

Clutch... Norway Pine... Two Boys Learned in the Woods... The Boy that Laughs... The Union Jack... A Brave Boy... Home Hints... Dragon Blend... Griffin Blend... PATENTS... Scientific American

The Boy that Laughs. A funny little boy, the happiest ever born; like a beam of joy, through his clothes are torn. He tumbled on his nose, and waited for a groan; how he laughed! Do you suppose struck his funny bone? The sunshine in each word he speaks laugh is something grand; ripples over his cheeks like waves on sunny sand. At the moment he awakes, till the day is done; schoolroom for a joke he takes; his lessons are, but fun. No matter how the day may go, you cannot make him cry; worth a dozen toys I know the pout and moan and sigh. It was a beautiful day in June when went down to the country for a outing. It was before the summer vacation, but Mrs. Cottier had to do some repairing on their sun-home, and she took the boys with her. 'What a lark we'll have in the woods!' she said. The birds will be building their nests, and maybe we can find a young rabbit or rabbit. Hurrah! We'll get back one pet at least. When they arrived at the house, there was a little fellow dressed in a slouch hat ready to greet them. 'Hello, Jimmie! We've got a day and we're going to explore the woods. Keep any birds' nests or rabbits' holes round here?' Jimmie nodded his head. He was a country playmate every summer, and the boy was glad to see the two boys as they were to get out into the country. 'All right, then. Come ahead! We'll tramp all day in the woods. Which way first?' 'Up by the cedars, and then 'round the lake,' replied Jimmie. In a few minutes the three boys were ranging deep into the woods, and under the leadership of their little country friend, they headed straight for the cedars. When they arrived there, Jimmie explained: 'There's a squirrel's nest up that way, with three little ones in it. If we want to see 'em, climb up.' 'Indeed, we do!' shouted both city boys. In a few minutes they were gazing at the tiny little squirrels, which were most too young to resent their handling. Near by stood the parent squirrels, chattering vigorously at the intruders. 'Lend us your hat, Jimmie, so we can bring them down,' called Wilson. 'What are you going to do with them?' asked the country lad. 'Take them home with us, of course. We want to raise them as pets.' 'They wouldn't live. I tried some years ago, and they all died, and it's cruel to take them away from their mother.' The two boys up the tree hesitated, and Stanton, the youngest, said in a disappointed voice: 'I don't see why they wouldn't live. I know dealers in the city who have them to sell.' 'But they know more 'bout bringing 'em up than we do,' answered little Jimmie. 'I know they'll die if you take 'em, and it's cruel to do it. Leave the poor things in their nest, and they will grow up all right, and you'll be glad of it next year.' Reluctantly the two boys returned to the earth, but they soon lost their disappointment in new discoveries. 'See her!' cried Jimmie. 'Here's a toad and its whole family under this rock.' He moved aside the rock, and out hopped a dozen toads no larger than big bugs, while the mother toad looked silently at the intruders. 'I hate toads,' said Wilson. 'They make you stub your toe, you know, and they give you warts.' He gave the old toad a contemptuous push with his foot as he spoke, whereupon Jimmie remonstrated: 'They don't give you warts, and they don't make you stub your toe, but they do eat up the bugs and worms that come on our crops of cabbage and turnips. Don't hurt them. I wouldn't have shown you their den if I'd thought you would.' 'First time I ever knew toads were any good in the world,' said the boys skeptically. 'Well, they are, and we won't hurt them. I expect they'll eat up hundreds of worms and bugs before summer is over.' 'I believe you will be telling me, pretty soon, that snakes are good for something,' said Stanton. 'Some snakes are good snakes, and some ain't,' replied Jimmie slowly.

