

THE TRUE SPORTSMAN.

Stewart Edward White in the American Magazine.)

They had come out on the sandhills over the town. Mr. Kincaid drew up Bucephalus and contemplated it as it lay below them, its roof half-hidden in the mauve and lilac of bare branches, its columns of smoke rising straight up in the frosty air.

"Of course, I don't know, Bobby, whether you'll ever be a hunter or not. It all depends on whether you love, and how—the chance to get out, I mean. But, sonny, you can always be a sportsman, whatever you do. A sportsman does things because he likes them, Bobby, for no other reason—not for money, not to become famous, not even to win—although all these things may come to him and it is quite right that he take them and enjoy them, but for the pleasure of doing. And a right man does not get pleasure in doing a thing in any way he takes an unfair advantage. And after all, that's all I can teach you if we hunt together ten years. Do you think you can remember that?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby, soberly. "There's only one other thing," went on Mr. Kincaid, "that is really important, and it isn't necessary if you remember the other things I've told you. It's pretty easy sometimes to do a thing because you see everybody else doing it. Always remember that a true sportsman in every way is about the starkest thing they make—and the finest. So, naturally, the common run of people won't live up to it."

CATARRH CURED OR MONEY BACK.

The cause of Catarrh is a germ. It multiplies in the lining of the nose and throat, spreads to the bronchial tubes and finally reaches the lungs—it goes to the stomach—and fails to cure—Catarrh is inhaled. It goes everywhere—gets right after the germs—kills them—heals the soreness—stops discharge and hacking—cures every trace of Catarrh. You're absolutely certain of cure for Catarrh, throat irritation, colds or bronchitis, if you use Catarrhoxone. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes sold everywhere.

As to Toes.

Oh, goodness knows
There's toes and toes!
There's pinky toes on baby's feet,
And mistletoes are very sweet.
The last I tried on yesterday
When Gladys stood there 'neath the light,
And as the smack resounded through
The house—oh, moment fraught with rust—
I found, to my complete surprise,
Her father had a toe likewise.
—Horace Dodd Gastin in Judge.

Ice Cream, Etc.

"When a young man reaches the age of nineteen he begins to appreciate the dear girls," said the sweet thing in the pink peach basket.
"Yes," sighed the tall youth who had been talking long detours to avoid ice cream signs. "It is then that he begins to appreciate how 'dear' they are."—Chicago News.

Her Reason.

"The reason that Belle married Billie," said Lillian, "was simply because he was rated a million."
"The panic came on in a very short season. Then Bill lost his cash, and Belle lost her reason."

SHORT STORIES.

Only one person in a thousand reaches sixty years.

The log cut on Aroostook (Me.) waters this year will amount to approximately 123,700,000 feet.

Many rare and valuable paintings have just been discovered in one of the subterranean passages of the State college at Pueblo, Mexico.

Two horses belonging to a former minister to France and kept in luxurious idleness near Milton, Del., were shipped to France because the minister's widow desired to see the animals.

Measuring ten feet six inches, an octopus while being killed at Torradin, Victoria, twined a tackle so firmly around the foot of one of its captors that the terrible membrane had to be cut to free the man.

John Brown's wagon, in which he made pilgrimages during his crusade against slavery, was destroyed by fire in Iowa City, Ia., recently. The wagon was left there by Brown many years ago and had been preserved by Herbert S. Fairall, a pioneer newspaper man of Iowa City.

Blowing in the Yule.

Blowing in the yule from the grim old tower that had stood for 600 years against the blasts of the North Sea was one of the customs of the old town that abide, however it fares with the Nisse; that I know. At sun-up, while yet the people were at breakfast, the town band climbed the many steep ladders to the top of the tower, and up there, in fair weather or foul—and sometimes it blew great gusts from the wintry sea—they played four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass, so that no one was forgotten. They always began with Luther's sturdy challenge, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," while down below we listened devoutly.

There was something both weird and beautiful about those far-away strains in the early morning light of the northern winter, something that was not of earth and that suggested to my child's imagination the angels' songs on far Judean hills. I have never heard music since that so moved me. When the last strain died away, came the big bells with their deep voices that sang far out over field and heath, and our yule was fairly under way.—J. A. Riis in Century Magazine.

A HARBINGER OF SPRING.

Some of the Superstitions Which Are Held in Regard to the Cuckoo.

There is a widespread belief in the old country that whatever line of work or pleasure one is engaged in when the cuckoo is first heard in the spring that will be what one will most frequently engage in during the coming year.

