

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
 Used 102 Years for Internal and External Ills.
 Gives speedy relief from coughs, colds, cramps, diarrhoea, muscular rheumatism, bruises, etc.
 25c and 50c everywhere
L. S. JOHNSON & CO. Boston, Mass.

Parsons' File Aid Bilious People

Torbrook
 Torbrook, Nov. 18.—S. Payson has returned from the West after an absence of two months.
 W. S. Saunders of Halifax was in the village over Sunday, and lectured in the hall on Saturday in the interests of the Sons of Temperance.
 Miss Eliza Marshall of Paradise, was here on Sunday.
 We are glad to report that actual work for the pumping of the mine has begun. The skips used for hoisting the ore have been converted into buckets and will be used in hauling, in addition to the pumps. The reopening of the mines will give new life to all lines of business in this section.

J. H. Parker has recovered from an attack of quinsy.
 Norris Banks had the misfortune to fall from a stage while painting C. R. Banks' store, and injured his wrist. He leaves for Halifax today for X-ray examination.
 Mrs. W. V. Spurr, who has been at the capital for treatment for appendicitis, is rapidly recovering, and after a brief visit among relatives in the city, will return home.

Paradise
 The Literary Society met at the home of Mrs. H. A. Longley on the 11th inst. The annual sale of magazines took place. The next meeting will be held on the 16th December. Subject will be "Christmas." The place will be announced later.
 Mrs. Jos. Kempton of Wolfville has been visiting Mrs. Goodspeed. Teas in her honor have been given by Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. B. Starratt, and Mrs. A. Starratt.

The annual meeting of the Agricultural Society was held on the 7th inst. The officers were re-elected as follows: President: Jos. S. Longley. Vice-President: J. Carey Phinney. Secretary: R. S. Leonard. Directors: F. W. Bishop, H. A. Longley, H. J. Starratt, A. C. Freeman, J. S. Ritcey.
 Mrs. Dodge of Middleton, was a guest at the parsonage last week.
 Miss Helen Vidito of Bridgetown, is a guest of Mrs. G. L. Pearson.
 Samuel and Stanley Joderie have gone to the United States.
 Andrew Brooks of Antigonish, spent a few days at home recently.

HIGH PRICE FOR FOXES.
 A man who arrived at North Sydney from Newfoundland last week with four silver foxes was offered \$5,500 for the lot, but refused it and went to Prince Edward Island, where he said he could do much better.

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

Royal Baking Powder
 Absolutely Pure
 GUARANTEED No Alum

Lawrencetown
 Rev. Mr. England and wife of Wolfville, are guests of Mrs. Primrose.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Brown celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage last Wednesday evening.
 Mrs. MacDolone of Canada is visiting Mrs. Kenneth Bishop.
 Miss Carrie Johnstone entertained by a thimble party on Monday evening.
 Pastor Mellick preached an excellent sermon for the children on Sunday morning, the occasion being the S. S. Rally. The choir rendered very appropriate selections.
 The ladies of the Methodist Sewing Circle will meet in the vestry on Thursday afternoon.
 Mrs. Patterson has gone to New York to spend the winter.

The Women's Missionary Aid Society will observe Crusade Day on Wednesday, 20th. Sister societies will be entertained, and tea served at 6 o'clock. A platform meeting will be held in the evening and all are welcome.
 Judge Longley, after spending a few weeks in town, has returned to his home in Halifax.
 Rev. Mr. Armitage preached a very impressive sermon to a large audience on Sunday evening. Subject "Conversion."
 Rev. Dr. Hartz of Amherst will occupy the pulpit in the Methodist Church on Sunday morning, the 24th.

Parker's Cove
 Schr. Lloyd, Capt. Anderson, sailed for Annapolis, Thursday, where she is going on the blocks to be calked. From there she is going to St. John.
 Our school reopened on Monday with Miss Foster of Port Lorne as teacher. Our former teacher was called home on account of her mother's illness.
 Owing to the inclemency of the weather of late, the boatmen are not meeting with very much success in fishing.
 Miss George Longuire went to Hartford quite recently, where she will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Eugene Langmaid, for the winter.
 There will be service here in the Methodist Church on Sunday at 3 o'clock.