There ain't no poisonous snakes round here, and so we don't have to kill any. There only black snakes and ground snakes, and they don't do any hurt, except frighten little boys and girls sometimes. 'Then you wouldn't kill one if you saw it?' exclaimed Wilson in surprise. 'No, I wouldn't—unless it hurt me.' They tramped through the woods from the cedars down to the lakes. In this long walk Jimmie showed them innumerable nests of birds and animals pointing them out with a familiarity that indicated close intimacy with every nook and corner of the woods. He knew the names of all the birds, could describe their plumage with his eyes shut, and tell the city boys the color of the eggs they would find in the nests. He let the boys climb up to the nests and look in at the eggs, and then, when they came down again, he would tell them all he knew about the birds and their queer ways. 'But you mustn't touch the eggs,' he always cautioned. 'Some birds are so particular that they will leave a nest after somebody has touched the eggs. They seem to think that their home will be robbed, and that it's no use to set on the eggs any more. Then they go away and build a new nest. I never touch them and I don't think the birds mind my coming and looking in at their home.' Indeed the birds seem to resent the appearance of the three boys in the woods far less than either Wilson or Stanton expected. Once or twice they remarked on this, and Jimmie finally said: 'There are no boys 'round here that ever rob their nests, and they don't think these woods are made for them, and they breed here every summer. Last June I found two hundred different nests, and they all had young ones in. Sometimes, after heavy storms, the birds are knocked out of their nests and killed, but that's the only danger they have here. I suppose that's why they are so tame.' It was late in the afternoon when the trio of hunters reached the house, and as they prepared to separate for the night, Wilson said heartily: 'I say, Jimmie, I'm glad we came down to-day and found you. I never knew so much about birds and animals before in all my life. I think I'll remember what you've told me, and I won't be so hard on the little creatures hereafter. I guess I won't even stone toads and kill snakes if they don't hurt me.'—S. S. Times.

January the 1st, 1801. The cross of St. Patrick was of the same shape and size as St. Andrew's Cross, but of red colour on a white field, like the English. But if his cross were added in its entirety it would completely cover up the white cross of St. Andrew, so that it became necessary to come to an arrangement whereby both crosses would be suitably represented. The two diagonal crosses were divided into strips, the St. Andrew's being one-half its former width, and the St. Patrick's one-third, with a narrow white border similar to that round the St. George's Cross, which I described before. The poet Campbell has referred to the Union Jack as a flag that 'has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze.' But, as a matter of fact, the British Union Jack, as we see it to-day, is not yet a hundred years old, while the original portion, the St. George's cross, is only between six hundred and seven hundred years old. Some nations can beat the Union Jack in point of age—but that is probably the only point wherein they can beat it. It can be truly said that the sun never sets on the British Union Jack ashore or afloat. 'The Union Jack floats proudly in its glory and renown, O'er this Canada of ours, the brightest gem in England's crown. In every quarter of the globe, in many a distant land— Gibraltar, India, Africa, and far Australia's strand, The Union Jack unfurls its graceful folds to every breeze, Proclaiming to the world, Britannia, mistress of the seas, The Anglo-Saxon, Scot and Celt, here each their emblem find, St. George's Cross, St. Andrew's Cross, St. Patrick's Cross combined, The Union Jack, the emblem of our country's greatness, waves On every sea, proclaiming life and liberty to slaves; On British soil the victim of oppression finds retreat, Secure beneath the British flag, upheld by Britain's fleet. On all British war vessels, in whatever part of the world they may be—and that means on every navigable sea on the globe—at sunrise every morning the colours are raised to the note of a bugle or the playing of the ship's band as a salute. Our brave defenders in the Army and Navy often speak familiarly and affectionately of their colours as 'The old coloured rag,' or 'The blooming old rag,' and Rudyard Kipling alludes to this custom in language more forcible than elegant: 'Take 'old 'o the wings 'o the morning, An' flop round the earth till you're dead, But you can't get away from the tune that they play To that bloomin' 'old rag over 'ead.' The term 'old coloured rag' is not a slang expression, but a literal description of some that have gone through the strife of battle, and come out victorious but riddled and torn by bullets and steel, begrimed with the smoke and dust of battle, and stained with the life-blood of contending foes, but now treasured by the regiments, to which they belong. Old coloured rags! Some of them, if seen lying in the road, would not be thought worth picking up; but from their historic associations, their weight in gold would not buy them. Two explanations have been given of the possible origin of the word 'Jack.' One is that the short coats or tunics worn by certain officials at the Royal court, and on which the cross of St. George was embroidered, were called Jacks, or Jackets; and another, that King James used to write his signature 'J-a-c-q-u-e-s' (pronounced Jack) the French equivalent for James. The former supposition is probably correct. The Union Jack, the emblem of our country's greatness, owes much of its benign influence to our recognition of the source of Britain's power—the Book of Holy Writ. Wherever the Bible has accompanied the Union Jack, there will be found the best results in extending civilization, religion, justice, commerce, and other factors that have combined to build up our mighty empire. God bless the Union Jack!—Orillia Packet.

