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Portland at 6 p.

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EAPOT.

if I smile at Billy, sure to make him laugh; say, if you could see him, iollier by half a kicks and ugly faces. tell you all the while, pleasanter for any boy gir) to laugh and smile.

he Light-House Boys.

BY MARY F. BUTTS. having a ch. Now B

have perhaps seen a light-house tall tower, and its great lamp bright rays out upon the dark Maybe you have lived in a use far out on a rocky, wavepoint; or on a cliff over-looking blue sea; or on an island where eakers come roaring up to your and the spray is dashed by the gainst your window panes. Out ocean there is an immense ledge mile long, called The Rock. On ck in the sea stands a light-house built of great blocks of granite. by the tower stands the stone of the light-house keeper. In the house live the keeper's boys, with baby sister. There is no place on lock for a garden. There are here here bits of earth in the little holbut these spots are not large h for one fat yellow pumpkin to living in. Five miles from The lies The Island. Just the place sedinners for the light-house boys is fat, comfortable, little island. happened one November afterto go over to The Island for sup-As he started down the rocky to the landing, Mrs. Lane called im to be sure and remember the and the condensed milk and the

papa,' teased Bennie, as he tagalong at his father's heels, 'won't bring me one of Jim Tolman's kit-They're big enough to eat fish

Ill see,' was the pleasant answer. 't bother now.'

ome pop-corn; it's such fun to te cornballs cold winter evenings.' a Mr. Lane put out his dory for cat-boat, which was moored a short ance from the shore. The boys ited and watched until the sail was paid, credit glasted and the little boat went dancing the waves. Then they ran back the light-house to help mother. Lit-Carrie, the two-year old sister, had a fretful the night before, and nma had slept but little. So the s were playing nurse for a while. was very pleasant in the lightse kitchen that afternoon. The kstove was doing its best to bake mething spicy and plummy; the teatle sang its cherriest song; a cod-"muddle" was gently simmering elf done. Baby Carrie sat in state on bit of rag carpet, and her devoted serts, Bob and Ben, were building lendid light-houses for her out of bbles from the sea-shore. So cheery is it, indeed, that nobody noticed hen the breeze came blowing up from e south and ruffled the smooth blue ainto a thousand curly, foamy waves. lrs. Lane was dozing over her sewing, en suddenly the kitchen door was lown open with a great fury and a ush of wind; the baby cried, the boys

> The wind grew wilder the sea grew ougher. Mrs. Lane stood at the winonight. He knows better than to out out in such a gale. He couldn't possibly land while the waves run so

essed close to mamma with questions

And the light, mother? said Rob. We must keep it,' said the mother. It is almost time to light it now.'

Within an hour the night fell, and the rays from the great light began to stream over the gray, tossing sea.

The family ate their supper. Baby Carrie went off to by-low land in her mother's arms. The boys teased to sit up till it was time to trim the lamp at midnight. But the mother said : 'No, 10. Go to bed, and wake up bright in the morning and help keep house till

awake till the lamp has been trimmed. Mother was up with Carrie nearly all night. What if she should go to sleep and not wake at the right time? Father

e is away; and, Bennie, we must.'

good an' hard when I begin to get sleepy.'

It was a difficult task that the boys had set themselves. They had been busy at work or play all day long, and it took sharp pinches and very exciting | nastics stories to keep the lids from dropping over the drowsy eyes.

Rob had an inventive turn, and spun some lively yarns about smugglers, and pirates, and mutinies at sea. But, after all, the most interesting story was a true one. Mr. Lane was captain of a trading vessel for many years before he became a light-keeper. In the good ship "Esperanza" he sailed to Spain, France, England, Ireland, Italy, and book. even as far as Norway.

One day, when the sea was like a calm, blue, shimmering lake, the captain thought he would like to have a bath. So, with a mighty splash, he plunged into the cool, enticing sea. Some of the sailors stood idly watching him, when somebody's bright eyes spied terrible danger. 'A shark!' 'A shark!' was the fearful cry. A boat was instantly manned. The captain swam for his life, and was saved almost from the jaws of the greedy

This story Rob told with many embellishments, and the words, 'A shark ! 'A shark!' spoken in a loud whispsr in Bennie's ear, caused the little fellow to open his eyes to the widest extent.

