

TALE OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

A Story of Schoolbooks, a Cheerful Grandmother and a Good, but Stupid Little Boy.

Sydney Puffer was the stupidest boy in the Malburn school. Now, some boys are stupid and don't know it. If you were to be led by their opinion of themselves you would say they were anything but stupid. But Syd knew he was stupid and wished every day that he could become less so. It is not the custom at the Malburn school for the boys to have any home studies. All their studying is done in the classroom, but Syd was so anxious to learn that he would take his geography and his speller home and would study and study until he fell asleep over the books.

And next day in class Miss Greene would say: 'Wrong. Spell "exasperate." I-g-s-p-r-a-i-t.' Sydney would spell slowly and painstakingly, and then, like as not, Bob Addoms, who had not looked at his lesson, would spell both words as glibly as could be and poor Sydney would feel utterly disappointed.

Then would come the geography lesson. 'Sydney, where is France?' 'France is the capital of England.' 'Yes, but where is it?' Miss Greene would continue. She really seemed to take pleasure in leading Sydney on.

'Is it in Ireland?' he would ask doubtfully. 'No, it isn't. What are its chief products?' 'Products' would start Syd off. 'Tar, pitch, turpentine and lumber,' he would say with unusual speed, and amid the laughter of the class he would sit down and Bob would get up and bound France and tell her chief products and, something about her form of government, and yet he had only dipped into his geography between classes.

But it was in reading that Sydney fared worst. He could not read the simplest words without stumbling along. Once Miss Greene gave him this verse from Longfellow:

"The shades of night were falling fast
When through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,
'Excelsior!'"

Sydney rose at his desk, held the book close to his face, for he was near sighted, opened his eyes wide and frightened, dropped his lower lip and very slowly read:

"The shades of night were fall-ing fast
When thoo an Al-Pine vil-lage passed
A yout who bore mid snow and ice
A banser with the strong device, 'Ex-
'Excellent!'"

"Very excellent," said Miss Greene, "but I'm afraid not excellent enough for you to get an 'extra' in reading."

When Syd sat down he was in tears, but that did not cause the sniggers and smiles of his classmates to subside, nor did Miss Greene make any attempt to stop the scholars.

Little Syd felt humiliated and hardly knew what happened the rest of the day. He was kept in for an hour and had to read that verse out loud fifty times and then write it twenty five times.

It was late in the afternoon when he finally left the school and started home. His way lay along the seashore, and he shuffled through the damp sand, half wishing that a big wave would come and bear him away to a land where there was no such thing as school.

'I wish I could learn. I don't want to grow up a dunce,' he said to himself, 'but everything is so hard, and Miss Greene doesn't think I can do anything, and then I can't. I read that verse all right to grandma, but she kept striking my hair and that made the words look easier.'

So he talked out loud to himself and shuffled along until his foot unaccounted, or rather unaccounted a bronze jar of a very curious shape. Little Syd had never read any fairy stories of course. Reading was too hard a thing for him to do more in it than he had to do. And his grandmother although a lovely old lady and devoted to her little grandson (the only one left of a large family of children and grandchildren) was no believer in fairy tales. 'It's a waste of time,' she had said to a caller who had asked her whether she had read 'Alice in Wonderland' to Sydney. 'It all seems very nonsensical to me. What is the use of filling the poor boy's brain with stories that are not only untrue but are silly? It isn't easy for him to learn, so I believe in reading only those things that will do him good.'

'Yes,' the visitor had said, 'but if you don't exercise his imagination you are going to give him a cheerless old age.'

But grandma had laughed in her cheery way and had said: 'Well, I'm old enough conscience knows, and I've had enough to try me, but I find life pleasant and that without any fairy stories, either.'

So the caller had changed the subject. You see, therefore, that Sydney did not immediately wonder as an imaginative boy would have wondered what the jar was good for and whether it was one of the kind told about in the Arabian Nights.

But it is a peculiar thing about fairies and their ways that it doesn't make a bit of difference to them whether you believe in them or not. If they think that you need them they will come to you, and force you to believe in them.

As soon as Sydney kicked the jar he stooped and picked it up and began rubbing the sand from it, and low and behold a beautiful fairy came out of it and flew before him like a butterfly, talking as she flew.

'What do you want of me, my dear? she said in the sweetest voice imaginable.

But Sydney only stared in amazement. 'You called me, my dear, and here I am I can do anything for you that you wish to

be done. Make you rich, make you wise, make you good.'

