

have you for a friend, and I most humbly beg your pardon for having accused you unjustly."

The next week, when John was able to take his old place in the school, he got up before the whole school, told how he had let suspicion rest on Fred for such a long time, and that he had thrown the note himself, and that he felt much ashamed of himself for not having cleared Fred's name before.

MR. JUSTICE FINNEMORE

Judge of the Natal Supreme Court, Sends the Following Remarkable Testimonial

TO CUTICURA

The World Is Cuticura's Field, Used Wherever Civilization Has Penetrated.

"I desire to give my voluntary testimony to the beneficial effects of your Cuticura Remedies. I have suffered for some time from an excess of uric acid in the blood; and since the middle of last year, from a severe attack of Eczema, chiefly on the scalp, face, ears and neck and on one limb. I was for several months under professional treatments, but the remedies prescribed were of no avail, and I was gradually becoming worse, my face was dreadfully disfigured and I lost nearly all my hair. At last, my wife prevailed upon me to try the Cuticura Remedies and I gave them a thorough trial with the most satisfactory results. The disease soon began to disappear and my hair commenced to grow again. A fresh growth of hair is covering my head, and my limb (although not yet quite cured) is gradually improving. My wife thinks so highly of your remedies that she has been purchasing them in order to make presents to other persons suffering from similar complaints, and, as President of the Bible Women's Society, has told the Bible women to report if any case should come under their notice when a poor person is so afflicted, so that your remedies may be resorted to."

ROBERT ISAAC FINNEMORE
(Judge of the Natal Supreme Court),
Pietermaritzburg, Natal, Oct. 29, 1901.

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 St.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; Boston, 127 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chem. Co., Sole Proprietors.
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How the Mouse Helped the Wren.

A TRUE STORY.

One morning in May the eaves of the old farm house seemed alive with bustle and noise. Two little brown wrens flitted back and forth under the sloping roof and out on the limb of the big branching maple tree. Their incessant chatter finally woke two sisters, May and Flora, who had been taking their morning nap while the sunbeams played hide and seek in the brown and black tresses.

May crept to the window and peeping out cried to her sister, "Oh! Flora, the little wrens have come back, but they seem to be dissatisfied with their old home; I wonder why?"

Ever since the girls could remember the birds had been yearly visitors to the farm house, and they enjoyed watching them build their nests and raising the baby wrens. The girls dressed hastily and ran down to breakfast, telling mother the wrens were back again but something was the matter with their old building place. Then they were called away to school.

In the afternoon they decided to have a tree-party. This they both enjoyed. They would climb the low-boughed maple tree, and sit up there with dolls and books, singing and playing house. Flora filled the basket with a tempting lunch to be eaten up the tree. This basket had been given to her by her aunt Helen. It was a woven one, with cover fitting closely, shaped somewhat like a loaf of bread. A few days before, Flora had discovered a hole in the lower corner of her basket, and with woe-begone face had taken it to her mother who told her that a little bright-eyed mouse had gnawed that hole to get the few crumbs left in the napkin.

Today the basket was tied to a limb and the afternoon passed pleasantly in merry chat and laughter. Late in the day the girls were called to help their mother, and when the work was done it was supper time. After the table was cleared the delightful family hour was spent around the evening lamp. Mother read one of the charming Old Testament stories which the girls loved so well. She had just finished reading of the little Jewish maiden who saved the life of Naaman, when looking up from the Bible she saw the lids slowly close over a pair of brown eyes, and said, "It is time for my little wrens to go to bed." They were soon robed in white and kneeling side by side in prayer; then fast asleep in the sound slumber of childhood.

The next morning May awoke first and looked out of the window. In great surprise she exclaimed, "Why, Flora, what do you think, the little wrens are going in and out of your lunch basket. I really believe they are building their nest in it." This was enough to arouse Flora, and she was soon watching the movements of the birds. Yes, they are carrying the materials for a nest through the hole made by the mouse. How busy they were. Flora decided to allow the basket to remain on the tree, although the wrens had not asked permission to use it for their home. The shape of it was just suited to Mr. and Mrs. Wren for the dome-like house which they built inside. The girls frequently climbed up and peeped in the mouse hole. Nothing but coarse twigs showed at the entrance but they knew back in the farther corner was a downy nest where five or six pale reddish eggs with brown spots rested. Some times a little brown head appeared, and bead-like eyes looked down on them.

Nothing disturbed the wrens more than to have "Fuzzy," the Angora cat, walk across the piazza. It seemed as if the brown breast of Mr. Wren would burst as he scolded at him, much to the amusement of the little friends.

