she slept, baby weary with play,

he'd her warm in my loving-strong

dollar meant all the world to me

in they ever before had meant,

things far too gladsome to be,

Papa what would you take for me?"

A Canadian General Bobs'

BY MARTHA GRAHAM.

I tell you we've built a regular

tifications. 'Jack Brown and his

Well. I should think not. And say,

b, wasn't it awfully good of the fel-

vs to choose us for the generals. It's

General Roberts laughed. 'We'll

we him court-martialled if he does.

ink,' said Sam, pulling his feet up to

he top of the fence, but it would be

ts of fun to try. Lord Bobs is aw-

illy good you know—just does every-

ravely. 'I guess that's true. Any-

ather said he was glad we were play-

"il call me Kitchen for short."

ust like him all the time.'

ay I'm going to try.'

the fort below.

and a pile of snow.

pied his little sister.

lean off the fence!"

t Bob.'

added.

'Who on earth did that?'

'Why, it's Jessie!' cried Bob, as he

you should have aimed at the ground.

suddenly Sam, who had scrambled

back to his perch, called out :

Bob turned quickly.

were you saying a minute ago?

ng will never get us out of that.'

Eugene Fi ld.

the night crept on and I slept and

pa, What Would You Take for Me?" PILLS eady to sleep and she lay on my er little frilled cap so fine, ergolden hair falling out at the edge,

e healthy constipated a circle of noon sunshine, m clogged umm'd the old tune of "Panbury material. "The Three Men Who Put Out To a natural day, and the she seepily said, as she closed her

what would you take for me?" answered, "A dollar, dear little

ure it is to Pills. The ases yield to ey neither weaken, are prompt to CURE

I roc' ed her and rocked away. NSTIPATION land and the sea and the sky, west depth of the lowest place, d's highest of all that's high! Pine Lun e cities, with streets and palaces, h their people and stores of art, ld not take 'or one low, soft throb my little one's loving heart; after other

If the gold that was ever found. to take. I he busy wealth-finding past, dI ake for a smile of my darling's WANT I know it must be the last. st and faster ver published ocked my baby and rocked away, d I felt such a sweet content. te words of the song expreseed more R. Moody, a

tey. ife-story of h unselfish ow-man. the author the family. ed, authentich trated. Lan 1000 more women.

; a barvest paid, credit

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TO

nd Westmork grai

RISKI

Cotton

Jessie came slowly from behind the pile of snow where she had taken refuge. She was not accustomed to being treated with any great polite- aroused. ness by her brother, who though he in making her miserable by constant building of the snow fort he was our lives, it writes itself upon our faces 9. The leaves of trees catch the rain

duct surprised the little girl.

'May I go in, Bob?'

here, and I'll hoist you over the wall: There, look, here's our ammunition, two hundred bullets made of snow. and here's the holes to shoot them through.

'Yes, and wait till I tell you what Lord Roberts did, Jessie, 'cried Sam, descending to earth again. You know had something to do with his being so Bob is Lord Roberts now, and I'm prompt. Kitchener. Well, we wanted to make the snowballs just jolly hard like and the storming party were driven off West Virginia), some three miles packed ice, and Bobs issued an order with great loss. The boys carried above the "Old Cummins Jackson allowed in this army.

'No expanding bullets!' replied them loudly. 'Bobs' with a grand military air and a strut that made them laugh.

'If one of those big chunks of ice some of the fellows wanted to make had hit, it would have broken somebody's head.'

'Good for you, Bob!' cried Jessie. 'You're just like Lord Roberts. I'm going to call you Bobs, too.'

called from the house:

'Bobbie! Bob! Where are you?' 'Oh bother!' cried the owner of the name, forgetting his generalship again. 'Jess, you go and see what mother wants.

Then he stopped suddenly. 'That | taken his place. was Bob that time, not Bobs,' laughed I waken d with lips saying close in my

'Bobs' laughed too.

'Guess I'd better go, Sam,' he said. I table. It's my lessons; mother always wants me to do them before tea.'

have to obey. I'll go and do mine, The snow fort was completed and all too.' ly for the enemy's bombardment,

r school. The soldiers, who had Jess!'

ked hard at their fortifications all Sam flung himself over the fence rnoon, had gone to their respective into his own yard, while Bob and his and a smile. 'It cost a good bit of hard it g colleguy took place: mes for tea; but the General of the sister ran toward the house General ow-ball brigade and his Chief Officer | Roberts must attend to duty promptly, sat on the top of the fence which he felt. Generally he had to be reided their homes and surveyed their minded of those lessons over and over before he finally settled down to them, and often with a sulky face; but tondy this time,' said General Bob night he went straight to the pile of books that lay on the little table in the corner of the sitting-room and was soon absorbed in his work.

