

THE GIRLS.

Some girls are prudish, some discreet,
And some so reckless as to flirt,
But all of them are truly sweet
So long as men are not too pert.

Some publicly condone a thing
Which they would not in private do,
And never say a word to sting
Another girl, however true.

And some will openly condemn
What they themselves would most enjoy—
Provided that no one but them
Could make it known, and thus annoy!

But through them all runs some romance—
A vein of it, however small;
And none of them will lose a chance
To use their charms—that's true of all!
—Washington Post.

A DREAM OF CONQUEST.

Robert Folsom was a disappointed man. One by one he had seen his dearest hopes thwarted and destroyed.

When a small child he resolved to be a physician but overstudy brought on a stroke of paralysis. Although he had recovered, his right hand would always be impaired. It lacked the firmness that inspired a patient when his physician's hand is laid on his wrist.

His enthusiasm was dampened, and though he turned his attention to other pursuits he lacked the perseverance and application that win success.

He dipped deeply into chemistry. In the laboratory of a noted college he met Esther West. She was a profound student; a woman of delicate intuition. He grew to love her, as men with cultured minds, broadened intellects and deepened sympathies can love.

They were married and once more the world was bright to Robert Folsom. The scientific world began to hear from him. Medical journals quoted him as an authority. Esther was all he lived for. To please her, to win her praise, to make his name famous because it was hers also, was his dearest ambition.

His nature was narrow and deep. He moved in circles of which one object was the centre. When that was removed he was like a ship without a pilot.

He made a remarkable discovery in pathology and it seemed that success was won. He was spoken of as a genius, a man of powerful thought. Aglow with delight at the unexpected termination of his study and work he went home to Esther. Another had been there before him. They met him at the door and told him. She had been called away very suddenly. A weakened heart had succumbed to the great strain and Esther was no more. He felt bruised and sore as if he had met with some physical injury.

Broken, listless and weary, he locked his laboratory and went away. She had been the oak around which the tendrils of his hope, his ambition and fame had clung. His inspiration and strength were buried in her grave.

He took his little daughter, two old servants who had cared for him since childhood, his laboratory and books and hid himself from the world in a lighthouse. There was something about the restless water that harmonized with his turbulent soul. At sunrise and sunset his boat was always seen. His little daughter occupied a seat at his side.

She was a strange child, more thoughtful and imaginative than most children. Her father's library was made up mostly of medical books. At an early age he talked to her of the beautiful mechanism of the human body, of the wonders and delights of chemistry. Unconsciously in her youth Margaret imbibed the great principles of pathology, therapeutics and pharmacy.

Twice a year the old servant took her to the city. To the thoughtful child these were seasons of intense delight. It was not the gay shop windows, the handsome ladies, or the beautiful dresses that attracted her; it was the halt, the lame, the suffering.

Margaret grew to womanhood. On the lonely reef she had little to amuse herself with. She grew to learn the steamboats and vessels by name as they passed. One propeller, whose hull was black and upper portions of polished oak, was of especial interest to her. Margaret often saw the captain as he paced the forward deck. She had met him on one of her short visits to the city and each felt a mutual interest in the other. When the propeller passed the reef, day or night, three blasts resounded bright and clear across the water.

Books and pictures began to find their way to the lonely lighthouse. It was a very happy summer and Margaret dreaded the time when the Westover would lay up in some Western port.

The fall storms were unusually severe that year. One day, when the fog was so thick that it hung like a veil over everything, Margaret sat listening to the steamers as they blew their whistles. The day wore wearily away and evening had come before the fog lifted at all.

Suddenly the well known sound came over the water. It was the whistle of the Westover in five blasts of distress. Seizing the glasses, Margaret ran to the balcony. Not far off was the Westover. She had struck a rock and was sinking fast. While she looked two boats pulled off. Mismanagement and excitement seemed to reign. They were

overturned and where precious freight was one man alone floated. He was clinging to the overturned boat. He could not cling there long with the seas breaking over him.

