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And she speaks to you and me. Bring me men to meet my problems--Men of tempered metal wrought, Who will dare the silent struggle, With eternal meaning fraught. lutch and conquer self—then rising Resolute and battle-taught.

buit the charlish mob, and follow In the vassalage of Right: Rent the skulking Wolf of Darkness With Truth's torches, blazing bright, nd believe a heavy burden, Love-transfigured, will be light.

From the hi ltop of the Present, To the Realm of Mystery, Through the autuma air, this morning, To the Future's angel, we Signal back a fateful message-Ah, what will our answer be?

-Ernest Neal Lyon.

Luck or Work.

'I am going out to hunt for four-leaf lovers,' said Florence May to her rother George. 'I heard mamma ay to papa, Everything seems to go yrong this morning. Bridget burned the toast, George cut his finger and Baby Nell fell out of her high chair.

'What did papa say to that?' asked George, and added, 'I tell you, Florence my finger hurts.'

'Oh, papa only patted mamma or her shoulder, kissed the baby, and aid, 'Luck will change. Three times and out, you know, is the proverb.'

'I'd like to know what papa meant by 'three times and out,' said George. 'Oh, I guess he meant you and I and baby were to go out of doors, so mamma could have time to work.'

'Well, let's take baby and go, then, said George.

'No, I know a better way. I heard receive Dorothy say to Margaret, she was going of char to see how many four-leaf clovers she could find, and so keep her luck good. And when I asked her what good luck was, she laughed, and said, 'Good Simes, and lots of nice things.' And i orland mamma doesn't deserve the most beauti ful things, who does? So I'm going to put in my time hunting for good luck IT Et leaves for my precious mamma.'

est sellis 'But who'll take care of the baby? asked George.

'Oh, when I find my clovers we will be rich, and we can have a maid, and mamma can be dressed up in silks and assisted aces as fine ladies are in the fairy the gre stories'

But, Florence, baby is crying now. and mamma is trying to take care of her and work, too, said George.

Florence did not stop to hear more. She was flying down the path to a large clover field, and was soon deep in the clover blossoms, hunting for the lucky

it given, leaves. George did not follow her. He could npany, not keep baby's crying out of his ears, even when he clapped his hands over them. Something seemed to say, 'Mamma needs me now,' so he finally said to himself. 'While Florence hunts for four-leaf clovers to bring a maid for baby and everything nice for mamma, I'll see if I can't help her

myself. So into the house he hurried, and was so funny to baby that she stopped crying, and laughed. Then George asked mamma to put her in her cab. and he drew her up and down the garden walk until the little dear cuddled down fast asleep, and slept for two ong hours, George playing near to

watch her. It was noon, and Florence came in with a four-leaf clover, saying, Mamma, I looked all the morning for four-leaf clovers for you. But while there were hundreds of threes, I could find but one four, and I'm tired and hot, and I'm 'fraid one four-leaf clover will not help you much.'

'Thank you, dear,' said her mother. We will press the clover in a book, ind I will keep it because Florence oked so long for it for me.'

'But mamma,' said George, 'I haven't ven one four-leaf clover to give you. 'My boy, you have brought mamma what is better than good luck—a happy, estful morning-by taking such good are of Baby Nell.'

'Mamma,' asked Florence, 'when

ny clover? 'Ah, child, good uck begins for and stockings in a panic.

nammas when children do all they can to help them.

Florence looked sober as she said, after all, mamma, George was himyour good luck, while I was only ing for it.'

But mamma loves both her children; alike tried to help her.'-Chrisian Work.

CAUTION. - Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is nothing "just good." Unequalled for cuts, sprains nd bruises. Internally for all bowel isorders. Avoid substitutes, there is ut one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. nd 50c

Those First Little Trousers.

And the next morning nurse put on Reggie's new little trousers and Roggie's new little trousers; and, oh, but they did look funny,-you can see how funny they looked, -these tiny boys in their tiny trousers!

And you should have heard little nurse laugh.

'Ha! ha!' she laughed. Oh, you funny little black spiders! Ha! ha! And Roggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And Reggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their breakfast, they ran out on the veranda where papa was reading his paper.

