lost a very little word

mly a very naughty word

I had not meant to say.

but then it was not really lost

When from my lips it flew;

v little brother picked it up,

And now he says it, too.

It's always coming back."

'Portland' In.

ore about the engine.'

wide berth.

Let me fire for you this trip, Don,

Tom smiled good-naturedly and

nicked up the coal shovel just as the

agineer pulled open the throttle. He

and been in the employ of the road for

year, acting as brakemen, and was

loping to work his way into a more

arative and responsible position in

que time. He had an afternoon off

mee a week and occasionally fired for

that the knowledge of how to run an

engine might be of use some day, and

The steamer Portland left its berth,

one night, several years ago, and

steamed out of Boston harbour on its

A storm had been brewing for

several days, and this night, an hour

out of port, it broke. The sailors

ere used to storms, however, and

ittle would have been thought of the

natter, had not a strange thing hap-

ened. From the time the vessel left

its moorings the engineers and stokers

had been working like Trojans, trying

to keep the fires burning. But they

were unfamiliar with soft coal, and the

fires had burned dull and, finally, in

spite of all efforts to prevent it, had

The captain, engineer, and several

the situation, one suggesting one thing

and another something else. No one

knew anything about the burning of

soft coal and all were at their wits'

ends. One of the passengers stepped

down into the enigine room and asked

what the trouble was. He was a

young man perhaps twenty-five years

of age, though he looked somewhat

gineer, gruffly; 'here we are, twenty

sea. Draw the coals,' said the engineer,

use a third as much and I think they

'What do you know about it?' de-

Then help us fire to-night, and you

The stranger promptly threw off his

the time their work was completed the

the building of the fires. Ten minutes

addressing the stokers; 'don't throw

thrown on the blazing wood.

will not lose anything by it.'

lege to do my part.'

manded the captain and engineer in

to start them again.'

will burn all right.'

the same breath.

Mountain Express.'

the new regulation.

-Unknown Exchange.

Only the other day ;

CT. 10 1900 the Little Word that was Lost.

Cured Her es and Stren leak System

Mamma is sad. papa looks grieved-Johnny has said it twice : of course it is no use for me To tell him it's not nice. ose other things, you never seem To come upon their track; But lose a naughty little word,

of 115 George S of those whose dy is well worth I am pleased Heart and Nervi rom nerve trou

ANL S. a week from STON

TO AL R PLATED APOT. way to Portland. The company had National Blend best Blend T. decided to burn soft coal in place of n you have be hard coal that had been used in the

WANTE

and fastest sel published.

s-story of the he family. authentic blogra 1000 more as

82, Chicago.

Blouses, we

on approval, y them on.

ing doubtfully at the fire. keep a fire with soft coal is to watch listening with both ears.

this layer of coal.'

from time to time.'

again holding to her course under a full charms, and, above all, the beautiful head of steam, breasting the storm needlework done in the native schools bravely.

the ship put into Portland the following morning, three hours late, no one aboard, save the crew, knew of the peril that had threatened the boat.

When the stranger who had made it possible to bring the boat in, left the steamer, the captain and engineer shook his hand warmly.

'Will you tell us your name?' asked the captain as he held the young man's hand.

a. m. Tom Ricker Brought the

One morning a month lat r, just as Ricker's train was about to start, the captain of the Portland stepped up to Tom and chatted a few m ments. It id Tom Ricker, stepping into the matters not just what passed between of the engine attached to the White them; suffice it to say that the next untain Express, 'it's my afternoon and I'd like to learn something Monday evening when the Portland left the wharf it carried Tom Ricker. The brass band about his cap told the You must like to work, Tom,' said passengers that he was assistsnt e fireman, laughing. 'If I had an ternoon off, I'd give the railroad a

Two years ago he was appointed first engineer on one of the big ocean liners; but Don Fischer, for whom Tom fired when opportunity offered, is still firing on the Boston and Maine. Somehow the management of the road has not seen fit to place him on the engineer's box. Possibly he is too fond of giving 'the railroad a wide berth' when of duty.—Central Advocate.

A Penny.

'Where are you going, Mab? Stop minute,' cried Nettie Ford, tapping vigorously on the pane and flinging the

Mabel turned to look at the flaxen head that was thrust out.

'Why, to the school room, to hear about Madagascar and all the heathen Chinee,' answered she, with a merry smile. 'Aren't you coming?'

'Will the lady missionary be there? asked Nettie.

'Yes; and Rose Morley says she has brought such a number of curiosities down with her. You're coming, of course!

'I should like to, but-'

'But what?' interrupted Mabel, Make haste; I'm not going to be late want to see, and I don't mean to six at the back!

