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RISKS

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vomen.

e lone omest house you ever saw, s big gray house where I st y t call it livin' at all, at allce my mother went away.

long weeks ago, an' it seems a year; ne home,' so the preacher saidache in my breast with wantin' her, my eyes are always red.

out of-doors till I'm a'most froze, use every conner an' room s empty enough to frighten a boy. filled to the doors with gloom.

e them to call me into my meals; netimes I think I can t bear vailow a mouthful o' anythin' her not eittin up there

rin' the tea. an' passin' the things laughin' to see me take big lumps of sugar instead of one. more than my share of cake.

sno one to go to when things go wro ewas always so safe and sure. , not a trouble could tackle a boy at she couldn't up an' oure. too bit to be kissed I used to say;

t somehow I don't feel right, vlin' into bed as still as a mousebody sayin' good night. tuckin' the clothes under my chin,

pushin my hair back so:

gs a boy makes fun of before his chums at things that he likes, you know. n't make it out for the life of me Thy she should have to go. her boy left here in this old gray hou

needin' an' wantin' her so. re are lots of women, it seems to me hat wouldn't be missed so muchated. Large, men whose boys are about all grown up, n' old maid aunties an such.

Il you the very lonesomest thing this great big world to-day boy of ten whose heart is broke Cause his mother is gone away

-Toronto Globe.

The Meadow Fire.

L S. S Why do I never smoke ! said Ben, TON the his jolly blue eyes twinkling. ell, it's an expensive habit, and a lst. the stee ty one, and all the things you learn out it in school are true; and then I s cured the first time I tried it.'

Tell us about it,' demanded Laur-FRIDAY ce and Bert, concisely. Old Ben's eyes danced more than

er. Nothing delighted him more ily up to 5 od an to be called on for a story, ough he always affected a good-AECHLER. tured grumble.

That is the way with you young es, he said. 'You think because a have nothing to do that an old PLATED low like me can idle around too I l you, it wasn't so when I was a y. I had no time to go about bothergfolks for stories. There was enough you have be do on the farm to keep boys stirring.' 'But we have to work, too, Ben,' id Bert. 'I tell you our mother beves that old verse that you tell us metimes about Satan finding misief for idle hands to do. We get

r afternoons off, of course, in vacaon; but you ought to see us work in e mornings. 'Well, well,' said Ben, 'it will be the

ving of you in the end. But about y smoking. I wasn't brought up for sailor man. My father had a little rm some thirty miles from the sea, Aldershot way, and my brother ohn and I were brought up on the rm. I learned to smoke and to stop noking, too, one day when father and other were away. My Uncle Ben ad been visiting us. and had left a pe and some tobacco on the kitchen helf.. I showed them to John when e had our chores done.

'What are you going to do?' says he. 'And I said, as big as you please, N. 5 I'm going down in the meadow to moke. Do you want to come along? 'You see I was that ashamed and fraid that I didn't dare smoke in the ouse, for fear mother might smell it hen she came home, or some neighor might come in and catch me. ohn hesitated awhile, but, finally. ame along. We went down into a ttle gully where no one could see us om the road or barn. I filled up

by pipe and began to smoke. 'Don't it make you sick?' said John. Not a mite, said I.

'John watched me awhile, and then an down to the bottom of the gully see what was stirring the grass. I moked for about five minutes, and en wasn't I sick? The sun seemed be burning right into my brains, nd the grassy slopes around me began dance about and sort of close up to mother me. I dropped my head lown on the grass, and shut my eyes r a minute. I don't know where the pe went. I was aroused by an awful

reech from John. et burned up?"

ass was brown and dry from a six trying to answer them. eeks' drought. I stood staring rying to put it out.

the barns will be burned up.'

