

This and That

S'POSE FISH DON'T BITE AT FUST.

S'pose the fish don't bite at fust;
What be you goin' to do?
Chuck down your pole, throw out your bait,
An' say your fishin's thro'
Uv course you hain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketcht your basket full,
An' used up all your bait.
S'pose success don't come at fust;
What be you goin' to do?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
An' go to feelin' blue?
Uv course you hain't; you've got to fish,
An' bait, an' bait ag'in,
Blimey success will bite your hook,
An' you will pull him in.

—Houston Post.

AN ABSENT-MINDED QUEEN.

The 'Weekly Scotsman' contains the following characteristic story of an English lady's experience in India: Under British rule many native kings and queens, the rajahs and maharajahs of the Indian dynasties, have been removed. They have, however, been retired on generous pensions and live in most cases in the provinces over which they formerly ruled. They live in state and exact and receive from those with whom they come in contact the respect due to their rank. An Englishwoman, the wife of the governor of one of the Indian provinces, became, as was supposed, a great friend of her who had formerly reigned over the region. She was fond of visiting the former queen and thought her kindly feeling was reciprocated. One day, however, she had a rude awakening. She was in the midst of an anecdote when her host rang a bell, and when the attendant appeared clearly enunciated the order: 'Take this woman away and hang her!' As the servant did not obey, and as the Englishwoman regarded her with open-mouthed astonishment the former queen came to herself and offered an explanation, without, however, the slightest trace of embarrassment. 'I forgot I was no longer a queen,' she said. 'That's what I used to do when I had the power.'

The Englishwoman hurriedly departed, and since that time has never evinced any desire to be on intimate terms with natives.

WHO IS SHE?

A New York physician related the following fact, which has not before appeared in print.

A few weeks ago he was called to the help of a man who had been mortally wounded in one of the low dance-halls or "dives" of that city. When he had attended to his patient, the doctor looked curiously about him.

The wounded man lay before the bar, against which lounged some ragged old sots. In the next room, a few young men, flushed and bright-eyed, were playing cards, while gaudily dressed young women carried out the liquor.

But neither the gamblers nor the women nor the drunkards paid any attention to the dying man on the floor. They squabbled and laughed, deaf to his groans.

The proprietor of the dive, a burly fellow who had been a prize-fighter in his younger days, having the police secure the murderer, had gone back quietly to his work of mixing drinks.

Death apparently had no interest or terror for these people.

Suddenly a little old woman, with white hair, a thin shawl drawn about her, came to the street door. Her appearance produced a startling effect. The besotted old men at the bar put down their glasses and looked at her uneasily; the card-players hastily shut the doors to keep out the sight of her, and the barmaids huddled together in silence; but the change in the brutal landlord was the most striking. He rose hastily and came up to her, an expression of something like terror on his face.

"Is James here?" she asked gently.
"No, no, he is not here. I do not know where he is!" he said hurriedly.

She looked about bewildered. "I was sure he was here. If he comes, will you tell him his mother wants him, sir?"

"Yes, yes." The man urged her out of the door. The physician soon followed, and saw her going into another and another dive and grog-shop along the street.

"Who is she?" he asked a policeman outside. "Is she in no danger?"

The man shook his head significantly. "They'll not harm her, sir. They've done their worst to her. She is the widow of a clergyman, and she had one son, a boy of sixteen years. They lived happy and comfortable enough till he took to going to pool-rooms, and then to the variety theatres, and at last to these dives here."

"He was killed in one of them in a fight three months ago in that very one you was in just now, and was carried home to her, bloated from drink and covered with blood, and dead."

"She's known nothing since. She only remembers that he came to these houses, and she goes about among them searching for him every day."

"They're afraid to see her. They think she brings a curse on them. But they won't harm her. They've done their worst to her."

"This is a true story. How many sons of loving mothers are going down like this into these dark places to-day!"—Selected.

Theodore Roberts is to edit a monthly magazine which is to be published at Fredericton. The magazine will contain no amateur work and no articles of purely local character. Verse, fiction and review will be done by persons who have contributed to leading publications, it is announced.

MESRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—My three children were dangerously low with diphtheria. On the advice of our priest my wife began the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. In two hours they were greatly relieved, and in five days they were completely well, and I firmly believe your valuable Liniment saved the lives of my children.

