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Our Heroes.

e's a hand to the boy who has courage do what he knows to be right. en be falls in the way of temptation has a hard ba tle to fight. strives against self and his comrades ill find a most powerful foe. onor to him if he conquers, cheer to the boy who says 'No!'

re's many a batt'e fought daily ne world knows aothing about. re's many a brave little soldier hose strength puts a legion to rout. he who bghts sin siu g e-har ded more a hero, I say, he who lends soldiers to battle conquers by a: ms in the fray.

teadfast, my boy, when you're tempted do what you know to be wo 13. d firm by the colors of manbood. nd you will o'ercome in the fight. ri. ht,' be your battle-cry ever wag ng the wa fare . f life, God, who kasws who are the heroes give you the strength for the strife

- Phehe Ca y.

The Little Lad.

hoir practice to-night at St. Paul's light falling on the stained glass lows gives to passers-by no hint of beautiful colors that charm the eye the light is outside instead of in. oft, low notes float gently on the air. The organist is playing choir. e the choir is gathering.

e clock points to seven as a tall, der boy comes hurriedly down the and the frown fades from the of the little professor.

h' at last!' he exclaimed; 'one ent more and you would have been Morrell.

is not often that a choir boy is at St. Paul's. It is too difficult to nto the leading choir of the city any boy to risk a dismissal. In Dwight Morrell is the only one of twenty who would dare come so as this to being late; but Morrell the finest voice of them all-and is ectly well aware of that fact.

e glances at the clock with a caresmile that exasperates the fiery director, who calls out sharply, will begin at once.' The rehearsal on, but it is not satisfactory to professor. He glances impatiently or twice at Morrell. Finally he angrily on the table with his

top! stop! That will not do rell. You are not singing well to-

le kot color flushes to the boy's A quick retort trembles on his ue, but he does not quite dare to it. He does not realize how ly his feeling is written on his The professor understands as as if he had spoken.

you are not willing to practice, Morrell, I can find some one who he says, brusquely.

orrell started angrily and bit his He had been so long the leading r of St. Paul's choir, that it had occurred to him that he could spensed with. That the professor have some one else in view, or he never have ventured such a of, seemed to him certain. He ed down his furious anger, and coldly

in we try that passage again, sir? is time there were no false notes, the professor's brow cleared. is better,' he said, heartily, as st sweet notes died away.

rehearsal over, the boys quickly peared. Half a dozen of them the church together. Dwight ell among them.

hat ailed the professor to-night. w? he began, then, - 'Get out way, you little beggar,' ke burst ngrily, to a pale-faced little felho was leaning on his crutch, in estibule. As he spoke, his foot crutch, which went flying down eps, while the boy, with a sharp ell heavily to the stone floor.

rell half started as if to help the , but another was before himat-faced lad, who sprang forward, fting the little fellow to his feet,

ned the bright-faced boy, his not try to get my place,' he groaned.

yes blazing with honest indigl's black ones.

ado about nothing, 'he quoted, and went down the steps withackward glance.

at was that little wretch doing you, Easter.' anyhow? he said to his chum, Vilson, who had stood silently mean? ing this little episode, and now

aph!' growled Morrell. 'Pretty he added, shyly.

But say, Dick, what did ail the pro- feverish eagerness. And standing and suppressed laughter. And every down on me like that before.'

'He was mighty peppery to nighthesitatingly, 'His son is back from he finished. Germany. They say he's no end of a

it means,' he said, presently. 'The place, y u know.' professor wants to pick a quarrel with me, so's to have an excuse for turning | now, and tears were running down his me off 'n' putting his son in my place

'Looks kinder that way,' assented Dick; 'but you needn't ter bother. I don't believe he c'n sing any better'n I'm sure the professor will let you you can.'

His belief in his own musical ability 'I've acted like a brute to you, but was unlimited. He made up his mind bonestly, I didn't mean to kick your really need.' that at the next rehearsal he would crutch that night, in the vestibul-.' astonish the professor a little.

Whether or no the professor was pleased with the next rehearsal. His can couldn't be so mean as that. I'll face beamed with satisfaction as he listened to Morrell's fine rendering of hurried away as fast as he could limp. the solo which he was to sing on would be thronged with the strangers who would come to hear St. Paul's

'Very well-very well, Mr. Morrell,' next Sunday I shall have no fault to find. You have all done well this a gracious smile.

door at the back of the church as the pale-faced cripple with his crutch at his side. He loved to sit in the semidarkness and listen to the sweet music that made him happier than anything else in the world. The other was a tall, slender lad with very dark hair

'The professor's son,' whispered Dick, in Morrell's ear.