At last the situation became funny and the boys laughed till they shook the bed. In the midst of the fun they heard the clock strike the half hour after elven. Then they got up, and dressed themselves very quietly. No more laughing now. They were on

Downstairs they went, their shoes in their hands. Through the kitchen to the warm, cosy sitting-room Not a sound did they hear. Could it be pos-

reached the open door. Ah, how glad the boys were that they had kept awake! There sat Mrs. Lane sound asleep, her knitting in her lap. The young light-keepers did not disthe old clock had traveled to five minutes to twelve. Then they gave her two resounding kisses that brought her speedily from dreamland. Very proud was the light-keeper's wife of her faithful, affectionate boys. All three hast-And father,' shouted Bob, 'bring ened up the stairway that ran round and round up the tall tower. The lamp was trimmed, and they hastened back he tide was high and the sea smooth | to the bright sitting-room, glad in the thought that the guiding star would shine out over the pathway of the ships, till the sun came up to take its place.

After a little midnight repast, that the boys ate with great zest, the family went to bed, and slept sweetly till

When the boys woke, they heard a man's voice in the kitchen, underneath 'Hurrah! father's got home!' shout-

Bennie ran to the window. The storm had cleared away, and there was the light-house boat rocking on the gentle waves. In a trice, the boys were downstairs. As they ran into the kitchen, they heard the tall clock say, in sharp, clear tones, 'Nine o'clock!' No wonder that the father had had time to sail over from the neighboring island. But what was that soft little ball rolled up on the hearth rug? Bennie made a dash for it, and soon discovered that his father had brought him the very darlingest kitten that a boy ever called his own.

After Bennie and Rob had eaten the breakfast that had been saved for them, they helped bring up the cargo that their father had landed on the rocks. Very interesting business was this, as well as rather hard on boys' legs.

There would be no trouble now about breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers low a long time, watching for some for many a day, though boys, and thought upon the school curriculum. ign of her husband's boat. At last she especially boys living on an island far The question was addressed to the arned away, saying: 'He won't come out at sea, have a very good appetite boys and girls.

was trimmed. Many an hour, too, they had at their books, with father or mother for a teacher. When lessons were over, what pleasure it was to run from rock to rock, to play tag on the show when he is mad.' smooth sand when the tide was out, or had run into the cages set for him! and leagues around the solitary Rock, and wild storms shut them in day after | Congregationalist. They went up stairs obediently. As | day, not many children in gay cities or soon as they were in their room, Rob on sunny, green farms were happier said: 'See here, Bennie, we must keep than the light-house boys. - Christian Register.

Little two-years-old greatly admires says we must take care of mother when his crown. On his first visit to the a very interesting story of some ants aid Bennie; 'and you must pinch me in de top of my head, like papa?'

Boy Philosophy.

An incident occurred in a city schoolroom where boys and girls, from ten to thirteen years, were practising gym-

'Which will jump better, the boys or the girls?' I asked. The experiment proved skill on both sides,

'V' ch ought to jump better, the boys or the girls? I questioned. 'The boys,' was the prompt response.

'And why?' I continued. 'Because boys are always jumping. All their games are jumping games.

Girls just sit in the house and read a 'Then tell me some hing that girls

can do better than boys. 'They can cook,' was the ready re-

'They can sew,' came next. A third boy with freckled face and merry eyes added demurely, 'Two girls can stay mad at each other longer than two boys can.

The situation was interesting. The girls assented to the statement; and the boys, upon further questioning, explained in boy fashioned: -

'Well, you see how 'tis. Boys like to go with a lot, and a girl likes to go with another girl, she goes off with her girl friend and talks it over, and they keep talking it over, and that makes it worse still; and then they don't speak to the girl that they're mad at and the girls take sides, and talk it over and keep it up. And sometimes they stay mad for weeks !'

Being in pursuit of the boys' theory I made no comment on choice of terms. The word 'mad' was evidently understood by all parties.

'How is it that the boys make up so quickly?' I pursued.

'Well, you see, we said that boys like to play with a lot; and perhaps Mr. Lane the light-keeper, got sible that the tired mother was asleep? the two boys that are mad with each may be over-anxiety, planning for the 'Look!' whispered Bennie, as they other are on the same side in a baseout!' Then they make up. Or maybe,' the speaker continued earnestly, way; and then yon have spoken and

> when the fight is over. 'Is that the rule of the game?' I asked gravely.

time, not to show when you are vexed?

