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My_Party.

had a party 'cause I'n six years old, d 'cause I did last week as I was told, d always shut the door and feed my car once forgot to hang up my new hat

mma invited five boys, friends of mine ough Tommy Englefield is almost nine. cook made cakes al full of fruit and d lots of other thing; that make a party

Chester fell down stairs and broke his thumb : Ont., an Burt had the croup and Leo a sore throat, d Tom had gone to Boston on the boat.

.B. for im And so papa, mamma and I—we three face and Had just a lovely, lovely party tea. great m Too bad!' said every one; but-don't you

telld little ben I think I liked it just about as well.

Send a new subscriber with ur renewal, if possible.

The Word of a Boy.

'What do you know about him, any. s word, answered Charley, timicly. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, if he says he'll do a thing, RAPE he'll stick to it. His word is enough.' The questioner turned aside with a rolonged whistle.

it,' he said, a little disdainfully, because I didn't take you on the ice shall go,' and even Alfred struck in. esterday. Perhaps you would consider hat I had a reason.

So he had; the reason that he hought he would have more fun in the company of another boy, who had a rich father and a sleigh of his own.

up to 5 o clos that evening, 'do you think a fellow hould always stick to a promise ?' 'Certainly I do, unless he clearly

sees that keeping it would be unjust, or might bring trouble to another.' O AL 'But what if he saw it would bring

trouble on himself?' 'He should have considered that before he made it. A sensible man will look ahead, as far as he can; a man of honor questions his own heart closely double sleigh he had seen, with a fir as to whether breaking his word means | rug tbrown over the back and another will, but an excuse is not always a proudly tossed their necks and set the

eyes from his book, though he had fire. heard every word.

The boy who had won the approval of Charley Grierson was a newcomer in the school they attended, and more than a year older than Alfred. George Sanborn soon became popular, and merry music. Sanborn's schoolmates Alfred was secretly jealous of his influence. The old Romans were not the tailed in a fraternal greeting. As the only ones who admired great physical gentleman in charge of the party turned lady lived. I knew she was all alone strength, and Sanborn was tall for his to look at the object of their salutation, age, well built and with muscles finely his eyes roamed over the homely figure developed. His widowed mother was too poor and too prudent to pamper and the heavy horse, with a sort of him, but plenty of open-air exercise on contemptuous pity. Alfred Grierson, hillside and river, frequent plunges, and good, wholesome food, were combining to build up an early, vigorous manhood, which was good to behold. Almost immediately on entering the school Charley Grierson's somewhat diminutive figure and delicate appearance had appealed to him, as weakness doesn't lie before me as clear as this always should appeal to strength.

'Hello,' he said one day during play hour, passing a corner where he had seen Charley a short time before poring over a volume profusely illustrated: The little fe low was now sitting with hands idly folded and a drooping lip, but no book. 'Have you finished reading?

"I had to give up my book,' was the

spiritless answer. 'Were you reading it?'

'Of course I was, and just in the finest part, where the bear'-

'Who's got it?'

'Murray.' 'Never mind, old chap,' said Sanborn, heartily; 'another bear has go into the school; he must be tamed a bit. You shall have your book.'

Charley never inquired by what means this desirable end was attained. He only knew that in ten minutes the book lay in his lap, and he was pursuing the bear through its pages. It was this incident which made the new boy a hero in Charley Grierson's eyes.

There are herces in humdrum, everyday life, in humble homes, performing common tasks faithfully and unselfishly. They are in training, and perhaps some day hearts will be stirred by the account of some brave deed which brings one after another to the worla's

notice. active figure of her lad as he sped to They were a professor and five seniors K 1 r, Per y Davis'. 35c. and 50.

never once broke his word.'

The next morning as the gate to the school yard was about to open a group of boys were talking excitedly.

'My father says I may being three of you fellows along,' exclaimed one, in a high tone. 'You, Grierson and Murray and Sanborn. We have a two seat sleigh and a pair of horses.

Sanborn caught his cap and tossed Willie had the mumps and couldn't it into the air with a wild 'Hoorah but as it descended his face clouded.

'It is too bad,' he said. 'I hate myself for saying that, but it is too bad. must go home directly after school across in search of her babies. this afternoon.

'Who said so?' asked the others. 'I d d.

