

DISEASES... TEN... Man's... Trial... Cure at... Kidney... Miller... with kidney... at having... had begun to... case so that... profit by his... with kidney... never received... started taking... my back used to... was high at... times. Sign... box of Doan's... to state that... backache at a... crystal. I feel... the best kidne...

Helping Mother. ... may be small, but every day... something that's good as play... help mother, and she'll be glad... done by her lass or lad... children would think to-day... mother, as all of them may... bring in water and wood, and do... things she would have them to... hands are small and years are... always something that they can do... mothers and make them glad;... that, little lass and lad... mother about her work;... asking—don't try to shirk... profit by his... with kidney... never received... started taking... my back used to... was high at... times. Sign... box of Doan's... to state that... backache at a... crystal. I feel... the best kidne...

with Ted we'll know something about it. Both boys were expert climbers and soon they had made a hundred feet. Flushed with excitement and full of ambition, they forgot their promise, and pressed on and on. Higher and higher they climbed and at last Tommy exclaimed: 'My, but that's pretty!' Marshall paused to look. Below them lay the city in the midst of a fertile valley. 'Guess it is pretty. But look, Tommy. The sun is getting toward the top of the mountain on the island, an' we've forgot our promise. Less hurry back.' 'I never meant to come so high,' Tommy answered, 'but a fellow forgets. I'm tired, too. Didn't know I was so tired till now. Let's rest just a minute. They threw themselves on the ground, but conscience was at work with both of them, and soon Tommy said: 'Look here, we're right on the cliff. Let's go down into the canon. We can make it if we go up a little farther and we'd save an hour at least.' But Marshall remembered how abrupt the ascent had looked as they came toward it in the morning and answered: 'We can't do it, Tommy, an' b'sides I promised Maggie not to climb, an' I'm goin' to be careful, an' not get hurt, an' then I'll never break a promise again, and she swallowed a sob that had been forcing its way up ever since he had realized what he had done. 'Now look, Marshall, we can go right around this rock and climb down into the canon easy from the gully up there. I'll go first and you—' But Tommy got no farther. How it happened even Marshall could not tell, but he heard Tommy cry out and knew he had lost his footing and fallen. How far he could not see. He went to the rock and called again and again. 'Oh Tommy! Tommy!' Not a sound could he hear, except the echo of his own voice, as it struck the walls of rock across the canon, and Marshall turned and sped down the mountain side. Sometimes the trail was so steep it seemed he would certainly pitch forward upon his face; sometimes it was covered by a mass of rocks and pebbles, that slipped and rolled with him as he hurried on, but he did not care for anything now, except to get help for Tommy, and this purpose lent such speed to his feet that in little over an hour a dozen men were on their way to the mountains. At the foot someone said, 'The boy was beside himself with fright. Why, it would be hard work for a man to make that climb. They certainly were not so high up. I'm going to look for Tommy further down,' and so they spread out and searched till night came on, and still no news was brought to Tommy's mother, who waited so anxiously for some news from her boy. Other parties went out and all night scores of torches could be seen, lighting the mountains and passing from one point to another. Surely no effort was being spared and the watchers took courage; but when the first streaks of dawn appeared, and the eager ears had not caught the longed-for pistol shot, fresh parties went out to relieve those who were exhausted from the search of the night. About nine o'clock in the morning Marshall was standing at the front gate with a determined look upon his face when a man, a great hearty mountaineer, went past. 'Say, Mr. Reynolds,' the boy called out, 'are you going to hunt Tommy?' 'That's just what I am, and I'll not come back till he is found,' was the mountaineer's hearty response. 'Well won't you take me an' let me show you where to go? I've got to help find Tommy, an' the men won't go where I tell 'em. Turning to Marshall's mother who had just come out, Mr. Reynolds found her not only willing but anxious to have the boy go with him. 'I was going to take him and climb with him myself, if the men wouldn't,' she explained. Arrived at the foot of the mountains they met a party of men who had been out for hours, and putting the eager lad on his shoulders, Mr. Reynolds said: 'Three of you come with me.' Then to Marshall, 'Now show us where to go and we'll get there some way.' Following the boy's direction, they went up into the canon until presently he said: 'Tommy fell over that ledge right up there, an' I believe he's on the rock just below it.' The road was steep but they made their way carefully, up, up, stopping occasionally to hallow and waiting for an answer. Finally there came a faint 'Here,' and three turned in the direction from which the voice came. In another minute a pebble came rolling down from the ledge and soon the men

