

THE SAUERKRAUT PEDDLER.

A Character Common to the German Section of New York.

The regular and popular visitor to the German inns and taverns of the east side is the sauerkraut man. He brings his calling with him from the old country and finds a more profitable field in New York than in Berlin or Hamburg. His equipment is quite curious. He wears a blue or white apron running from his neck nearly to the ankles, and from his shoulders is suspended a circular metal box which goes half around his waist. It has three large compartments, two of which are surrounded by hot water. In one are well cooked frankfurter sausages and in the other thoroughly boiled sauerkraut. In the third compartment is potato salad. He carries in his hand a basket in which are small plates and steel forks. One sausage and a generous spoonful of sauerkraut and potato salad cost 5 cents. All three articles are of good quality, well cooked and seasoned. He finds his best customers in the bowling alleys, where the exertion demanded by the game produces large appetites. Next to these are the taverns which do not supply food with their drink. Last of all are the halls and meeting rooms where different societies assemble. His nightly stock consists of fifty sausages, seven pounds of sauerkraut and as much more of salad. On bad evenings he takes only half as much stock as on fair ones. Some of the more fortunate peddlers have arrangements with clubs which pay them a very fair profit upon their goods. Others are free lances who visit every place where they think they can effect a sale.

The metal boxes are very ingenious and are made in Germany. The metal is some variety of pewter, and the fitting of the compartments and of the entire affair to the body is very accurate. The covers are so well hinged and snug at the edges that when the owner falls down he is not liable to spill any of the contents. The contrivance costs some \$3 in Germany, and about \$5 in New York. A few of the peddlers appeal to educated palates and carry with them cervelat, bock, reh, leberwurst and vienna, as well as frankfurters. These fancy sausages usually bring 10 cents instead of the regulation 5.

The forks are washed after the customer has finished his little meal, and from repeated cleansing and use are as bright as silver. The plates, on the other hand, are so banged and bruised that they might be easily mistaken for crackle wear.

The Wrath of the Bee.

At the end of winter most hives have exhausted their stores and become dangerous. When this is the case, smoke to him who touches the hives. Smoke has lost its spell, and you shall scarce have emitted the first puffs before 20,000 acrid and enraged demons will dart from within the walls, overwhelm your hands, blind your eyes and blacken your face. No living being except, they say, the bear and the sphinx atropos, can resist the rage of the mailed legions. Above all, do not struggle. The fury would overtake the neighboring colonies. There is no means of safety other than instant flight through the bushes. The bee is less rancorous, less implacable, than the wasp and rarely pursues her enemy. If flight be impossible, absolute immobility alone might calm her or put her off the scent. She fears and attacks any too sudden movement, but at once forgives that which no longer stirs.

A Safe Age.

The insuring of one's life is one of those things which one is most apt to put off. There are few, however, who postpone what ought to be the inevitable until so late a period in life as did the tough old smack owner of Grimsby. When he presented himself at the insurance office, he was naturally asked his age. His reply was, "Ninety-four." "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the company. "Why not?" he demanded. "Why, you are ninety-four years of age." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—London Business Illustrated.

Their Branch of Service.

"To what branch of the military service do captains of industry belong?" asked the recognized yet surviving toker of the party.

"I give it up," replied his victim wearily.

"The artillery, because they're all big guns." See? P. ha, ho, ho!"

Cool Trees.

A shade alone that makes it it under a tree in the summer. The address of the tree itself helps, for its temperature is about 45 degrees F. at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 degrees. So a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

Rasping.

Barber—How's the razor, sir?
Customer—Didn't know I was being shaved.

Barber (flattered)—Very glad, I'm sure, sir.

Customer—I thought I was being sandpapered.

The Reward of Kindness.

A kind hearted man in New Zealand had a sudden shock a little time ago. He was standing on a railway platform giving apples to a circus elephant caged in a cattle truck as the circus was on the move. The train started, and the elephant, not to lose the last apples in the basket, promptly seized the man in his trunk and carried him along with the train. The train had to be stopped and the kind hearted man rescued from the trunk of the traveling elephant.

Barred Out.

"He seems to be no longer in your set?"

"Hawdly," replied Cholly. "He's such deuced bad fawn, y'know."

