

☞ This and That ☞

ONE AT A TIME.

One little grain in the sandy bars
One little flower in the field of flowers,
One little star in the heaven of stars,
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes or what if it mars?
But the bar is built of the little grains,
And the little flowers make the meadows gay,
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.
—Great Thoughts.

A CAMEL'S HUMP OF LOCALITY.

The camel's with which I traversed this part of the desert were very different in their ways and habits from those that you get on a frequented route. They are never led. There was not the slightest sign of a track in that part of the desert, but the camels never failed, to choose the right line. By the direction taken at starting, they knew, I suppose, the point—some encampment—for which they were to make.

There is always a leading camel—generally, I believe, the eldest—who marches foremost and determines the path for the whole party.

If it happens that no one of the camels has been accustomed to lead the others, there is very great difficulty in making a start; if you force your beast forward for a moment, he will contrive to wheel and draw back, at the same time looking at one of the other camels with an expression and gesture exactly equivalent to "apres vous" (after you, sir!) The responsibility of finding the way is evidently assumed very unwillingly. After some time, however, it becomes understood that one of the beasts has reluctantly consented to take the lead, and he accordingly advances for that purpose. For a minute or two he goes on with much indecision, taking first one line and then another, but soon, by the aid of some mysterious sense, he discovers the true direction, and follows it steadily from morning to night.

When once the leadership is established, you cannot, by any persuasion, and can scarcely by any force, induce a junior camel to walk one single step in advance of the chosen guide.—Kinglake.

THE CAPTAIN INSIDE.

"Mother," asked Freddie the other day, "did you know that there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man, and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up, and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys, one outside and one inside; and unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head, and looked the right way, I could never be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one, and be the captain."—Ex.

GAS FACTORIES

In People Who Do Not Know How to Select Food and Drink Properly.

On the coffee question a lady says, "I used to be so miserable after breakfast that I did not know how to get through the day. Life was a burden to me. When I tried to sleep I was miserable by having horrible dreams followed by hours of wakefulness. Gas would rise on my stomach and I would belch almost continually. Then every few weeks I would have a long siege of sick headaches and tried a list of medicines and physicians without benefit.

Finally I concluded to give up my coffee and tea altogether and use Postum Coffee. The first cup was a failure. It was wishy-washy and I offered to give the remainder of the package to anyone who would take it.

I noticed later on in one of the advertisements that Postum should be boiled at least 15 minutes to make it good. I asked the cook how she made it and she said, 'Just the same as I did tea, being careful not to let it steep too long.'

I read the directions and concluded Postum had not had a fair trial, so we made a new lot and boiled it 15 or 20 minutes. That time it came to the table a different beverage and was so delicious that we have been using it ever since.

My sick headaches left entirely as did my sleepless nights, and I am now a different woman." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

MOVING TOWERS.

If one remembers that an inch, although a good deal on a man's nose, is very little in a hundred feet, one will not be surprised to learn that all high structures sway in the air.

The Eiffel Tower swings perceptibly with the wind, and even stone shafts like those of the Bunker Hill and Washington monuments move several inches at the top. In these cases the cause of the action is not the wind, but the heat of the sun. The side that is toward the sun expands during the day more than the side in the shadow. Accordingly, in the morning the shaft points toward the west, in the afternoon, toward the east. The Philadelphia North American describes a device which was used to show the movement of the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

A wire was hung from the middle of the dome inside the building extending down to the floor of the rotunda, and on the lower end of the wire was hung a twenty-five-pound plumb-bob. In the lower point of the weight was inserted a lead-pencil, the point of which just touched the floor. A large sheet of paper was spread out beneath it.

Every day as the dome moved it dragged the pencil over the paper. The mark made was in the form of an eclipse six inches long. The dome would start moving in the morning as soon as the rays of the sun began to act upon it, and slowly, as the day advanced, the pencil would be dragged in a curve across the paper until sundown, when a reaction would take place and the pencil would move back again to its starting-point.

But it would not go back over its own pencilled track, for the cool air of night would cause the dome to contract as much on the one side as the sun had made it expand on the other, and so the pencil would form the other half of the eclipse, getting back to the starting-point all ready to start out again by sunrise.—Youth's Companion.

MAN-EATING LIONS IN UGANDA.

Lord Salisbury's announcement some time ago that the works on the Uganda railway had been stopped for three weeks by the ravages of two man-eating lions was so far from being an exaggeration that it underestimated the actual truth, says the Spectator.

Although the progress of the railway was perhaps suspended no longer than three weeks, the depredations of the enemy lasted from March to December. During that period twenty-eight of the government's Indian workmen, and it is believed fully twice as many Africans, were devoured, and many others were more or less severely injured.

The terror inspired among the Indians was so great that they flung themselves on the line in the track of advancing engines, so as to leave the engineers no choice but to run over them or to transport them to Mombasa, for they were willing to give up their pay as well as their employment rather than remain.

