# CASTORIA

in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Chart Hitcher: Sonal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the hee'th of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Optum, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

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For more than 17 years this institution has provided banking facilities for this section. Its stockholders and directors have been identified with the business interests of Halifax and Northampton counties for many-years. Money is loaned upon approved security at the legal rate of interest—six per centum. Accounts of all are solicited.

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E. DANIEL,

W. R. SMITH.

R. S. TRAVIS,

## TEARS STRONGER THAN ART.

Model's Grief Over Nude Picture Moves Painter To Destroy It.

Chicago later Ocean.

A canvas, slashed and torn until it scarcely can be recognized as a painting; a Canadian girl hurrying home, away from the glamour of Chicago's Bohemia, and an artist who made a great sacrifice when moved by a girl's tears-these things are all that is left of one of the little tragedies of the local artists' world.

The studio drama is a duplicate of Robert W. Chambers' "The Common Law." The people in the real story are duplicates of those weaved from the brain of the writer and the incidents are uniquely similar.

Briefly, the romance centers about a young and pretty girl, Miss Marion McKenzie, tired of the humdrum existence in a country town near Windsor, Canada, came to Chicago in hope life here would be more enjoyable. Her air castles soon tumbled after arriving. and within three weeks she was alone, friendless and without mon-ey. Pride prevented her from writing her parents of her misfor-tune and she resolved to struggle on alone.

While looking through the want ads in a newspaper an advertisement for an artist's model caught her eye and she answered it. The reply that came back brought joy to her heart and she went to the address given, the studio of Wellington Reynolds in the Tree Studio Building at State and Ontario

Her pretty face, beautiful form and type of beauty appealed to the artist, and she immediately engaged as the model for his new painting, "The Asphodel Gatherer." When informed that she would have to pose in the nude she refused and left the studio. Later on she came back and reluctantly consented.

Three days ago the painting was coming art exhibition. The girl came to see the painting for which she was the model. Shamefaced she gazed at it, then burst into tears, and begged that it be destroyed. Overcome by her emotion, Reynolds took his palette scraper and slashed it into strips, ruining his chance for a prize.

Yesterday the girl left Chicago, possibly never to return. Today she will dine with her aged father and mother at her home near Windsor. Tonight the artists in the characters in the Chambers

## IN PERPLEXITY.

"Michael Dolan, an' is it voursel ?"

"Yes, sure it is."

"Well, ye know that bletherin' spalpeen, Widdy Castigan's second husband ?"

"He bet me a bob to a pint I couldn't swally an egg without breakin' the shell uv it."

"An' ye did it ?" "I did."

"Then, phwat's ailin' ye?" "It's doon there," laying his hand on the lower part of his waistcoat. "If I jump about I'll break it an' cut me stomach

wid the shell, an' if I kape quiet it'll hatch and I'll have a Shanghai rooster scratchin' me

## A WORLD-WIDE TRUST.

A baldheaded man approached Congressman Henry M. Goldfogle on Grand street.

'Mr. Goldfogle," he said, "I am a stranger to you, but I want to let you know that I will vote to send you back to Washington.

"Thank you. "I want no thanks. But how long have you been bald?"

Mr. Goldfogle thought a mo-"Since a boy, I guess," he re-

"It's been the same with me," said the stranger, sadly. "We baldheaded men must stand together, and that's why I-m going to vote for you."-New York

W'en you see a man in wo,' Walk right up and say "Hullo!" Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the world a-usin' you?" Slap the fellow on his back. Bring yer han' down with a whack; Waltz right up an' don't go slow, Grin an' shake an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O, sho! Walk right up an say "Hullo!" Rags is but a cotton roll Jes' for wrappin' up a soul; An' a soul is worth a true Hale an' hearry "How d'ye do?" Don't wait for the crowd to go; Walk right in an' say "Hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say, They saloot an' sail away; Jest the same as you an' me Lonesome ships upon a sea, Each one sailing his own jog For a port beyond the fog. Let your speakin' trumpet blow; Lift your horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?" Other folks are good as you. W'en yer leave yer house of clay, Wanderin' in the far away: W'en you travel through the strange Country t'other side the range, Then the souls you've cheered will know Who ye be, an' say "Hullo!"

