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The Little Ones He Blessed.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. der if ever the children Who were blessed by the Master of old, got he had made them his treasure, e dear little lambs of his fold ; onder if angry and wilful, They wandered afar and astray, e children whose feet had been guided o safe and so soon in the way.

dmy heart can ot cherish the facey That ever those children went wrong, d were lost from the peace and the

but out from the feast and the song. the day of gray hairs they remembered, think, how the hands that were riven ere laid on their heads when Christ uttered, of such is the kingdom of h aven

has sail it to you, little darling, Who spell it in God's word to-day; too may e sorry for sinning, You also believe and obey; ad'twil gri ve the dear Saviour in heaven fone little child shall go wronglost from the fold and the shelter. Shut out from the feast and the song.

The False Balance.

Two little girls, in the early morning an October day, were dressing in a epy fashion, or rather one of them as dressing, and the other sat on the de of the bed looking at her.

There, 'said Bess, impatiently; 'now hat mean old shoestring must go and reak, and I know that bell's just ing to ring. Turn over the leaf, ussie, so we can be learning the text ily up to 5 o cloo hile we do our hair.

Gussie got up on the bed, and turned ver the leaf on a roll of texts which ung on the wall, and then stood a inute reading it to herself.

Why don't you hurry? said Bess oking up at her, 'you'll be awful late. ly senses me! what a text to pick out folks. 'A false balance is an bomination unto the Lord.' I should you have boo hink that verse was meant for grocerywill receive men that don't weigh things right, and free of chargingt wish they had to learn it.' just wish they had to learn it.'

'It's easy to learn, anyhow,' said fussie, 'only I like to think about my erse. Some of them seem just on purose for me, like 'Not slothful in busi-Westmorland ness,' and 'Whatsoever thy hand.'

'Yes,' said Bess, complacently, 'you re slow, Gussie, and such a put-offer; but there isn't a thing in this verse to hink about.'

There was a little silence, for Bessie was brushing her thick, curly locks, and it took all her patience to struggle through the tangles.

That's because you didn't brush it last night,' said Gussie. authorization

'I s'pose so; but it is such a bother. Dear me! I'm just going to braid it Large, Hat this way; I can't stop.'

'0 Bessie! you know mamma won't lke it; it spoils your hair,' said Gussie. 'It'll do for once,' said Bess; it looks , credit given. all right, anyhow. Company, 'I wonder'—began Gussie, and then

suddenly stopped.

What? inquired Bess.

'I didn't know—I thought maybe that might be what the text meant, mid Gussie, slowly; 'sort of half doing things; 'not giving quite so much as you pretend to '-

'Gussie stopped, afraid of offending he sister of whose superior gifts she tood greatly in awe; but Bess only aughed, as she answered: 'You do hink of the queerest things, Gussie.' That was whatthey all said of Gussie, nt she kept on thinking.

It was her day to dust the parlors. Till help you,' said Bess; and then ou'll get through so we can go for

But you don't do the corners, Bessie, nd you haven't moved any of the looks,' said Gussie, as she watched her sister's rapid whisks of the duster.

What's the difference?' said Bess; t looks all right; you s'pose anybody's going to peep around after a speck of last? There, now, that's done.'

But Gussie, with the thought of the dse balance in her queer little head, kept on until the work was thoroughly lone, saying to herself, 'If I pretend to give mamma a pound of work, and aly give her half a pound, I'm sure that's a deceitful balance.'

the little girls and the holiday excurson for chestnuts. The history lessons must be learned for Monday, and then hey would be as free as the birds. 'How I hate it,' said Gussie, 'stupid, dry stuff about ad-min-is-ter-a-tion. I don't see any use in knowing it, any-

egin about the middle, because the first of it never does come to us.'

'And then,' said Gussie, Miss Marcy

vill s'pose, of course, we know the be-

unish in half an hour-'On account of hese things it was plainly impossible'. 'But we don't know what things,'

aid Gussie. 'No, and I don't care.'

'And if Miss Marcy s'poses we know and gives up a credit, it'll be a deceitful balance, 'cause we make her think we know a pound when we only know half a pound.'

Bessie's face flushed a little. 'I talk any more about that groceryman's | self. text. It's just nonsense trying to make it fit us.'

But, after all, Bessie did not feel quite comfortable, and she went back and learned the beginning of her lesson.

'There,' she said, 'that's full, good weight, and I don't intend to be a Christian Work.

The Stain that Wouldn't Rub Off.

He was but six years old. and a boy of six cannot be expected to know as much as a boy of twelve. That was one reason why Charlie needn't have been quite so sharp in his rebuke. And then Mother showed him another reason that evening.

