

TOLERATION.

What matters it what faith or creed
My brother holds
It is to him through thought and deed
The truth unfolds?
What matters it what name he bears
If on life's way of pain and cares
He bears "the sign?"
For his own soul must learn the right,
And his own eyes must see the light,
Not mine or thine.

The same sun shines on all men's ways
And chooses none.
How should I think he sheds his rays
On mine alone?
The life eternal dwells in all.
The germ of power.
How should I, then, pronounce his doom
When in my brother's heart may bloom
The "holy flower?"

—Unknown.

He, too' made Books,

It is related of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the well-known author, that when he was making a tour of this country a few years ago, and was travelling through a rich agricultural region to fill an appointment at a large town, a brisk-looking young man, with his hat on the back of his head, came into the car in which the novelist was sitting, held out his hand, and said, in a most affable and companionable way:

"I presume this is the celebrated Mr. Crawford?"

"My name is Crawford," replied the novelist.

"The conductor told me you were aboard," rejoined the other, "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Higgs. I am somewhat in the book line myself, and I know how it goes."

"You are an author?" said Mr. Crawford "I am glad to meet you."

"Yes I have published a book regularly every year since 1890."

"May I ask the name of your latest book?" inquired Mr. Crawford.

"It's the Premium List of the Jones County Agricultural Fair," cordially responded Mr. Higgs, taking a small pamphlet from his pocket and handing it to him. "Allow me to present you a copy of it, I'm the secretary of the Jones County Agricultural Board. We're going to have the best fair this year we have ever had. Balloon ascensions, Roman chariot races, baseball games, and trials of speed on track till you can't rest. Come and spend a day with us, and it shan't cost you a cent. Well, this is where I get off. Good-by, Mr. Crawford. Glad to have met you."

Wringing Mr. Crawford's hand again, the genial secretary of the Jones County Agricultural Board pushed his hat a little farther back on his head, strode down the aisle, and got off the car, leaving the astonished author of "Mr. Isaacs", gasping for breath.

A Bribe to Government

An old colored citizen who had been told that the government was conscripting men for the war kept his doors double barred and locked at night and seldom ventured out in the daytime. One of his colored neighbours played a good joke on him recently.

He went to the old man's door late at night and told him through the chinks that "de conscript officer is a waitin outside."

"Is dey only one of him?" asked the old man.

"Yes, des one."

"Look heah' Abram! Will you do me a favour?"

"Ef I kin."

"Well, I got de box heah with \$9 er missionary money in it. You hea me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I ter pass it thoo de winder ter you. Gi' him de box en tell him take it en go long, en celebrate hissef. Buy him off, ef bough the kin be, fer God sake."

—Atlanta Constitution.

BRISTOL

General Personal and Other Notes.

Allan Barter and Arthur Burpee came up from Avondale on Sunday on their wheels.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Jones drove down to Pembroke on Saturday and remained until Monday.

Mrs Howard Dyer is very seriously ill and there are but slight hopes of her recovery.

M. A. Tompkins, and his daughter Miss Blanche Tompkins went to Woodstock on Saturday to spend a few days.

Mr. R. W. Demmings who assisted Rev. Mr. Hayward last summer returned on Saturday from Wolfville, where he has been taking a course of study.

The Bristol Woodworking Factory has been purchased by Mr. John Hayward, who took possession on the first of June.

Miss Maud Davis is now clerk in the Post Office.

Mr. and Mrs Burpee Marshall are visiting friends in the village.

Anson Boyer went to Woodstock on Monday.

An Important Judgement—At Os-
goode Hall, Toronto, on May 28th, on application of G. T. Fulford & Co., proprietors of Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., a perpetual injunction was granted by Chancellor Boyd restraining Theodore Sweet, druggist, of St. Catherines from selling a pink colored pill in imitation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It seems necessary to again impress upon the public the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can only be obtained in packages the wrapper around which bears the full, law-protected trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in any other form, and notwithstanding anything the dealer may say, are fraudulent imitations and should always be refused. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., will be glad to obtain, (in confidence) the name of any dealer offering for sale any imitation of their pills, as the company is determined to protect the public against this species of fraud.

Men ought to confess Christ on the ground that it is our duty to tell the truth. If he is our Truth, then it cannot be right to withhold him from others. One who should keep to himself a truth that he discovered in science or philosophy would bring upon himself the condemnation of the world. If Columbus had kept his discovery to himself he would not have been honored as he is today. How much more should one who has found Christ make him known to others!—Ex.

A Reasonable Price.

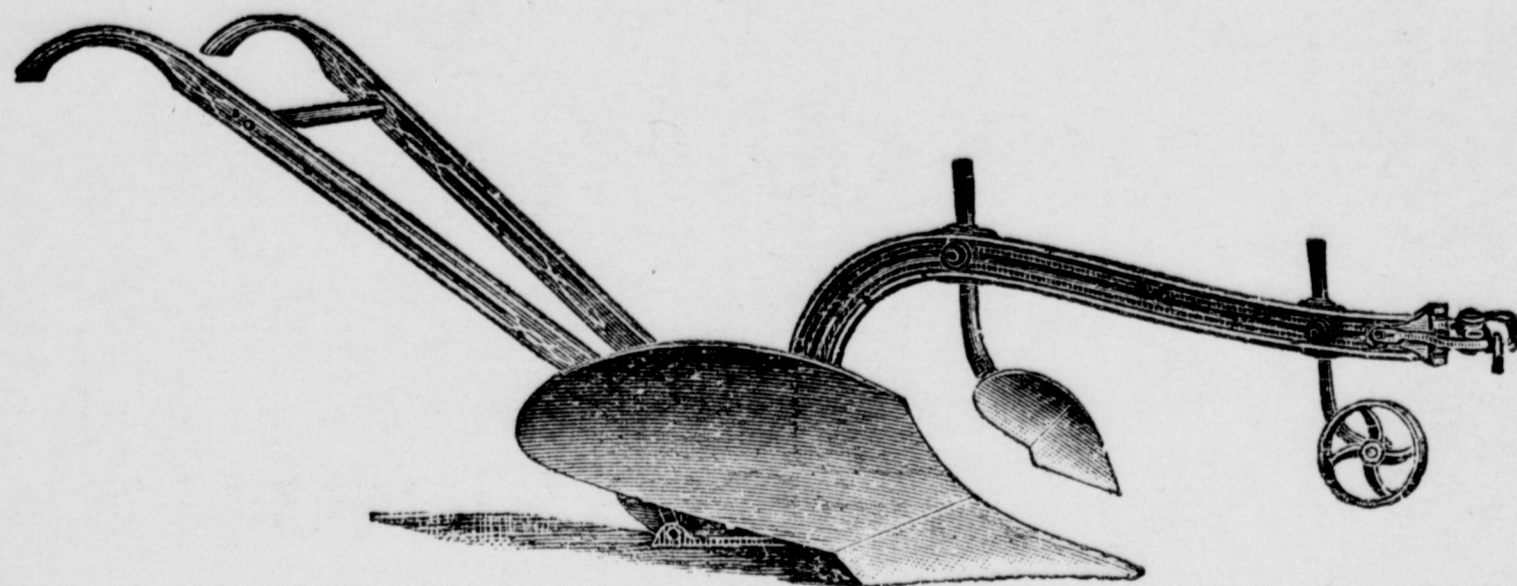
The Queen's Hotel, Montreal, is run on the principle that more money is to be made, pleasing guests than by fleecing them. The result is satisfactory both to guests and owners—the house having been crowded all winter. Travelers are not slow to find out the right place to stop at.

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Steel Frames, 16 or 18 Teeth,
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Price \$9.00

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