Life is but a game of cards, which each one has to learn, Each shuffles, cuts and deals a pack and each a trump doth turn; Some turn a high card at the top, while others turn a low. Some hold a hand quite full of trumps, while others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand and pack their cards with care, So they may know when they are dealt where all the leaders are. Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues and rogues each other cheat, But he is very wise indeed who never merits defeat.

tists gathered in his studio and en- Some play the deuce and some the tray and many play the knave. thusiastically told the artist the pic- Some play for money and some for fun and more for worldly fame. ture would be the sensation at the And not until the game's played out can they count up their gain.

> When hearts are trumps we play for love, then pleasures deck the hour, No thought of sorrow checks our joy in Rosy's beauteous bower; We dance and sing, sweet music make, our cards at random play. And while the heart remains on top our game is but a holiday.

And heavy sums are won and lost by gamblers young and old; Intent on winning each doth watch his cards with eager eye, So he may watch is neighbor's hand and cheat him on the sly. .

For bloody deeds are often done when clubs are in the hand; Then lives are staked instead of gold, the days are wornout bread. Across the broad Atlantic now see clubs have got the head.

who will listen and compare it with And always finishes up the game in every land and clime; No matter how much a man may win or how much a man may save, You'll find the spade turns up at last and digs the player's grave.

## PUTTING IN THE TIME.

"That I do."

house supplied with vegetables and to the theatre herself."-Smart do any odd job that is required and Set.

den?" asked the man.

"I was thinking I could make bricks in my spare time," said the

## HE COULDN'T SEE.

teacher of the Sunday school class of which Jack was a new member. He had been told that as this was his first Sunday he would not be asked any questions but he must

pay close attention just the same. So, on the way home his father asked him who it was who killed

"I don't know, I was sitting on the back seat and couldn't see." was the ready answer.

## COULDN'T DO IT.

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band.

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come Every man knows something to me! I can't even play a mouf-

## Once while assisting in the

Way.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING.

last sad rites that so often fall consent to our union. on us to perform here on earth, for some dear and precious loved one strickened by the larly impressed as we beheld the casket containing the still,

Few flowers bloomed beside it, of lifeless poverty and self-denial? but little sunlight ever crossed it. Tired and weary, few proffered help, sad and discouraged reached for his hat. -few spoke words of cheer. ed none to remove them; often all along taken you to be.' cast down there seemed none to guide. But all is over now; ing's Magazine. the pangs, the regrets, the cares, the sorrows can hamper

that form no longer, neither can any tender, loving administration you may now bestow take one pang, one regret, pluck one thorn or emit one ray of sunshine on the life already over, or add one jot on the bliss of the soul in its new estate. That day most beautiful flowers were proffered by those whose lips never uttered one

word of cheer to the departed. Close, close with the arms of sleep nor hands never holden out to help, to remove the thorn, to And count that in dreaming I am smooth the way and make at least one pleasant little oasis Yea, in my slumber glory in the on life's desert. Have we friends? We trust

save not all the flowers for my burial, but sprinkle a few along In waking moments-with no cares my pathway now-just a few. We can appreciate them just It is not in the power of fate to now, How refreshing-how they will fill my poor heart with My joy; for me the way must still joy just to know someone thinks

licitous for our welfare. Oh, how it brightens life, lightens its burdens; the consolation even softens a dying pillow, might we not say adds bliss to the departed spirit. Yes, strew our coffin with flowers, but oh, grant us a few by the wayjust a few bestowed against the day of our burial.

ROCKEFELLER ENJOYS THIS.

When he was motoring Mr. can't dictate to a woman some-Rockefeller was a random storyhow. I s'pose it's because I teller and joker. He once told have been married so long."- me that if he could not tell stories and could not joke he would have been dead forty years ago. To illustrate his taste in stories and fun. let me recall a few. Here is one Mr. Rockefeller credited to one of his New York law vers:

A farmer was driving a team of horses with a heavy load up a steep hill. Down the hill came a man in a little light buggy and You can judge a woman by the out for me I will serve you the same as I did another man I passed

At this the farmer with the heavy load turned out. When the other man had passed the farmer stopped his horses and called after him. "Hey, what did you do to the fellow back there?"

