

more patience with boys, too, for some one had to have lots of patience with me—and does yet," said Mark, stooping to kiss his mother.—*Zion's Herald.*

COUNTING A HEN'S FEATHERS.

A very unique feather guessing contest was recently conducted by a prominent company manufacturing feed for poultry. Five hundred dollars in prizes was offered for best estimates or guesses as to the number of feathers on a hen. The first prize was \$100.

Thousands of guesses were received, including some very amusing ones. One party who was probably looking for some "catch" scheme, estimated "none at all." Many estimates in the hundreds of thousands were received, several in millions, the highest estimate being 600,060.017. The correct number was found to be 8,120. The company says: "We feel a pardonable pride in having contributed to poultry science an item of information actually new."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Because it makes her hear.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Which was the largest island before Australia was discovered? Australia.

What trade should be recommended to a short person? Grocer (grow, sir).

When is money wet? When it is due (dew) in the morning and missed (mist) in the evening.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald-headed old man, and the gorilla? The first is an heir apparent, the second has ne'er a parent, the third has no hair apparent, and the fourth has a hairy parent.

What is larger for being cut at both ends? A ditch.

Why is a watch-dog bigger by night than by day? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

Under what condition might handkerchiefs be used in building a wall? If they became brick (be cambrick).

If Rider Haggard had been Lew Wallace, who would "She" have been? She would have "Ben Hur."

If the alphabet were invited out to supper, which of the letters would get there late? All those letters which come after "t."

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A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

This is a story about two very foolish little girls. Mamma had put them to bed, and while she was undressing them she had told them Columbus and his voyages, for there had been a picture of him in their scrapbook. Then she kissed them, tucked them up in bed, and leaving the light burning, slipped down stairs, for there were people coming to tea. The little girls are not exactly afraid of the dark, but they think a light makes things look much nicer.

"O Rosy," said Alice, "now I will tell you. We will go on a voyage ourselves, only in our own bed."

"Yes," said Rosy, and they started down under the bedclothes.

It was a splendid voyage. The bed is not very big; in fact, it is only a double crib, but it took a good while to creep down. They played that the middle part was the ocean, and along the edge was a cool country, where you could poke your toes down in the crack. Alice crawled down one side, and Rosy the other, and then they changed places. After a while they sat up and played that they were in a tent.

If you sat together in the middle there was one large room! and if you moved away to the sides you had each a separate room, and you could even make a cupboard with your toes. The little girls thought that the next night they would go to bed early, and bring their dollies and play house.

After awhile, though, the tent grew hot and stuffy; and then a terrible thing happened! For when the little girls crawled to what they supposed was the place where they had crawled in, they found they could not get out! They tried again and again, but the sheets and blankets were tucked in firm and strong. They never can believe, what mamma afterward explained to them; that they must have got confused, and never tried the head of the bed at all; they are quite sure that they tried everywhere, again and again, crawling round and round, pulling at the sheets with all their might, and getting more dreadfully frightened every minute.

After a while mamma and the ladies who had come to supper heard a strange roaring sound up-stairs, which puzzled them very much. It grew louder and louder, although always queer and muffled. Mamma listened more carefully, and then flew upstairs, and found the discoverers hot and sobbing, and still struggling desperately to crawl out at the foot of the bed!

The little girls are very little, and mamma rocked them in her arms before the fire until the sobs had quieted and everything felt safe again. One of the young ladies came upstairs, too, and sat with them by the fire. They had a nice little talk, and then nurse made the tumbled crib up, smooth and cool.

But Alice and Rosy do not like mamma to tell this story, because everybody laughs; and they know that it is a terrible thing to be lost, even in your own bed.—*Youth's Companion.*

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER.

That flannels should always be washed by themselves in a suds prepared for them; on no account be rubbed on the board unless very dirty.

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That the suds should be pleasantly warm to the hands, not too hot, and no hot or cold water be added while the flannels are in the tubs.

That they should be rinsed in clear water of the same temperature as the washing suds, and as many waters used as may be necessary to take all the soap out, as the flannels will never be soft with the soap left in them.

That they should never be blued. That they should be pulled in shape before the fire, or, better, over the register, and pressed as soon as dry enough.

That black woolen and cotten hose should be washed by themselves (so as not to get lint on them), pulled in shape, hung on the line from the toes, as then the drip will go down, instead of remaining in the toes and shrinking them.—*Good Housekeeping.*

SUCCESSFUL MOTHERS.

You will always find that the mothers who are successful in bringing up families of hearty, healthy children are those who are careful to note the slightest evidence of illness and to check it at once. The wise mother gives her children Baby's Own Tablets at the first symptom of any childish ailment, and almost at once the little one is all right. Mrs. Thos. Stevenson, 13 Bishop street, Halifax, N. S., says: "It gives me pleasure to be able to speak of the great value of Baby's Own Tablets. I always give them to my children when they are calling in any way, and they speedily make them well. I would advise every mother to keep the Tablets in the house." The Tablets allay teething irritation, cure colic and stomach troubles, prevent constipation, destroy worms, allay fevers and break up colds. They can be given safely to a new born child. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LITTLE COURTESY.

A mother had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said, "Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?"

He looked up and said, "What made you ask me that, mother?"

"Because, dear," she answered, "It would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F. (the minister), and surely I would not be ruder to my own boy."

The boy thought a moment, and then asked: "Mother, what ought I to say back?"

"What do you think would be nice?"

He studied over it a while—for he was such a wise laddie—and then said, "Would it be nice to say, 'Sure, you can?'"

This was mother's time to say: "That would be nice; how would you like to say, just as Mr. F. would, 'Certainly?' It means the same thing you know."

That little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said of him the other day, "It's second nature to W. to be polite." The mother smiled as she thanked God in her heart for the grace that had helped her to be unfailing courteous to her boy.—*Christian Work.*

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 the 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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