

The Boys.

There comes the boys! Oh, dear, the noise!
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,
And weep o'er Harry's jacket.

But never mind if eyes keep bright
And limbs grow straight and limber.
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber!

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors—oh! woe betide them.
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know boys who ride them.

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly boys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted?

The very chairs are tied in pairs
And made to prance and caper;
What wonders are whittled out of sticks!
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner bell peals long and well,
To tell the milkman's coming;
And then the push of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say: "What shall I do
To keep all those boys quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with those wild boys,
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair—
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long,
Ah, could we bear about us
This thought—how very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravenly call us "mother";
Or be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise,
And when night quells the rackets
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending tattered jackets.

—Buffalo Advocate.

Polly's Minutes.

Polly was sewing. At least, she had
her thimble and scissors in her lap and
a partly hemmed napkin in her hand.
But the napkin was being whisked
about on the rug for the amusement
of Polly's kitten.

The tall clock in the corner ticked
steadily; as it had been doing for nearly
a hundred years. Polly looked up at
its old brass face.

"How slow you are!" she sighed,
'Mother said I must sew for an hour,
and your hands have only gone half-
way around since I began. Can't you
tick any faster?"

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" Really, it was
a most aggravating old clock.
Presently Polly began to yawn.

"I wish it didn't take sixty minutes
to an hour," she thought. The clock
ticking was making her sleepy.

"I wish—there weren't—any
minutes."

"You do, do you?" said a round-eyed,
thin-legged Brownie, such as Polly
had read about in Mr. Palmer Cox's
stories.

"Did you ever see a minute?" asked
the little man, before Polly had gotten
over her surprise at seeing him.

"No," said Polly, "I never did."

"Come along with me, then." And
he led the way toward the clock. Then
Polly noticed that the door in the
lower part of the clock was open. The
Brownie stepped in between the
weights and the pendulum, and Polly
found that she had suddenly grown
small enough to follow him. When
they were inside, the bottom of the
clock began to go down, carrying them
with it as though they were in an elevator.

"Who are you?" Polly asked the
Brownie, as they started.

"I am your Time-keeper," he answered.
"I live in the clock with the Time-
keepers for the rest of your family. I
tell your servants what you want them
to do."

"My servants!" cried Polly in astonishment;
and then she held her
breath, for they were going down very
swiftly.

Presently they stopped before an
opening in the wall of the passage
through which they had come.

Through this opening they stepped
into a lighted corridor, so long that
Polly could not see the end of it. The
roof, floor, and walls of the corridor
were made of something which looked
like yellow sand; and opening off both
sides of it were smaller passage ways,
from which came a clinking sound,
like the ticking of many clocks.

The Brownie led Polly into one of
these side corridors.

"Here is one of your servants," he
said.

Then Polly saw another Brownie at
work with a pickaxe clicking against
the wall as regularly as the tall old
clock had ticked.

"What is his name?" asked Polly.

"He is called One Hour," answered
the Brownie; and he is gathering
minutes, which are of pure gold, and
which belong to you. When he has
gathered sixty of them, your next
Hour will come to work in his place;

and this one will take the minutes he
has gathered for you, and do with
them whatever I tell him to do. Some
of them will be made into gold dollars,
all stamped with your name. Didn't
you know before that 'Time is money'?

And, of course, being fairly money, it
buys much more than common money
does. Happiness and knowledge and
goodness and greatness, all can be
bought with well-kept time.

"But won't all my minutes be made
into gold dollars?" asked Polly.

"Wait and see," said the Brownie.

Presently a bell sounded, like the
striking of a clock. Immediately the
Hour Brownie threw down his pickaxe,
and another Brownie came rushing in
to work in his place. But the first
Hour put his sixty minutes into a
basket, and looked at Polly's Time-
keeper.

"Keep fifteen, and throw the rest
away," said the Time-keeper; and the
Hour ran away with the basket on his
shoulder.

"Why did you tell him to throw
away my minutes?" cried Polly.

"Because they belong with the wasted
minutes," answered the Brownie.

