

AN AFTERNOON'S AMUSEMENT.

How slowly the hours passed! Only three o'clock, and it seemed days to Harry since morning!

Poor Harry had been sick; and now, although he was much better, and had to lie in bed from morning till night. Mamma had read to him and told him stories, and he had looked at pictures; but now there seemed nothing left to do.

Two big tears slowly found their way out from under the eyelids which were shut tight to keep them back; for Harry was not a very little boy, and would have

SORE HANDS

Itching, Burning Palms, Painful Finger Ends,

With Brittle, Shapeless, Discolored Nails,

As Well as Roughness and Redness.

One Night Treatment with Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure.

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, or bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For red, rough and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with brittle, shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in a single application.

Complete local and constitutional treatment for every humour of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair. Bathe with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly, take the Cuticura Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood. This treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of Eczema and other itching, burning and scaly humours, and points to a speedy, permanent and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring humours, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

Cuticura Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; Boston, 157 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Sole Proprietors.

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scorned to cry had he been strong and well. Now he felt so weak and tired!

Just then mamma came up to the bed, and somehow her bright smile cheered Harry up wonderfully. She had both hands behind her, and Harry wondered what she had for him.

"You can never guess," said mamma. "It is round and lighter than air, and is a bright red."

"It is—no, it can't be, but I can never guess it, I know!" exclaimed Harry.

Just then above mamma's shoulder Harry saw it—a bright red toy balloon. "Why, what am I to do with it?" he asked.

Mamma held the balloon by a string about a yard long, which was fastened to it. "You hold on to the string," she told Harry, "while I get some paper."

Harry watched her. She tore quite a good-sized piece out of a newspaper, and then she took the balloon and tied the paper to the end of the string and let go. Harry thought, of course, it would go up to the ceiling; but no, down it came, until the paper rested on the floor.

Then mamma tore off some of the paper to make it lighter, and let it go again. It was going up this time, surely; no, down it came and again rested on the floor. Some more paper was torn off, and this time it did not go to the floor, but sailed about the room as the little currents of air moved it.

Harry watched it. It hovered over the bed, and then moved away again. It would be so quiet for several minutes, and Harry would wonder if it would again come toward the bed; and soon back it would come.

Before Harry knew it, mamma brought him his supper, and the lights were lit and the long afternoon had passed.—*Exchange.*

BRAVE UNTO DEATH.

During the active troubles of the allied powers with China, the Japanese troops excited the admiration of the world by their bravery and almost perfect discipline. Thomas Millard, a war correspondent, tells a thrilling story illustrative of Japanese valor and contempt for peril.

The force sent to relieve the Christians who were besieged in Pekin had arrived, and it devolved on the Japanese contingent to blow in a certain gate.

These massive wooden gates, which are sunk deep in the thick, twelve-foot walls, are approached by means of a little bridge across the moat that encircles the city. The Japanese general decided that a breach would have to be effected by means of dynamite. For this dangerous mission he called for volunteers.

A little corporal about four feet six inches in height was picked out. As with utter unconcern he marched briskly over the bridge, the enemy potted at him from the top of the wall until he was out of sight in recess occupied by the gate. Having lighted the fuse, he quickly made his way back to his own lines without sustaining a wound.

No sooner had he got out of the way than a small door was cautiously opened and an almond-eyed face peered out. With his sandaled foot the Chinaman stamped out the lighted fuse. Then he went back and closed the door.

Defying almost certain death, the little corporal started out again and once more lighted the fuse. On his way back he was hit on the shoulder and stumbled to the ground. Then he picked himself up and managed to reach safety. Once more, however, the Chinaman was too quick for the slow fuse.

Then the little corporal went pattering

back to the half-demolished gate, lighted the fuse, drew his short bayonet-sword, and waited. There was a moment of breathless suspense; then with a frightful roar the old gate was blown to the heavens, and with it went the poor little corporal.

It is one thing to risk one's life in the heat of battle, but quite another to face the certain and horrible death from which this subject of the Mikado never flinched.—*The Youth's Companion.*

HOW DOLLS ARE MADE.

Of whatever material the doll is made—wax, porcelain, or composition—the processes by which its beauty is evolved are practically the same. First, the head. In France and other European countries, machinery is little used. The hot liquid is ladled into the lead or plaster moulds. Over here, the workman, holding the mold in one hand, turns a faucet, and allows the steaming white mixture to rush into the cavity. Quickly reversing the mould over an opening in the tank, he grasps and fills another, and another, reversing each one to allow all the mixture which does not immediately adhere to the sides of the mould to run back into the tank.

Another workman seizes the mold as soon as it is cool enough to handle, and with two movements of his hands separates the leaden sides and pulls out the doll's head. It is not a lovely object in this stage, nor ten minutes later, even, when the polisher has trimmed off the ragged seams and the dyer has dipped it in flesh-colored paint. If it is to be a wax doll, its complexion resembles a freshly-boiled lobster. This is because the wax itself is white. Some of us found that out for ourselves when we surreptitiously sampled the cheeks of sister's idol in lieu of forbidden chewing-gum, not dreaming that the cheeks would show.

A girl or youth next paints the eyebrows, lips, and cheeks, and a man puts in the eyes. This last is a simple operation, unless the eyes are to open and shut, when the balancing of the lead becomes a matter of some skill. Nothing now remains but to put on the beautiful flaxen wig, which is tastefully curled and arranged by an expert workman. No mere clod in intrusted with the doll's coiffure, you may assure yourself.

The best doll-bodies are stuffed with shavings of cork; hair, excelsior, cotton and sawdust are also used. The arms and legs are moulded exactly as the heads, and are sewed to their places by deft-fingered girls.

The great majority of dolls are sent to market without being clothed at all, but doll-dressmaking is a very important branch of toy-manufacture.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"KEEPS" FOR THE CHILDREN.

These "keep texts" are all in the Bible. Find them and learn them, and so make them yours:

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

"Keep thee far from a false matter." "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life."

"Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently."

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

"My son, keep thy Father's commandments."

"My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion."

HARD, RACKING COUGHS.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing or the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of barks and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any Druggist's. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

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