

NOVEMBER 3, 1897.

BLESSINGS OF SCIENCE.

The other day in Regent street I noticed in the throng
A kind of living skeleton, who feebly crawled
along;
With pity I regarded his emaciated frame,
When, to my great astonishment, he called me by
my name.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed in very agitated tones—
"No, bless my soul! it cannot be—why, yes,—it's really Jones!
Why, what on earth has come to you? Have you been ill of late?
Not long ago you used to be—well, not a feather-weight!"

"Nay!" he responded sadly, holding out a skinny hand.
"The cause of my unhappy plight you fail to understand;
The reason that I fade away, and daily sink to less, is that my life is governed by the scientific press."

"In other days I used to eat in ignorant delight (I had, you may remember, a substantial appetite); I never feared, until I read the learned magazines, A microbe in the mutton, a bacillus in the beans!"

But casually reading on I learnt, to my dismay, That fish and meat are dangerous in every kind of way:
A faithful vegetarian I then resolved to be, Although my meals in consequence were apt to disagree.

"Alas! another doctor soon denounced in glowing terms
Each vegetable product as the source of deadly germs,
So I perforce abandoned them, and, shortly after, read
That nothing is so dangerous to human life as bread!"

"In fact, cut off from every food in turn, I came at last
To eating oatmeal porridge at each primitive repast;
It wasn't appetising, but, of course, I persevered;
But now—but now," he sobbed aloud—"it's happened as I feared!"

"See, read this paragraph, and pity me!" He drew
From out his pocket hurriedly a Medical Review, "In oatmeal—in the only food which science left me still—
In oatmeal is a microbe which is warranted to kill!"

I listened to his story with a sympathetic air, And then—I dragged him with me through the crowded thoroughfare;
For which, said Jones, we should have died a dozen times at least,
I brought him to a restaurant, and made him share a feast.

A Moral and a Caution. The first—how we should bless
The scientists who add so much to human happiness!
The second—if you value life, it's wise, you understand,
To shun the words "bacillus" now, if Jones is close at hand!

O. D. C., in St. James Budget.

Story of A Little Fir Tree.

Through summer and winter weather, the little fir tree had stood in the forest ever since it was born; always green, always growing, and covered from head to foot with sharp-pointed needles which take the place of the beautiful leaves that adorn other trees. But the little fir tree was not happy; for she preferred to be clothed as were her sisters of the deep, cool forest. One day, after reflecting for a long time on what she considered her misfortune, she began to bemoan her situation aloud.

"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, with a long-drawn sigh, "all my companions have such soft, pretty, beautifully shaped leaves. Why, cannot I have them also, instead of these sharp-pointed needles, which pierce the fingers of every one who approaches them? No one admires them. If I might dare wish it, I would long for leaves of shining gold."

Night fell, and the little fir tree slept, forgetting for the time being all that made her life so miserable. She awoke very early in the morning, and, oh! what joy, what beauty! Instead of the pointed needles which had been such a source of dissatisfaction, she was covered with leaves of shining gold. Laughing aloud, and shaking herself with delight, she cried out:

"Now, indeed, I have good reason to be proud! There is not another tree in the forest which has golden leaves like mine."

So she laughed and chattered the liveliest day. Never was maiden more vain of her fine garments than our silly little fir tree.

But toward evening an old man came into the wood; he wore a long beard and carried a sack on his bent shoulders. He was a very greedy and avaricious old fellow—in short, a miser; and when he saw the golden treasure spread out before him, he uttered a cry of joy, smacked his lips, opened his sack and began to strip the leaves from our poor little tree with the greatest speed; never pausing in his agreeable task till he had taken the last one, leaving her naked and trembling.

Unable to utter a sound until he had disappeared, so great was her fright and mortification, the denuded tree looked fearfully at her, and murmured in a low and mournful voice:

"Ah, woe is me! My lovely golden leaves served me but little. Here am I, the laughing stock of my companions in their beautiful leafy gowns. If I might dare to wish for something else, it would be that I might be given leaves of sparkling glass."

After a while she fell asleep again; and awaking earlier than usual the next morning, she found that her wish had been granted. Shimmering from head to foot in dancing leaves of brilliant glass, she thought herself far more beautiful than the day before. Again she laughed aloud and cried:

"Now I am supremely happy! There is

not another tree in the forest with glittering, transparent leaves like mine."