His mother came in a few minutes afterwards.

'Why, Bobby, you are at work, are handy to call you Bobs, too, instead you, dear ? she said in a surprised Bob. I hope they won't forget to tone. 'I was just going to call you again. I did not know you had come little Eve. me Kitchener. Hal Winters says in. That's right, my boy.'

General 'Bobs' considered this remark for some time after his mother o you know, Sam, I mean Kitchener, had gone out. It certainly wasn't very ve just felt as if I really was General soldier-like conduct that would make lobs' all afternoon. I'm going to act your mother surprised when you obeyed promptly, he remarked to him-'It would be kind of hard, I should

He worked harder than ever after that, and when the tea-bell rang his lessons were finished. He went into the dining-room in high spirits. As he passed his sister's chair, Jessie in-'Yes,' answered the new general stinctively put her hands up to her curly head, for she knew by experi- big H. How will God write it, papa? ence that to have Bob behind one was 'Well, it would be a good thing. to run the risk of getting a severe pull. But her tormentor passed quite politely ng soldiers so much because it might and took his seat at the opposite side of the table.

hake us fellows a little more obedient. 'Well, I declare!' cried the little girl. | there?' This last remark was addressed to a Bob forgot to pull my hair, father.' 'No I didn't, then,' answered her her father. nowball that came flying from the irection of the house; and in trying brother. I thought about it, but I avoid it Lord Sam Kitchener lost just didn't.

is balance and tumbled head first into getting,' said his father, approvingly, him to explain. 'Oh, I know why!' cried Jessie. "Crickey!' he gasped, coming up with his eyes and mouth full of snow. Bobs, The boys have made him A black, curly head, crowned by a General of the Snowball brigade, and old, old gentleman, don't you?' con-

that's why he's so nice.' 'I'm sure we're all very glad,' laughed Mr. Murray. 'Your hair will 'Never saw you hit anything before, be quite safe, Jessie. It would be be-Jess; you knocked my head officer neath the dignity of a general to pull a year by year, the white hairs came, beauty of the landscape. I should not little girl's hair, wouldn't it, Bob ?-or until at last it was written quite as like to live where there were no trees. Did I? cried the little girl coming rather, Bobs? Besides, the other Bobs plainly as if somebody had taken pen 2 There are few birds where there

never meant to hit you either. I aimed women and children.

like a girl! If you wanted to hit me laughed. a snow-ball to throw at his sister. But by deserving it.

The morning after he received his pained you so.' new name brought the biggest surprise 'Hold on there, General Bobs, what of all. Usually the getting-up process was long and tedious. It began by she Mother Murray's tapping upon the 'Oh, say, I forgot!' he cried, and door and calling:

flung the snow-ball across the lawn. 'Come here, Jess, and see our fort,' he up!'

If she succeeded in getting an answer it was merely a smothered groan doesn't it?" from beneath the blankets; only after

But such conduct would never do for was fond of her, generally succeeded General Bobs. The morning after the 'Because if we go on being naughty all forests.

snooze. His mother's first tap upon you must try, day by day, to go on 'Why, of course, if you like. Come the door produced the usual groan, writing it.'-Children's Paper. when suddenly the recollection of his new dignity came to him.

> 'That's reveille!' he said to himself. Guess I'll have to be on duty!' and out he sprang.

Perhaps the thought of the battle he was to command that day may have

feel more like the real Roberts than ever, and strengthened his determinamight be likely to do.

It was not easy to be always prompt when one had been in the habit of putting off work until the last moment. It was certainly very hard to be obedi-'Bobs' flushed with pleasure at this ent over every little thing; and it was Fork river, on whose banks stood the praise, and just at that moment a voice | the hardest thing in the world to stop | o.d mill, was well stocked with fish, teasing Jessie

> it was not long before the family began to realize that lazy, teasing, procrastinating Bob had disappeared, and the demands of the limited fish market at smart, gentlemanly, prompt 'Bobs' had | the little village of Weston. Jessie expressed her views of the

> matter, much to the amusement of the whole family, one evening at the tea-'Oh, Bobs!' she said, 'I hope you'll the solemn compact was concluded.

never be just Bob again. I think your name.

