

BOWSER, ANTIQUARIAN.

He Discovers and Makes a Purchase of a Priceless Relic.

When Mr. Bowser was half-way home the other evening he suddenly remembered that he ought to buy a box of shoeblacking, and he left the car and stepped into a grocery. While he was being waited upon his eye caught sight of a bureau in the back end of the store, with drawers filled with potatoes, and, after looking the affair over, he asked, with pretended carelessness:

How does it happen that you have such a piece of furniture in here?

I took it on a debt of 50 cents, replied the grocer.

And I suppose you'll sell it for \$11? If you want that bureau for \$11 it's yours, and I will also deliver it.

There was a struggle with conscience on the part of Mr. Bowser for a minute. No sooner had he set eyes on that bureau than he identified it as belonging to the colonial period and worth its weight in silver as an antique. The grocer simply regarded it as so much old rubbish and would be satisfied with a profit of 100 percent. Should he take advantage of the ignorance of the dealer in sugar and coffee, or should he give him honest information, and plank down \$20 in place of \$11?

Conscience took a back seat, and the purchase was concluded at the dealer's own figure. Any grocer who will debase an old heirloom by filling it full of potatoes deserves to be swindled in its sale. The minute that Mr. Bowser reached home Mrs. Bowser felt sure that something had happened, and though she asked no questions, his nervous demeanor at the dinner table strengthened her belief.

After the meal was finished he had an excuse to go to the front door every five minutes, and when a wagon at last drove up he went out to assist the boy in lifting the old bureau into the house. It was shoved into the parlor, and he walked around chuckling over it for a quarter of an hour before he was ready to say:

Mrs. Bowser, do you remember our visit to Mt. Vernon and the tomb of Washington several years ago?

Perfectly, she replied.

In going over the house we entered the room that used to be Mrs. Washington's bedroom, I believe?

I'm sure we did.

And you covered an article of furniture in that room and kept talking about it for weeks after.

Yes, the bureau, she replied. I did so want a bureau like that, but you said one couldn't be had for love nor money. You haven't—haven't—

When I call you may come in, he said as he took up a match and passed into the parlor to light the gas. Now come on.

He extended his hand to Mrs. Bowser and led her up to the antiquity and stood by with a smile on his face as she surveyed it. As she said nothing for a minute or two, he observed:

I cannot truthfully say that this is the identical bureau used by Martha Washington, but you can see for yourself that it was made by the same man, and is as like it as two peas. You are now in possession of the

coveted article at last, and I suppose you won't care for diamonds or pearls? Did you buy this for a colonial? asked Mrs. Bowser as she backed off and sat down on a chair.

Well, I didn't buy it for a 1901 bureau. Yes, I bought it for what it is—a colonial. It's a Martha Washington bureau right down to the ground. I haven't looked around for a date on it, but I presume you'll find 1776 or some other old figure on it somewhere. Doesn't it give you a little feeling of awe to stand in the presence of this old relic?

Mrs. Bowser's face looked serious enough, but she didn't admit the awe, and he presently asked:

What's the matter with you? I thought you'd jump over chairs when you saw this relic. Think of a piece of furniture a hundred years old maybe a hundred and fifty! Where now is the colonial dame whose hands once folded away her clothes in those drawers? Do you suppose it ever crossed her mind that your hands would some day touch these time begrimed handles?

I don't think it ever did, replied Mrs. Bowser as she backed into the sitting room. I wish I could have seen the bureau before you bought it.

For what reason? Because it isn't a colonial. Its only soft wood veneered over, while all the colonial pieces are solid. The bureau we saw at Mt. Vernon was mahogany. It's simply an old rickety piece of furniture you've brought home. Examine it for yourself.

And this is what I got for picking up an almost priceless antiquity! he gasped.

It's not an antiquity, Mr. Bowser. It's simply a common old bureau and was probably sold for about \$5 in the first place. Why do you buy things in this haphazard way?

Haphazard! Do you mean to tell me I don't know an old antique when I see one? When I run across an old colonial house I got to run home and ask you to go and look it over for fear I'll be deceived! When or where did you post yourself about antiques?

When or where did you? she quietly asked.

You hear me now, you hear me, he shouted when he found himself boxed up. By the jumping Jim Crow if the whole household furniture of Benjamin Franklin should be offered me for ten cents I wouldn't buy it!

For ten long years I've been looking out for a Martha Washington bureau to please you, and now by the rarest chance on earth I finally pick one up you dub it old rubbish and insist that I'm a fool.

