

I reverence the individual who understands distinctly what he wishes; who unweariedly advances, who knows the means conducive to his object, and can seize and use them. How far his object may be great or little, may merit praise or censure, is a secondary consideration with me. A great part of all the misery and mischief that we find in the world arises from the fact that men are too remiss to get a proper knowledge of their object in life, and, when they do know it, to work intensely in attaining it. They seem to me like people who have taken up a notion that they must and will erect a tower, and who yet expend on the foundation no more material and labor than would be sufficient for a hut.

No matter who rules a country, no matter what it is officially called, or how it is formally divided, eternal bars and doors are set to it by the mountains and seas, eternal laws enforced over it by the clouds and stars. The people, that are born in it are its people, be they a thousand times again and again conquered, exiled, or captive and, although just laws maintained whether by the or their conquerors, have always the appointed good and strength of justice nothing is permanently helpful to any race or condition of men but the spirit that is in their own hearts, kindled by the love of their native land.

Sometimes the sun seems to hang for a half-hour in the horizon, only just to show how glorious it can be. The day is done; the fervor of the shining is over, and the sun hangs, golden—nay, redder than gold—in the west, making everything look unspeakably beautiful with the rich effulgence which it sheds on every side. So God seems to let some people, when their duty in this world is done, hang in the west, that men may look on them, and see how beautiful they are. There are some hanging in the west now.

DON'T WORRY NOR HURRY.

Each hour will take care of itself; and only according to our need have we the promise of strength. "But" exclaims some overworked overstrained housekeeper, "it is very well to theorize, but not so easy to put your theories in practice. There is so much to be done and if things go wrong you're a careless shiftless wife, more a hindrance than a help. So I see nothing for it but to bear the burden as well as I can and break down if I must." Let us stop and think a moment, are all of these burden put upon you? None of them self-imposed? Is the dear little baby obliged to have ruffles as well as hems around its plainer dresses? Will it not be every bit as sweet with trimming on neck and sleeves only? And will not this afford you more time to make, and consequently more pleasure in making a few dainty little robes, such as delight the eyes of loving mothers? So, too, for the larger children: is not a simply dressed little school girl with bright eyes and snowy apron, just as attractive as a fussed up maiden whose happiness is wrecked if she cannot have everything as fine as Mrs. So-and-So's children?

Is it absolutely necessary to make rich, elaborate dishes damaging to both health and purse; that the hams should be stuffed; the pudding boiled for hours, and the preserves such fine specimens of carving that it seems a sin to eat them?

Does the virtue, grace or comfort of the family depend upon having the washing on Monday; or the ironing finished at just the usual hour, and even though unforeseen circumstances render it at that time almost self-martyrdom to accomplish it? I am a great believer in system, that oiler of domestic machinery; but in the laying out of your plans, if possible, allow for interruptions; remembering that they are all a part of God's great plan, in which there is in reality neither hitch nor hindrance.

In time, take time!

It is health, comfort and sunshine against luxury, weariness and clouds.

WHAT IS IN A TON OF COAL.—From one ton of ordinary gas coal may be produced 1,500 pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia water, and 140 pounds of coal tar. By destructive distillation the coal tar will yield 69.6 pounds of pitch, 17 pounds of creosote, 14 pounds heavy oils 9.5 pounds of naphtha yellow, 6.3 pounds naphthaline, 4.75 pounds of naphthol, 2.25 pounds alazarin, 2.4 pounds solvent naphtha, 1.5 pounds phenol, 1.2 pounds aurine, 1.1 pounds of benzine, 1.1 pounds aniline, 0.77 of a pound toluidine, 0.46 of a pound anthracene, and 0.9 of a pound toluene. From the latter is obtained the new substance known as saccharine, which is 230 times as sweet as the best cane sugar.

FAME: HOW TO ACQUIRE IT.