And what do you think their papa did when he saw them?

Why, he threw his paper high up in the air, and he laughed. 'Ha! ha what little men are these? Come here. and I'll put you both in my pocket!'

And he caught Roggie up in his arms, and pretended he was going to put him in his pocket.

And Roggie did not like to see his father laugh, and Reggie did not like to have his father laugh; and they wriggled and screamed and ran away down the path to the garden where mamma was watering her roses.

And what do you think mamma did when she saw them? Mamma didn't laugh. Oh, no. She put her little lace handkerchief up to her eyes; and she cried: 'Oh, oh, where are my babies? Oh, oh, will they never come back again!'

And Roggie did not like to see his mother cry, and Reggie did not like to see his mother cry. So they took hold of hands and toddled on down the path to the big silver poplar tree where dear Arabella and dear Araminta stood singing and swinging both in a swing to-

And Arabella laughed, 'Ha! ha! he! he!' as she swung high up in the branches.

And Araminta laughed, 'Ha! ha! he! he!' as she swung high up in the

And Roggie did not like to have Arabella laugh, and Reggie did not like to have Araminta laugh. And so they ran down the path as fast as they could go. On and on and on they ran till they came to the little brook in the little meadow.

And Roggie sat down on the bank by the brook, and cried.

'I want my dress on,' he cried. 'I don't want these trousers.' And Reggie sat down on the bank

by the brook, and cried. 'I want my dress on,' he cried. 'I

don't want these trousers.' And Roggie cried: 'I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw these trousers

away !' And Reggie cried: 'I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw these trousers

And those little rogues they did

They pulled off their new little trousers, and they threw them into the brook ! And mamma came running down the meadow path to find them. And, oh

how she laughed when she saw them 'Ha! ha!' she laughed. 'Oh, you dear little things! Have you thrown your trousers away?'

But she cuddled them close in her arms, and kissed them. 'There, don'tery !' she said. 'Mamma

s glad you threw them awey. Yes, I am glad you threw them away.' And Roggie smiled through his tears.

'Nanny is looking,' he said. 'See, see! Old Nanny is looking!' And Reggie smiled through his

'See! Old Nanny goat is looking!

Yes. There on the other side of the brook old Nanny stood, with a look of surprise in her wise eyes, watching those little trousers as they floated away down the stream !-- Gertrude Smith in 'Little Folks.'

How Much it Cost.

his tousled brows head deep into the pillows, and tried not to hear the seven.

Lazy little Kenneth! The next vill your good luck begin because of time the clock spoke it said 'eight' imperatively, and sent him into his shoes

buttons didn't behave, and where fully said : could the other shoe be? Where was the hair-brush? If he'd only got up at rule, Miss Dee. But I thought I could it could not be found. He had hidden

After all, he didn't dare to stop to eat but three muffin bites and a cooky. Then he snatched his lunch-pail from the pantry shelf, and was off. Mamma currants. It wouldn't do to run up master each lesson as we go along, and good mother, the vegetables had been after his good-by kiss: there wasn't a let the review take care of itself?" minute to spare.

He was late to school, anyway, just and was not caught that way again. by an unlucky minute or two; and on

had to stay in at recess to study it. and comforting, and he smelled a little spicy, consoling smells round the edges of the cover. Didn't he know just what was in there?

'My mother puts up the splendidest dinners in this town!' he cried. 'The splendidest in -- this - town!'

Some of the boys objected; but Kenneth, tugging at the pail-cover, was in-

'You wait an' see. Any o' you fellows got spice-cakes in your dinners, an' tongue sand-witches, -an' an' sage cheese? I guess so!

The cover snapped off. The boys peered into-an empty pail. Empty as poor Kenneth's little hungry stomach. It wasn't his lunch-pail at all. Why hadn't he noticed there wasn't any red worsted bow on the handle! This was mamma's milk-pail, and he got it in his hurry. Oh, dear !

Of course, the boys-being boys laughed at him loudly; and, of course, Kenneth's face reddened angrily. But he made a big, brave effort, and joined in the laugh. There was a great lump in his throat; and it was hard work squeezing the laugh through. It got caught, and broke into two pieces. Still, it was a laugh. He put his hands in his pockets and walked off trying to

'My mother puts up the splen'called one of the boys after him; but he didn't get any farther.

