

This and That

THE OLD ATTIC TRUNK.

Up in the attic where mother goes
Is a trunk in a shadowed nook—
A trunk—and its lid she will oft un-
close
As if 'twere a precious book.
She kneels at its side on the attic
boards.
And tenderly, soft and slow,
She counts all the treasures she fond-
ly hoards—
The things of the long ago.
A yellowing dress, once the sheerest
white—
That shimmered in joyous pride—
She looks at it now with the girl's
delight
That was hers when she stood a
bride,
There is a ribbon of faded blue
She keeps with the satin gown;
Buckles and lace—and a little shoe;
Sadly she lays that down.
One lock of hair that is golden still
With the gold of the morning sun;
Yes, and a dollie with frock and frill—
She lifts them all, one by one,
She lifts them all to her gentle lips,
Up there in the afternoon.
Sometimes the rain from the cave
trough drips
Tears with her quavered croon.
Up in the attic where mother goes
Is a trunk in a shadowed place—
A trunk—with the scent of withered
rose
On the satin and shoes and lace,
None of us touches its battered lid,
But safe in the niche it stays,
Sacred to all that her heart has hid—
Gold of the other days;
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

A traveler entered the dining-room
of a leading hotel in Colorado
Springs on Saturday, and after he
was served with soup he drew a two-
dollar bill from his pocket and show-
ed it to the waiter, saying:
"Jim, I shall be here until next
Wednesday night and then this will
be yours."
"All right, sir, I'll take the best
care of you, sure," replied the waiter.
And he did serve the traveler excel-
lently. It happened that on Wednes-
day morning the traveler was hastily
summoned to Denver and it was six
weeks before he returned to the Colo-
rado Springs hotel. Presently his for-
mer waiter, whom he had forgotten
along with the incident, came up to
him and said:
"Say, boss, please play that two-
dollar trick on your waiter, for he's
de meanes' man what's in de whole
house."—"Under the Spreading Chest-
nut Tree," Everybody's Magazine for
September.

"GOLD GOLD"

"Good," He Says, "But Comfort Bet-
ter."

"Food that fits is better than a
gold mine," says a grateful man.

"Before I commenced to use Grape-
Nuts food no man on earth ever had
a worse affliction from catarrh of the
stomach than I had for years.

"I could eat nothing but the very
lightest food and even that gave me
great distress.

"I went through the catalogue of
prepared foods but found them all
(except Grape-Nuts) more or less in-
digestible, generating gas in the
stomach, (which in turn produced
headaches and various other pains
and aches) and otherwise unavailable
for my use.

"Grape-Nuts food I have found eas-
ily digested and assimilated, and it
has renewed my health and vigor and
made me a well man again. The cat-
tarrh of the stomach has disappeared
entirely with all its attendant ills,
thanks to Grape-Nuts, which now is
my almost sole food. I want no
other." Name given by Postum Co.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial tells the story.
There's a reason.

THE CUNNING CROW.

Once a chained-up watch dog lay in
front of his kennel lazily picking a
bone. A hungry crow looked on with
longing eyes, and hoped that by di-
verting the attention of the dog it
might succeed in securing the bone for
itself. So it came as close to the ani-
mal as it dared, and began to indulge
in all sorts of ridiculous antics; the
dog, however, took not the slightest
notice.

Then the crow hurried off and fetch-
ed a friend, who seated himself on the
bough of a tree just behind the ken-
nel, while the first crow again danced
before the dog. As the animal contin-
ued to remain absolutely indifferent
the crow friend flew into the air, sud-
denly swooped down, and struck the
dog's spine a tremendous blow with
its beak.

The dog started with surprise and
pain, and dropping the bone, made a
fierce but unsuccessful grab at his as-
sailant. Meanwhile the first crow
snatched up the bone as quick as
lightning, and flew off with it; the
two conspirators then shared the sto-
len property between them,—Watch-
man.

SURE OF ITS GENUINENESS.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Upstartin,
"that picture is an original of Raph-
ael. Husband had heard so much
about counterfeit Raphaels that he
not only ordered this from an artist
upon whom he could depend, but he
went so far as to go to the studio
every day while it was being painted;
so you can take my word for it that
this is a real original Raphael."

A DREADFUL PLACE.

Among the visitors at an art ex-
hibition were two old ladies from the
country. They were examining with
great interest a bas-relief of a young
Greek shepherd, beneath which were
inscribed the words, "Executed in ter-
ra-cotta." "I wonder where Terra-
cotta is," ventured the elder of the
two, turning to her companion. "Well
now I ought to know," hesitated the
other, "but I can't seem to place it
just now." "Ah, well," rejoined the
first speaker, as they passed on, "it
must be a dreadful place if they ex-
ecute harmless young boys like that
there."

SAYING SOMETHING NICE.

(From the Marion (Kan.) Record.)
The young ladies of the Thompson
Dry Goods Company invited us in the
other afternoon to drink lemonade
with them, prefacing the invitation
with the remark that we must say
something nice about them in the
paper. And of course we could not do
otherwise, for they are all, without a
single exception, just as nice and
sweet as they can be, and our only
wonder is that they have been allow-
ed to remain single so long—and some
of them, oh, so long!

'YANKEE DOODLE' AN IRISH JIG.
(From London Truth)

Mr. W. H. Gratton Flood writes:—
Will you allow me to point out to
you that the tune of "Yankee Doodle"
is an old Irish jig of the early
eighteenth century, well known in Ire-
land still as "All the way to Gal-
way?" Your statement that it was
composed by Dr. Schuëckburgh is a
slip. You probably meant that he
wrote the doggerel words, which is
generally admitted, but he merely
adapted his verses to the Irish jig,
which was printed as "Yankee Doo-
dle" in 1782, and was subsequently
introduced by Arnold into his "Two
and One."

We have noticed that when a man
occupies the centre of a room, and
amuses the crowd, you will find his
wife in one corner disgusted.

... FOR ...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery,
Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera
Morbus, Cholera Infantum,
Seasickness,
Summer Complaint,
and all Looseness of the Bowels in
Children or Adults.

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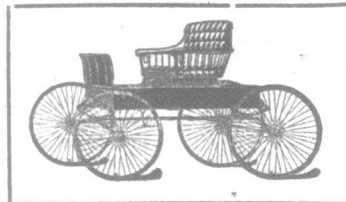
is an instantaneous cure. It has been
used in thousands of homes for sixty
years, and has never failed to give
satisfaction. Every home should
have a bottle so as to be ready in
case of emergency.

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"I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw-
berry as the best medicine I have ever used for
Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep
it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

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bles I have known, K. D. C. is the best, and
seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one."

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e to testify to the excellency of K. D. C. as a
"cure for dyspepsia."

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never known K. D. C. to fail where fairly
tried."

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to state that in my case your K. D. C. has
wrought a perfect and I believe a per-
manent cure."

Rev. Geo. M. Andrews, D.D.

Auburndale, Mass.—"I recommend K. D.
C. very strongly—in my case it has proved
singularly efficient."

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