

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1893.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating what Groder's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Groder's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me, I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

TOMMY ARDEN'S TIPS.

An English Racing Story.

The Honorable Tommy Arden had never known a day's luck since he married the sweetest and the best girl in the world. He had been a sad rake in a quiet fashion, and had lived in the best possible way for as long as any of the youngsters could remember. Nobody quite knew how he had done it and nobody particularly cared. He was always well dressed, always well shaved and brushed up, always dined at the cafe Royal with somebody, and went everywhere. "Everywhere" meant the Empire till closing time, afterward one smart dance, and then a flash club—he made a point of never going to a respectable club after dinner.

In the summer he always took a turn in the Row; was seen in the lobby of the opera during one act, was generally to be met at Sandown and Kempton and occasionally at Epsom on Sundays, strolled about the lawn at Cowes during the regatta week, and in the off season was never seen, but said he was shooting in the North till I run over to Ostend for a futter.

Where he lived was known to no one. On what he lived was known only to individuals separately to whom he said he had the devil's own luck. This did not mean he made a book, or if it did it was false; but the general impression was that he knew the inside of everything; and that if he was not so scrupulous about secrets and would only let his friends stand in offense he would make their fortunes and his own. His own explanation was that he never made a bet unless he knew something, and that was how he always won. The result was that his advice was always asked, and when he gave it, always followed. The real truth was that the Honorable Tommy had never made a bet in his life.

When he married he gave it all up. He was truly attached to his wife and abandoned everything for her. He was no more seen at music halls and flash clubs, and he dined at home and never went out alone afterward. Everybody thought it would all come right, as they called it, in six months, but it did not, and to the surprise of everybody, Tommy got shabbier and shabbier in appearance and was seen on omnibuses, and in the underground railway and other inexpensive and bourgeois places. The result was, his former friends said he had married a shrew, and that he would kick over the traces some day.

The truth was Tommy was in love with his wife, and she was never so happy as in his company, and nothing was so repellent to him as his old associates and his old ways. But virtue is its own reward, and the reward of virtue which the Honorable Tommy experienced was a perpetual shower of county court sum-

menses, for his commissions for recommending stock brokers, advertisements, wine merchants, tailors, pictures and other recognized forms of livelihood by which he had tried to earn a respectable living had not proved very remunerative.

Things had arrived at this pass when the brokers were put in for two quarters rent. During the five days allowed by law Tommy had flown about to try and collect the commissions due to him, with which to pay the fifty pounds that were so expedient to the quieting of his blue-eyed and brown-haired little wife, who, though sadly troubled had taken his word for it that it would be all right. His efforts were almost in vain, and he went to see the agent to explain the situation and ask for time. He was lucky in only seeing a sympathetic clerk who kindly pointed out to him that he was entitled by law to an extension of fifteen days. In his joy at learning this he confided his position to Mrs. Tommy who, in her own sweet way, believed absolutely in her own love and the love of her husband said:

But why bother, Tommy Darling, trying to earn the money?

How else can I get it, my dear girl.

Oh, why not bet as you used to? They all say you are so clever and have such luck; I am sure you would win it all in next to no time.

Oh, I have given up all that sort of thing, and hate it more than I can tell you. It is not to be thought of in connection with you.

Oh, nonsense, Tommy, you must not let me ruin you; and I am sure all the very best people bet. Horse racing is a noble sport, and, though you never confessed it to me, you must have made a lot of money at it.

My dear child, it can't be done now.

I don't know how, or I would go and win you a fortune. How do you bet?

I don't bet.

Don't be silly! How used you to bet? I always wanted to know. Doesn't the bookmaker lay against all the horses?

Yes.

And do you back all the horses?

Good heavens! no. If you did that, how could you win.

Why, the bookmakers lay against all the horses, and he always wins, doesn't he.

Yes; the bookmaker always wins.

Well, then, if you follow the same rule and back all the horses, you are sure to win with one of them.

