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Learning

In the Country.

as tome I'd like to go bells don't ring nor whistles blow, locks don't strike, nor gongs s und I'd have stillress all around.

real stillness, but just the trees' whisperings, or the hum of bear, brooks' faint babbling over stones trangely, softly tangled tones.

maybe a cricket or katydid, he songs of birds in the hedges hid, just some such sweet sounds as these. fill a tired h art with case.

tweren't for sight and so und and smell. like a city pretty well; when it comes to getting rest, ike the country lots the best.

metimes it seems to me I must st quit the city's din and dust, d get out where the s y is blue; nd ay, now, how do s it seem to you? -Eugene Field

Two Ways of Enjoying a Treat.

BY ADELINE M. TIRRELL.

Ronald and Rollo had been spendg their holiday with Aunt Esther. he lived almost out into the country. onald and Rollo often walked out here on Saturdays. When they arted for home that afternoon, Aunt isther gave them each a bag filled ith frosted cup-cakes. Aunt Esther ras a dainty old lady, with a pleasant self. mile for everybody. Ronald and Rollo thought that there never was nother auntie so nice as Aunt Esther, and they always had happy times when they visited her. Ronald said that Aunt Esther's barn was just the place for boys to play in; and Rollo said that he pitied the boys who had Register. never tasted Aunt Esther's cooking, especially her cup-cakes. When she bade them good-by that afternoon, Aunt Esther said,-

other boy enjoy them with you.'

'O auntie!' said Ronald. 'There is cerning Mr. Snail and his de wofall: no danger but that I can enjoy all of

said was, -

joying our treasures.

As Rollo went down the street, he saw | w 11i.' Jimmie Curran walking painfully along out one and gave it to Jimmie.

'Oh, thank-ee.!' said Jimmie; and his smiles that Rollo was glad that he had | could fly !' shared his treasures.

'I am glad that I gave one to Jimmie,'

are Aunt Esther's cup-cakes! How come to know al that?' inquired one good one would taste to the old lady if of the children. she is hungry!'

had again shared his treasures.

will do for me.' But he had not one day. To dat feast King Lion reached the end of the street when he 'vited all de beastes, all de birds, an' met a little beggar-girl. She held out all deves' of de world. An' chil ren, her hand to him, and there were tears dey all come; for, w'ile dey was dem

Rollo, 'or she would not be crying. And he opened his bag, and took out | venient, at so dey all come.' another of Aunt Esther's cup-cakes. 'Oh, what a good boy!' said the interrup ed one of the little ones.

sighed Rollo. 'But the little girl given, an' dey was all havin' as fine a looked so happy that I do not feel bad time as yo' want to see, when Mr.

boy said: uncle, I was going to buy me a little didn't nuthin' 't all like dat, spite de cake with it.' 'Surely.' thought fac' dat he was riz well as de best of Rollo, 'it would be too bad for the 'em. He jes say, 'Pass dat salt dis child to go without his birthday eat. way.' All dem dat hear him mighty ing.' And so he handed him one of s'prised to hear such impurliteness, an' Aunt Esther's cup-cakes. The little as Mr. Fox purlitely pass de salt to

'I am glad that I could make him so wat he gwale say or do 'boat it.' happy. Two are left for me now.'

But just then a hungry dog came thing, Aunt Matilda?' chorused the along, and began to sniff at Rollo's bag. | children. It kept following Rollo; and it whined | 'King L'on didn't do anything, an' so piteously that at last Rollo opened he didn't say anything, jes den,' she its gratitude.

did not feed a hungry dog.'

and he ate the one last cup-cake himtasted anything so good, and i is pleaspleasure.

Ronald on the piazza looking cross and uncomfortable.

'How have you enjoyed your cupcakes? asked Rollo.

'I liked them very much,' said de earth,' 'stead of flyin' !' Ronald. 'But they tasted so good that I ate them all at once, and there were so many of them they gave me a yours?

Rollo told him how he had enjoyed them with others, and Ronald said :-'How foolish to give them all away ! I had chances enough to give mine away, but I chose to enjoy them my-

But that night while Roland tossed and tumbled with a headache, Rollo slept peacefully, and dreamed of a cheered old woman, some happy children, and the gratitude of a hungry boy. Which boy got the most enjoy ment out of his treasures ?- Chris.

Mr. Snail's Downfall.