Benny Brown's grimy little hand was clapped over his mouth. 'No, you don't,' Benny said stoutly. 'Ken's a brick. I guess you wouldn't a' laughed at yourself. 'You'd 'a been hoppin'.

'That's so. So would I,' agreed Emil Smith. 'Good for Ken!' 'Let's make it up to him. Come on,

cried Benny, excitedly. And, when Kenneth went back to his desk, there was a generous dinner spread out on it, waiting for him. Every boy had shared his choicest bits. So, you see, Kenneth wasn't hungry when he got home to mamma at night, except for his missing kiss. But he was ever so much wiser.

'You see, mamma,' he confided to her aside, 'it don't do to be a lazybones. It's dreadful 'xpensive.'-

The First Ccat of Paint.

Mother was painting the woodwork of the dining-room. Robert had been watching her for some time, and thought it was very easy and pleasant

'I would like to try painting a little while. May I?

'Why, yes. There must always be a first time.' Robert took the brush. How clumsy

his fingers seemed, after all! But he went bravely on, mother watching in Quick as a flash her mood changed. the meantime. Now and then she gave him words of encouragement and instructi n, so that he went on quite bravely, and mother went away for a little while. When she came back she saw that Robert was slighting his work in places. The paint was not smooth, and streaks plainly appeared.

'Robert,' she said, 'remember that the streaks will show plainly when the paint is dry.'

'But you're going to put on two coats, arent you? he asked, somewhat sharply. 'If you do, the last time over will cover all the streaks.'

'But we must put on the first coat just as well as if there were to be no second coat,' mother said patiently, 'It is just as important as to do the work well the last time.'

Since that time Robert has grown to be a man, but he has not forgotten his Magazine asks, and relates the followmother's words. He has noticed that | ing : many do work just as he started to do How could he have told a lie when it that day when painting the dining- he never spoke a word. But-the One, two, three! Kenneth nestled room; but whenever he has been teacher's back was turned. He reached uneasily. Four, five, six! He bored tempted to do so, the words of his over and stuck a neighbor with a pin. mother have come back to him : 'Do your work just as if there were to be

no seeond coat.' the rules in this lesson?' asked a teacher | a lie? of her class in mathematics one day. Most of the class thought they had Kenneth hurried bravely; but done their work well. One boythought-

master it when the review came.'

'It isn't safe to slip over workin Did he tell a lie? that way, George, was the quiet reply. 'You are not sure that you will have the time when review comes. was up in the berry garden, picking Do you not think it would be better to when to the surprise and sorrow of his Prices.

Periwinkle's pencil-point, hard and said to himself when working in the jar. He saw the look of disappointrasping, tracing his poor little black field. The plow struck a stone and ment on his mother's face, but did not slipped over a piece of green turf with- explain. Did he tell a lie? Well, it was a sorry morning, and a out urning it under. But the next sorry boy in it. Kenneth was too time around he was busily thinking of hungry and too crestfallen to study, so the particular furrow he was ploughing, his spelling lesson came to grief. He and the balk escaped his eye for the day. But all summer long there was When noon did come, how he ran for a green place in the corn field. The face at the time. He heard the com-

his dinner-pail! It looked so shiny planter slipped over it; the cultivator plaint, and knew that Ned was innocould not dig it up ; no corn grew upon | cent, yet he did not speak a word. it. The little spot of ground went to Did he tell a lie? waste.

man when it was too late. The best as given above? time to do good, honest work is the present moment. We are sure of this hour but nothing further .- Canadian Churchman.

"I'm Sorry I Spoke Cross."

If we only knew how many sore hearts there were around us, we should be more patient and more tender in our speech.

A writer in the Wellspring tells of

the experience of a street car conductor. 'People were cross, and not at all kind that day. Women snapped at him - women who meant to deserve the name of ladies. It is so easy to snap when it is muddy and drizzling, and you don't feel just right. A big, fat, red-faced man came puffing and panting up the car-steps and rated the whole car company because his peremptory signaling had not been seen as promptly as he thought it should have been.

