LUCKIEST MAN ON EARTH.

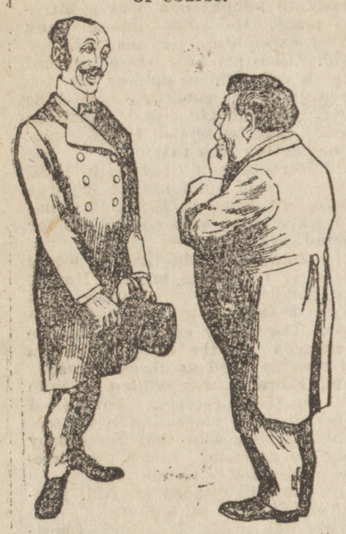
Yes, the parlor floor's ripped up:
Carpenters are there;
Rugs are hung out on the lines;
Havoc's everywhere;
Beds have all been taken down;
Chairs are in the hall—
Only one way to get in;
That's to crawl.

Wife has streaks across her face,
Towel on her head;
Bosses things around the place,
And her eyes are red;
Seems as if she's aged ten years
In a day or so—
Simply chaos! Guess she must
Like it, though.

Let them rip and let them tear,
Since it makes her glad;
They have done things to the old
Happy home we had,
But I still am gay—ha, ha!
I'll not sigh nor frown.
Let them go it! I've been called
Out of town!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Of Course.



Father—You have debts amounting to $20,000, eh? Well, I'll have to look into things before I give my consent.

Suitor—But, my dear sir, the longer you wait the more debts there will be to pay.—Fliegende Blatter.

Unsuccessful.

Little Eddie had been particularly naughty through the day, and his mother said to him: "Oh, Eddie! What makes you so naughty? Don't you remember you prayed to God last night to make you a good boy?"

He looked up earnestly into her face and answered: "My 'member dat. My p'ay my Lord ebery night to make me a good boy, but him don't do it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Thought He Understood.

"Have you any—ah—insect powder that will exterminate cockroaches and other pests of the kind?"

"Yes, ma'am. A box of this powder will do the work. Sprinkle the contents liberally over the mattress and the—the other belongings and keep the room tightly closed for twenty-four hours."—Chicago Tribune.

An Anxious Inquirer.

"Say!" called the tiger as the stag dashed by. "Where are you going?"

"Traveling for my health," panted the stag. "Why?"

"Well, my friend Leo invited me to a stag dinner party today, and I was wondering if you were the party."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Expensive Part.

Gussie—Yes, Harold had the heiress out in his automobile today. He is anxious to marry her.

Reggy—But what does he want with an heiress? He is rich enough to own an automobile.

Gussie—Yes, but he is not rich enough to pay his fines.—Chicago News.

Their Reputations at Stake.

"Well," demanded the warden of the prison, "what are you kicking about now?"

"I'm kicking about this striped suit," replied the new convict. "All the silly dudes are going in for stripes now, and it's a shame to make us wear 'em."—Philadelphia Press.

Bullish.

Patient—But I thought your price for an appendicitis operation was only $300?

Specialist—Oh, that was yesterday's quotation. The market opened this morning at 325 and advanced briskly to 337½.—Puck.

Professional Advice.

"He said I did not have sense enough to come in out of the rain."

"Well?"

"Well, you're my lawyer, aren't you? What do you advise me to do?"

"Buy an umbrella."—Houston Post.

It Certainly Was.

She—See anything about that painting you admire?

He—Yes, the frame.

"But the frame is not the picture?"

"No, but it's about the picture, isn't it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Nothing to Prevent It.

"Mrs. Elderly seems to be a person of advanced ideas."

"Well, why not? In these days an old woman may be a new woman and a new woman may be an old woman."—New York Press.

Exceptions.

Jobson—Friends are the greatest consolations one can have in this world.

Bobson—You've evidently never met any of the candid variety.—Detroit Free Press.

A Critic and His Friend.

Whimple—I'm no connoisseur in music, but I know what I like.

