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HOMESICKNESS.

The Tie That Once Has Bound a Boy to His Home Will Never Come Untied

Out in the Philippines the order to the military bands, it is said, is said to play "Home, Sweet Home" very sparingly.

The reason? The old tune is apt to induce homesickness in the soldiers, and homesickness leads to desertion.

General Leonard Wood, chief of staff in the army, asserts that the greater proportion of desertions in our military forces is caused by homesickness.

It is the same in other armies.

In Canada some years ago the authorities found it necessary, for the same reason, to prohibit the playing of "Lochaber No More" by the bagpipers in regiments of troops composed largely of Scotchmen.

Also— A similar prohibition was made for a like reason, by French officers against the playing of "Rans des Vaches" in regiments in which Swiss troops were serving.

And— Human nature being the same everywhere, it is likely that much playing of "Die Wacht am Rhein" would tend toward desertions from the German army in Africa.

The home tunes touch a tender spot.

The doctors say homesickness is a real disorder. They call it "nostalgia" and say it often takes the form of acute melancholia and is ruinous to health and frequently fatal.

Persons literally die and go insane from the heart wrenchings.

The poor soldier, far from familiar scenes and home surroundings, among a strange people, doing onerous duty, hears the dear familiar music, and the longing for the homeland tugs at the heart.

The longing induces brooding, which ends in acute melancholia. The lure of home makes him half insane, and he forgets his duty and his oath.

The call of memory is enhanced by time and distance.

Who can resist the tender plea? Those who lead men into strange lands do well to be careful they do not awaken in the hearts of their followers fond recollections of native land and home and friends.

Because— The tie that once has bound a boy to his home will never come untied.

WAYSIDE WISDOM.

Few men know enough to give advice.

Energy has made more men famous than merit.

There is no hunger as keen as the hunger for sympathy.

Sometimes a man kisses a girl against her will, against his own will.

No matter how lazy a man may be, his laziness seldom extends to his tongue.

Most of us are too busy looking for tomorrow's possibilities to see those of today.

Some people look on the bright side of things so persistently that they wind up the proud possessors of a gold brick.

A woman can go into the biggest department store on earth, and without half trying, ask for something they haven't got.

No Need to Stop Work.

When your doctor orders you to stop work, it stagers you. "I can't," you say. You know you are weak, run down and failing in health, day by day, but you must work as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength, and vigor to your system, to prevent breakdown and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c. at all druggists.

No bachelor likes to be roasted, but it is no more uncomfortable than being married and kept in hot water.

BEST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Dr. Wm. D. Hooper's **CASTORIA** has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR INFANTS CHILDREN WHILE AT THE SAME TIME PERFECT SUCCESS. IT IS A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR COLIC, SCOURGE, AND ALL THE ILLS OF INFANCY. IT IS A SURE AND SURE REMEDY FOR COLIC, SCOURGE, AND ALL THE ILLS OF INFANCY. IT IS A SURE AND SURE REMEDY FOR COLIC, SCOURGE, AND ALL THE ILLS OF INFANCY.

WHEN THE DAY IS OVER,

When the bees come home from the scented clover,
When the sun sinks into its grave in the west;
When the heart and the toil and the care is over
And the day's head lies on night's soft breast;
When the stars shine down from the halls of heaven,
And the moon sails out o'er the sea of blue,
Tis then I grow tired of the whole world around me,
'Tis then, in the darkness, I long for you.

Through the dreary day with its weary struggle,
With the ceaseless throng of the armies of men;
When the heart grows sick, and the brow grows fevered,
It does not seem that I miss you then;
But after the day's fierce fight is over
And the tired world goes to its well earned rest,
'Tis then that I long to take you and kiss you,
And hold you close to my hungry breast.

In life's short day with ceaseless toiling
For wealth and honor and wealthy fame,
When the heart grows numb and the brain is reeling,
I do not hearken to hear your name
But after life and its fight is over,
And death leads me out from the haunts of men,
I want you there with your arms around me,
I want you to kiss me and love me then.

THE FRUIT BEGINS TO FALL.

The fruit begins to fall in the orchard far away
On hills and in the valleys of the dreams of yesterday;
The golden apples mellow in the burning August sun—
Oh, beating heart, the summer, can it be the summer's done?
Can it be, beloved, the twilights have begun to grow so gray,
The fruit, the fruit is falling in the dreams of yesterday!

The fruit begins to fall in that golden melody
Of the thud amid the grass that is lush beneath the tree;
The peaches' cheeks are burning, and there's crimson on the pears,
And all the pipes of summer blow the little farewell airs;
Blow the airs of dreams departing in the orchards that we know
In the morning dreams of beauty mid the hills of long ago!

