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The Mother.
ring of gold—a battered shoe—
cutting wisp of yellow hair—
painted pictures—playthings one or
two and a chest to hold them there.
woman's for best board is this,
her dearest treasures none so dear
bearded lips are often hers to kiss
made only prattle to her ear.
arm, the seasoned form, the
y eyes of manly blue
to her living memory now
and yet—she hugs the other,
years.
me aware of
rare love, mysterious and deep,
nd a mother's heart through all
years, and age can never lull to sleep
not grief, yet oft brings foolish
goss those hoarded things to view,
nger the wee treasures hidden
the little ring and battered shoe
the cutting wisp of yellow hair!
—New York Press.

The Sawing Match.
one corner of the old academy
and a group had gathered about
Sandy Jardine and Max
y. Sandy was a tall, strong,
atured chap, as opposite as the
the little, lithe, dark youth
od near him, looking up in his
laughing black eyes.
were leaders, these two, each
articular clan; and respecting
equality the school was nearly
divided. A strong rivalry
between, good-natured enough,
most part, though sometimes
toward unfriendliness. Just
oly was evidently excited, "al-
gry. In a foot-race the pre-
Saturday, Max had beaten him,
a supremacy which he possibly
old.
you did whip me, fast enough,"
was saying, while a dull red
to his cheek. "But, all the
ll whip you to pay for it, and
you've a mind to set."
track was too short," cried one
y's champions. "That's what's
ter. By the time Sandy got
adway, he had to turn. The
s laid out for little fellows."
derable laughter followed this
and the 'little fellow,' Max,
at heartily.
I'll match you in any way
y continued Sandy. "Come
rowing, riding, running, wrest-
which shall it be? Come! I
n, Max Guernsey!" A little
of approval ran around the
and the boys waited for Max's
Well they knew he would never
sare. "I as the challenged
ave a right to choose the
of interrogated Max, with a
sance from his laughing black
Well, then, I'll neither ride
nor run nor wrestle. But I'll
od with you, Sandy; and you
nt me, if you can.
ell you." Max's voice rose
ove the tumult. "I'm in earn-
ugh. There's old Uncle Nathan
and his wife, poorer than double
overty; and nobody to do a
turn for 'em since 'Siach died."
Uncle Nathan out chewing at
uple. You know they hauled
e cord-wood last winter,—your
Sandy, and mine. There's
ear five cords of wood, I guess;
ll have somebody divide and
it for us. Then we'll saw to
it, if you whip me in it, Sandy,
at Saturday I'll match you in
od and housing it for him. What
say?
y joined in the cheers and
with the utmost good nature.
od nodded he. "I'll do it."
oke a slim, wiry little fellow
elbow. "You shan't do the
of it. Sey, Charlie Bugbee,
for Sandy, and you for Max."
ed," said Charlie.
we'll wheel in for you two. Art
y and I declared Sandy's
ack. "Won't we, Art?"
y "What a fine thing we are
make out of it!" laughed Max.
you, boys, we might have the
Uncle Nathan's back yard.
fifteen cents or so admission,
Uncle Nathan the money."
y "shouted Reub Story. "My
Bob works in the Clarendon
s, and I'll get him to print
d-bills. He owes me ten cents,
for you, Reub!" cried Max.
sawing match!" Ditto splitting!
sawing! Fifteen cents' admis-
Children full price. Gate open
a. m. to 5 p. m."
y day the prospective sawing
was noised about the town, and
two later the hand-bills were
made a great deal of talk,
ative and serious, in the little