Lord Roberts?

work sometimes.' 'Well, I hope you'll always stay that have. I want to buy it." way, 'said Jessie, with a sigh of content. know him he would be proud of his to Mr. Kester." Canadian copy. Perhaps he will know training himself to be a grand soldier. | for it." The Westminster.

His Name Shall Be in Their Foreheads.

'How will God write it, papa?' asked

'Write what ?' asked her father, looking off his reading.

she had been sitting with her book, K-ster" and came across to him.

was at chr 'See what it says.' said she, resting is not encugh." the book on his knee, and pointing. Then she read it out: 'And his name I know it means God, because of that short."

took her on his knee. 'God will not stronger for the fierce struggles which write it at all,' said he. 'Not write it !' exclaimed Eve in career - Confederate Veteran.

astonishment. 'Then how will it come

Eve looked as if she didn't under, stand. But of course it must be true 'That's a far better reason than for- since father said it; so she waited for

'When you look at grandfather's 'Father, Bob isn't Bob any more, he's silver hair,' began her father, 'what do you see written there? That he is an bright red hat, bobbed up from be- they call him General Roberts, and tinued he, as Eve hesitated. 'Who wrote it there?"

'It wrote itself,' said Eve.

Father nodded. 'Right,' said he. Day by day, and orward. 'That's too bad. Sam, I always shows the greatest kindness to and ink and put it down on paper for are no trees. They have no place to you to read. Now, when I look in make their homes. 'Oh, I'm so glad!' cried Jessie, in your mouth, what do I see written baby now; for she has all her teeth, trees. 'It was not long before the whole and can eat crusts.' That has been carry you about all night because it soil is carried away into floods

Eve laughed. 'What a funny sort of writing !' said | year.

'When little girls are cross and dis-'Come, Bobby boy, its time to get does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see.' 'I know,' said Eve. 'In their faces,

several visits was Master Bob finally faces, too. Is that what the text off three pints of water in one day. means?

'That is what it means?' said father. of heat and cold if it were not for the

teasing. So his sudden change of con- dressed and downstairs when, under so that nothing can rub it out. But if and hold it a little while; then they ordinary circumstances, he would we are good, the angels will read upon drop the water a little at a time; this 'Oh what a funny place!' she cried. have been rolling over for his third our foreheads that we are God's. So is better for the ground.

Stonewall's First Recorded Victory.

The fo lowing incident in the life of General Thoma. J. J ckson, which, I if we did not have trees. The trunks | courses, which enable our students to believe, has never been given to the public, but which I had several times from the lips of my venerable uncle, Mr. Conrad Kester, who lived at hurt any tree, but will call every tree Of course the Snowball Brigade won, Weston, in Lewis county, Va. (now | my friend. -- Primary Education. that that kind of ammunition wasn't Roberts and Kitchener round on their Mil's" where young Jackson lived me, said little Janet, 'I buttoned just shoulders after the battle and cheered with his uncle, will serve to show that one button wrong, and that makes the those sterling qualities of head and rest go wrong,' and she tugged and This victory made the little general heart which so characterized his life in fretted as if the poor button were at after years were innate in the boy, and | fault for her trouble. even at the early age of ten years his tion to act just exactly as that hero high sense of honor and keen percep- her mamma. 'The next time look out tion of the right fixed in his mind so for the wrong button, then you'll keep high a standard of morality that he the rest all right. And, 'added could not easily be induced to lower | mamma, 'look out for the first wrong

At the time mentioned, the West among which none was sought after so the "pike." "Tom," as he was familiarly called, partially supplied the

One day Tom proposed to Mr. Kester that he would let him have all the pike he caught a foot in length or over at the price of fifty cents each. Mr. Kester accepted the proposition, so

Tom continued to perform his con-'All right!' cried Kitchener. 'Soldiers you're so nice with an 's' on the end of tract faithfully, and sold Kester every pike he caught of the "regulation I think so, too, laughed their mother. length," until one day he was seen by 'Men of the Snowball Brigade, quick But I don't think that just a letter Colonel Talbott going through town, ch was to take place the next day march !' shouted 'Bobs.' 'Come on could do so many good things, could it, making straight for Kester's, bending

"Hello, Tom. That's a fine fish you

Tom, without apparent interest in And he did 'stay that way.' I am | what the Colonel was saying, and with sure if the real General 'Bobs' could out halting, laconically replied: "Sold

"That can't be. You have not seen him some day, for young 'Bobs' is Mr. Kester. I will give you a dollar

"I tell you it is sold, and is not mine to sell." "What is Mr. Kester to give you

for it?' "Fifty cents." "I'll give you a dollar and quarter

for it." Tom cast upon him an indignant Eve got up from the low stool where o' this pike, you will get it from Mr.