My dear child, no woman ever could understand betting, and I am sure, of all women in the world, I have no desire that you should.

But if you won't bet yourself, why not give others the benefit of your experience. You know everybody, and I am sure that they would be glad to pay you a commission if they won; which would be better than being robbed out of commissions by wine merchants.

The Honorable Tommy changed the subject; but, oddly enough, he lay awake all night thinking over the last words of his little wife in connection with her strange ideas about how to win money by backing all the horses. The next morning he did not refer to the subject but stayed away from business and occupied his entire day by making out long lists of his rich racing acquaintances and compiling elaborate calculations. Toward evening he went out and bought a betting book, into which he carefully copied the result of his work. This done, he read it all over and smiled. He then closed the book, ate his dinner comfortably, retired to bed early, and slept like a top.

The next day he was out and about bet-times; but, instead of once more dunning his customers for the commissions which they owed him, he paid a visit to all the starting-price bootmakers, asking the price of one horse at each place, making an entry in his book mysteriously, and chatting with such of the habitués as he was acquainted with. He lunched at the Cafe Royal, where he met more friends, with whom he discussed the day's fixtures, nodded his head ominously and smiled knowingly, and when pressed to express an opinion, said, I can't say; and when one young sportsman offered to take a horse against his, said:

My dear boy, the first rule of racing is that you can not bet if you know—and I know!

His virtuous disinclination to take on the youngsters did not prevent his friends, when he turned up at the Empire, from saying that Tommy had had a good day—more especially as to every one who had lost or won he said: I could have told you as much, only I was bound not to say a word to a soul. During all that week the Honorable Tommy pursued very much the same tactics, merely remarking over-night, when the results were known: If you like to let me stand in a couple of hundreds I will let you know a good thing for Kempton on Saturday provided you give me your sacred word and honor never to breathe my name as your informant whether it comes off or not, as I have grave reasons which you must not ask me to explain. Anybody who knows the fashionable sporting world will readily believe that so trifling a condition was readily complied with.

Before Saturday came around, all those who had consented to pay Tommy two hundred pounds in the event of his tip coming off, and had pledged their solemn oaths never to divulge his name as their informant, were duly placed in possession of the name with the following sage counsel:

The way you chaps lose your money is

by going to every race meeting, by backing a horse in every race, and by putting your pals on, and thus spoiling the market when you really do know anything good. Now look at me! I always win money at racing.

I have done so steadily for years; but I never go near a meeting unless I know something, and I never have a sixpence on more than one race whether I win or lose, and I keep my own counsel. You are the only man I have given this tip to, and to be quite frank, the only reason I do so is because I can not get any more money on without spoiling the market; and I am pledged to my informant not to personally back the horses for more than a certain sum, or the bookmakers would tumble, and if the stable were forestalled I should never get the off again. It is by not being discreet that fellows spoil themselves, and if I were to knock the betting about it is as likely as not that they would pay me out by lumbering me on to a wrong 'un next time; and as I have never taken the knock I don't want to start now.

This very excellent advice was given to some thirty-six of the Honorable Tommy Arden's best and most intimate sporting friends. There were six races on the following Saturday at Kempton, for which some thirty horses started. It would be superfluous for the purposes of this story to give the names of the horses, their ages, weights or the names of their riders. All that remains to say is that the Honorable Tommy Arden had two hundred pounds to nothing on every horse that started.

Needless to say, only six horses won. With thirty of his friends Tommy has condoled and said something about the luck of the devil. With six of his friends who believe in him as a prophet ever after to be following blindly, he has rejoiced—more especially on the Monday, when they each handed him a check for two hundred pounds, making in all one thousand two hundred pounds, with which he paid out the brokers as he had promised the agent.