The boy's appetite is often the source of amusement. If you would have such an appetite take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only create a healthy appetite, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. For sale by druggists and dealers.
Port Lorne
 Port Lorne, Nov. 17th.—Mrs. Avard Brown of Winchendon, Mass., is visiting friends here.
 Mrs. John Graves, who has been visiting friends in Lynn, has returned home.
 Mrs. Reuben Wilkins and family have returned from St. John, where they have spent the summer.
 Ernest Ray is home from sea.
 A mouse was seen in this vicinity one day last week.

"There could be no better medicine than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My children were all sick with whooping cough. One of them was in bed, had a high fever and was coughing up blood. Our doctor gave them Chamberlain Cough Remedy and the first dose eased them, and three bottles cured them," says Mrs. R. A. Donaldson, of Lexington, Miss. For sale by druggists and dealers.
St. Croix Cove
 Mrs. Avard Brown, Winchendon, Mass., Mrs. Charlotte Anderson and son, Frank, Port Lorne, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hall, Sunday 5th, inst.
 Mrs. Aescath Brinton, Port Lorne, spent part of last week with friends here.
 Mrs. Joshua Banks, Ontram, was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stark.

Quebec, Nov. 8.—With the leakage from an open tap from a tank containing 2,000 gallons of gasoline catching fire and threatening to destroy the entire works of the Imperial Oil Company of this city, Albert Guigeri, a cooper in the company's employ crawled on his hands and knees along the floor of the burning storage building and turned off the tap from which the explosive fluid was pouring.
 Three streams of water were played upon Guigeri by the firemen as he crawled toward the tank. He cut off the flow of gasoline and saved the company's property from complete destruction.
 The entire contents of the 2,000 gallon tank were consumed before the fire was under control.

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Dampton
 Hampton, Nov. 18th.—We had our first snow-storm on Saturday last, showing what to expect in the near future.
 Norris Mitchell, one of our most progressive farmers, has raised 650 bushels of turnips from a half acre of ground, one of the turnips weighing 22 lbs.
 We are sorry to report the death in St. John of one of our young men from Hampton, Frank Messenger, who leaves a widow and three little girls.
 Mr. Judson Foster, who has been confined to his home all summer through sickness, is not improving as his friends would like. Though not suffering as much pain, he is at times of writing very weak.
 Mr. and Mrs. James McEunnie and child are spending the winter at the home of Mrs. McBurnie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Saben.

Frank Dunn, one of our promising young men, left for Halifax on Saturday last, to take a course at the Maritime Business College.
 Miss Susan Foster of Bridgetown, is visiting her many friends and relatives in Hampton.

Clarence
 Mrs. S. N. Jackson, spent the week end with friends in Annapolis.
 Edward M. Marshall, plucked a full blown white rose from his bush last week. He has also picked several multiflora roses during the month.
 Roy Whitman and his brother Arthur, returned from the North West on the 9th. They think that N. S. is good enough for them.
 Harry Miller and bride, of Charlotte-town, P. E. I. have been spending a few days with his uncle and aunt, deacon and Mrs. H. Messenger.
 Victor Chute, who recently left to attend the Agricultural College, Truro, was given a surprise party by his young friends a few evenings before his departure.
 Rev. Arch Deacon Raugh, wife and daughter have returned to their home in P. E. I.

Services for Nov. 24th: Bible School at 10 o'clock; the Lord's supper at close of service; Covenant meeting Saturday at 2 o'clock; B. Y. P. U. Missionary service at 7.30 Sunday evening, leader: Mrs. T. E. Smith.

Everything Out.
 A "cub" reporter was sent out by his city editor to cover a fire in the Back Bay district. Before he could reach the house the fire had been extinguished and the fire department gone. Nothing daunted, the reporter rang the bell of the house and soon was confronted by a servant girl.
 "I wish to see Mr. Robinson," said the reporter, politely tipping his hat.
 "He's out," tersely answered the servant.
 "Is his wife at home?" asked the reporter.
 "No; she's out too."
 "Well," came back the reporter, "I understand you have had a fire here."
 "Oh, that's out, too," and the reporter went sadly away as the door slammed in his face.—Boston Traveler.