Before she realized it she had launched her frail yawl and was pulling steadily for the figure. She reached him. Rowing to the lee side as the sea arose, he was literally thrown in. A quick maneuver righted the boat. Accustomed from early childhood to boats and their management, she rowed over the treacherous waters skillfully and successfully.

The old servant saw her coming and quickly helped land the passengers.

Her knowledge of medicine helped her then as they worked over the prostrate form. The hours passed but still they persevered and at last they were rewarded.

Some weeks passed before he was able to leave, but when he went Margaret went with him, a bride of the sea. But he never quite recovered from the exposure and effect of the catastrophe.

The next summer, unannounced, Margaret entered her father's study. She was a beautiful woman and looked grand and stately in her black dress. Her golden hair, her father noticed, waved back like her mother's. She was the age of her mother when she was called away.

"Margaret," he said softly.

"Father," and she knelt down beside him.

"I came to tell you that I am going to Bournemouth tomorrow for a more comprehensive study of anatomy."

"No, Margaret, surely not a woman physician."

"Father," she said, as she rose to her feet, "my short sojourn in this busy world has shown me the depth of human suffering—suffering that ignorance increases. My knowledge of the science of healing and my strength will relieve this pain. Knowledge, pure and rich, has been my portion from childhood. I have learned to reason and think. Father, what right have we to bury our talents beneath our disappointments? How many are in need of your rich fund of practical knowledge? If you cannot heal, you can teach others how to."

"I have nothing to live for, child, now."

"Father, I am only 24, and the sweetest chapter in my life has ended. When I meet him in heaven, father, may my volume of life be filled with deeds of love and kindness, not with blank pages."

"I am going tomorrow, father. They told me that you had been offered a chair at the university. Will you go? You are still a young man. Let the world hear about you. Enrich the pages of science with those manuscripts locked in your desk. Lend a hand father, to your kind, to the suffering, the sorrowful, as I am going to do. Will you come?"

"God help me, Margaret, beloved child, I will."—Chicago News.

How the Dipper Saved the Farm.

Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due. I saw in the Christian Advocate where Miss A. M. Fritz, of Station A, St. Louis, Mo. would send a sample combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit jar filler; a plain dipper; a fine strainer; a funnel; a strainer funnel; a sick room warming pan and a pint measure. These eight different uses makes the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at very near every house. And in four months I paid off the mortgage. I think I can clear as much as \$300 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps—write at once. JOHN G. N.

Had a Right to Speak.

"James, I have always been a faithful wife to you, haven't I?"

"Of course you have, Miranda. What are you?"

"And in all the thirty-three years we have lived together I've always done my duty, haven't I?"

"Certainly, certainly. Who's denying that you?"

"You haven't ever found me making trouble or kicking up a fuss over little things, have you?"

"Of course not. I'd like to know what you're—"

"I've had my share of sorrow and stood it without murmuring or complaining!"

"Now see here, Miranda, what's all this—"

"If things don't go to suit me I generally make the best of it and let it go at that don't I?"

"To be sure. Is there anything that—"

"And you don't think I'd make a disturbance about anything unless I had a good cause, do you?"

"Surely not. What under the shining canopy are you driving at, anyhow?"

"James, I wouldn't say a word about it if I could stand it any longer, but those slim little pipstems legs of yours look so distressing in your bicycle stockings and knickerbockers that I just can't keep still another minute! If you don't either wear long pants or pad your calves hereafter, as sure as I'm a living woman I'll take the children and go to Aunt Rachel's and never come back!"—Chicago Tribune.

Marry This Girl Quick.

I saw in your paper that a 13 year old boy made \$1.25 the first hour he worked selling the perfection Metal Tip Lampwick. I ordered a sample and went to work and the first week I cleared \$10, the second week I cleared \$15. I expect to run up to \$25 a week in the near future, as the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick makes such a beautiful white light and does away with smoky chimneys and bad odor and saves all, it is easy to sell. If you wish to try it send 13 two cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., and she will send you sample outfit. This is a good way to make money around home. MISS TINA W.

