

Municipal Beggars.

A magazine writer suggests that the American people are being reduced to a sort of public beggary by the large number of libraries, educational institutions, town halls, statues, parks, etc., that are being showered on them by men of money. He argues that, whereas, formerly when the village or the little city needed anything for public service or improvement, everybody "chipped in" through some voluntary measure, or else taxes were imposed. Now a committee is appointed to "see" some one. In either of the old ways the people got for themselves what they wanted by the expenditure of their own money or their own efforts.

An amazing instance of fear of loss of the sturdy spirit of self-help was afforded some time ago by a little New York village, which declined the gift of a public library from some Trust magnates who had gone forth from the village to win fortune and renown. The people voted not to except the gift because they thought it would tend to discourage self-reliance. They wanted a library, but they proposed to go without one until they could build it themselves. We venture to say that there are few villages that would have pursued the same course. Most persons who noticed the incident at the time probably smiled contemptuously at the villagers who were too simple to know a good thing when they had it.

But when we recollect what a lot of municipal beggars Andrew Carnegie has made, we don't know but that there is something in the criticism. Towns that ought to have been building their own libraries have been waiting patiently for months to hear from their humble petition to Mr. Carnegie for alms. A library gained in such a way is not to be compared to a library given by such rich man to the town of his childhood or the one he lives in, and much less one built by the people. An individual who lives on the bounty of other soon deteriorates. May not the public spirit of towns that expect rich men to do everything for them likewise decline?—[Minneapolis Journal.]

Building a Fire in the Snow.

When you build a fire in the snow for your noonday lunch, always, my dear tenderfoot, observe a few simple rules. In the first place, get some nice dry wood. Pine is best ("easy wood," Adam called it). Split up your pine into fagots three or four feet long. Make your fire by leaning your fagots up against a tree, which will serve as a chimney to carry up the smoke. Keep a good-sized dry log for a seat, and when you sit down, be sure and bury your feet deep in the snow, clear up to the knees, so that the heat of the fire will not melt the snow on your shoes or stockings. If you allow the fire to heat your foot-covering, your feet will get wet. The way to keep your feet warm is, so to speak, to keep them always cold—that is to say, cold so far as the exterior is concerned. You must have on plenty of wood and the warmth of the foot will do the rest.

"This stick which I am cutting," said Adam, as he hewed down a young tree and cut a pole about eight feet long, "is what the Indians call 'Chiplok' (or 'Chiplokwaugan'). It means 'the fire stick,' or the 'tea-boiling stick.' You see we don't make a fire and cook down on the ground the way you do out West. We can't 'boil a kettle' in New Brunswick without a long stick to hang it on. You notice I poke this stick into the snow, and I hang the kettle on that end, so it cannot possibly spill, and it gets all the heat which comes up to the top of the fire.

"Now there is a funny thing about this 'Chiplok' [waugan]. After you have boiled the kettle you must always throw the 'Chiplokwaugan' down, and never leave it standing up over the fire, or by the fire. If you do, that is bad luck, just as sure as you are born. No Indian and no guide who know their business would ever think of leaving the 'waugan stick' standing up by the fire. I was out with two old trappers once, and we had gone about two miles from where we had 'boiled the kettle,' when all at once one of the trappers slapped his leg, and said that he had left the 'waugan' stick standing over the fire. That settled it. He walked back two miles to throw it down. We didn't have very good luck, at that, and he said he knew the reason."

So much for some of the wisdom of the woods. I counsel you, my dear tenderfoot, follow very closely these rules for building a fire and of throwing down the 'waugan' stick.—[Forest and Stream.]

Not Reliable.

Compositor—Old Josh Wayback, that ye printed the obituary of las' week, hez turned up, an' swears he ain't dead.

Country Editor—Pshaw! He's such an infernal liar, nobuddy'll believe him.—Philadelphia Record.

"Yaas," said Hiram, "our Jim at college writes that he's goin' ter be 'coach' fer th' football team this year an' he wants money fer expenses." "Coach!" said Mandy, indignantly, "don't ye be cheap, Hiram; send 'im enough money ter be an 'autemobile,' ef he wants ter be, 'cause I hear that them things are sweller an' more up-ter-date than a coach!"—[Baltimore Herald.]

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

CHANGE OF WEATHER DISASTROUS TO MANY PEOPLE.

Bad Blood Makes You Liable to Cold—A Cold Makes You Liable to Twenty Diseases—How to Protect Yourself.

Changes of the season affect the health more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood leaves it thin and watery, and now that the weather is changeable this makes itself disagreeably felt. You feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or eruptions of the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter it is now that you should build up the blood, and give the nerves a little tonic. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest of all blood-making, nerve-restoring tonics, and will make you strong and stave off the aches and pains of winter if you take them now. Mr. James Adams, Brandon, Man., is one of the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and strength. He says:—"It is with deep gratitude that I acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking the pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I rarely got a good night's sleep. When I began the use of the pills it was with a determination to give them a fair trial. I did so and can truthfully say that I could not wish for better health than I now enjoy. I shall always speak a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Poor blood is the cause of most disease. Good blood means health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purge—they simply make pure, rich blood. That's why they cure so many diseases. But you must always get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Christian Science.

