

**This and That**

**SURELY.**

The other night at a dinner Martin W. Littleton, president of the Borough of Brooklyn, told this story:

"On a cabbage patch owned by a negro in a Southern community oil was found. Speculators offered the negro \$20,000, which he accepted without waiting to consider another proposition, said to be \$40,000.

"How's this about your cabbage patch?" said Mr. Littleton to the negro. "I understand you have sold it for \$20,000.

"Yaas, that's true, boss," replied the negro. "Yo see, men came pickin' round my place an' dey say dar's oil heah. Dey say, 'We gib yo' twenty thousan' dollars.' I say, 'All right'."

"I am told if you had waited a day or two you might have sold it for \$40,000."

"Yaas, massa, dat mebbie so; but a bird in th' had's th' nobles wuk of God."—Ex.

**HARD ON THE PRISONER.**

The man stammered painfully as he stood in the dock at the police court. His name was Sissons. It was very difficult for him to pronounce his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and make an uproar one night, and to have to account for it before the magistrate the next morning.

"Waat is your name?" asked the magistrate.

Sissons began to reply:—

"Sis-sis-sis-sis-sis—"

"Stop that noise and tell me your name," said the magistrate, impatiently.

"Sis-sis-sis-sis-sis—"

"That will do," said the magistrate, severely. "Policemaan, what is this man charged with."

"I think, yer honour, he's charged wid sody water."—Ex.

The Rev. John Allen, a Methodist preacher of Farmington, Me., grandfather of Mrs. Nordica, was a zealous attendant of camp meetings through-out that State. Indeed, his reputation for attending more of these open-air meetings than anyone else in the country gave him the name of "Camp Meeting John."

One day as he was walking down the main street of Farmington he met High Sheriff Luther Curtis, from New Sharon, known throughout the country for his quick wit. As they shook hands the Sheriff said: "It gives me great pleasure to grasp the hand of an honest man."

"Camp Meeting John" replied: "I wish I could say the same."

Quick as a flash came the retort: "You could if you told such a lie as I did."—Boston Herald.

**THE PAPER REMARKS.**

A lady was choosing between two applicants for a position as gardener while her mother-in-law, seated on the porch behind the men, pointed frantically towards the less prepossessing. Supposing that the old lady had some personal knowledge of the applicant, she engaged him. "Did he ever work for you?" she asked, when the two were alone. "No," replied the old lady, "I never saw or heard of either of them." "Then why did you point to him? The other had the better face." "Face!" returned the old lady briskly, "when you pick out a man for work, go by his overalls. If they are patched on the knee you want him. If they are patched on the seat, you don't."—Ex.

**AGAINST HIS CONVICTIONS.**

A respectable-looking man of middle age applied one night for free lodgings at one of the police stations in Chicago. "I have tramped all over this town," he said, "looking for work, and can't find any."

"I understand they are short of help at the stock yards," said the desk sergeant. "You might get a job there for a few weeks anyhow."

"At the stock yards!" exclaimed the other, in a voice trembling with indignation. "I

wouldn't work there for fifty dollars a day if I were starving to death!"

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, I'm a vegetarian."—Ex.

Senator Depew is fond of children. Children take to him. The shyest of them make friends with him at once. "In Baltimore one day," he said recently. "I made the acquaintance of a beautiful little girl with yellow hair. This little girl and I talked of a number of things. We deplored many of the evils of modern life. We had serious and grave discussions. Then for a time the little girl was silent. She was lost in thought. Finally she sighed and said: 'Why can't the toy-shop man call for orders every morning, the same as the butcher and grocer do?'"—Ex.

