Put-Off Town. er go to Put-Off Town, houses are old and tumbledown, rything tarries and everything

irty streets and people in rags? set of Slow lives Old Man Wait,

an hands and tousled hair, ushty little sister named Don't

wo little boys named Linger and

ther Growl lives in this town, two little daughters, called Fret

Man Lazy lives all alone e corner on Street Postpone. never go to Put-Off Town

with the little girls, Fret and the home of Old Man Wait, stle for his boys to come to the

wall day in Tarry street, gyour errands for other feet? or shrink, or linger, or frown, rest way to this old town.

-Christian Observer.

What Tommy Did.

BY E. J. GUEST. eet against the gate-post and Enders

ate-post, and, except when he was ably that night, either. or in school (and sometimes ard almost any hour of the day ng for the half-dozen kindred pocket. s who formed his 'following.' lommy! Tomm-ee!

R PLATE (es'm,' answered Tommy, leisure- be sick. heeling about the gate-post to face aker. 'What is it, Aunt

> afternoon. She is rheumaticky If, and she can't get anyone to her head shrewdly, 'I see.'

if the corn won't do any good now; and home.

ed for fully five minutes. Hi there! Tommy! Tommy wn! Come on, we're goin' to East-Moody, assis clearing! came breathlessly from eor four throats at once, as half a a raced up the street in a cloud o

the authorizat What's up? demanded Tommy,

A hornet's nest over there. The Enders were ever after it this ming and couldn't get it. Muffs harvest time red off by a few stings,' contemptuy. 'So we're going to get it now,

> mmy was alert on the instant. East End boys were the sworn Is of the West Enders. Here was hance to triumph by carrying off prize they had failed to win.

of 'em. Won't that be a good

besides, there is something about a net's nest that inspires the average with an ecstactic feeling of dread delight and fight. Why I can't plain, but that gray, rounded ball of er seems to have much the same et on the small boy as the smell of wder has on an old war-horse. Perit is because the inhabitants of tlittle castle of paper show themres such fierce and gallant foemen. Get on your boots and come on, ick! East End said they were ing to try it again this afternoon we want to get there first.'

mmy's face suddenly clouded. Can't go,' came gloomily from the

an't go! Why can't you?' chorused

ve got some work to do for father. Oh bother! on Saturday, too Pit and tell him you forgot. What's minutes' lickin' to five hours' fun?' | you?' mmy shook his head. 'Can't. a better go on without me.

ointed tones.

then they had gone, Tommy is called.

aldered his hoe resolutely, and set for Widow Green's.

18 apt to be crusty in her speech.

Oh, dear,' he sighed, wiping his lightly: an hour later, 'how hot this sun is From that direction. 'B'lieve I'll one will be called on after that.' hustle the rest of this old corn into or three places and hoe up makeleve hills where the rest ought to go. outd do it in half the time this takes. hell just think the wet killed it here this hollow anyhow.

ing out of the little front gate.

good, kind boy, she said, handing him yours; so he talks on and on. something wrapped up in a piece of

made his escape.

On opening the paper he found a ingly. quarter. His face flushed, not with joy, however. By-and-bye he threw away the pie half-eaten. Somehow it didn't taste good.

'Why, here's Tom after all,' said Teddy Rogers a few minutes later, as he joined the shouting group of excited boys in the woods. 'Come on ; you're just in time. We'll soon have it now. Ow! Ouch! Run!' he cried, as the can there be in a pupil's asking quesangry hornets made a fresh and more tions of his teachers? They are emvicious attack on the marauders, who ployed to give us information, are they dropped their long poles and ran in all ! not?" directions, hotly pursued by their enraged foemen.

renewed, until at last, about sundown, six smarting, tired but happy boys Brown dangled his bare town, to the great chagrin of the East-

that there was anything unusual it as much as he expected to. He enjoy criticising her friends, especially that, for Tommy often sat on couldn't get his pillow settled comfort

'It must be those stings keep me ad FRIDAY there!), Tommy's whistle might awake,' he told himself. Neither did to be offended. I shall like you all the ght. But just now it was partic- kindly commendation of his self-sacrishrill and exuberant, for it was fice, and as for that quarter, he felt as LAECHLER day afternoon, and Tommy was if one of the hornets had got into his