'I can't very well come,' said Nettie. hesitating: 'I haven't any mony.' 'That won't matter. What's

officers of the crew were talking over I 'If twelve people said that, it would make a shilling less in the plate,' re

turned Nettie practically. ·Well, please yourself; I shan't wait,

said Mabel, and she ran off. Nettie stood fingering the tassel of

'A penny isn't much,' she mused. 'I do want to see those things; but it looks so mean not to put anything in 'Trouble enough,' replied the en- the plate. I wish I had a penny.'

the fires out. We're drifting out to her hand ran out. She could just see Mabel far down

turning to the stokers, 'and we'll try the road. 'I'll put my next penny in the missionary box,' she said to herself. 'After' 'Excuse me sir,' said the young man, but too much coal has been thrown on all what does it matter what the others to the fires. Soft coal can't be burned think?"

'Nettie and her brothers were all that way. Start the fires again and allowed a penny per week for pocketmoney, and Nettie generally spent hers in sweets or cakes.

Now and again she put a halfpenny or, if she could get one, a farthing into 'I ought to know something about the missionary-box when it was handed soft coal, replied the stranger, quietly; round, but this was a special appeal 'I have fired frequently on the White for funds. She had heard her father saying that a hundred more mission-'Is that so?' replied the engineer, aries were wanted, if only enough looking sharply at the young man. money could be raised to send them

'One penny won't make much difference,' she said to herself for the twencoat and began drawing on a pair of tieth time, as she came breathlessly up overalls which one of them tossed him. to the school-room door; but as she 'I'll do my best,' replied the young said it she heard her own answer to

man, 'whether I gain or lose. If I can | Mabel not so many minutes beforebe of assistance I shall deem it a privi- 'Twelve pennies make a shilling.' She paused outside, listening to the had spread throughout the land. Meanwhile the stokers had been at buzz of young people taking their

work drawing the dead coals, and by places. volunteer fireman was ready to direct quite like to go in,' she thought.

later the first shovelful of coal was insensibly getting nearer to the door, when it opened and the superintendent 'Hold up!' said the young man, beckoned her in.

'Come along,' he said. 'You're more coal on until a red spot shows in rather late, but I'll find you a place.' And in a minute more Nettie was Is much simpler than is sometimes 'It'll burn through that inside of a sitting right up at the front, where she supposed. Health depends chiefly minute,' replied one of the men, look- could both see and be seen by every- upon perfect digestion and pure blood,

'That's just what we want,' replied The lady who was to speak was just the stranger; 'soft coal and hard coal standing up, and before Nettie had any stomach or blood disorder. Its are two different products when it time to wonder what she should do cures of scrofula, salt rheum, catarrh, comes to burning. The only way to when the plate came round, she was dyspepsia, rheumatism and other

for the bright spots and cover them Then there were the things the lady had brought-curious little baskets, The favorite family cathartic is Half an hour later the Portland was caps, spoons, native dresses, and Hood's Pills.

by girls and women, and pictures of All that night the volunteer fireman | those who had done them, who, but

worked in the engine room, and when for the noble men and women who had left home and friends to tell them of the redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ, would still have been in heathen darkness.

'I might spare them my penny every week,' thought Nettie. 'Chocolate creams are very nice, but I could do without them. I won't buy another one till there's enough money collected to send out the hundred more missionaries who are wanted. And I'll try to 'Thomas Ricker,' he responded. 'I persuade some of the other girls to do am braking on the White Mountain the same. If everybody will give a Express, which leaves Boston at eight penny we shall soon get the money.' -Harriet E. Burch.

The Bear and the Boy.

About two hundred years ago a rich and powerful nobleman named Leopeld was duke of the province of Lorraine. The duke was very fond of animals.

Among his savage pets was a great bear, whose name was Marco.

Marco was housed in a rough hut in a corner of his royal master's park. He was supplied with the best of food by the keeper of the animals; and on state occasions he was led out by a big and it generally meant delicious sugary iron chain, and made to dance for the amusement of Leopold's friends.

swung his shaggy head out of the door | time. of his hut and showed his white teeth in an ugly snarl, no one dared to go near him. One blow from his paw would have knocked a man senseless, and those white teeth of his were very sharp.

One cold winter night Marco having swallowed his supper at a few gulps, shambled back into the farthest corner of his hut, and curled himself up to sleep. He was just at the 'falling-off' should he see but a small boy, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, and shivering with the cold !

The boy was a homeless child, who had lost his way in the duke's forest, and had run into the bear's hut for shelter.