**LARGER THEN HE WANTED.**

A tailor in a small country town had not many customers, and was in poor circumstances, but nevertheless he always wished, even at the expense of truth, to appear richer than he was. One day his little girl ran into the shop, calling her father to dinner. A gentleman being in the shop, the tailor said, "What is there for dinner, my child?" to which she replied, "Two red herrings." After the stranger's departure, the man rebuked his child for exposing his poverty, bidding her for the future to say something larger when asked a similar question. Soon afterwards an opportunity arrived, and when the father asked in the presence of a third person, "What's for dinner, Polly?" the little girl wishing to carry out her father's instructions, answered promptly, "A whale, father!"

"Yes," said the lady of the house, "your references are satisfactory, and I think you will suit me. By the way, your name strikes me as a little romantic for a house maid. You don't insist on being called Daphne, I hope? I have a good many young men boarders, and that sort of thing would be likely to create frivolity. You don't mind if we call you by your surname?" "Not at all, ma'am." So they called her Mary.—London Answers.

"After all, what is the difference between 'shopgirl' and 'saleslady'?"

"I don't know, but the differences between saleslady are sometimes fierce."—Philadelphia Press.

"Ze American, ah, mon Dieu, he is a very funny man. He know nothing but ze dollar. He have no love of beauty or art. He do not comprenz."

"What's on your mind, Gaston?"

"To-day I see a beautiful lady, cleclair, distingue, magnificent. She is with a man, an American. I go to him. I say, 'Pardon, monsieur, what is ze lady's name?' The gentleman he say, 'That's my business!' Bah! Beesness, beesness, all de time. He was a rude man."—Cincinnati Commercial.

He—I got up against a trolley accident coming home this evening.

She—You don't say?

He—Yes, I got a seat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—No, I don't see Jones at all now—he has dropped out of our social set.

She—He tells quite a different story.

He—Oh!

She—Yes—he claims that he climbed out! Windsor Magazine.

Doctor: "My dear madam, your husband's distressing symptoms are entirely due to a poor circulation." Lady: "How true, doctor! He is a newspaper proprietor."—Ex.

The **Intermediate Quarterly** will hereafter be known as the **Junior**, a change in name only, to conform to the nomenclature suggested by the **Sunday School Editorial Association**. Size and price are unchanged.

**FREE ADVICE ON CURING CATARRH**



DR. SPROULE, B. A.

Successful Catarrh Specialist.

Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon. Dr. Sproule will study them thoroughly and write you in regard to your case, without its costing you a cent.

- Is your throat raw?
- Do you sneeze often?
- Is your breath foul?
- Are your eyes watery?
- Do you take cold easily?
- Is your nose stopped up?
- Does your nose feel full?
- Do you have to spit often?
- Do crusts form in your nose?
- Are you worse in damp weather?
- Do you blow your nose a good deal?
- Are you losing your sense of smell?
- Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
- Do you have pains across your forehead?
- Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
- Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
- Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
- Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
- Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information. Address Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 276 Trade Building, Boston. Don't lose any time. Do it now!

Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer! Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums.

Don't think it can't be vanquished just because you have not sought help in the right place.

Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Not merely for a day, a week, or a year—but permanently. Let me explain my new scientific method of treatment, discovered by myself—used only by myself.

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble—more than an unclear disease—more than a brief ailment. It's the advance guard of Consumption. If you don't check it, it's bound to become Consumption. It has opened the door of death for thousands. Take it in hand now—before it's too late.

I'll gladly diagnose your case and give you free consultation and advice. It shall not cost you a cent.

**LET ME TELL YOU JUST HOW TO CURE CATARRH**

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—today they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my nineteen years of experience—my important new discoveries—my vast knowledge of the disease.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 276 Trade Building, Boston, please send me, entirely free of charge, your advice on the cure of Catarrh.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....

**'BANNIGER' WILL BE THE VOGUE**

This season for a Sheathing Paper It can be used in so many ways It can be printed so many colors It can be used inside or outside.

**EDDY'S Impervious Sheathing,**

SCHOFIELD BROS., SELLING AGENTS. ST. JOHN, N. B.

**A Yard** of flannel is still a yard after washed with **Surprise Soap**. Its pure hard Soap—thats why.

Don't forget the name—**Surprise**