

**This and That**

**AN AWKWARD MOMENT.**

There is a story which Sir Edward Malet recalls of a situation hardly equaled in fiction. A certain Cardinal at an evening party, when pressed by an admiring circle of ladies to say whether he had ever received any startling confessions, replied that the first person who had come to him after he had taken orders desired absolution for a murder which he confessed to having committed. A gentle shudder ran through the frames of the audience. This was turned to consternation when, ten minutes later, an elderly marquis entered the apartment, and eagerly claimed acquaintance with the Cardinal. "But I see your eminence does not remember me," he said. "You will do so when I remind you that I was the first person who confessed to you after you entered the service of the church!"—St. James's Gazette.

**A FINE BUSINESS.**

Under this caption the New York Witness editorially says:—

"Plant worth \$400; profits, \$50,000 a year—that is the apparently authoritative record of the business of Alderman Michael Kenna of Chicago, popularly known as 'Hinky Dink.' Mr. Kenna is a saloon-keeper. His plant consists in the saloon fixtures, valued at \$400, and the brewery which supplies him has presented him with a diamond badge in recognition of the fact that he has disposed of 30,000 barrels of beer in five years. It seems Mr. Kenna pays \$5 a barrel for the beer, and gets 300 glasses out of each barrel, which he sells at five cents a glass, leaving him \$10 a barrel profit. His expenses are said to be \$1,000 a month. This at least, is the statement of Mr. Kenna's business presented by a news item in the Sun."

**POE AND THE MANAGER.**

A well-known theatrical manager, who is distinguished rather for his business ability than for his knowledge of literature, was visited not long ago by an aspiring playwright. He had with him, he explained to the manager, the manuscript of a play based on one of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, which he was sure was destined to make a sensational hit on the stage. The manager consented to hear the play, and listened with increasing interest as the playwright read from his manuscript.

He was enthusiastic when the end was reached.

"That's fine!" he exclaimed—"fine!" Now I'll tell you what I'll do: You and Mr. Poe come in to-morrow and we'll talk this thing over."—Harper's Weekly.

**UNMIGATED SEVERITY.**

Parson Wilkins was the gentlest minister the church of Cranford Centre had ever known. It was apparently as difficult for him to lose his temper as for many of his parish to keep theirs. One day one of the deacons went to him with a complaint about the boy who had been apprenticed to the deacon to learn the carpenter's trade.

"He's so lazy and ungrateful, added to everything else," said the deacon at the end of a long list of grievances, "that I've lost my patience, and I'm afraid to talk to him for fear I shall display anger. Now, I want you to speak to him severely, parson, very severely."

"I will, deacon," said the minister. "I will certainly speak to him with great severity." A few days afterward he received a call from the apprentice.

"Now, my boy," said the minister, laying a calm hand on the graceless youngster's shoulder, "I have heard from the good deacon of the things you have been doing and your neglect of your proper work, and I wish to say that I think you have been doing very poorly; that if you persist in this course of action I shall be forced—here the minister assumed an air of one administering a rebuke almost too stern to be endured—to lower my opinion of you—to lower it considerably, my boy."—"Youth's Companion."

**THE DAY AFTER.**

It is a strange omission that the Day After, supreme and epoch-making period of time, should have failed to receive the homage which is its just prerogative.

De Quincey in his powerful bit of word painting entitled "The Knocking at the Gate," dwells on the thought that in Macbeth, the climax of the tragedy, the moment most truly fraught with terror, is not the one in which occurs the murder of Duncan,

or when the guilty pair nerve themselves for its accomplishment, but the moment when the first knocking at the gate is heard. With that summons from without comes an instant and terrible realization of what has taken place. In that moment of horror is condensed all the meaning of past crime and future retribution as in a lightning flash.

The magnitude of what has happened can not be measured until the first touch of reaction has been felt. We cannot tell what has really occurred till the Day After.—From the July Atlantic.

**ALCOHOLIC HORRORS.**

The use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage is prolific of murder and suicide.

Life insurance companies take into serious account the drink habits of an applicant for insurance.

One-half of the insane were first crazy of their own free will through the use of drink.

Some one has said, "Lunacy is saloonacy, and it is never the moon, but often the saloon, by which reason is dethroned."

One-half the idiots are children of parents who have made fools of themselves with drink.

The average "respectable drunk," arraigned in the police court, offers this apology to the judge: "I was drunk. I make a fool of myself whenever I am in that condition."

Did not the culprit make a greater fool of himself when he deliberately cultivated that condition than when he became fully drunk?

Some victims of drink insist upon declaring that they made asses of themselves, but that humble beast of burden never indulges.

Fool is the only word to be employed, for the fool belongs exclusively to the homo genus.—Cleveland World.

**HE SAW THE POINT.**

Here is a story that might have come from Secretary Hay. Perhaps it was told him by the traveller in foreign lands.

