

✿ This and That ✿

"WHEN LAURA GOES TO PLAY."

When Laura goes to play with Lou,
Who lives across the way,
She wears a gingham frock of blue
Just made for romp and play;
And oftentimes her hat's askew,
When Laura goes to play with Lou.

When Laura plays with Lulubel,
Who lives up on the square,
She has to dress up very well
And think about her hair.
It would not do to run pell-mell,
Up on the Square with Lulubel.

When Laura goes to play with Lou
They picnic on the grass;
Two cups of milk, a bun or two,
Is all there is to pass;
And yet it seems a nice menu
To Laura, playing there with Lou.

When Laura plays with Lulubel
Their parties are so fine!
With china fragile as a shell,
And silver all ashine,
And Nurse Celeste and Mademoiselle
To serve each course for Lulubel.

When Laura goes to play with Lou
Her best loved doll she takes,
And though it's very far from new,
No difference it makes;
For over there 'a dolly, too,
That's old, but very dear to Lou.

When Laura plays with Lulubel
Miss French Doll is on hand,
For all the dolly folks that dwell
Up there are very grand,
With names like Clarice and Estelle,
Those Paris dolls of Lulubel.

And so when Laura goes to play,
One easily can tell
If she is off to spend the day
In style with Lulubel;
Or in a simpler way, 't is true,
But merrier far, with little Lou.
—Rose Mills Powers, in January St. Nicholas.

FINDING THE ANGEL.

Over in Indiana there was a woman that had been the terror of her town, and even in the penitentiary she had to be confined and bound with chains. Nobody had ever been able to approach her. One day a quiet Quakeress called at the prison and asked to speak to her, and as the manacled criminal was brought in with scowling and cursing lips, she simply stepped up to her, and saying with unobtrusive kindness the two little words "My sister" she clasped her on both cheeks. The woman staggered as if struck. She tried for a moment to resume her old violent manner, and then burst into tears, saying that it was the first pure kiss since her mother died, and from that hour she was a changed woman. God help us to "honor all men" and by his grace to find the angel in the roughest block of marble.—Commonwealth.

BLACK AND RICH

Is the Way Postum Coffee Should Be.

A liquid food that will help a person break a bad habit is worth knowing of. The president of one of the state associations of the W. C. T. U., who naturally does not want her name given, writes as follows: "Whenever I was obliged to go without coffee for breakfast a dull, distracting headache would come on before noon. I discovered that, in reality, the nerves were crying out for their accustomed stimulant.

At evening dinner I had been taught by experience that I must refrain from coffee or pass a sleepless night. In the summer of 1900, while visiting a physician and his wife I was served with a most excellent coffee at their dainty and elegant table, and, upon inquiry, discovered that this charming beverage was Postum Food Coffee, and that the family had been greatly benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum.

I was so in love with it, and so pleased with the glimpse of freedom from my own bondage of habit and so thoroughly convinced that I ought to break with my captor, that upon my return home I at once began the use of Postum Food Coffee and have continued it ever since, now more than a year.

I don't know what sick headache is now, and my nerves are steady and I sleep sound generally eight hours regularly. I used to become bilious frequently, and require physic, now seldom ever have that experience.

I have learned that long boiling is absolutely essential to furnish good Postum. That makes it clear, black and rich as any Mocha and Java blend. Please withhold my name, but you may use the letter for the good it may do."

HOW THE MISTLETOE COMES TO BE.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which indeed its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

A beautiful little story is told which is well worth repeating here. In one of the old cities of Italy, so the story goes, the king had a bell hung up in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that anyone who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the judge of the city to come and see that justice was done.

In the course of time the end of the bell-ropes rotted away, so a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse, that had been turned out by its cruel owner to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell to which it was attached. When the judge of the city came to see who had rung the bell, he found this old horse. Then the judge sent for the owner of the poor horse and ordered that, since this animal, which had been so wronged, had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice done to him. He commanded the owner, therefore, to take the horse home and to feed and care for him as long as he should live.—Apples of Gold.

EASY TO BARK.

The Christian Commonwealth, of London, tells a pointed anecdote, and draws a needed lesson.

A dog, hitched to a lawn-mower, stopped pulling to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said: "Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than pull this machine."

It is easier to be critical than correct; easier to bark than to work; easier to burn a house than to build one; easier to hinder than to help; easier to destroy reputation than construct character. Fault-finding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticise or censure, like the Pharisees, but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to it all, as Jesus did.

"GO ON, SIR."

A great astronomer was once telling the story of his life.

"When I was a boy," said he, "I grew tired of mathematics."

In one of his discouraging moments he declared he was going to give them up. He collected his books, and began to put them aside. One book, however, he thought best to look into again. Now, what, think you, were the words that this boy found there, the words that fixed his attention? These, "Go on, sir; go on, sir."

Did you take the advice? Yes; he took these words for his motto. All through his life, whenever he grew tired of any undertaking, this motto was his teacher. "Go on, sir; go on, sir."

"No one ever won a victory by turning his back and running away," said this wise man.