"How is that?"

"Why, when the fellah bets on a hawse wace he sometimes wins, y'know, instead of losing like a gentleman."

A Cheery Pair.

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Grumps, "when you asked me to marry you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Grumps.

"And I said 'Yes'?"

"I remember it. We both always did talk too much."

Her Mother.

Jack—Charley, why don't you propose to the Widow Green's daughter? She's rich and is regarded as the pearl of her sex.

Charley—I know it, my boy, but I dislike the mother of pearl.

Art, Not Nature.

Madge—After she's painted her face she always looks in the glass.

Marjorie—So that's one girl who does not hold the mirror up to nature.—Smart Set.

Reciprocity.

Suburbanite—Well, you have told my fortune. How much?

Gypsy—Only 50 cents.

Suburbanite—Here it is. Now I'll tell your fortune for nothing. If any of my chickens are missing tomorrow morning, I'll have your entire gang run in.

Soothed to Slumber.

"What de reason Br'er Williams shet his eye w'en de collection basket gwine round?"

"He say de singin' do him so much good dat he 'bleege ter fall asleep en dream er heaven!"

Mother's Serious Ailment.

Doctor (to towheaded urchin)—How is your mother, Tommy?

Tommy—Oh, if you please, sir, she's getting very romantic in her right knee, she says.

A Case of Doubt.

First Office Boy—Does der boss seem ter like yer?

Second Office Boy—Well, either or he don't know how to swear.

From a Cynic's Dictionary.

Crank—A person whose views are the opposite of our own.

Egotist—A person who thinks as much of himself as other people do of themselves.

Honor—That which people talk about when they want to get out of doing something they don't want to do.

Society—That which we lay the blame on when anything goes wrong.—John Elliot in Lippincott's.

Pure Blooded.

Mrs. Bondclipper—Doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?

Doctor—I am inclined to think that your blood is not pure. I'll have to give you something to purify your blood.

Mrs. Bondclipper (haughtily)—You are probably not aware that I belong to a good old Norman family.—London Tit-Bits.

Didn't Blame His Wife.

Wife—You don't seem to enjoy the dinner, dear. What's the matter?

Husband—I was wondering if there weren't some typographical errors in that cookbook of yours.

It Was His "Hello."

"You can't marry my daughter, young man; she is already spoken for."

"That's all right; I'm the fellow who telephoned you."

An Exception.

Jinks—Most things that are bought go to the buyer.

Jenks—Yes, all except coal; that goes to the cellar.—Kansas City Independent.

Ragged clothes quickly—that's what common soaps with "premiums" cost; but

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE
Ask for the Octagon Bar

Resisting Power.

Doctors tell us in these days of germs and toxins that the thing that counts most in a case is the "resisting power" of the patient. Some men and women can pass through an epidemic or even be inoculated with its peculiar poison germs and yet shake off infection, unharmed. Others apparently just as healthy succumb to the first contact with disease and sink under it in spite of the best nursing. "Resisting power" is an individual affair, and many surprises come to doctor and nurses as the frail looking patient pulls through and the robust seeming one dies. Medicines can only aid the "resisting power." They can never take its place. It determines in the end life or death in every case.

What to Do With Old Hats.

If you want to make the best use of any old hats that you may have, you should take them to the Nicobar Islands. There you will be received with enthusiasm, for the people who live in these islands have quite a passion for them. Every one likes them, and every one tries to get as many as he can. On a fine morning the sea roundabout these islands may be seen dotted with canoes in each of which is a savage, with nothing at all on but a strip of cloth round his waist and a tall hat, and the funny part of it is that old hats are very much more sought after than new ones. The Nicobar natives regard new hats with suspicion and dislike.

Character in the Feet.

In the form of the foot the sexes differ as much or even more than in that of the hand. A woman's foot is usually narrower in proportion than a man's, while his will be considerably stronger in the ankle and more powerful in the formation of the toes, especially of the ball of the great toe. When a woman owns a strong, firm, wide foot, many of us experience perhaps no sensation of surprise at finding her "strong minded." When a man trips along upon a delicate little foot, people instinctively believe him to be lacking in power and often put him down as effeminate.—Exchange.

Fooled the Other Fellows.