Well, boys learn pretty soon. They have you worn that hat?' and another that next batch of freckles? There just laugh, they will stop; but, if you quite strengthening to the stomach. show that you're mad, they keep on, and so you learn to laugh and not show when you are teased,'

The replies were suggestive, to say the least. I warmly recommended the girls to adopt the policy of the boys, thinking of the various committees and clubs in which the power to work with a 'lot' was demanded of women. How good it would be if the girl's training developed in her power which the boy acquires! 'You make up or you get out,' says the captain, briefly. He recognizes that the success of the game depends upon co-operation and good fellowship. But so it is in other games in which the players have not learned this vital lesson. Is not our failure sometimes traceable to this very lack? The question is worth dis-

The boys had given me food for meditation. I was grateful to them. One question more I asked, with my

The boys were as good at bringing live with, which would you choose, a wood and water, making fires, and person who was able to laugh when he helping in all sorts of ways, as they was teased and to keep from showing the two girls walked on. were in keeping awake till the lamp when he was vexed or the one who never fails in arithmetic?

The answer was unanimous, no contrary minds. 'Oh! the one who |

Will it come to pass by and by that to go, when the weather was not too the development of this virtue shall rough, with father in the dory, to see I find a place in the school curriculum, if an unwary lobster here and there that the virtue which is always and everywhere virtue, in home and in Though the sea stretched for leagues civic life, shall be enough commended and developed in the school ?-- The

The Queen of the Ants.

every living thing, who watches ani- as Paul. mals carefully that he may learn their his father, even to the bald spot on ways, tells the 'Presbyterian Review' gentleman watched and, knowing the you.

way of ants, knew that they were emi- | Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma grating to a new colony, because the was waiting for her in the sewingold city was overcrowded. He watch- room, and her face looked puzzled and ed the ants closely to decide which was 'sad. the queen. At last he discovered her, Paul sat by the window, and it was attended by a guard of honor. Quickly and carefully he lifted the queen looked from one to another in astonishand held her in his hand.

She was missed at once, and there was the greatest excitement. The guard of honor was seized by the others and held under arrest. Ants crosser and crosser all the time. started out in every direction to look for the queen. They looked everywhere, and returned again and again weren't talking about him at all. Duke to learn if there was any news.

from the point at which he had cap- all the time. tured her. She was discovered by one and told of his discovery. A guard of only a mistake, it seems. honor hurried to the queen and actually carried her back to her subjects

ed under a bench. A hole under one of the legs of the bench led to it: With the guard of honor carrying the queen, with one. When one girl gets mad the procession reformed and began its march, and soon disappeared from sight. The gentleman moistened four lumps of sugar and put them in the path. Soon two or three ants appeared, found the sugar, and immediately reported at the new colony. When they returned, a number of helpers came with them, and the sugar was all car- ly. ried, grain by grain, to the new home.

A Prescription for Insomnia.

'Insomnia is a self-inflicted curse through the violation of nature's laws, writes Edward B. Warman in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "The cause morrow, thinking and worrying over ball game, and the captain says to 'em, the yesterdays and to-days; but no 'You two fellows make up or you get opiate can remove the cause, even though it may bring sleep. If the cause is merely mental overwork it may be the fellow you're mad at is on the quickly removed by relieving the brain turb her till the long minute hand of base, and, when you're running to the of the excess of blood. Physical exerbase, you call to him, to get out of the cise is a panacea for almost every ailment which human flesh is heir to. made up. Even if you have been Therefore, stand ercet, and rise slowly fighting, you have to shake hands from the heels; descend slowly. Do this from forty to fifty times until you feel the congestion in the muscles of the leg. Almost instant relief follows, 'Yes,' the boys assented. 'Always.' and sleep is soon induced. For those 'And do you learn, at the same who are averse to a little work I would recommend, instead, a bowl of very hot milk (without as much as a wafer) have to. Suppose you are walking immediately before retiring. The hotter down the street with some boys, and the milk the better for the purpose. one of them says to you, 'Is that your | This will prove a better sleep-producer grandfather's collar you're wearing?' than all the opiates known to medical Another one says, 'How many years science. It brings about an increased activity of the blood vessels of the says: 'Where are you going to put stomach, causing slight temporary congestion, which relieves the blood vesisn't any room for them now.' If you | sels of the brain. The hot milk is also

"Delays are Dangerous."