A Suggestion.
 The retailer stopped one of his oldest customers on the street.
 "I want to speak to you," he began. "Go ahead, and see if I care."
 "You've got to care. This bill of yours has been running a long time now."
 "Poor thing! How can you be so cruel as to let it run a long time?"
 "Well, what are you going to do with it?"
 "I'm going to make you a suggestion. If that bill has been running for as long as you say it has give it a rest. Let it stand for a month or two."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Wideswaps Prisoner.
 "The jury has unanimously found you guilty, prisoner at the bar," said the judge dryly, "but for some reason unknown to me they have recommended you to the mercy of the court. In view of your crime you must be hanged, but in view of that recommendation to mercy you may choose the method of hanging."
 "All right, you're honor," replied the prisoner. "If that's the case I guess I'll be hanged in effigy."—Harper's.

Alloyed His Fever.
 Old Bachelor—Whatever looking so blue about, old man? De Chappie—Reason enough. Last night I dramatically told Doc De Rocks that I was consumed with love for his daughter, and the old chump prescribed quinine for a fever and said he'd send the bill later.—Boston Record.

Fills the Bill.
 "A sentence with the word exposure," the teacher demanded, and a sturdy boy put up his hand.
 "If you fellows don't quit your grafting I'll expose," he quoted grandiloquently from the noted reform lecturer he had heard.—New York Times.

EARTHQUAKES.
 Causes That Conspire to Rend the Earth's Crust Asunder.
 "Until recently all earthquake shocks were attributed to volcanic manifestations. But often the earth is agitated in regions where there are no volcanoes. Hence the belief has arisen that earthquakes may arise independently of volcanic action. Very often, again, when volcanoes are in eruption there are no earthquakes.
 Subterranean caverns are often the cause of earthquakes. They are the consequences of the action of subterranean water. When water runs through limestone it carries out grooves and terraces or galleries. When in its underground run it comes in contact with gypsum or rock salt it dissolves these substances, and thus vacuums are formed in the depths of the earth. When the water has worn the earth thin the earth gives way, and the subterranean caverns shake the regions above it. In well worked coal mines great hollows are made which produce similar results.
 The layers forming the solid envelope of the earth are neither homogeneous nor regularly distributed. Limestone and schist together like folded cloth. Layers of the same age are separated by abrupt gaps and breaks by the debris cast out on either side.
 The crust of the earth has been compared to marquetry composed of many parts which must have been joined, broken and joined again many times. Its component parts are unstable; they shift, and possibly their sudden shifting causes the upper crust to tremble.
 The best evidence in favor of this explanation is that the great earthquakes have devastated countries where the geological layers show traces of caverns and saps. In Japan an earthquake raised the ground about twenty feet, and the rise ran for a distance of 112 kilometers. An earthquake in Alaska occurring in 1890 raised the coast for a long distance. Earthquakes are limited to two zones. One embraces Himalaya, Asia Minor, the coasts of the Adriatic, Italy, the Alps, the Pyrenees, Algeria, Andalusia and southern Portugal; the other zone comprises the two coasts of the Pacific ocean. The majority of earthquakes have been produced in the first zone.—Harper's Weekly.

Barthold's Egotism.
 An old friend of Mme. Stenheil's husband was Barthold, the sculptor of the colossal "Liberty Enlightening the World." Although a man of keen intellect and much originality of thought, Barthold's egotism was as colossal as his statue. Once Mme. Stenheil met him at the "Institut." He wore the green uniform and sword of a member, and his breast glittered with orders.
 "You see this little thing here?" he said. "There are but three Europeans who have the right to wear it—me, one emperor, one king and myself. I don't attach the slightest importance to it." Of the statue in New York harbor he said, "The Americans believe that it is Liberty that illuminates the world, but in reality it is my genius."—Lookman.

Scared and Knew It.
 A soldier under his first fire was charging with the rest of his regiment up the heights of Vicksburg, but so scared he looked like a ghost. A comrade next to him was unafraid and even smiled at the torrents of grape shot that swept the ranks. The comrade, noticing his friend's plight, turned to him and said with a sneer: "Coward!"
 "Coward yourself," retorted the frightened soldier. "Old man, if you were one-tenth as scared as I am you'd have broken ranks and run long ago."—Kansas City Journal.