Gratefully yours,
ADELBERT LEFEBVRE.
Mair's Mills, June 10th, 1899.



Headache.

Pain across the forehead or at back of head is dangerous. It slowly but surely weakens the intellectual powers, impairs the vitality and will. Headache is sometimes from the eyes but more frequently is caused by a disordered condition of the stomach and digestive organs.

Do not suffer. The pain can be cured by the harmless remedy

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

It never loses its effect. Cures by driving out the poison, and does not simply deaden the pain as do so many preparations containing narcotics.

Abbey's in the morning will make you well and keep you well.

A sad drowning accident occurred about four o'clock Thursday afternoon. Three boys, one a son of Isaac Couture, aged nine years, the other two aged 11 and 14 years respectively, sons of Jerome Bertain, of Burns' mill, while on the ice at the east end of town preparing a small shelter for smelt fishing between the mainland and Indian Island were drowned.

A PRIZE

FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER

WE ASK NOT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY



FREE

THIS PICTURE PUZZLE represents a Celestial engaged at washing. About him are pictured faces of three customers. Find these three faces, mark each, then read and sign the accompanying request, return it to us and we will give you **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, without any money, your choice of the herein illustrated magnificent Prizes:—either the Solid Arizona Silver Sugar Shell or the finely gold-finished Chatelaine Brooch and Secret Locket.



Solid Arizona Silver Sugar Shell

FREE

WE WISH to impress upon any who may be suspicious owing to the unusual generosity of this proposition that there is no catch word or scheme in it to deceive or disappoint you. We do actually give the prize you select if your answer is correct. Frankly, we have adopted this method of prize-giving, simply to interest you in our business. We want your goodwill, and enlist your services only by offers that will merit your approval. Upon receipt of the prize you select you cannot help being impressed with the generosity of our business methods, as they are both well worth many times the trouble of writing for. The Sugar Shell is made from a lump of Solid Arizona Silver. It is better than sterling silver from a practical point, as it looks as well, will not tarnish as quickly and will wear longer. All our Arizona Silverware is the same beautiful metal right through, and is guaranteed to wear 50 years. The Chatelaine Brooch and Secret Locket is admired and worn by the most fashionable ladies. The Locket opens and will hold two photos. It is the embodiment of artistic skill and beauty, and makes a most charming decoration. With the prize you select we will send you 10 boxes of Standard Electine Medicines to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each, then return us our money and we will give you, absolutely free, a Butter Knife, a Pickle Fork, a set of 6 Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons and a



Chinese Puzzle

Request for Puzzle Prize and Medicine

ELECTINE MEDICINE CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Ont.

Sirs—I have found and marked the three faces in your Picture Puzzle, and if correct send me the following Prize

(Write here which you want, Sugar Shell or Chatelaine Brooch and Locket)

also send me Ten 25-cent Boxes of Electine Medicine. I agree to make an earnest effort to sell the Medicines and return you the money with the understanding that I am to receive for this service a Butter Knife, a Pickle Fork, a Set of 6 Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons and a Solid Gold Shell 5-stone Ring; or the 5-stone Ring, a Nethersole Illusion Bracelet, a Parisian Belt Buckle and a Set of Table Tennis—as I choose. If I fail to sell the Medicine I will return it to you in 30 days, and retain my Prize for answering your Puzzle.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
M.....

beautiful warranted Solid Gold Shell Ring, set with 5 Simulative Rubies, Emeralds or Opals, or if preferred we give you the Solid Gold Shell Five-Stone Ring, a Nethersole Illusion Bracelet, an Imported Parisian Belt Buckle and a complete set of Table Tennis (the most fascinating and popular game in the world). Never before has there been gathered together such an array of beautiful premiums for so slight a service. Our medicines and premiums stand squarely on their merits and are satisfying in every respect. We know this from thousands of testimonials praising them. It will be to your advantage to reply "at once."

REMEMBER all you have to do is to solve our puzzle and sign and return the request. The prize you select and the medicines will be promptly mailed postpaid, and even if you do not sell the medicine you at least get a beautiful prize for simply making the effort and interpreting our Picture Puzzle. Write us now "to-day." You risk nothing, as we do not ask one cent of your money.

ELECTINE MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.