

ALMANACS ARE ANCIENT.

They Were Made by the Greeks as Far Back as A. D. 100.

According to Theon, the commentator on Ptolemy, almanacs, as we understand the word, were constructed from about the year 100 A. D. by the Greeks of Alexandria, but the dates of festivals and other events of national interest had been exposed on marble tablets in Rome 200 years B. C. Lalande, an authority on the subject, states that the earliest almanac of which the author's name is preserved was that of Solomon Jarchus, who lived in the middle of the twelfth century.

A primitive English calendar or almanac was called the "prime-staff," "rein-stock" or "clog almanac." It was made of wood, bone or horn, about eight inches long, like a square ruler. On this the days were marked by a series of notches, every seventh being of larger size. The festivals were indicated by symbols, as were the golden number and the cycle of the moon.

Specimens of this "clog almanac" may be seen at the British museum and in museums or libraries at Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester. Some of larger size were hung "at one end of the mantle-tree of their chimneys" for general use, and smaller ones were carried in the pocket or on the walking stick.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Dust In the Air.

The air of cities is impregnated with dust and filth. To combat their deleterious effects the streets should be freely ventilated and watered. Wind and rain are the great destroyers of dust. From the fields the wind lifts the debris of vegetation—pollen, seeds, spores of fungi and bacteria; the dust of the soil—silica, silicate of aluminum, carbonate and phosphate of lime and peroxide of iron. In and proceeding from volcanic regions fine particles of carbon and dried mud are taken up and wafted hundreds or even thousands of miles. In and round about cities and towns the finely ground dust of the pavements, fragments of straw, hair, stable manure, debris of insects, soot, epithelia from floor sweepings or shaken from rugs, carpets and bedding, together with gases and other volatile emanations from factories, rendering establishments, abattoirs, tanyards and compost heaps of all sorts, though not of the air, are in it, in so much as to be in some degree almost everywhere present.—Sanitarian.

A Canny Scot.

A canny Scot lived in a small settlement some miles from the neighboring town. The distance, however, could be considerably lessened by cutting through a large estate. This practice was accordingly so much resorted to that the owner gave peremptory orders for all trespassers to be turned around and sent back the way they came.

One time, however, the Scot in question, having occasion to take some articles to town in a wheelbarrow, decided to run the risk and was about half way through when he saw the owner in the distance. Not relishing the idea of retracing his steps, he betthought himself of a scheme, and, promptly turning the wheelbarrow to face the direction from which he came, he sat down upon it as if resting.

Soon the owner came up and, seeing him there, roughly ordered him to turn around and go back.

As "back" was in this case his objective point, the Scot obeyed and went on his way rejoicing.

Did Not Look Right.

The intelligent compositor, one of the kind that figures in many an anecdote, worked on an Arkansas paper at a period when a well known novelist was editor. One day the printer undertook to set up the word "doughnut." He spelled it "donut."

"See here," said the novelist, "don't you know how to spell 'doughnut'? You've misspelled it here."

The intelligent compositor came over and gazed at the proof and scratched his head in perplexity.

"Well," he admitted, "that doesn't look right, but it had a 'w' in it once, and somehow that didn't look right either."

Set His Own Novel.

R. L. Farjeon was one of the very few writers who set up work in type without the medium of manuscript. When the novelist first turned to fiction he was editor and publisher of the Otago Times, which was printed at his own offices at Dunedin, and many of the chapters of his novel "Grif" were transferred direct to type by the late Mr. Farjeon, who was one of the most rapid compositors of his time. He was a firm believer in charms and attributed much of his good fortune to a New Zealand greenstone which he wore for many years on his watch chain.—London Tit-Bits.

The Lady's Mistake.

The Lady—I gave you a piece of pie last week, and you've been sending your friends here ever since. The Tramp—You're mistaken, lady. Them was my enemies.

An Effective Sermon.

First Society Leader—Didn't he preach a beautiful sermon? Second Society Leader—Perfectly lovely. Why, for two evenings, I didn't wear my diamonds with any satisfaction.

APRIL 1904.

8th Annual Spring Sale

WILL BEGIN

Thursday, April 7th.

Very little of last season's goods is left to offer during this sale. We've bought very heavy for this season. The object of calling for this our regular sale held every Spring since we've been here, is to make our patrons, old and young, acquainted with the

NEW GOODS

All our new stocks have arrived and are now ready for your inspection. Until the end of this month we will offer some special inducements. Our Spring price lists are now out. Whatever we name is here at precisely the advertised prices.

M. Fickler & Co.

Hatters, Clothiers and Furnishers.

A Bogus Bear's Ham.

Sir Richard Owen, the eminent anatomist, often had his skill in identifying bones tested. On one occasion his friend and neighbor, Lord John Russell, sent him a specimen for this purpose, and the professor quickly pronounced it the thigh bone of a pig. This explanation of the query was subsequently offered by Lord John: "President Buchanan had sent from America to the English statesman the present of a choice bear's ham, and the family had breakfasted off it several times with much enjoyment. Somehow or other, however, suspicion was aroused, and the bone was sent to their scientific neighbor, with the result stated."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Peebles.

In the "Memoir" of Robert Chambers by his brother William is a delightful allusion to Peebles, their birthplace and a spot ever warm in the loving memory of Scotch residents.

One of these, a man who had lived there all his life, was enabled by some uplift of fortune to visit Paris. When he came back his townsmen gravely gathered about him.