The One He Caught.
 One day many years ago the telephone rang in the office of the chief of police. Chief Spens answered. The call was from a new policeman on the Union avenue beat. He said, "A man has been robbed down here, and I've got one of them."
 "Which one have you?" asked the chief.
 The reply came back. "The man that was robbed!"—Argonaut.

Solid Ivory.
 "Yes," confessed Mr. Dorkins, "it serves me right. I engaged the man to move my goods, and I forgot to ask him how much he was going to charge me for the job. If ever I do such a thing again, Martha, you can have my head for a football."
 "It would be a good deal more profitable," John, said Mrs. Dorkins, "to put it up into billiard balls."—Chicago Tribune.

Preached to Generosity.
 A preacher having his vest on and the following Sunday preached four hours because he had no timepiece. At the conclusion of the sermon there was a special collection raised and sent to the pawnbroker.—New Orleans Picayune.

Corrected.
 Gentlemen (including groom)—Are you married? Groom: No, sir. I was thrown again a barrel with flour and got my face scratched.—London Tatler.

Three Proofs.
 Teacher—Willie, give three proofs that the world actually is round. Willie—The book says so, you say so, and you say so.—Puck.

One day Judgeth another, and the last Judgeth all.—Stow.

BALKED THE BULL.
 Presence of Mind That Saved the Life of a Little Child.
 A regiment of the German army resting in a country road was appalled to see a great bull madly pursuing a little child in a field near by and yet so far away that the child could not be reached in time to save it nor yet saved by the shooting of the animal.
 The bull had his horns down, and all the soldiers were horrified to see that in another moment the child must be saved to death. For an instant no one seemed to know what to do, and then the drum major shouted to the buglers of the band, who stood near with their instruments in their hands, to sound a loud blast. They looked aghast.
 "Sound, I say, for God's sake, to save the child!" repeated the drum major.
 Then the buglers blew a blast at the top of their lungs. The drum major knew that nothing of the kind had ever happened before, and he had repeated it. This blast proved to be no exception to the rule.
 As soon as he heard the bugle blast he paused in his pursuit of the child, glanced toward the band, raised his head and began to bellow madly. The buglers kept up as high and discordant a tumult as they could, and meantime soldiers were running to the rescue of the child.
 Before the bull had finished his attention to the bugles the child was in a place of safety.—New York Tribune.

STOCKINGS OF SILK.
 The First Pair Queen Bess Wore Made a Hit With Her Majesty.
 Up until the time of Henry VIII. stockings were made out of ordinary cloth. The king's own were made out of yard wide tiffets. It was only by chance that he might obtain a pair of silk hose from Spain. His son, Edward VI., received as a present from Sir Thomas Gresham "a pair of long silk stockings." For some years longer silk stockings continued to be a great rarity. Says Stow:
 "In the second year of Queen Elizabeth her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty with a pair of black knit stockings for a New Year's gift, which after a few days' wearing pleased her highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague and asked her where she had had them and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying, 'I made them very carefully, and purpose only for your majesty, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.'
 "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."
 "And from that day up to her death the queen never wore cloth, but only silk stockings."—New York Herald.

Ant Colonies.
 An ant nest or colony arises from eggs laid by one or more "queens." The developing young are tended by the sexless neuter, or "workers." The maggots, or larval ants, are fed by them, often nourished out of the nurses' mouths, and are as carefully watched in respect of the temperature and other conditions of the nurseries as are infantile human beings. When full development occurs the pupae change into ants, which are either winged or wingless. The latter are the "neuters," or workers. They may develop big jaws and appear as the "soldiers" of the colony. Those which are winged are the founders of new colonies. They are of both sexes, and they produce the eggs whence the new generations will be evolved.

Doughnuts.
 Light, tender doughnuts quite unlike the usual solid kind are made with a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter, two eggs and a cupful of milk. Mix a scant pin of flour that has been sifted with two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, making a paste that is soft. Stand the bowl containing it on the ice until it is very cold and then roll it out and fry before it loses its shape. The idea is to make the paste a little softer than can be rolled before it is stiff with cold and to use as little flour as possible. The doughnuts should be turned continually while they are frying.—Baltimore American.

Too Professional.
 "I saw that man gazing into your eyes," said Maud.
 "Yes," replied Mamie. "I felt complimented until I learned that he is studying to be an oculist. I have the same disappointing experience with a young dentist who was always anxious to make me smile."—Washington Star.

