

This and That

NOT TO BE SOLD.

During the Red Cross campaign in Cuba an officer appeared one day at the society's headquarters, and learned there an interesting fact about the working of its relief corps.

The officer was in khaki uniform, showing hard service, and a bandanna handkerchief, hanging from his hat, protected the back of his head from the sun. It was Colonel Roosevelt.

"I have some sick men," said he, "who refuse to leave the regiment. They need such delicacies as you have here, and I am ready to pay for them out of my own pocket. Can I buy them from the Red Cross?"

"Not for a million dollars," was the answer.

"But my men need these things. I think a great deal of my men. I am proud of them."

"And they are proud of you, Colonel. But we can't sell Red Cross supplies."

"Then how can I get them? I must have proper food for my sick men."

"Just ask for them, colonel."

A bright smile lighted his face.

"Oh I said he, then I do ask for them."

"All right, colonel. What is your list?"

The list included malted milk, condensed milk, oat meal, corn-meal, canned-fruits, dried-fruits, rice, tea, chocolate, prepared beefsteak and vegetables.

"Lead me a sack," said the colonel, and I'll take them right along."

Then the future President slung the heavy sack over his shoulder, and strode off out of sight through the jungle.

MAKE SOME SUNSHINE.

When the clouds hang dark an dreary, Shuttin' out the blessed light; When your feelin' sort o' waxy, An' you don't know wrong from right—

HABIT'S CHAIN

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard."

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for coffee.

I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Haggerty—"There's a story round that you spent money to get yourself elected."

Alderman-elect—"Nothing of the kind. I did spend some money, I won't deny that; but it was understood that my object was to defeat the other fellow. It did defeat him; but because that gave the election to me, the other only candidate, amounts to nothing I couldn't help it, you know.—Boston Transcript."

"I've had a very successful season," said the prosperous looking theatrical manager. "Well, you can thank our stars for that," replied the seedy looking manager.—Yonkers Statesman."

"Whistling or cheering with the feet is strictly prohibited," is the startling announcement placarded on the inside walls of one of the lower halls in the city.—Glasgow Evening Times."

"Oh, I wish I was like Richley, don't you?" "Why?" "Because he doesn't have to worry about his bank account running low." "Well, neither do I. I haven't got any."—Philadelphia Press."

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager. "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head." "That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eight children."—Philadelphia Ledger."

A WISH EASILY GRATIFIED.

They were spending the autumn in the Pennsylvania mountains, and a shooting expedition had been planned for the next day. The talk naturally turned on the prospects of various sorts of game.

"We miss the spice of danger that gives zest to hunting in the far West," one of the younger members of the party began a little pompously.

"Ah, and it is danger wit your sport you like?" earnestly returned the old German farmer, who was to act as guide. "Den you keeps close by me, sir, de last time I have sports I shoots mine bruder-in-law in de leg. I gladly takes you unto mine own wing," he concluded.

TEDDY'S QUERY.

One brother was tall and slim, The other chubby and short,— Teddy sat looking at them one night, Apparently lost in thought. "Mamma," he asked at length, Which would you like the best— For me to grow north to south, like Tom, Or like Willie from east to west? Adalbert F. Caldwell.

IMITATE THE BEE.

Science analyzes a flower under the microscope; talks of its petals, stamen, ovules, calyx, anthers, and pollen. The bee merely sucks the honey out of it. He cannot tell you the names of its parts but he knows that it is sweet and satisfies his longings. Who by thinking can find out God? But the humblest and most ignorant soul, by faith, can find the honey in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.

First Mountaineer to (Second Mountaineer in Switzerland) "What a lovely country—Holland is!"—Punch.

Mrs. Jones (to meat peddler): "Have you corn beef?" "No ma'am, I don't never feed my cows on corn."—The Times.

Dinwit: "Say, our backbones are like serial stories aren't they?" Thiwit: "Prove it." Dinwit: "Continued in our necks."—London Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Nodd—I never saw a house so upset in my life as mine when I returned.

Mrs. Todd—What made it so? Mrs. Nodd—My husband was putting things to rights.

At a recent fire some one sent a telegram to the owner, who was away, saying: "Premises on fire; what shall we do?" The answer came promptly: "Put it out."—Es.

NEW BLACK SUITS

— READY TO WEAR —

These are exceptionally attractive on account of their perfect fitting quality and stylish effect. The collars hug the neck and the shoulders are shapely.

The cloths are serges and cheviots—S. B. and D. B. sacks.

Prices \$12, \$16, \$18.

New lines of House Coats, Fancy and Washable Vests recently opened.

House Coats, \$3 to \$10; Vests, \$1.75 to \$4.50.

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Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes text: 'Hang on to a pure hard soap. Always use Surprise if you wish to retain the natural colors in your clothes. Surprise has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness. Remember the name Surprise means a pure hard Soap.' and an illustration of a woman hanging laundry.

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