"'Oh," was the answer, "I turned out for him." This story of a
successful bluff seemed to tickle
Mr. Rockefeller hugely.—Ameri-

## PAGE FROM A ROMANCE.

Strew Our Coffin with Flowers, Conversation, However, Reads a But Grant Us a Few By The Whole Lot More Like a Scene In Real Life.

> "And so your father refuses to "He does Rodolphus."

The sad youth swallowed a sob. "Is there nothing left for us, hand of death we were particu- then, but an elopement?" said he. "Nothing."

"Do you think, Clementine, that silent form so profusely cover- you could abandon this luxurious ed with flowers that it seemed home, forget all the enjoy-"Twould be bliss to there re- ments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted But we had known the path- parents' hearts, and go west with way that silent form had trod, a poor young man to enter a home

"I could, Rodolphus." The sad youth rose wearily and

"Then," said he, "you are from Thorns by the way, there seem- being the practical girl I have all

And with one last look around to lift up. A heart starving on the sumptuousness that some for a loving word, a soul bewil- day he had hoped to share, he dered for lack of a tender hand sobbed and said farewell. -Brown-

## TO DREAM OF YOU.

To dream of you-that is the one bequest

That fate has made me; sorrow is my guest Through all the weary day; but

when the night Comes with its quiet peace and tender light My fired head soft pillowed on her

breast. Irest

blestright To dream of you.

we have. Then we pray them To whisper in my dreams love unconfessed

> oppressed. blight

seem bright of us-cares for us, is even so- While valiantly this boon from her wrest-To dream of you.

> -Celia M. Robinson. A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I wish you happiness throughout the coming year, and tho' I may not always tell you so, the thought and the wish will be yours just the same. Whatever joy or success comes to you, it will make me glad.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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when we call their attention to the valuable book entitled, "THE TIME IS AT HAND," in which are given many Scriptural evidences to prove where we are on the stream of time. "Men's hearts are fulling them for fear" and many of the leading thinkers are proposing remedies to better conditions. The Scriptures assure us that man's extremity will be God's opportunity, and this book bolds out an anchor to those who fear the wave

spiring events. While we refer to this us the BRAIN AGE and the Age of ENLIGHTENMENT, nevertheless many realize that we are fast approaching a crisis which is wrapped in darkness owing to the present world wide social, religious and political un-

As though by instruct the whole creation, while it groups and travalls in pain together, waits for, longs for and hopes for the DAY, calling it the "GOLDEN AGE"; yet men grops blindly because not aware of the great Jehovah's gracious purposes. And to his wondering creatures, looking at the length and breadth, the height and depth of the love of God, surpassing all expectation. He explains: "My thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord; for as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways thoughts than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Isa.

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year for The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50.



Old Papers for Sale at this Office.

completed. Reynolds' fellow ar- In playing some will lead the ace their counting card to save,

When diamonds chance to crown the top then players stake their gold

When clubs are trumps look out for war, on ocean and on land,

Bohemia will tell the story to those And last of all Is when the spade is turned by hand of time,

A gentleman was engaging a general man and telling him what he wanted him to do. "You will detained at the office until midhave to clean windows and the night? boots and the knives and go messages, chop wood, cut short grass, mind the horse and pony, look after the garden and keep the

if suitable you will get ten shillings a week "Is there any clay in the gar-

'What makes you ask that?' asked the gentleman.

Little Jack's father was the

but beware of the thorns. A girl with a dot cuts quite

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S

Howard-Did you telephone Mrs, Howard that I would be

GOT OUT OF THE HABIT

Office Boy-Yes, sir. "And what did she say?" "Said she didn't blame you -she had an engagement to go

WAS ALL RIGHT. "I see you have got a young man stenographer ?"

"Yes." "Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office? "I suppose she does, but

Expect little from those who

ful not to get the wrong address.

promise a great deal.

A man's table manners may depend on the layout before him. In delivering a speech, be care-

things she likes best. Yours may be a bed of roses-

CASTORIA