It was kind of you but you see—I see nothing! he yelled as he cut loose—that is, I do! I see that you've got about as much sentiment about an old sitting hen and that I ought to have brought you a basket of claims instead. We won't discuss the matter further. I'll sell the bureau tomorrow for \$5. Perhaps you had better be alone with yourself.

Mrs. Bowser arose with a sigh and went upstairs, and when bedtime came she went to bed. It had come midnight and she was asleep when she was aroused by a crashing and smashing below. For two or three minutes it seemed as though the whole interior of the house was being torn out. Then the sounds ceased, a pungent dust came floating up and she heard Mr. Bowser swearing to himself. Then she knew that the old colonial relic was no more on earth.

Sixty-two New Warships.

Admiralty Estimates for this Year.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—The admiralty's naval estimates for 1902-3 show a total of \$156,275,000, as compared with \$154,735,000 last year. There will be under construction April 1 of this year thirteen new battleships, twenty-two armored cruisers, two second-class cruisers, two third-class cruisers, ten torpedo boat destroyers, five torpedo boats and eight minor craft, a total of 65 new vessels, or an additional navy as large as, if not larger, than Italy's present navy.

Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, announces that a new type of torpedo boat destroyer is contemplated, and that important developments are planned in the Executive and Work Departments. A committee will be appointed to consider the

IN MEMORIAM.

To Geraldine Buckley, Died Sunday, February 9th, 1902.

And art thou dead, dear lovely child? And shall we now no more behold thee? Our Geraldine so sweet, so mild— And does the deep, dark tomb enfold thee?

(No! God has with His saints enrolled thee.)

A' though thou art from us removed, A happier home to thee is given. And should we weep for thee beloved? Because that thou art gone to Heaven?

O no, beloved, we would not weep. Although our hearts are nearly breaking, Since like the suns you've gone to sleep; Nor wish for that such rude awakening. For do we not as Christians, know That snow is the sacred heaven That sweetest, better bread below, And it's the human heart for Heaven.

For God hath given human hearts To care for thee, His cherished, chosen, So, when a little child departs, He strikes the fount of tears fast frozen. He gives the key to such as thee, Thou blessed little bride of Heaven; The tears that flow full fast and free, We feel shall surely be forgiven.

He sends those tears to purify The hearts of those he loves, O blessed! Let those dear hearts should pity— And thus to soften them he hastens. Then murmur not for Geraldine, Though sharp the pang with which you sever; You'll meet your lovely little queen On high, to part no more forever.

Who has not seen the lovely rose Upon the bush, in bud and blossom? Who has not seen the roselike close And die upon its parent bosom? And thus God often blazes the bloom Of those fair forms that he hath given, He sends their bodies to the tomb That their sweet souls may bloom in Heaven.

Some lovely buds put forth their leaves; The storm sweeps by and they are scattered, 'Tis thus that Death or Time bereaves, And fairest forms are rudely shattered. But murmur not for Geraldine, So early to her maker given; He crowned your lovely little queen, She blooms to-day a Rose in Heaven.

These lovely creatures called above, The undecayed and undecaying, By voices from the Land of Love, Confirm the Faith of dear ones grieving.

To this dear child thus called on high Six nights and sounds were sweetly given To show she was not born to die, But born to live above in Heaven.

Then blessed be his holy name To whom we live and have our being; Who as our Father we can claim, His wondrous ways beyond our seeing. 'Tis God alone who guides the world, And each frail barque by tempests driven; Then with a flag of Faith unfurled, Each soul should steer its ship to Heaven.

While all the world is filled with war, And full of doubt and unbelief, We look upon some lovely star And cease our wonder and our grief; Then pray for us, dear Geraldine For those poor hearts so rudely riven; And ask thy great and glorious Queen, The loveliest God or man hath seen, For us a place in yonder Heaven.

Very respectfully, MICHAEL WHELAN, Renous River, N. B., Feb. 20th 1902.

FREDERICTON NEWS

FREDERICTON, Feb. 24.—Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Snowball will hold a reception in the assembly chamber from four to six o'clock on the afternoon of March 6, immediately after the opening of the legislature and the moving and recording of the address in reply to his Honor's speech. Private Secretary Barker announces that gentlemen will be expected to wear afternoon dress, and ladies evening costume. An orchestra stationed in the gallery will furnish music during the function.