At last the girls knew the little baby wrens had arrived, as the parent birds carried worms and other food into the nest. It was not long before the little wrens ventured forth, and after many weak attempts were able to fly. The summer days soon passed and with the colder weather the birds started on their journey to the warm south-land. The weather beaten basket was removed from the limb, the lid raised, and the girls saw the empty nest completely filling the basket. In the farther corner was the cozy round place where the baby wrens had burst the shells of the eggs. A passage, like a little tunnel, led through the twigs and straw to the mouse hole, out into the sunshine and air.

The empty basket was put away in the attic, to be brought out again the next spring and hung on the maple tree for the house-keeping wrens. — *The Watchman.*

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from any stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets. Don't be afraid of this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Give the Tablets to the sick child and watch the quick relief and rapid restoration to health and strength. Thousands of mothers are using this medicine for their little ones, and they all praise it. What stronger evidence can you want? Mrs. D. A. McDairmid, Sandringham, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets certainly fill all the claim you make for them so far as my experience goes. I consider them a perfect medicine for children and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or if you write The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., they will send you a box by mail post paid for 25 cents.

WHY SOME FARMERS FAIL.

They do not curry their horses.
They have no shelter for stock.
They put off greasing the wagon.
They are wedded to old methods.
They give no attention to details.
They have no method or system.
They see no good in a new thing.
They let their fowls roost in trees.
They weigh and measure stingily.
They leave their plows in the field.
They hang their harness in the dust.
They take no pleasure in their work.
They never use paint on the farm.
They prop the barn door with a rail.
They starve the calf and milk the cow.
They milk the cows late in the day.
They think small things are not important.
They let their gates sag and fall down.
They don't keep up with improvements.
They don't know the best is the cheapest.

They do not read the best books and newspapers.

They think the buyer of a successful neighbor's stock at good prices is a fool, and the seller very "lucky."

They sell hay, grain, straw, off the farm, instead of turning them into meat, cheese and butter, and increasing the supply of manure.—*Farm and Stockman.*

HARD, RACKING COUGHS.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing or the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of barks and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any drugist. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co., blown in the bottle."

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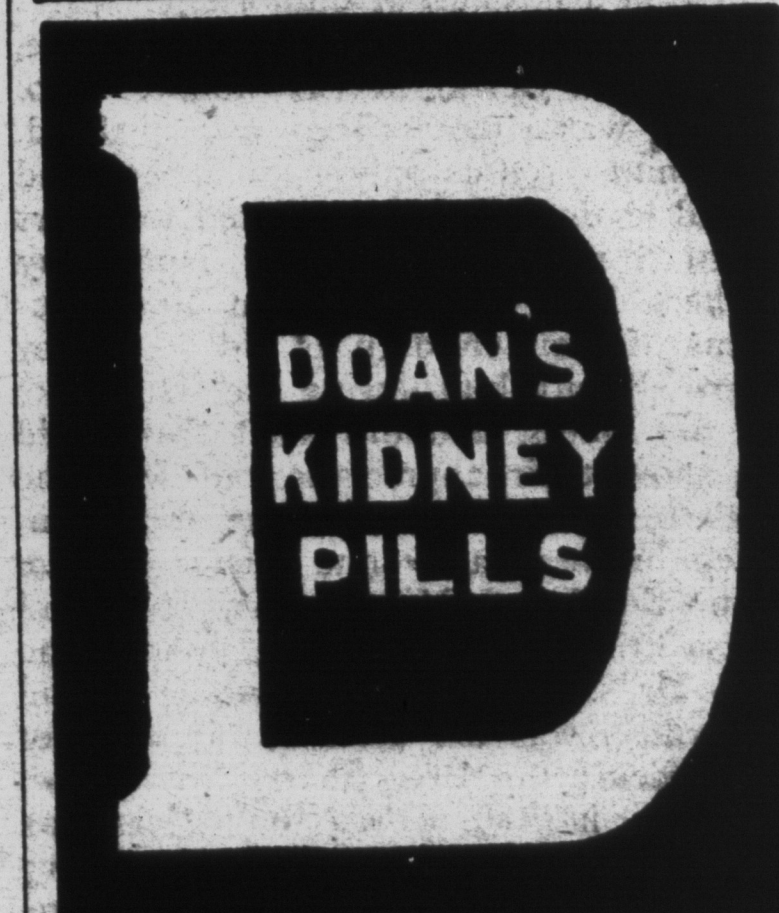
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