Charlie and Freddie were 'cutting across fields' and as they went along, were gathering flowers for Mamma. Charlie was walking ahead, and so far had spied all the flowers, which he then with gracious condescension allowed Freddie to gather. Suddenly the little boy caught sight of a bunch of yellow beauties with deep brown centres. They were down at the bottom of a little hill, and the grass around them was most brilliantly green and velvety. Charlie had evidently not seen them, and Freddie darted down the slope.

'Here, Freddie!' shouted Charlie, glancing over his shoulder, 'don't you go down there. It's all muddy.'

But the warning was disregarded. and the next moment Freddie had sunk in the slime half-way up his fat little legs.

'Now ho'm I goin' to get you out of that,' demanded Charlie, crossly. 'I told you not to go in, and you went. Now I'll have to get all muddy myself pullin' you out. Stand still!' this more sharply than ever. 'Don't try good, and then we must use tact.' to get in any deeper than you are. Quit your blubberin' now. I'll get you out some way.'

But it took a long search for a limb of suitable length before Charlie, standing on the edge of the swamp, pulled poor little Freddie on firm ground again, though in doing it he nearly threw the little fellow on his

Freddie's sobs broke forth afresh and the older brother relented a little.

'Here.' he said, in a gruff tone, that was assumed to hide the tenderness which he feared might show, 'now I'll scrape off the mud with a stick, and when your shoes dry they can be blackened, and you will look almost new again. I tell you, though, Freddie you ought to have listened when told you the mud was there.'

'I didn't see any mud,' whispered Freddie, 'the grass was prettier there than anywhere else.'

'That's just it,' replied the brother, when you see such awful green grass for tacks. as that you can know there's a swamp.

feeling that he must not lose this opportunity of rebuking still further. 'You see I'm twice as old as you and small nails, that the gentleman meant. ought to be supposed to know twice a much.' This last sentence had sarcastic tone that hurt Freddie, though Charlie was pleased with this

In fact he was so well pleased that he couldn't forbear repeating it to mamma, though he really had not meant to be too hard on his smaller

'You see, Mamma,' he said, 'I told him I was twice as old as he was and know about twice as much. That's what he got for not minding me.'

Then Freddie could bear the reon mamma's lap with his little bare feet rubbed quite dry, and she was wiping away the tears, and telling him Hopkins gratefully. "You are a good it might have been much worse, and boy. My rheumatism is so bad I can that he was her own baby boy, and the Only one thing more stood between rest of the nice things mothers say when their children are in trouble. So this last speech of Charlie's was really too much.

'Why don't you always mind?' Papa, Mamma, for I saw him smoking 'I'll tell you what,' said Bess, 'let's a cigarette in the barn. I peeked came upon a very little boy crying. through a hole and saw him. He'd better tell himself to mind, hadn't he, Charlie, holding up a toy cart. Mamma ?'

Mamma only looked at Charlie, but thought Tom. "Here, Charlie, give it made the blood rush around his me the cart, and I will mend it for 'Yes' nodded Bess, beginning to throat and up his face to the very roots you.' gabble over the words; 'I'm going to of his hair. That evening, though, she came in his room after he was in bed. She turned out the light-for she was one of those mothers who know a fellow can tell things better in tacks already this morning," replied doing so, he left a shaving burning outthe dark—and then she said

'How about the smoking, Charlie? Did Freddie tell me the truth?"

This cime she couldn't see the blush barely hear the whispered 'Yes'm.'

just wish Gussie Maynard, you wouldn't | time of Adam, he began to excuse him- | it together for him, that is two."

'I didn't do it, just to disobey Papa, tacks?" asked Mary. I truly didn't Mamma. But half the boys in our class smoke cigarettes, and said that if we would have friends we I don't see where's the harm in it.'

'Neither did Freddie see the mud, good, and then we must use tacks.' and you were very cross with him be-'bomination any more.'--Record of twice as old. Papa is more than three times as old as you. Don't you think, then, that he should know at least you think when he tells you that cigarettes are very harmful, that you should believe he knows the truth of what he is saying? He tells you that the boy who smokes cigarettes can never be as strong and healthy a man as the boy who does not smoke. He tells you that the man with a weak body can never do as valiant service for God or the world as the man who is strong. He tells you that the boy who deliberately does those things that will injure the body, is not only comand the world in which he is to be a worker, but he is sinning against God.

> 'Remember, dear,' she was bending over him for a good night kiss, 'remember that Freddie's mud was easily brushed off; but every act of disobedience or wrong-doing of any kind leaves an indelible stain on the soul. - The Presbyterian.

> > How Tom Used Tacks.

A gentleman had visited the school that day, and had talked to the scholars.

