

**This and That**

**DOLLY'S LESSON.**

Come here, you nigoramus!  
I'm shamed to have you 'fess  
You don't know any letter  
'Cept your Crooked S.  
Now listen, and I'll tell you,  
This round hole's name is O;  
And when you put a tall in,  
It makes a Q, you know.  
And if it has a front door  
To walk in at, it's C:  
Then make a seat right here  
To sit on, and it's G.  
And this tall letter, Dolly,  
Is I, and stands for me;  
And when it puts a hat on,  
It makes a cup o' T.  
And curly I is J, dear;  
And half of B is P.  
And E without his slippers on  
Is only F, you see.  
You turn A upside downward  
And people call it V;  
And if it's twice, like this one,  
W 'twill be.  
Now, Dolly, when you learn 'em,  
You'll know a great big heap—  
Most as much as I, O, Dolly!  
I believe you've gone to sleep!  
—Selected.

**SAD INTELLIGENCE.**

The devoted wife went to the seashore leaving her lonely husband behind.. She anticipated a joyous summer. The second day after her arrival, however, she received the following telegram from her hubby: "Come home at once. A button came off my coat to-day."—Ohio 'State Journal.'

**LEARNING.**

Elizabeth, a little Boston girl, is seven this summer. Quite an old girl now is Elizabeth. "You do not mind me as well as you did when you were two years old," observed her grandmother. "You see, I didn't know anything then, and so of course I always did just what anybody told me to," replied, Elizabeth.—Buffalo 'Commercial.'

**DR. BARROWS AND THE "BEARER."**

While making arrangements for the holding of the great congress of religions at Chicago, Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin College, had so much correspondence that he decided to employ a stenographer. According to the Chicago Record-Herald he did employ a pretty young lady, who afterwards figured in an incident which this paper relates:  
On the 14th of February, as the doctor

**THE LANDLADY'S SON.**

Set Right By a Boarder.

Most people are creatures of habit. The person who thinks he cannot along without his morning drink of coffee is pretty hard to convince unless he is treated like Mrs. Clara Hoffman of Portland, Ore., treated her landlady's son. She says, "Having suffered with stomach trouble for several years I determined to discontinue the use of coffee and try Postum Food Coffee. I carefully followed directions for making and the result was a beverage very pleasing to the taste. I induced my husband to give it a trial and soon noticed the improvement.  
He complained of 'heart trouble' but as he drank coffee I felt sure this was the cause. It proved to be so, for after having used Postum for a short time his 'heart trouble' completely disappeared.  
Last year we went East and while there boarded with a private family. Our landlady complained of sleeplessness and her son of obstinate stomach trouble. It was a plain case of coffee poisoning in both. Knowing what Postum had done for me I advised a trial but the son declared he wanted none of that 'weak, watery stuff.' Well I had been making Postum Coffee for myself and husband and next morning I offered him a cup and he drank it not knowing what it was. "Well, I said, 'You seem to like Postum after all.' "What," he exclaimed, "that was not Postum, why, that tasted fine. Mother if you learn to make it like this I will always drink it." The next morning she watched me, and I explained the importance of allowing it to boil long enough. After that we all drank it regularly and our landlady and her son soon began to get well. They continued its use after we returned home and recently wrote me that they are improving daily."

was tolling away, his little son became much excited over the sending and receiving of valentines, and suddenly thinking of his father, he proposed that he and his mother send a valentine up to the third floor.

"Well," said Mrs. Barrows, "it is very nice of you to remember father. How would it do for me to write a valentine and let you take it up?"

The boy was delighted at the idea and his mother wrote upon a sheet of paper:

"Please kiss the bearer."  
This she placed in an envelope, which was sealed and addressed to the doctor. The boy started upstairs, but he had been running around a good deal and his legs were weary. When he reached the second floor he met the pretty stenographer, who had started out after postage stamps or something, and asked her of she wouldn't be kind enough to hand the note to his father.

She took the envelope, gave the child a pat on the cheek and ran back upstairs, where—perhaps prompted by feminine curiosity—she waited while Dr. Barrows opened his valentine and read, in his wife's handwriting: "Please kiss the bearer."

Here is where Dr. Barrows always cuts the story off.

