled
From day to day,
For me she prayed when headstrong youth
Would have its way.

Her gentle arms, my cradle once,
Are weary now;
And Time has set the seal of care
Upon her brow.

And, though no other eyes than mine
Their meaning trace,
I read my history in the lines
Of her dear face.

And 'mid His gems, who showers gifts
As shining sands,
I count her days as pearls that fell
From His kind hands.

—The Christian Advocate.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

The writers and speakers upon whose telling arguments or flights of fancy the compositor exercises his wit may be annoyed, but the general public has no alloy in the enjoyment of these typographical antics. Miss Fanny Fudge, the genius discovered by Tom Moore, who used to contribute to the poets' corner of the Country Gazette, complained bitterly to her cousin of the havoc the printers made of her sense and her rhymes. "Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print," she explained. Here is how the devils served her. "Where I talk'd of the dew-drops from freshly blown roses, they made it 'from freshly blown noses.'"

A compositor who was better acquainted with the geography of the West than with the Biblical lore set up the phrase "From Alpha to Omega" and as "From Alton to Omaha" and possibly found himself compelled to start for those places next morning. In the earlier half of the present century it was announced that "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of fiends, was shooting peasants in Ireland" whereas the minister and his friends were only indulging in the comparatively harmless pastime of pheasant shooting. Shortly after the battle of Inkerman one of the morning papers informed its readers that "after a desperate struggle the enemy was repulsed with great laughter." The omission of a single letter has rarely played more havoc with a subject which was no laughing matter.

It must have been the printer's devil himself who represented a very worthy advocate of the cause of religious suffrage as exhorting her hearers to "maintain their tights." What the bridesmaids at a recent wedding must have thought when they read that they had all worn "handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom," one can only guess. But whatever their thoughts may have been at seeing their pretty brooches thus transformed their language at any rate cannot, we assume, have matched that of the politician who read the following comment on one of his speeches: "Them asses believed him." On another occasion a reporter wrote: "At these words the entire audience rose and rent the air with snouts." The compositor had set up snouts correctly, but had not observed that the top of the h was broken off.—New England Grocer.

MICA makes short roads.
AXLE and light loads.
GREASE good for everything that runs on wheels.
Sold Everywhere.
Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

INVESTMENTS.
SAFE—PROFITABLE.
STOCK—with 6 per cent dividend
DEBENTURES—drawing 5 per cent interest
DEPOSITS—Taken 4 per cent interest allowed
SAVINGS STOCK—Accumulating rapidly
LOANS—Made on favorable terms.
THE SUN SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY
Confederation Life Building, Toronto
W. VANDUSEN, AMBROSE KENT, PRESIDENT. VICK PRESIDENT
W. PEMBERTON PAGE, MANAGER.

WHY
do you not get our prices on that Printing you think of having done
?
The facilities we possess are such as to place us in a position to simply defy competition on any description of Printing whatsoever
!
PATERSON & CO.
Printers and Publishers,
107 Germain Street,
St. John, N. B.