Now, there are a number of boys in the Malburn school, who would have said: Oh make me rich, but dear little Syd hardly ever thought of money. He did want to know something, so he said:

'I wish that I could learn easily.'

You see, he didn't even ask to know everything without study; he merely wanted to learn easily, and as he had asked so he received.

The fairy fluttered up to him and kissed him on each cheek, and he told me afterward that it was as if a warm snowflake had touched him, which was not a bad idea for a fellow like Sydney.

Then the fairy and the jar vanished, but Sydney walked home as happy as if he had never been bothered at school. He had his schoolbooks under his arm, for he had determined to have good lessons next day if it took him all night to learn them.

I think that he fancied his grandmother would not believe that he had met a fairy, so he said nothing to her about it, but eager to test his new power he sat down at the centre table in the sitting room and began to study his history lesson. The boys had studied far beyond their ages in that school Sydney was only 10, and as you have seen he could hardly read, and yet he had history, geography, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and physiology.

Well, the history lesson for the next day was about the battle of Concord, and Sydney began to read it loud, as was his habit and to his great astonishment he read it as glibly as Bob Addoms, and to his greater astonishment he remembered every word of it, and when he had shut the book up he found himself repeating the whole chapter, word for word, and with as much expression as Lorimer Halstead put into his reading, and Lorimer was the star 'elocutionist' of the school.

Grandma came into the room just as he was finishing his recitation, and she was astonished enough. 'Why, my boy, you are improving a great deal. I always said you had it in you. Your dear father was as smart as a steel trap and I knew you'd inherit some of his smartness. That's an interesting part of history. My grandfather was at the battle of Concord. He was a cousin of Paul Revere's? Do you know about Paul Revere. There are some pretty verses about him by Longfellow, the poet in this book. See if you can read them to me.'

She handed a volume of Longfellow's poems to the boy and he read 'Paul Revere's Ride' as easily as if he had known it by heart. Not only that, he shut the book up and recited it with appropriate gestures and his grandmother caught him in her arms and said: 'Just like your father. He could recite that so that people always wanted him to repeat it immediately.'

You can imagine how pleased Sydney was at this praise from his grandmother, but he did not allow it to turn his little head. He took his other books and studied each lesson and found that one reading fixed it in his mind. He was able to do examples in fractions that had merely given him a headache formerly, and as for geography, before bedtime came he had read the whole book through, from beginning to end, and could draw maps and color them and print the names of cities and counties in most beautiful letters. And as he did each thing his grandmother would say: 'Your father all over, my dear.'

Some boys would have been eager to show off next day to the class, but it never entered little Sydney's head. He was very happy that he was going to be like his father; that father, who had died when he was a small baby, and he would be glad not to vex Miss Greene any more, but he was not at all anxious to show off. I must say that a little bit of that spirit would have been natural and perhaps commendable, but I am not trying to draw a picture of a boy who might have been, but of a boy who was.

The first lesson after morning exercises was geography. Bob Addoms was asked to go to the board and draw a map of Africa and to name all the Dutch possessions. Addoms was the champion map drawer of the school, and he knew it and I suppose that that fact made him careless. At any rate, when it was done and Miss Greene had said, 'Excellent, Bob. I will give you two extras.' Sydney raised his hand and said: 'Is it quite right at the Cape of Good Hope?'

A shout went up from the scholars and Miss Greene herself smiled. Sydney, who did not know the difference between Europe and South America, to be criticizing Bob's map!

'Perhaps you can draw a better one,' said Miss Greene. I didn't like the sarcastic way in which she talked. Teachers have no business to be sarcastic.

'I'll try,' said Sydney, and he went up to her table and selected crayons of different colors.

Then he drew such a map as had never been seen on the school board. It was as accurate as the map in the geography, even to the smallest inlets and tiniest capes. And when he had drawn it he colored all the divisions and printed all the names, amid the dead silence of the class.

Just as he finished it the door opened and the superintendent of the county board of education walked in.

In spite of his coming the boys and girls clapped their hands at Sydney's work and Miss Greene said: 'Beautiful, Sydney! I'll give you ten extras.'

Sydney stood erect and felt that at last

he had come to his own.

And the superintendent who was quite a good draughtsman himself, said: 'Miss Greene, I consider that map so remarkable that I am going to have the blackboard removed and sent to the Paris Exposition as a sample of American school work.'

And the scholars rose to their feet and gave three cheers for Sydney quite unchecked.

Now if you go the exposition next spring you ask them to show you Sydney Puffer's map of Africa.

