

Ned gazed at the tart a long time; at last he remarked as he looked up at grandpa with a twinkle in his eye, "I guess it would; it's kind of red."

Then slowly, very slowly, he walked down the garden path and over by the fence, where he could hear Willie whistling on the other side.

"Hullo, Will," he called gruffly; here's something a-comin' down on your head." "Oh!" said Willie, and then "Oh!" in a very different tone when he saw what it was.

"Say, Ned," he added a moment later, "come over. Here's enough for two."

When Ned came in to dinner there were traces of cherry preserves on his face, his beloved knife was in his pocket, and the cloud was gone.—*Journal and Messenger.*

THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER.

There is a story which tells how the seven stars came to form the dipper.

Once in a country far away, the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The rivers and springs and brooks had all dried up. The plants and flowers had withered and died. The birds were so hoarse they could not sing. The whole land was sad and mournful. One night after the stars had come out a little girl with a tin dipper in her hand crept quietly out of the house and went into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree, she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill her little dipper. She prayed so long that at last she fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find the dipper full of clear, cool water.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill and dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but taking up her dipper she hurried home. In her haste she stumbled, and, alas! she dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog, who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop had been spilled. Pouring out a few drops in her hand she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so, and seemed much revived. But as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to one of beautiful silver.

Hurrying to her home as soon as possible, she handed the water to a servant to give it to her mother.

"Oh," said her mother, "I will not take it. I shall not live, anyhow. You are younger and stronger than I."

As she gave the servant the dipper, it changed to shining gold. The servant

was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water, when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary, and she handed him the dipper of water. He took it, saying:

"Blessed is he who gives a cup of cold water in His name."

A radiance shone all about him, and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain, which supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher until they reached the sky, and there changed into bright stars, forming the "Great Dipper."

And so while we recognize that this is only a parable, yet it shall give us sweet association with the constellation in the sky; and when we look up at the "dipper" as it points us to the north pole, this sweet story will point us to a pole star of usefulness.—*Ex.*

BABY'S WELFARE.

Every mother is anxious for the health and welfare of her little ones, and Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine to make baby well and to keep it well. Thousands of mothers keep the tablets constantly in the house — they say they would not be without them. As proof of this Mrs. Geo. Kilgore, Wellwood, Man., says, "Having used Baby's Own Tablets for some time, I can truthfully say that they are the best medicine I have ever used for little ones. I think so highly of the Tablets that I always keep them in the house."

A medicine, like Baby's Own Tablets, which so many mothers praise, is the right one for your little ones. They are guaranteed to contain neither opiates nor other harmful drugs, and can be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. Good for teething troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, worms, and all minor ailments of children. Sold by druggists, or may be had by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BLESSED BE SEWING.

"I thought you had too much sense, Dolly, to waste yourself over six inches square of linen and a snarl of sewing-silk."

"Well, my dear Herbert, permit me to tell you that I am proud of having enough sense to save myself by that same linen and silk! If you could embroider, you wouldn't be so cross when things go wrong at the office. My needle is a better escape valve than any you possess"—and therewith Dolly read her big brother a lecture on the value of needle-work.

Here is the substance of what she said:

First, every girl ought to learn to sew and to sew well, on the chance that she may some day need to make her own clothes and those of others. No matter how improbable may seem the advent of that day, it should be recognized as a possibility. To have skill in the simple task of family sewing is to have drawn the fangs of one of the little serpents which make the torture of sudden poverty.

No doubt many women have to sew too much, and are forced to wish they might never see a needle again; but ignorance of the work will make their lot only the harder, not the easier.

In the second place, the power to produce dainty and tasteful handiwork permits a woman to add to a gift the grace

which comes from its being the result of personal effort. Not many of us can write a sonnet to our friend, carve for her a statue, paint a picture, or dedicate to her a symphony.

But there is the same quality of personal devotion in the stitch that there is in the rhyme or the drawing. No shop in the world has that quality for sale. Yet it is within the reach of any one who has once learned the use of the needle.

Finally, Dolly ended where she began by a plea for sewing as the relief of the restless spirit and the tired brain. She declared that her needle helped her to think, or helped her to stop thinking, as the case might be! In fact, she sent her brother away feeling, for once, distinctly at a disadvantage, in that he could scarcely hope to acquire this panacea for so many of life's ills.—*Youth's Companion.*

How Girls Can Help Their Mothers.

Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own; but, unfortunately, many girls wait to be asked to do things, instead of being constantly on the lookout for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home, you must be quick to notice what is wanted — the room that needs dusting, the flowers that need re-arranging, the curtain which has lost a ring, and is therefore drooping; and then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred.

It is almost useless to take up any household duties unless you do them regularly. If you do a thing one day, and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if some one else has to be constantly reminding you of, and supervising your work, it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

Have a definite day and a definite time for all you do. The flower vases will need attention every other day, the silver must be cleaned once a week, and there should be one day kept for mending and putting away household linen. Begin, too, directly after breakfast, and keep on steadily till your work is done.

If you begin by sitting down "just for a minute" with a book, or think you will "just arrange the trimming" on your new hat, the morning will be half gone before you know where you are.

A girl who has brothers may spare her mother all those tiresome little jobs which boys are always requesting to have done for them, if she will only do them kindly; but a boy will not come and ask his sister to repair frayed-out buttonholes, and to make him paste for his photograph album, if she snaps and says he is "always bothering."

It is not easy work, but it is quite possible for the daughter at home to make sunshine.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Temptation is felt solicitation to sin, with a conscious ability to comply with the solicitation and an attraction to it.

Valuable Advice to Rheumatics.

Eat meat sparingly, also very little sugar, avoid damp feet, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Nerviline as an absolute reliever of pain. Five times stronger than any other, its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Get a bottle at your druggist's, test it and see if it is not so. Medicine dealers sell it everywhere.

COUGHING ALL NIGHT.

It's this night coughing that breaks us down keeping us awake most of the time, and annoying everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be so that retiring for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam makes life worth living to such people by its soothing effect on the throat. The "tickling sensation" promptly disappears when the use of the Balsam is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine for coughs hasn't a disagreeable thing about it, and does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from barks, roots and gums of trees, and is a true specific for throat troubles.

Handling coughs is a science that every one should learn. Not knowing how to treat them has cost many fortunes and many lives. In Adamson's Balsam there are the elements which not only heal inflammation, but which protect the inflamed parts from further irritation. The result of this is that the tendency to cough does not manifest itself, and you are surprised at it. Afterward you would not be without Adamson's Balsam at hand. This remedy can be tested. 25 cents at any druggist's.

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