

THE GRASS WIDOW.

"I fall to see," I said to her.
"Your weeds for the widow
Seem too glad some."
She blinked at me, then winked at me.
As coyly she replied,
"I'm not a weedy widow,
But a grass one."

In a Hurry.



"Say, pa, hurry up! You'd think I was taking you to the dentist instead of to the candy store."—Browning's Magazine.

Private Ownership.

Before a great fire of logs in Helicon Hall, the seat of his utopian colony, Upton Sinclair one snowy night talked of the injustice of the private ownership of land.

"A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. The duke happened to meet him and said:

"Do you know you're walking on my land?"

"Your land?" said the tramp. "Well, I've got no hand of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where, though, did you get this land?"

"I got it from my ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did they get it from?" went on the tramp.

"From their ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did their ancestors get it from?"

"They fought for it."

"Come on, then," said the tramp, "I'll fight you for it."

"But the duke, hastily retreating, declined to accept this fair offer."—Washington Star.

His Brilliant Idea.

"Why is it," she asked shortly after the wedding, "that you don't care to skate any more? You were so fond of it before we were married."

"I wasn't fond of it, my dear. To tell you the truth, I made a martyr of myself for your sake. I knew you enjoyed it so that I felt as if I had to."

"Thought I enjoyed it? Heavens, I was a martyr too. I thought if I didn't go and be tortured you'd take some other girl, and"—

"Say, Fanny, I believe it would be a fine thing if every girl and boy could be locked up the minute they became engaged and kept behind bars till the day of their marriage."—Chicago Record-Herald.

When Man Is Unambitious.

Fred—There are times when I care nothing for riches—when I could not so much as put forth a hand to receive millions.

Kittie—Indeed! That must be when you are tired of the world and its struggles and vanities—when your soul yearns for higher and nobler things. Is it not?

"No; you are wrong."

"Then, when is it?"

"When I'm sleeping."—Tit-Bits.

Merely His Guess.

"Haven't you anything smaller?" asked the druggist when the customer handed him a \$100 bill.

"Yes, but I don't believe you'd want it."

"Why not?"

"It's a piece of court plaster that I got in a barber shop and have been using all morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Extremists All.

Batcheller—Well, if I ever do take a wife I'll make it a point to pick out an economical woman. Wiseman—Impossible, my dear boy! There's no such thing as an economical woman. A woman is either extravagant or stingy.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Fair Target.

Ascum—Did she actually ask old Roxley for his daughter's hand?

Wise—Yes, and he claims he compelled the old man to toe the mark.

Ascum—You don't say?

Wise—Yes, but she was the mark.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Style.

"Don't you think that author has a remarkably original style?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "his style is wonderful. I can't understand a single sentence he writes without reading it at least twice."—Washington Star.

It Didn't Last.

Smith—Did I ever tell you about the morning I woke up and found myself famous?

Jones—No. What did you do then?

Smith—Oh, I went to bed the next night and slept it off.—Detroit Tribune.

Just Before the Crash.

"Hold on!" yelled the fireman. "Stop her! Don't you see that red light ahead?"

"Never mind," replied the engineer. "We're late. Let's take a chance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

COCHINEAL.

The Way the Tiny Insects Live and How They Are Gathered.

Merry millions of little beetles support the vast cochineal industries. Where the tiny cochineal insect comes from is something of a mystery, but he does come wherever the nopal plant grows and for a long time was thought to be a seed or a floweret of the plant. The living female insect is twice as large as the male, weighs one-tenth of a grain and loses much weight in drying, so that 70,000 are needed to make one pound. During the rainy season many millions of the creatures are drowned or washed off the plants, so that when the long dry summer comes there are but a few survivors on each plant. But these multiply so rapidly that before long the plants are covered. The last act of the female's life is to deposit a large number of eggs, on which her dead body rests, protecting them from the burning rays of the sun until the little ones emerge. In about six weeks after the beginning of the dry season comes the first harvest. The plantation laborers make the round of the nopalry and with a brush go over the entire plant, sweeping the creatures into a bag. They then are killed by immersion in hot water, by exposure to steam or by drying in hot ovens. The hot water or steam makes them a dark reddish brown or black cochineal. The hot ovens make them a red gray hue or silver cochineal. The males outnumber the females by at least 200 to 1, a fortunate fact for the farmer, since the males are of no use to him whatever.

THE CABS OF NEW YORK.

They Are Not an Integral Part of the Life of the City.