A small pimple on your face may seem of little consequence, but it shows your blood is impure, and impure blood is what causes most of the diseases from which people suffer. Better heed the warning given by the pimple and purify your blood at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures all diseases due to bad blood, including scrofula and salt rheum.

The non-irritating cathartic-Hood's

When the Cap Fitted.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy tail did not even hint at wagging, there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down in his throat. Ruth caught Marian by the arm. Oh, let's run!' she cried. 'He's go-

ing to bite us. his bone.' Marian felt ashamed of her ashpan. 'If you had to select some one to dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. 'I don't know what makes him act so, ' she said, as

'Is he always as cross as he has been ince I came?' asked Ruth.

Marian, sorrowfully. 'But now he's half a dozen by express to Wexford, laughs when he is teased, and doesn't getting crosser and crosser all the

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother Paul. His face N. S., writes: "I have used Milwas red with anger, and his fists were clinched. 'I'm going straight to mamma, Miss!" he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. 'We'll see if she lets | 25c. all dealers. you talk that way ! '

'What way?' asked Marian in astonishment; and Ruth thought of her

Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but went into the house, slamming the door very hard. A fev barber, the little fellow asked, 'Mama, he once saw. He noticed a procession moments later, mamma's sweet voice 'We'll take turns telling stories,' tan't I be barbered wiz a wound hole of ants going across the path. This called, 'Marian, dear, I want to see

plain that he had been crying. Marian

'How is this, my daughter?' mamma ready for distribution. began. 'Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing

Marian stared, then broke into a merry laugh. 'Why, mamma, we growled at us, and Ruth asked me if At last the gentleman put the queen he always acted so cross; and then I down on the path some distance away said he is getting crosser and crosser

'Oh!' said mamma, and then she, of the scouts, who hurried back to the too, laughed. 'Run back to your point where the ants had assembled, play, dear, she said, cheerily. 'It was

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His who received her with demonstrations cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that colored them The new colony had been establish- instead of anger. 'I just heard them that meant me, ' he explained.

'It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it? mamma asked. And Paul made no answer.

'If your father had overheard that conversation,' manima continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, would he have thought the girls were were talking about him?

'Of course not,' said Paul indignant-

'But why not?' persisted mamma. 'Because he isn't ever cross, and they couldn't have meant him.' Paul spoke earnestly, though he could not help smiling as he met his mother's meaning look.

head. 'And it was easy for you to make the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted you, and you put it on without waiting to see if it was meant for you or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to overhear.

'A boy who tries his best to do right, doesn't need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of boy will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him.'

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and let us hope a better one. He had made up his mind that when the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke, t was time for a change. - The Weekly Welcome.

God Understands.

A touching little incident is told of one of the Chinese babies, aged about 6 years, who was an inmate of a mission home. One evening, after her evening prayer, she got off her little knees and turned with a very disturbed air, saying, 'Mrs. Field, do you think God understands Chinese? 'Oh, yes,' said Mrs. Field, 'but why do you ask?"

'Because sometimes when I feel very unhappy I like to pray to God in Chinese; of course, I always say my prayers at night in English, but sometimes I like to pray in my own language.'

She was assured that her Heavenly Father understood all languages, and she could relieve her overburdened little heart in her own language in perfect safety.—Commonwealth.

A sign at each end of a long wooden bridge beside a railroad track read 'Shut your ashpan.' That was for the firemen. The company didn't want hot coals from the locomotive dropped on the bridge. Many fires would be spared if there were no hot 'No, he won't, if we won't touch words dropping around. 'Shut your

TELL THE DEAF. - Mr. J. F. Kellock. Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric friends there of the cure. In conse- ganal; of hari wool bin and Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his 'He didn't use to be,' returned quence I received an order to send Ireland, this week'

HEADACHE ALL GONE.

Mr. Melbourne Parker, Torbrook burn's Sterling Headache Powders, and after taking one or two felt better at once, and was able to get up and go on with my work." Price 10c. and

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED .-Pills which dissipate themselves in own brother, and felt very glad he was the stomach cannot be expected to A gentleman who is very fond of not as ill-tempered and unreasonable have much effect upon the intestines, cine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

1900---1901

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Late Lecturer on surgery, Women' Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to talking about being cross, and I s'posed | St John's Hospital for Women, Toronto has resumed practice in Fredericton, N B

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D. M'LEOD VINCE.

'Exactly,' said mamma, nodding her BARRISTER - AT LAW NOTARY PUBLIC, etc., WOODSTOCK N B

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