Bardell—But, surely, you don't mean to say you like what you know?—Boston Transcript.

DRAWING FINE WIRE.

Diamond Dies Are Used, Steel Not Being Hard Enough.

Diamonds are used quite extensively as dies for drawing wire of the smallest sizes—for instance, the sizes less than, say, twenty-five one-thousandths of an inch diameter.

The hardest steel dies are not suitable for this work for the reason that the wear upon them so enlarges the die that the diameter of the wire is not uniform within the required percentage of variation at the beginning and end of a drawing. Sapphires are used sometimes for this work. Copper, silver and platinum are the metals usually drawn to the very small sizes.

With diamond dies it is practicable to draw platinum to a diameter of five ten-thousandths of an inch. An idea of the fineness of a copper wire drawn to only three one-thousandths of an inch in diameter may be gathered from the fact that in one pound of the metal there are over six miles of such wire.

The weight of the diamonds used for this work is from four to five carats, and they are uncut except as to the die. The value of these dies, which, of course, are not of the first water, varies from $15 to $20 a carat, and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds are utilized as dies in the various wire factories of this country alone.—Electrical Review.

GEOMETRY IN BATTLE.

How Marlborough Won His Great Victory at Ramillies.

The genius of Marlborough seized upon the simple fact that the arc is greater than its chord when he won his great victory at Ramillies. The French army under Villeroi was posted in an arc on a ridge of hills. Their left extended to the village of Autre Eglise and owing to the steepness of the hills and the river and marsh in front was in an almost impregnable position. Their forces swept round on the top of the ridge till they reached on the extreme right a height behind the village of Ramillies known as the Tomb of Ottamond.

Marlborough saw that this height was the key to the position. He first made a vigorous feint on Autre Eglise and so caused the French generals to hurry in person to that point. Then he moved large bodies of troops rapidly and secretly along the chord of the arc and carried the position on the French right before Villeroi had time to bring up reenforcements by the longer line of the curve.

This is easily understood when it is remembered that the chord of an arc is a straight line joining the extremities of an arc or two points in a curve.—London Standard.

THE PERFECT FOOT.

It Is Said to Be Found Only Among American Women.

"The American woman's foot is the prettiest," said the shoemaker. "It is at once slender and robust and very supple. The instep is high and beautiful—in a word, a perfect foot, charming and serviceable alike in a pink satin slipper in a ballroom or in a white rubber soled shoe on a tennis court or in a stout, hobnailed boot on the side of the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn.

"The Frenchwoman's foot comes next. It is long and slender and elegant, but weak, no good for service, very ornamental—a foot for show.

"The Spanish foot is small, and its instep is high and arched. Here, too, there is not enough strength. There is a tendency to softness and in later life to fat.

"The German foot is large, but shapely and strong. It resembles the American foot, only it is much bigger.

"The English foot is the—is the—well, it is the limit! It is long; it is bony; it has no instep; it wears its shoe over on the side. Nowhere in the world will you find a race with such ugly feet as those of the English."

Stevenson and Wallace.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace once found himself at a club in Edinburgh, where he fell into conversation about Russia with a youth who put forward some views in which he could not acquiesce. "Oh," said this personage, "it is all very well for you to say that you do not agree with me, but I know all about it. I have just been reviewing Wallace's 'Russia.'" "And I have just been writing it," was the natural reply. The former speaker lived to be famous. He was R. L. Stevenson.

Sorrow.

Sorrow is not an incident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain has yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Robertson.

Hypocrisy.

Hypocrisy is folly, for it is much easier, safer and pleasanter to be the thing which a man seems to appear than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not.—Lord Burleigh.

Sometimes.

Ethel—Mamma, why is the wife of a lord called "Lady?" Mamma—Because that is her title. Ethel—But can't people see that she's a lady without being told so?

Avarice.

Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure and the second devoted to ambition.—Johnson.

Even an electric button won't accomplish much unless it is pushed.—Philadelphia Record.

