

THE SCHOOL VISITOR.

The Hillside School had begun its fall term. There was a new teacher—a young lady with a bright face and pleasant voice.

"Now, children," said the teacher one day, "I think the school visitor may be here tomorrow or the next day." The children all promised to behave well. They did not like to hear that the visitor was coming. He was very tall, very grave, and very strict and they were afraid of him.

The next day this tall, stern gentleman said to himself: "I will visit the Hillside School today."

He went to the door; the wind was sharp and chilly, so he turned back, and said:

"Wife, can you tell me where my overcoat is?"

"Yes; it hangs in the barn chamber; it has been there all summer," she replied.

Dr. Bray put on his coat and walked away to the school house.

Teacher placed a chair for him on the platform. Just as he had asked the first arithmetic class a puzzling question, one of the girls at the desk gave a little scream. All the others nestled and

fidged, looking as if they would like to scream, too.

The visitor turned and looked at them very sternly, indeed. The teacher touched her bell, and shook her head at them.

"Please, teacher," squeaked one little voice, "it was a mouse!"

"I hope we may have order in the schoolroom now," said Dr. Bray in his deepest tone, and then he gave out his question once more.

Pop! Another mouse! This one ran over to the boys' side, and two or three of the boys saw where it came from. They nudged each other and clapped their hands over their mouths to keep from laughing aloud.

The teacher touched her bell again, and called "Silence!" She felt very much disturbed that her boys and girls should act so. But, as she glanced toward the visitor to see how he took it, she was obliged to smile herself; for a third mouse jumped out of the good man's pocket, and scampered away.

The boys laughed aloud now, and the girls were all in confusion.

Dr. Bray arose from his chair, prepared to say something very severe indeed. To do this properly he put his hands in his pockets, and out jumped the last, poor, frightened little mouse.

The doctor's overcoat had hung so long in the barn chamber that a mother-mouse had made her snug nest in one of the pockets, and now her little ones had all come to school with the visitor.

The visitor had a broad smile on his own face now. "I really must beg pardon," he said, "for bringing a pocketful of mice to school."

The teacher gave ten-minutes' recess, and it was a very merry one. Then the scholars came to order, and behaved very well, indeed; but they did not feel half as much afraid of Dr. Bray after that visit.—*Woman's Journal.*

TENACITY OF LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

When I was a very small boy, no books so appealed to me as books on natural history, and nothing in natural history was more interesting than the account of the bear that fights after receiving half a dozen bullets, or the elephant that carries a lead mine in his system, or the rhinoceros, whose vital spots the best marksman can hardly reach. Long words, if they bore on natural history, did not awe me, and I learned the meaning of "quadruped," "mammalia," and "tenacity of life." In fact, "tenacity of life" was a pet phrase in the books, and I read perhaps a dozen times over some desperate struggle between hunters and wild beasts.

One day my grandmother took me on a sailing party at a seashore resort. The boat contained about seven or eight passengers—a young man with a light gun, several young girls, my grandmother and myself. It was the first time my childish eyes had ever seen a sportsman, and to me the young man seemed a mighty hunter. The easy way in which he handled his gun was something to be admired, and it was a great event to see him lift his weapon to take aim at a bird rather larger than a snipe. He fired, but the bird did not fall; at which my childish mind supposed that the shot had only inflicted a slight wound. Such a catastrophe as the shot missing its mark did not occur to me. He blazed away half a dozen times without bagging his game, and then I remarked: "That bird must have great tenacity of life."

My interest in the bird and marksman was so deep that I did not see the

girls, and to this hour know not whether they giggled or not. It was a sincere speech on my part, and my grandmother never mentioned the matter to me. Memory slumbered, but years afterward the scene returned, and for the first time it occurred to me that the young man was not a good shot. One cartridge ought to have settled that bird, the bird which had great tenacity of life.

AN AID TO MOTHERS.

It doesn't help a sick baby to give it "soothing" drugs. On the contrary, it lessens baby's chance of recovery. If your little ones show any signs of being unwell promptly give Baby's Own Tablets and see how speedily they will be bright, cheerful, well and happy. This medicine is sold under a guarantee that it contains no poisonous soothing stuff, or hurtful drug, and it cures all the little ills of babyhood and childhood. Mrs. W. H. Austin, Farmington, N. S., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs when her little one cries I give him a Tablet and it helps him at once. Mothers who use the Tablets will have no trouble with their babies." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A CLOCK OF BREAD.

There exists at Milan, Italy, a clock which may justly be said to be one of the most wonderful in the world. This masterpiece of human ingenuity is made entirely of bread crumbs, and has naturally a history.

About a hundred years ago an Italian workman wished to try his hand at making a clock, but had not the means to buy the metal necessary for the construction of the works, and was at a loss what to do.

Determined not to be beaten, he conceived the ingenious idea of saving his bread crumbs from day to day, and solidifying them with the aid of strong salts.

At length by these means he managed to obtain a very hard matter, which could not be dissolved by water, with which he constructed the clock.

It was a perfect one in every way, and is now one of the curiosities of the capital of Lombardy.—*Classmate.*

A HELPFUL COLT.

One rainy day I opened the barn door and endeavored to call the cows, as I did not care to walk in the mud. One cow refused to come, although I called her by name repeatedly.

A colt, standing at the other side of the yard, watched me as I vainly tried to drive the cow without stepping into the mire.

Then the colt quietly stepped up to her and bit her.

Of course she moved. He followed, giving her a nip whenever she moved in the wrong direction, until she went through the door into the barn. Then he went back to the other side of the yard.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A Time for Everything.—The time for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, asthma, coughs, colds, catarrh or earache attack either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

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 isn'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 druggists.

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**Suffered For A Number
of Years From
Dyspepsia.**

That is what Mrs. Mary Parks, Cooper, Ont., says, and there are thousands of others who can say the same thing.

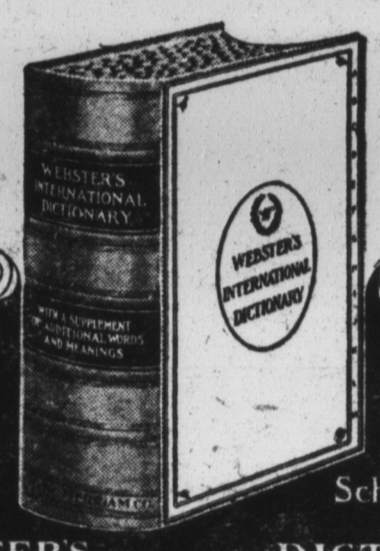
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

cured her, and will cure anyone and everyone troubled with Dyspepsia. Mrs. Parks writes as follows:—

"I suffered for a number of years from Dyspepsia, and tried many remedies, but without any relief until, on the advice of a friend, I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. After using one bottle I was pleased to find that I was relieved of the dreadful pains I suffered. I give all praise to B.B.B. for the benefit I have received, and I hope all sufferers from Dyspepsia will try this wonderful remedy. If they do I am sure that they will have the same experience that I have had."

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