mixin' kindness to other folks with
their fun don't hurt nothin.' It's
wuth a quarter, and I'm a-goin' to pay
it.'
There was every indication that the
sawing match would be a success
financially.
"I don't believe the back yard will
hold 'em all," laughed Max to the half-
dozen boys who with him were taking
their homeward way after school Friday
night. "Have you got the tickets,
Reub?"
"Yes, a hundred and fifty of 'em."
"Good! Now all we want is a fair
day."
Hazy clouds veiled the burning face
of the sun, and there was a cool breeze
blowing. The sawing was to begin at
nine o'clock, and before that time the
board benches ranged along the back-
yard fence were filled with merry
lookers-on.
At precisely the same instant the
first two logs across the saw-horses fell
in twain.
How everybody cheered, sending
little tinges of excitement thrilling
along every boyish nerve!
The hours wore on. The crowd
came and went, surging in and out of
the back yard with jolly chat and
laughter. The saws shrieked, the axes
flashed in air, the wheel-barrow
trundled from woodpile to woodshed.
Peleg, who had been engaged to make
music for the occasion, fiddled through
and through his repertory of tunes,
from 'Yankee Doodle' to 'Money
Musik'; and at length came high noon,
with twenty minutes for refreshments.
In the afternoon the excitement
waxed stronger. The boys sawed
steadily on, with scarcely any symp-
toms of fatigue.
Everybody was laughing and talking
of the sport. Even Mrs. Colonel
Grosvenor, the great lady of the
village, drove up to the back yard
gate in her carriage, bringing a dem-
i-john of delicious iced lemonade for the
young sawyers and their friends. Cap-
tain Winty Coolidge walked around,
rubbing his pudgy hands together, and
sprinkling in encouraging remarks be-
tween the shrieks of the saws and the
squeaks of the fiddle.
"It's a good thing to strengthen the
muscles,—the muscles. A long chalk
sensibler than walking ten hours to
the stretch,—so 'tis, so 'tis! Good
boys! Doing well, all on ye!"
And how earnest every one became,
to be sure, when the sticks in each
woodpile might be counted!
"You never saw anything like it,"
said Max to his mother, between huge
mouthfuls of bread and jam, at the
tea-table that night. "Everybody who
had a handkerchief shook it, I know;
and Aunt Nabby waved her big
checked apron. They were all sing-
ing out, 'Go it!' and 'Good!' till a fel-
low couldn't hear himself think. Uncle
Nathan sat in the door, trotting his
foot and wiping his eyes; though what
for I can't imagine. Oh, 'twas great!
And, when we counted up the money,
there were \$29.60 clean cash for Uncle
Nathan."
"Oh, yes'm, Sandy beat by twenty-
four seconds; and Sandy's cap'n again
at the school. And, of course, Dickey
Bird beat Charlie, because Charlie
couldn't split my last stick till I sawed
it; for they kept right on our heels
the whole time. But Art Humphrey
beat Jack Jardine. For Art caught
up the wood in his arms, quick as
Charlie split it, and ran into the shed
with it and out, while Jack was un-
loading his wheelbarrow. It gives a
fellow an appetite," concluded Max,
with a sidelong glance from his laugh-
ing eyes, as he reached for his third
helping of jam. "But it's a little hard
on the arms."—Boston Traveller.

His Mother's Training.
Roland stopped and looked at the
sign,
"BOY WANTED."
It hung outside a large cultry estab-
lishment, next to a store where there
had been a big fire. He had made up
his mind that he was old enough to
look for work and try to relieve mother.
Should he go in? He hesitated, then
with all the courage he could command
went inside. He was sent back to a
room where men on high stools were
writing in big books, too busy to notice
him, but a tall gentleman did and
questioned him so fast he could hardly
answer.
"What kind of work do you expect
to do? Don't know? Most boys do.
Never worked out before? Suppose
you think it's all play. Well, point-
ing to some steps, 'go down there, and
the man at the foot will tell you what
to do.'
Roland went down and found half a
dozen boys at work, with their sleeves
rolled up, cleaning and polishing
knives. The man at the foot of the
steps looked up and said:
"Come to try your hand? Well,
three have just left in disgust; doesn't
seem to be boys work, somehow, but
it's got to be done. You see, he said,
picking up some knives and scissors
and showing spots of rust on them,
"the water that saved our building the
other night injured some of our finest
goods. If you want to try your hand
at cleaning, I'll show you how. We
pay by the dozen."
"Tisn't fair," said one of the boys;
some have more rust on than others."
"If you don't like our terms, you
needn't work for us," said the foreman,
and the boy, muttering that he wanted
to be errand boy and see something of
life, left while Roland went to work
with a will. As he finished each piece
he held it up, examined it critically,
and wondered if mother would think it
well done.
When the hour for closing came,
the gentleman who had sent him down
stairs appeared and, looking round at
the boys, said:
"Well?"
"There is the boy we want," said the
foreman, pointing to Roland. "He
will take pride in doing anything you
give him to do. He has been well
trained."
Again the tall man spoke quickly.
"That's what we want. 'Boy wanted'
doesn't mean any kind of boy. Mother
know you came? Well, take her your
first wages and tell her there's a place
open to you here. Then put your
arms around her neck and thank her
for teaching you to be thorough. If
more boys were thorough, more boys
would succeed in life."
"I guess, mother," said Roland, when
he told her about it. "it was because I
tried to do everything as you would
like it. I forgot I was doing it because
there was a 'boy wanted.'—The Sun-
day School Advocate.