were bending over poor Tommy, who smiled faintly and then swooned. A pistol was fired and another took it up, and another and another, and before Tommy, with one leg broken and his body all bruised from the fall, had been lifted to be carried down, the good news that he had been found was hurrying to his mother. Twice as he was being taken down he swooned, but at the carriage remedies were waiting and he was brought back to consciousness to hear Marshall exclaiming: 'I knew he was there! I knew it all the time!' Poor Tommy had spent a dreadful night, alone on the mountain. The shock of the fall had made him unconscious, and when he came back to a realization of what had happened, he knew Marshall must have gone for help, but night came and he wondered what he should do if a coyote came where he was. Then the torches began to shine all around him, and he knew the animals would keep in hiding. Several times the men had been very near him, but he was too weak to make himself heard. Now it was all over and when he heard Marshall's happy voice and realized that at last he was safe he opened his eyes and looking at his friend said: 'I say, Marsh, I wish I was one of those fellows that live where they don't have any mountains.—Pres. Witness. Burying the Hatchet. Rob, with a box in his arms and a spade over his shoulder, had slipped quietly around the house and into the garden. He hoped Dot would not discover him until her unfortunate chicken, which lay in the box covered with roses and clover blossoms, was safely buried. The chicken during its brief life, had not been a source of unmixed joy to anyone but Dot; for it was a motherless chick that she found and brought into the house, and as soon as it was old enough to run about it followed her everywhere with its ceaseless 'Chirp! chirp!' in a way that was very inconvenient. It was constantly under foot, endangering its own neck and making people uncomfortable; but, as Dot's pet, it was tolerated by everybody but the cat. Tabby failed to see any reason for treating it with respect and so one day she pounced upon it and choked it out of existence. Dot had covered her favorite with tears and flowers, and Rob, at his mother's suggestion, had tried to spare the small maiden the grief of witnessing the burial. But the attempt was vain. A shrill voice called, 'Rob, what are you doing? And in a moment Dot's inquisitive eyes were taking in the whole scene. Fortunately, she found it so interesting as to lighten in some degree its mournfulness. 'I'm glad you are making it in such a pretty place, Robby,' she said. 'I s'pose chickie was a good deal in the way. Mother says so. And, anyway, she'd have been a big hen pretty soon, and that wouldn't have been so nice. But I'll never like Tabby again, not one bit!' 'Oh, see here now, Sis, Tabby didn't know any better!' said Rob in good-natured expostulation. 'She's the only cat, and she didn't know you'd made a pet of this particular bunch of feathers. Being cross at her won't bring chickie back again. So you better bury the hatchet and be friends.' 'What would I bury a hatchet for?' asked Dot, more impressed by that strange advice than by her brother's reasoning. Rob laughed. 'That means to stop quarrelling—not to be angry any more. When Indians have been at war with each other and are ready to be friends, they bury a hatchet. That's a sign that they're willing to stop fighting.' 'Do folks always stop fussing after the hatchet is buried?' asked Dot. 'Of course; that's what it means.' Dot watched the smoothing of the ground with thoughtful face, and walked by Rob's side in unusual silence. The family had finished dinner when Fred, Rob's senior by two years, came to the door with a sharp call. 'Rob, where have you put the axe?' 'Nowhere. I haven't had it,' answered Rob promptly. But the reply did not satisfy Fred. 'Yes, you have. You must have had it if you'd only take the trouble to think. You're always carrying things off and forgetting where you put them. Come out and hunt it up!' Fred was in a hurry, and decidedly impatient, and Rob's face flushed at the order. 'Hunt it up yourself if you want it. I tell you I haven't had it, and I don't know anything about it.' 'But you must have done something with it,' persisted Fred, 'for it isn't in the tool-house, and I know I left it there.' 'You know a good many things that you aren't sure of,' retorted Bob.