The fruit begins to fall and behind the barn they pile
The windfalls for the pressing where the mills of cider smile;
The orchards seem so haunted with the murmur of the bees,
And, oh, my Lady Summer, ties her veil beneath the trees;
My Lady, Lady Summer, how her bright smile haunts us still,
While yet the fruit is falling in the orchards on the hill!

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM.

The little boy smiled in his sleep that night,
As he wandered to Twilight Town;
And his face lit up with a heavenly light
Through the shadows that drifted down;
But he woke next morning with tear-stained eye
In the light of the gray dawn's gloom,
And out from the silliness we heard him cry,
"I've lost my dream—my dream."

And he told us then in his childish way,
Of the wonderful dream he'd known;
He had wandered away from the land of play
To the distant land of the Grown;
He had won his share of the fame and fight
In the struggle and toil of men;
And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light,
"I want my dream again."

As the years passed by the little boy grew
Till he came to the Land of the Grown,
And the dream of his early youth came true,
The dream that he thought had flown;
Yet once again he smiled in his sleep—
When those near by night have heard him weep,
"I want my dream—my dream."

For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth,
And the smile on his mother's face;
A hearth of oldtime faith and truth
In the light of an old-home place;
He had won his share of the fame and fight
In the struggle of toil of men—
Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light,
"I want my dream again."

A MATTER OF FACT.

In the days long ago, in the sixties, you know, when Grandma went walking, she held her skirts so. What would she say, if she saw girls today, with their skirts clutched so tightly. They all look this way.

A Dreadful Sight

To H. J. Barnum, of Freeville, N. Y., was the fever-sore that had plagued his life for years in spite of many remedies he tried. At last he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and wrote: "It has entirely healed with scarcely a scar left." Heals Burns, Boils, Eczema, Cuts, Bruises, Corns and Piles like magic. Only 25c. at all druggists.

Meet people with a smile unless they are borrowers.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

WANTED REGULAR WORK.

A farm hand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores by lantern light. "I'm going to quit!" he said to the farmer at the end of the month. "You promised me a steady job." "Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply. "No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do and fool my time away sleeping."

INSOLVENT.

"And," asks the referee in bankruptcy, after the lady has given, as best she may, a list of her debts, "is this all you owe?" The fair one bites her lips and thinks hard for a moment, then answers: "I owe party calls to almost everybody in town, judge. Must I put them down, also?"—Chicago Herald.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

"What's parlor socialism?" asked Maybelle. "Having two callers at the same time and letting each hold a hand," Grace explained.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"ABIDE WITH ME."

A Touching Little Story of a Dying Girl.

Abide with me. First fall the evening The darkness deepens. Lord, with me abide. When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

On the white operating table of a Chicago hospital a girl was dying. Clara Butler, soprano of a suburban church, by accident had been thrown under the wheels of a train and was hurried to the hospital in hope of saving her life by an operation.

In vain! Knowing that death was fast closing down on her life, she whispered a message to her friends, who were in an adjoining room, and said, with a smile, "Tell them I am not afraid to die."

Then she began to sing. Pure and clear at first rang the tones of the old hymn of faith and trust. The glorious voice that had often wafted the souls of devout worshippers floated through the operating room.

The darkness deepens. Lord, with me abide.

The surgeons and nurses turned away to the windows. Their eyes were wet. The singer's soul, winged for its flight, was in the voice. Soon it faltered, and as the darkness deepened and the waters closed over her it died away in the whisper:

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

The singer was dead. She had sung her own requiem.

You do not believe as the girl believed? What would you give if you could do so? Superstition? Self-deception? Well, the girl was brave. Do not wish you could hug such a superstition to your heart? Ah, could you but experience such a divine self-deception!

It works, or, to put it in your scientific speech, it is pragmatic. Something, from somewhere, stifled the awful agony.

Disbeliever, agnostic or what not, are you not glad the poor girl got her glorious strength as the life ebbed from her mangled body? You would no more take away that girl's hope than you would knock from beneath him the crutches of the poor cripple.

Help of the helpless! Are you quite prepared to say that the girl's prayer was unanswered?

THE HANDY MAN.

His Job of Varnishing the Door Was Not a Howling Success.

Mr. Brewster thought his front door looked as though a coat of varnish would do it no harm and resolved to do it himself to save the expense of a painter.