In many parts of Scotland and in the northern counties of England people turn their money in their pockets on hearing the first call of the cuckoo, as this, they say, insures a lucky year. In the counties bordering on Wales not only do they do this but they also have a wish at the same time, this wish being kept secret of course. To have a gold coin in one's pocket when the cuckoo's call is first heard insures good luck for the rest of the year. The German peasants declare that after St. John's day the bird changes into a sparrowhawk.

The Danes have a curious legend regarding this bird. When the village girls hear its first call they kiss their hands and repeat, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" As many times as the bird calls "Cuckoo" in answer, so many years will the maiden have to wait. The old folk, bent and bowed with rheumatism and age, ask instead, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?" and the answer comes in the same way. So occupied is the poor bird in answering these questions, say the Danes, that she never has time to build her nest, hence is forced to lay her eggs in the nest of another bird.

Our forefathers looked upon the cuckoo as the harbinger of spring, and its note to this day is welcomed by country folk as a sign that winter has at last gone.

In Shropshire, Eng., until a few years ago, when the laborers heard the cuckoo's first call they were in the habit of leaving off their work and making holiday for the rest of the day, drinking what they called "cuckoo ale."

Many people still believe that when the cuckoo is first heard in the morning, if the question be put respect fully to it it will by its call denote the number of years the questioner has to live.

TORN CURRENCY.

The Way Mutilated Bills Are Redeemed by Uncle Sam.

In the hands of John Doe or Richard Roe any mutilated note of legal tender in the United States is redeemable at its face value, provided a clear three-fifths of its physical surface be presented at the redemption window of the United States treasury department.

Doe or Roe may have to submit to a little questioning, perhaps, as to how he got it or how the accident happened, but if he doesn't stammer and choke or attempt a clean cut for it he'll get the full value of the mutilated bill.

By inference, then, neither Doe nor Roe may expect anything doing if he shall present less than the prescribed three-fifths of the piece of currency. But the national Government, still liberally disposed toward Doe and Roe, will accept a fragment that may be less than three-fifths, but clearly more than two-fifths of the original note, paying just half the value of the original bill, however, as penalty for the accident.

In the case of James Brown Smith, Esq., known and respected in his home city, he may recover the full value of his note that is under two-fifths measure provided that he will appear before an officer of the law qualified to administer oaths and make affidavit as to time, manner and place in which the mutilation was accomplished. This affidavit will be attested by the official seal of the officer, who also must be prepared to attest in like manner the good character of the affiant. Except in the above instances insufficient portions of a note or notes are returned to the person presenting them for redemption. Paper currency which has been destroyed totally is not redeemable under any circumstances.

Beware of torn currency in general. A bank ought not to pay it out to you for the reason that the Government is so willing to exchange new currency for it. And if you have torn it accidentally yourself you ought to save the pieces and go to the nearest subtreasury to effect the redemption.

Jupiter Warmer Than the Earth.

The gigantic mass of Jupiter has a much larger warmth than that of the earth," says a scientific writer. "It is the result of the molecular movement produced by the compression of the strata and must be greater the more powerful the masses and hence the larger the pressure of the strata is. Jupiter surpasses the earth in point of mass 307 times, and for this reason the inner temperature or individual warmth of the planet is probably high enough to evaporate the water upon the surface quickly, so that water vapor forms the principal substance of the atmosphere of Jupiter. Water vapor is an excellent reflector and readily accounts for that bright radiation of light emitted by the planet."

Hit Hard.

"Your husband is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rymer."
"He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it."
"No? Has he been overworking himself?"

"It isn't that so much. It's his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises!"

Military Discipline.

The last time a British soldier was shot for disobedience of orders is believed to have been during the month of April, 1860, when a private of the Fifth Bengal regiment was court-martialled and shot for disobeying the orders of a lance corporal by refusing with two others to take a comrade to the guardroom. The one who was shot was on duty at the time.

Flattered.
"Waal, I swain!" drawled the postmaster at Bacon Ridge. "Thar goes old Dr. Grimes."

"Yass; the old man is getting to be quite a sport," chuckled one of the loungers—"shaves twice a week, puts b'ar's grease in his hair, wears his mustache pointed like a corkscrew and puts on a b'iled shirt once every Sunday."

"Gosh and hemlock! What's the old man up to?"

"Why, he thinks he's handsome!"

"What in tarnation gave him that idea?"