With the demise of every great man. I am slapped in the face by the startling fact that we are becoming mighty scarce, and that there are very few who can fill the brogans of our genius and ability when we are 'snaked' off the hen-roost of earthly existence by the cold and clammy digits of death.

Even as plums in railway pies, or false teeth that give satisfaction, we are few and far between. We are the big potatoes in the hill of human triumph and success, and there is hardly enough of us left for a mess.

We are also an oasis of grand achievement in the bleak and sterile desert of human endeavor and disappointment—the giant oaks that spring from the root of courage, and thrive and grow amid the desolate sands of pot-black oppression and bankrupt ambition.

The names of those who have from time to time stepped out the back door of a real into an ideal existence, carrying away upon their backs all the fame and glory they could lug, would fill a large book, while the names of those who have not, or are not likely to, would fill a few pages more.

Napoleon some time ago breathed his last, Caesar is gone, and Nero will never again set fire to the Roman haystack, and stir up the bowels of his fiddle while it burns. George, the Count Johannes, and Humpty Dumpty Fox are sleeping with their daddies, while George Washington's body servants and Saunty Tilden are growing old and feeble, and—I don't feel very well myself.

Now you ask, 'What is fame?' Webster defines it as the 'git thar' point in man's life, while other lexicographers have variously defined it as the plug hat of success upon the head of enterprise, genius and ability; but in plain United States vernacular it means the hip, hip, hurrah! and a tiger to boot, that a man carries around in the pants-pocket of his reputation, whether he has done anything to earn them or not.

To the aspiring youths of this and other lands I will lay down a few important rules that should govern them while in quest of fame, and also illustrate the manner in which such of us as carry large blocks of it were enabled to climb the flag-pole of adversity, and nail upon its apex the linen duster of triumph, as a grand and shining light and an example to all the world and part of New Jersey and Ohio.

To become great one must not lie under the apple-tree in the harvest field of life, and let others do all his work. Whet up your own scythe, and try not to deceive others that you whet it well because you make plenty of noise in so doing, for when you get into the heavy grass you will discover that 'twas only yourself you were successful in deceiving. As a beautiful and refined illustration of my meaning I will say that no one can ever become an expert piano player by simply rattling beans in a dish pan.

Many a man has danced a rattling jig upon the boards of life, but when the clatter ceased he was soon forgotten.

Fill the coat-tail pockets of your purposes with the bricks of honest, manly pride, and let the crop of your resolution be filled with coarse, sandy grit, until it is as stout like a good dinner behind the vest of a famished tramp. Roost high, where the fox of evil influence cannot reach you. Permit him not to smell of your feathers even.

Follow the railroad track of stern duty and engage in mortal combat with the cow catcher of evil, and permit not the fragrant fish-ball and seductive sausage of folly and flattery to lure you from your chosen path.

Work hard and earnestly, for fame is a rabbit that cannot be snared. We have to "run it down" through the tangled underbrush and blackberry bushes of toil and oppression with the bounds of perseverance, and the shotgun of ability, loaded to the muzzle with the buckshot of ceaseless and honest endeavor.

If you have a desire for fame, hold fast to it (the desire) by the hind legs, and, like your neighbor's crowbar or wheelbarrow, permit it not to escape; then set out to do that in which you think you will best succeed.

If you would shine as a star in the pie-eating firmament there is a broad, open field before you. To the toiling, ambitious youth of to-day this is a short and easy road to fame. Many a man has emerged from the smoke of obscurity through the number of pies he was able to hide behind the pall of his appetite.

Many men beside myself have won their laurels upon the clambake battlefield, and in the tanglefoot arena we find many more than we know what to do with; but their fame, like their credit, will sometime spontaneously combust.

But it is better to let your search for fame extend through brighter and more glorious paths than those that are populated by the clam-shell and whisky bottle. Let it be by thy good deeds rather than thy blatant speech that men shall know thee, and rise up and call thee boss.