"Diphtheria, Christian Science neglect" is the form of certificate of death issued by the Coroner at White Plains Monday. The case was that of a child who died of malignant diphtheria without medical attendance other than that of prayer on the part of the "second reader" of a Christian Science church, who said, when interviewed: "We heal through the power of God over the body through the mind, and I prayed for the little one's recovery." The mother of the child confirmed this statement, saying: "We don't have illness, but have claims and errors, and if we properly pray, and trust in God, we will recover." This is so much like the belief prevailing among the tribes West Africa that we must think that we obtain it from them, or they from us. A work just issued by the American Economic Association, entitled "The Negro in Africa and America," by Joseph Alexander Tillinghast, M. A., gives some facts tending to this conclusion:

"From the humbler medicine men found in every village, up to the completely organized and powerful priesthood of Dahomey, the function of all are essentially alike; i. e., to cure disease by driving out the evil spirit." Du Chaillu, in his 'Equatorial Africa,' bears testimony thus: "The Camma theory of disease is that Okambo (the devil) has got into the sick man. Now this devil is only to be driven out with noise, and accordingly they surround the sick man and beat drums and kettles close to his head; fire off guns close to his ears; sing, shout, and dance all they can. This lasts till the poor fellow dies or is better."

The theory is the same as that of the Christian science healers that the disease is a spiritual, not a physical malady. But how can an infant have a spiritual malady? How can a "claim" or an error be removed from the mind of a babe? It is to be hoped that the public authorities will make a test case of this White Plains homicide, and let us see whether society has any means for the protection of life superior to those prevailing in Dahomey.—New York Post.

Joint Defence Force.

OTTAWA, Oct. 25—Great Britain has asked Canada to permit a force of 5,000 men to be raised and maintained in Canada for Imperial defence purposes. The proposition was made by Mr. Broderick at the Imperial conference held in London, but was not entertained by the Canadian delegates. The latter held that Canada's primary military obligation was to keep an efficient force for the demands of its own territory, and that this force must be under Canadian control. The Imperial authorities offered to contribute a share of the expense of a force raised for Imperial defence, but the offer was declined.

Vaccinated.

She was a sweet young thing, and as he walked along by her side he suddenly remembered that she had been vaccinated and hastened to make inquiries. "You have been vaccinated, haven't you?" he asked. "How is your arm?" She turned to him a face that only too plainly showed she was suffering and replied mournfully, "Oh, it's so sore I can hardly walk on it." And then she wondered why he laughed.—L. F. S., November Lippincott's.

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BORN.

SOMERVILLE.—At Bristol, on October 16th, to the Wife of Dr. G. W. Somerville, a son.
BELL.—At Bristol, on October 13th, to the wife of David C. Bell, a son.

MARRIED.

EBBETT-MOORES.—At the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 15th, by Rev. E. C. Turner, Mr. William W. Ebbett, of Connell, Carleton County, to Miss Georgia, daughter of LeBaron Moores of the same place.

HATFIELD-WRIGHT.—Mr. Richard Hatfield, of Woodstock, and Mrs. Nettie Wright, of Grafton, were united in marriage on the 15th October, by the Rev. C. T. Phillips.

DICKINSON-ACKERSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, October 22nd, by Rev. W. B. Wiggins, B. A., Mr. Herbert G. Dickinson, of Smyrna, Me., to Miss Besie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Ackerson, of Lower Brighton, Carleton County, N. B.

BRACKETT-MILLER.—At the parsonage of the Centre church, by the Rev. Calvin S. Clark, of Haverhill Mass., Mr. Charles N. Brackett and Miss Lillian H. Miller, both of Grafton, N. B.

DIED.

ALEXANDER.—At Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 18th, 1902, Mark Alexander, aged 73 years, formerly of Jacksonville, Carleton County, New Brunswick.

JOHNSON.—At Brighton, Carleton County, at the home of her son, John S. Johnson, Oct. 6th, Hannah, widow of the late John Johnson, aged 87 years.

ANDERSON.—At Perth, Oct. 22nd, Clara Isabel, aged 14 weeks, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson.

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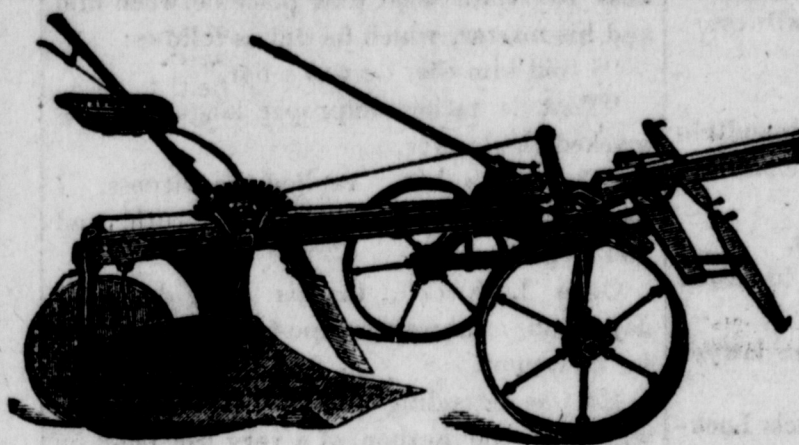
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Any person that can drive a team can do more work in a day than the most experienced plowman can do with a walking plow, and the work will be done with far less strain on the team and no strain whatever on the driver.

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