Seems So These Days.
 Teacher—The right to have more than one wife is called polygamy. What is it when only one wife is allowed? Mamie—Why—Monogamy, ma'am.—Lippincott's.

Frank.
 Manager to applying office boy—Why did you leave your last place? Boy—Well, I couldn't get along with the boss, so he wouldn't let me out.—Exchange.

His Suggestion.
 Nobbs—Grazier, don't be very talkative, is he? I don't seem able to draw him out. Nobbs—Try a cork-screw.—Philadelphia Record.

Men push less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and faults.—Lippincott's.

THE PHONOGRAPH.
 Its invention Was the Result of a Cut on the Finger.
 An accident—a cut on the finger—caused Edison to invent the phonograph or talking machine.
 Mr. Edison told the story of this invention to a reporter. At the time, he said, he was singing into a telephone, and in the telephone's mouthpiece he had placed, for safe keeping, a fine steel point. Suddenly this point cut his finger. He found, to his surprise, that it had been moving here and there and roundabout, guided by the vibrations of his voice.
 He placed a strip of yellow paper under the steel point, replaced it in the mouthpiece and said the alphabet. The steel wheel spoke ran over the paper, and for each letter of the alphabet it made a different mark or scratch.
 This was what Mr. Edison had hoped for. He now held the steel point still and drew the paper scratches slowly over it. There was given forth, very faintly, the alphabet as he had repeated it.
 Thus the principle of the phonograph—the registering and the reproduction of the voice's vibrations—was discovered through the cutting of a finger. It was Edison's finger, though, that was cut. Smith's or Brown's might have been quite backed off and no phonograph would have resulted.

ARTIFICE OF AN ARTIST.
 The Secret of the Color in One of Turner's Pictures.
 The late Mr. Horsley, R. A., has recorded that at one time he studied almost daily one of Turner's finest water colors, called "The Snowdon Range," admiring especially the tender warmth of the light colors encircling the moon. He tried all sorts of glasses to see if he could discover how the particular glow was gained, but without success.
 Chance revealed the secret. The picture began to buckle from its mount, and its owner, Sir Seymour Haden, put it into the hands of a noted expert to be remounted. When he had successfully removed it from its old mount the expert sent for the owner to show him what he had discovered. A circle of orange vermilion had been plastered on the back with an ivory palette knife where the artist wanted the effect and then worked off sufficiently far through the pores of the previously wetted paper to give the show of color, while retaining the smooth surface, without a trace of workmanship on the right side.
 This may have led Mr. Horsley himself to use, as he did, brilliant orange as the foundation for a white aurous dress.

Walking Canes.
 From the time when man wandered through the pathless forests bearing on his shoulder a murderous dinosaur with which to strike down his enemies the cane has never entirely gone out of fashion. The modern exquisite would feel as much at sea without it as did the bean of whom Steele's Tatler spoke in 1709, when it said that the cane had "become as indispensable as any other of his limbs" and that with "the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it or whistling upon with his mouth he does not know how he should be good company without it." It may be flattering to the grotesque and arabesque heads that be delights in displaying on his walking stick are lineal descendants of the carved baton that the fools and jesters of the middle ages wielded.

A Cheerful Reason.
 A French governor of the south Pacific colony of New Caledonia assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief, who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth.
 "You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are yet far from being ripe."
 "The yams, you say?"
 "Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe."
 "Why is that?"
 "Because baked yams go so very well with the captives."

Belgium Marriages.
 In Belgium it is the custom to give certificates of marriages in the form of little books, which also contain a summary of the marriage laws and among a mass of other miscellaneous information directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities conscientiously affording space for twelve such entries.

Explained.
 "I hear that Miss Grumbly is a wonderfully correct person."
 "That's because of her occupation. She is a dressmaker's designer."
 "What has that to do with it?"
 "It makes her naturally lead a pattern life."—Baltimore American.

Incontestable Proof.
 Insurance Agent—What are the proofs of your husband's death, madam? The Widow—Well, he has been home for the last three nights.

Ought to Know.
 "I wonder how it feels to be dead?"
 "How should I know?"
 "You work in a store that doesn't advertise."—Houston Post.

If you seek to make one rich study not to increase his stores, but to diminish his desires.—Seneca.