'Pshaw!' exclaimed Alfred Grierson A flush rose to young Sanborn's face, but he answered steadily.

away. I gave my word and I'll stick to will pay for both one it. It is something that can't be put off, or you know I would try all I could; I'm up to fun as well as any of you. y? asked Alfred Grierson, sharply. you take young Charley Grierson in hid her face in her paws, and then Not much, only he thinks a lot of my place? I can't tell how ob iged I held them forth as if beseecting me, he concluded, turning to the lad | the cubs. but others held out. who had invited him. It was real

There was a straightforward manli ness in this that was catching, and the shall go, and Murray echoed: 'Charley of abandoning the chase.

So Charley went, and rubbed his ten times more his hero than ever.

swung open, George almost knocked were none too soon, for the instant The speakers were brothers; Alfred against a gentleman who had come up they lifted her babies in sight, the about fifteen, the other five years unperceived, and overheard the conversation. With a friendly nod, he 'Father,' questioned A!fred Grierson | said in passing, 'That's right my boy ; stick to your mother. You never had, never will have, a better friend.'

Mrs. Sauborn had business in a town about five miles distant that afternoon, neighboring farmer. At first the idea | them off into the woods. was agreeable, and he thought little of the turnout. Now, however, as he con trasted it in his mind with a certain pleasure or gain to himself. It is easy drawn up in front to keep the feet to find an excuse for following our own warm, while a pair of dashing horses bells a jingling, he was conscious of a Alfred colored a little, and looked glow of shame. He hated himself for toward the corner where his younger the poor pride, but it had been there, brother sat. Charley did not lift his and left a sore spot, as if scorched by

the humilation. Returning home, some hours later, a sleigh swept past, going in the same direction, the bells and glad young voices mingling in shouted their rocognition; only one of the mother, the poor, shabby vehicle catching that look, was ashamed to

'Never mind, there will come a time when they won't be ashamed to know me,' George muttered to himself. 'Money means influence, and influence and money mean labor. The road I'm driving on now, but I'll learn al! I can, and it will come to me or I shall my crippled old neighbor. But that

And it did, sooner than he thought. Mr. Grierson kept his eye on the lad, and at the close of the school term | ing this way and that. offered young Sanborn a place in his

'I want him there,' he explained to his word, and if he is what I think, he like a child. will get on. He shall have leisure and advantages for evening study. And a wagon. With a 'halloa there?' now my wife is coming to see you. If made him stop. there is anything you would like to

have done, let her know.' Mrs. Grierson was a kind-hearted, Christian woman, with tact and judgment. She avoided wounding the distress? I asked in fear and trembwidow's feelings and her son's boyish ling. pride, but their home had more refin-

comforts from that time. And in after years, when people commented on the prosperity of a certain man of business, he was wont to

'It all came of my keeping my word expense with the other boys. to my mother.'-New York Observer.

Stealing a Bear's Cubs.

It is, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case, recorded in Current Literature, the 'What would I do without him? travelers who engaged in the partime said Mrs. Sanborn, stopping one found the grief of the mother too real moment in the porch to watch the to allow them to persist in the fcp. s situtes, there's but one Pain

the village on an errand. 'He promised from an eastern college, and the scene his father he'd be a help to me, and he of their adventure was the Seneca Indian Reservation, Lear the line between Pennsylvania and New York.

They came upon a cour le of little cubs snuggled away in the bush, and scarcely realizing what they did, carried them to their boat and covered them with a coat. Then they hastily pushed ff and paddled up stream to be farther from the infuria ed mother when she should discover her loss.

The little fellows kept up a continual crying, and soon a plunge caused the travelers to look back, and there was the old bear puffing and floundering

The almost human intelligence and solicitude she displayed, made it no casy matter to persist in the abdue ion of the cubs. Pressing on ahead of the boat a few rods, she would plunge into the stream and intercept it, and when 'I promised mother before I came | evaded and passed, would take to the bank again and repeat the attempt with increased cunning.

Her actions were intensely human She screamed and scolded, wept and Now, don't let it be harder, but do moaned, her tears flowing freely, her something for me, to make up. Will lips and under jaw trembling. She am to you and your father for asking | Some of the party were for giving up

The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's actions of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came moro 'I suppose you think I got the worst | boy he addressed cried out: 'Charley | plaintive notes. She showed no sign

At last it was decided to surrender the cubs, and the bat was pulled across little hands in glee and laughed and to the bank opposite to the old bear. shouted, while George Sanborn was There the little ones were gently placed on the sandy beach and the But previous to this, just as the gate party hurried back to the boat. They mother started across.

