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The man who started to run a race in chains and fetters would be visibly handicapped. No one would expect him to succeed. The man who runs the race of life when his digestive and nutritive organs are diseased is equally handicapped. In the one case his strength is over-weighted, in the other it is under-mined. Success demands above all else a sound stomach.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition.

\$3,000 FORFEIT will be paid by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness.

"The praise I would like to give your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I cannot utter in words or describe with pen," writes James B. Ambrose, Esq., of 1205 1/2 Mifflin Street, Huntingdon, Pa. "I was taken with what our physicians here said was indigestion. I doctored with the best around here and found no relief. I wrote to you and you sent me a question blank to fill out, and I did so, and you then advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took three bottles and I felt so good that I stopped, being cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigestion now."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing only. Thirty-one one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

BROTHER GARDNER

He Makes a Few Remarks on the Watermelon

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

"MY friends," said Brother Gardner as the dogs were turned outdoors and Paradise hall grew quiet, "I want to say a few words to you tonight on the subject of the watermelon. In talkin' wid varus members of dis club of late I hev found a lamentable state of ignorance prevailin' an' desire to correct a number of errors.

"De impression has somehow fixed itself in de cull'd man's mind dat de watermelon made its fust appearance in de garden of Eden. Don't yo' believe it no longer. Dar wasn't but one man on airth at dat time, an' his name was Adam, an' he was a white man. De cull'd man wasn't to be heard of till a hundred y'ars later, an' watermillions would simply hev bin thrown away. Adam might hev played football wid 'em, or Eve might hev throwed 'em at de cats, but neither of 'em would hev knowed satisfaction in 'em.

"When de fust pickaninny cum along he was fed on yams an' hoeecake, an' grewed up fat an' healthy. He hadn't got to be mo' dan twelve y'ars old, however, when he began to go back on his diet an' look around fur sumthin' to tell him dat he had a soul. He didn't know what he wanted, an' he tried turnips an' squash an' punkins, to be dis-app'nted. He stuck to it jest de same, an' one day he walked up ag'in a watermillion. He jest holler right out an' went fur it widout wast-



BROTHER GARDNER.

in' any time, an' when he got frew wid one he looked fur mo'. Dat was the beginnin'. Natur' had made de black man, an' nature had made de watermillion, an' since dat time dey hev bin one an' inseparable. De white man has tried to sneak in now an' den an' set up a claim, but he has allus failed.

"De fust thing dat ebery cull'd child should l'arn am to treat de watermillion wid respect. It represents Ham an' his tribe. It represents millyons an' millyons who am dead, an' millyons an' millyons who am still libin. If de watermillion hadn't cum to soothe an' solace, to incite an' upbuild, de cull'd man of today might hev had horns on his head an' chewed a cud.

"Dar am cull'd men in dis land today who orter be sent to prison fur de way dey treat de emblem of our race. Dey walk up to it as if it was a bag of sand an' had no feelin's, an' dey bust it open an' eat away like cows in somebody's garden.

"My friends, cum wid me in imaginashun. It am a summer's night. Dar ain't no moon, an' de stars ain't shinin' too brightly. Dar's a gentle breeze, an' de whippoorwills am trillin' deir songs from de bushes along de river. De chill'en am in bed, an' de old woman am noddin' in her cheer. A cull'd man in de prime of life shuts up de fam-

ily Bible he has bin readin' an' p'rs on his hat an' tiptoes to de doah an' vanishes into de night. Half a mile away is a truck patch, wid watermillions waitin' fur him to cum an' b'ar 'em away.

"Twenty minits arter dat cull'd man has passed outdoahs a dark figger may be seen lookin' between de rails of de fence surroundin' dat truck patch. All is still. Dat dark figger raises up an' softly climbs de fence an' draps inside. Dar may be seben b'ar traps sittin' around dar, but instinct helps him to avoid 'em. Dar may be a bulldog waitin' mong de vines, but he will ketch no sound.

"Ten minits arter dat cull'd man was ober de fence he was back agin, an'



HE HAS IN HIS ARMS A PRIZE FOR WHICH KINGS MIGHT GO TO WAR.

now he b'ars in his arms a prize fur which kings might go to wah. It's a twenty pound, red cored watermillion, an' it am dead ripe. De old woman still nods in her cheer an' de chill'en still sleep in deir beds when de husband an' fadder returns an' places his prize on de table an' sits down to gloat ober it. Dar's bizness dar. Dar's luxury, satisfaction, exultashun. All o' Rockefeller's millyons couldn't buy nuthin' better.