'A little maid opposite in a blue tamo'-shanter took it all in with her grave. round eyes. She had a bunch o nodding clove pinks in her hands, -all colors. She had dainty little short skirts, like flower-petals held downwards. She made you think of flower anyhow.

'Children are such imitative things I was not at all surprised to see how soon my little flower lady found it 'catching.' Her baby brows drew together and her dainty feet spurned big, brown bundle that happened to touch the tips of her tiny toes.

'How dwefful crowded vis car is!' heard her say, in the funniest, disgusted tone. She gave a good scowl to somebody hanging by a car strap, whose long, loose sleeve happened to touch the tassel of her cap and so brushed it a trifle forward. He mother or aunt, who was with her, did not seem to notice her little air of vexation By and by the conductor came round, and, in edging his way along from seat to seat, managed to hit the large doll which she carried in the hand that hadn't the pinks in it. The red slipper fell off on the floor.

"Nare! she cried, angrily, for all the world like the older ones around her. 'now, now, see what you've done! Knocked my dolly's slipper off!'

The conductor stooped instantly to pick up the tiny thing, and for one in stant his eyes were on a level with the child's. In that instant she seemed to see something in them that melted her

'I'm sorry I spoke cross!' she said in her sweet, shrill, childlike voice. 'And then the rest of us who were near enough saw something. A quiver

of grief, and then a swift setting into rigid lines that even children knew meant tears, on a man's face. He did not speak, but baby held up her pinks to him.

Take some! My papa gave me 'em

Has you got a little girl? 'The man picked out two white ones. His face was thanking her. His voice was low and husky, so that not many heard it:

'I'll put them in her hand,' he said. 'My little girl died yesterday.' '- Key stone Endeavorer.

Did He Tell a Lie?

This is the question the Sunday

The teacher heard a shuffling noise and looked around. He was not out of order at all; but was studying the Have you thoroughly mastered all map of China very hard. Did he tell

Sister Susie lost her doll one day. She hunted for it high and low; but no doll could she find. He helped her to search for it in every nook and 'I can't say that I have the second corner possible, and seemed sorry that it in an old stovepipe in the garret.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary had come to take dinner at his home. All were ready to enjoy a good dinner, sweetened and the coffee and pudding George flushed, but he saw the point, salted. Who was to blame but Bridget? He had carelessly that very morning, 'I will plough that little strip when emptied the salt-sack into the sugar

One morning Bridget rushed breath lessly into the room saying, "Sure, and Ned the arrant-boy has left the gate open, an' the cows have eat up all the gardent." He was washing his

What do you think? Cannot both If I had pulled the plough back and boys and girls tell lies without speakturned that patch of turf over I would ing a word? And do they not thus have been wise.' So thought the young | really break the ninth commandment,

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Jack's Rescue.

This story is told of a dog who went

nutting recently with his master. The master carried a big bag to hold the nuts. He climbed the trees and shook down the nuts in showers at times which made Jack run and bark and jump. It was hard to tell which had the better time, Jack or his master. On their way home, with the bag almost full, the master saw a tree on which there were many nuts. He climbed the tree and shook the limbs, and down came the nuts on Jack, who ran around in wild excitement. But suddenly the nuts stopped falling. There was something wrong. Jack WOODSTOCK N. B. looked up in the tree and saw that his master was in trouble. He did not know what had happened, but something was wrong. He barked and jumped, as if asking to be told how he jumped, as if asking to be told how he had been at last he started off Manchester, Robertson through the woods toward home, and his master thought he was deserted. After what seemed a long time, the master heard Jack's bark away off in the woods, and he could hear the breaking of twigsas the dog ran through the bushes. At last he came in sight, followed by two men who were his

master's neighbors. When the men came in sight of the tree, they saw that Jack's master had stepped on a limb which had broken under his weight, but he had been caught by his coat and hung suspended in the air. They got him down, and you may be sure that Jack was voted a hero by everybody in the village.-The Westminster.

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HOUSE SQUARE

his way to his seat he could hear Miss I come around again,' a young nan crock and the sugar bag into the salt TERRONE 26 OFF. COURT HOUSE.

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