

MISCELLANEOUS

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

"So you've brought me this costly Bible. With its covers so grand and gay; You thought I must need a new one On my eighty-first birthday, you say; Yes, mine is a worn-out volume. Grown ragged and yellow with age, With finger prints thick on the margin; But there's never a missing page.

"And the finger-prints call back my wee ones Just learning a verse to repeat; And again, in the twilight, their faces Look up at me, eagerly sweet. It has pencil-marks pointed in silence To words I have hid in my heart; And the lessons so hard in the learning, Once learned, can never depart.

"There's the verse your grandfather spoke of The very night that he died; 'When I shall wake in his likeness I, too, shall be satisfied.' And here inside the old cover, Is a date; it is faded and dim, For I wrote it the day the good pastor Baptized me—I've an old woman's whim,

"That beside the pearl-gates he is waiting, And when by and by I shall go, That he will lead me into that kingdom, As into this one below. And under that date, little Mary, Write another one when I die; Then keep both Bibles and read them; God bless you, child, why should you cry?

"Your gift is a beauty, my dearie, With its wonderful clasps of gold. Put it carefully into that drawer, I shall keep it till death; but the old— Just leave it close by on the table. And then you may bring me a light, And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages To think of if wakeful to-night.

—LONDON CHRISTIAN.

A COMPROMISE FEE.—The story about the Vermonters who proposed to add a dollar to the amount which the law allowed the parson for marrying him has brought to the historian a brand-new story of another wedding-fee transaction in Vermont. It is from a glen village away back from the Connecticut in the hills, where money is scarce and the ways are primitive, and the people frequently prefer to pay for their purchases in kind. One day a young couple came to the parson at the village to get married. They hadn't a cent in money, and it had been arranged that the bridegroom should bring a specified quantity of beeswax with which to pay the minister. The parson was thrifty—they have to be thrifty up that way—and took good care before he performed the ceremony to weigh out the beeswax and see whether there was enough to pay his fee. There wasn't.

Why haven't you brought all the beeswax you agreed to? asked the minister.

All I had, parson. And you haven't got any more? Not another ounce. Have you got any money at all? Not a mite, parson.

There was a period of uncomfortable silence, during which the young farmer began to grow much alarmed. He was afraid the parson wouldn't marry him unless he produced his uttermost ounce of beeswax, and the prospect struck terror to his soul. The parson was inclined, to let him 'stew.'

Look a'here, parson! said the cou; you man, finally. I tell ye what ye dofur as take the beeswax and marry us as fur as it goes.

DAIRY AND STOCK TOPICS.

The best butter is made on the old pasture. Rye bread is a common feed for horses in Belgium and Germany. Sprinkle salt upon the back of a lamb to induce a sheep to own it. The butter supply can be increased by frequent stirring of the cream. The cows should be milked as regularly as clock-work as to the hour, and in precisely the same order each day. Keep your pigs dry and warm. Clean pens and dry beds are necessary; dampness causes mange, which stunts the pig. A flagstone floor is the best for the dairy; wood, cement or brick adsorb drippings, and the floor soon becomes foul and odorous. A Maine man says the way to start an obstinate horse is to take him out of the shafts and lead him around until he is giddy. The last month of an animal's life has great influence upon his flesh, because the feeding during that period largely determines the flavor and quality. Stock needs salt, and it is a matter that should be looked after. Many cases of colic in horses and hoven in cattle are caused by a deficiency of a supply of salt. The small mess of milk furnished by one cow may be far richer than the larger quantity obtained from another cow. And it is the butter yield that is the best test of a cow's value.

TROUBLE AHEAD.—A sadder looking spectacle was never brought to a court room than Charles Holden presented today in the Harlem Police Court. He had been picked out of some street debris by two officers and rolled to the station on a handcart. You are a nice looking citizen this morning, said His Honour. Dunno Judge, said Charles; but a fellow can't help it sometimes, 'n I kin assure you nobody feels worse about 'n I do. That's all very well, said His Honour; but two hundred pound of humanity

lying drunk on the streets is a public disgrace.

I s'pose so; but you couldn't drum at into my head las night. The public didn't bother me any more'n Vanderbilt cares for 'em.

Ten dollars fine said His Honor. That's nothin', said Charles. It ain't? said the Court. Why so; Just wait till I get home in this rig an' th' ole woman gets at me. Phew! and Charles passed down to the goal, scratching his head in his perplexity.