An Egyptian Problem.
"I wish I'd been born in the days
when they didn't know anything about
arithmetic," sighed Bessie, who was so
certain that she could learn nothing
of figures that she would not even try
to understand them.
"Then you would have lived a long
time ago," replied Uncle Joe, looking
up from his paper, as the petulant
child threw her school-book upon the
table. "In fact," he continued, "you
would have been dead before Moses
was born; for arithmetic is nothing
new, dear child, but very, very old.
They have lately discovered in Egypt
a very old copybook for arithmetic,

him wanted to make me stop watching
him, for he finally got there, and he
went on building, always singing his
queer little song. After his pile of
mud was large enough, he pressed his
head against one end until he had
bored a little round room in it. I
thought it must be hard work; but he
always sang, and seemed determined
to make the best of it."
"Where is his home?" asked Dick.
"Out in the roof of the back porch,"
said grandma. So they all scampered
off to find it.
"Oh, yes!" said Ted, pointing up in
one corner. "There it is. It is a
mud-dauber's nest."
"It's a wasp's," I think, said Dick.
"Well, a mud-dauber is a wasp," said
Ted, laughing. "That's built better
than I could do with tools," went on
Ted. "I believe I'll make the best of
it, too."
So, when grandma saw them again,
Ted was mending Mary Esther's doll's
head, which had waited a long time for
her glue medicine, Mary Esther was
sewing on her doll's quilt, and Dick
was rubbing up the nickel parts of
their bicycle; and they sang so hard
and worked so steadily that, when the
dinner bell rang, they were surprised
to find the rain all stopped and the
sun shining.—Uplook.

Sensible Suggestions.
If I were a cash-boy or an office-boy,
and I wanted to get on in the world,
I think I should try to be prompt in
everything that I did. I should try
to get to my work early, and should
try to do everything at the proper
season. I should also keep myself
neat and clean, because I think a boy
looks much better with a clean face
than with a dirty one. A little dirt on
a boy's face will often make a really
bright boy appear dull. Then I should
try to be quick and active; I do not
think that any one likes a lazy boy,
and the quicker I should be with my
duties, the quicker, I believe, I should
be promoted.
I would tell the truth at all times;
if I made a mistake I should acknowl-
edge it like a man. I think that is
the easiest way to get out of a bad
place. If I were sent to carry a
bundle, I should try to get back before
they looked for me. I would much
rather they would say, "We were not
expecting you yet," than to say, "You
have taken too long." If a little extra
work were put upon me, I do not be-
lieve I should complain, but I should
try to do my best.
If I had nothing to do, I should ask
that something be given me rather
than to be idle. I think if my em-
ployer saw that I was interested in
my work, he would appreciate my
services more. Whatever I might
have to do, I should try to do it well;
first, because it is much pleasanter to
be praised than it is to be scolded;
next, because I am building my own
reputation, and if I am to make any-
thing out of myself, I must have the
good opinion of my employer. When-
ever I was praised, I should show that
I appreciated it by trying to do still
better.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Not to Be Balked.
A comparison made by an old car-
penter twenty years ago may be applied
in much wider sense than he had in
mind. He was speaking of two boys,
brothers, who had been sent to him to
learn the trade. They were bright
boys, and their father, in telling the
carpenter of his pleasure at their pro-
gress in their work, said he could not
see but one had done just as well as
the other.
"Umm," said the carpenter. "I
presume to say their work looks about
a piece, but I'll tell you the difference
betwixt those two boys." You give Ed
just the right tools, and he'll do a real
good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what
he needs, he'll make his own tools,
and say nothing about it.
If I was cast on a desert island
and wanted a box opened I should
know there'd be no use asking Ed to
do it, without I could point him out a
hammer.
"But Cy," added the old carpenter,
with a snap of his fingers. "The lack
of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy!
He'd have something rigged up and
that box opened, if there was any
open to it! I expect Cy's going to
march ahead of Ed all his life."
Twenty years have proved the truth
of the words, for while the boy who

high was probably written 3,600
years ago. Of course, it was not made
of paper, for they knew nothing of it
in those days; but it was made of the
papyrus plant. This was a plant that
grew in Egypt, and was used by its
inhabitants for writing. The stem of
the plant was about an inch thick, and
was cut into slices lengthwise. These
slices were then gummed together and
pressed when they could be written
upon. It is from this we get our word
'paper.'
"Oh, yes, I know," cried Bessie,
eagerly. "We had that in our geography
the other day."
"Very well, then," said Uncle Joe,
"I will then tell you more about this
old arithmetic. These Egyptians knew
how to add and multiply both whole
numbers and fractions. They did not
subtract and divide just as we do, but
they reached results, nevertheless.
Let me see, do you read in the Second
Reader yet?"
"Of course, Uncle Joe," said Bessie,
reproachfully. "I am eight years old.
I am in the Third Reader, and Miss
Julia says she could put me on further
if it wasn't for arithmetic." And a
long-drawn sigh followed the last
words.
"Well," said Uncle Joe, drawing a
newspaper slip from his pocket, "I am
going to see if a girl, eight years old,
can solve a problem given to some
Egyptian one hundred years before
Moses was probably born. Here it is:
'There are seven men, each one has
seven cats, each cat has eaten seven
mice, each mouse has eaten seven
grains of barley. Each grain of barley
would, if cultivated, have yielded
seven measures of barley. How much
barley has been lost in that way'
And the little girl, who had no head
for figures, worked it without the
slightest mistake.—Exchange.