"Fifteen minutes of this hour you have
used in sewing. Those minutes will
be made into fairy dollars. The rest
of the time you have spent playing
with the kitten and sleeping, and those
minutes you yourself have wasted."

"I have been asleep!" exclaimed
Polly; and just then she woke up.

"Well," she thought, beginning to
sew very hard on her napkin, "those
minutes may be thrown away; but this
next Hour will have to make every bit
of gold into dollars."

And she has been careful about saving
her minutes ever since.—The
Child's Hour.

Tommy's Difficult Place.

Tommy stood still in the street, con-
sidering. He had come to a difficult
place in his life. He was errand boy
in general in the great shop where he
worked, and as a rule, nobody could
have been found more willing and
prompt at doing errands than he. To-
day he was troubled. In his hand
were several pieces of money, and with
them he was expected to buy several
bottles of a certain kind of beer of
which the workmen in his room were
fond. Tommy had known this for
some days, and that they drank too
much of it. In truth, Tommy's opinion
was that a single drop was too much.
But he was a new boy, and they were
grown men, and of course he said noth-
ing. He had been sent for hammers,
and saws, and nails, and, once, for a
man's dinner, and had been prompt
and willing, but this was a new errand.

He had dropped his chisel and seized
his hat, from force of habit, as soon as
the order came; and was out of doors
before he had taken time to consider.

Then he remembered who he was. A
member of the Loyal Legion, wearing
the Greek cross of honor; pledged
against touching beer himself, pledged
to use all honorable ways to keep
others from touching it. Was it
"honorable" to go for it, and bring it
to those tempted men? Wasn't that a
sense in which that was "touching" it?

"They will get it anyway, whether
you bring it or not," said a voice in his
ear.

"What if they do," said Conscience in
reply; 'you can't help that; but you
can help carrying it to them.'

"You will lose your place," said the
Voice, and the men will swear at you,
and cuff you."

"What of that?" said Conscience,
'you didn't promise to keep your
pledge if it was easy, and every one
treated you well; you promised.'

"So I did," said Tommy; "O, dear!
I ought not to go for that beer. But I
shall get into trouble; what shall I do?"

Then a verse he had learned but the
night before, seemed to come quietly
and stand beside him. This was it:—
"Then they cry unto the Lord in their
trouble, and He bringeth them out of
their distresses."

"I don't see how the Lord can help
me," said Tommy; "the boss himself
drinks beer, and he'll take the part of
the men, but I'll try it."

What a fortunate thing for Tommy
that he did not have to go a mile or
two to find the One who was to help!
There would not have been time for
that. And it was well that he did not
have to kneel down in the street, for
that would have brought a crowd
around him, and made much trouble,
all he had to do was to speak so quietly
that he did not even hear his own
voice. Just a call for help! No ex-
planation was necessary. Then he
turned and went quickly back to the
shop.

"Back already?" said one; "where is
the beer?"

"I can't get it, sir; I forgot at the
moment; that is, I mean I did not
know what I ought to do; but I'm a
Loyal Legioner, sir; pledged, you
know, not to touch it or help anybody
else to it; and of course I couldn't."

For a few seconds the shop reeked
with profanity; then, one, older than
the others, said:

"Look here, boys; quit that. I'm no
teetotaler myself, but it would be
better for me if I was. I like the
chap's plook. I shouldn't want my
youngster to bring beer, and this one
needn't if he hasn't a mind to. We'll
let him alone."

Some of the men growled. One
said: "I'll not swallow him; but I'll
tell the boss; he said Tommy was to
do our bidding."

Sure enough; the "boss" happening
to appear at that moment, was appealed
to, and heard the story. He turned
and looked steadily at the trembling
Tommy. "So that is your stamp, is it,
my boy? I guess you'll do for upstairs;
I've been thinking about it and trying
to decide: You may take off your
apron and report up there."

Now, 'upstairs' was a pleasant
room with pleasant men, and the
wages were a dollar a week more.
Tommy had had a trembling hope that
he might be promoted there by spring
if he worked hard all the fall and
winter. As he marched across the
long room to which he was bidding
good-bye so soon, he smiled broadly as
he said to himself: "And He bringeth
them out of their distresses."—The
Pansy.