The cab is no integral part of New York life. Venice without the gondola were as unthinkable as a woman without hair. No little of London's compelling charm is in its swift rolling hansoms. These things we know. But one can't think of New York in terms of cabs. Once upon a time I was in exile. Only in memory did the great city rise before me, and what I saw was this: Huge canyons of stone and steel, filled with noise and darkness, through which great yellow worms crawled, one after the other, in mid-air. That is the picture of New York that haunts the exile, even as the out-lavied Venetian is obsessed by slim black gondolas cutting across lanes of moonlight. Your true New Yorker is a steam projected, electrically carted person. Only in exceptional moments of gloom or gaiety does he ride "in a carriage and pair." He is carriage ridden to a funeral. He cabs it in winny moments, when the fear of God is not in him. There are only 2,000 licensed cabs and hacks on the island of Manhattan. Others there are, of course, plying piratically in the dark quarters, but even with these thrown in the reckoning is small. No; the New Yorker is not a cabby person.—Vance Thompson in Outing Magazine.

HELPS MEN TO WORK HARD.

That's what Ferrozone does; it supplies the additional strength that enables a man to maintain health under difficulties. "Last spring I was so completely lagged out I could not work," writes J. W. McNichol of Turnbull, Man. "In the morning I was tired—limbs ached all over. Had no appetite, was sleepless, nervous and unhappy. Ferrozone put new life into me. Now I eat heartily, nerves are strong, I sleep well. I know the joy of health." It's by supplying nourishment and good blood that Ferrozone builds up, try it—50c. per box at all dealers.

Silence Not Always Golden.

Adelina Patti, who sang to perfection before she could speak articulately, has been a vocal wonder for more than half a century. She was born of Italian parents at Madrid on Feb. 19, 1842. At the age of seven (1850) she sang for the first time in public, in New York, and after a course of study, at the age of fifteen and a half, made her public reappearance, this time on the operatic stage, in the role of Lucia (Nov. 24, 1859), and achieved a tremendous success.

For over twenty years the "Divina" sang at Covent Garden, and it is understood that her annual earnings between 1861 and 1881 averaged from \$30,000 to \$35,000, and that the latter sum was largely exceeded during each of the years in which she made professional tours in North and South America.

Her share of the profits resulting from her visit to Argentina in 1888, for instance, amounted to nearly \$50,000. Adelina Patti is certainly the only woman of her own or any other epoch who has earned three-quarters of a million sterling by singing and acting. In the course of four decades and a half.—London Daily Mail.

Chip and Block.

"Oh," growled Dumley, "you're too pugnacious. You're forever going around with a chip on your shoulder for some one to knock off."

"That's the difference between you and me," replied Huskey. "You go around with a block on your shoulders that somebody ought to knock off."

A VALUABLE AGENT.

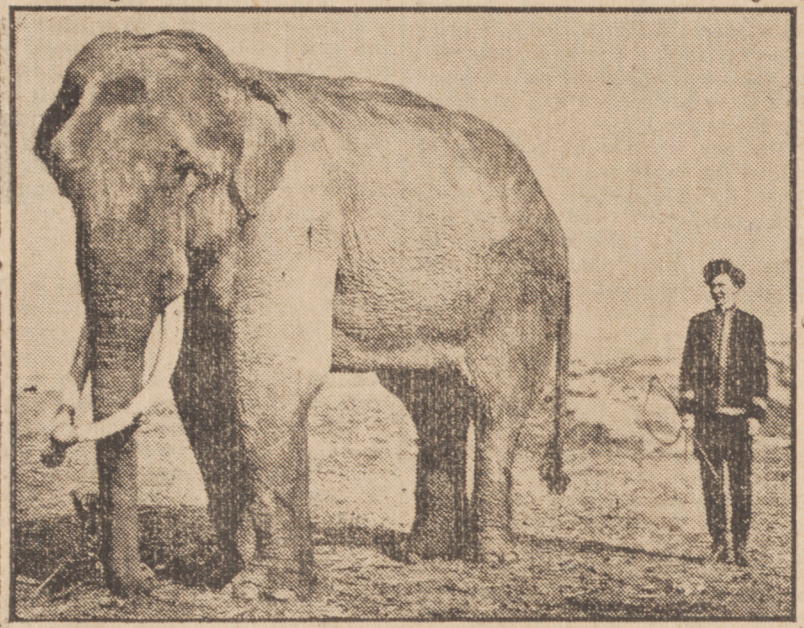
Deafness because usually due to Catarrh, is quite curable. In a thousand cases this is proved absolutely true. Success invariably attained by the use of Catarrhine, a penetrating through the passages of the ear, the soothing vapor of Catarrhine relieves the inflammation, destroys the seeds of Catarrh and thereby allows nature to re-assist herself. Try Catarrhine yourself. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes sold by all dealers.

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No. 1 and 2 are sold in Fredericton by all Druggists.

Wood's Phosphorine.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system. Makes new blood in old veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Dependence, Sexual Weakness, Exhaustion, Hereditary Taint, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please six. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. New pamphlet sent free. The Wood Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Fredericton by all Druggists.

