

THE FARMER BOY'S INHERITANCE.

The average farmer boy seems born into the world merely to help his father, with no past, no future, no change — except the change of a season and a few dimes in a cigar box. Early and late he may be seen working alongside the hired men, who become his only tutors in language, manners, ambitiously to do the tasks they do. When he comes in at night there are the chores, leaving no time, strength, nor desire for play such as every boy should have.

But he glows with pride when at the supper table, before his mother, the "hands," and the rest of the children, his father tells how much Tommy did that day, and how he is almost as much help as a man. Result: he resolves to do still more to-morrow, and waits just long enough to doctor his latest stone-bruise before going to bed, where, in spite of growing pains and aching muscles, he falls asleep as soon as head touches the pillow.

There are few vacations in Tommy's life, except Sundays and Fourth of July, and, though he never heard the word "monotony," he realizes its meaning and turns his eyes towards the nearest town, when he thinks every day is Fourth of July. With a heart full of awe and envy, he gazes at the far-off, misty spires, little dreaming that there is toil and privation beneath them, too, not knowing how bitterly cold it may be full in view of chandeliers and grates. Soon, alas! the city becomes his heart's Mecca, and the story is quickly told.

To be sure there is the district school, where he must spend the winter days, for the reason, he thinks, that there is no chores to be done in the winter time. The teaching is frequently dull and poor; the sudden change from overwork to listless idling on a hard bench is always too great a change for Tommy, and to get even with the world and amuse himself he sets about making the teacher's life a burden—and succeeds.

Such are the dangerous conditions that too often surround our farmer boys, stunting their growth, dwarfing their minds, perverting their ambitions, and ruining their morals. God help the farmer who thinks more of his stock and crops than the growing manhood at his elbow.

But they need not be such. The remedy lies in his own hand. Let the boy work, but only so many hours a day. Let him have the entire responsibility of a plot of ground or a part of the stock, allowing him the greater part of the earnings therefrom. He deserves some compensation for his labor, and a little money of his own will make him feel that farm work pays. Then without the constant temptations to spend that surround the town boy, his pile will grow, teaching thrift in a wordless but most emphatic way.

But let him have ideas besides those of money-getting. Give him practical lessons in horticulture and the raising of small fruits; he could start a vineyard or a strawberry patch of his own; he might try bee-keeping or have a few sheep to care for and pet. Whatever his work may be, he would grow up with a larger horizon than the area of the farm.

Few and poor indeed are the homes to-day that have no papers, but often they are papers that do not appeal to a boy or are not fit for him to read.

See to it that he is not "devouring husks which the swine (human swine) do eat," when there is plenty of wholesome wheat bread to be had for a song. Last, but not least, open his eyes to the beauty about him, and the unlimited possibilities for more beauty on the farm. He will delight in laying out and keeping up the paths and roadway if he is taught how and once sees the result of such labor.

Once a little girl heard a visitor exclaim, pointing to a tree in the meadow, that the child had "seen without seeing" all her life, "What a picture tree it is!" Long she pondered the queer sentence until its meaning dawned on her, and she began looking for picture trees and hills and meadows on every side.

When boys are not overworked, when they are taught to appreciate their homes and to make companions of their books if there are no others, when their ambitions have some outlet and they have their interest in the farm, then, and then only, will the cities cease to attract, and the farmer boy inherit his full and high estate.—Home and Flower.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CHILDREN.

Soothing medicines, opiates and strong drugs should never be given to little children; any doctor will tell you this. Baby's Own Tablets should be used, because they cannot harm the smallest, weakest infant. These Tablets instantly relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, prevent croup, destroy worms, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Thousands of mothers say they are the only medicine in the world; one of these, Mrs. R. Sculland, Calabogie, Ont., writes: "I have tried many remedies for children, but Baby's Own Tablets are the best I have ever used. I have been giving them occasionally to my child since he was six months old. They have always kept him well, and he is a big, healthy baby." All medicine dealers sell these Tablets, or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OLD BILLY.

Billy stood neighing at the post, waiting for his master. He was a beautiful animal and intelligent eyes, and every one on the street knew him and why he was there.

He was not tied to a post. Oh, no! There was no need of that, for he was just telling his master that he was ready, and in a few minutes they would be riding up the street.

All day long he stood in the shed untied, even without a closed door to confine him. Yet he was quiet enough until the afternoon rolled around.

At four o'clock Billy waked up. He was almost as regular as the clock. Carefully backing the buggy hitched to him out of the shed onto the street, he stood at the post and neighed a welcome and a summons to his master. This is why every one knew him.

Every morning, six days in the week, Billy performed the same journey. If none but the regular stops were made, it was hardly necessary to guide him. He always, of his own accord, turned off at the post-office and waited patiently while they inquired for the mail.

Then on down to the factory. His master alighted and said, "Get up, Billy." The faithful animal walked quietly into the shed by himself prepared to spend the day.

Six days in the week, that was his routine. But when it came to the seventh, that was different, and he did not have to be told about it, either. Brisk and ready, he trotted sedately, never deigning to notice the places where he usually stopped.

The idea of the post-office never seemed to occur to him, for he trotted steadily and straightly, almost without guidance, to the little brick church and drew up before the door.

Was not that horse a friend worth having?—Pets and Animals.

Every Christian should understand and appreciate his high calling as a co-worker with God to make his own surroundings better and to widen Christ's kingdom.

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 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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Mrs. P. Bertrand, Breche A Manon, Que., writes:—I think it nothing but right for me to let you know what DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS have done for me. For five months I was badly troubled with a sore back, and such severe pains in my kidneys that I could scarcely walk at times. I got a box of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and before I had them half taken I was greatly relieved, and with another box I was completely cured. I cannot help but give them all the praise I can, and will never fail to recommend them to all kidney sufferers.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. are 50c. box, or 3 for \$1.25; all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

FOR WOMEN

Much That Every Woman Desires to Know

About Sanative Antiseptic Cleansing

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Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces, and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording pure, sweet and economical local and constitutional treatment for weakening ulcerations, inflammations, itching, irritations, relaxations, displacements, pains and irregularities peculiar to females. Hence the Cuticura remedies have a wonderful influence in restoring health, strength and beauty to weary women, who have been prematurely aged and invalidated by these distressing ailments, as well as such sympathetic afflictions as anaemia, chlorosis, hysteria and nervousness.

Women from the very first have fully appreciated the purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy which have made the Cuticura remedies the standard humour remedies of the civilized world.

Millions of women use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for annoying irritations and ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

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 Sq.; Paris, 4 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; Boston, 127 Columbus Ave.; Foster Drug & Chemical Co., Sole Proprietors, 100 Bond St. "A Book for Women."

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