

Janet Johnston.

At Lower Woodstock, on Thursday, May 10th in the home she helped to rear in the virgin forest more than half a century ago, Mrs. Janet Johnston departed this life at the age of 92 years, 5 months and 7 days. The immediate cause of her death was heart trouble, the result of shock produced by a fall. Her mental faculties were but slightly impaired and her eyesight nearly as good as it ever was. She maintained to the last a lively interest in the affairs and daily pursuits of the family and helped with her own hands as far as her strength permitted. She was a member of the Presbyterian church.

The deceased was born in Paisley, Scotland, December 3rd, 1813. Her parents were Robert and Janet Gibson. The late Alex. Gibson, of Woodstock, was a brother. David S. Gibson, of Northampton, is the only surviving brother. John C. Gibson, of Woodstock, is a nephew. In November 1844 she became united in marriage with the late John Johnston, of Aberdeenshire, Scotland. The issue of this marriage was two sons, Alexander and Peter, of Lower Woodstock. Mrs. Johnston adopted four children, two of whom died in childhood. Two survive, Mrs. Craig, of Cabano, and Miss Gibson, her niece, who resides at the Johnston home-stead.

Mrs. Johnston possessed many notable qualities of mind and had a disposition of unusual sweetness. Her mind was exceedingly well balanced and her temperament was even and equable. On all matters claiming her attention her judgment was sound and generally accurate. She never yielded to excitement or passion and was never gloomy or despondent. She enjoyed prosperity with calmness and gratitude and faced difficulties and adversity with patience and hope. Throughout her entire life she was cheerful and pleasant, diffusing sunshine and gladness wherever she was. Some of the strongest features in her character were a profound reverence of God and his word, thankfulness under all conditions and circumstances, love of honesty in business, absolute truthfulness at all times and peace with her fellow beings. Murmuring and faultfinding were especially disagreeable to her and it indulged in by anyone was by her promptly rebuked. She would say "let us be thankful it is no worse," or "let us be thankful we are as well as we are." She loved peace and often said she never had a quarrel with anyone. No harsh words ever fell from her lips and frowns never darkened her countenance. In fact she was incapable of uttering harsh words.

These principles of heart and mind so dear to her she taught continually by word and example, not in a formal systematic manner, but in her own quiet, unobtrusive way as the fulness of her heart yielded to utterance, or as her contribution to the conversation as it passed around the family circle. Her unselfishness and her wonderful kindness endeared her to those around her and in her own home no necessary service in her behalf was a task, it was a delight. Her disposition was retiring, leading her to shirk publicity. Her influence was chiefly in her home, but a circle of friends and acquaintances knew much of her exalted character and loved her sincerely. The tears of many loving friends mingled with those of her own household as they gathered around her in the last hours or gazed upon her peaceful face in the repose of death.

Was not the character of Janet Johnston in which the love of peace and kindly feelings to all were so conspicuous, a reflection of the character of Him whose advent to earth was heralded by the angelic melody "Peace on earth, good-will to men," and whose last commandment to his assembled disciples was "love one another"? And may we not cherish the hope that although the sphere of her influence was not extensive, yet some one therein who loved her for her Christian qualities of mind and heart shall be led to desire and seek for those qualities and to that end embrace Him who is the perfect embodiment and supreme source of all virtue and loveliness.

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The House Beautiful once published a list of things nobody ought to buy for the house. It is good enough to reprint. "What we do not want: Parlor furniture, carpets, lace curtains, ready-made curtains, hat rack, umbrella holder, made draperies, gilt picture frames, small gilt chairs, grillwork, ornaments, colored lamps, ready-made china cupboards, sideboards, bookcases, gas-logs, sofas, upholstered chairs, jardinières of glazed china." Built-in china closets and book selves were preferred to ready-made pieces, and a piano was wanted only if the family was musically inclined.

How to Live to be Over Seventy.

At a recent dinner in New York in celebration of his seventieth birthday, Mark Twain, in speaking of his first birthday, said: "Whenever I think of it, it is with indignation. Everything was so crude, so unscientific. Nothing was really ready. I was born, you know, with a high and delicate esthetic taste. And then, think of it—I had no hair, no teeth, no clothes. And I had to go to my first banquet like that.

"And everybody came swarming in. It was the merest little hamlet in the backwoods of Missouri, where never anything happened at all. All interest centered in me that day. They came with that peculiar provincial curiosity to look me over to see if I had brought anything fresh in my particular line. Why, I was the only thing that had happened in the last three months—and I came very near being the only thing that happened there in two whole years.

"They gave their opinions. No one had asked them, but they gave them, and they were all just green with prejudice. I stood it as long as—well, you know, I was born courteous. I stood it for about an hour. Then the worm turned. I was the worm. It was my turn to turn, and I did turn. I knew the strength of my position. I knew that I was the only spotlessly pure person in that camp, and I just came out and told them so.