A Brave Boy. I like to read of heroes. I like to see men who have done heroic deeds. I feel strengthened by thinking of what I have done. It acts as a tonic to one's moral nature. Not long since I saw him. I was a witness of his brave deed, and I have felt a warm glow at my heart a hundred times since at thought of it. But the deed of bravery was one the papers said nothing about. They would not have considered it worth mentioning, I suppose; but I do, and I am going to write it down to help others who may be tempted as this boy was. For my hero was only a boy but there is the making of a strong man in him. It happened in this way: I was walking down the road and stopped to talk to a friend. As we stood there two boys came along. 'Come, let's go to the saloon and have something to drink,' said one of them. 'Thank you,' was the reply, 'but I never drink.' 'Oh! temperance, are you?' said the other, with a laugh that had a suspicion of a sneer in it. 'Yes,' answered the boy, bravely. 'I don't believe in drinking liquor.' 'Well, you needn't drink liquor if you don't want to,' said his companion. 'Take some lemonade.' 'Not in a saloon,' was the other's reply. 'Why not?' asked his friend. 'It won't make you drunk because they sell whiskey over the bar, will it?' 'I don't suppose it would,' was the reply. 'But saloons are bad places, and I don't believe in patronizing them.' 'What a moral young fellow you are!' said his friend, with contempt in his words. 'Do you intend to preach when you get to be a man?' 'No, I don't expect to,' was the reply. 'But I intend to make a man of myself, and I never knew a fellow to amount to much who got into the habit of frequenting saloons.' 'I haven't asked you to hang about saloons, have I?' demanded his friend angrily. 'One would think from what you say that I asked you to get drunk.' 'You didn't ask me to get drunk,' was the reply, 'but you have asked me to take a first step in that direction. If I drank now, I would probably drink again. How long would it be before I got the habit formed of drinking liquor?' Some other young fellows had come up by this time, and one who had invited his friend to drink turned to them and said: 'You've come just in time to hear a temperance lecture; get ready for a speech. Go on Bob; may be you can convert these chaps.' Then they laughed and grouped themselves about him. But Bob did not get angry. He looked them bravely in the face and said: 'I suppose you think I am soft because I won't drink. I know you think it foolish because I refuse to go to the saloon and have a glass of lemonade (to his friend); but I don't, and I am not afraid to stand up for what I think is right. If you want to drink, you will do it, I suppose, in spite of anything I could say against it, but you can't coax or laugh me into doing it. I want to have my own respect, and I shouldn't have it if I drank, for I don't believe it is right to drink whiskey. You think, I suppose, that I am a coward in not drinking; but I think I should prove myself a coward in doing it.' 'Wasn't I glad to hear the boy say that? I couldn't help going to him and telling him so.' 'Thank you,' he said, looking pleased at what I said. 'I mean to be a man, and I know I shouldn't be if I got to drinking.' He was right. God bless the young hero! I wish there were thousands more like him. How many who read this will take a bold stand for total abstinence? Why Buster Wouldn't Believe Jim. Such a howl! Buster screamed as if he would split his throat, and Jim and Essie seemed as much disturbed as the baby. Of course, mother flew to the spot, but mother was in the garret unpacking winter blankets; and though mother-foet always seem to have wings when babies cry, a good many tears had been shed before she got there. And for once tears helped the hurt; for the trouble was that Buster had taken the little silver pepper-pot to play with, and of course he pulled the top off, and of course he got the dreadful stuff in his eyes. 'Jim how could you let your brother play with the pepper-cruet?' said mother. 'I told him not to, mother,' insisted Jim. 'I told him it would get in his eyes and smart them like fire; didn't I, Buster?' 'Yes,' sobbed the baby; 'He told me, but I didn't believe him.' 'Why, Buster, did you think Jim would tell you a story?' 'He said it was a wild-cat, and it was just Frisk,' explained Buster, and mother looked puzzled, you may be sure. 'A wild-cat. How could he say the pepper-pot was a wild-cat?' Buster laughed aloud, showing that the tears had done good work in washing his blue eyes, but Jim hung his head, and did not laugh a little bit, Mamma looked at Jim and waited to hear what it all meant. 'It was this morning,' said Jim, twisting out of sight of his mother's eyes; 'we were playing blindman's buff, and Buster would be blind man, though he couldn't catch anything but Frisk, and Frisk wasn't playing.' 'And when he caught Frisk,' prompted his mother: for Jim's story had come to a standstill.