Morrell scowled at both the occupants of the back pew as he passed. 'Choice company he keeps,' he said, half aloud, to Dick.

'What makes you hate that little kid so?' Dick asked curiously, as they walked on together.

·Oh, he makes me sick. Cripples for life, like lunatics and murderers, said Morrell, roughly. "I'd as soon see a snake as a cripple any time.'

'Pretty hard on the cripples,' Dick remarked. I reckon they wouldn't be that way if they could help it.'

'Probably not,' said Morrell, carelessly; 'but come, let us talk of something pleasanter.

The next rehearsal was the last before Easter. Morrell was there; but he looked pale and ill, and asked to be excused from singing. T've taken a heavy cold," he said, uneasily, 'and I guess I'll have to save myself up for feet, shake hands, and even swing on Sunday. I'll be all right by that time, I'm sure.'

The professor readily excused him, but shook his head as he looked after him. I doubt if he's all right by Sunday,' he said to himself; 'he looks to me as if he were in for a fit of sickness.

The professor had taken a fancy to Matthews' little nephew, and often sent him on errands, for which he paid him well. He sent him the day after took an old cornet out of his master's this rehearsal to inquire how Morrell hand, put it up to his mouth, andwas. The servant who answered the bell the sent boy upstairs to see Mrs. Morrell. He could hear her talking to her son in the next room.

'But, Dwight,' she was saying, 'what is the use? You might just as well send the professor word that you can't sing next Sunday. You know that the

And then Morrell's voice, so thick and hoarse that the boy in the next room would not have recognized it, the tugging of the chain. answered, fretfully:

If I don't I'll lose my place. They say the professor's son has a splendid clung closer to his master. im till another boy handed up voice, and if he sings Easter in my you meant to do that, Dwight all. Oh, if I only knew somebody who it was a mean, cowardly trick, would sing for me just this once, and cents.'

as they looked straight into body appeared in the doorway. Morrell's their pockets. Fifteen cents is a good every rose petal.—By Celia M. Stone. face was covered with his hands. He rell shrugged his shoulders. leoked up quickly as a clear voice but, then, a bear that could do somespoke beside his bed.

'You,' said Morrell; 'what do you

fessor to-night? He never dared come there in his shabby clothes, leaning on one else laughed, too, when he passed his crutch, the child sang in a voice as around his bear-head for the ten sweet and thrilling as any meadow pennies. that's a fact,' said Dick. Then, with lark's - the beau itul Easter music.

Morrell had covered his face again flushed cheeks.

'you sing it better than I ever did. take my placs, and, and'-. He Morrell raised his head proudly. held out his hand to the little lad.

Oh, that's all right, said the lite miserable, and added: 'ad, cheerfully. 'Course I knew you astonished, certainly he was well didn't. A fellow that can sing as you can't have nice clother, like other go and ask the professor,' and he

Easter moaning when the great church | music at St. Paul's were disappointed hec use Dwight Morrell did not sing; but the clear child-voice that sang the olo in his stead sent to many a heart a strangely sweet thrill that lived in he said. 'If you sing as well as that the memory long after that Easter I have heard they would like to adopt service was forgotten.

And the little lad from that time on evening,' and he dismissed them with I lived no more with Matthews, the janitor, for the professor took him Two persons were sitting near the into his own home and trained his voice so well that in the years that boys passed out. One was the little followed many a one would have been willing to use a crutch as he did if also he might have had a voice that could thinks,' said Jamie; and Ruth said, so move human hearts.—Independent.

### A Surprise Bear.

One day, not long ago, Jammie was sitting up on the gate-post, swinging his feet and wishing that something thing from home.' nice would happen, when very unexpectedly something did happen that promised to be very exciting; for down the street came an Italian holding a long chain, at the other end of which was fastened a little, round, roly-poly dippers that you gave us!' bear, -at least it looked like a bear, and Jimmie, after one quick glance, eaw that 'all the other boys' were with and hunchbacks ought to be shut up the man and the bear. And, if you are a boy yourself, you know what Jimmy did. With one jump he was off the gate-post, and in a few seconds was in the midst of the crowd.

'Helle, Jimmie!' said one of his special friends, excitedly. 'That bear to him ! Watch him !' And Jimmie the funniest way, walk on his hind to?