"Ten minits passes away, an' den de old woman is woke up. She gazes an' smiles an' smiles an' gazes, an' she hauls de chill'en out of bed an' tells 'em to walk around dat millyon on deir hands an' to feel as much reverence as if it was an angel right down from heaven. A feelin' of awe creeps ober 'em an' deir mouths water as if dey had bin tastin' saleratus.

"De husband an' fadder am in no hurry. He takes five minits mo' to smile; he takes ten to sharpen up de butcher knife. He keeps wife an' chill'en on de ragged edge while he makes moshuns wid de knife an' gurgles in his throat. Bimeby he am all ready. He don't rush forward an' stab as if strikin' at a cow an' he don't sneak up an' stab dat millyon in de back unawares. He jest holds it down wid his free hand an' breathes a sort of prayer an' cuts it frew de middle an' says 'yum-yum' as de two red halves lay befo' him. Den dat family gathers round an' as de whippoorwills continer to trill an' de nightingales to ravish de night wid deir soft voices dat millyon am slowly but surely tucked away to mingle wid human souls an' strengthen an' elevate 'em. In an hour from de beginnin' dar's only a heap of rinds left, an' dey hev bin gnawed mighty clus. De ole man am satisfied down under his vest, de ole woman can't skassly breathe fur bein' filled up to de chin an' de chill'en git back to deir beds to wonder why folks sigh fur riches an' kill each odder fur money.

"Dat's de pictur', an' I kin see yo'r eyes shinin' an' hear yo' gurglin' in yo'r throats as yo' behold it. It hain't no legacy from a dead uncle; it hain't no lottery ticket dat has drawed a prize; it hain't no feast sent in to order by Delmonico an' costin' \$100. It's jest a watermillion dat was serenely reposin' in sandy sile an' was transferred fur de good of mankind. Its mishun was to cheer an' solace an' content, an' it has accomplished it an' can be excused fur de rest of de sezun. Yo' jest keep it right in mind dat Natur' made no mistake when she created de cull'd man an' de watermillion in de same aige.

"My friends, take de watermillion as it am. Look upon him fur what he is. If you pass him by day lift yo'r old hats in respect; if yo' stumble across him by night give him de glad hand an' let him know dat he am welcome. We am of him, an' he am of us. Widout him we should degenerate to savagery; widout us he would come an' go an' die alongside de punkin. Let dar be affilation, unity, equality, respect. Let one build up de odder an' not build up deirselves, an' may peace prevail an' prosperity reign." M. QUAD.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two year old child of Mr. P. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by all druggists.

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect, October 11th, 1903

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a. m.—Express from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec; Bangor, Portland Boston, etc.

6.50 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup. Leaves St. M's 7.30 a. m.

9.45 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Express for St. John and points east. Palace Sleeper Car Fredericton Junction to Halifax. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Truro.

6.00 p. m.—Mixed, for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc., and with Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen. Palace Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Mattawamkeag.

9.00 p. m.—Express for St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.05 a. m.—From St. John and points east.

11.45 a. m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

8.10 p. m.—From St. John and east.

4.50 p. m.—From Woodstock and all points north as far as Perth and Plaster Rock via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 4.20 p. m.

10.40 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, etc.

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On and after Sunday, October 11th, 1903, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

No. 6 Mixed for Moncton, Picou, the Sydneys.....	6.30
No. 2 Express for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton.....	7.00
No. 4 Express for Point du Chene.....	13.15
No. 28 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Picou.....	12.15
No. 8 Express for Sussex.....	17.12
No. 184 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	18.00
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney.....	23.25

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.20
No. 7 Express from Sussex.....	9.00
No. 183 Express from Montreal and Quebec.....	13.50
No. 5 Mixed from Moncton.....	13.20
No. 3 Mixed from Point du Chene.....	16.50
No. 25 Express from Halifax, Picou and Moncton.....	17.40
No. 1 Express from Halifax.....	18.4
No. 81 Express from Moncton, (Sunday only).....	24.35

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight. Moncton, October 9, 1903

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