'Oh, dear!' he sighed, so many times that Aunt Mehitable thought he must

The next morning when dawn was just breaking Aunty Green, who had inward parts.' been wakeful all night, looked out of our pa had to go away in a hurry the window and was amazed to see a eleft word for you to go over and small boy hoeing away in her corn t that corn for old Aunty Green | patch with all his might. 'Whatever -- 'she began, then -'Oh,' nodding

By-and-bye he finished, and taking This afternoon!' cried Tommy, in a little white paper packet out of his pocket he slipped it cautiously under es, this very afternoon. She's the door, then sprang over the fence

Aunty Green crept slowly down ommy's face fell, and the whistling stairs and opened the packet. It con tained her own quarter and a note.

'Deer Mrs. Green,' it ran, 'I return the money because I deceaved you and did not plant all the corn. But I did Messenger. it over right this morning.

'Yours truly, 'THOMAS BROWN.'

'Well, did anybody ever!' said Aunty Green to the walls. Bless the boy!' she added inconsequently.

That night when Tommy got home from school he found another packet waiting him, and on opening it, a big shiny silver dollar lay before his astonished eyes, with a slip which said, 'For a boy who is brave enough to confess his wrong, and honest enough to make

That night Tommy told the whole story to his father, ending up with 'It was easy enough to cheat every body else, but I couldn't cheat myself. You see, I knew all the time how mean I was, and it's awful, papa, when you are fighting with yourself 'cause you can get away from other folks but you can't from yourself.'

'That's very true, Tommy, keep accounts straight with your own conscience and you'll be pretty safe with everyone else. You fought and won and I'm proud of my boy.

Tommy went out and turned three handsprings for sheer happiness and when he finally righted himself, hi shock of red hair glowed like a halo above his little, shining, freckled face The Westminster.

Ruth's Discarded Scheme.

'Could you analyze all those sentence from Paradise Lost ?

'No; I sat up as long as mother would let me, and dreamed of them all Well, it's too bad,' they said in dis- night. I suppose I shall have to an- treatment, till seventy six were thus well, it will begin to beer - just begin, swer, 'Not prepared,' when my name tried and proved failures to master you know, only a very little at first-

corn, for though kind-hearted she in the few weeks of their acquaintance. and asked him: 'Did you see the four years to wait!' Ruth gave her friend's arm an affection- puppies that were playing around your No'm,' said Tommy, submissively. ate little squeeze as she answered feet while you were reading?'

'Oh, I shall not do that, nor will I'm not half done yet! How nice you have to, either. Ralph and I have must be out in that shady wood,' he it all planned. We just start Proas he heard faint shouts com- fessor Morris on an argument, and no

> 'I do not quite understand you.' 'Oh, it's a scheme we work when we haven't our lessons well prepared, will? When not well prepared we just spring some knotty questions-if possible,

Half an hour later Tommy was walk- differ- and then when he undertakes morrow. Your wages will start at six sweetness ready to be brought out by to explain it some of the smart ones, dollars, with good prospects of increase.' a little care. 'Here, Tommy, here,' cried the old like Ralph, disagree with him, and the lady espying him. He turned back work is done. He not only will not reluctantly. 'Here's a piece of pie to vield a point himself, but is never sateat, and this is for a little treat for a isfied until he has made you yield seven trained to be master of himself.

The expression on the new scholar's face, which had been simply one of Tommy hastily thanked her and curiosity, became grave, and she offered master of himself.-Pen. Meth. no reply. Ruth looked at her inquir-

'Isn't it a scheme?' she asked.

'Yes-it certainly is a scheme-but is it exactly'- her face flushed and she seemed unwilling to go on.

'Exactly what?' 'Why, is it really honest?' 'Honest!' exclaimed Ruth, almost

stopping upon the sidewalk in her as tonishment. 'Why, what dishonesty

'Certainly; but I understand you to say that you did not ask for the sake Again and again the attack was of information, but simply to evade a recitation.