It is due to his sagacity to say that the Honorable Tommy Arden only plays this game three times each year. Other men would be more greedy. Tommy only makes some four thousand pounds; but he is content with this, as he has the love and respect of his charming wife who is one of the prettiest and best-dressed women in town. In each year he also makes some eighteen fast friends of the men to whom he has given the straight tip which has come off. The others Tommy consoles himself by saying, have as good a chance as any one else and they all have their turn sooner or later. There are a few who, after two or three experiences of Tommy's straight tips, have become slightly colder toward him; but Tommy makes no fuss. He pays them out by quietly leaving them out of the next good thing; for the simple reason that there are always good men coming on, all of whom he makes it his business to cultivate.

What to Cultivate.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around you and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage, a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them, thus avoiding giving offence through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best be left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice told tale or joke.

What to Avoid.

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as awfully this, beastly that, hands of time, don't you know, hate for dislike, etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise and joy, such as bother, gracious, how jolly.

Yawning when listening to anyone.

Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

One Honest Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:

Please inform your readers that I will mail free to all sufferers the means by which I was restored to health and many vigor after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness. I was robbed and swindled by quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thanks to heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong. I have nothing to sell and no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever, but being desirous to make this certain cure known to all, I will send free and confidential to anyone full particulars of just how I was cured. Address with stamp:

MR. EDWARD MARTIN (Teacher), P. O. Box 143, Detroit Mich. May 20—4m.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—The crows are in the corn, John. Mr. Crimsonbeak—All right dear, the corn will soon be in the crows.

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Yarn as Gathered for Leisure Reading.

Clark (Chicago hotel)—What's your baggage? Great—One valise, one fire insurance policy and a rope ten stories high.

Reg parlor sir; but can't you help me to get something to eat? I have seen better times. Better times? Well, who hasn't?

Charlie had developed a great amount of muscle lately. How do you know? I saw him hold his straw hat without any help.

I seem to be considerably pushed for cash to-day, muttered Rivers, reluctantly squaring an account of \$5.25 with the wheel-chair man.

She's often accused of having no heart.

The fair summer girl so sweet— But it's a mistake as everyone knows, For dozens are laid at her feet.

Johnny—Pa there's Mr. Foot; they say he's a poet. Pa—Sh! Don't mention it; nobody can tell what misfortunes may befall him.

And yet, said the ice dealer, as he shoved up the price another notch, people think there is no such thing as a cold snap in summer!

Suitor—I have come sir, to ask you to give me your daughter's hand. Pater-families—Why sir when I last saw it, it was in your possession.

Let's go into this restaurant and get something to eat. But I'm not hungry. That's no matter; you will be before you get anything.

'Great Caesar' thought the fisherman.

Beside the water blue, I only wish the fish would bite As these mosquitoes do.

Did Travers take his phonograph into a session of the board of lady managers, as he threatened to do? Yes poor fellow and the machine broke.

What a superb face, said one Boston girl to another as they stood before a marble head of Minerva. Yes, said the other. What a nose for spectacles!

He—Give me a kiss. She (decidedly)—I won't. He—You shouldn't say I won't to me; you should say I prefer not.

She—But that wouldn't be true.

Mr. Sweetly—This picture looks much older than your sister Younger sister—I guess it is, for she's several years younger than when that was taken.

The watering-place girl says that when the squeeze is over in Wall street she hopes it will come her way.

Debtor—Don't get scared, the account will be paid in time. Creditor—That's what I'm afraid of.

Wonder if Jatjat Jit Singh's 300 wives were obliged to take his name and if so, how much they took at a time.

Are Gayhart's promises worth anything? I should say so. Only last week he paid \$50 for a broken one.

Royal Hotel

Mrs. B. Atherton Prop. Fredericton, N. B.

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To Fill the Bill, I am now showing a line of Custom Made Clothing at Ready Made Prices. Ask to see the Fifteen Dollar Custom Made Overcoats.

A few suits of Montreal clothing that I have on hand I will close out BELOW COST. I would also call your attention to the fact that I am closing out my stock of Gents' Furnishings, consisting of:—White and Regatta Shirts, Neckwear, Suspenders, Collars, Cuffs, Caps, Silk Handkerchiefs, etc., consequently

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