EXTRAORDINARY MEDICAL SKILL.—One stormy night, when the roads were well-nigh impassable, a son of Erin came into a doctor's office and desired the dispenser of physic to go to see a friend who was 'jist a-dyin'.' He would not take no for an answer; so, putting the saddle-bags upon his horse, the physician started out upon his journey. As soon as he saw the sick man he knew it was nearly over with him, and remarked to the courier:

Peter, you told the truth; your friend is just at the point of death. Can t'ye do anything for him? replied Peter. No; it is too late. But, docthor, ain't ye goin' to give him anything at all at all? It will do no good. But, docthor, ye have come so far, it would be too bad to go back without doin' anything.

A PRUDENT LAWYER.—A clean young man entered the office of a police-court lawyer. I want you to defend me, sir. I have been arrested on a justice's warrant, and I am innocent, sir, as the angels. Innocent? And did you say your case is coming up in a justice's court? Yes sir, and I have the most indubitable evidence of my innocence, too. Well, then, I'm sorry for you, sir, but I cannot take your case. I would hate to injure my reputation by being defeated.

For the peace of Peter's mind, the doctor took a small quantity of sugar from a phial, and placed it upon the dying man's tongue just as he was drawing his last breath. Peter, seeing his friend's head drop back, looked up to the doctor with big eyes, and said, half in a whisper, Oh, docthor, an' didn't ye do it quick!

A GOOD, KIND SISTER.—Small brother: Where did you get that cake, Annie? Small sister: Mother gave it to me. Small brother: Oh, she always gives you more than me. Small sister: Never mind; she's going to put mustard plasters on us when we go to bed to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest.—Hotel Mail.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.—China sits supine, homebred and home-keeping; but the time will come when she will sit in the legislature of the world, and will give law and policy, and her light will shine from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same. Contempt is one of those Christian graces that is very largely cultivated; and the universal contempt with which men look on those that are not like them, not of them, that are of a different genius, is one of the world's depravities. A man without a vote in America is a mere toad—no hing; but put a vote in his hand and all men bow down to him as if he were a King. There are a great many persons yet living in this world who suppose that they will sit on the throne in heaven; whereas they will not be even paving stones there; for the last shall be first and the first last. In the last 300 years knowledge has advanced more, and the intellect has been more productive, than in the 3,000 preceding years. Science has, one might say, unpacked the world; for the world has been like a big trunk, with all sorts of things, fancy and worthless in it; and science has picked the lock, and opened the lid and is gradually taking out the contents. The other day a man in New York City kissed his wife, and she dropped dead. Now it is nothing more than fair to suppose that she had heart disease, but still there must have been some cause for her to drop off so suddenly, some sudden fright or surprise. Could it be possible that the surprise at being kissed by her husband caused her heart to cease beating. When we stop to think of it it doesn't seem so very strange; there are hundreds of married men in this country to-day who haven't kissed their wives in so long a time that the faithful helpmates have entirely forgotten how it tastes. We are, however, liable to be wrong in this case. Possibly before going home he was induced by the growing pangs of hunger to tackle a free lunch, down around the battery somewhere, and it was his breath that killed her. Husbands who go a long time between kisses cannot be too careful about kissing their wives, especially if the lady is at all delicate, or subject to heart disease.

A HAPPY EXISTENCE.—That boy is human, of course, but all the same he moves in a queer little world of his own. Grown-up folks in general he regards as a discipline, and not friendly on the whole to his personal interests. His parents are necessary; so much is obvious to him. But they have extraordinary ideas about right and wrong theorize preposterously on wet feet and holes in trousers, and hold unaccountable opinions about school and the washing of faces and hands. He submits to all this as far as he must, and consoles himself with the reflection that some day he will be old enough to do without his parents, and then he will not wash his face oftener than he chooses, nor go to school. In the meantime he plays truant as frequently as he can, and especially when autumn, with her mellowing fingers, has been busy among the wild fruit, is he to be found afield. What a happy little wretch he is! Everything about him excites him to activity; everything affords him pleasure. Whistling, throwing stone, chasing butterflies, eating blackberries, he wanders about, a thoroughly careless, irresponsible, gladsome urchin. Nothing hurts him. He triumphs over the miscellaneous food he crams himself with; comes up smiling after every accident. His body is all elastic and hinges, and it does not matter how much he tumbles. There is one catastrophe, however, to which he seems particularly liable, that is the wasp. Where he finds so many it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that he has a positive genius for getting stung. This demoralizes him altogether. For one thing, the wasp is like the boy, a rummager in hedgerows; for another, it is very fond of black-berries. Moreover, it is given to concealing itself, especially in fruit, and as the urchin, with sweet trustfulness in things in general, seems to think it a reflection upon Providence that he should examine what he is going to eat before he puts it in his mouth, he does not, as a rule detect the insect upon the berry or inside the plum till it is too late and the wasp has made its protest. The boy's confidence in nature is so complete, so generous, that he disdains anything that has the appearance of caution, and when one sees him in the middle of a bramble bush, picking with both hands and popping in the berries without the least examination, it is perfectly awful to think of the entomological odds and ends that he must consume in the course of a day's debauch.