A HUMORIST'S TRIALS.—A humorous lecturer is reported by the Philadelphia Times as relating this incident:

I gave the show in the hotel dining-room and had everybody roaring with laughter, except one awfully sedate looking man. I tried my funniest gags upon him and was wild to awaken a gurgle or at least a smile. But all in vain. His face was as solemn as a tombstone through it all. After the show, however, fancy my surprise to see the melancholy cuss come up and give me a congratulatory shake of the hand.

I must thank you, sir, for a very pleasant evening. Your performance was very clever. I almost laughed, sir.

Artemas Ward used to tell a similar but a much better story. He said that once while on a lecture tour, night found him at a small town in Nevada. In the landlord of the hotel he recognized a friend of his boyhood who gave him a hearty greeting. Supper over the landlord said to his guest,—

Now, Brown, we hardly ever have any show of any kind in this place, and I don't think we ever had a lecture. Can't you give us your lecture up in the ball room? It will please the people mightily, and I'll take it as a great favor if you will.

With characteristic good nature, Artemas consented. The ball room was well filled when he rose to speak, and before he had been on his feet a minute he made an observation which provoked a roar of laughter. At which the landlord, his face white with rage, rose and advanced toward the platform with the remark,—

One minute, Mr. Brown

Artemas paused, and the landlord having taken his place beside him, drew a revolver from his back pocket and, addressing the audience, said,—

Ladies and gentleman, the speaker is a particular friend of mine, and if he's interrupted agin, d—me if I don't shoot! You can proceed, Mr. Brown.

Artemas proceeded, and although he gave them his funniest lecture, he reported that there was afterward no further interruption.

A BOSTON BANK REMINISCENCE.

Many years ago a young man in one of the banks showed such capacity as a teller or cashier that some of its customers got up a bank for him. Everything went on successfully. There was a habit of lending and borrowing between banks, and sometimes between them and reliable individuals, and this young cashier had such a relation with a man supposed to be beyond suspicion. One day this man came to him with a large request, no less than the loan of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, equal to half the capital of the bank, which was three hundred thousand dollars. Strange, he got it, and disappeared not to be found; his kindred could give no information about him; telegraphs, railroads, ocean steamers, did not exist to afford inquiry or pursuit. The directors had to be made aware of the loss of half their capital. Their first thought was to reduce their capital to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The young cashier submitted himself to their discretion, but proposed, if allowed to go on, to devote himself, all his means and energies, to the rehabilitation of the capital. The directors acceded to his request. The matter was kept quiet. The bank went on successfully. The cashier paid promptly eight per cent. dividend on three hundred thousand dollars, out of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' business. Watching every opportunity to make a penny, at the end of fifteen years he accomplished his purpose. The capital of the bank was restored. When he began his task he was thirty years old, when he finished it he ought to have been in the prime of life, only forty-five, but the incessant strain of those fifteen years left him a wreck, and in less than five years, in the height of his usefulness, he sank to his grave.

Children's stocking knees can be mended nicely by picking up a row of stitches below the hole and knitting a strip wide enough and long enough to cover the hole good. Then whip down the edges to the stocking with yarn the same color as you knit the strip with. If you have yarn like the stockings it can hardly be seen. New heels and toes can also be knit by cutting off the old ones and picking up the stitches. Knit the heel and sew in.

In making jelly, if you have more than you have glasses, you can make glasses by taking large, smooth bottles and wetting a cork in turpentine, and tying around the bottle below the neck, then set the string on fire, and it will break smoothly all around.

To take stains from white goods; Rub the juice from ripe tomatoes with salt on the stains and expose to the sun.

Frosting without eggs; Mix one cup of sugar with one fourth of a cup of sweet milk, put over a slow fire and stir until it boils; then boil five minutes without stirring; set the saucepan in cold water while you stir it to a cream. Spread on the cake while it will run. It will keep longer than when made of eggs, and will not crumble when you cut it.