THE TOMBSTONE CENSOR.

He Sees That No Unseemly Inscription Mars the Cemetery.

A tombstone censor is employed by most large cemeteries. It is the duty of this man to see that nothing unseemly in the way of a tombstone is put up.

A young engineer in a Norristown mill was killed by the explosion of a boiler, and the family of this young man, believing that the mill owners had known all along that the boiler was defective, actually had carved on the tombstone the sentence, "Murdered by his masters." The tombstone censor, of course, refused to sanction such an epitaph.

On the death of a certain noted prize fighter the surviving brother of the man wanted to put in a glass case beside the grave a championship belt, four medals, a pair of gloves and other trophies of the ring. But the censor's negative was firm.

A widow who believed that the physician was responsible for her husband's death wished to put on the tomb, "He employed a cheap doctor," but the tombstone censor showed her that such an inscription would lay her open to heavy damages for libel.

Atheists sometimes direct in their wills that shocking blasphemies be carved on their monuments. The censor, however, sees to it that these blasphemies do not disfigure the cemetery.

UNCANNY EYES.

Some of the Queer Things Brought Up In Deep Sea Soundings.

They caught one fish far down in the Caribbean that had no eyes at all nor any places for eyes, but long antennae ran out from its nose by which it felt its way and found its food. In the next haul was a fish with two convex lenses in place of eyes. These lenses were highly polished or burnished. They were of a golden hue, and they gleamed in the sunlight like jewels. Another fish, a big fellow, had eyes which grew on stems or stalks that stuck out six inches from its head. Then came one with an eye that grew on a long stem like a lily stem, quite eighteen inches from the nose, and the professor said that it was an eye made for poking itself into other fishes' business. The stem was flexible and waved backward and forward or bent with its own weight, and sometimes the fish traveled with the eye doubled under it about the middle of its body or trailing in the sand or mud.

Some of the eyes when put into sea water in the dark shone like lanterns. Others of the fishes had brilliant spots along their sides that emitted a ghostly radiance, and they seemed to have lighted portholes or windows like a slender steamer rushing through the seas after night.—St. Nicholas.

PEWS IN CHURCHES.

At First They Were Allowed Only as Personal Favors.

Private pews, first allowed as personal favors, appeared in churches in the reign of Henry VIII. In spite of the stout opposition of Sir Thomas More and others they gained ground under Elizabeth and Charles I. and after the restoration came into increased favor and use among well to do citizens who claimed and enjoyed—

* * * the Sunday due
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

Swift humorously described how one was appropriately made out of a large wooden bedstead, and in early Georgian times pews were to be found furnished with sofas and tables and provided with fireplaces.

Bishop Eden states that in one case a livery servant entered the pew of his master between prayers and sermon with sherry and light refreshments.

Thickly curtained or highly partitioned box pews were so numerous in some churches at one time that the poor were practically excluded or thrust back into comfortless sittings in the coldest and darkest parts of the church, where they could hear little of the service.—London Telegraph.

Harvey Combe's Reproof.

Perhaps the neatest reproof to a long winded preacher was that given by Harvey Combe when lord mayor of London to Dr. Parr. As they were coming out of church together Parr was so foolish as to ask the other how he liked his sermon. "Well, doctor, to speak frankly, there were four things in it that I did not like to hear. They were the quarters of the church clock which struck before you had finished."

Easy to Remember.

Hostess—My dear count, you must pardon me, but I have such a very poor memory for names. It's a real affliction. I have forgotten yours. The Count—You should consult a specialist on mendal diseases, my tear madam; you really should. My name is Kaskowowskichniffingloski.—London Answers.

A Way Out.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—See here, Maria, the dishes you have put on the table of late have been positively dirty. Something's got to be done about it. Maria—True for ye, ma'am. If ye only had dark colored ones, ma'am they would not show the dirt at all.

Cash and Charges.