"It was so true that they could make no answer at all. They merely blushed and went away. Well, that was my cradle song, and now I am singing my swan song. It is a far stretch from that first birthday to this, the seventieth. Just think of it."

Twain then gives his recipe for a long life. "I have achieved my seventy years in the usual way," he declares: "by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else." Of habits, we read:

"We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't anybody left to sit up with; and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity.

"In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which didn't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got the best of it myself. But last spring I stopped frolicking with mince pie after midnight; up to then I had always believed it wasn't loaded. For thirty years I have taken coffee and bread at 8 in the morning, and no bite nor sup until 7:30 in the evening. Eleven hours. That is all right for me. Headachy people would not reach seventy comfortably by that road. And I wish to urge upon you this—which I think is wisdom—that if you find you can't make seventy by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go. When they take off the Pullman and retire you to the rancid smoker, put on your things, count your checks, and get out at the first way station where there is a cemetery. . . .

"Today it is all of sixty years since I began to smoke the limit. I have never bought cigars with life belts around them. I early found that those were too expensive for me. I have always bought cheap cigars—reasonably cheap, at any rate. Sixty years ago they cost me four dollars a barrel, but my taste has improved latterly, and I pay seven dollars now. Six or seven. Seven, I think. Yes; it's seven. But that includes the barrel.

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A Boomerang.

"Why do you think the plaintiff insane?" a witness, examined as to somebody's mental condition, was asked by counsel at trial. "Because," replied the witness, "he is continually going about asserting that he is the Prophet Mohammed."

Trying to Locate Him.

The Washington "Star" relates that a cynical man of the world was in conversation at Washington the other day with a former army chaplain, when a nervous-looking person joined them. The former chaplain introduced the nervous man to the cynical person in this manner: "Mr. Blank, allow me to present to you Captain Blank." As the captain proffered his good right hand to the man of the world the latter drawled out: "A-h, C-a-p-t-a-i-n Blank, eh? Salvation army, canal boat or military?"

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—Franklin.

Lost Boy Like Lost Umbrella.

The tourist stopped at the little cabin where an old colored mammy was bending over a big tub. "Good morning, mammy," greeted the tourist. "Maw'nin', sah," responded mammy. "Where's your son Sam?" "Gone, sah; I dunno wheh." "Well, he always was a bad boy, mammy." "Deed he was, sah. He was dess lak dat ol' blue umbrella Ah los' in de thunderstorm. He was hahd to raise, powahful hard to raise, an' afteh Ah did raise him, he jes' jumped away fum me, en Ah ain't seen him since."

A Free Notice.

The young ladies of the Thompson Dry Goods Company invited us in the other afternoon to drink lemonade with them, prefacing the invitation with the remark that we must say something nice about them in the paper. And of course we could not do otherwise, for they are all, without a single exception, just as nice and sweet as they can be, and our only wonder is that they have been allowed to remain single so long—and some of them, oh! so long—

"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the new minister was somewhat recondite last Sunday?" "I didn't know what it was at the time," replied her hostess as she toyed with her diamond-studded fan. "but I do remember that his face looked kind of red and his eyes was sort of glassy. Still we oughtn't to be too hard on the poor man. He might of taken it for 'la grippe.'"

A little girl was out walking with her aunt one day. The aunt bowed to a man they were passing. "Who is he, Aunt Jennie?" asked the little girl. Mrs. Littlefield told her that he was Mr. Melrose the village undertaker. "Oh yes," replied the child, quickly, "I remember him. He undertook my grandmother."—[Harper's Bazar.

"De preaching wuzn't feelin' good las' meetin' day, an' he made de stove preach de sermon." "Made de stove preach?" "Yes—made it red hot fum top ter bottom, an' den tol' de sinners ter take a good look at it, an' go ter thinkin'!"

Howell—A good deal depends on the formation of early habits. Powell—I know it; when I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since.

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For the year ended Dec. 31st, 1905.

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Income.....	1,663,854.13
Assets.....	6,958,013.66
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Effective May 6th, 1906.

(Trains daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

DEPARTURES.
(QUEEN STREET STATION).
6.10 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet. M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Junction to Boston; Palace Sleeper, McAdam Junction to Halifax; Dining Car, McAdam to Truro.
9.50 A MIXED—For Aroostook Junction, and intermediate points.
11.35 A EXPRESS—For all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec.
2.50 P MIXED—For Perth Junction, Plaster M Rock, intermediate points.
4.35 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib, Mon Branch.
5.35 M (St. Andrews after July 1st), Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.
ARRIVALS.
11.35 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East; St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.
12.15 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc via Gibson Branch.
12.35 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.
5.35 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Riviere du Loup.
4.10 P. M.—MIXED—From Aroostook Junction.
11.00 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
C. E. E. USSHER, G. P. A., Montreal.
F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John.

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