But she had not been long admiring herself thus before there came a mighty whirlwind, followed by thunder, lightning and rain. In one short half hour all the beautiful leaves of glass lay broken to pieces on the ground.

Then our little fir tree began to weep bitterly and to exclaim:

"Alas! what terrible misfortunes I have to undergo! The delicate, glistening leaves I admired so much but a short while ago lie ruined on the sward beneath me; while those of my comrades are greener and fresher and more lovely than ever after the rain. Oh, that I had the power, and I would clothe myself in leaves like theirs—green, fragrant and beautiful!"

Night fell, and the little fir tree slept. But when the morning dawned she awoke to the rustling of thousands of green leaves, clothing her as with a garment of loveliness. Contented at last, she said:

"Ah, what can I wish for more! What can be more beautiful than this emerald garment that envelops me!"

As she thus reflected in peaceful mood, a goat came into the wood in search of grass and herbage. The fir tree was not very tall; therefore, it was not a difficult task to strip it completely, root and branch. And now, for the third time, the little fir tree stood shivering and unclothed. In a voice tremulous with sorrow, she murmured to herself:

"Ah, me! ah, me! What a foolish thing was I! Never, never again shall I long for leaves; never shall I sigh to be clothed like my companions, either in green or gold or red. Could I but recover them, my poor, despised needles would be a welcome covering for this trembling body. Were they but mine, I should never again complain."

Weeping and sobbing, the little fir tree fell asleep. Sorrowfully she awoke. But when she saw herself in the glorious morning sunshine, clad in her own old-fashioned gown, she began to laugh aloud. All the other trees laughed also; but she did not mind that in the least, she felt so happy. And so she has been ever since, comfortable and content. I know it; for many and many a time I have sat on the thick carpet of brown needles at her feet, and she has always been smiling. If you do not believe it, go into the woods and see for yourselves.—Ex.

HEALTHY STOMACH!

Happy Man!—Nothing Experimental About Using the Great South American Nerve—What it has done for Thousands it can do for you.

Here are Strong Words from a Reliable Business Man—Read Them.

I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but obtained very little relief. I saw South American Nerve advertised, and concluded to give it a trial, and I must say I consider it the very best medicine I have ever used. I obtained great relief from the first few doses. I have only used two bottles, and am happy to say it has made a new man of me. I strongly recommend it to fellow-sufferers." C. Pearce, Dry Goods Merchant, Forest, Ont. Sold by Garden Bros.

MAKING READY FOR A RUN.

A Locomotive Is Almost as Carefully Groomed as a Race Horse.

The engineer comes down to his post of duty nearly an hour before his train is scheduled to leave, says a writer in St. Nicholas. All night long in the round house the engine has been carefully watched; a wiper has spent the whole night rubbing down the panting, snorting iron horse until every rod and cylinder shines like gold or silver; banked fire has been kept going, so that a little steam has been always in the boxes; and before he left at night the fireman put everything in perfect order inside the cab. The fireman appears first in the morning, and inspects the work of the round house men; and if any part is not satisfactory he makes it so. The engineer makes his inspection after the fireman, and thoroughly and carefully examines every part. All the bearings are then oiled, and the oil cups are filled with oil. Next, the engine is run out of the round house and tested. Fifteen minutes before the time to start the engine is coupled to the train, and the steam and air brakes are tested.

No race horse was ever brought to his post better fitted for running the course than is the locomotive of the fast express. In addition to the tests already made, a mechanic goes from wheel to wheel, and upon every one strikes a sharp, resounding blow to ascertain if the wheel and axle are sound. Nuts and bolts are examined. The engineer and fireman are held responsible for the perfect condition of the engine and cars before the start is made.

A Running Sore Pronounced Incurable by Eight Doctors—Cured by Dr. Chase.

Mr. R. D. Robbins, 148 Cowan Ave., Toronto, says: "I had a bad leg, which was simply unsightly. From below the knee to the ankle was one great sore. Eight doctors treated me without benefit. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured me, and all that remains to be seen are the scars."

It is a principle that should never be lost sight of, that an accused person is presumed to be innocent; and that no other vexation should be imposed upon him than what is absolutely necessary for the purposes of future investigation.

THE COOL

And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expusite Trimmings of all kinds, including Flouncing Silks.**

TO ARRIVE:

Several cases of **Ladies' Jackets in the Newest Shades and Patterns.** These goods are made in Germany and are such as are sure to meet with the approval of every woman who likes beautiful things to wear.

These new goods will positively be sold only to cover cost.