Tom Baxter knew that the gentleman was a good man, and that what he said was true. But Tom did not understand what he meant when he said: "If we would have friends we must watch for opportunities to do If the gentleman had said "discretion," "wisdom" or "common sense," Tom would probably have known what he literally pecked to death by a flock of meant, but tact was a new word to him.

Now Tom had many queer ideas. He did not ask as many questions as of the United Congregational Church boys usually do, but had a way of long furnished a snug retreat for countthinking out things for himself.

the gentleman must have meant one their nests. This particular cat, how of these, but that he had a peculiar ever, had been watching the birds dis way of pronouncing the word.

father was a boy, the American people nest of little ones. refused to pay a tax on tea, and that taxes did much to bring on the War of slips managed to reach a point where the Revolution. Then, too, he had it had seen a sparrow disappear among heard the men who sat on the boxes in the grocery store at the corner complain that taxes were too high now. So he knew that people did not usually of enraged sparrows flew from all parts like those who levied a tax upon them.

It was house-cleaning time, and upon the bewildered cat. Tom had been sent to the store twice

'But I didn't know,' protested the in her carpet it would not stay in its Then that's just why you ought to they do Mrs. Jones, and would not housekeepers," he reasoned, sagely. He decided that it must be tacks, But he could not see how a boy like himself could use tacks so as to gain friends. However, he placed some tacks in his pockets so as to have them

ready if he found a chance to use them. "Tom, I wish you would take this paper over to Mrs. Hopkins," said his sister Mary to him the next morning. When Tom reached Mrs. Hopkins she had just placed the linoleum on the kitchen floor, and was preparing

to tack it down. "Ah !" thought Tom, "here is an opportunity to use tacks.'

"Let me tack the linoleum down proaches no longer. He was sitting for you Mrs. Hopkins. I have noth ing else to do."

"Oh, thank you, Tom," said Mrs. scarcely get up and down."

"I should think that John would be ashamed to leave such work for his mother to do when she is so lame,' thought Tom, but he said nothing.

"I wonder if I can find another Freddie burst out, sitting bolt upright | chance to use tacks," said Tom, as he and digging his fists in his eyes to stop started for home eating a huge piece the welling tears. 'He don't mind of gingerbread. "Why, what is the matter, Charlie?" he asked, as he "I have broken my wagon," sobbed

"Another chance to use tacks,"

"What makes you look so happy?"

asked Mary, as Tom entered the house the shop half an hour before the men with shining eyes.

"To use tacks!" exclaimed Mary, ! "What do you mean?"

- though it was there - and she could matism, and I tacked her linoleum down for her, that is one. Then Then, like all wrong-doers since the Charlie broke his wagon, and I tacked

"But why do you say a chance to use

'Why, the man at school yesterday must watch for opportunities to do

cause he did not obey you who were and then she laughed, and said, "Oh, I see; 'must use act,' not 'tacks.' The gentleman meant that we must be careful to do good in such a way as not to three times as much as you? Don't hurt the feelings of those to whom we are trying to be kind.

"It was kind of you to tack Mrs. Hopkins' linoleum for her; but if you a work you would have hurt her feel-

'Mrs. Hunt can scarcely read at all Though she dearly loves to hear the Bible read, she prefers to have people believe it is her failing eyesight and not her lack of education that keeps mitting a great wrong against himself her from reading for herself. If you should offer to read for her you could use tact by remarking, what is quite true, that the print in her Bible is

words.

chance to use tacks in doing good, there is always a chance to use tact." -Sunday School Advocate.

Cat Worsted by Sparrows.

The following account of an attack of a lot of angry sparrows upon a wicked cat is taken from "The New York Times." The incident is reported to have occurred in Newport, R. I.:

"A full-grown Maltese cat was sparrows on Pelham Street recently. The ivy which climbs the north wall less sparrows that build their nests Tom knew about t-a-x, tax, and there, and the thickness of the leaves t-a-c-k-s, tacks, and concluded that hides the places where the birds build appear among the leaves, and its in Tom knew how, when his grand- stinct taught it that there must be

It climbed the ivy, and after many the leaves. The cat put its paw where it supposed the nest was situated. A loud chattering followed, and a flock of the ivy, and with one accord pounced

Pecking and fluttering, the birds attacked the cat viciously, while the "Now, if mamma did not put tacks latter cried out and hissed and with one disengaged paw struck at its torlittle fellow, and I couldn't see any place, and would look dreadfully, and mentors. The defense was of no people would call her slack, just as avail, and the assault was kept up until the cat, no longer able to withhave listened to me,' declared Charlie, like her. Women ought to be good stand the onslaught, fell to the ground constipation, while it has a soothing bewildered mass of bristling fur. Even the birds did not give up the attack, but kept at their enemy until hey were tired.

