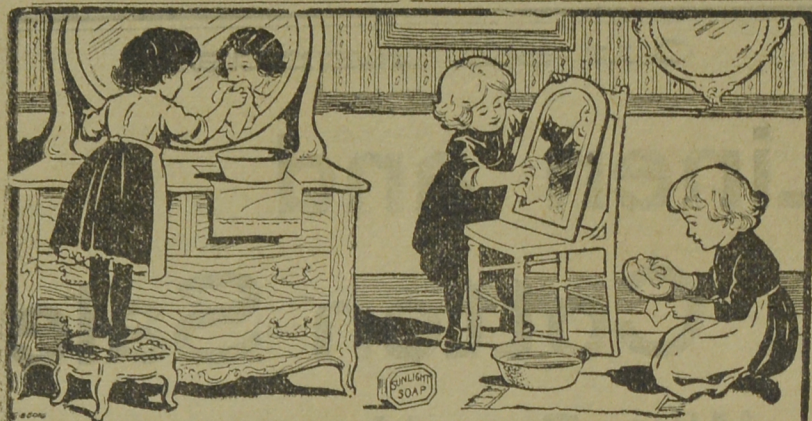




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BOWSER'S BARGAIN

He Buys a Horse and Takes Mrs. B. Out For a Drive and Has a Few Adventures on the Way That Bring Him Home on Foot in Utter Dismay.

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THE other day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Bowser drove up to his gate with a horse and buggy, or, rather, was driven up by a horse looking man, who said to him as they got out of the vehicle:

"Well, you've picked up the bargain of your life. If it wasn't that I need money worse than at any time in the last ten years I'd not part with this rig at any price. Indeed, I promised my mother, who owned this horse when a young colt and had the greatest affection for him, that he should never pass out of my hands. I don't know how to explain matters to her. Be kind to the horse, Bowser. Be kind to him."

"I assure you that I will," was the reply.

"He's got a sensitive nature. If you cuss and swear at him it will hurt his feelings as much as if he were a woman. Should you ever hit him with the whip it would break his heart. I have always made it a point to treat him more like a human being than a horse, and I hope you'll keep it up. I also hope that you'll drive around to the stables every day or two and let me pat his nose and speak to him. I don't want him to quite forget me."

"I appreciate the sentiment and will favor it all I can. What did you say his name was?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? His name is P. D. Q."

"That's an odd name," said Mr. Bowser as he nudged his brain to remember where he had ever heard anything like it before.

"Yes, rather odd. He was named by a cousin of mine who is a leading minister in Pittsburgh, and I hope you won't



"HIS NAME IS P. D. Q."

change it. Well, so long. I suppose you are anxious to take your wife out for a spin."

"What is it now?" asked Mrs. Bowser as her lord entered the house with the whip in his hand and a 2:30 clip in his eye.

"I was offered that family rig out there for \$150, and it is worth \$300 at the lowest calculation. I picked it up to save \$250 and get my health back. The doctor was telling me yesterday that what I needed was country air, and I propose to take a ten mile ride

every morning before breakfast. I want you to go out with me this afternoon to give the horse a trial. I know you'll be delighted."

"Have you paid for the rig?"

"Of course."

"And have got to keep it?"

"Naturally. Why not? You don't seem to be a bit enthusiastic. Perhaps you were expecting me to buy a camel or a yoke of oxen."

"Are—are you sure you know how to drive a horse?" she faltered.

"What in blazes do you mean by that?" he shouted as he cracked the whip and sent the cat bounding out of the room.

As the outfit had been bought and paid for Mrs. Bowser decided to say no more for the moment, and the idea of a ride into the country was not unpleasant. She was ready in ten minutes, and as the front door closed on her she heard the cat wailing in despair and made up her mind there would be a tragedy of some sort before she returned.

She had not fancied the looks of the equine from a window view, and when she came to approach him closer she realized that Mr. Bowser had been taken in and done for. The horse was not only poor in flesh and shabby on his legs, but he looked tricky and vicious. As Mr. Bowser untied the hitching strap his new purchase bit at him in a vengeful way and switched his tail about.

"Did you select him for his playfulness?" queried Mrs. Bowser as she noticed the action.

"Yes, partly," replied Mr. Bowser, whose first impulse was to use the whip. "That is, I didn't want a stone or a wooden horse. That playful spirit is always a good sign in a horse, same as in a human being. Now we are off for a delightful spin, and you can lay back and enjoy yourself. By George, but this beats riding in a palace car all to pieces! Isn't that a splendid gait he's got? Starts right off as if he had twenty pounds of steam on."