Mr. Patterson, one of the engineers of the line, describing the panic that prevailed, says that the savage animals feared nothing, neither fire, nor weapons, nor the approach of the white man. They would carry a man in their mouths as a cat carries a rat, and thus burdened would make the tour of the enclosure, looking for a convenient place of exit. They would not look at goats or other animals when human prey was to be had. The natives who remained hung their beds to trees, or placed them on the top of water tanks, or wherever they thought they would be out of the reach of the enemy. It was useless to supply the coolies with firearms, as they were not accustomed to their use.

The lions survived many attempts to destroy them, but were eventually shot by Mr. Patterson. They were about four feet high and nearly nine feet long.—Ex.

The Young man—"Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?"

The Young Woman (wiping away a tear)—"He doesn't see anything in you, Alger non; that's why he objects."

ORIGIN OF THE WEDDING RING.

The wedding ring is the subject of quaint historical facts and endless superstitions. It was probably chosen as the symbol of marriage more for convenience than anything else. It is supposed to be a symbol of unbroken love and of power, and to carry special curative virtues with it. The old good-luck saying about it is, "As your wedding ring wears, your cares will wear away." The ancients, Piliy among the rest, believed that a delicate nerve ran direct from the "ring-finger" to the heart, and that the ring placed on that finger was very closely connected with the heart. In early Christian marriages the bridegroom put the ring first on the bride's thumb, then on the first finger, then on the second, and last of all, on the third, saying as he did so: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The thumb and first two fingers represented the Trinity, the next finger was the one the ring was left on, to show that, next to God, a woman's duty was to her husband.—May Ladies' Home Journal

UNDERGROUND MOUNTAINS.

A very curious result of recent operations by the Trigonometrical Survey in India is the conclusion, stated by Major Burrard, that there is, in the middle of India, an underground, or buried, mountain range, a thousand miles in length, and lying about parallel with the chain of the Himalayas. This conclusion is based on the singularities of the local attraction of gravitation in central India, the plumb-line being deflected southward on the north side of the supposed subterranean chain and northward on the south side, leading to the inference that a great elongated mass of rock of excessive density underlies the surface of the earth between the two sets of observing stations.—Youth's Companion.

NEW RAILROAD DEVICES.

Among interesting inventions which have lately been tried for increasing the safety of railroad travel, is a speed indicator used in France, consisting of a centrifugal pump, driven by one of the locomotive axles, which sends water from the tender into a small cylinder. The water in this cylinder raises a piston against the pressure of a spring, and moves up or down in proportion to the speed of the train. An automatic registering device records the varying speed so that its rate can be read at any instant by the engineer, and when it rises above a fixed limit the piston acts upon a lever which throws on the air-brakes. On our own Western railroads a new signal-light has recently been tried, which projects a bright beam into the air above the locomotive, and thus renders its position visible even when hidden behind a hill or around a curve.—Ex.

Mr. Ferguson (looking over the household expense account)—Here's an item of \$3 for charity. What does that mean?

Mrs. Ferguson—I am going to explain that. Mrs. Ondego had a ping-pong set she got the other day at a bargain for \$3, and she's just going to break up house-keeping, and it will be of no use to her. It hadn't been unpacked, and she said it would be a real charity if I'd take it off her hands, and so I took it.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Yeast—Did you say your husband was cool when he heard burglars in the house?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Well, he ought to have been; he was hiding in the ice box.—Yonkers Statesman.

The coronation contingent will mobilize at Levis May 29, and sail on the Parisian June 7. The mounted troops will be formed into two squadrons and one battery of field artillery, each unit to consist of one captain, two subalterns and 100 non-commissioned officers and men selected from corps of the active militia, the Northwest Mounted Police and Strathcona Horse.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

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BOYS AND THE CIGARETTE.

The statistics in regard to heart-disease among boys caused by the use of the cigarette are simply appalling. One hundred and fifty boys were recently examined in Chicago as to their physical qualifications for positions on the various high-school athletic teams, and nineteen of them were rejected because of the tobacco heart. It is probable that a large proportion of the boys examined were not smokers. In a preliminary examination for West Point, in Pittsfield, Mass., one-fourth of the candidates were rejected for the same cause. The army and navy records present a fearful list of heart-failures from the same evil habit. It is also a fruitful source of insanity, as many medical men testify. Every teacher of boys can adduce instances of young lads ruined mentally, morally, and physically by the terrible habit, grown into a vice. The cigarette fiend is the boy who has become a complete slave to his appetite. Once fairly in its grasp, he is stunted in development, lost to ambition, sunk to all appeals to honor; he will lie, steal, do anything to satisfy his insatiable cravings. Ninety-two per cent. of the boys in the Pontiac Reform School, and in the John Worthy school, are cigarette smokers, and of these the majority are "fiends." The records of the reform schools for girls show similar facts.—Principal H. L. Boltwood, in The Advance.

Kate—Martha has got herself a rainy daisy suit. She's what I call a brave girl. Edith—A brave girl simply because she is going to wear a short dress in public? I don't see where the bravery comes in; the thing is quite common.

Kate—Guess you never have seen Martha's feet.—Boston Transcript.