He told me it was a wild-cat and scared me," said Buster, finishing up the story. "Was that right, Jim?" asked mother. "I was just fooling, mother," "Would you slap me real hard," asked mother, "and hurt me, just for fun?" "Oh, on, mother," cried the little boy. "But you have slapped the truth, and hurt it so your little brother doesn't believe what you say now." Jim had nothing to say for himself but in his little heart he resolved not to tell the least bit of a fib, even in fun.—E. P. Allen, in Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate. This is What they Say. Those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh rheumatism or dyspepsia, say it cures promptly and permanently, even after all other preparations fail. You may take this medicine with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. What it has done for others you have every reason to believe it will do for you. Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c. Deliberate Purpose in Animals. An amusing incident, which shows that animals are subject to feelings very like those which occasionally ruffle the bosoms of men, occurred some little time ago at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. A large elephant, formerly the centre of attraction, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival,—a young camel. The camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors. The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last his jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel, the elephant prepared for action. It filled its trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel. This method of throwing cold water upon the admirers of a rival brought a laugh even from its victims. Equally wise in making its calculations was a cat that chose a peculiar spot for a bed. Comfort was the cat's object, and the chosen spot did not seem to be calculated to afford it. The cat was found fast asleep in a large ship-building yard, lying on what seemed to be a very muddy path. It was found, however, that the spot chosen by the cat for its couch was the point at which a hot steam-pipe passed under the road, so that the mud was baked into a warm, dry clay, which made not only a clean, but an artificially heated, sleeping-place. Home Hints. TOMATOES. The smooth solid kinds are superior in flavor to the more juicy varieties. Never leave in the sun to ripen when picked too soon, as they decay rapidly. Lay them carefully in a box or basket or on a shelf in a closet cupboard away from light in a cool place. They will soon ripen, even if but faintly tinted with red when put away. To Bake Tomatoes.—Wash and wipe as many ripe tomatoes as you wish to bake, remove the green spots and blemishes, lay them in a granite or earthen-ware plate or pan, and set in the oven; bake slowly twenty minutes; if very juicy simmer until the juice thickens a little. When done and partially cool remove to a glass dish, pour the juice over them, and serve cold. To Stew Tomatoes.—Fill a wire basket and stand in boiling water one minute, or until the tomato skins begin to crack, or drop them in boiling water and remove with a skimmer. Peel and slice into a porcelain or granite-ware kettle. Cook without water from fifteen minutes to one hour according to taste. If very juicy add bread-crumbs, or serve on slices of toasted bread or rolls. Season with nut-butter.—Health. A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia. TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

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