Marco did not know who this new comer might be, but he was so surprised that he quite forgot to growl. Then a strange thing happened-so

strange that, if this were not a true story, I should not ask you to believe it. The boy ran over to Marco, and, peering into the shaggy face, cried joy. fully: 'Why, you are the duke's funny bear that I saw dancing the other day! Won't you be my friend ? I need one so much !

The bear Marco did not understand what the boy said, but he understood the kind hand that stroked his head. That hand meant, "I love you." Marco had never been loved in all of his rough bearish life, - at least, not since the days before he had been caught in the deep forest, a frightened baby, screaming for his mother.

Now a great answering love filled his wild heart. He allowed the little Then she ran upstairs, put on her lad to lie down beside him, warmed by odd miles out of port in a storm, and hat and cloak, and taking her gloves in his furry coat; and together they

slept through the night. In the morning the boy went away, but came back to his friend in the evening. This happened for several days. Marco shared his food with his visitor, and they became fast cronies.

One day the keeper was surprised to see that Marco left his supper un touched; and, instead of hurrying away to feed the other animals, h

staved to watch the hear. Marco sat in the door of his hut, patiently waiting for his boy. The keeper offered to take away the food; but he received such a fierce look that he set it down again, and hid behind a

In a moment, to his amazement, a child ran up to the bear. The keeper sprang forward to snatch him out of harm's way; but the boy had already thrown his arms about his faithful friend, and in a twinkling they finished the waiting supper together.

Duke Leopold was brought to the

Duke Leopold gave orders that the poor child should be brought to his 'I want to see the things, but I don't palace, to be educated and cared for. The little lad made many friends in She had stepped on the mat and was his beautiful new home, but I think that he never found a dearer one than the bear Marco. - Cora Haviland Carver, in Little Men and Women.

The Health Problem

and the problem is solved very readily by Hood's Sarsaparilla. You may keep well by taking it promptly for diseases are numbered by the thou-

Dick's Fact.

'Teacher told us,' said Dick, quite out of breath from running so fast, 'to bring a fact to-morrow to school to tell

'A fact!' said mother. 'What is that for ?

'So we will know how to use our eyes, and tell things afterward,' explained Dick, stretching his own eyes very wide open.

Mother laughed, and said: 'Well, Dick, it's a fact that I'm very glad you are home, for I need your help very much to run downtown to the market, to the postoffice, and to the dry-goods When Dick got home with all the

things in his express wagon, supper was ready, and after supper he helped his mother with the dishes, so sister could study her geography. Then it was bedtime, and the next

morning he was so busy that he forgot all about the 'fact' until he was almost at the school house. He stopped to think about it, and

just then a window in a little white house across the street flew open, and a voice cried out : 'Dicky, boy, come here, I want to show you something.' Some dear friends of his lived there,

he went in very willingly, for the school Miss Amelia could not walk without crutches, and Dick felt very sorry for

cookies when they called to him; so

She was in her wheel-chair now, and she rolled it over by the window while her mother went to get the cookies, and there on the sunshiny pane was a

great crimson and black butterfly. 'I found this,' said Miss Amelia, shelf,' 'last fall in the porch, and I point, when he heard a sound at the threw it into my work basket. Last house door. He started up; and what | night I could not sleep, for I thought a mouse was scratching, and this morning we found the pod open, and this lovely butterfly. This pod is a cocoon,

> 'Oh, I'll have that to tell for my fact! said Dick, stuffing his pockets with the cookies. Thank you.

So, when the teacher called for facts, Dick stood up very straight, and said 'Miss 'Melia, my friend, who gives

me cookies, found a 'coon in the porch last fall, and when it was in her basket a long time, it turned into a mouse, and then to a butterfly.'

The scholars laughed a little, but they were much interested when the teacher explained about the caterpillar, the cocoon and the butterfly Dick had not understood. - The Outlook.

The Skill of a Mouse.

One day a naturalist lay motionless on a fallen log in the forest, and silently watched an animal at play in the grass near by. This was a large, brown-backed mouse, -a meadow mouse, that had come out from his home under the log, and when tired of play, had sat up to make his toilet. Using his forepaws as hands, the mouse combed the white fur on his breast, and licked himself smooth and sleek. Satisfied at length with his appearance, he began to search for food.

He did not have far to go, for a few stalks of wheat grew among the thick weeds near at hand. The mouse was so large that he could probably have bent the stalk down and brought the grain within reach. If not, he could certainly have climbed the stalk. He did not try either of these plans, however; for these were not his ways. Sitting up very straight, he bit through the stalk as high as he could reach. The weeds were so thick that the straw could not fall its full length; and the tree, to see what would happen next. freshly cut end settled down upon the ground, with the straw still erect and the grain out of reach. The mouse again bit the straw in two, and again repeated hot baths. the upper portion settled down. In this way he bit off five lengths of straw before he could bring the grain within reach of his paws. These forepaws were very skilful little hands; and he hut to see this wonderful pair, and deftly husked a grain and ate it, sitting soon the story of the boy and the bear | erect, and holding it to his mouth as naturally as a boy would hold an apple. -Our Animal Friends.

