

against the wall above the mantel in the library, and there it stayed all winter; and Manette often forgot all about it.

But one day in the early spring a very wonderful thing happened. Manette was playing in the yard when her mamma called her. She ran into the library, and there on the edge of the mantel was the most beautiful, gorgeous golden-yellow butterfly!

"O mamma," she whispered, "did it fly through the window, do you think?"

"No, dear: it crept out of its winter blanket."

And then her mamma showed her the cocoon, as she called the blanket which the worm had made. There was a hole at one end, and out of that the ugly green worm, now changed into a fairy-like insect, had crept, to the air and sipping sweets from flowers.

"It's just as grandpa told me," Manette said. "I never would have known it."—*Child Garden.*

HOW WALTER WAITED.

Eight o'clock was Walter's bedtime, and, like many other little boys and girls, he thought it came too soon. Just as he was building a fine large house of blocks, or chasing fireflies on the lawn, the eight strokes would sound from the big, old-fashioned clock in the hall, and mother would carry her little boy off to bed.

"I'll be so glad when I'm fifty years old," Walter used to say. "Then I'm going to stay up all night long." Mother always smiled when he said this, and told him to wait and see.

One morning mother and father went off on a day's journey, not to return until nine o'clock in the evening, and, as an unusual treat, Walter was to be allowed to wait up for them. The little boy was overjoyed. All day long he planned games for the extra hour before bedtime. Such houses he would build, and such fun he would have! When eight o'clock struck he pointed his finger merrily

at the big clock, and laughed at it. "Not tonight!" he cried gleefully.

Soon after, when he had built one fine house of blocks, he began to feel drowsy, but he wouldn't tell nurse. It looked so comfortable on the big sofa in the library, he thought it would be easier to wait there for father and mother.

So he climbed upon the soft cushions and snuggled down contentedly. Then he laid his curly head back on the cushions. It was so pleasant to wait there! By and by there would be a ring at the doorbell, and then he would rush to open the big door, and mother would kiss him—and father—and father—would—

Walter suddenly stopped thinking, for his blue eyes closed, and he was fast asleep. It was thus that mother and father found him when they came in shortly after nine o'clock; and how everybody laughed, even Walter, when he saw the joke! After that evening Walter made no more objections to going to bed at eight o'clock.—*Evening Star.*

HOW A SPIDER USED SIXPENCE.

A friend of mine noticed near his camp a trap-door spider run in front of him and pop into its hole, pulling the "lid" down as it disappeared. The lid seemed so neat and perfect a circle that the man stooped to examine it, and found to his astonishment that it was a sixpence. There was nothing but silk thread covering the top of the coin, but underneath mud and silk thread were coated on and shaped convex (as usual). The coin had probably been swept out of the tent with rubbish. As is well known, the doors of trap-door spiders' burrows are typically made of flattened pellets of earth stuck together with silk or adhesive material. The unique behaviour of the spider in question showed no little discrimination on her part touching the suitability as to size, shape and weight of the object selected to fulfill the purpose for which the sixpence was used.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are permitted to make public the following letter, which is a fair sample of hundreds written by mothers throughout Canada praising Baby's Own Tablets:

DUNBAR, Ont., March 18, 1903.
Several weeks ago my baby was very cross and ill owing to troubles common to children when teething. A correspondent highly recommended Baby's Own Tablets, saying she would use no other medicine for her baby. I sent for a box, used them according to directions and must say that I have found them the best medicine for a teething child I have ever tried. One Tablet every other day keeps my baby well and I am sure of my rest at night. I echo the words of my friend and say "they are just splendid."

MRS. CHARLES WILLARD.
Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of children, and may be given with absolute safety to even a new born baby. These Tablets are the only medicine for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOME HINTS.

Keep honey in the dark. If exposed to the light it will quickly granulate.

An open fire on a winter's evening and a cheerful heart are alike.

Bathing the eyes frequently with salt water will be found very beneficial if they are weak or tired.