Now this was a'l very interesting, now? but still it was not exactly wonderful to Jimmie; for he had seen far more to their home, they wouldn't want marvellous things at circuses, and I am | you to come back to your old home.' sure the other boys had, too. But you will be as surprised as everybody else from you and home too !' was when I tell you that the little bear, now this is not a fairy story at all : it really and truly happened not long ago-actually played 'Yankee Doodle.'

Jimmie and the other boys standin round were so astonished for a minute that they could not say a word. Then they all with one accord broke into wild hoots of appreciation; and the to his master's leg, and would not let him, and'go for all the coaxing of the boys and

'Oh, please make him do it again !

'I tell you, 'said the Italian in broken | beautiful eyes. place—he'll have it for good—that's English, 'I make him do even more The tears washed away every trace great thing than all else for feefteen of discontent, and when mamma said,

deal for small boys to raise, you know; thing even more wonderful than play 'Mr. Morrell, if the professor will the cornet was worth paying for! Their let me I think I can sing the solo for combined wealth, however, only amounted to ten cents.

The boys looked appealingly at the on with him. Dick was Morrell,s well as you can,' said the little fellow, pennies doubtfully. Then he grunted, will be all covered up, you know.' admirer; he could see no fault modestly; 'but you know I've been and said, 'That'll do,' and gave the there at all the choir practice, and the little bear a quick jerk, and the small Matthews' nephew, I believe, part you sing is the most beautiful of creature put his paws up to his head, came to live with him lately. all. I couldn't help learning it, and gave his head a quick twist, and off it ws is down with chills 'n' fever, I've sung it pretty often at home. I'll came in his hands! Yes, it did, really; little chap is doing his work at sing it for you, now, 'n' you can see if and inside the bearskin was the small-I'll do-if the professor will let me, est, brightest, blackest-eyed, little ing; you know that. You can't excuse Italian boy you ever saw, red in the it because it isn't the worst kind of sexton he is-for St. Paul's. 'Sing! Sing!' said Morrell, with face, and almost choking with exercise cheating.'

And the boys? Well, some looked a side glance at his friend, he added He looked anxiously at the sick boy as foolish and walked away. Others said that they 'knew it was a 'kid' in there I'm glad you said that, Grace. I'm Will it do?' he said: 'the gown all the time;' and Jimmie said bravely, would cover this, you know,' touching | Well I really was dreadfully fooled; Morrell was silent for a moment. his crutch. 'I'd be so glad to do it for but it was more fun than a box of His he rt beat quickly, and the blood you if I c'n do it well enough, 'n' you monkeys, anyway.' What do you rushed to his head. 'So that's what | w ulin't be 'fraid Id iry to get your | think ?-Ann Spottswood Young, in Youth's Companion.

### The Rich Twins.

'Mamma, I wish we could have 'Do.' he said, when he could speak; b cycles and other things,' and the twins managed to look quite unhappy 'So do I wish you could have bicycles and other things that you would like, said mamma; 'but papa and I can't seem to get them and get what you

The twins looked more and more

'We can't have bicycles, and we ch ldren, and-and-'

'Wouldn't you like to go and live with some one who could get you Some who listened to the Easter everything you could ask for?' said

'Why, is there any one who could? asked the twins in the same breath. 'You know that rich Mr. Porter on the hill? They have no children, and one. Perhaps they would take you both. At any rate, I don't see how any one could help wanting both of you,' said mamma, with a little tremble in her voice. 'Let's go right up, and see if they wouldn't like you.'

'Oh, no! not right up. Let's wait until papa comes, and see what he 'Let's see what he thinks,' because she always said just what Jamie did.

"I think it would make papa feel very badly to see you go,' replied mamma, 'and you need not take one

'Wby, we must have our best clothes! yes, our very best.' 'Oh, no! they are not half fine enough for rich children.'

'Well, we should want our tin 'You would have silver mugs to

drink from, then !' 'Well, I couldn't sleep in anything but my crib that papa sat up nights to make. You know they are so much prettier than store cribs; and, Ruth, we must take the birthday rossbush

pasa brought us from the fair.' 'And you never knew that papa went without his dinner to buy it, for understands every word the man says he had not money for both,' answered mamma. 'The roses are just like watched as hard as a little boy with those his mother had when he was a two bright eyes can watch. The bear boy. But they have a rose-garden at pulled and tugged at the chain which Mr. Porter's so the gardner would not held him; but, at a word from the care for yours. Hadn't we better go Italian, he would turn handsprings in right up and see if they do not want