Finding an old "golden syrup" tin in the yard, he went off to the shop for some "best oak varnish." He placed it in the pantry for the night and was up early next morning and by half past 12 had got the door finished.

"I don't like it now it's done," he said to his wife. "It's had varnish," she replied. "He's sold you the wrong sort of stuff."

He thought so, too, and went back to the shop, taking what was left with him. "This is funny varnish you sold me," said he. "It's dull, sticky stuff."

After examining it the shopman said: "This is not what I sold you. This is syrup."

It then dawned upon him that he had got hold of the wrong tin, and he went back home to explain to his wife who at once said: "Good gracious James!" And I've made the pudding with the other tinful!" Then after a moment's pause, "You'll dine today on roast mutton and varnish pudding!"—Pearson's Weekly.

THE ETERNAL WOMAN.

"Can you see anything the matter with my throat?" asked the woman who was consulting the new lady physician.

"Your throat? Goodness me!" exclaimed the lady doctor. "I had forgotten that. I was counting how many of your teeth were filled with gold and how many with amalgam."

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.

A Well Trained Husband Is Handy When the Bills Come In.

In these days when everything from spring hats to voting seems to be framed up for the delight and satisfaction of women, it is with exultation that we find a few kind words for man. The Baltimore Sun caught them, and passes them along as follows:

"A husband is a woman's best friend!" exclaimed Laura Jean Libby, the eminent authoress and expert on matters of the heart. How true it is! Though he may be neglected and forgotten for weeks, when the bill collector comes around the husband is called to the front. Whatever minor position he may occupy at other times, just after the first of the month he becomes important. He must face the grocer, meet the milliner and answer the missive of the dry goods man.

"Whether the suffragists will admit it or not, a husband is a very handy thing to have around the house. He can fix the furnace, bring up the coal, talk back to the hired man, and some exceptionally brave and hardy ones have been known to go to the extent of taking their lives in their hands and discharging the cook. They save a lot of trouble when ladies want to go to the theatre, and are extensively used as companions in going to bridge parties and returning from the same.

"A sad and silent figure he may be, and his name appears in the blaze of social lights only as 'among those present,' but when he gets away even the busiest club woman of a wife soon finds that something is missing. In a theatre or at a reception he makes the finest of fur-holders and wrap-carriers, and nothing else forms so excellent a background for brilliant costumes as a row of them standing up at the back of an opera box.

"Laura Jean is right. A woman has no better friend than a well trained husband. And the women realize it. Whenever the supply of husbands runs short in any community there is sadness and sorrow. Bachelors are all right in their way, but the only genuine is the man who marries. He fights the world battles, keeps up his fires, moves his furniture, looks after his children, and pays his bills. Though he seldom gets a monument until he has passed away from this vale of tears, he is a hero, too."

HEADED THEM OFF.

"Got a good scheme."
"What?"
"Gave my fiancée a phonograph."
"For heaven's sake, why?"
"None of the other fellows will call on her now."

TOUGH LUCK.

An aviator said did cry,
"Oh, Agnes, look at me!
I started out to sail the sky
And now I'm up a tree!"

Nothing can astonish a girl more when she means to flirt with a man than to have him begin it first.

Things worth while are more apt to come your way if you go after them.

A short sermon makes a fat collection plate.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Wood's Fall Seed Catalogue

just issued—tells what crops you can put in to make the quickest grazing, or hay, to help out the short feed crops. Also tells about both

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"I was Crippled, could hardly walk and had to Crawl"

down stairs at times on my hands and knees. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I was in the hospital for weeks, but was scarcely able to walk when I left it. I read about

Dr. Miles' Nerve

bought a bottle and began to get better from the start, and for the past six months I have had scarcely any pain and am able to walk as well as ever." J. H. SANDERS, P. O. box 5, Rockaway, N. J. Few medicines are of any benefit for rheumatism, but Mr. Sanders tells plainly what Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve did for me. One ounce of salicylate of soda added to one bottle of Nerve makes an excellent remedy for rheumatism, which is now known to be a nervous disease and therefore subject to the influence of a medicine that acts through the nerves, as does

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Sufferers from rheumatism seldom fail to find relief in the use of Dr. Miles' Nerve, with salicylate of soda.

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Capital and Surplus, \$47,000.

For more than 15 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.

The surplus and undivided profits having reached a sum equal to the capital stock, the Bank has, commencing January 1, 1905, established a Savings Department allowing interest on time deposits as follows: For Deposits allowed to remain three months or longer, 2 per cent; six months or longer, 3 per cent; twelve months or longer, 4 per cent. For further information apply to the President or Cashier.

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