Mrs. Bowser didn't lay back and enjoy herself. On the contrary, she sat up and watched the horse closely. There was a slight limp in one hind leg, he pulled to the right as if blind in the left eye, there was a constant click as he overreached and struck a front shoe. Added to these things, his ears were laid back close to his head and held there, and now and then his teeth grated on the bit.

She also saw that Mr. Bowser held the reins with a careless hand and seemed anxious to use the whip. She refrained from saying anything, however, until the buggy had been drawn over a sand pile on one side of the street and a heap of bricks on the other, and then she gently remarked:

"If you intend to bump into any of the shade trees along the street, please give me a few seconds' notice."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Bowser. "I thought it was about time you got off some mean remark. The horse is going all right, and I'm doing all right, and—"

And the horse suddenly steered out of his course to graze the hind wheel of a peddler's wagon and almost cause a smashup.

Mr. Bowser wasn't going to make any excuse at all at first, but on second thought he concluded to say that it was all the peddler's fault and that there ought to be a law to prevent a cross-eyed man from driving anything but a rhinoceros on the public highway.

Mrs. Bowser would have consented to go without hats or shoes for the next year if she could have been safely transported back home, but her only resource was to hang on and depend upon Providence.

Mr. Bowser had driven two blocks farther when the horse bore to the right and took the wheel off a banana push cart and then sauntered across the street and rubbed the nose of a

grocer's horse and got the grocer's boy so excited that he indulged in yells and shouts.

"Are you going to get us both killed?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser as she got her hat straightened again.

"There you go!" replied Mr. Bowser as he narrowly missed running down an old woman. "Do you want the horse to walk? Shall I tie him to a post? I never held the ribbons over a better goer, and yet you are finding fault about everything."

"He's either unsafe or else you don't know how to drive."

"That's it; that's it! By John, but why was I fool enough to bring you along? That horse vicious? He's like a lamb, and as far as my driving is concerned"—

He was holding the reins loosely in his left hand and flourishing the whip in his right, and all of a sudden the horse swerved and crossed the street and ran up on the sidewalk and stopped with his head almost at the doors of a drug store.

"Did you think of having a prescription filled?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she got her breath back and found herself still in the buggy.

Mr. Bowser didn't reply. He had waked up to the fact that he was no driver and that the old horse had ways of his own which must eventually lead to a smashup. He was looking pale and was all a-tremble as he leaped out and grabbed the beast by the head, and just then a policeman came up and said:

"You'll get fined \$5 for driving on the sidewalk in this way."

"But I didn't drive him up here."

"Then how did he get here?"

"The infernal old beast took a shy."

"Well, you'd better take a shy yourself. I was watching you as you came down the street, and I saw that you knew nothing about driving. It's a wonder you didn't hit another vehicle or run over somebody. How did you happen to come out with the horse?"

"You talk as if I was a boy three years old!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as his anger began to boil and a crowd began to gather. "My driving was all right, but my wife was nervous and afraid and kept speaking to me."

"I'll bet she can drive better than you can when it comes to that. How are you going to get this old brute home? He's aching to run and kick, and you are not the man to handle him."

"Can't I hire some one to drive him back? The man warranted him to be as gentle as a lamb, and I can't see what's got into him. Whoa, you old villain!"

Half a dozen men stepped forward with offers to drive the vehicle back to the Bowser residence for \$1, and Mr. Bowser was about to close the deal when the policeman backed the rig clear of the walk and handed the lines to Mrs. Bowser and said:

"You'd better walk home, old man, while your wife drives. As a guardian of the peace it is my duty to save your life if I can do it."

A feeling of recklessness seized Mrs. Bowser, and, although she realized that years and centuries and epochs would pass away before Mr. Bowser could forgive or forget, she picked up the reins and drove off, and, though the three cheers and a "tiger" given her by the crowd of men and boys left behind started the horse into his fastest gait, she managed to steer him a straight course and skip all the ice wagons and moving vans.

He footed it home to find P. D. Q. tied to a tree in front of the house and looking as humble as a rabbit, and his first action was to walk up and give him a hearty kick and exclaim:

"Durn your old flea bitten hide, but I'll kill you with a crowbar and sell your body for soap grease!"

Then he followed the one kick with two more and turned and entered the house. Mrs. Bowser and the cat were there and waiting, but it is best to drop the curtain right here. There are some things too strenuous for public print, and Mr. Bowser has shown the public that he can be strenuous on occasions.