She went to the cubs, nosed them over, searching for wounds, and then licked their glossy fur affectionately, crying meanwhile like a human mother weeping for joy. Then after reproaching the travelers foriously for a minute and her son was to drive her in a sleigh, she took both cubs by the neck, and a very shabby : ffair, borrowed from a holding them in her great jaws, carried

A Screech Owl.

Dd you ever hear a screech owl. boys and girls? At this time of the year the woods are full of them, and well settled places to make their lamentations heard and that is the reason. probably, why I had not heard one about my dwelling.

But this was only the beginning of day that I heard a most distressing counting them. Every one crowds out wail from the orchard. At first I the others, and I can't be all of them. thought it some child crying and wondered what child could be out there. Then, standing in the door I thought | what Paul said about 'diversity of great distress. Beyond the orchard sure what spirit moves you, and then there was a little house where an old try only to be your best self, in your at that time and I said to myself, 'The poor old soul has fallen down and has broken some of her bones. I snatched a wrap from the closet and ran through the orchard. The pile of ap; les that the men had picked that day were at every side. I could not but stop to turn my eye towards them, they were such a beautiful sight.

The screeches grew more and more distressing and sometimes I felt sure that it was a dear little child left at the wayside by some heartless person, and then I concluded again that it was conclusion was wrong as I found in coming in sight of the house, for there stood the old lady in the doorway look

'What is that dreadful noise?' I called out.

That is just what I am trying to the mother, 'because I can depend on find out,' she answered. 'It sounds

At that moment a boy came along in

'Did you see any crying child as you came along ? I asked.

'No,' was his short, sincere reply. 'Listen. Do you hear that cry of

Then the boy, who was a boy after ing influences, and Mrs. Sanborn added the manner of the boys in Edward Egglesten's Hoosier Schoolbey, threw back his head and rosred with laughter 'Don't you know what that is? That's a screech owl.' And he drove on, I suppose to have another laugh at my

But it was such a relief to know that nobody was in distress that one could not be indignant at being fooled and laughed at when the result was so satisfactory.-S. T. P., in The Evan-

a teaspoonful of Pain K ler in hot water will prevent i'l ettects. Avoid

How He Learned.

A mother I know had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said, 'Wil you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light? He looked up and said 'What made you ask me that, mamma? And she answered, 'Because dear, it would be rude to do it without speak, ing. I would not think of not speak. ing if it had been Mr. F. (the minister), and surely I would not be ruder to my own dear boy.'

The boy thought a moment, and then said, 'Mamma, what ought I to say back?' His mamma replied, What do you think would be nice?' He studied over it a while, for he was such a wee laddie, and then said, Would it be nice to say, 'Sure you an? This was mamma's time to say, 'That wou'd be nice, but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F. would, 'Certainly !' It means the same thing, you know.'

That little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failas she thanked God in her heart for the grace that had helped her to be unfailingly courteous to her boy.

Is it any wonder that not long ago he wrote to a friend of his mother. 'Her life preaches too eloquently to me to need any wordy effort on my

Mother, how are you training God's boy ?- Christian Work.

Being Too Many Persons.

'I might be one pretty good girl, perhaps, but as for being eight or ten of them, I may just as well give up

grandma, wonderingly.

'Well, there's the next one,' exschool time to do it, and after I've succeeded for about a week, mamma gently remarks : 'I hope my girl isu't forgetting to be sisterly? I hear Rob mourning because Mabel never has time to help with his lessons any more.

their screeches are startling, to say the to be the best sister possible-but my the instrument, at the other end of least. They are not apt to come to room sometimes suffers a little. That's brilliant student that I attempted when | her. Uncle John told of her, and the mis sionary girl I wanted to be when I It was just at dusk of an October read that book last week. It's no use

'I should hope not!' answered grandma. 'Child, did you ever read the cries were of some older person in gifts, but the same spirit?' Just be own place.'

Dewey and the Powder Boy.

This touching incident is related by he New York Independent:

'When the order to clear for action was given in Dewey's fleet on that memorable May morning in Manila Bay, one of the powder boys hastily took off his coat, which slipped from his hand into the water.

'In the inside pocket was a photograph of his mother. The boy had just been looking at it, and restored it to what seemed to be a safe place. 'He asked permission to jump overboard and recover the coat, and when he was forbidden to do this he went to the other side of the ship, leaped into the water, swam to the coat and saved

'For disobedience he was put in irons and held for further punishment. Commodore Dewey wondered why he had risked his life and disobeyed orders for the sake of a coat, for the boy had said

nothing about the photograph. 'In answer to the commander's kind questions he disclosed his motive. The commodore's eyes filled with tears, and he clasped the b y in his arms. should be released.

to risk his life for her picture, said Dewey, cannot be kept in irons on this fleet.