But I don't vouch for its being there. It was drawn under fairy influences, and it may have been withdrawn under the same influence.

But this I do know. Sydney Puffer is now the best scholar in Malburn school. Miss Greene says it is awakened ambition his grandmother says it is his heritage from his father, and Sydney says it is the fairy.

From Pain To Health.

A CHIPPEWA LADY TELLS A STORY OF SUFFERING AND RELEASE.

Suffered From Heart Trouble for Years—Her Misery Further Aggravated by Kidney and Stomach Trouble.

From the Star, St. Catharines, Ont.

In the village of Chippewa, and along the Niagara frontier, there is probably no better known or respected residents than Mr. and Mrs. David Schabel. Both are of German descent, and display much of that old-fashioned hospitality so often found in the fatherland. To a correspondent of the St. Catharines Star, who recently called at Mr. Schabel's home Mrs. Schabel related the following story:—'Years ago my physician told me I had heart disease. I have been troubled at intervals with palpitation and severe pains, and sometimes my heart would almost cease to beat. I would become dizzy, restless and frightened. At other times I slept badly and had troublesome dreams. I lingered in this state until last winter when exposure to cold affected my kidneys and completely prostrated me. The spring came, when my complaints were further aggravated by stomach trouble. I loathed food and could realize that I was daily growing weaker. My physician's treatment would sometimes slightly benefit me, then again I was worse than ever. Finally, after all hope was apparently gone and a large sum of money had been thrown away for medicines that did me no good, a friend strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, two boxes of which were brought me at the beginning of the summer of 1899. I used them and to my joy noticed improvement. I continued the use of the pills faithfully until I had taken eight boxes. I am now able to attend to all my house work, feeling entirely cured. I have never had better health than I am now enjoying, and since discontinuing the pills have had no symptoms of the old complaint. I feel that I am under lifelong obligations for the benefit I have derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will continue to praise them when opportunity offers.'

Trapping a Villain.

A writer on Klondike customs and dangers says, in the Independent, that there is here, as everywhere, a class of ex criminals whom the long voyage must guard against. Last year, he says, the man who went out with the first mail after the closing of the river, fell in with a traveller, hungry and cold, stumbling along the unbroken trail. The messenger took pity on him, shared his food with him, made a fire and warmed his half frozen body.

All the day they travelled the ice, and at night the messenger made the man lie down to sleep while he watched to scare the wolves away and keep the fire burning. It was long past midnight when he woke the sleeper and asked him to watch, so that he might snatch a nap before setting out again on the long journey. The messenger was sleeping soundly when he was startled by a blow on the head. He leaped up, and was terrified to find that his companion was standing over him striking at him with an axe. The messenger dropped to one side and threw off his sleeping robe and the fur cap that had saved his life. Then the would

be murderer was plainly 'embarrassed. To be sure he had the axe, but it is not so easy to kill a man when he is looking. He hesitated, and in that second the messenger conceived a brilliant thought.

'Ah, poor old chap!' said he, pathetically, as one conciliates a snarling dog. 'Cold and hunger have driven him crazy!'

The man let the axe fall. He almost smiled. It was so well to be out of a nasty job! Yes, he would be crazy. Appearing to forget the matter, he left the axe where it had fallen, and began to rummage in the grub-sack. The dogs awoke, and the two men breakfasted and started long before the dawn. That day the messenger carried the axe, and insisted that the madman should walk in front. At the next mounted police station, the man, much to his surprise, was handed over to the officer in charge. Now his efforts to play 'crazy' were a sad failure. He was taken to Dawson, tried and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Generous.

Boy—The butcher is downstairs and says he must have something on account, no matter how small it is.

Hardup—All right. Tell him not to send me any more bills for six months and to add the 12 cents he saves in postage to my credit.

Wasted.

Husband—Darling, were you frightened by the earthquake today? I was at great distress at not being able to go to you.

Wife—No you silly. I didn't feel it. Was trying on my new frock.

BORN.