An old showman says that one summer he traveled with a circus side show. An admission of 10 cents was charged, and all he had was a pig with one ear off. When people came in, he said to them: "Don't say a word. Let us fool the other fellows." The victims went out, saying it was a great show and encouraged others to go in. Americans are always willing to fool each other.

A Satisfy Soother.

Young Wife (poetically)—You always seemed to have plenty of money before we were married.

Loving Husband—It was only seeming. I had very little.

Young Wife—And you told me you expected to be rich.

Loving Husband—I am rich, my dear. I've got you.

Easily Explained.

Mr. Hornspike—You know it is said that the female mosquito is the one that does the biting. How do you account for that?

Mrs. Hornspike—Some men bite more.

The Succession.

"Of course," said the bachelor thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."

"True; but the scepter passes from one to another."

"How?"

"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again."

"She keeps it forever?"

"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."

Growing Suspicious.

"I wonder who it was that said politeness doesn't cost anything," said Farmer Cornstossel.

"Don't you believe it?"

"Well, I have my doubts. Whenever I go to town and some stranger is especially polite to me I always feel as if it was liable to cost me anywhere from \$1 to \$75, according to how much I happen to have."

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Sore Throat

Many people, especially children, are suffering from sore throat and coughs, caused by the damp, cold weather. It is easy to slip from sore throat or a slight cough into serious illnesses. A few doses of

Staples'

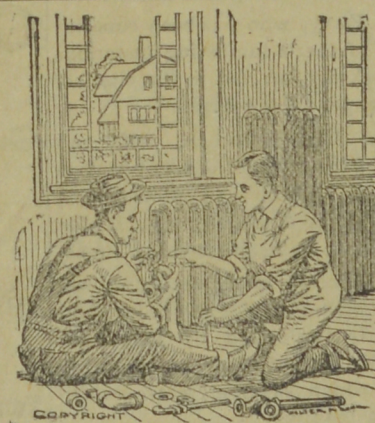
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No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Fredericton by all responsible druggists.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 12th, 1902, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

No. 2 Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.50
No. 134 Express for Quebec and Montreal	18.00
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	12.15
No. 8 Express for Sussex	17.10
No. 4 Mixed for Point du Chene	13.15
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. 133 Express from Montreal and Quebec	13.50
No. 25 Express from Halifax and Pictou	17.40
No. 1 Express from Halifax	18.40
No. 81 Express from Moncton, (Saturday only)	24.35
No. 3 Mixed from Point du Chene	16.50

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, Oct. 10, 1902.

CANADIAN RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINE THE SHORT LINE
To Boston, etc. To Montreal.

IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a.m.—Week days, Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Bangor, Portland and Boston.

7.45 a.m.—Mixed, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, etc., via Gibson Branch. Leaves St. Marys 8.15 a.m.

9.15 a.m.—Mixed, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, etc., via Gibson Branch. Leave St. Marys 9.41 a.m.

9.45 a.m.—Express, week days, for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Express for St. John and points east. Palace sleeper Fredericton Junction to Halifax, N.S.

6.00 p.m.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with the Pacific Express from Montreal for the west. Northwest and Pacific Coast, also connects for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. Palace sleeper from Fredericton Junction to Montreal. Pullman sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston.

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

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

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

11.35 a.m.—Week days, from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton, etc.

6.23 p.m.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Marys 7.35 p.m.

8.09 p.m.—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives St. Marys 7.35 p.m.

8.10 p.m.—Week days from St. John and east.

10.40 p.m.—Week days from Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and north.

All above trains run week days only.

C. B. FOSTER,

Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Timber Licenses.

NOTICE is hereby given, that there will be sold at public auction, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on THURSDAY, the sixth day of November next, at the hour of twelve of the clock, noon, certain Crown Land Licenses, situate on the Tobique River and vicinity in said Province, containing about three hundred square miles, being numbers: 518, 519, 520, 521, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 569 and 570.

And also a one-third interest in thirteen square miles of Timber Lands held by Michael Welch, and the title or interest formerly belonging to Hale & Marchie in the Limits or License held by T. B. Winslow for F. H. Hale and Adams, Burns & Co. For further particulars apply to

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St. John, N. B., Oct. 6th, 1902.

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