'Oh, yes, of course, if you wish to carried a grey paper nest triumphantly strain a point; but all the class do it on the end of a long pole into the at least you are the only one I've heard object to it '

Mary Bennett hesitated. She had But somehow Tommy didn't enjoy | not meant to preach, and she did not a whole class of them, and such new

'Come, out with it! I promise not he enjoy Sunday and his father's better if you do not always agree with

> 'Well, then, if you will pardon my saying so, it seems to me acting from any other than sincere motives. They were at the recitation hall now,

> and companions were joining them Mary lowered her voice as she added 'Behold, thou desirest truth in the

Ruth pressed her hand cordially. 'Thank you, she said, I've never looked at it in that light before. I'm so apt to see just the fun in things.' In the vestibule they met Ruth's

cousin Ralph. Ruth drew him to one side and whispered hurriedly. 'Don't work the scheme on Professor Morris to-day. I'll tell you about it

later. You have your lesson anyway. 'All right, coz; just as you say.' When Ruth's name was called she answered bravely: 'Not well prepared day. to-day,' but although her face flushed there was a warm glow of approving conscience within.—Journal

Master of Himself-

A merchant needed a boy and put the following sign in his window: 'Boy Wanted-Wages \$4.00 a week; \$6.00 to the right one. The boy must be master of himself.'

Many parents who had sons were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzled them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be masters of themselves. However, many sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied, the merchant asked him, 'Can you read?'

'Yes, sir,' was the frank reply. 'Can you read this?' asked the merchant, pointing out a certain passage in a paper.

'Yes, sir.' 'Will you read it to me steadily and without a break.

'Yes, sir.'

The merchant then took the boy into back room, where all was quiet, and shut the door. Giving the boy the paper he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily nerves and that tired feeling. Hood's and without a break, and commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket in which there were a number of lively little puppies, and tumbled them around the boy's feet. The temptation to turn and see the puppies and note what they were doing was too 'No. indeed, not half of them. Did strong, the boy looked away from his reading, blundered, and was at once

Boy after boy underwent the same themselves. At last one was found in about four years.' It was the new scholar who spoke. who, in spite of the puppies playing

'No, sir.' 'Did you know that they were there?' | plant your seed.' 'Yes, sir.'

'Why did you not look to see what ! they were doing?" what I said I would.'

'Do you always do what you say you

'Yes, sir, I try to.'

How this incident points home to a great neglect in the training of our boys and girls; only one boy in seventy-While everything else is looked after, physical health and general education, do not forget to teach each boy to be

An Elephant Mother.

Should there be a baby elephant at the Zoo, do not fail to go and see his mother put him to bed. I saw it once, and it was such a pretty sight that should like to tell you about it.

It was sunset time, in summer, and the gentler animals of the Zoo in one of the great cities of the world were in yards and folds outside the buildings. When I reached the inclosure belonging to the Mother Elephant, there was a large fellow dropped to his knees on the carefully trodden bed, and after a few soft grunts from his mother, he lay as a well-trained child of the elephant family should.

The mother's work, however, was not yet done. She took up delicately the hay from the edge of the bed, and began tossing it lightly along his sides and up toward his back, till its ridges no longer showed.

When all was done, the small girl who had warned me not to disturb the proceeding heaved a great sigh, and turning to me, said, "I would just like to know what they do it for !" So I told her, explaining the habit wild animals have of treading their beds to make sure there are no snakes in the grass; the necessity of dust-powdering the young, whose skin is tender in the folds, and who are troubled by insects: the piling up of the dry grass round to conceal them from the possible hunter.

"My! don't they know a lot? more'n some folks, I fancy," said the little girl. "And she never punched nor pushed him, neither, though he wasn't very quick," she added, speaking to a tired-looking woman who stood by, smiling. "No, dear," said she. "She has but one child to put to bed."-Louise Radzinski.

He'll Do

"He'll do," said a gentleman decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single

"What makes you think so?" "Because he gives himself up so en-

tirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and although a procession, with three or four brass bands in it, went by the office while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, but swept on as if the sweeping of that room was the only thing of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and although there were a lot of picture-papers and other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no attention at all to those envelopes until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough and dead in earnest about everything."

person; you may be so gifted that you can do almost anything; but all that you do will lack perfection, if y odo not do it with all of your heart and strength.

Off the Track. This means disaster and death when applied to a fast express train. It is equally serious when it refers to people whose blood is disordered and who cons quently have pinples and sores, b.d stomachs, deranged kidneys, weak Sarsaparilla put the wheels back on the track by making pure, rich blood and coring these troubles.