A Surprise for the Doctor.
Tommy had had pneumonia, so had
been for some time in hospital, where
they had treated him so well that he
was much adverse to the prospect of
being discharged as 'cured.'
One day the doctor in charge
was taking his temperature, and while
Tommy had the thermometer in his
mouth the doctor moved on, and hap-
pened to turn his back. Tommy saw
his chance. He pulled the thermom-
eter out of his mouth and popped it
into a cup of tea, replacing it at the
first sign of the medic turning. When
that worthy examined the thermometer
he looked first at Tommy, then back
to the thermometer, and gasped:—
"Well, my man, you're not dead,
but you ought to be!"

Eating and Sleeping.
Food supplies the substance for re-
pairing the wastes of the body, and
gives strength. Sleep affords the
opportunity for these repairs to be
made. Both are necessary to health.
If you can't eat and sleep, take Hood's
Sarsaparil. It creates a good appet-
ite and tones the digestive organs,
and it gives the sweet, restful sleep of
childhood. Be sure to get Hood's.
Billouness is cured by Hood's Pills,
25c.
SAVED BY A COLLIE DOG.—Mr.
Robert Macdougall, one of the meteoro-
logists at Ben Nevis Observatory, had
a most exciting experience when
climbing that mountain the other day.
His only companion in the ascent was
a collie dog, to whom, he says, he owes
his life. When maneuvering on a
snow-slide about one thousand feet
above the half-way station, Mr. Mac-
dougall lost his footing; and, as the
surface of the snow was glazed and
hard, he was soon being whirled down
a gully at an alarming pace, sometimes
head foremost, at others the reverse.
It was at this juncture that the dog's
sagacity came in. As soon as Mr.
Macdougall began to slide, it caught
his coat with its teeth, and greatly
impeded the downward progress. The
dog ultimately guided him to a place
of safety, after the twain had slid down
on the snow for nearly one thousand
feet. Strange to say, neither observer
nor dog was much hurt; and the
former, breaking open the door of the
half-way hut, lit a fire. Here he was
found by a search party, half asleep,
with the dog watching over him.

A TRAP TO CATCH MOTHS.—Has any
housekeeper found the so-called moth
exterminators efficacious? I never
have. There are certain remedies that
will kill the older pests, but the eggs
remain to emerge from their hiding-
places with new vigor the next spring.
Why not set a trap for them, and
give them the things they like best to
eat? That is what I do, and this is my
way:
I take strips of soft, old woollen
dress waists, skirts, or anything old
and soiled (for that is what they like
best). Of these strips I make soft,
very loose balls, and scatter them
about my rooms in the spring months.
They much prefer this to my car-
pets and furniture, both to eat and lay
their eggs in. Try it, if you doubt it,
and look at the balls in a few weeks.
they will tell their own story, and it is
no loss in pocket to drop these in the
fire.
For a minister to lose his spirit of
devotion is a calamity. For him to
lose his love of his Bible reading and
closet is to utterly unfit him for duties
upon which hangawful responsibilities.
A drunken pilot is no more unfit for
his duties than is the preacher whose
spiritual appetite has palled upon him.
Such a condition, unless it comes
from sickness, shows that the connec-
tion is broken between the servant
and his Master, the man and his God.
At such a time wise is the preacher
who turns quickly to his place of
prayer, putting aside all else, and
stays there until he has seen and re-
moved the obstructing thing.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil should be used
by persons troubled with affections of
the throat or lungs, sores upon the
skin, rheumatic pain, crabs, bunions,
or external injuries. The reasons are,
that it is speedy, pure and unobjection-
able, whether taken internally or
applied outwardly.
A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There
are many persons of healthy appetite
and poor digestion who, after a hearty
meal, are subject to much suffering.
The food of which they have partaken
lies like lead in their stomachs. Head-
ache, depression, a smothering feeling
follow. One so afflicted is unfit for
business or work of any kind. In this
condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills
will bring relief. They will assist the
assimilation of the aliment, and used
according to direction will restore
healthy digestion.
Don't let headache wear you out
and render you unfit for business or
pleasure. Milburn's Sterling Head-
ache Powders will cure you quickly,
and leave no bad after effects. They
do not depress the heart. Price 10c.
and 25c.

'made his own tools' is rich, his brother
is still an ordinary workman.—The
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