

This and That

THE WINTER SLEEPERS.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is mild at all, they wake up enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping-places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for you do you suppose? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.—Selected.

THAT CAP.

Tom knows his way all over the town, And in any sentence can find a noun, He can find any country upon the map; But he never, no never, can find his cap. —Kate Maston Post, in Little Folks.

HIS LEGITIMATE POSITION.

When off duty Professor Richards, of Yale enjoys a joke and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. He adds to the fun sometimes with a witticism of his own. Such was the case when one of the students perpetrated the following antiquity: 'Professor, would you like a good recipe for catching rabbits?'

'Why, yes,' replied the professor, 'What is it?'

'Well you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip,' answered the youth, giggling in ecstasy. Quick as a flash came the reply: 'Oh a better way than that would be for you to go and sit in a bed of cabbages and look natural.'—Ex.

'Why don't you strive to do something that will make posterity grateful?'

'What's the use?' asked Senator Sorghum, 'Posterity may be polite enough to say much obliged, but it will not be in a position to reciprocate.'—Washington Star.

TOO BUSY.

Senior Partner,—'The new man doesn't seem to have developed any good points yet.'

Junior Partner,—'No, he hasn't had time.'

Senior Partner,—'Hasn't had time?'

Junior Partner,—'No, he spends most of his time explaining his mistakes.'—Philadelphia Press.

The late bishop Dudley of Kentucky could administer a delicate rebuke but usually took pains that the point should be obvious. A wealthy, but unusually stingy member of his church told him he was going abroad. 'I have never been on the ocean,' said the old skinflint to the bishop, 'and I should like to know something that will keep me from getting seasick.' 'You might swallow a nickel,' responded the bishop.—Ex.

TRYING TO MEND A BREAK.

'Who is that insignificant looking individual over there?' 'My brother.'

'Wh-wh-what! Well you can't always tell by appearances. I-I-I dare say foolish as he looks he's probably the most intelligent one in the family.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE DOG AND THE BELL.

A gentleman who lived in the North of England, had a splendid mastiff dog, called Ponto, who was allowed to roam about just

as he pleased all over the house. His favorite place however was in the study under his masters writing table.

When Mr. Davis was away from home, as was often the case, Ponto much to his disgust was chained up in the yard. From this treatment he did all he could to keep away.

On one occasion his master went for a few day's visit to a neighbor, leaving the usual orders about the dog. In vain, however, did the servants search high and low for Ponto; nowhere was he to be found, and they gave up the search in despair.

In the evening when the two maids were sitting quietly at work in the kitchen, they suddenly heard the small hand-bell in the study ring violently.

They started up in alarm, and each wanted the other to go and see what was the matter but neither of them dared, and they sat still.

Presently the bell pealed again, and curiosity proving greater than their fears, they went to the study door. There they paused again, but hearing the bell once more, they turned the handle and peeped in.

What was his surprise to find Ponto sitting on their haunches with the bell in his mouth. He had evidently seen his master use the bell to summon attendance, and finding himself shut in, he thought he would try if a little bell-ringing on his own account would not get him out of his prison.—Ex.

JACK'S FATAL OVERSIGHT.

'I like you well enough, Mr. Uxmal,' said the perplexed young woman; or at least, I'm not sure I like you as well as I do Jack Cawdrey. He says he thinks of me 365 days in the year.'

'He wants one day off every four years, does he?' exclaimed young Uxmal, with indignant scorn. That kind of devotion doesn't commend itself to you, does it Clarice?'

Jack's doom was sealed from that moment

WHAT WE WERE.

A certain barrister is in the habit of alluding to his client as 'we' and this frequently leads him into difficulties. For instance the individual referred to rose in court a little time back with a confident smile on his lips and stated as follows:


We repudiate our liability my lud, because we were lunatics at the time the debt was contracted. We have evidence to prove we were lunatics, my lud!—Tit-Bits.

Native—'So you've been visiting our schools eh? Splendid, aren't they? Magnificent discipline! Supper buildings! Beautiful furnishing. By the way I want to ask what was the first thing that struck you on entering the primary department?'

Visitor truthfully—'A pea from a pea shooter.'

SAVED HIS INTEREST.

J. T. Trowbridge, the author, tells in his autobiography, the following incident of his young manhood: "After I had been so far prospered as to be able to place a small deposit in a savings bank the father of a family besought me for a loan of \$60, saying that his quarters rent was due, that he had been unable to collect some bills he had relied on to make up the needed sum, and he didn't know which way to turn if I couldn't help him. "I haven't it," I said; "but I thought of my poor little savings bank deposit and of a family man's natural distress on being unable to pay his rent—I might possibly raise it for you. Although I knew there would be a loss of accumulated and prospective interest if I withdrew my money from the bank, and I could not think of taking interest from a friend, his expression of gratitude paid me in advance for any such sacrifice. I went at once and drew the \$60, which I handed him without saying how I came by it." He paid me in a week or two, thanked me warmly, and added the naive remark: "If you hadn't lent me the money I should have had to take it out of the savings bank and have lost the interest." I smiled and held my peace.—Buffalo Express.



Grandma

Here sits dear old Grandma in silk and old lace. We boast that no wrinkles disfigure her face; She's healthy and bright and I've oft heard her say: 'Tis because she has used Abbey's Salt every day.

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