BIRD AND BEE.

A Chase Almost as Rapid as Flashes of Light.

Here is a story as told by a gentleman who spends the greater portion of his time studying the habits of birds:

A humming bird with an angry dash expressed its disapproval of the presence of a big bumblebee in the same tree. The usually pugnacious bee incontinently fled, but he did not leave the tree. He darted back and forth among the branches and white blossoms, the humming bird in close pursuit. Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They are like flashes of light, yet the pursuer followed the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned.

In short, the bird and the bee controlled the movements of their bodies more quickly and more accurately than he could control the movements of his eyes. The chase was all over in half the time that it takes to tell it, but the excitement of a pack of hounds after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird giving up the chase and alighting on a twig. It couldn't have been chasing the bee for food, and there is no possible explanation of its attack except that it wanted all the honey itself.

NO WOMAN CAN BE STRONG AND HEALTHY UNLESS THE KIDNEYS ARE WELL.

When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to filter out of the blood are left in the system. Then how important it must be to see to it that the system of sewerage be not clogged up. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble know not the misery and suffering which those afflicted undergo.

Doan's Kidney Pills

are a specific for all kidney troubles. They begin by healing the delicate membrane of the kidneys and thus make their action regular and natural.

They help the kidneys to flush out the acid and poisonous impurities which have collected, thus clearing out the kidneys, bladder and all the urinary passages.

Doan's Kidney Pills are entirely vegetable, and may be safely taken by young and old.

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others, that is, cure you. Mrs. John Young, Harwood, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for some time and my back was so lame I could scarcely get around. After using two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I am completely cured. I find there is nothing like them for the cure of all kidney troubles."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

A City of Caravans.

The first of November is the official beginning of winter in Paris. Then, no matter what the temperature be, fires are lit in the schools and public buildings, and the janitor turns on the heat for the sad race of flat dwellers. Then all the smaller shows which cannot pay for a "stand" in the streets or squares go into winter quarters. Where? I found a city of them out in the waste lands by the great gate of Montreuil. In an empty lot were scores of caravans drawn up behind the wooden palisades, ranged so as to form veritable streets, named after this showman or that. Dogs, chickens, rabbits, children, swarmed everywhere. Corkscrews of smoke rose from the chimneys of the wagons. Gaudy rags were drying on lines. Will you look in one of the vans? It has two rooms. In one are the beds. The other is for eating. On all sides the walls are lined with closets and drawers. A little stove glows near the door. Here they are born, here they live and die, the eternal dynasties of the voyagers.—Vance Thompson in Outing Magazine.

The Truly Beautiful.

There is, it has been said, no fixed standard of art criticism. What is lauded today is discarded tomorrow, and even connoisseurs disagree bewilderingly; but, glancing back over the ages, it will be found that the discord has been caused by technical divergence and that in every land and among all peoples the truly beautiful has been generally recognized and correctly esteemed. No one questions today the beauty of the Greek temple or the charm of the Babylonian pottery. It does not require trained eyes to recognize the merit of an oriental flower painting or to find delight in one of Whistler's nocturnes. The fundamentals in each instance are the same—rhythmical line, fair proportions and harmonious coloring. We have to be led oftentimes up the ascent of art, and there is much discussion concerning the byways, but once on the height all dissension ends, and we no longer need a guide.—Lella Mechlin in Century.

The Thumb.

The radical difference between the hand of man and of the monkey lies in the thumb. In the human hand the thumb has the "opposing power," which means that the thumb can be made to touch the tip of each or any of the other fingers on the same hand. The monkey's thumb is nonopposable.

Needed the Money.

"Say," queried old Wedderly, "why don't you get married?"

"Because," replied young Singleton, "I'm too poor."

"Huh!" rejoined the old man. "When I was your age I was so poor I had to marry."

The Bore.

"I think Jones is one of the worst bores that ever lived." "Why so?" "He broke right in and began talking about himself while I was telling about a thrilling experience I once had out west."

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as a respect to the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

It made a Difference.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the visitor. "Hear those boys fighting and yelling out there. Regular little hoodlums, aren't they?"

"I can't say," replied Mrs. Famley. "I'm rather nearsighted, you know."

"But surely you can hear them."

"Oh, yes; but I can't tell whether they're my children or the neighbors'."

Doing Up a Shirt.

"This bill is too high," said the customer. "Too high?" ejaculated the laundryman. "That's what I said—too high." "But, man, do you know how long it takes to do up a shirt?" "Why, about four washings!"

The Bore.

"I think Jones is one of the worst bores that ever lived." "Why so?" "He broke right in and began talking about himself while I was telling about a thrilling experience I once had out west."

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