Perhaps our readers never knew that 'I have given you more cakes to-day | once upon a time' the snail or u'd fig. than you need, but I thought that per- If they didn't, and were also unaware haps you might enjoy them better if of the reason woy he now crawls, they you had the opportunity to let some should read the story Aunt Matilda tells the readers of 'St. Nicholas' con-

Scated at the table, the children were enjoying their luncheon, and Aunt Esther smiled; but all that she | Aunt Matilda was busily engaged in waiting upon them, when one of them There is more than one way of en- asked in rather a rude manner to be helped to something. Without seem The boys went home by different | ing to notice the child's rideness, the streets. Rollo was going down by the old woman, after quietly helping the rubber factory to do an errand for lit le one, said: 'Yo' know, chu'ren, mamma. Somehow, it was usually dant don't cost nuthin' to be perlite, Rollo who did the errands. Ronald | but, at de same time, yo' is wine to wished to go home by a shorter way. | gan a lot mo' by bein' so in dis here

The little ones had ceased eating as on his crutches. Jimmie was the son the old woman spoke, wondering to of the woman who did washings for which one of them her words were Rollo's mother. Jimmie had been addres ed. But she seemed to be ings with them. hurt on the railroad track, and it was speaking to all of them and she consaid that he would never walk again | tinued : 'Purliteness makes mighty like other boys. Rollo pitied him; easy goin', no matter whar yo' is traband, as he saw him that afternoon, he | lin', and de want of it is a load dat make him happy. Then he thought of yo' go. Yo' know, de snail he flew Aunt Esther's cup-cakes, and he took | high an' he flew fas till his impurliteness done stop him.'

'Why, Aunt Matilda,' exclaimed the

chil'ren,' the old woman insisted; 'an' said he. 'I have five left now.' But he'd been a-flyin' yit, 'cordin' to Mr. he had not gone far when he met an | W.zzle Wuzzle, but fur his impurliteold woman selling lead-pencils. She ness. Yo' see, honeys, de snail in de was old, and she was thinly clad. olden time wasn't de po', misurbul tortured by an ignorance which may be Rollo wished that he had some money creetur dat yo' see him now. No into buy something of her, for he felt deed. Fur, as Mr. Wizz'e Wuzzle guage is known and a public library is sure that she had had little to eat that | tells me, den he was fine of color, an' flaw high as any bird yo' ever see.'

'Why!' said he suddenly. 'There | 'How did the Wizzle Wuzzle Man

'Well, chil'ren,' evasively replied 'Thank you, dearie!' said the poor Aunt Matilda. 'I ain't sayin' as how old creature, as Rollo handed her one. Mr. W.zz'e Wuzzle know all dat. I 'It has been many a dreary day jes' tells yo' as he done tole it to me. since a body has done me such a kind- He allow dat Mr. Snail in de elden time fly fas', an' dat Mr. Snail fly high, And Rollo was not sorry that he an' dat he was all I tells yo'. How somever, de lior, which is de king of 'I have four left,' said he. 'Four de beastes, as he was den, give a feast dat ain't likin' him, dey know dat when 'She must be very hungry,' said King Lion say 'Come,' he den't say, 'Come if yo' kin,' or 'Come if con-

'Where did the lion give the feast!

'Dat I disremembers, honey,' re-'There goes another of my treasures,' | plied the old woman, 'but de feast was about it. Three are left for me yet.' | Snail, who sot nex' to Mr. Fox at de But he had hardly turned the street | table, findin' dat de soup want jes a corner when he met a little boy crying | pinch of salt, says to Mr. Fox, 'Pass because he had lost a nickel. Rollo dat salt dis way.' He never say, 'May stopped to comfort him, and the little I trubble yo' fur de salt?' or 'Be good 'nuff to pass de salt dis way,' or 'De 'It was a birthday present from my salt, if yo' please.' No indeedy: he boy laughed for jey, and Rollo said: Mr. Snail, all look at King Lion to see

'And did the lion do or say any-

the bag again, and gave it a cup-cake. | resumed; 'but when de feast was over, The dog licked Rollo's hand, to show an' dey was all 'bout to leave de table, he say lookin' down to whar Mr. 'I have only one left,' said Rollo. Snail sot: 'Dar isn't anything dat] But I should hate to remember that I knows of so easy as bein' perlite, an' dar isn't any place where de want of it Rollo sat down under a tree to rest, 1, ks so mean as at de table, 'specially when yo' is 'vited to some other table self. He thought that he had never | dan yo' own. I is sorry to say,' King Lion go on, lookin' mighty fierce toure was made greater by the thought of | ward Mr. Snail, 'dat one of yo' sittin' how the other cup-cakes had given at dis here table done furgit all dis. Such furgitful .ess I can't afford to let When he reached home, he found go by wideut noticin' of it, an' widout mentior in' any names, I is 'bliged to s.y dat af er die day de one I has in mird wll be hidden from de rest of yo'. an' dat he'll crawl 'long de face of

'An' from dat day to dis, chil'ren, said the old woman impressively, 'Mr. Spail done hid hisself in a shell, an headache. How have you enjoyed crawls 'long, 'bout de mos' 'spisedest creetur in all de world.'