Judge Gregory delivered judgement today in the case Lucy vs. McGoldrick and O'Brien, a review from the small debt court of Fredericton, setting aside a verdict recovered by plaintiff and ordering a new trial. J. H. Barry, K. C., for defendant.

Travel frequently improves the human being, and it does the same for crude whisky, which, after a sea voyage returns home ripened, and then there is the case of cottonseed kernels which go abroad from the United States and come home again as the

TENDENCY OF CATARRH IS TO SPREAD.

Just a slight matter at first, and because slight, neglected; but the seed sown brings forth a dangerous harvest, Consumption, which is the harvest of death. Better spend a few moments each day inhaling Catarrhose, an aromatic antiseptic that relieves at once, clears the nasal passages and restores lost sense of taste and smell. The immediate effect of Catarrhose is magical, so prompt and efficient. Cure is certain and permanent if you use Catarrhose. Price \$1. Small sizes 25c, at all Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

S. S. Teacher—Remember, children, always respect grey hair. Tommy—Well my pa does not. Teacher—What makes you think that?

Tommy—He dyes his whiskers.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25 cents.

Papa, said Tommy, little brother is a week old tomorrow, isn't he? Let you and me give him a birthday present.

Very well, what shall it be? Let's buy him a wig, he needs that more than anything.

MESSES. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Wonder how it is that the Jugginses get along so harmoniously. They never have any quarrels, apparently. The reason is simple enough. Jugginson always lets Mrs. J. have the last word and she never tries to prevent him from having his own way.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE GOLD. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

Some folks never get over the childish ways. Ye kin always depend on it that they're in mischief when they're quiet.

"A Little Cold, You Know" will become a great danger if it is allowed to reach down from the lungs to the throat. Mix the pills in tea with Allen's Lung Balm, a sure remedy containing no opium.

The hardest thing on earth is to act pleased when you are disappointed.

A BIG QUARTER'S WORTH is always found in a bottle of Polson's Nervine, the best household liniment known. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, sick stomach, is fast is good for everything; a liniment ought to be good for. Mothers find it the safest thing to rub on their children for sore throat, cold on the chest, sprains and bruises. Never be without Polson's Nervine. It will cure the pains and aches of the entire family and relieve a vast amount of suffering every year.

Father—How is it you never have any money? Son—It's not my fault. It's all due to other people.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer. It is imagination, rather than reason that distinguishes man from brute and no person who is devoid of imagination can know extremes of happiness or misery. Happiness greatly depends on the faculty for forgetting.

People Who Have Used It Say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed Turpentine affords wonderfully prompt relief for coughs and colds. Everybody has confidence in Dr. Chase, in his great recipe book and famous family remedies. They have learned by experience that it pays to insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine instead of accepting the various unscientific "mix-ups" which some druggists offer as "just as good." Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine contains the most valuable and most effective remedial agents for throat and lung troubles that science has discovered. It acts so directly and promptly as to be of incalculable worth in all cases of croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. It is so far-reaching in its effects as to loosen the tightest chest cough and cure the cold of long standing. 25c a bottle; family size, three times as much. 90c. at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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The King The Queen The Duchess of Devonshire The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal and The Union Advocate.

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KING EDWARD VII.—True to life, a beautiful portrait size 18 x 24 inches, on beautiful heavy white satin finished paper for framing. This portrait has been taken since his accession to the throne, and is the very latest and best obtainable. It cannot be had except through the Family Herald and Weekly Star; each picture bears the King's autograph. This picture has the great merit of being the first taken after the King's accession, and has therefore an historical value that no other picture can possess.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.—An exquisitely beautiful picture of the remarkably beautiful and good Queen Alexandra, also taken since the King's accession to the throne. It is the same size as that of the King, the two forming a handsome pair of pictures that alone would sell for many times the subscription price of paper and pictures.

No portrait of the King and Consort taken at the second or succeeding sittings can have one fraction of the value of the first. These go down to history. THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.—The Renowned Gainsborough Picture. Sold at auction sale in London twenty-five years ago for £10,500, stolen by clever thieves, hidden for over twenty-four years and delivered to its owner on payment of \$25,000 reward and since sold to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for \$75,000.

This, in brief, is the history of one of the premium pictures, which by a clever stroke of enterprise, the publishers of the Family Herald have secured for their subscribers. The picture is 22x29 in ten colors, and is reproduced line for line, color for color with the original. Copies of the reproduction are now sold in New York City, Montreal and Toronto for \$12 each, and this the picture Family Herald subscribers are going to get absolutely free together with the pictures of the King and Queen.

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