This sort of jarring was far from uncommon. Fred was inclined to be dictatorial on the ground of being the elder, and Rob was so determined not to be imposed upon that he was often irritating and disobliging by way of showing his independence. 'Boys!' interposed the mother's grieving, reproving voice. But anything more she might have said was drowned in a wail from Dot. 'I didn't do it! I tried, and it isn't true! Rob said, if you buried a hatchet, folks wouldn't quarrel any more. I couldn't find any hatchet; so I dragged the axe down and buried side of chickie; and you boys fuss worse'n ever.' The boys looked at each other with a shame-faced smile gradually displacing the flush of anger. 'Where did she put it?' asked Fred, in a tone that had lost its sharpness. 'I'll show you,' Rob answered. There was very little trouble in finding the missing implement, for Dot was not a success at digging. Then Fred met his brother's eyes and laughed. 'I'm afraid she didn't get it deep enough for a lasting peace. But I say, Rob, we might be a little better tempered without hurting ourselves. I'll try it, if you will.' 'Agreed,' said Rob. And to this day, when clouds arise in the Lincoln household, some one is sure to ask: 'Isn't it about time to drag the axe into the garden?'—Uplook. Hope Had Departed The Story of a Woman's Rescue from Great Suffering. FOR YEARS HER LIFE WAS ONE OF MISERY—HER FEET AND LIMBS WOULD SWELL FRIGHTFULLY AND SHE BECAME UNABLE TO DO HER HOUSEHOLD WORK. From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S. It is appalling to think of the number of women throughout the country who day after day live a life almost of martyrdom; suffering but too frequently in silent, almost hopeless despair. To such sufferers the story of Mrs. Joshua Wile, will come as a beacon of hope. Mrs. Wile lives about two miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and is respected and esteemed by all who know her. While in one of the local drug stores not long ago, Mrs. Wile noticed a number of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the show case, and remarked by the proprietor 'If ever there was a friend to woman, it is those pills.' She was asked why she spoke so strongly about the pills, and in reply told of the misery from which they had rescued her. The druggist suggested that she should make known her cure for the benefit of the thousands of similar sufferers. Mrs. Wile replied that while averse to publicity, yet she would gladly tell of her cure if it would benefit anyone else, and she gave the following statement with permission for its publication:— 'My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery, until I obtained relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From some cause, I know not what exactly, I became so afflicted with uterine trouble that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible weakness and miserable, nervous condition ensued, which the physicians told me I would never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all with the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pains finally attacked my back and kidneys. My legs and feet became frightfully swollen and I cannot describe the tired, sinking, deathly feeling that at times came over my whole body. I became unable to do my household work, and lost all hope of recovery. Before this stage in my illness I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like thousands of other women, thought there could be no good in using them when the medical men were unable to cure me. At last in desperation I made up my mind to try them, but really without any faith in the result. To my great surprise I obtained some benefit from the first box. I then bought six boxes more, which I took according to directions, and an happy to say was raised up by them from a weak, sick, despondent, useless condition, to my present state of health and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season. Other benefits I might mention, but suffice it to say I would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all ailing women.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines as a cure for the troubles that afflict womanhood. They quickly correct suppressions and all forms of weakness. They enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pallid cheeks. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Two Wood-Piles. 'Ho, hum!' sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard, and stood looking at the wood which had just been drawn into the yard. 'That all has to be sawed and split and piled. For once I wish I had an elder brother; and he shrugged his shoulders as he started toward the shed for the saw.

Roy was not the only boy in the neighborhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed, he noticed that Luke Stafford and James Brent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work he stood and watched them a few minutes. James was busy piling the wood that he had already sawed and split, and it made an even, regular pile, that any boy might have been proud of. 'That's the way I'm always works,' Roy thought, with an admiring glance at the result of his friend's labors. Just then the minister passed by the Brents' front gate. 'All done but sand-papering, James?' he inquired, with a smile. James blushed at the implied compliment, and answered, 'Pretty near, sir.' Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stafford across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week, but none of it was piled, and only a few sticks lying in a heap beside him had been sawed. Now he called out, in drawing tones, 'Maw! how many sticks do you need to-day?' The sharp contrast between the two boys that he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical, and he sat down upon his own load of wood, and laughed. Then he picked up the saw, and went to work with a will. 'I may not be able to rival Jim,' he said to himself as he sawed, 'but I'm bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw nights.' When Mrs. Miller came out to call Roy to supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order. 'Why, Roy, how much you have done!' she said. 'I am glad to see you take hold of your task so well.' 'Oh,' replied Roy, 'I didn't relish the undertaking when I began, but I had an object-lesson, which did me good.' 'What was that?' asked the mother, looking interested. 'It was a contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood,' replied Roy, pointing as he spoke. And Mrs. Miller, who knew both boys well, looked and laughed; and then she said, 'I like the choice you made of patterns.' And the pattern proved to be one which lasted Roy all his life. If he were tempted to shirk any task after that, he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones, as he asked, 'How many sticks do you need to-day?'—Young People's Weekly. How Are Your Nerves? If they are weak and you feel nervous and easily 'frustrated,' can't sleep, and rise in the morning unrefreshed, your blood is poor. Strong nerves depend upon rich, nourishing blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the nerves strong by enriching and vitalizing the blood. It gives sweet, refreshing sleep and completely cures nervous troubles. Begin taking it to day. Nausea, indigestion are cured by Hood's Pills. An Unforeseen Emergency. A little girl, before going out to a tea party, was coached in conduct by a fond mamma. 'You may take cake twice, if it is offered you, but if you are asked a third time you must say, with all possible politeness, 'No, thank you!'' On her return home she gave assurance that she had remembered and followed the maternal instructions. 'But,' she added, 'the servant brought the cake to me a fourth time.' 'And what did you say then?' 'Oh,' was the startling rejoinder, 'then I thought of what papa does sometimes, and I said, 'Take it away and don't bother.' This hour is mine, with its present duty; the next is God's, and when it comes, His presence will come with it.—Anon. The one secret of life and development is not to desire and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work, to do every moment's duty aright.—Macdonald. SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: 'For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure. Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

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