C. W. VANWART, KING ST.

WOODSTOCK.

OUR DEAR ONES.

Mothers, Wives and Daughters.

Thousands of Them Suffer.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Them Health and the Freshness of Youth.

When the nervous energies are exhausted, women suffer from constipation, dyspepsia, kidney disease, liver trouble, and prostration. They are weak, tired, have headache, backache, sideache, and cannot sleep. It is then that the wrecking of woman's delicate organism begins.

When sickness, disease and disaster threaten, Paine's Celery Compound should be used without delay. This marvellous modern medicine will quickly impart strength to every weak organ, and restore the greatest blessing of life—health. A few weeks' use of Paine's Celery Compound will give vigor to the nervous system; nutrition, digestion and every special womanly function will be natural and regular. Rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and the freshness of youth and beauty always follow the healthful influences of Paine's Celery Compound.

MAINE MAY BE WET SOON.

Talk of Ignoring or Repealing Gen. Dow's Famous Law, Now That He is Dead.

Will the prohibitory law die now that Neal Dow is dead is a question frequently asked in Portland, says a correspondent in the New York Sun. The general opinion seems to be that some decided change may be looked for in the near future.

As a matter of fact, Gen. Dow retired from active life when a little past 92 years of age, but nobody thought much about it. People took it for granted that he was still as ready for a fight as ever, and so concluded to put off for a while any attempt to change the law that bears his name. Now he is gone, those who don't like this law are talking of a change. It may be that there will be a general adoption of the "Bangor system," so called, all over Maine. In Bangor long ago the people said, "Don't enforce the law," and that ended it. Public sentiment set aside a law of the State, and, for that matter, part of the organic law also. Portland is rapidly getting into line with the Bangor system. At the late term of the superior court, before Judge Bonney, more than \$10,000 was paid in fines by liquor sellers, and besides many cases were appealed only in order to get a little more time. That record indicates the extent to which the law is violated. There is also a great deal of talk favorable to a crusade against the law itself. There is no leader left on the side of prohibition able to take the place of Gen. Dow, and the friends of the measure would be forced to fall back on the farmers and to ask them to stand by the law.

It is admitted that the public sentiment in the cities, where the law has failed to a very marked degree, is in favor of license, while in the country towns people still believe in Gen. Dow's law, as they call it. It would be the cities against the country if a strong attempt was made to break down the law. The fact that it is entrenched in the constitution of the state would make it doubly hard to repeal. Very likely there will be no organized attempt to bring about a change in the declared policy of the state but simply a general agreement not to enforce the law itself. In short, the people will take their old position again and announce, "We're all in favour of the Maine law, but ag'in its enforcement."

Taking His Measure.

"Who is that young man?" inquired the hostess.

"We don't know much about him yet," replied her daughter. "He has either mingled in circles far more exclusive than ours or else he is wholly unused to the manners of good society."

"How do you reach that opinion?"

"He has an absurd way of shaking hands that none of us ever saw before."—From the Washington Star.

SPORTING GOODS.

Winchester and Marlin Rifles,
Single and Double Barrel Breech and
Muzzle Loading Guns,
Loaded and Unloaded Shells,
Cartridges, Primers, Wads,
Gun Cases, Hunting Coats,
Powder, Shot and Caps.

Our goods are first-class and our prices are right. We have the finest assortment of RIFLES and GUNS that have ever been offered for sale here.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

BETTER THAN A BANK.

After July 1st, '97, the Government Saving Banks of the Dominion will reduce the rate of Interest on deposits to 3 per c.—You can get an Endowment Policy in the

Confederation Life Association,

which will net you more than 3 per c. besides carrying Life Insurance with it and the non-forfeiture provisions of the Policy admit of paid-up and extended Insurance after two years and a Cash Value or a loan after 5 years.

D. F. MERRITT, Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent

G. A. TAYLOR, Merchants' Bank, Special Agent.

All the wonderful instincts of animal are given them only for the combination or preservation of their species. If they had not these instincts they would be swept off the earth in an instant. The bee, that under stands architecture so well, is as stupid as a pebble stone out of his own particular business of making honey; and with all his talents, he only exists that boys may eat his labors and poets sing about them.

A new species of rabbit, of a diminutive size, tailless, and with short ears, has been found near the Volcano Popocatepetl, Mexico.

It is urged that the sparrow is a benefactor to the farmer, because it feeds on the seeds of waste plots and weeds during the winter.

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