

delightful young lady in all the town. She was in the whole world, he felt confident.

"She said that she liked to have my boy for a scholar; she thought that the other boys were learning to be more honorable from him."

Terry's face was very bright at first. But soon he shook his head doubtfully.

"I guess Miss Stone don't mean me," he said. "I don't see how she could have meant me. Because I can't remember ever being honorable before the other boys. I haven't had any chances."—S. S. Times.

Will your subscription be due at the end of the year? You can help our work by sending it now.

**EATING HIS WAY.**

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It was easy enough to learn to read and spell, and writing wasn't anything. But it made you ache all over to say your tables. My! how it made you ache! And you couldn't remember. Mother rose and went out of the room. When she came back she had the glass jar of tiny colored candies that you put on birthday cakes in her hand. She was opening it and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

**ALL GOOD THINGS**  
must win upon their merits. The International Dictionary has won a greater distinction upon its merits and is in more general use than any other work of its kind in the English language.

A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D., of Oxford University, England, has recently said of it: It is indeed a marvelous work; it is difficult to conceive of a dictionary more exhaustive and complete. Everything is in it—not only what we might expect to find in such a work, but also what few of us would ever have thought of looking for.

A supplement to the new edition has brought it fully up to date. I have been looking through the latter with a feeling of astonishment at its completeness, and the amount of labor that has been put into it.

**LET US SEND YOU FREE**  
"A Test in Pronunciation" which affords a pleasant and instructive evening's entertainment.  
Illustrated pamphlet also free.

**G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Pubs.,**  
Springfield, Mass.

**H. F. McLeod**  
BARRISTER,  
CONVEYANCER, etc.  
Chestnut's Building, Opposite City Hall,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.

**D. McLEOD VINCE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc  
Woodstock, N. B.

"My!" breathed the boy who could not remember and who didn't like multiplication.

"Now," she said brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it."

"O!"  
It was the most pleasant way to learn your tables! Freddie forgot they were tables. They were tiny red and yellow and white candies. He went to work with a will, and when the teacher—that is, mother—said, "School's out!" he had learned his five tables. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed two tables, and the next day after that, four. Freddie had little picnics out in the back yard, and shared the multiplication table—I mean the candy dots—with the next-door twins.

The next-door twins were six, like Freddie; but they went to a school with blackboards and desks in it. One day the next-door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins. "Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him, gently patting his head.

"Oh, yes'm," politely.  
"Oh, you do? I suppose you think the multiplication table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked smilingly.

"Oh, no'm!" eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine."

"Indeed! How far along are you?"  
"I've only eaten as far along as seven times seven, yet," said Freddie.

He went home wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Is your subscription already due? Kindly send it now.

**A FEW ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**

Some one has suggested some things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play, or sing, or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

- Shut the door and shut it softly.
- Keep your own room in tasteful order.
- Have an hour for rising, and rise.
- Learn to make bread as well as cake.
- Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.
- Always know where your things are.
- Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.
- Never come to breakfast without a collar.
- Never go along with your shoes unbuttoned.
- Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.
- Never fidget or hum so as to disturb others.

**HE LEARNED TO OBEY.**

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London Bridge, and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and after he had rested a little while, his wife inquired:

"Where is Harry?"

The father thought a moment.  
"Dear me!" said he, "I quite forgot Harry. He is on London Bridge, and has been there for eight hours waiting for me."

He hastened away to relieve the boy, and found him just where he had left him in the morning, pacing to and fro like a sentinel on his beat.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed on this occasion showed itself in after years and was the means of winning many a famous victory in battle.

**BOY CULTURE.**

To keep a boy contented, give him something to do, and see to it that he gets something for doing it. Do not make his work too hard, or too long hours at a time; divide it into parts, and encourage him to do each part well. Let him save his money and buy his own clothes, giving him a voice in the selection of the same. A boy feels a good deal as a man does about these things. Let him have his own little room, a comfortable bed, and let him tack up all the pictures he wants to on the walls—your boy is worth more than all the plaster in your house. That mind of his is going to work on something. Study him to find out what he likes, and gratify him in everything that is good for him, so far as you are able. It will be like putting your money out at good interest. Try it.

**JUST FOR A MOMENT.**

In the early days in Iowa, writes a correspondent of *The Youth's Companion*, a village school was held in a room of a farmhouse. The farmer, Mr. Jennings, told the pupils that they must not molest his bees.

They were obedient children and respected the farmer's rights; moreover, since most of them went barefoot, they were not anxious to stir up trouble in the hives.

One day a little girl went to Mr. Jennings and made this naive and sincere explanation: "Please, Mr. Jennings, my brother Willie stepped on a bee, but it was an accident and he got right off."

**PAUPERIZED SQUIRRELS.**

It is a lamentable fact that the squirrels in Central Park, New York City, have lost the good sense they were born with. Formerly they were very provident creatures, like their ancestors, and diligently gathered acorns and chestnuts and hickory nuts, and stored them away in the ground and in hollow trees, against stormy days of winter. But recently feeding the squirrels in the Park has come to be a fad; and the last two or three years, all summer long and through the autumn, hundreds of people have been accustomed to carry with them bags of nuts with which to feast the squirrels. The result is what might have been expected: the squirrels find life so easy and food so constantly urged upon them that this year they put away no food; and, when the great storm came some time ago, and the snow was very deep, and their fair-weather friends did not appear, the little fellows came near starving. The city found it necessary to send bags of nuts to be fed to the little creatures by the policemen. All this goes to prove that squirrels are like human people. It is not good for them to have life made too easy.

Purposing has much to do with prospering.

**WHY CROUP IS FATAL.**

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears, there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough, or any cough, is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

To give a child a cough mixture containing a narcotic, is a very serious matter, yet most preparations contain something of this kind. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is prepared from the purest extracts of barks and roots and gums of trees, and is health-giving in every component part of it. Wherever it touches an inflamed surface, it heals and soothes it. Nothing ever compounded for cough is so harmless, and nothing so efficacious. Adamson's Balsam is an old remedy, and it has never lost a friend through failure to help. Keep it in the house. Try it on your own cough, and do your child a good turn by being ready for any emergency. Price 25 cents at any druggist.

**JOHN G. ADAMS**  
**UNDERTAKER**  
**AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR.**

**COFFINS and CASKETS, ROBES and MOUNTINGS.**

First class work at low prices. Special rates for country orders.

TELEPHONE 26

COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

Opposite Court House,

**FREDERICTON, N. B.**

**BLMYER BELL** CHURCH BELLS  
SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE, OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.  
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. **BELLS**  
HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS.  
**MENEELY & CO.,** PUREST, BEST WEST-TRAY, N. Y. GENUINE BELL-METAL  
OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.

**CHURCH BELLS**  
Chimes and Peals,  
Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get our price.  
**McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY**  
Baltimore, Md.

**HAD TO GIVE UP ALTOGETHER AND GO TO BED.**

**DOCTORS DID HER NO GOOD.**

By the time Miss L. L. Hanson, Waterside, N. B., had taken Three Boxes of **MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS** She Was Completely Cured.

She writes us as follows:—  
"Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to express to you the benefit I have derived from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago last spring I began to have heart failure. At first I would have to stop working, and lie down for a while. I then got so bad that I had to give up altogether and go to bed. I had several doctors to attend me, but they did me no good. I got no relief until urged by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I sent to the store for a box, and by the time I had taken three-quarters of it I began to get relief, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured. I feel very grateful to your medicine for what it has done for me.—Miss L. L. HANSON, Waterside, N. B."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.35. All Dealers or **THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,** Toronto, Ont.