If I Were a Girl.

If I were a girl, but warned and guided by the knowledge of life that comes with maturer years, there are some things frequently done by wel intentioned girls in this year of grace that I would try to leave undone, and some other things frequently neglected by them that I would try to do.

If I were a girl I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, heaithful, well knit body. I would not ruin my digestion by eating coramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing bad air and wearing uncomfortable clothing. I would have my regular hours of eating and sleeping, and not be tempted from them oftener than once or twice a year. would have my own ideas of what was sentible, economical, and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion

If I were a girl I would learn, as early as possible, to do the homely duties which come to the vast majority of women sooner or later. I would learn to make and mend my own clothes, to sweep, and dust, and iron, and cook, and to do all these things so easily and well that the doing could Lever be drudgery.

If I were a girl I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible for me to know, but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feel

If I were a girl I would try very hard to keep my lips clear of slang, hasty words, and stupid goesip. would not seek a reputation for vivaciwished that he could do something to pulls yo' back mo' an' mo' de furder ty and 'smartness' at the expense of candor and kindness. I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say what I meant and to mean what I said.

If I were a girl I would learn some freckled face was so beaming with children, in surprise, 'the enail never things about the events and the prominent characters and questions of the 'Mr. Snail flew once on a time, day. I would learn to place the central figures of history-to know whether Socrates was a Greek or a Roman, and how and where Joan of Arcachieved immortality. I would not go through life remedied wherever the Eiglish lan-

If I were a girl I would not spend hours in reading light novels-even harmless ones-when the same time wisely used would give me a life-long acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Barns, Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, Haw thorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Longfellow, and still others of the masters of literature.

If I were a girl I would be a Christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature and influential Chris ian, I would be content to be an honest Christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest. I would let my position regarding the great pity, but I really don't see how dance, the card table, and the theater te so clearly defined that I need not go through the agony of decision every myself and my religion offensive by cant and 'goodishness,' but I would try to have it understood which side I was on and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as easily as later life can look backward, shall wish in old age I had become.

but to speak and live up to a resolute "I will.'-Missionary Tidings.

Dyspepsia Eight Years. Nine bottles of Laxa Liver Pills cured me of Dyspepsia and Pains in

the Stomach after I had suffered 8 years and c. uld get nothing to do me any good. MRS ASA HAMILTON, Bear River, N. S.

Nice to Have Around.

Among the Summer visitors that thronged Primrose farm, none were so popular as a maiden of fourteen.

'It is strange what makes everybody like May Stultz so; I am just as good as she is,' said Jennie Dine, enviously. There was a smile in the eyes of the farmer's wife, as she replied, 'May is such a nice little body to have around.

'And why ain't I, too?' inquired Jennie, in an injured tone. 'Why, you are, certainly,' smiled

the farmer's wife; 'but then May is extra nice. I am always sorry to see her go home. I miss her for months. 'She has such helpful little ways,

spoke up grandma. 'And don't I help too?' asked Jennie 'Why, yes, you are good, too,' said grandma; but there is a difference. Watch May, and see how it is.'

So Jennie determined to study May, and when she awoke the next morning and saw her friend standing before the glass putting the finishing touches to a bit of lace about her throat, it was the first thing she thought of.

'What are you doing up so early?' she asked. 'Isn't breakfast an hour later on Sunday morning?

'Yes, I know it is, but I don't like to be in a hurry on God's day. Now I shall have time to bring in a few flowers for the table, and some peppermint all wet with dew for poor Mrs Melvil who has the dyspepsia so, and not keep everybody waiting, either, and she glided out of the room.

Two hours later, a half dozen guests or more were flying about the cool, airy bedrooms, getting ready for church. There was quite a flutter for brushes,

combs, shoes, books and glove buttoners. One young lady said her back hair looked like a fright; another was in such a hurry that two or three buttons cuff-stud, is recommended instead of broke from her shoes and went rolling a pin to hold the cuff in place. off to one corner, and another was doing her best to draw on a pair of a good remedy for vomiting arising kid gloves.

