

**A BRIGHT LITTLE DOG.**

There are imitations everywhere, but the dog whose doing are recorded in *Popular Science News* was possibly one of the best canine mimics on record. His name was Scott, and he was a puppy newly introduced into a certain family circle. In a neighboring house lived Rab, a dog that had grown to an age of dignity and responsibility.

At first the older dog ignored the puppy, which in appearance was almost an exact picture of himself. Then the two became firm friends. Scott was an

attendant on Rab's every movement. they ate together, slept together, and hunted together.

They were also as one in barking at passing teams. Now, barking at teams was forbidden, and brought many whippings, but the temptation was strong, and the master and mistress were not always present. The sight of the hose-cart whirling past one day, with rattle and clatter, was a challenge no high-spirited dog could resist. It gave Rab an opportunity to show his young friend how close to a flying hose-cart it is possible to run with impunity. Alas for his pride! He ran an inch too near, or the cart swerved slightly, and the wheel passed over one of Rab's paws. Although the injury was scientifically treated, Rab was ever after forced to go on three legs, and hold the injured paw suspended.

Scott noticed Rab's changed method of locomotion, and, like the thorough courtier he was, immediately adopted the new gait. He was so clever in his imitation that it was difficult to tell which dog went lame from necessity, and which limped because he thought it was desirable and graceful. Close observation, however, showed that Scott's shapely paw lacked the helpless hang of the older dog's wounded member, and that the saucy cock of his ears was at variance with the mournful hang of Rab's.

Scott was a consistent cheat, always holding up the same paw that Rab did, and never forgetting his voluntary lameness except on occasions of great excitement, when he was in too great a hurry, having four legs, to confine himself to the use of three.



**A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG.**

I once knew a little woolly poodle in the Philippines which was a regimental mascot. During a fight near Cavite its left hind leg was shot off, and the little fellow was carried as tenderly to the rear as if he had been a human comrade. The surgeon dressed the stump. The dog was nursed by the surgeon's wife, and eventually recovered.

Being unfit for further campaigning, it then became her pet. She had made for it an artificial hind leg, fitting neatly over the stump with a laced glove top, and having a little rubber pad for a foot. On this the dog soon walked with ease, and by degrees learned to use it as readily as if it were an actual leg, even scratching fleas with it. One day, however, as he was scratching behind his left ear, the wooden leg hung in his hair and pulled off. The poor little fellow's perplexity, when his hind stump kept on swinging and no scratch came, shook his head and ears till the wooden leg flew off, then took it in his mouth and hobbled on three legs to his mistress to have it put on again.



**To Cure Fever Chills**

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Month after month a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Cough and worry no longer.

**HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.**

"Well, twins, did you have a good time?" asked Mrs. Gray, when her little girls came back from the beach to take a bath and a midday nap.

"Yes'm," said Lacy, and "No'm," said Lula, in the same breath.

"Why didn't you have a good time, little sister?" mother asked Lula then.

"I don't know," said Lula; "maybe I didn't feel good."

"Did Lacy let you play with the bucket?"

"Yes, I played wif it all the time."

"All the time? And how about the shovel?"

"I played wif it all the time, too."

"Ah," said mother, looking very wise, "and who played with the flag, little sister?"

Lula hung her head.

"I played wif it all the time, too," she said, presently.

"And what did my other little girl play with?" mother asked Lacy.

"I des played wif myself," said number two, with a merry laugh, "but I had a dood time."

"Now I see what was the matter with Lula," said mother. "the sun may be shining, but it never looks bright to a little girl who keeps everything herself."

Lula did not say anything, but she understood just what mother meant, and when I saw them on the beach the next day, Lacy had the bucket, and Lula had the flag, and they were using the shovel turn about.—*Ariana Harmon.*



**KEEP THE CHILDREN HEALTHY.**

If the children's digestive organs are all right, the children are all right. They will be hearty, rosy, happy and hungry. They will sleep well, and grow well. You can get your children right, and keep them right by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, which cure all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritation while teething, break up colds and fevers, prevent croup and destroy worms. And you have a positive guarantee that there is no opiate or harmful drug in this medicine. Mrs. Joseph Herbert, Killarney, Ont., says: "I am glad to say that Baby's Own Tablets have done my little one a great deal of good. I have also given some of the Tablets to friends who have found them equally satisfactory. "All medicine dealers sell the Tablets or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



**A SUMMER TRAGEDY.**

I saw a tragedy today. It was enacted before my horrified eyes. Murder was committed, and the victim, perfectly unoffending, perfectly innocent, was suddenly and shamelessly dashed from his home into a gulf of death. Three assassins laughed with fiendish glee as they marked the success of their crime.

The victim was a robin redbreast. He was singing his heart out in ecstasy from the top of a maple tree, as the air gun held in the hands of a small boy sent its missile straight to its destination. No more songs from that bonny bird. A mourning nestfull looking for him in vain. And the boy and his companions will go home, eat their suppers, say their prayers, and kill more birds when they can. They are little monsters did they but know it!



We are to be Christians in our school life, in our business, in our amusements, in our friendships.

**WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.**

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in your throat the cough will stop.

Don't hurt the sensitiveness of the throat with medicines containing a narcotic, but give it healing and soothing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effects of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound, prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt, and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured of any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25 cents. In asking for the Balsam be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

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Mrs. A. Lethangue, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. H. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

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