If potatoes are soaked in cold water two or three hours after peeling they will be whiter when cooked.

Putty can be softened, in order to remove a glass, by spreading over it a layer of soft soap and letting it remain for a few hours.

The flavor of most clear soups is improved by adding a small lump of sugar just before taking them from the fire.

PRaise THE BOY.

It often costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty in spite of his temptations, to do differently, he deserves credit for his doing. One has no need to live long in this world, before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a half years old, recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No, my son; you musn't do that," said his father.

The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination.

"All right, papa, I won't do it." There was no issue there, and the father turned to something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry:

"Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy'?"

The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty; even though a child's well-doing ought not to linger on such a recognition. And, as with little folks, so with larger ones. Just commendation is everyone's due. Even our Lord Himself has promised to say, "Well done," to every loved one of His who does well.—*Sunday-Schol Times.*

INDIGNANT TOMMY.

Teasing Friend: "What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?" Tommy (indignantly): "It don't cry so very much; and anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself."

Great and sacred is obedience. He who is not able in the highest majesty of manhood, to obey with clear and open brow a law higher than himself is barren of all faith and love, and tightens his claims, moreover, in the struggle to be free.—*James Martineau.*

The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

EASING THE CHEST.

It is the cold on the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strains the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop coughing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know of or can hear about in the shape of medicine. We take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes and roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whiskey, but the thing that has its grip on the chest hangs on and won't be shaken loose.

If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that it is so efficient a remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a simple preparation, made of extracts of barks and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Adamson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore chest and you will find prompt relief.

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A BAD CASE

KIDNEY TROUBLE

CURED BY

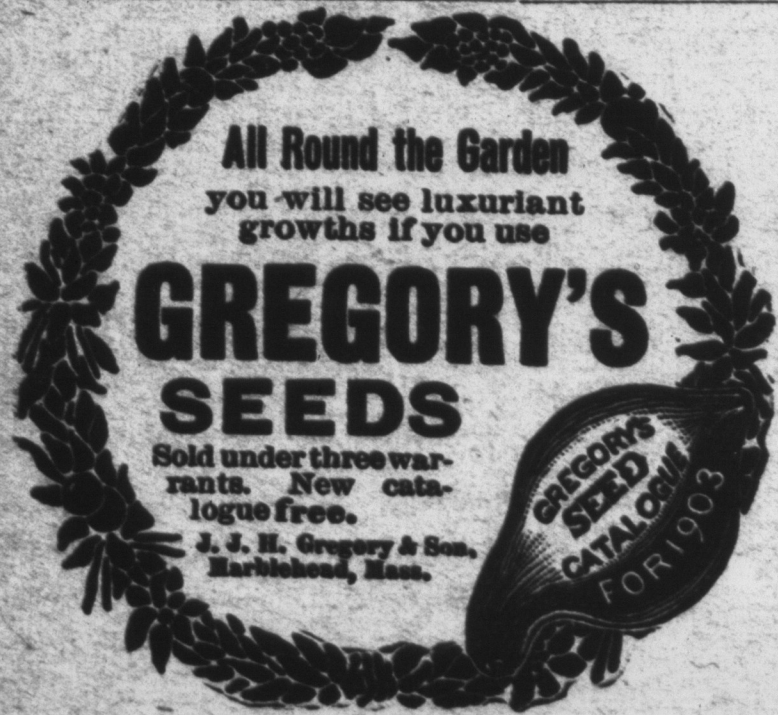
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Kidney Troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says:—I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pains in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Noticing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial, so I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers.

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

The Ladies' Favorite. — Laxa-Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite medicine. They cure constipation, sick headache, biliousness, and dyspepsia without griping, purging or sickening.

Just a word of caution: Where the skin is destroyed by burns or scalds apply Weaver's Cerate, reduced with sweet oil or lard. Otherwise the Cerate in full strength should be used; the sooner the better.



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