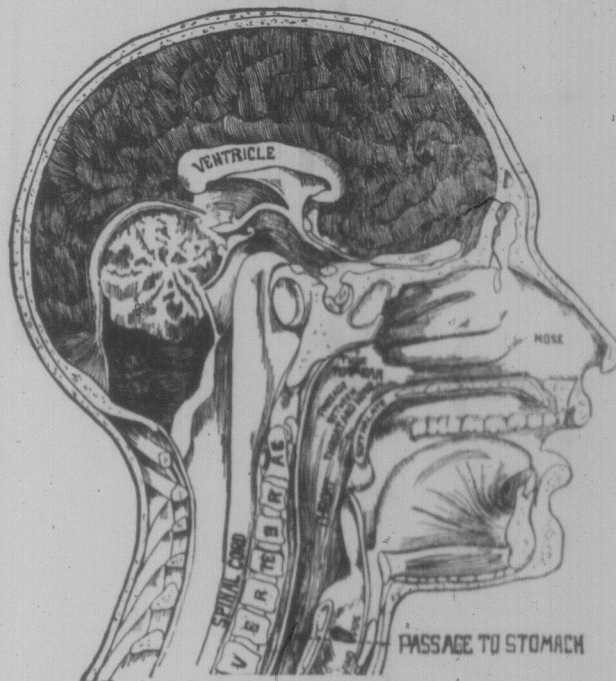
Deserving Confidence.—No article so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, the well-known remedy for coughs and throat troubles.

"They are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

FREE BOOK ON CATARRH

Do you know what CATARRH is? Perhaps you think it is only like a bad cold in the head. It often does begin like a cold in the head. But it ends—where? Let me tell you. Catarrh is the forerunner of Consumption. Read the statistics. Government reports show that death from Consumption have increased more than two hundred per cent. in this country in the last five years. Nearly every one of these cases was traced back to neglected Catarrh. That is the official report of government experts.

But the public don't know of this. If they did would they neglect the Catarrh which is pulling them down? Would they let their family physician persuade them that there is "cure for Catarrh"? There is no cure for Consumption. There is a cure for Catarrh. But these family physicians have not yet found it. I have found it. I found it because I spent seventeen years hunting for it. I found it because I studied deeply in the nature and cause of Catarrh. I found it because I was not afraid to throw aside old worthless theories and strike out into new and independent lines of research.



The passage to the Head in which Catarrh starts so often goes down on the lungs, and develops into the Great White Plague—Consumption.

The result of these researches I have put into a book called CATARRH ITS CAUSES ITS DANGERS ITS CURE

That book is yours for the asking. I have had a special edition printed for FREE DISTRIBUTION. If you have Catarrh, or if you have a relative or friend who has Catarrh and ought to know about it; or if you merely want to inform yourself about it—write for this book. I will send it to you absolutely free. It has been printed to help humanity. It will surely help you. It will tell you all about Catarrh; how it starts; how it works its way through the body; how it effects all the great organs and the whole body weakening it and making Consumption still more inevitable. It shows you just how Catarrh runs into Consumption. It will tell you all about my great cure. It will prove to you that I found the best, the surest, the most successful cure for Catarrh. This is not boasting. I can prove it by the thousands of cases I have cured after all other treatments had failed and the doctors had said there was no cure. My treatment has brought back health and happiness to thousands. My book has proved a revelation and a messenger of hope to all who have read it. I want to put it into the hands of every sufferer. I want to do all in my power to stop the scourge of this country: the Great White Plague.

Do not wait until it is too late. Do not wait until Consumption has you in its relentless grasp. Remember I cannot yet cure Consumption. NO MAN CAN. I can cure Catarrh. Remember this book will be sent you absolutely FREE. Send for it to-day. Send for it NOW.

Address—CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), 7 to 13 Doane St., Boston.

Note the Solid Progress of Confederation Life Association.

YEAR	PREMIUM INCOME (NET.)	INTEREST INCOME.	TOTAL INCOME Prens & Interest.	ASSETS.	Insurance in Force (Net.)
1873	\$45,902.38	\$3,814.64	\$49,717.02	\$113,286.69	\$1,788,680.00
1878	145,922.67	24,124.38	170,047.05	456,839.39	5,344,249.63
1883	309,376.60	64,006.01	373,382.61	1,149,427.40	11,018,625.00
1888	512,005.46	129,672.17	641,677.63	2,542,041.75	16,616,360.50
1893	796,505.04	185,894.86	982,399.90	4,520,133.04	24,288,690.00
1898	965,626.36	265,571.03	1,231,197.39	6,825,116.81	29,521,189.00
1900	1,063,748.59	329,121.84	1,392,870.43	7,799,983.89	32,171,215.00

Cash Surplus above all liabilities, Government Standard . . . \$505,546.25
 Capital Stock, Paid-up . . . 100,000.00
 Capital Stock, Subscribed, Uncalled . . . 900,000.00
TOTAL SURPLUS SECURITY FOR POLICY HOLDERS . . . \$1,505,546.25
 S. A. McLEOD, Agent at St. John. GEO. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent.