



In the Night... Sudden disease, like a thief in the night... JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment

HOW TO BE AN AUTHOR.

(London Punch) If you want to be an author and take the world by storm, Pay attention while I mention rules to which you must conform.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

A RUSSIAN FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Globe.—In a recent issue of yours a correspondent makes a savage attack upon the prohibitionists and advances the theory that wine drinking is practically essential to a complete and well-rounded Christian life.

"Just before dark Monday evening, when we reached the station of Turinopovortreaya, we found the whole village in a state of hilarious intoxication. Sleighs filled with young men and boys were careering hither and thither with wild whoops and halloos; long lines of peasant girls in bright-colored calico dresses were unsteadily promenading back and forth in the street with their arms around one another and singing Khorovod songs.

not a driver about the stables, and the starosta (elder or head of the village), a short, fat old man, who looked like a burgher from Amsterdam, was so drunk that even with the aid of a cane he could hardly stand on his feet.

"Every person in the house was drunk except ourselves and one small baby in arms. The father of this baby, a good-looking young Russian officer in full uniform, wandered unsteadily about the animated apparently by a hazy idea that he ought to be collecting his baggage so as to be in readiness for a start, but the things that he picked up in one place he dropped feebly in another, and every minute or two he would suspend operations to exchange with his intoxicated companions fragmentary reminiscences of the day's festivities.

"About eight o'clock, after watching for an hour or two such performances as these, I succeeded in capturing the starosta, and, addressing to him some very energetic remarks, I sobered him sufficiently to make him understand that we must have horses at once or there would be trouble. While I stood over him with a verbal club he entered us in the station house books as "Mr. Kennan and companions, citizens of neighbouring States," and then, going out on the front steps, he shouted as every sleigh-load of drunken men went passed: "Andre! Nikolai! Hoshedel seichas!" (horses this moment!)

"About nine o'clock the noise, tumult and shouting in the village streets began to subside. The station master, whose intoxication had taken the form of severe official dignity, suddenly appeared, and in a tone of stern menace wanted to know where the post drivers were and what all this disorder meant. The young Russian officer, who by this time had reached the affectionate stage of inebriation, kissed all the women in the room, crossed himself devoutly and meandered out to the sleigh, followed by his wife, with the baby and the sabre. Two intoxicated priests in long gowns and high cylindrical beaimites hats draped with black crepe, alighted from a drosky in front of the door, al-

lowed their hands to be reverently kissed by the inebriated young officer and his friends, and then rode off in a post sleigh driven by a peasant who could scarcely keep his seat on the box. And, finally, when we had almost abandoned hope of ever getting away a really sober man in a ragged sheepskin coat emerged from the darkness and reported in a business-like manner to the station master that the horses were ready for us. The drunken and irate official who seemed desirous of vindicating his dignity and authority in some way overwhelmed the unfortunate driver with abuse and ended by fining him fifty kopeks—whether for being sober or for having the horses ready, I do not know.

"We piled our baggage into the sleigh, climbed in upon it and rode out of the intoxicated settlement with thankful hearts. As the last faint sounds of revelry died away in the distance behind us, I said to the driver, 'What's the matter with everybody in this village? The whole population seems to be drunk.'

"They've been consecrating a new church," said the driver, soberly.

"Consecrating a church!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Is that the way you consecrate churches?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Sometimes they drink. After the services they had a gulainea (a sort of holiday promenade with music and spirituous refreshments) and some of them crooked their elbows too often."

"Some of them!" I repeated. "All of them, you mean. You're the only sober man I've seen in the place. How does it happen that you're not drunk?"

"I'm not a Christian," he replied, with quiet simplicity. "I'm a Buriat." (The natives of Siberia known as Buriats are nearly all Lamaists.)

"As a Christian, if not a member of the Holy Orthodox Church, I was silenced by the unconscious irony of the reply. The only sober man in a village of three or four hundred inhabitants proved to be a pagan, and he had just been fined fifty kopeks by a Christian official for not getting drunk with other good citizens, and thus showing respect for the newly consecrated edifice and his appreciation of the benign influence of the Holy Orthodox faith!"

Toronto, April 12, G.

Immediately Suspicious.

"Why did you terminate your interview with that professional politician so abruptly?" asked the confidential man.

"He made me suspicious at the outset," said Senator Sorghum. "I don't care how much prevarication my assistants use toward other people, but I want them to be frank and honest with me. The first thing that man did was to tell me a falsehood. He said he was working from disinterested motives and didn't want money."

Difficult to Treat.

"Well, what is the matter with your husband?" the physician asked as he laid down his repair kit and removed his gloves.

"Imaginary insomnia," replied Mrs. Fosdick.

"Imaginary insomnia?" repeated the physician inquiringly.

"That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets ten more sleep than I do."

A Philosopher.

Wife—There's a burglar down cellar. Henry. Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are up stairs.

Wife—But he'll come up here. Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely a ten room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.

Misplaced Ability.

The young collegian snuffed his watch lid down with a sign of relief. "Preached 47 minutes," he announced to his neighbor. "We ought to get a man with wind like that on our track team."—Exchange.

The fig is the favorite fruit among animals, and horses, cows, hogs, sheep and goats will eat this fruit as readily as man. The elephant considers it a dainty, while all the fowls greedily devour figs.

Athletes are short lived, and giants seldom live out the allotted time of three-score years and ten. They acquire too much vitality.

BADLY RUN DOWN.

SYMPTOMS THAT MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS RESULTS.

The Experience of Thomas Cady, of Essex Co., Nerves Seemed Shattered, and He Felt Unfit to Stand Hard Work.

From the Review, Windsor, O. Mr. Thomas Cady, of Pax Creek, a small village in Essex county, is known to almost everyone in the county. He is a son of Mr. John Cady, a farmer, and a practical politician of the locality. A representative of the Windsor Review, who had known him for some time previously, Mr. Cady was, until recently, generally considered as a healthy man, and a man of energy and business ability.

When asked if he would give his experience for publication, Mr. Cady said: "I don't know if you think it worth while, but there is nothing very wonderful about my case. I was simply badly run down; my nerves seemed to be shattered, and I was unable to stand hard work. The fact work of any kind left me badly worn out. There did not seem to be a yester-day's work, it was just a case of not being able to get worn out. I felt myself getting worse, however, and I tried various medicines. I tried several nerve tonics, but they did not help me, and some of them did me more harm than good. I then read of a case much like mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I purchased a few boxes. Very soon I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and in the course of a few weeks I was feeling my old-time self. I can now eat heartily, do a good day's work with no unusual fatigue, and in fact feel thoroughly renewed in health and strength. Naturally I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a great medicine for those who are weak or run down."

If you are feeling run down, and easily tired, you need a tonic to put you right—to make you feel bright, active and strong, and the only always reliable tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Give the pills a fair trial and you will find that their curative powers have not been over-praised. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHIPPING NEWS.

PORT OF RICHIBUCTO.

ENTERED. Sept. 4—Sch. Minnie Long, Long, Shediac, lumber. Sept. 5—Sch. Neil Dow, Wright, Summerside, lime. Sept. 6—Sch. Mary Hawse, Coughlin, Summerside, bal. Sept. 9—Sch. Maggie Roach, Weston, Summerside, bal. Sept. 10—Sch. Champion, Orr, Pictou, bal.

CLEARED.

Sept. 5—Sch. Elisha Crowell, Giffin, Isaac Harbor, lumber; sch. Fannie Young, Lemon, Montague, lumber. Sept. 6—Sch. Polar Star, Malley, Gloucester Bay, lumber. Sept. 7—Sch. Minnie Long, Long, Charlottetown, lumber. Sept. 10—Sch. Raeburn, McLean, Montague, lumber; sch. Neil Dow, Wright, Summerside, lumber.

MILBURN'S HEART NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swellings of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fag, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.



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GOING with a rush.

All those fashionable TWEEDS and SERGES are rapidly disappearing, and if you are in need of a suit you had better call and select, as our trade is increasing so rapidly that cloth does not stay with us long.

L. C. RILEY, Rexton. SIMON GRAHAM BUILDING.

Now in Stock:

- AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, WAMPOLE'S EXTRACT, BEEF IRON & WINE, LEIBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, HERBINE BITTERS, REFINED PARAFFINE WAX, CHALONER'S GROUP CURS, PINKHAM'S COMPOUND, FOLSON'S NERVILINE, SEIDLITZ POWDERS, ROYAL FOOT EASE for sore feet, ROUELLE SALT, CATARRHOZONE and HEADACHE POWDERS

for sale low by

K. B. FORBES.

BARGAINS

AT THE White Store, REXTON.

SPRING GOODS.

- Men's Blue Serge Suits, from \$8.00 to \$6.00. Boys' Tweed Suits, assorted colors, 8 to 10 years, 2.25. Men's Pants, from 90c. to 1.25. Sateen Shirts, 45c. to 75c. Flannel Shirts, 25c. each. Underwear, all wool, 50c. and Boys' Spring Hats, straw and felt, all prices. and Women's Tanned Boots & Shoes, VERY LOW. Flannelette, 8 cts. per yard and upwards at greatly reduced prices. Dress Goods, at a bargain. Cotton Goods, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50 per bbl. Corn Meal, \$2.50 per bbl. Molasses, 38c and 40c per gallon. Granulated Sugar, 22 lbs. for \$1.00. Brown, 25 " " 1.00. Soap, "Happy Home," 10 lbs. for 25c. Oatmeal, " " 25c. Barley, " " 25c. Cream Tartar, 30c per pound. Smoking Tobacco, 35c " " Black Tobacco, 35c " " Soda Biscuit, 7 cts. per lb. Baking Soda, 12 lbs. for 25c. Tea, 15, 20, 25 and 30c. per lb. Pickles, 2 bottles for 25c. Ker. Oil, 22c. per gallon. Nails, all kinds, \$8.00 per keg. Table Cloths, 75 cts. each. Beans, 34 cts. per lb. Corn and Peas, 3 cans for 25 cts. Raisins, 10 cts. per lb. Dried Ham, 10 cts. per lb.

A large quantity of CROCKERYWARE at wholesale prices. DRESS GOODS of all kinds at a bargain. Call and examine our goods and secure bargains.

The WHITE STORE,

SOUTH END REXTON BRIDGE.

CHEAP SALE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Highest Price Paid for Produce.

GEO. F. ATKINSON, REXTON, KENT CO.