'I was in my bare feet,' but I jumped at the little rim of fire that was eating spread faster than he could crush it

ing to the green bushes down by the

ing with new activity in another. As gathered round Cassie to see it. far a: we could see, the farm buildings, Yet, we worked on with the energy of brownie day.' despair. By this time the rising clouds of the neighbors. Old Farmer Cassel | Cassie. came running across the field.

and help me get the horses and plough! 'We stopped to ask no questions, thought it was.' but raced to the barn. The horses, into the meadow. The fire had made the whole story himself.-The Sunfearful headway. Across the long beam. field we went, turning up a deep furrow between the line of fire and the barn. Then back again, making a a second furrow. Then we could stop to rest and watch the red line creep up to the brown earth and then die down But John and I watched all the rest of the afternoon with green boughs in our hands to whip out any treacherous sparks that might leap over the line. Before sunset there was no longer even a wreath of smoke in the meadow; then we had time to think of our tired, and I began to face the thought of the reckoning to come when father and mother came back. That part of it

doesn't belong to the story, though. 'There isn't any moral to my story. likely to set a meadow on fire if you did smoke, but if every boy would t ave a good, hard lesson like that the first time he tries the dirty trick, he d be happier and healthier when he's an old fellow like me.'-Chris. Standard.

Being Brownies.

'Suppose,' said Aunt May, when the children begged for a brownie story, that you be brownies yourselves to-

'Be brownies!' exclaimed five-year-'Yes. Why shouldn't you?' Aunt

May answered. How? asked Cassie.

'They are little people who do things in a quiet way to surprise people,' was the reply.

'But brownies are boys,' insisted

'You might call yourselves fairies if you prefer, though brownies seem more like real people to me.' returned | ma said. Aunt May.

'We'll be brownies,' chorused the children.

Aunt May smiled and said 'You know mamma has to get ready for the sewing circle. Could not ten little brownies' hands find some way of helping instead of hindering her?"

'Must it be something we hate to do?' asked Cassie. 'I think we might, Marian and I, take the children to the woods and amuse them there while the ladies are here. It would keep the house quiet for the ladies.'

'I'll wheel tho twins out in their cab,' said Duff, though they all knew he did not enjoy taking care of babies. 'Percy and I can take the dinner out in our new express,' suggested Nor-

'I'll try to find something for the poetic aunt.' team to haul,' laughed Marian, think-

to put up a lunch for the outing. Aunt May nodded approvingly, and

while the girl was getting the twins ready she slippe i into the kitchen. so pleasant when she asked for bread, that I hate. butter and a little cold meat, but

when the maid went to add cake, pie, chicken, pickles and a sample of all the dainties that were to be served to the sewing circle she opened her eyes very wide, wondering if Norah had not turned into a brownie, too.

Two young ducks, with down not 'Get up, you loony, do you want to yet grown into bright-hued feathers, were paddling in the brook near by I got up with my head still whirl- and when the children called, 'Pee g, and there was a little circle of wee, pee,' one of them left the water, e blazing merrily away within a foot and, waddling out into the sand, stood me. It was in August, and the stretching its neck and quacking as if

'I'll get it something to eat,' said upidly. John was stamping madly, Duff, and leaning over the tree, so as

'Help me put it out,' he yelled, 'or jother side, he put his hand under the white cloth for the morsel.

But the next moment he scrambled back, crying that there was something! out a larger and larger circle. It was dreadful in the basket, a snake or a has an interesting story of a captive no use. I could help very little, and, panther, or it might be a young wolf. in spite of John's activity, the fire The two little boys began to scream, in the garden had blown down. A and the girls, each with a baby in her branch about twelve feet long and 'Let's get whips,' he panted, point- was starting to run when Cassie firmly fixed in the ground in the stopped her, saying, 'Stay with the children, Marian, until I get the 'I was awake by this time, and we basket.' The elder sister wished to raced down there like wild. We tore leave it, but Cassie said she wanted to off great green branches, but by the see what was in it, but putting Dolly menced to bite off the bark and gnaw time we got back the line of flame had into Duff's arms, climbed over the log the wood about twelve inches from the assumed startling length. It was eat- to find out. Now what do you think ing slowly across the great ten-acre she found? Only a little brown yellow field toward the barns and corn-cribs ground squirrel. It had crawled into his whole strength into his task, Oh, how we worked whipping out the basket in search of food, and its those flames; but as fast as they died foot had become fastened so that it down in one place, we saw them start- could not get away. The children all mine which way the tree would fall.