The Young: Squirrels.

Once, while I was calling at the lying on the floor, was an old mother cat, a kitten nearly half grown and four nearly full grown grey squirrels, all together in a heap. The boys told CHILDREN WILL GO SLEIGHING. They me that while ploughing in the spring return covered with -new. Half a they had found a nest with four tiny gave them to old mother puss to bring lameness and physical pain.

up. She had lost all her young kit ens but one, and at once sdopted tle squirrels. She cared for them just as our rooms, and will begin the New Years if they were her own kittens. The work little strangers took her at once as their mother and the kitten as a brother. The five played together as kittensonly, when the squirrels grew larger, they would climb up along the side of the house or hastily run up a tree, and leave their cat step-brother below. looking wistfully at, but not daring to follow the more nimble members of his mother's family. These little fellows treated their step-brother kindly; they took all the nuts and let him have all

Don'ts.

'Don t do that, dear.'

the meat.

'Why, mamma, I'll soon be Johnny Don't,' and the baby's sweet face had a grieved, puzzled look that hurt the mother's heart, but opened her eyes. There must be a better way, she ssid, 'and I must find it.

When the boy came with hammer and nails she said : 'Suppose you take ing courtesy. A friend said of him these boards, laddie, and make a the other day, 'It's second nature to chichen coop.' Johnnie was delighted. W. to be polite,' and the mother smiled | That was so much better than aimlessly pounding the nails in table or chair and being called to order by 'Johnnie, don't.

'Don't make se much noise!' gave | way to 'Why not take your pog out for a scamper, then he can be quiet when inside.' You see, she hap found the better way. We love our babies, yet thoughtlessly hurt them. Study your ways, mothres, and spare the 'don'ts. -Central Presbyterian.

A Dog Talks Through a Telephone

Among the passengers who alighted at Redhill Station, in England, the trying,' said Mabel with a laugh, but other day, says a French paper, was a with a little note of trouble in her young lady who at once sought out the station master, and complained, with 'Eight or ten girls?' questioned tears in her eyes, that she had lost her poodle at Reigate station. The station master telephoned his colleague at lained Mabel. 'I've heardher extelled Reigate, who replied that there was, until I resolve to keep my room and in fact, at that moment in his office a BARRISTER - AT LAW all my belongings in spotless order. It dog which answered to the description takes nearly all the morning before given as the missing poodle, and which was found wandering about the station. The lady requested to have the ear f the dog placed to the telephone receiver, and proceeded to call him by name. The animal immediately recognized the voice of its mistress, began Then I'm full of remorse, and try to bark, and ended by jumping up on Manchester, Robertson which its mistress was speaking to her only two of the girls. There's the favorite, which was soon restored to

> AB UT Horses .- These maxims should be committed to memory by every user of horses, although a good many users of horses are incapable of committing anything 'o memory :

1. It is everybody's business to in-

terfere with cruelty. 2. It is better to direct you horse by a low voice than by a whip or rein.

3. The whip is but little used by our best horsemen, and never severely. 4 You can get no more power from a horse than you give him in his food.

5. Yelling and jerking the bit confuses a horse and advertises a block-6. The horse is a man's invaluable

helper, and should be treated as a 7. Any fool can ruin a team, but a

wise driver maintains its value. 8 The best drivers talk much to

their animals. 9. Your horse needs water oftener than you.

10. A sandy or muddy road doubles the work. 11. A rise of only one foot in ten

doubles the draft. 12. Balking is caused by abuse, overloading or tight harness.

A short creed, well believed and honestly applied, is what we need. Tha world waits, and we must pray and labor not for a more complete and logical theology, but for a more real and true living Christianity.

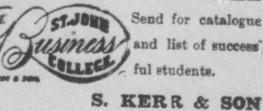
All we shal find in Christ. If we want little, we shall find little; If we want much, we shall find much; and Orders were given that the little fellow if, we in utter hopelessness we cast our all on Christ, he will be to us the 'A boy who loves his mother enough treasury of God. -Bishop Whipple.

They Wake the Torrid Energies, -They Wake the Torrid Energies,— are unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for Machinery not properly supervised and them. Wholesale only by left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegehome of some boys, I was invited by table Pills were made to meet such them into the old kitchen to see somo cases. They restore to the full the thing they wanted to show me. There flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

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