Uncle John smiled.

"Try to catch him, Toddy," he said.

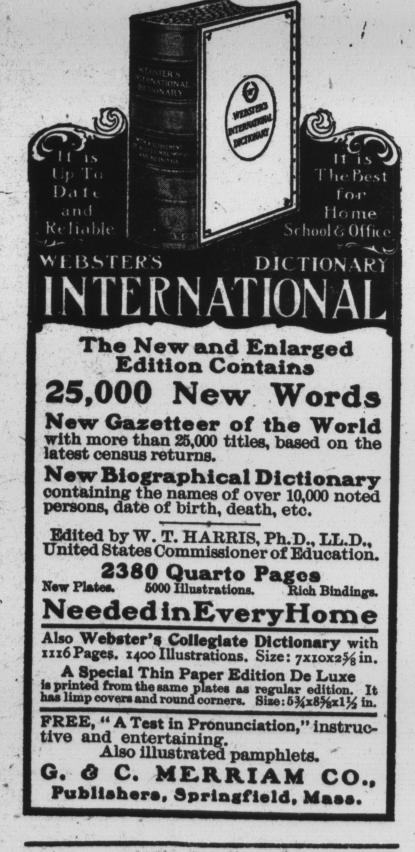
Toddy tried, but found it was not an easy thing to do. It was queer, too, for the plover dragged one wing along in the dust and seemed to be quite lame. But just as soon as the little boy would get near the bird and think he could put his hand on it, he would find that it was a little ahead of him all the time.

He followed it along the road for three or four minutes, Uncle John driving slowly after him, till all of a sudden, when the father plover thought the mother-bird had had time to get their wee family through the fence into the feld and to hide them safely in the long and away he flew back to them before Toddy had time to think.

"Wasn't it too bad to fool a little boy like that?" Uncle John said as Toddy climbed back into the buggy. "You see the father bird was only pretending he was lame so you would think you could catch him, and then while you were chasing him, he knew the mother plover would be hiding the little ones. If you were to go back now you couldn't find them anywhere."

"Oh," said Toddy, "but I wouldn't have hurt them. Why did they want to hide from me?"

### GET THE BEST



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"Well, you see," said Uncle John, "they didn't know you had an Aunt Anna, who has taught you to be kind to every living thing."

"That's so," said Toddy, soberly, and he wondered if he would ever know as much as Uncle John did.—Elizabeth C. Buckham, in Youth's Companion.

#### HOW HE CLIMBED.

Suspended above the desk of a Pittsburg bank president is this motto: "Do the hard things first." Ten years ago he was discount clerk in the same bank.

"How did you climb so fast?" asked the unknown writer of this story:

"I lived up to that text," he replied.
"Tell me about it."

"There not much to tell. I had long been conscious that I was not getting up with my work; it was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of the work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt an increasing incapacity for my work.

"One morning I woke up, I took stock of myself to see what was the matter. Memoranda of several letters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar. I had been carrying them along from day to day. Inclosed in a rubber band were a number of unanswered letters which necessitated the looking up of certain information before the replies could be sent. I had tried for several days to ignore their presence.

"Suddenly the thought came to me: 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean annoying little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise.' I took off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half as hard as I had expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it: 'Do the Hard Things First,' and I put it where I could see it every morning. I have been doing the hard things first ever since."

#### WALLED UP ALIVE.

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A very interesting bird is one which follows the trade of a plasterer—the hornbill.

It makes its home in far-off Africa, and this home is in the trunk of a hollow tree. You see, monkeys run wild in this country, and there is nothing they like better than hornbill eggs for breakfast, so in order to save the lives of her young mother hornbill consents to—what do you think? To be walled up alive!

She and her mate select a suitable tree and work together, plastering up with mud any opening there may be in the trunk. Having made it small enough to only just admit the passage of her body, the mother hornbill goes in, and her mate continues plastering until there is only a little round hole left, enough for him to put in the tip of his beak. Through this he passes in food to the mother while she is hatching her eggs an I rearing her babies; nor do the latter get out into the light and air until they have donned their first suit of feathers. Then the door of the nursery is broken down, and the family begins to enjoy free life again.

There was somebody who never stopped to think who was hurt by the sarcastic word. Was it you?

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#### A THOUGHTFUL PRIEST.

#### Points Out to Mothers the Way to Keep Their Children Well and Happy.

Rev. J. L. Francoeuh, Casselman, Ont., is a kind-hearted priest who has done much to alleviate suffering among the little ones in the homes of his parishioners. Writing under a recent date, he says: "I must say that Dr. Williams' Baby's Own Tablets are deserving of the high praise they have had as a cure for the ailments of children. For the past eight months I have been introducing them in many families, and always, the mothers tell me, with perfect results. Their action is always effective, without and sickly reaction, and they are especially valuable in allaying pains in the head, fever in teething, nervousness, sleeplessness, spasms, cramps in the stomach and bowels, colic and other troubles. Their regulating action gives almost instant relief, and gives speedy cure. This is the comforting experience that has come to my knowledge out of their judicious use. I am glad to give you my sincere testimony, and I will recommend the Tablets to all mothers and nurses of sick children as I have done heretofore."

These Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers, or mothers can obtain them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### HOW TO RISE

A young woman recently found employment in a queensware store. She immediately began a course of study in her leisure moments upon glassware and china. She then read some recent works upon the appointments of the table, and in a short time, by applying herself to her business, became a most valued employee in a large store.

In the milliner's establishment the young woman who found time for reading a book or two on colors and their harmonious combinations, found her own taste greatly improved and her ability to please patrons greater. She was soon a favorite with employers and customers.

The young woman, who, to earn an honorable living, went into a lady't kitchen, and instead of gossipping every evening, found time to read a few good books and household papers, was soon too valuable a housekeeper to be kept in a subordinate position in the kitchen. She knew how a table should look for a formal dinner; she knew what dishes were in season; she knew how to serve a meal in its proper courses; and, more than that, she knew something about the food value of different dishes.

A fair average of good sense and proper amount of application will accomplish everything.—Womankind.

#### THE SPICER'S LIFE-LINE.

I took a wash-basin and fastened in it a stick upright like a mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the stick into an island for my spider, which I named Crusoe.

I put him on the mast. Ass soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the mainland. He would scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back to the top again.

Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Crusoe, and he sat down to think it over. As I was afraid he might be hungry, I put molasses on the mast. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for

#### IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and the bronchial mucous from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate, so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question, that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgment and breeds.

Great numbers of people disregard cough at first and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a well-known remedy, and it is the surest cough cure known to-day. It does not deceive by drugging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it. 25 cents. Be sure and get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

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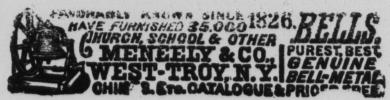
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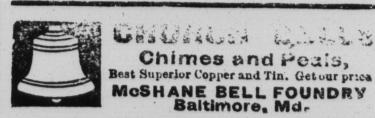
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flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the wood-shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet as pussy does when she wets her stockings in the damp grass.

Suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went, like a rocket, to the top, and began to play circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times.

He got excited, and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he had discovered, and that was that the draft of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island.

He pushed out a thread that went floating in the air, and lengthened and lengthened until at last it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I decided that he had earned his liberty.—Hearth.

The passive life knows no peace.