M. QUAD.
riageable girls. Make the average fee \$50, and you see what there is in it. A dividend of at least 25 per cent can be declared every year. Keep your eye on this scheme until you can unload mining and railroad stocks and come in out of the wet. Certificates of shares will be put at \$5 each, so that all can invest. Divorces procured for grass widows at reasonable figures and without unnecessary delay. How do you like it, my friend?"

"Don't—don't I get my 90 cent?" asked the tailor in a helpless way as he pointed to the bill lying on the desk.

"You do, my dear creditor. You get it a hundred thousand times over. That's what I'm working for. You have had confidence in my financial integrity, and I wish to prove my gratitude. If you don't fancy what I have mentioned why not join me in my little Florida scheme and be able to buy a national bank within two years?"

"Ten thousand acres of swamp lands can be bought in Florida for \$1 an acre. Each acre will furnish pasture ground for 12,000 frogs. At one year old each frog will sell right there on the ground for a dime. That is, his hind legs will, while the rest of his body can be fed to 10,000 ducks and geese being raised for market at the

same time. No machinery to get out of order about this scheme. Requires no ice in summer and no cold storage in winter. Capital stock only \$25,000 and monthly dividends of 50 per cent guaranteed. Bound to go with a jump—bound to. Cannot be consolidated with any gas company nor sold to an English syndicate. Title not yet selected, but will probably be the Great Southern Frog and Fowl Raising company. Trustees holding funds for orphans are asked to look into this scheme for richness. Can you bring me \$75 by 4 o'clock this afternoon as your share of the preliminary expenses?"

"By tunder! By tunder!" gasped the tailor as he walked about with the perspiration standing out on his face.

"You are a hard man to suit, but I still have something to offer you," placidly continued the major as he looked for and lighted the stub end of a cigar.

"Do you want to make money enough in a week to buy the earth? All right. Bring me in \$200 by tomorrow noon, and I will admit you as an equal partner in my latest and perhaps most profitable scheme. It is to seize Canada some dark night and sell her to the United States. The capital required is only \$500,000, and Uncle Sam would jump at an offer to pay \$50,000,000 cash on the nail. Clear profit in a week or so, \$49,500,000. Wanted—A first class seizer who is not afraid of work and has had some experience in seizing countries. Apply at the office of the Great American Seizer company. Canada is right over there, waiting to be seized, and Uncle Sam is right over here, waiting to buy. You might run some little risk in frogs, but this thing is spiked down and can't get away."

"My dear Mr. Schwanzenhammer, come in with me—come in out of the dampness. There is a chance to shove millions down your hind pocket and no chance to fail. Shakespeare says—"I like to know if I get my 90 cent?" interrupted the tailor with many gestures.

"I have still one more scheme"—began the major as he walked around the room, but his creditor cried out:

"I vhas oop here mit a bill, but you don't pay him!"

"As I was saying—"

"Und you cheat me!"

"As I was saying, my friend—"

"Und you vhas some dead beats, und I go und haf three lawsuits on you!"

The tailor flourished his arms and looked his indignation and disgust and stalked out of the room, and the grand promoter looked after him and sighed and shook his head and said to himself:

"I would have made a Rothschild of him within a year, but, alas, he is wedded to his goose." M. QUAD.

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"I have taken a great many different medicines for stomach trouble and constipation," says Mrs. S. Geizer, of Dunkerton, Iowa, "but never had as good results from any as from Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets." For sale by all druggists.

A Question of Time.

"Do you take this woman for better or worse?" began the clergyman, but before he could proceed further he was interrupted.

"It's too early to tell yet," answered the groom. "You'll have to give me time, sir."—Boston Post.

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ULCERS, BOILS AND PIMPLES ALL OVER HER BODY

Such was the condition of Mrs. Samuel Deitz, Zurich, Ont.

She happily found relief from her terrible suffering by using

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A remedy without a rival for the cure of all diseases and troubles arising from bad blood. A record extending over a quarter of a century and thousands of testimonials will prove this. Mrs. Deitz writes: "Too weak to work, tortured with the pain of ulcers, boils and pimples all over my body, especially on my face. I had almost made up my mind to give up trying to have them cured. I was ashamed to have any person come to see me, my face was in such a terrible state. I tried everything I could think of but got worse and worse. I was then led to try Burdock Blood Bitters and was surprised at the wonderful change the first bottle made. Altogether I took seven bottles and am now completely cured and am in perfect health again. I feel that B.B.B. saved my life."

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The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held in their Banking House on **Wednesday, the 24th February next at 3 p. m.**, for the election of five directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.

A. H. F. RANDOLPH, President.

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 22, 1904—dtf

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