Quiziness—Which do you prefer, to sell for cash or charge things? Business—Cash, of course. But if they don't pay promptly, then I prefer charges.

Generous.

Nephew—Do you know, uncle, I dreamed last night you had lent me $10! Uncle (generously)—Is that so? Ah, well, you may keep it, Otto.—Perroquet.

ITS MERIT IS PROVED

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Montreal Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many leading scientists, and thinking people generally.

The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvellous results among sick and ailing women:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Soon after my marriage my health began to decline. My appetite failed me; I was unable to sleep, and I became very nervous and had shooting pains through the abdomen and pelvic organs, with bearing-down pains and constant headaches, causing me much misery. The monthly periods became more and more painful, and I became a burden and expense to my family instead of a help and pleasure. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. Soon after I began using it I felt a change for the better, and at the time of my next period I noticed a great difference, and the pain gradually diminished until I was well. I am stronger and look better than I did before I was married, and there is great rejoicing in the house over the wonders your medicine worked."—Mrs. M. A. C. Letellier, 732 Cadieux St., Montreal, Quebec.

If you have suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhœa, flooding, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, some derangement of the uterus or ovarian trouble. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Reformed.

Mrs. Dearborn—Do you believe in marrying a man to reform him? Mrs. Wabash—Sure! I married my first husband to reform him. "What was wrong with him?" "He was a bachelor." "Oh, I see how you reformed him." "Not only that; I understand he's had three other wives since I left him."

A Young Critic.

"Papa," said the pastor's little girl, watching him constructing and revising his Sunday sermon, "does God tell you what to write?" "Yes, my child, God tells me." "Then what do you scratch it out for?"

Revenge.

Witherby—I say, did you recommend that cook of ours to my wife? Plankington—Yes, I believe so. Witherby—Well, I wish you would come round tonight and take dinner with us.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

That half their ills are due to impoverished blood, they would use Ferrozone and be saved lots of pain and suffering. Ferrozone is a perfect food for the blood and supplies the strengthening elements needed to maintain health and vigor. Ferrozone is a splendid tonic for weak, nervous women and drives away those depressed feelings of dead weariness. You'll have strength, lots of it—your complexion will improve, you will feel ten years younger after a course of Ferrozone which builds up the whole human organism; try it. Price 25c.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

Union Mutual Life Ins. Co.

Incorporated 1848

Deposit at Ottawa:

Over One Million Dollars.

Most liberal Policies issued.

Albert J. Machum,

MANAGER

St. John, N. B.

Territory open for one or two Agents.

G. T. WHELPLEY.

SEEDS

Wholesale and Retail.

Timothy Seeds,
Clover Seeds,
Garden Seeds,

Just stored one carload

FEED.

Victor Feed, Banner Feed and Cracked Corn and Oats
Ontario Heavy White Oats,
Carleton County Oats.

G. T. WHELPLEY
310 Queen St., F'ton.

GILLETT'S

HIGH GRADE

CREAM TARTAR

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS.

Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, $3 per box. *Sold by all druggists.* Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Nos. 1 and 2 are sold in Fredericton by all Druggists,

..NEW..

Lace Curtains

New Roller Blinds from 25c. to 50c. each.

Window Poles with wood trimmings in oak, cherry and walnut at 25c.

Floor Oilcloths, all widths at 25c. per yd.

DEVER BROS.

JOHN G. ADAMS,

The Leading Undertaker.

FIRST-CLASS EQUIPMENT. LOW RATES.

Down Town, Next above Queen Hotel. 'Phone 26

Millions Burning Every Day

Canadians are using

EDDY'S

"Silent" Parlor Match

Everywhere. The latest match product and very popular.

SCHOFIELD BROS.,

Selling Agents, - - - St. John, N. B.

A Wedding in the family

THEN GET YOUR

INVITATIONS

PRINTED AT

THE HERALD OFFICE.

At Home Cards,

Dance Programmes,

Visiting Cards, etc., etc.

are specialties with us. Come to

The Herald Office.