

WHY BE A FARMER.

Because it is one of the grandest and most honorable callings of life; because it is a calling that does not require the little tricks of trade to be successful; because the farmer is the one person in all the world that is independent of the rest of the world. The farmer can live independently of others, but it would be impossible for others to live without the farmer, though they look down on the farmer as one beneath them. There has been a larger percentage of farmers that have arisen to distinction than men of any other calling.

BABY'S FUTURE

Something for Mothers to Think About

Lives of Suffering and Sorrow Averted

And Happiness and Prosperity Assured by

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills When All Else Fails.

Every child born into the world with an inherited or early developed tendency to distressing, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering, but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence, it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest and most effective treatment available, viz., The Cuticura Treatment.

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent, to cool the blood in the severer cases, are all that can be desired for the speedy relief and permanent cure of skin tortured infants and children, and the comfort of worn-out parents.

Millions of women use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for annoying irritations and weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves.

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, 127 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Sole Proprietors.

Send for "How to Cure Baby Humours."

H. F. McLeod

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Woodstock, N. B.

The Weeds That Bothered Dora.

BY LINNIE HAWLEY DRAKE.

"I don't see who plants 'em, anyway!" exclaimed my little neighbor. She was such a little neighbor that she had squeezed herself through the fence where a picket was broken out.

"Do you do it?" she asked, reproachfully, and I came around to her side of the bed.

"Plant the weeds? Oh, certainly not; they never need planting."

"But how does they come then?"

"Very much like the bad thoughts and ways that come into our hearts—just spring right up and grow and grow—if we don't pull them up, until all the dear lovable flowers are quite choked out."

"Has I any in my heart?"

She had quite left off tugging at those in the ground, and the big blue eyes looked straight into mine.

"Let us see! You shall find out for yourself. If truth is a beautiful little flower, what would a falsehood be?"

"Tellin' stories—lies? Why—I spect they's weeds!"

"Yes, indeed, and terrible weeds they are. Now, did Dora or Jack break the vase yesterday? You know you told mamma it was Jack."

Dora hung her head.

"And bad temper is another—a real nettly one. You know how those little sharp things hurt you when you pull them up. When one is angry, they prick everybody that touches them—themselves most of all. If we don't get this weed out when it's little, by and by we grow to be a garden so full of thistles we sting everybody."

"Is kickin' the door, an' screamin', an' slappin' back, weeds—prickles?"

"Would you call them pretty flowers?"

"No, I wouldn't. I guess I's mostly all weeds!" This with a profound sigh.

"That's what I thought of this bed when I came out an hour ago; but you see how many dear little plants we've found."

"Yes, isn't 'em sweet! We won't let the horrid old weeds sting you to deff' (caressing them). "An' I'm goin' to get 'em out o' here too. If I don't tell stories; nor slap Jack, an' mind mamma quick—an'—an'—be pleasant when I don't want to be, will they go away?"

I assured her of this, and it was several days before I thought again of the lesson of the weeds, until the sequel came out in a remark from her much-perplexed mother:

"I never saw Dora so good and sweet-tempered as she has been for a week past. Really, I thought she was ill; but she rambled on continually to herself, her dollies, to Jack, of weeds, weeds, weeds. Jack seemed to understand; but to me she would make no other reply than, 'Oh, it's something—I know.'"

Herald and Presbyterian.

THE BRUSH BRIGADE.

Not long ago I heard a mother tell her boys that intimate and constant acquaintance with brushes goes a great way toward making a gentleman.

The remark struck me and I asked how many brushes one needs to be familiar with.

"Tell her, boys," said their mother, and the merry fellows shouted:

"One to brush our hair we need,

And one to polish our boots,

One to clean our nails indeed,

And one to dust our suits.

And one to give our hats a switching,

To make us all look very bewitching." And that's the song of the Brush Brigade.

"Willie always twists everything they have to remember into a jingle and then they don't forget it," said the mother smiling, as the brigade went off in a vivacious procession to practice on their brushes.

"Tramps went out, but gentlemen came back," said the clever little mother when they came in again, presenting each of the brush-improved four with an apple turnover for his lunch box.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness and dirt is an abomination," said grandmother from her corner.

"It runs in the family," I heard one of the boys say, as they put on their coats. "I guess Gran brought up her boys to brush just as mother serves us. Never mind, all her boys are gentlemen clear through and I s'pose we'll be the same if we stick to the brushes."—Wide Awake.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

Mrs. T. Brisson, Gold Rock, Ont. writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets saved my little boy's life when there seemed no hope, and he now is a bright, rosy healthy child. He suffered more than tongue can tell from obstinate constipation and medicine gave him no relief until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without the Tablets in the house, and think they should be kept in every home where there are young or delicate children."

All the minor ills of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, stomach troubles, diarrhoea, worms, constipation, simple fevers, and colds, are promptly relieved and speedily cured through the use of these Tablets. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and may be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOME HINTS.

Tight belts and tight sleeves will often cause red hands.

Singeing and clipping will strengthen and cause the hair to grow.

To prevent eggs cracking when boiling, pierce a small hole in the large end of the egg with a needle.

To Prevent Milk from Burning.—Rinse out the saucepan with cold water before putting in the milk.

Cream Pie.—Mix one tablespoonful of corn-starch with one cupful of granulated sugar and one egg yolk well beaten. Scald a pint of milk in a double boiler; pour it slowly over the other materials, stirring constantly. When well mixed turn into an under crust, and bake. Beat the white of an egg with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and heap on the top of the pie when it comes from the oven; return and brown the meringue slightly. Bake the pie in a moderate oven.—Selected.

Snow Omelet.—Beat the yolks of four eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of milk or water, a little salt and pepper. Beat the whites very light, and cut them into the yolks. Melt one dessertspoonful of butter in a frying pan; when it bubbles, pour in the omelet, and spread it evenly over the pan. When slightly brown underneath, sprinkle over the surface one tablespoonful of grated cheese, chopped ham or parsley, place the pan in the oven to dry the omelet a moment, turn onto a hot platter, and serve at once.—Table-Talk.

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.

JOHN G. ADAMS
UNDERTAKER

AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

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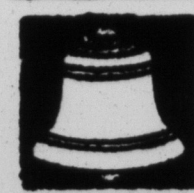
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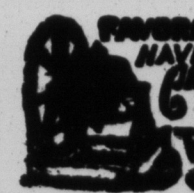
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They cure those feelings of smothering and sinking that come on at times, make the heart beat strong and regular, give sweet, refreshing sleep and banish headaches and nervousness. They infuse new life and energy into dispirited, health-shattered women who have come to think there is no cure for them.

They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Brain Fog, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Listlessness, After Effects of La Grippe and Fever, Anemia, General Debility and all troubles arising from a run-down system.

Price 50c. per box or 5 for \$1.25
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