"Haven't you heard? The pretty schoolteacher from the city passed him on the road and asked him if he wasn't a 'beauty doctor?'—Detroit Free Press.

Making a Garden.

I got some packages of seeds and planted them in rows.

The land was freed
From cloid and weed
And watered with a hose.

And where I planted early peas I take my solemn vow
That early peas
Wave in the breeze
And gayly blossom now.

I hate to balk the humorists, but I am forced to say
That beans have grown
Where beans were sown.
It sometimes works that way.
—Kansas City Journal.

Recognized the Umpire.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am learning a lot about baseball. I can pick out the umpire every time."

"Oh, you can?"
"Yes. He's the gentleman with the marcel waves on his chest."—Washington Star.

A Diamond Divorcee.

She made a fan.
a hit base-
and with a home
wed ner She's third;
first, she stole her get
her sec- ficed
ond man, Was
man, Was
—W. B. Kerr in Judge.

Heartless.

"What awful looking frump posed for that picture?"

"Why, that's a woman whose life was saved by drinking Whangdoodle's clover tea."

"Too bad."—Ohio State Journal.

Respectfully Declined.

The poet wrote a dainty verse
Entitled "The Declining Day."
No stupid blunder could be worse—
At least so other poets say.

The editor to whom 'twas sent
Returned the poem right away,
Which to the luckless writer meant
That this was his declining day.
—Lurana W. Sheldon in New York Times.

Going the Pace.

Mrs. Crow—Where are you going this summer for a rest?

Mrs. Cram—A friend of mine told me of a lovely place where they do nothing but play golf all day and bridge all night.—Judge.

A BUSINESS EXTENDER.

The Kind of Man For Whom There is a Big Demand.

"I am looking for a clerk, a man with a personality, a man who can go things and increase my business. Money is no item. I will not take salary into consideration. I will pay \$100, \$125 or whatever he is worth. I want the man." That is what a successful merchant said some days ago.

Let us pay our respects to the merchant who is looking for a clerk of this kind. A good clerk deserves a good salary and usually gets it. This matter of good pay for good services is the basic principle of the relations between employer and employee. While all merchants are not willing to pay enough salary to their clerks, there are more merchants who are glad to pay all a clerk is worth than there are clerks who are glad to be worth all they are paid.

Every village, town and city is looking for the man who can "increase business." The man who will work for the interests of his employer is wanted the world over. The world of business is crying out for such men, for men whom it can trust and in whom it can place confidence that a thing will be done when the "boss" back is turned. This man is wanted in every store, factory, at every post and in every great business in the land.

If you are attempting to avoid responsibility and as much work as possible you will, unless by great mistake, escape promotion or increase in salary. There are two kinds of clerks, and only two kinds. One the entire business world is anxiously searching for, and the other the entire business world is anxiously waiting to get rid of.—Twin City Commercial Bulletin.

The Use of Iron.

Iron has been known to men for a very long time. In the time of the Assyrians it was extensively used, iron saws, knives and other tools having been found by Layard at Nineveh. Homer refers to the forging of iron, while the hardening and tempering of steel appear to have been operations in common use among the early Greeks. The employment of a kind of bellows for the forging of tools, presumably of iron, figures in Egyptian sculpture of 1500 B. C. Cast iron appears to have been discovered about 350 B. C. Through the agency of the Romans the manufacture of iron was introduced all over the then known world and into those regions where it had not been previously known.

BELLS OF THE BASTILLE.

They Are Hung In a Little Rustic Building in Paris.

The bells of the Bastille are still in Paris in a little court in Avenue d'Eylau, where they are hung in a little rustic building. There is no doubt as to their authenticity. They carry in relief their story. "These three bells were made by Louis Cheron, founder to the court, for the royal Bastille in the year 1761." Fleurs-de-lis, crosses and sacred figures adorn the legend. The bells formerly were part of the clock installed by M. Sartine in 1764. In the archives de l'arsenal are all the documents relative to the work.

On July 14, 1789, the bells of the assailants stopped the clock of the Bastille at a quarter past five in the evening. Pailloy, who demolished the prison, three days later received the order to deliver the clock to the commander of the Paris militia, who transported it to no one knows whither. After the revolution the bells were found at the foundries of Rouilly-sur-Andelle, in Eure, where, under the reign of terror, the church bells were converted into money. The proprietor of the foundry was interested in these relics and did not melt them. He installed the three bells in his works with the movement of the clock. By this time the dial plate had disappeared and the figures which belonged to it. Some years ago the bells were transferred from the Rouilly foundry to Paris, and there they have since remained.—London Globe.