'We'll not say anything about our and, possibly, the house was doomed. scare,' said Duff; 'it would spoil the

'But we can tell about the pretty of smoke had attracted the attention ground squirrel you found,' said anew upon the branch.

'All right,' replied Duff, who was 'Leave that,' he shouted, 'and come afraid of being laughed at, 'but nobody must say anything about what we

But when they reached home everysnorting with fright, were hitched to body was so grateful to the brownies the plough. With the farmer guiding for what they had done that Duff forthe plough, John and Tled the horses got his fears of being teased and told

Shine.

It had rained, and was muldy when came from school. Next morning the boots taken off and set to dry were most as stiff as iron, and painted gray.

'Oh!' I complained, as if blaming the ground. the boots, 'these will be apt to make me tardy for the first time in two erms. .I wish there wasn't such thing as mud.

Grandma was paring apples by the table. She gave me a look and this aching bodies and empty stomachs, reply, 'I saw some children making mud pies, looking as happy as the pupils in Aunt Mabel's cooking class."

Now to a boy rather out of sorts that sounded like her feeling more sympathy with that silly playing than with boot dog has lost its appetite it eats that It's just true. You boys wouldn't be cleaning, which is work, don't you

book. She has notions that pies and things aren't fit for food, and she is b und to reform the American nation, as a funny gentleman, our neighbor,

eeth and a grip on my bootbrush, mud pies are no good. They're no: made to eat.' Auntie put in an opinion:

'Mud pies are the most wholesome of any; that's why-because they are ot to be e-ten.

Ugh!' from Robbie-that's me working away. 'Maybe you never help make Thanksgiving pies scarce 'Can't you think of some real use for mui?' questioned the boy's mother. 'Good building material for certain

kinds of birds, isn't it?" 'I s'pose so. They plaster with it. 'And the plaster, with a few straws and twigs to hold it together, is fortune to the barn swallows,' grand-

made before breakfast, and I cried out. of rest and abstinence from food. The About half the row of nests under our barn eaves is blown to flinders. Lucky upper surface of the paw, which it for the birds they are down South. -

'Their orderly street seems to have licking the paw when it became dry. been struck by a cyclone, doesn't it? said Auntie. 'If you watch in the spring you may admire their willing ness and skill in repairing damages This verse came to me

When the eave swallow come back From their South journey fly, Where for rest will they hie,

Because of the storm's attack? Their beaks the winged masons will ply Their homes be restored by and by ;

The diligent nothing shall lack. 'The diligent nothing shall lack,' I repeated after her. 'I feel encouraged,

turned a leaf of her book. 'Let the lilies root in it. The pigs too, laughed 'Boots.' I could afford always very restless; and he spied a to laugh, seeing the end of my task small box, black and shiny, standing Marian wondered why Norah was near. It is only mud out of place on a table beaide grandma's work-

> 'I don't see any on my boy's boots, emarked the boy's mother. His grandmother nodded approv-

Shine!' I exclaimed, displaying my work and winning praise.

A few minutes later a boy's 'shined boots hurried away toward school .-The Watchman.

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injus tice to confound that standard healing gent-Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. The Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial to reach the basket of goodies on the when swallowed.

What a Beaver Did.

Mr A. D. Barlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, Canadian beaver. A large willow-tree lap, jumped off the log, and Marian thirty inches in circumference was beaver's inclosure. Then the beaver

was watched to see what he would do. The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb, comground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to deter-

Now and then he went into his pond. which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came bastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was

anxiously expecting his supper." The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his ususl allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it, and was seen swimming about the pool until about half past five. Then he returned to his work.

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his

Every Animal Its Own Doctor.

Animals get rid of their paraeites by asing dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever drink water, and sometimes plunge into it. When a species of grass known as dog grass, At the table with grandma sat Aunt | which acts as an emetic and a purgacows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. La-So on my saying 'Humph!' with set treille cut the antannæ of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths.

If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hands on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the am; u ation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. Tois animal eventually recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under counter, avoiding light and heat although it habitually kept close to the That reminded me of a discovery lire. It adopted a general treatment local treatment consisted in licking the applied to the wounded eye, again

Grandpa's Snuff-Box.