Constipation is cured by Hood's

Plant a Tree.

This is a splendid peach,' said Ned. 'Just as sweet and juicy! I'm going to plant the seed. Come out in the orchard with me.'

'Oh, what's the gool?' said Will. 'Papa says that, if a peach grows

'Oh!' said Will again, this time in She was an earnest student, as well as around his feet, read the passage great scorn. 'Four years! Why, Be sure and don't shirk the hoeing a most attractive girl, and Ruth Hast- through as he had promised. When think how long a year is! Think how w, said Auntie Green, as she handed ings had grown quite attached to her hadfinished the merchant was delighted, long 'tis since last Thanksgiving! And

'But the time goes by anyway. That's what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better

'I shan't bother to. Come on.'

He waited impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig, and finally, 'I couldn't, sir, while I was reading after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach stone.

'See me shy this at Rover.' Rover gave a little yelp as the stone hit him, and that was Will's last some point about which grammarians merchant, enthusiastically. 'Come to. was wrapped up so much of beauty and Try them.

Later in the day, Ned spied it and picked it up. He carried it to where he planted the other; then looked about with a thoughtfulness unusual in so small a boy, born of wise heed to what 'papa says.

room enough here, when it's a tree. Those apple trees'll shade it too much. I guess it had better go over in the

Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot where the latter gave a little exclama tion of delight. 'What is it?' asked Will.

'My peach tree,' said Ned. 'I've been watching out for some blossoms this year; and here they are.'

'And will the peaches be all your

Why, of course. I planted the seed. Don't you remember: You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it 'No,' said Will; 'I don't remember.

'I remember, because I watched and watched it. I saw when it sprouted out of the ground and when the leaves began to grow. And it's been fun, I tell you, to see it get bigger and bigger. And now to see these pretty pink blossoms."

'And then to see the peaches,' said Will, regretfully. 'I wish I had

planted my stone. 'We're not so very old yet,' said Ned-'you twelve and I eleven. Papa says that if a boy keeps planting, he will enjoy them all his life - the things that will keep growing and growing while he is doing something else. He says'-Ned's face lighted as his hand gently touched the delicate bloomthat God sends all His beautiful things to help the one that plants a seed or a tree. The sun helps him, and the rain and the dew and the

'I'm going to plant,' said Will. But you've got the start of me by

'Come here,' said Ned. He led the way to a corner of the orchard and pointed out a tree exactly like the one they had just left. 'That's yours,' he

'I don't know what you mean,' said Will. 'I never planted a peach stone.' 'I planted it for you,' said Ned. When you threw it away, I picked it up. See, it has about as many buds as the other—one, two, three, four, five-more than a dozen. This isn't the time of year for transplanting things; but papa says that, when the right time comes, if it's taken up very carefully, it won't stop its growth at

'You're real good,' said Will fervently. 'I'm going to plant trees after

He keeps his promise, and the two boys are making the world more beautiful for having lived in it. They drop acorns and fruit stones. They bring them, but kept right on addressing vines and saplings from the woods. Nature gives them her kindliest aid, and as they go on in life they will more and more rejoice in what they have done. In years to come, other You may be naturally a very smart lives will be blessed by the fruits of their labors.—New York Observer.

Bake.

Cookies, 10 to 15 minutes. Custards, 15 to 20 minutes. Duck, tame, 40 to 60 minutes. Fish, 6 to 8 pounds, 1 hour. Gingerbread, 20 to 30 minutes. Graham gems, 30 minutes. Lamb, well done, 15 minutes per

Mutton, rare, 10 minutes per pound; well done, 15 minutes per ponnd. Pie Crust, 30 to 40 minutes. Pork, well done, 30 minutes per

pound. Potatoes, 30 to 45 minutes. Pudding, bread, rice and tapioca, 1

hour. Pudding, plum, 2 to 3 hours. Rolls, 10 to 15 minutes. Turkey, 10 pounds, 3 hours. Veal, well done, 20 minutes per pound.—Selected.

Blind With Headache.

"I was so bad with headache that I could hardly see. I could get nothing to help me till I tried Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, and they quickly cured me.

JOSEPH MURPHY, Emerald, P. E. I

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