Amherst, Mar. 20, to the wife of Mr. Fisher, a son.
Hantsport, Mar. 13, to the wife of Cyrus Davison, a son.
Windsor, Mar. 24, to the wife of Rev. Henry Dickie, a son.
Belisle, Mar. 15, to the wife of Wm. Troop, a daughter.
Amherst, Mar. 20, to the wife of Berner Selig, a daughter.
Amherst, Mar. 25, to the wife of G. E. Patterson, a daughter.
Colchester, Mar. 16, to the wife of G. H. Pyke, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Mar. 20, to the wife of Albert Wade, a daughter.
Andover, Mar. 21, to the wife of Wm. E. Spike, a daughter.
Truro, Mar. 27, to the wife of James E. Blair, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Mar. 20, to the wife of Andrew Hebb, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Mar. 25, to the wife of Harry McKinlay, a daughter.
Moncton, Mar. 26, to the wife of Frank C. Robinson, a daughter.
Chicago, Mar. 25, to the wife of Dr. J. C. Webster, a daughter.
Sydney, Mar. 25, to the wife of Rev. J. A. Vincent, a daughter.
Colchester, Mar. 14, to the wife of Gilmore Creelman, a son.
Halifax, Mar. 20, to the wife of the late Sylvester Connors, a son.
Dalhousie, Mar. 18, to the wife of Warren Fredericks, a daughter.
Port Dufferin, Mar. 25, to the wife of Dr. E. W. Dunlop, a daughter.
Quoddy, Halifax, Mar. 25, to the wife of William O'Leary, a daughter.
Riverside, A. Co., Mar. 3, to the wife of A. W. Smathers, a daughter.
Alma, A. Co., Mar. 19, to the wife of Alma McLaughlin, a daughter.
International Pier, C. B., Mar. 24, to the wife of John McNamara, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lunenburg, Mar. 24, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Jerry Woolton to Bessie Bell.
Aylesford, Feb. 27, by Rev. John Morgan, Thomas Reid to Mrs. Eliza Baker.
Lakeville, Mar. 21, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Fred H. French to Linnie Porter.
Bridgewater, Mar. 24, by Rev. S. March, Demas A. Veniot to Minnie B. Lacy.
Albert N. B., March 26, by Rev. Charles Comben, Mr. Gould to Miss Hamilton.
Mill Cove, Mar. 19, by Rev. B. Opie, Herman G. Court to Charity A. Rattray.
Mount Herbert, Mar. 21, by Rev. W. J. Howard, Ernest March to Lottie Jones.
San Jose, Cal., Mar. 14, by Father Kenna, Harry deGreaser to Jean McFarlane.
Alberton, Mar. 1, by Rev. H. G. Gratz, Frederick Bass River, Mar. 21, by Rev. F. E. Troop, Charles E. McCallan to Ethel E. McCallan.
Bridgewater, Mar. 21, by Rev. E. P. Churchill, Joseph I. Wynot to Annie M. Hirtle.
Hantsport, Mar. 25, by Rev. G. R. White, James Albert Hyson to Annie M. Mortimer.
Lunenburg, Mar. 24, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Samuel Kaulback to Cassandra Joudry.
Coldbrook, Mar. 28, by Rev. Wm. B. Tennant, Wm. Charlton to Bessie Maude McLean.
New Dominion, Mar. 21, by Rev. J. G. McIvor, Daniel Frizzell to Hattie Elizabeth Darrach.
Westmorland Co., Mar. 26, by Rev. Abraham Perry, James Brown to Augusta A. Brown.
New Glasgow Road, Mar. 21, by Ven. Archdeacon Ross, Nelson Stead to Hannah Grace Macdonald.
Glassville, Mar. 21st, by Rev. J. K. Beairto, Frederick B. Gregory to Mary Frances McCann.
Antigonish, Mar. 19, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, assisted by Rev. J. A. Marple, George J. Meyers to Mary Purcell.
Bridgewater, Mar. 26, by Rev. W. E. Gelling assisted by Rev. A. P. Shattford, and E. P. Churchill, Wilbert K. Stoddart to Bessie M. Stoddart.

DIED.

St. John, Mar. 29, John P. Best, 70.
St. John, Mar. 30, John Hackett, 76.
Amherst, Mar. 27, Jacob A. Betts, 87.
Halifax, Mar. 27, John R. McFarlane.
St. John, Mar. 30, John Thompson, 75.
Montague, Mar. 27, Vasey Barker, 62.
Milford, Mar. 26, Barbara McLeod, 74.
Worcester, Mar. 24, Miss Mary Towan.
Grand Pre, Mar. 29, Andrew Borden, 88.
Summerside, Mar. 26, Joseph P. Cahill, 58.
Charlottetown, Mar. 25, Isabelle Bishop, 84.
Barrington, Mar. 26, Mr. W. H. Wilson, 67.
Riverside, A. Co., Mar. 24, Elise Downing, 29.
Antrim, Halifax Co., Jan. 27, J. Cruickshank, 97.
Central Hantsport, Mar. 22, Mrs. B. S. Palmer, 74.
West Somerville, Mass., Mar. 29, Mrs. I. E. Torrie.
Medford, Mass., Mar. 23, Gabriel V. B. Servant, 68.