"I was travelling abroad," said the returned tourist, "and I noticed that in the railway carriages, at the stations, in the hotels, and everywhere, a certain class of travellers were paid every consideration, although they spent no more money than I did. The railway guard sprang to open the door for them, the hotel people gave them the best they had, and every one seemed anxious to do them honor. At one of the big hotels I noticed a number of these men who had got the best of me at all times for several days back, and I consulted the waiter.

"Why is it," I asked, "that this man, and that man, and the other man are shown so much courtesy and attention?"

"Ah!" said the waiter, "they have been decorated. One has the Legion of Honor, the other the Golden Eagle, and that one the Order of the Star. All gentlemen having decoration are given the utmost consideration."

"I saw the point, and bethought me of an old inauguration badge I had with me, which I had worn as chairman of some committee. I dug it out of my trunk and pinned it on my coat. It was about ten inches long and three broad and as gaudy and tinselled as a dozen orders all in one. No one knew what it meant, but it was a decoration, and as such carried me all over Europe in as fine style as if it were an emblem of the noblest order of the old world."—Washington Post.

**AN OBLIGING SERVANT.**

Miss Clara Barton, the president of the American Red Cross, visited Philadelphia recently, and, at a luncheon that was given in her honor, she described a green servant she had once employed.

"This girl," said Miss Barton, "came to me as a cook, but she could cook nothing. Her ignorance was incredible. She couldn't boil an egg."

"I ordered soft boiled eggs one morning, and they came in as hard as bullets. 'Mary, I told you to have the eggs soft,' I said.

"I know they're very tough and hard, ma'am," Mary returned, "and yet I boiled 'em an hour, for all. I'll put 'em on again and boil 'em two hours, though—yes, or even three—for I'll be bound to get 'em nice and tender for ye yet."

**C. C. RICHARDS & CO.**

Dear Sirs—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get and strongly recommend it.

G. E. O. HOUGH.

Livery Stables, Quebec.

**AGENTS WANTED**

**CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION**

Wants two or three reliable men to act as Agents for the Province of New Brunswick. Liberal contracts to good men. Apply to

GEO. W. PARKER,  
Prov. Manager,  
St. John, N. B.

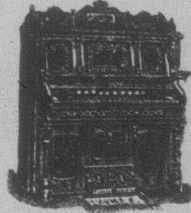
**To Intending Purchasers**

Do you want an ORGAN of Superior workmanship Beautiful in design, made of the best materials and noted for its purity and richness of tone? If so you want the

**"THOMAS"**

for that instrument will fill the requirements.

JAMES A. GATES & CO.  
MANUFACTURERS AGENTS.  
Middleton, N. S.



**A REAL SCOTCH "SAWBETH."**

The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, while traveling in the neighborhood of the Hebrides, heard several anecdotes illustrative of the fearful reverence with which Scotchmen in that region observe the Sabbath. Says he: "A minister of kirk recently declared in public that at a country inn he wished the window raised, so that he might get some fresh air but the landlady would not allow it, saying, 'Ye can hae no fresh air here on the Sawbeth.'"

**A GENEROUS IMPULSE.**

(From the Washington Star.)

"Suppose you succeed in owing the earth, said the abrupt man, what good will it do you?"

"Well, answered the trust promoter, 'I'm naturally a man of hospitable instincts. There will be a kind of satisfaction in feeling that I am permitting other people to inhabit this globe."

The Irish land bill passed its first reading in the House of Lords on Thursday. The second reading was fixed for August 3.



FOR

**DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY,  
COLIC, CRAMPS,  
PAIN IN THE STOMACH,  
AND ALL  
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.**

**ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS.  
IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM.  
RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.**

Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effectual.

EVERY HOUSE SHOULD HAVE IT.  
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. TAKE NO OTHER.

PRICE, - 35c.

**Household Cares**

are lightened and time and patience, mess and trouble are saved by the woman who uses that English Home Dye of highest quality, Maypole soap, because it washes and dyes at one operation. Brilliant, fadeless. Quick, easy, safe, sure.

**Maypole Soap**

Sold everywhere.  
75c. for colors, 15c. for black.

**Announcement!**

Our institute will open for the 1913-14 school year on AUGUST 10th.

Our illustrated calendar, with full page plates, will be ready for distribution in a few days, and will be mailed free of charge to any address.

KAUFMACH & SCHURMAN,  
Chartered Accountants,  
MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
Halifax, N. S.

**EDGECOMBE & CHAISSON,  
High Class Tailors.**

They have always in stock all the latest patterns in Worsted and Tweed Suitings.

Also a full line of Black Cloths suitable for Gentlemen's Frock Suits, including the newest material for full Dress Suits and Clergymen's Outfits.

SEND \$1.00 to

**T. H. HALL'S**

Colonial Book Store,

St. John, N. B.

and we will mail you PELOUBETS' NOTES on the Sunday School Lessons for 1903.

**SOUR STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN,  
AND ALL OTHER FORMS OF  
DYSPEPSIA**  
Promptly relieved and cured by  
**K.D.C. THE MIGHTY CURE**