

SMOKING.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

ALFRED.

Johnny, why don't you learn to smoke?
You're such a funny, sad old poke!
The boys all round our house, they say
They're going to learn to-day.

JOHN.

I'd like to see them, then, to-night,
I guess they'll all look like a fright;
Pale-faced, red-eyed, and stomach sick,
They'll find it's but a sorry trick.

ALFRED.

Oh, yes! but when they've learned it
well,
They each can then cut such a swell,
And be so manly; don't you see?
It's just as fine as it can be.

JOHN.

And next they'll learn to swear and chew;
Those are the things that some men do.
And is it manly, do you think,
To smoke and chew and swear and drink?

ALFRED.

A man can smoke and leave the rest,
A man can do what he thinks best;
He's not obliged to do the whole—
A man should have some self-control.

JOHN.

Yes, that is true, and so I think,
If one would never learn to drink,
He'd better never learn to smoke,
Though he be called a "sad old poke."

I want my body and my brain
Should be kept pure and free from stain;
I want my money to buy books;
I want to keep my own good looks.

Yes, you may laugh, but never mind,
I don't mean to be left behind
By any really manly man,
I'm bound to do the best I can.

ALFRED.

I guess you're right, and here's my hand;
Johnny, with you, I'll take my stand;
I'll try to be a manly man,
And do like you, the best I can.

— Elizabeth T. Larkin in The Banner.

A PEOPLE VERY BADLY SOLD.

A Red Bank correspondent of the *Moncton Times* writes the following to that paper:—During the past summer a lot of agents in the employ of the "Wrought Iron Range Co." went through Northumberland County selling a stove called the "Home Comfort" under false pretences. To induce people to buy they told very plausible stories, but no truth in them, and made fair promises only to be broken. The stove was sold for sixty-nine dollars, payable in instalments, ten dollars a year without interest until the whole is paid. For cash on delivery sixty-four dollars. They gave it on trial till November when the collector came around to collect, and if the stove did not give satisfaction, he would take it away. At the same time the agents took very good care to take a note for the full amount. On or about the first of Nov. another fellow high up in his profession came around collecting, and to the great surprise of the duped purchasers, demanded the full amount of the note. He knew nothing about what the salesman said or did, he was not responsible in any way. There is the note it speaks for itself. No time given, not the remotest idea of taking back the stove, with which all were more or less dissatisfied. One man offered the collector twenty-five dollars and take the "Home Comfortless" to any station, Newcastle, Chatham, or Derby Jct. But it was not the stove he was after; it was the sixty-nine dollars. The collector stated that if the agents told the people such stories they were lying, and I believe that once in his life the collector told the truth. The only alternative for the deluded buyers was to pay over sixty-nine dollars. And to do so there was some hustling, scraping, planning and in some instances borrowing, to raise the money. All paid so far as we know, but one man who still holds out, and offers ten dollars according to bargain or take the stove. One of the parties who bought a "Home Comfort" and paid sixty-four dollars cash to the agent, sold it a few days ago for twenty dollars. So there is a home without the (H) comfort. Such professional frauds should be published in every paper in the Dominion, and the people warned against being taken in by these enormous frauds, who go through every county and province with their three hundred and sixty-five teams. The stove is not worth the money and whoever buys it for sixty-nine dollars does not get value.

A Personal Item.

MRS. WM. HAMBLY, Belleville, Ont., says: "My husband was troubled with kidney complaint, rheumatism, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, etc., and could not get relief until I got a box of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS for him. He has now used four boxes in all and is perfectly cured. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are the ones that cure. Remember the name, DOAN'S."

Visitor (in search of apartments)—"Have you plenty of fresh eggs?"
Landlady—"Thousands of 'em, mum; thousands of 'em."
"And fresh butter?"
"Tons of it, mum; tons of it."
"And pure milk?"
"Oceans of it, mum."
"And fleas?"
"Millions of 'em, mum; h'm—er—what did you say, mum?"
"Fleas."
"No, not a flea, mum; not one."

STRIKING INCIDENTS.

SCENES THAT WERE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE MEMORY.

The Professor Heard Governor Brough Make His Last Speech With Head Bared. General Buell and the Sergeant Crazed With Thirst at the Spring.