The cat did not stir from where it and fallen, and from time to time one of the sparrows would fly to the ground at a point of safety and eye the feline, evidently to be sure that there was no ause for further alarm. The cat, however, lay motionless, and the parrows popped about the ivy, chatering in triumph.

Some time after the battle one of the witnesses of the encounter concluded that he would examine the cat to see what its injuries might be, and was surprised to find the animal dead. Its eyes had been literally pecked out and its head was a mass of bleeding wounds from the sharp bills of the

I Didn't Think.

'I didn't think,' said a smart-lookng boy one day, as he stood with downcast eyes in the presence of a grave-looking man, his master.

'You didn't think, eh? Then I am ruined because you are a thoughtless boy. You may go, sir,' replied his master, in a tone of voice which expressed both sorrow and sternness.

The boy silently left the room. He, too, seemed sad, and a tear glistened in the corner of his eye.

What is the matter? What has he done? I will tell you. He was an apprentice. His trade

was that of a carpenter. It had been a part of his duty to light the fire in came to work. One cold windy morn-"I have found two chances to use ing he lighted the fire as usual: but in side the door of the stove.

It was only one shaving. He didn't think it would do any harm, because "Why, Mrs. Hopkins had the rheu- it was only a little shaving. But puff of wind from beneath the door of the shop blew the shaving on the floor. There it set a fire to another shaving; the fire spread unperceived by the boy, until it reached a pile of shaving, and blazed up into the room.

Then he started and tried to put it out. But he was too late. It was bestudy just as pleasant as at any other yond his control. He rushed out, season. shouted 'fire!' and alarmed the people. Mary looked puzzled for a moment, They came, but could not save the shop. It was burned down, and its owner, not being insured, was ruined. He was ruined because that boy didn't think.

> "Hunger is the Best Sauce," Yet some people are never hungry. Whatever they eat has to be "forced

had reminded her that her son ought down." There is, of course, someto be ashamed to let his mother do such | thing wrong with those people. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time they are given an appetite and ings, for she does not like to have John then they enjoy eating and food nourishes them. If you find your appetite failing, just try a bottle of Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic and every dose does good.

The best family cathartic is Hood's

How to Boil Rice.

The following is an excellent recipe for boiling rice, and not too difficult, 'Mrs. Chapman would be glad to either to follow or to remember. Wash have you read to her, but she is very half-a-pound of rice in two waters and sensitive about her rapidly falling eye- pick it very clean. Then put it into sight. You could use tact by asking if | four quarts of boiling water, into which she would listen to your reading, and | you have thrown one saltspoonful of tell you how to pronounce the long salt. Boil uncovered for from fifteen to twenty minutes on a quick fire and 'Though there may sometimes be a quite fast. When tender, strain into a colander, and take it to the sink. Turn the cold water tap on it for two or three seconds; and then turn it BARRISTER-AT LAW into a clean, dry saucepan, by the side of the fire, with the lid half on, and let it dry and get hot. Shake it occasionally to prevent it from burning and when dry it will be quite ready to

> Another method to dry it is to leave it in the colander, cover it with a clean towel, and stand it in the oven to dry shaking it occasionally. The last is perhaps the best method of teaching the art of boiling rice to a young cook, because the least neglect in the first way of drying will result in the rice becoming spoilt, and if not dry and hard, then either browned or burnt. I am sure most mistresses have awful recollections of seeing saucepans in the kitchen in which rice had been boiled. in which half the rice had been left at the bottom of the saucepan, either burnt or too brown to be of any use. -Girl's Own Paper.

Home Hints.

A bag of hot sand relieve neuralgia. A little soda-water will relieve sick

headache caused by indigestion. It is reported from France that the juice freshly expressed from poppy stems, if promptly applied on bees stings, will immediately alleviate the

pain, and prevent inflammation. Hot water, if taken freely a half hour before bedtime, is one of the best possible cathartics in severe cases of effect upon the stomache and bowels.

To keep poultry fresh in hot weather place a lump of charcoal in the body of the bird, and sprinkle powdered charcoal over it. Let the charcoal be washed off before cooking. This will keep it quite fresh for two days.

Do not let want of success depress you, but struggleon. Labour hard continuously, and you will win in the end. -George Moore.

A LIFE SAVED. -Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with Inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try MR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, stating that his wife had used it for a that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE Acting on his advise, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle Arass. Landlags well Will waters cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any

BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY-The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the lector, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

SORE THROAT.

Mr. Chas. Johnston, Bear River, N. S., says: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat and after taking three bottles of Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely

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