

arise. They do not need to depend on their mothers."

While the teacher was talking one boy — and his name was Elmer — was trying to get his feet out of sight. He struggled to push them under the seat in front, but they could not reach it. How he was wishing that he had loosened those shoes.

"We will not say anything more about these things now," the teacher went on, "but after this I hope all my boys will strive to keep themselves neat. I'm going to notice tomorrow how you look."

The next day Elmer's shoes were as black and shiny as blacking and a brush would make them.—*Chris. Work.*

THE AVERAGE BABY IS A GOOD BABY.

The average baby is a good baby — cheerful, smiling and bright. When the baby is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell, and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless, don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly she will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says: "My little boy was very cross and fretful, and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well, and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HINTS FOR THE COOK.

Flour thrown upon burning oil will instantly extinguish it, while water only spreads the flames.

Clean japanned trays by rubbing them over with a little olive oil, and then polishing them off with a soft cloth.

To clean old paint, dissolve two table-spoonfuls of soda in one cupful of boiling water, and add sufficient cold water to make one quart. Use an old soft cloth, wash the paint with the mixture, then go over a second time with a fresh cloth and clean cold water, wiping as dry as possible.

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A BOTTLE OF GLUE.

Paul had just ten cents to spend for Baby Ruth's birthday present, and he couldn't quite decide what he had better get for her. He knew plenty of things he wanted to buy, but they all cost more than ten cents.

Just as he and mother were talking it over on Ruth's birthday morning, a loud cry came from Ruth. She was out in the hammock with Angela, her best-loved doll.

Mother and Paul ran out to see what the matter was.

"I felled out of 'e hammock and Angela felled too, and Angela's head tumbled off," she sobbed. "My head went on 'e ground dess like Angela's but mine didn't tum off."

"Well, darling, I'm very glad of that," laughed mother, "because perhaps we can mend Angela's, and I'm afraid we couldn't put Ruth's on again."

Mother went in to find some glue, but the bottle was empty.

"I'm afraid we can't mend it today," said mother.

Ruth's tears began to flow again. A bright thought came to Paul.

"O mother! wouldn't Ruth rather have me buy her a bottle of glue to mend her doll right off, instead of that other thing? You said it cost ten cents."

Ruth clapped her hands at the thought of having Angela again so soon, and mother said he might spend the money in that way if he wanted to. So Paul and Ruth went hand in hand to the nearest store and bought a bottle of glue.

Mother glued the head on tightly, and when Ruth woke up from her nap the head was on firm and hard. Ruth thought a bottle of glue was the nicest birthday present she had ever heard of.—*May G. Moor.*

AN AWKWARD LADDIE.

Nearly a hundred years ago a stout, freckle-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in Northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that person appeared, the boy said very modestly, "I would like to attend your evening school, sir."

"And what do you wish to study?" asked the teacher, roughly.

"I want to learn to read and write," sir," answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced at the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, "Very well, you may attend; but an awkward, bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters." Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

This boy was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery. His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls, and bare rafters. When he was five years old, he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older, he was set to picking stones from the coal, after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half-fed and half-clothed.

When he called at the school house he was plugman of a pumping-engine, and, though he knew nothing of reading or writing, he had studied the engine until he had a complete knowledge of the machine. He was able to take it apart, and make ordinary repairs.

Not discouraged by the advice given him by the schoolmaster, he made appli-

cation and attended the evening school. At the end of about two years he had learned all this school could teach him. He conceived the plan of constructing a steam-engine. It took him a long time; but at the age of forty he had constructed several engines, and was known as a successful and energetic engineer, and was called upon to build long and difficult lines of railroad.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought he was crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him: "Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose, while it is running, a cow should stray upon the track. Will not that be a very awkward circumstance?"

"I should think it might be very awkward—for the cow," he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he preferred to remain plain George Stephenson.

SOME THINGS ANIMALS TEACH US.

The woodpecker has a powerful little trip hammer.

The jaws of the tortoise and turtle are natural scissors.

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring.

The squirrel carries a chisel in his mouth, and the bee the carpenter's plane.

The gnat fashions its eggs in the shape of a lifeboat. You cannot sink them without tearing them to pieces.

A porcupine's bill is strengthened by ribs in the same way that the iron masts of modern ships are strengthened.

The diving bell imitates the water spider. It constructs a small cell under the water, clasps a bubble of air between legs, dives down into its submarine chamber with the bubble, displacing the water gradually, until its abode contains a large, airy room surrounded by water.—*Kind Words.*

A CLEVER BOY.

While superintending the floating of logs at the Delaware Water Gap, a lumber merchant tumbled from his boat and fell into the swift current. In swimming to a big rock which stands in the middle of the stream, the merchant lost his pocket-book.

Wilbur Lake, a farmer's son, then resorted to strategy to recover the money. Throwing a chip into the river, he watched its course, and followed it down stream in a boat. Half a mile from the point where the merchant fell into the water, the chip swirled toward the bank and lodged against the branches of a tree which dipped into the water. Lake rowed to the place, and there, near the chip, was the pocketbook floating on the surface.—*Exchange.*

Beware of pampering yourself. The fewer your needs the greater will be your riches.

IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat and the discharge of mucous from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing help to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgement and breeds.

Great numbers of people disregard cough at first and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a well known remedy, and it is the surest cough cure known to-day. It does not deceive by drugging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it. 25 cents. Be sure and get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

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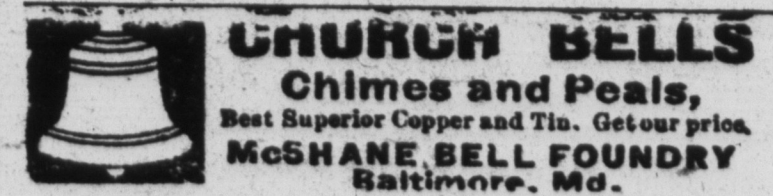
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TAKEN AT THE FIRST SIGN OF BACKACHE WILL SAVE YOU YEARS OF MISERY. Mrs. William H. Banks, Torbrook Mines, N.S., tells the public about the great qualities of Doan's Kidney Pills in the following words:—I was troubled with kidney trouble for six months, and had such terrible pains across my kidneys all the time that I could hardly get around. After taking one box of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25; all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



All the rivers run to the sea, but the sea, through evaporation and rainfall, comes back into the rivers. In this way the blessings we give to the world will come back to fill our own lives with refreshing from on high.