"Some of you youngsters," said the professor, "wonder how we old fellows remember the prominent men of 20 or 30 or 40 years ago so well. Because we associate them with some particular event, not necessarily of any importance, but serving to bring the men associated with it vividly before the mind. For example, I saw old Governor Brough of Ohio scores of times, but whenever I think of him I do not see him as he walked in his unwieldy way along the streets nor as he sat in his office, a dominating presence, nor as he appeared on state occasions, nor when he raged in controversy with the strongest men in the nation over the conduct of the war, but I see him as he stood one night on a pile of bricks, just outside Capitol square in Columbus.

"The fall of Richmond had been announced. The people were wild with excitement and enthusiasm. The understanding was that the governor would speak to them that night, and, standing on a pile of bricks at the corner of High and State streets, he talked to the people of the great news and what it meant to the nation. While he was speaking it began to rain, and still he spoke on. Those in the crowd who had umbrellas raised them, and there was a general shout for the governor to put on his hat. As he stood there that minute, with the raindrops pattering down on his bald head and splashing and sparkling in the light of the street lamp near Governor Brough always comes to me.

"He paid no heed to the rain, and in his deep, resonant voice he said to the calls of the crowd: 'I will not put on my hat. A man must stand uncovered in the presence of an event that means so much to this people.' And he talked on, the people standing in the rain and glorying in every word he said. That was the last speech made by Governor Brough, because the cold that resulted from the exposure took him down to death.

"Brough was one of the very strongest men of that period in public life, but do you know that I heard one of the most prominent ladies in Ohio urge that he be not renominated because he was so reckless in his use of tobacco? She forgot the ability, honesty, earnestness and zeal of the man who had received the largest majority ever given a candidate for any office in Ohio and made a violent campaign against him because he had a rough way and because he was such an inveterate tobacco chewer."

"I remember General Buell," said the sergeant, "not as he appeared in the battle of Shiloh, not as he appeared in full uniform at grand review, but as I saw him on a forced march. When he wore the negligee or fatigue dress. Our company had come, with dry throats and empty canteens, to a large spring that burst from the earth with force enough to turn the wheels of a mill. The men proceeded to fill their canteens and drink their fill. An orderly sat on his horse near and advised the men to be very careful in filling their canteens so as to leave the water clear for those who came after. A little apart from him on a splendid horse sat an officer in a straw hat. The man and the horse, even though the man was in so simple a dress, made a fine picture, but the boys did not look carefully enough at either to recognize the officer or the horse.

"One of the sergeants, crazed by thirst, plunging forward to the spring, intent only on getting the clear water to his parched throat, put one foot into the shallow edge of the spring. Instantly there came from the man in the straw hat the quiet and imperious order, 'Take your foot out.' The sergeant, irritated beyond endurance by what he regarded a trifling matter, turned and said insolently: 'Mind your own business, sir. I will have no quartermaster's clerk giving orders to me.'

"As though he had been a part of the man the splendid horse made one jump toward the spring and toward the sergeant, and the man in the straw hat said, with increased emphasis and imperiousness, 'Take your foot out,' and the bewildered sergeant recognized the commander in chief of the army. He stepped back and saluted, and then General Buell said quietly, looking down with a sort of sympathy into the dismayed face: 'Fill your canteens, but be careful. Thirty thousand men must take water from this spring before night.'

"Those who remembered what a mudhole a thousand men make of a spring understood why General Buell stood guard on that day."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Use For It.

"And now," said the banker, when they had entered the private office and closed the door, "what can I do for you?"

The sinister looking stranger drew from his pocket a glass vial securely corked, containing a yellowish liquid. "I want money," he said, "and I must have it. If I were to drop this glass on the floor and break it, both of us would be blown into a thousand pieces."

The banker scribbled an address upon a card.

"Take that thing up to my house," he said, "and turn it over to my new servant girl, and then name your price."

—Strand Magazine.

Theater Chat.

He—In China a play is six months long.

She—Dear me, what a lot of good shoe leather you save in not being there to go out between acts!—Exchange.

A BOY SHOTS ONE OF HIS PERSECUTORS.

Two or three shooting affairs, one of which ended fatally, have taken place in Chatham. In each case several youths were persecuting and tormenting the one who fired the shot. And still Chatham boys have not learned to mind their own business. A French boy by the name of Ernest Deuhenll, living on the Hill, who had for many days endured the persecutions of a crowd of lads who found amusement in picking upon him, drew a small revolver on them Saturday evening, and shot a son of Dudley Blake in the cheek. He was arrested and locked up. The opinion is freely expressed that he ought to be hanged—for not having taken better aim. It is to be hoped that the wound of itself will be sufficient to effect a partial reformation of the lads who find pleasure in making others miserable. The ball was flattened on the jaw bone, and passed down into the neck, from which it was removed by Dr. J. B. Benson. The injured youth, Fred Blake, is likely to recover, the wound of itself not being dangerous, but he had a narrow escape. The Police Magistrate will inquire into the facts.—Chatham World.