To clean a porcelain kettle, filled half full of hot water and put in a table spoonful of powdered borax; let it boil. If this doesn't remove all the stains scour with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax. Insomnia has been cured by bandaging one of the legs at the knee with layers of wet calico and covering these with a sheet of waterproof cloth. The vessels of the leg were dilated and the amount of blood in the head diminished, and sleep followed.

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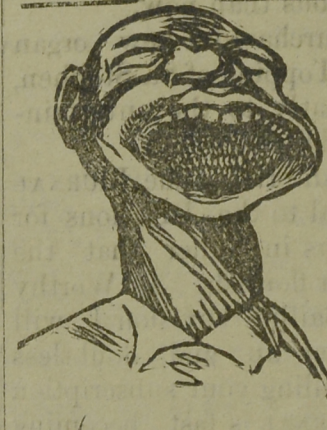
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COMPLIMENTARY PRESS NOTICES.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter." This is the title of a neatly-printed book of some 150 pages, from the facile pen of Herman H. Pitts, of the *Fredericton Reporter*. The story, which savors of the Bad Boy style of fiction, treats of the adventures of Joshua Bangs, from his entry into the office of the *Swampton Era* up the inky ladder of journalistic success till he revels in wealth and domestic felicity, the editor of a thrifty village daily. Mixed up with Joshua, from start to finish, is one Spuds, a practical printer, who divides the honors with him. Mr. Pitts boldly lifts the veil that hides from vulgar gaze the mysterious interior of the sanctum and discloses the manner in which the crank of an opinion mill is turned. Only early familiarity with the secrets of a printing office could have enabled the writer to dress up his characters as naturally as he does; indeed one is almost forced at times to believe that Mr. Pitts, in the earlier chapters, has simply torn a few pages from his own autobiography. If for Bangs we substitute the name Pitts, and transform Swampton into Fredericton, the interest in the tale is heightened and its true inwardness made more plain.—*St. John Daily Sun*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," is one of the funny books of the season, and having been written by a New Brunswicker and dealing with the amusing incidents of provincial life is calculated to amuse if not to instruct Canadians. This mythical reporter's extraordinary adventures form a story far better worth the twenty-five cents charged for it than many more pretentious publications. It may be purchased at the book stores or ordered from H. H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Yarmouth Herald*, Nova Scotia.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of "Brother Jonathan Sketches." Brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life, it describes the experience of a Reporter, whose numerous escapes, love affairs, etc., make up an amusing story. Published in pamphlet form, price 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamps. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*St. John Daily Telegraph*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," has just reached us. It is from the pen of the author of—"Bro. Jonathan Sketches."

This little manual is replete with graphic descriptions of 'Joshua' as a Reporter. We may return to it again.—*Victoria Star*, Grand Falls.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of the "Bro. Jonathan Sketches." It graphically describes the trials of "Our Joshua" as the devil in a printing office, and his experiences as a reporter on a weekly and daily paper. It is brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life and will be particularly interesting to those who have been at some time connected with journalism. Joshua's many scrapes in the printing office in company with his friend Spuds are dwelt on at length; his trials as a reporter; his falling in love and leaving home on account of a difficulty with the "boss"; and finally his triumphant return, all form the basis of an interesting story.

The book is published in pamphlet form, in readable type, and contains 100 pages. Price, 25 cents; for sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamp. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Carleton Sentinel*, Woodstock.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter" is a pleasant companion for a leisure evening, or railway journey. The hero certainly managed to get into as many scrapes as the general run of printers' devils and gals. But there is no need we should relate any of these adventures, when 25 cents remitted to Mr. H. H. Pitts, Business Manager of the *Fredericton N. B. Reporter*, will secure the volume.—*Orillia Packet*.

Flattering notices have also been given the work by the *St. Croix Courier*, Woodstock Press, *Chatham World*, *Summerside Journal*, *P. E. I. The Watchman*, Halifax, N. S., *Watson's Illuminator* and a number of other Provincial and United States papers.

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