The Healthful Bedroom.

says that everything about a sleepingroom should be simple, immaculate, floors oiled and rugs placed beside the beds. If the walls are papered, the colors should be modest and the pattern subdued.

The windows should be curtained so as to be uniform with the rest of the bed-room is what its name implies—a place of repose—and everything about it should be conductive to the one troubled me since."

Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as permanent cure in both cases, as neither the piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest in culation of any scientific journal. Terms, we will be conductive to the one troubled me since." it should be conductive to the one troubled me since.'

purpose of sleeping. Pictures and garnish furniture or articles not actually necessary to the comfort of the occupant should be entirely ignored. Above all things, a sleeping apartment should be flooded for at least one hour during the day with sunlight, and have an abundance of fresh air, taking care ready for distribution. the while that the sleeper is not exposed to a draft.—Christian Advocate.

The New Boy.

The "new boy" is of later origin than the 'new woman." He can make his own bed, sew buttons on his own clothing, cook his own breakfast, and wash the dishes, if necessary, and he is no longer considered a "sissy" for so doing. He can carry on successfully a bachelor establishment for his father and himself, and even do his part socially, without losing his place among the first six in school. The "new boy" is the result of a growing belief among mothers and educators that domestic training is just as good for boys as for girls. They argue that a domestically trained boy makes the best husband, and that the brother who is obliged occasionally to make his own bed or boil an egg will not look down on his sister for doing the same things; also, that the girl who can use her brother's kit of tools will no longer consider him a superior Marco was fierce; and, when he house clock told him he had plenty of being because the tools are his property rather than hers -- Mrs. V. Witherbee.

A Dog Story.

A writer, John Clark, in the Advance, tells the story of a Kansas dog. His name is Nep and he lives in Dayton. It is his business twice a day to go to the train after the mail. When taking a brown pod from the mantel he hears the whistle he gives a bark and hurries to the crossing, where the big leather bag is thrown to him, as the train flies past at thirty miles an WOODSTOCK N hour. Nep runs and picks the bag up at once, taking it by the middle so that it will not drag on the ground, then he walks down the street with his head in the air as if he owned all creation. Nep is four years old and weights 250 pounds, yet his teeth are so strong that he is able to carry a mail bag weighing nearly half as much as him-

I am glad to tell you that on holidays the trainmen always throw him a nice bit for himself, but he never touches a morsel until he has done Uncle Sam's errand.

Don't Forget.

Don't forget to give your canary the the best of water and seed every day. See that he has a good fish bone. Clean his cage every day. Keep him out of the hot sun and the glare of bright lights, and yet let him have sunshine. Talk to him-talk to him with a kind Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Diates voice. Let him out of the cage occasionally. We give crumbs of bread soaked in milk, lettuce, chickweed, a little piece of egg, sometimes a little fruit, a nut, and lots of good things, and let him eat or reject as he pleases. Remember he is a prisoner in confinement, dependent on you every day for health and life, and constantly strive to make him happy. A little ten-cent looking-glass will add greatly to his happiness. Take care that neither sun nor other light reflected

Home Hints.

shall dazzle him.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent

Contriving to keep up a continual worry about something or nothing is a good way to destroy health.

Infantile bronchitis can sometimes be prevented from passing into the capillary form by the judicious use of

Eggs with Bacon.-Pile brown toast n the center of a heated dish; arrange lices of nicely fried bacon around the edge; pour over a little brown sauce lay on hard boiled sliced eggs. Garnish with lettuce or parsley and serve at

contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They A lady noted for her good taste and also contain Roots and Herbs which her unusual ability as a housekeeper have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A, Cairneross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmeand easily kept so. Bed-rooms may lee's Vegetable Pills an excellent be either carpeted with matting or the remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time.'

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH. - Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: house, but too much drapery is an ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' abomination, and it should be entirely Eclectric Oil. I have also been subdispensed with in a sick room. The ject to Quinsy for over forty years but

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of how long sta erves have be lition, but Mil ills, which I have strength vigorated my sy for not making k from recomme rers as a splend weakness."

31st. the steam eave St John for daily up to 5 oclor the fireman on his train. He thought LAECHLER,

you will receip past. This was the first trip under the new regulation. ouse in town to brook & st and Westmorlan

Moody, assiste unselfish servi the authorization

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