The French Academy.

The French academy is one of the five academies and the most eminent constituting the Institute of France. It was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu and reorganized in 1816. It is composed of forty members, the new member elected by the remaining thirty-nine members for life after personal application and the submission of the nomination to the head of the state. It meets twice weekly and is "the highest authority on everything pertaining to the niceties of the French language—to grammar, rhetoric and poetry and the publication of the French classics." The chief officer is the secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. A chair in the academy is the highest ambition of most literary Frenchmen.

BRIEFS FROM THE WIRES.

Frank Davis, aged 25, whose parents live in Ottawa, shot himself yesterday at the west cannery, at Vancouver, where he was bookkeeper.

Bernard L. Tarbox of Boston, Mass., a bigamist, now living in Canada, is defendant in a \$25,000 suit brought by his "affinity's" parents.

Frank Martin of Martin's Island, was in court at Chatham charged with selling liquor without a license and fined \$100 or three months in jail. Three-year-old Nellie Hill of 162 De Grassi street, Toronto, who was so terribly burned Sunday noon, died in the Hospital for Sick Children at 8 o'clock yesterday morning.

The St. John, N.B., police last night arrested two Greeks for selling "Free Speech," a Moncton publication, in this city. It is thought other arrests will follow, as these men are said to have been acting for others.

Three hundred persons are aboard the British steamer Waratah en route from Sydney for London, and failure to hear any report of the vessel since she sailed from Durban, Natal, July 26 has resulted in some alarm.

James H. Dunn, at one time a Montreal stock broker, but who has accumulated a large fortune in London dealing in stocks, has purchased the magnificent country home of Lord Charles Beresford, some miles out of London.

The Intelligent Censor.

Some years ago a young man of St. Petersburg, Ivan Fedowski, quarreled with his sweetheart and then took his grief out of the country. About a year after he wrote to the girl asking her to "make up" and telling her if she forgave him to insert a "personal" to that effect in a St. Petersburg paper not later than a certain date. The girl was repentant, too, and she promptly got the "personal" ready, and all would have been well had it not been for the lynx eyed censor, who believed it to be some sort of nihilist message and refused to allow its publication. After awhile, however, the stern official was convinced that the "personal" was harmless, and it was printed four days late. It was a little while after when the girl received word that her lover, having failed to see the message in print on the day he had set, had shot himself two days before it saw the light.

Kept His Feet Dry.

Extraordinary conduct on the part of two men upon seeing the body of a woman in the water was disclosed at an inquest held at the Victory inn, on the Hogs Back, Surrey. A farm laborer named Sidney Smith missed his mother one morning and on searching found her lying face upward in a roadside pond. He ran off, and another laborer named Matthews, who passed the pond, also ran away, neither making any effort to pull her out. Matthews told the coroner he did not do so, as he did not know if he would be doing right.

The Coroner—The poor creature might have not been dead at that time. You could easily have got her out, I suppose?

"I should have had to go up to my knees in the water."—London Mail.

Regatta in England.

The first regatta in England was in 1775, and it was imported into that country by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had been impressed by the water show of Venice. There was no series of races. There was a procession of city barges to a "temporary octagon," where there was reveling that night and well into the next day. Only seven of the company were drowned on the return journey, which speaks well for the average sobriety of the crowd.—London King.

Breakfast Hours.

A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and as he registered asked a question of the clerk.

"What time do you have breakfast?"
"From half past March to a quarter to May."—Harper's Weekly.

Boring the Bores.

"What do you do to get rid of bores?"

"Just as soon as they come into my office I start in telling them of the latest cute thing my baby said."

Out in the Rain.

It is particularly aggravating when you get caught in the rain with your new hat to see by the official weather report that the precipitation was only six one-hundredths of an inch.—Ohio State Journal.

Idleness makes such slow progress that misery easily catches it at the first turning of the roadway.

That Boy.

The boy who hates arithmetic—
Most any boy's a sample—
Is likely not to like the man
You point as his example.

IMPERIAL HALL

now showing a large and select assortment of Imported and Domestic Hugs and Trouserings for Spring and Summer.

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Is all right — we are never afraid to talk price, but if we could only get people to consider

VALUE

as well, there is no doubt that we would sell all the Ready-To-Wear Clothing in town,

Our Clothing

is built to make the price yield the value every time, and greatly does it succeed. Before that pay envelope is empty we want you to come in and see the values we do offer.

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