Glassville, Mar. 21, Mr. Albert McRae Dibblee, 27.
St. John, Mar. 30, Eliza, wife of J. M. F. Whiting, 64.
Rupert, Vt., Mar. 21, Rev. Thomas Rogers, M. A., 71.
Jersey City, Mar. 29, Gertrude, wife of Frank R. Kezer.
Windsor, Mar. 27, Amanda, daughter of Peleg Card, 28.
Boston, Mar. 20, Letitia, daughter of the late Benj. Parker, 45.
Hardwoodland, Mar. 21, Miss Elizabeth McDonald, 73.
Medford, Mass., Mar. 25, Elizabeth, widow of Jas. Wright, 83.
Yarmouth, Mar. 25, John R. Blannet, son of Dr. A. J. Fuller, 7.
State Farm, Mass., Mar. 21, Sidney W., son of the late J. W. Smith, 41.
Middle Stewiacke, Mar. 26, Eleanor, widow of Robinson Rutherford, 86.
Halifax, Mar. 28, Edna Theresa, child of James and Katie Kelly, 5 months.
St. John, Mar. 23, Irene, daughter of Rev. T. J. and Rebecca Delistadt, 19.
Argyle Shore, Mar. 23, Mary Campbell, widow of the late Donald Stewart, 75.
Lower Brighton, Mar. 20, Winnie, daughter of John and Sarah Birmingham, 14.
East Pubnico, Mar. 20, Hattie Merrier, daughter of Capt. Murray Larkin, 5 months.
Dresden Row, Mar. 29, John Y. O'Neill, child of Maggie and John O'Neill, 8 months.
Shelburne, Mar. 26, J. Archibald McCallum, son of T. H. and Mary S. White, 3 months.
Springhill, Mar. 27, Mary B., infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Blue, 5 months.
Springhill, Mar. 25, Gertrude Porter infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Porter, 5 weeks.
West Glassville, Mar. 23, Charles Howard, son of James and the late Anne Brewer, 1 year.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Easter Holidays

Excursion Tickets will be sold for the Public

At one way lowest first-class fare for April 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, good for return until April 17th, 1900.

For School Vacations

To pupils and teachers of schools and colleges, on surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate signed by the principal, sell round trip tickets as under:—

To stations on the Atlantic Division and on the Ontario and Quebec Division as far as and including Montreal, at one way lowest first-class fare from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900.

To Stations west of Montreal at one way lowest first-class fare to Montreal, added to one way lowest first-class fare and one third from Montreal, from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900.

A. J. HEATH,
D. F. A. C. P. R.,
St. John N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Yarmouth 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. G. FIKINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 (trains will run daily, Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Picton—Halifax.....7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Picton.....12.05
Express for Sussex.....16.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney.....22.10

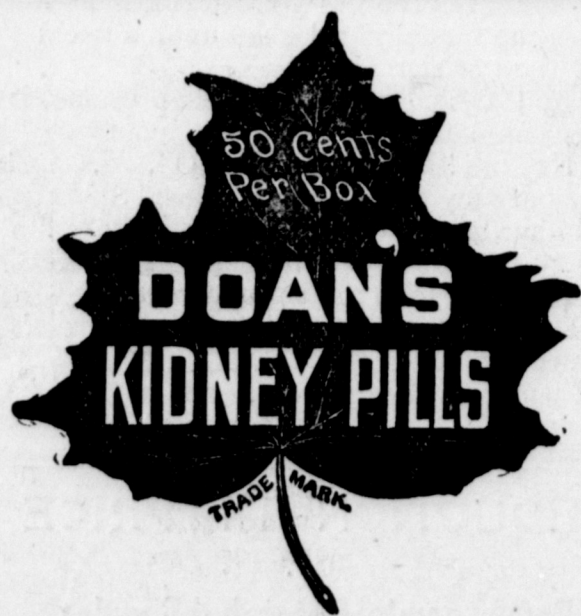
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....7.25
Accommodation from Moncton.....12.05
Express from Halifax, New Glasgow and Picton.....16.40
Express from Quebec, Montreal.....17.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....22.10
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.



In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved.

There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pill, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.