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. **I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles.—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

WIND AS A SEED-CARRIER.—At the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, the visiting English naturalist, read the most generally popular paper which has yet been presented, the subject being "The Wind as a Seed-Carrier in relation to one of the difficult problems in Geographical Distribution." "While the power of the wind to transport seeds is not yet determined, still the weight of evidence is that it is ample for the transportation of small light seeds through considerable distances. Dust particles from the Java eruption, of greater weight than many seeds, were found on the decks of vessels at from 900 to 1,000 miles distance at sea. Taken in connection with the fact that these introduced plants are mostly light-seeded ones, the wind without question is a most important factor in their distribution. Professor Wallace estimated that if a single seed per square mile of territory were deposited once per hundred years it would be sufficient to keep up the stock and to maintain the purity of the species. In his book on the Azores he had called attention to the fact that neither ocean currents nor birds would explain the occurrence of certain European plants there, which can only be explained as having been wind-borne. It is not even the usual atmospheric currents which transport the seeds, since prevailing winds as well as ocean currents are from the west, but it is the occasional tempestuous outbursts of atmospheric energy. A corroborative proof of the efficacy of the winds in distribution is found in the fact that the species found on mountains in lower latitudes are mostly Arctic, for the reason that seeds from the temperate zone when blown up to high altitudes would fail to germinate.

WHISTLING AND WHISTLERS.—If a boy is allowed to whistle it will turn his attention in a great degree from the desire to become the possessor of a drum, and if paternal firmness be added, he can be kept satisfied without one until he gets to be sixteen years of age, when he will strike the corner period.

Shakespeare was well acquainted with the art. He makes Othello say concerning Desdemona; If you do not prove her false, I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind a prey to fortune, e'en though her very cries were my dead heart strings.

Negroes are the best whistlers in the world. Frequently one hears a colored improvisatore whistling the quaintest and sweetest melodies, and with the colored males in general whistling comes as natural as grunting does to a hog.

Men whistle when they are happy, and they whistle when they are sad. When you see a carpenter or a house painter pushing a plane or slapping on the paint and whistling a lively air at the same time, set him down as a man who pays his debts, is cheerful at home and never whips his children.

When a man is sad he whistles in a doleful tone. Nine times out of ten he won't choose a dismal air, but he will whistle a lively tune, a hornpipe or a negro minstrel end song. And he will draw the melody in and out between his lips in a way to draw tears from all listeners. Sometimes a man accomplishes the same result when he is cheerful and trying to whistle real good.

Girls in general whistle in a sort of jerky, disconnected, jim jam sort of way, and groan mildly between the notes. They'd better let whistling alone.

FALL GOODS.

Flannels, Blankets Comfortables,

Jacket Cloths, Ulster Cloths,

Jersey Jackets, Fur Shoulder

Capes, Fur Dolmans

Astrachan Jacetks, Underwear

A LARGE VARIETY FOR MEN, BOY'S, LADIES & GIRLS

McCalls celebrated New York Bazaar glove-fitting patterns, in every respect the best in the market.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

THOS. W. SMITH

Has commenced his great Clearing Sale of Ready made clothing, Boots, Shoes, men and boys' Hats and Caps, also Gents and Youths underwear, with other lines of goods too numerous to mention; and as his whole stock is marked down to its lowest margin bargains may be expected.

His tailoring department is under one of the best cutters in the Dominion he guarantees satisfaction in this department to all of his patrons.

THOS. W. SMITH.

192 Edgecombe's Building,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

NOW IS THE TIME to secure some elegant premiums, absolutely free. Equal in appearance to solid gold. Full particulars & 50 lovely Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. & this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

400 PER CENT PROFIT to an agent of either sex, selling a grand box of New Goods, sent by return mail for 25c. or 9 three-cent stamps. Coarsely samples and illus. Novelty Catalog, 3c. and this slip.

W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

Private Board.

SEVERAL persons can be accommodated with board at reasonable rates. The rooms are comfortable and pleasant and the situation, convenient.

Apply to

Mrs. ROBERT SMITH,

Cor. Brunswick and Westmoreland Sts.