**A GERMAN'S TESTIMONY.**

A German spoke as follows in an American meeting:

"I shall tell you how it was. I put my hand on my head; there was one big pain. Then I put my hand on my body, and there was another; there was very much pains in all my body. Then I put my hand in my pocket, and there was nothing.

"Now there is no more pain in my head; the pains in my body are all gone away; I put my hand in my pocket, and there is twenty tollars. So I shay mitout de drink."

**A NEW SORT OF LAPLANDER.**

A coach full of English and American travelers stopped suddenly at Leamington. The guard unlocked the door and a young American gentleman got in. An Englishman and his wife sat next the window and before the new comer could reach a seat the train lurched, the American stumbled over the inevitable English baggage and finally sat down in the lap of the irate Britisher.

"What are you doing?" he angrily exclaimed. "What sort of a fellow are you, anyway, to stumble over my wife and sit down in my lap like this?"

"Oh, I am a Lap-lander," laughingly replied the American. At this his countryman in the coach shouted; but the Englishman drew himself gloweringly into his corner and sulked.

When the intruder left the coach at the next station the Britisher turned to the Americans, with whom he had been conversing before, and inquired, "What under the sun they were laughing at when that fellow stumbled in."

"Why, at what he said," was the reply. "Well, I fall to see anything amusing in that. I asked him where he came from and he said he was an Eskimo—and then you all laughed!"

**ROYALTY AND APPLARS.**

The King of Sweden paid special attention to the Independent Order of Good Templars at the triennial meeting of the Supreme Lodge of that body in Stockholm a few weeks ago. He invited a deputation of the officers to an audience at the great palace and expressed to Councillor Mallins, the head of the Order, his deep sorrow over the illness of the British King and his thankfulness for prospect of recovery. Representatives of the United States, Norway, Germany, Denmark, and other countries spoke of the progress of the cause in their respective jurisdictions.

The King was especially interested in the representative in Hindoo costume from Madras, and in the native hereditary African chief, Z-ccheus Coker, of the Gold Coast, whose fine bearing and perfect English typified the progress of civilization under the British flag. The representatives were driven round the city, taken on a steamboat excursion to Saltjo-baden, and took part in an enormous procession to a great demonstration at Shansu.

**THE ROOSEVELT BOYS.**

Being a President's son must be something of a task, although the Roosevelt boys are perhaps hardly conscious of the difficulties of the position. It is a great thing from living in high places without a trace of snobbery; but the following story of young Archie Roosevelt shows that his father is not going to have his son spoiled, if he can help it.

Archie happened to be at the house of one of his schoolmates one afternoon, when a certain fine lady of Washington was calling there. On being told that the lad was the son of the President, and that he attended a public school, the visitor began putting questions to him about his studies. Archie stood this well enough, and answered straightforwardly. But presently the lady ventured upon less safe ground.

"Do you like a public school?" said she. "Don't you find that many of the boys there are rough and common?"

Then Archie showed his training, and unconsciously administered to the aristocrat something of a rebuke.

"My papa says," he remarked, emphatically, "that there are tall boys and short boys, and good boys and bad boys, and those are the only kinds of boys there are."—Woman's Home Companion.

**'OBHOUSE' WOULD GHT IT.**

Professor Edwin Ray Lankester was sitting in his office in the Natural History Museum, London, when he was visited by an elderly woman, evidently from the country, who carried a parcel which she handled with the most exaggerated care. She was in a state of great excitement, and exclaimed:

"I've got two of 'em."  
"Two of what?" inquired the Professor.  
"Two 'awks' eggs," replied the woman.  
"I'm told they're worth a thousand pounds apiece."

The professor, much interested, looked at the eggs. "These are not auks' eggs," he said.

"They are 'awks' eggs," said his visitor.  
"My son Joe found 'em."

A light dawned on the naturalist. "The kind of eggs which are so valuable," he remarked, gently, "are the eggs of an extinct bird called the auk—a-u-k."

"Oh, Hawk," said the woman. "I'll pay out that 'Eury 'Obhouse as told me it was 'awks' eggs as was wanted."  
And she went away.—Ex.

**DO NOT BE A SECOND-CLASS MAN.**

You can hardly imagine a boy saying: "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class, and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class cannot be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread; or if you do not, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce, or is too high priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not third-class. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first-class.—Success.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00, cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him in four months for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.  
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Hotel Keeper,  
St. Phillip's, Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.



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