"Noo," said one, while the others listened, "tell us about it."

"Paris," he began, "a' things considered, is a wonderfu' place; but, still, Peebles for pleasure."

Got Along Without It.

"Did you ever have mal de mer on your way over to Europe?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No. Josiah took a bottle or two of it along, but when I'm seasick none of them kind of things ever does me a bit of good."

Useless Telling.

"You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton proudly.

"Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it doesn't do any good, because he thinks he knows it all."

Becoming Discouraged.

He—Your father did not object to our marriage as much as I had expected.

She—Oh, poor papa has given up the idea of being too particular.

Good and Strong.

Butcher—Wasn't that a good steak I sent you yesterday?

Customer—Oh, it was a good, durable steak.—Life.

There is no place quite as dry as that where a river used to be.

Norfolk and John Burns.

A good story is told of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk and that estimable man, John Burns. The Duke who, by the way, is to marry again, is not only the premier peer of England, but is colossal rich, although he doesn't look it. Not long ago Mr. Burns was seen by a Battersea elector walking arm in arm with a shabbily dressed man whom the Battersea resident took to be a tramp. Drawing Burns aside, he said to him: "Look 'ere, John, democracy's all very fine, but don't you reckonize what's doo to your position as a member of the 'Ouse? Fancy—walkin' about harm-in-harm, in broad daylight, with a workin' man."

"S-sh," whispered Burns, "that's the Duke of Norfolk."

And it was!

Changed Times in Lancashire.

A typical Lancashire woman of the lower class, in whose company I traveled the other day from Manchester to Oldham in a third-class carriage, told me, in reply to a question, that trade was very bad in her district, "partly perhaps, on account of t' war, but mostly because t' woman bet a shilling on nearly every race, and they take t' bread out of t' children's mouths to obtain the shillings, and that was a think unknownst in Lancashire fifteen years ago, as it was also for women to be seen drinking in the public houses"; and half a dozen fellow-travelers in the same carriage all confirmed her statement.—Mr. J. W. Cross, in The Nineteenth Century.

London Sparrows.

In London there is a huge army of cats which subsist almost entirely upon sparrows. The London sparrow migrates in the autumn to the cornfields, where it does its level best to destroy our bread supply, but during spring and summer the London cats have been working hard among the inexperienced baby sparrows, for the old birds do not often get captured, and a very large proportion of each year's brood never sees the country. Manchester Guardian.

Sicily Sulphur.

Sicily is the home of sulphur. The island exports 360,000 tons a year.

BLOOD POISON OFTEN RESULTS

From paring corns with razors. Wise people use Patnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, the standard cure of America and Great Britain for all sorts of corns, warts and bunions. Use only Patnam's.

A Good Word for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"In December, 1900, I had a severe cold and was so hoarse that I could not speak above a whisper," says Allen Davis, of Freestone, N. Y. "I tried several remedies but got no relief until I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, one bottle of which cured me. I will always speak a good word for that medicine." For sale by all druggists.

Rural parks to the number of 352 are maintained by trolley car companies of the United States.

For a BILIOUS attack take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

Deranged Nerves

AND

Weak Spells.

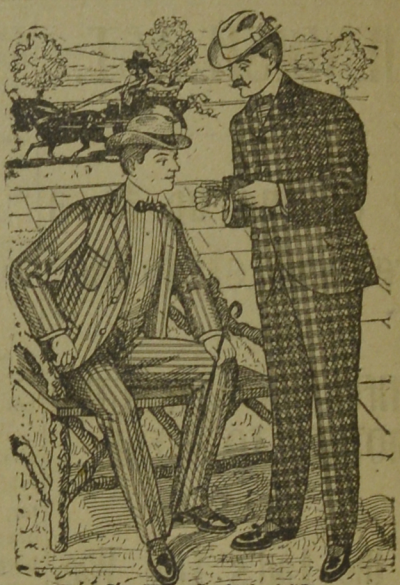
Mr. R. H. Sampson's, Sydney, N. S., Advice to all Sufferers from Nerve Trouble is

"GET A BOX OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS."

He says: "I have been ailing for about a year from deranged nerves, and very often weak spells would come over me and be so bad that I sometimes thought I would be unable to survive them. I have been treated by doctors and have taken numerous preparations but none of them helped me in the least. I finally got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before taking them I did not feel able to do any work, but now I can work as well as ever, thanks to one box of your pills. They have made a new man of me, and my advice to any person troubled as I was, is to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.



Special Notice.

LUCY & CO.'S



Artist has just put the finishing touches on our store which has been thoroughly overhauled and painted. A large portion of our Spring and Summer Stock has arrived and are now being marked and placed on our shelves in readiness for the summer's trade.

These goods have been manufactured for us by the best manufacturers in Canada and are both fashionable and serviceable. We have also added to our staff another experienced salesman which will enable us to attend to the wants of our customers better than ever before. Our business is constantly growing and we are using every effort for a larger increase during the present year.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.				
Of Portland, Me. Ten Years' Progress.				
Year.	Income.	Assets at End of Year.	Surplus at End of Year.	Amount of Insurance in Force at End of Year.
Dec. 31, 1893.	\$1,261,930.51	\$ 6,453,309.56	\$229,292.96	\$35,914,417.00
Dec. 31, 1903.	2,386,617.13	10,204,727.03	663,665.59	57,385,198.00
Increase,	\$1,124,686.62	\$3,751,417.47	\$334,372.63	\$21,470,781.00
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