May Stultz was ready and waiting, but as one after another made some complaint, she went about in a quiet

way, helping all she could. With another hairpin or two she gave another look to Stella Wharton's back hair; she hunted up the lost buttons and brought out some patent fasteners for them; she arranged a lady's lace veil; she fastened up a skirt that was too long; she buttoned grandma's glove and then left a kiss on the withered cheek, while a girl of twenty cried:

'It is too bad to make such a lady's naid of May.

'Oh, I like it !' smiled May. 'It is uch a comfort to see everybody con-

'We couldn't any of us get along without you,' said the farmer's wife, with a meaning smile over to Jennie. Jennie blushed, for she now understood what made May so popular. No wonder everybody liked to have her around !-Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell in Christian Work.

'A' Penny Saved is a Penny Earned

Economy is the lesson taught by this saying. It is true economy to take Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season because it purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and thus prevents sickness and puts the whole system in a state of health for the coming season. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla it is economy to take only Hood's.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

Enjoying Herself.

Lettie was always wanting to 'have a good time,' and mourning over the delightful opportunities that other girls had which she had not.

'I never have any chance to enjoy myself,' she said complainingly.

tented face with the frowning line between the brows, and the dejected droop of the young mouth, and answered with ready sympathy :

'No you don't, that's a fact. I 's a

you can enj y yourself at all. Now, there's your mother; everybody can enjoy her, even though she is an inday I lived. I would try not to make valid, shut up in her home most of the time. She is always bright and cheery, interested in what is going on in the world, ready to forget hereelf in the pleasures and sorrows of others. You can enjoy your father, too, and I've no doubt he enjoys himself, though he does have to spend his days I would begin to be in girlhood what I in his dingy, up town office, without much time for picnics and concerts For the achievement it is necessary He's doing his share of the world's work-good, useful work-and has a kind word and helping hand for everybody near him. I should think you might even enjoy Bridget, for she goes singing about her sweeping and dishwashing, trying to live for somebody besides herself. You can't enjoy anything that hasn't in it something enjoyable, and so I really don't see how you can enjoy you self, poer

chiid! The worst of it is that other people don't have much chance to enjoy you, either.

Then Aunt Hannah walked calmly way to her dairy, leaving the astonished Lettie with something to think about .- F ward

A Clever Hen, A True Story.

One day in early Autumn, when the sunflower seeds were fully ripe, I spied our hen, Speckle, pecking away on the brown stalk of one of the tallest bushes. My curiosity being aroused, I stood and watched her. To my surprise, she pecked away with a will till. a number of seeds had been shaken from the seed disc. Then she picked them from the ground until she had eaten quite a good dinner. Day after day I saw her do this.

Finally, the other chickens discovered that there would be seeds on the ground when Speckle went to the bush, and then she had a hard time of it. As soon as she would go to the bush, the others would flock around her, and eat the seeds as fast as she could shake them down. Undaunted though, she would work away until the rest were filled, and then get a paltry share from their leavings.

Though the chickens knew perfectly well that there would be seeds on the ground when Speckle pecked the bush, still none of them caught Speckle's idea of shaking a bush for themselves -and there were plenty of them-so I concluded that Speckle was an exceptionally brilliant hen. - Every Other Sunday.

Home Hints.

The care of cuts. A loop of elastic cord, sewed on the under side of the dress sleeve lining, to slip over the

A cure for sickness. Buttermilk is from irritability of the stomach and other causes. Hot water-really hot, not te pid-has also a wonderfully soothing action on the stomach. It should be sipped slowly.

Chocolate rice. Make a rice pudding with one pint of milk, and bake it in the ordinary way. When half cooked, stir in one ounce of grated chocolate which has been heated in the oven, and a few crops of vanilla essence. Beat the white of an egg to a s.iff froth, stir in a table spoonful of powdered sugar, and pile on top of the pudding when cooked; place again in the oven for a moment, to brown.

Drink wilk el wly. Drinking milk is often a source of discemfort, if not of posit ve indigestion. The card of milk is acted upon by the gastric juice of the somach, and when a large quantity of milk is taken at once, this curdling process is at to disagree. The proper plan is to sip the milk so as to give time for its digestion. This rule applies to infant feeding as well as to that of adults.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure.-Capelle.

USEFUL AT ALL TIMES .- In winter or in summer Parmelee's V. getable Pills will core with and overcome any irregulari ies of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of resicontains 100 doses-positive proof that | dence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Skepticism .- This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a a cough, remove pain, heal sores of Aunt Harnah glanced at the discon- portion of the body to which it is are unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for them. Wholesale only by

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