It was Sunday evening, and these ter that gentleman said: "Tom this is two were keeping house whilst mother a splendid pike. I think I shall have to give you a dollar for it; fifty cents

Tom replied: "No, sir, that is your pike at fifty cents, and I will not take | tions of the body are a valuable tonic, shall be in their foreheads,' she read. more for it. Besides, you have bought 'It's out of the Bible,' added she, 'and a good many from me that were pretty

Thus the transaction closed, and Her father put down his book and Tom was doubtless thereby made awaited him in his future eventful

### "A Single Fact

'Some things write themselves,' said Is worth a shipload of argument.' What shall be said, then, of thousands of facts? Every cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla is a fact, presenting the strongest as well as lameness, and is an incompossible evidence of the merit of this parable pulmonic and corrective. medicine. Thousands and thousands of such facts prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure all diseases caused or promoted by impure blood. It is the est medicine money can buy.

> Indigestion, nausea are cured by any good. Hood's Pills.

> > Facts About Trees.

1. Cutting down trees spoils the

3. Taking away the trees takes away 'Ho! Ho!' roared her brother. 'Just such a tone of relief that even Bob there? I see, 'This little girl is not a the protection from our tender fruit

4. Where there are no trees the Here, Ill show you how to hit!' And, family added the 's' to Bob's name. writing itself ever since the first tooth snow melts and goes off too rapidly; springing to the ground, he caught up and he surprised them again and again that you cut, when mother had to the moisture that should sink into the

5. Because our forests are taken away we have severe droughts every

6. The trees give us lumber, fuel, wood pulp for newspaper, cork, bark obedient,' her father went on, 'where for tanning, wild fruits, nats, resin, turpentine, oils, and various products for medicine. 7. One full-grown elm tree gives out

'And if they are good? In their hours. A large sunflower plant gives 8. We should have greater extremes

fifteen tons of moisture in twenty-four

10. The old leaves make a deep sponge carpet in the woods, and this keeps the ground from freez ng. If the earth does not freeze it takes up the rain better.

11. We might have dangerous flords and roots of trees stop the water that accomplish this. comes pouring down the hillsides.

12. I will be very careful not to

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON .- 'Dear

'Patience, patience, my dear,' said deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she But Bob was made of good stuff, and eagerly as that noble game fish called denied having done it. That was another. Then was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. Look cut that the first button does not go wrong. - Boys and Girls.

Home Hints

Newspapers wrapped around ice will prevent it from melting too rapidly. A small piece of sale pork boiled with fricasseed chicken will impart a

richness in the gravy. Absorbent cotton, if quickly applied when milk or cream is spilled on cloth, will prevent a staip.

Never clean an oil painting with under the weight of a pike thirty- soap. Go over it very carefully with 'Not quite,' he answered, with a nod eight inches in length, when the follow- a piece of wool saturated with linseed Fredericton, N. B.

> Deviled Crackers .- Split water crackers, spread with butter, sprinkle with grated cheese and cayenne, place in a hot oven until the cheese is melted BARRISTER - AT LAW and serve hot. Toasted Brown Bread. - Cut a plump

oaf in thin slices. Butter and place in the oven ten minutes or until slight. ly crisped. Serve hot on a warm plate. Lettuce or celery may be kept fresh

and crisp for several days by wrapping in a cloth wrung out of cold water and then pinging the whole in a thick Potato Dressing. - Potato stuffiag

look, and remarked: "If you get any may be used for any fowl, though it is better for ducks and geese. Take 3 cupfuls of mashed potatoes, 1.2 cupful On presenting the fish to Mr. Kes of cream, 3 teaspeo fuls of butter; season with pepper; whip thoroughly, adding 2 egg yolks. A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED. -

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