Curious Facts Concerning Hearing.

An inquiry was recently made in
London as to the greatest distance at
which a man's voice could be heard,
leaving, of course, the telephone out of
consideration. The reply was most
interesting, and was as follows:

Eighteen miles is the longest distance
on record at which a man's voice has
been heard. This occurred in the
Grand Canon of the Colorado, where
one man shouting the name "Bob" at
one end his voice was plainly heard at
the other end, which is eighteen miles
away.

Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's
third arctic expedition, found that he
could converse with a man across the
harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of
6,696 feet, or about one mile and a
quarter; and Sir John Franklin said
that he conversed with ease at a dis-
tance of more than a mile. Dr. Young
records that at Gibraltar the human
voice has been heard at a distance of
ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water.
Calladon, by experiments made in the
Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell
submerged in the sea might be heard
at a distance of more than sixty miles.

Franklin says that he heard the strik-
ing together of two stones in the water
half a mile away. Over water or a
surface of ice sound is propagated with
great clearness and strength. Dr.
Hutton relates that on a quiet part of
the Thames near Chelsea he could hear
a person read distinctly at the distance
of 140 feet, while on the land the same
could be heard at 76 feet. Professor
Tyndall, when on Mont Blanc, found
the report of a pistol-shot no louder
than the pop of a champagne bottle.

Persons in a balloon can hear voices
from the earth a long time after they
themselves are insensible to people be-
low.—Harper's Round Table.

Charlie's Answer.

Two boys met in the street.
'Hello, Charlie!' said one, 'you are
just the fellow I wanted to see. Come
on out in the country with me, will
you? I've got to go out to my grand-
father's, and if you will go along we
can have lots of fun.'

'I'd like to, first rate,' said Charlie,
'but I can't. Mother wouldn't want
me to stay out of school to go.'

'She needn't know anything about
it. We can get back by the time
school is out,' urged Harry.

'No,' was Charlie's answer; 'I should
feel so mean if I let her think I had
been to school when I hadn't; and she
might find it out sometime, too, and
then she'd feel bad about it.'

'I shouldn't think you'd care so
much how she feels and what she
wants, if she isn't willing you should
have a little fun once in a while,' said
Harry, with a sneer.

'You don't know my mother, or you
wouldn't say that,' replied Charlie,
indignantly. 'She always likes me to
have good times, and I'll trust her to
let me have my full share of all the fun
that's going, unless there's some good
reason for not having it. I don't be-
lieve any other fellow ever had so good
a mother as I've got, and I love her
well enough to do what she wants me
to do. I don't care if once in a while
it is something I'd rather not do; she
knows best, and if she would like to
have it done, that makes me want to
do it.'

Charlie's feeling toward his mother
is much like what Christians feel to-
ward God. They love and trust Him
because they know that He is good
and wise, and they show their love by
obeying Him.

All Sorts.

One grain of gold, after leaving the
gold-beater's hands, will cover fifty-six
square inches.

Don't you know that Hood's Sarsa-
parilla will overcome that tired feeling
and give you renewed vigor and
vitality?

Snakes are said to live to a very old
age. A large boa in London some
time ago was estimated to be about two
thousand years old.

In many cases, the first work of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the
effects of the other medicines that
have been tried in vain. It would be
a saving of time and money if experi-
menters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at
first instead of at last.

Small Margery had just been stung
by a wasp. 'I wouldn't a-minded its
walking all over my hand,' she said,
between her sobs, if it hadn't sat
down so hard.

We know whereof we affirm when
we state that Ayer's Pills, taken
promptly, at the first symptoms of
colds and fevers, arrest further progress
of these disorders, and speedily re-
store the stomach, liver, and bowels,
to their normal and regular action.

Frank comes into the house in a
sorry plight. 'Mercy on us!' ex-
claims his father. 'How you look!
You are soaked.' 'Please, papa I fell
into the canal.' 'What! with your new
trousers on?' 'Yes, papa, I didn't
have time to take them off.'