THE AWFUL STING!

The Unbearable Itching Irritations caused by troublesome Skin Diseases—Eczema, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Tetter, are allayed by one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Blind and Bleeding Piles cured in from one to six nights. It's a magical reliever and a power to cure quickly and effectively. Here's a sentence from a recent testimony: "I thought my flesh was on fire, but Dr. Agnew's Ointment cooled, helped and healed me." 35 cents. Sold by W. W. Short.

FROM MAMMA'S BACK.

A kindergarten teacher was recently reviewing her little class on the instruction given the day previous. The following is a part of the questions and answers:

Teacher—"Now, children, I told you yesterday about the various materials from which your dresses are made—silk, wool and cotton. Let me see how well you remember. Maggie, where did the material come from of which your dress is made?"

Maggie—"It once grew upon the back of a sheep."

Teacher—"Very good, and yours, Blanche?"

Blanche—"My dress once grew upon the back of a sheep, and a part of it was spun by the silk worm."

Teacher—"Correct! And yours, Lucy?"

Lucy (with evident embarrassment)—

"My dress was made out of an old one of mamma's."

SOME PORK KILLING.

The Charlottetown Guardian says: Yesterday was a "red letter" day at the P. E. I. pork factory. Work was begun in the morning with the intention of slaughtering 1,000 hogs. Everything went splendidly until 3 o'clock p. m., when the supply of gristle sticks became exhausted. At that hour 750 hogs had already been killed and dressed, while the desired number of 1,000 could easily have been attained before the hour for closing. The number of hogs that have come in from all parts of the island has by far exceeded the expectations of the firm. A few days ago no less than 5,000 were at the factory at one time all awaiting the executioner's knife. It was a sight never before equalled in this province. Yesterday evening several carloads arrived besides large consignments by different parties, while today (market day) hundreds of team loads will be brought in. The business is booming in a most gratifying manner.

FALL RIVER OPERATIVES.

FALL RIVER, Mass. Dec. 23.—The conference of the operatives' committee which waited on the manufacturers lasted two hours to-night and the discussion went into the details of the mill situation, and it brought out varying opinions. While it is understood that the sentiment in general is for a strike, the method of making the strike operative is not agreed upon.

The committee has power to recommend to the various unions a plan to be followed, but as there was no decision to-night, no word will be sent to the unions at present. The committee will meet again on Sunday night.

LIVE STOCK RATES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The board of managers of the Joint Traffic Association held a conference to-day with the president of the trunk lines and of their immediate western connections. Measures were taken to secure the restoration and maintenance of the established tariff rates on live stock, provisions and grain from western to eastern points after Jan. 1.

C. P. R. TELEGRAPH MEN.

MONTREAL, Dec. 22.—The committee representing the telegraph operators on the eastern division of the Canadian Pacific railway interviewed Vice-President Shaughnessy to-day regarding their grievances. It is stated on good authority that the conference was a pleasant one, and that the employees now feel assured of a satisfactory settlement of their claims.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

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Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

IMPORTANT AMENDMENT OF THE CANADIAN CUSTOMS LAWS.

TORONTO, Dec. 22.—Notice has been received at the Toronto custom house of certain amendments to the regulations regarding the entry of parcels and packages from foreign countries through the mails. On the arrival of a package or parcel at the post-office, the postmaster must offer a label, having a space for the customs stamp, and the parcel must not be delivered until this has been stamped. By a customs collector, either "free of duty" or "duty paid." The package is to be sent to the nearest collector of customs, and its passage to and from this office for inspection free of postage. Provision is made for the tracing of parcels by means of registers to be kept by postmasters and collectors. At certain named places postmasters are allowed to make collections under the customs manifest. All mail packages of value greater than ten dollars must be entered in the regular form of customs entry and packages through from Great Britain will hereafter, as far as possible, be dealt with the same as those from the United States. But parcels from the United States must be left open so that they can be inspected at any time, while packages from Great Britain may be sent closed.

The marriage of Sir Edwin Arnold with a Japanese woman in London is misrepresented by some paragraphs. Arnold married his bride according to the usage in Japan, but as there were those who placed a wrong interpretation on the act, he has conformed to English custom. A Tokyo newspaper says that the bride was Miss Tama, a pupil of Tokio's seminary, about 30 years old.

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