'Couldn't we have you and paps and a pole when it was held in the air for our home too, just the same as we do now? and Ruth chimed in, 'Same as

> 'Why, I think that, if they took you 'Oh, mamma! we couldn't live away

'And,' mamma replied, 'we can't do after he was tired tumbling around, half as much for you as we want to. Papa said last night that God had given him such a dear home he wished he could do more for us. Poor papa! he works so hard, and'-

'Didn't you tell him we had everything that we wanted? What did you | who knows but that they were his own

know that you cared more for bicycles and clothes than for us, and I told doctor will not hear of your going out little bear was so frightened at all the him we were the happiest family in praise he received that he clung tightly the world, and that if we could have

'O mamma! we haven't got to go to Mr. Porters,-have we? Can't we stay with you?' an : Jamie fell sobbing 'I must be well. I must sing Easter. they urged. But the little bear only on one shoulder, while Ruth, with shook his head as if he understood, and real tears, wept on the other, and mamma had shining drops in her

'Let's gather some of your lovely roses The boys looked at each other for the tea-table to please papa,' the A little pale face—a slight, twisted solemnly, and then felt deep down in twins found contentment and joy in cess in living. They require no testi-

### You Can't Cheat God.

keep him company while he worked at a job he had to perform.

'I don't think you're doing your work very well,' she said. 'It looks to me Italian, after they had counted the as if you were slighting it, 'That's all tric Oil-a standard external and Of course, I can't sing it half as money; and the Italian eyed the ten right, laughed Ned. 'What I'm doing 'But isn't that cheating?'

'Maybe 'tis, after a fashion,' answered Ned. 'But it isn't like most cheating, you know.

'That's not the way to look at it, said Grace. 'If its cheating, its cheat-

'But the man won't know about it,' said Ned.

'He may not,' said Grace, soberly, but God will. You can't cheat God.

Ned stopped work and went to think ing. Presently he said: 'You're right. going to begin over. There shan't be any cheating this time.

Ned undid what he had done and began again-began right-and I know he felt better. I hope he will always remember that no one can cheat God. -Herald and Presbyter.

'The Better Part

Of valor is discretion," and the better part of the trea ment of disease is prevention. Disease or ginates in impurities in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purities the blood. People who take it at this season say they are kept healthy the year round. It is because this medicine expels impurities and makes the blood rich and health giving.

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Home Hints.

The left-over pieces of baked or boiled fish should be flaked before they

The yolk of eggs alone should not be used for covering croquettes, cecils and the like.

Cracker crumbs absorb more fat than bread crumbs in frying.

Bread rolls and other similar dishes require a hotter oven when mixed with water than when milk is used.

Oranges or lemons that are served without paring should be thoroughly scrubbed with a brush and cold water, as the tiny black specks so often seen on the rind are the eggs of an insect.

Iron pillowslips lengthwise instead of crosswise if you wish to iron the \$100.00 to \$5000.00 at lowest rates wrinkles out instead of in.

Save soapsuds if you have a garden, for they form a very useful manure for flowers, as well as shrubs and vegetables. It is well to have a sunk tub in every garden where the scapy water can stand till required for watering.

Do not give sick people fried foods or anything highly seasoned. Avoid hot bread and biscuits and strong tea and coffee.

A continual change in the bill of fare is desirable; one tres of the same dessert if seen too often, no matter how delicious it is, unless possibly ice cream be an exception.

If a part of a dish is left over wait a day before serving again, and let weeks elapse before preparing it again. In this way the table will always present a pleasant surprise. Three tables; coufuls of rice may be

substituted for tapioca in the "tapioca

meringue pudding." Soak the rice

over night in c ld water, and add milk, eggs, etc., in the morning. A Mouse Story. - Three mice s'ole silently along a narrow plank over a trench. And a man stopped to watch them. Though the path was narrow,

they kept three abreast, like soldiers,

Looking closer he was surprised to see that they were carrying a straw, of which each one took hold. At first he couldn't understand why it took three to carry a straw. But he kept very still, and as the little fellows came nearer he found the middle had something the matter with his eyes. He was nearly blind, and his two friends grown up children-were guiding him 'What did I say?' 'Why, I didn't over the dangerous bridge by means of

If they had been boys and girls. they could not have done better .-Leaves of Life.

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## Scald Hand.

Some years ago I scalded my hand very badly, then took cold in the burn, my hand swelled and was very painful, but half a bottle of Haygard's Yellow Oil cured it completely. Mrs. Wannamaker, Frankford, Ont.

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