Glady a Witness.

Rev. W. E. Hassard, Bruce Mines,
Ont.: "The Package of K. D. C. you
sent me some time ago was duly re-
ceived and I have been giving it a
fair trial. First of all I must thank
you for it, and then proceed to say—
and that gladly—that it did and is
doing me a wonderful amount of good.
It is just the thing I need, I believe,
as I have cultivated an aversion to
cathartics. Have also used the Pills
once or twice, and find them very mild
in action."

Thousands of Canadians are suffering
from indigestion, who can be cured if
they will only test, "The Greatest
Cure of the Age," K. D. C. Send for
a free sample of K. D. C. and Pills.
K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S.,
and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

'My tooth aches awful,' said Willie
'Don't you think I'd better not go to
school to-day?' 'No you needn't go to
school. I'll take you to the dentist in-
stead,' said his mother. 'I think—I
guess I'd better go to school, after
all,' rejoined Willie. 'The tooth aches
but—it doesn't hurt any.'

A recent English writer on trial by
jury says it was derived from Normandy.
But it existed in Iceland from the
earliest times, where the Normans cer-
tainly did not introduce it. As the
Icelanders and the North Saxons were
practically the same people, it is hardly
open to question that their primitive
customs were as nearly identical as
their language.

Miss R. was telling her Sunday-
school class of small boys about the
Shut-in Society, whose members are
persons confined with illness to their
beds or rooms. "Whom can we
think of," said she, "that would have
had great sympathy for these that are
so shut in?" 'I know,' said a little boy.
'Some one in the Bible, ain't it
teacher?' 'Yes; and who, Johnie?
Jonah,' was the spirited answer.

Let come what will—even death.
Only be at peace with self; live in the
presence of God, in communion with
Him, and leave the guidance of exist-
ence to those universal powers against
whom thou canst do nothing.—Amiel.

DOCTORS SAY IT IS THE BEST.

Gen'l'mn.—I recommend Milburn's
Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with pleasure.
Last July I took Congestion of the
Lungs and was in bed for four weeks.
I was very weak and could not speak
above a whisper. Dr. Lawson, of
Hamlet, attended me and sent a
bottle of Milburn's Emulsion. It is
the very best made and soon restored
my voice and brought me back to
health again.

Truly Yours,
ALF. SMITH,
Wheatlands, Man.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney
Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa,
writes: "I take great pleasure in re-
commending to the general public
Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver
and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored
for the last three years with leading
physicians, and have taken many medi-
cines which were recommended to me
without relief, but after taking eight of
Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved,
and now I feel as free from the disease
as before I was troubled."

A Few Hints to Girls on the Treatment of the Hair.

A girl's hair is one of her points of
beauty, and it should never be ne-
glected. Regular steady brushing of
the hair with a clean brush, fifty
strokes before going to bed at night,
twenty-five in the morning when dress-
ing, will keep the hair thick, smooth,
soft, and lovely. Once a month at
least the tips of the hair should be
clipped off, just the merest tip-ends at
the edges, and once a month the head
should be very carefully washed, with
tepid water and soap, thoroughly rub-
bed and well dried. If mamma has
time to take this sort of care of her
daughter's hair, she will be repaid by
seeing rich and flowing tresses, or
sisters may easily do it for one another.
Do not cut your hair in bangs. It is
very much prettier simply parted and
combed back plainly, then braided in
one or two long tails, and tied with a
ribbon. Avoid essences, oils, and
pigments; the hair needs only cleanli-
ness, and much brushing. Keep your
hairbrush clean by frequently dipping
it into a bath of hot water and am-
monia and drying it in the sun. Every-
thing used in treating the hair must be
scrupulously neat.

It is nice for a girl to have dainty
toilet articles if she can. Silver, china,
and ivory are beautiful on one's dress-
ing-table, but if one has not these, she
can still keep everything that belongs
to her in perfect order if she will only
take pains, and order is itself beauty.
Have a linen cover for your bureau or
table prettily embroidered, and always
add as a finishing touch a little vase of
flowers.—Harper's Round Table.

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