At the Ribbon Counter.

They came hurrying and skurrying toward it with all the fuss and flutter fashionable shoppers make. The clerk in charge smiled wearily as he saw them approach.

"I'll go you two cigarettes that they don't buy anything," he said to a fellow clerk.

"I'll go you," was the reply.

"All right—ah, anything I can show you in ribbons today, ladies?"

"Yes; I'd like—Oh, Mame, see this new shade in green."

"How lovely! I do think that—oh, Sadie, how do you like this odd shade in blue?"

"It is just sweet pretty."

"Think so?"

"Yes, indeed. What are you going to use the ribbon for?"

"A bow for Fido's collar. The dear little fellow has almost every shade and color imaginable now, but I thought I'd see if there was anything new."

"Aren't the ribbons perfectly lovely this year?"

"That's true. I've half a mind to take this seashell pink. Oh! have you noticed how they are combining pink and pale green this year?"

"Yes, but salmon and Nile green is prettier. Let us combine them and see. Show us some salmon and Nile green shades, please."

"Oh, how lovely!"

"Exquisite!"

"Just beautiful!"

"Oh, Mame, how would this look on that pink plush bonnet of mine?"

"Lovely!"

"Let us combine some of this cardinal with this pale lemon. Oh, isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed it is. Do you like the picquedge as well as the plain?"

"Oh, I hardly know."

"I don't know."

"I don't either."

"They're both lovely."

"I have a notion of getting Fido some of this Solferino red."

"He has dark eyes hasn't he?"

"Oh, the loveliest dark eyes! And such beautiful silky brown hair."

"Yes, but on the whole, it isn't just the shade I want. Suppose we go over to Brown & Green's and see their ribbon before deciding."

And they go.—Texas Sifter.

Singers, public speakers, actors, auctioneers, teachers, preachers, and all who are liable to over-tax and irritate the vocal organs, find, in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a safe, certain, and speedy relief. A timely dose of this preparation has prevented many a throat trouble.

All That Restrained Him.

"Do you know that you're hindering fifty people that want to get down town to their business?" yelled the motorman of a Wentworth avenue car the other morning to the driver of a coal wagon just ahead.

"That's all right," cheerfully responded the driver. "There's a lot of people watin' for this coal."

"You'll get there just as quick if you turn out."

"I can't turn out."

"That's a lie!"

"You wouldn't tell me that if I was where I could reach you!"

"You can reach me any time you want to, and you know it, you dirty faced Algerie! You're a monopolist and a hog, and I can smash the mouth off of you the best day you ever saw!"

"If it wasn't for leaving my horses I'd—"

"whelp!" shouted the motorman. "You're a mean, low, gum-dasted sneak! You haven't got the decency of a sewer rat! You're a goldinged, insignificant, pusillanimous, ragged, dirty, cheap skate of a teeth assistant barn-yard corporal—"

"Say," interposed a passenger on the car, "that's horrible language you're using. For the sake of ordinary propriety let up, will you?"

At this moment the driver of the coal wagon turned leisurely down a side street, and the angry motorman said, as the car shot ahead again:

"I'd have talked a durned sight worse than that to him if it hadn't been that he's my brother!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. S. T. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says, "Shook's Fritzer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75cts. For Sale by Garden Bros.

Will Attend to it.

"This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwood.

"I'm awful sorry," returned the bride, "I'll tell the cook to speak to the liveryman about it."—Tit-Bits.

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Ayer's Cathartic Pills

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Perfect for all purposes.

THE PILL THAT WILL



What the People Say.

Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895.
Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.
Yours truly,
WM. GRAHAM.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.
Small & Fisher, Woodstock;
DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.
Yours truly,
DAVID WHITNEY.
North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1895.

Scotch Settlement,
Tracey's Mills, N. B.
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.
Yours truly,
G. W. STILES.

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