'Oh, dear !' said Dilly Burton to her brother Joe, as they were trudging home from school one day. 'It is hot! Let's go into grandma's and rest. 'And get a ginger cake, maybe,' said Joe, wiking his sweaty little face.

'O Joe, you are always wanting ginger-cakes! Now don't you ask grandma for a single one! It isn't polite.'

And Dilly looked very wise as she shut her mite of a blue silk parasol thanks to the mud builders and a-a and tapped lightly at grandma's door. Grandma was not in the kitchen; but 'And what queenly flower grows out the children went in, and sat down on ing how Norah would grumble if asked of mud?' went on Aunt Mabel, as she the wide lounge to rest and wait for

Joe's eyes were very bright, and basket. In a moment it was in his

'O Dilly, it emells just like mamma's sweet-box!

'It's grandma's snuff, said Dilly. 'There's the scent bean in it.' And the children sniffed long and deep at the powder in the box.

Thon Joe's nose began to tingle, and the tears came into his eyes, and Dilly sneezed. Then Joe eneczed, and the powder flew out of the box on grandma's knitting.

'Oh, dear !' cried Dilly. 'D ar! dear!' echoed little Joe.

* Ah-chew !'

'Nuh-cho !' on it. Then Dilly's hat fell over her in one.

eyes, and she dropped her parasol. The gray kit en crawled out from under the lounge and stared, and then ran off with a big tail. Just then grandma

Why, Dally! Why, Joe! What are

you crying about?' ' We ain't crying, grandma. It's the

b-box !' speczed Dilly. grandma. 'You have been at grandpa's East Indian root that he smells of for the headache.

' Will it ever stop, grandma?' cried

'Certainly,' said grandma, smiling a

Then she t ok the children to the kitchen sink, and bathed their poor red eyes and swollen noses till they were quite cocl again.

'I am very sure, my dears, you will not meddle any more with things you should not, grandma said, as she gave them each a ginger-cake and tied on their hare.

And Dilly and Joe knew they never should again, never !- Great Thoughts.

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Brief Hints for Bright Girls.

Someone bassuggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following 'accomplishments' are within everybody's reach.

Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tastefu'

Have an hour for rising, and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake, Never let a button stay off twenty-

Always know where your things Never let a day pas without doing

M.bel, writing recipes from a cook tive. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and something to make somebody com-Never come to breakfast without a

collar. Never go about with your shoes un-

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others. Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.

The Foot of the Ladder.

There is a joke going around the papers: Some one said, 'There is a man for you who is not afraid to begin at the foot of the ladder.' And what is he? 'Ah, he is a hod carrier.' Th's passes for wit, and is wit; for, of course, the hod carrier who goes up and down a laddee all day has to start at the lower round, especially if he has a load of bricks on his shoulder. But I can point you to a man that began at the foot of the ladder with his hed en his shoulder that has built some of the most beautiful houses in the city of New York; and what is more, he owns them, and instead of going up and down a ladder he now goes to his place of business behind two as fine horses as Fifth Ayenue ever saw. He caried bricks well, and he has done everything else well .- New York Christian Advocate.

An author wrote an Easter story for certain publication. It was accepted, but the check for it did not arrive 'on

The author was anxious about it and for reasons. He wrote to the

. Will you please send that check in time for my wife's Easter hat?' The editor was prompt in replying. VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE

He wrote: 'I can't. I'm married myself!'

Home Hints.

Liver should always be parboiled and wiped dry before frying. This not only keeps the juice but softens the

Pulverize a teaspoonful of borax; put it in your last rinsing water, and your clothes will come out white instead of yellow.

Just the Thing That's Wanted .-A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much Joe's hat fell off and Dilly stepped expert study, and are scientifically pre-

of names and addressess of TWENTY. SEVEN (27) of our students who obtained good positions between January 1st and March 31st, the three dnllest months in the year. Also for cata-'Oh, you silly children!' cried | logues of our business and shorthand courses, which enable our students to



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