

The Saloon as I Saw It.

A monstrous reptile, shocking to behold!
Through all the city's streets its body
lay—
A thousand horrid heads erected bold;
As many threatening tails in fierce array
Of writhing convulsions, stretched away.
Each part revolting more to look upon
Than those constrictors dire that wrapped
dismay,
In tolls tormenting, round Laocoon—
'Twas like the hellish dragon once beheld
by John.
On human flesh the ravenous monster fed,
Of human blood it drank unsatiably.
Not all the streams on fields of battle shed,
Nor all the slain that Plague and Famine
see,
Could glut those myriad mouths that, gap-
ingly,
Confronted all, like open doors to hell.
Its teeth were stained with gore of savagery,
And from its eyes, a glare of infernal fell,
That snared its victims with a soul-de-
stroying spell.

—Free Baptist.

Her Rule.

'It does no good, Mary, to talk to Robert,' said Mr. Birchard to his wife. 'I shall flog him severely this time.'

'Are you sure that will do any good?' quietly asked Mrs. Birchard.

'It will do me good,' said the angry father.

But that is not the object of the punishment, my dear. We want to make Robert repentant for his carelessness—and so truly sorry that he will try to heed your wishes,' said the mother.

'Well, my father believed, 'spare the rod and spoil the child,' and I guess his rule is as good as any,' said Mr. Birchard.

'It might have been for you,' replied the lady, smiling. 'Perhaps the rod was just what you needed. There are different kinds of rods, however. Once said to old lady Parsons, 'You have brought up eight children. What is your rule for punishment?'

'And what was it?' interrupted Mr. Birchard.

'O, she said she had eight different rules!' laughed his wife.

'Seriously, Jason,' she added, 'I think the punishment ought to be a natural outcome or result of the misdeed, just as putting one's hand in the fire brings pain.'

'Have you any such punishment in mind for Robert?' he asked, 'If so let me hear it.'

'Yes,' replied the mother, 'I would suggest that you keep him at home from the picnic to-morrow and let him occupy his time in the garden repairing the mischief which he has caused by leaving the gate open for Blackie to sample down the radishes and tomato plants.'

'I've told that boy repeatedly to go the other way while Blackie was in the gate. Twice I've found the gate ajar and now the garden is ruined! I declare, it is more than mortal man can bear!' fumed the enraged parent.

'It is very trying,' assented Mrs. B., and we shall have to break Robert of this heedlessness or more serious results will follow. Try my plan this time, son. A flogging makes his heart ill and rebellious, but Robert has a kind heart, after all. You must not let it in a bad temper over it. If the boy was not patient with us, letting us try over and over again, where could we come out?'

'Well, Mary, you'll get your way, as usual,' said the husband, kissing her on the cheek.

'Robert,' said Mrs. Birchard after a while, 'what are we going to do about the garden?'

'O mother, I'm awfully sorry. I want to go right back that way and open the gate. I just went into the garden to give Blackie an apple, and I saw Chase boys down by the brook, so went right on and forgot all about the gate. I'm so sorry, mother.'

'Perhaps a real, practical "sorry" will help put it to rights. Your father is so much to do, you and I must work in the garden to-morrow and see we can repair damages.'

'But the picnic!' interrupted Robert.

'We must give up the picnic, Robert, and save what plants we can before they wilt. I presume we shall have to give a great deal and start anew, but I'll take the money I was to spend for a piazza awning, so it will be no expense to father.'

'O mother,' said Robert in a choked voice, 'you are giving up for me, I wanted to go to-morrow, and you wanted the awning. How much trouble made just because I didn't think. Can't you give up going?'

'I am willing to give up a great deal my boy will learn to be careful and obedient,' she replied.

While the neighbors were riding by the picnic, Robert was at work in the garden.

'Hallo there,' said Mr. Tabbs, 'you'll be late to the picnic. Not going? Where's your ma? Thought you'd, Mandy, the Birchards were going,' added he to his wife as they drove along.

In a short time the garden looked like itself again. Robert was faithful in weeding, hoeing, and watering. He carried radishes, lettuce, spinach, and cucumbers, to the market, and his father allowed him a certain part of the money for his own. With this money he bought the blue and white awning for the piazza.

A few months later Mr. Birchard said to his wife, 'Mary, I believe your rule is a good one. Robert is much improved since we adopted your method of punishment.'

'I am glad you think so, my dear,' she replied. 'Robert has grown more manly and thoughtful. In his case, "my rule," as you call it, accomplished more than a flogging would. I believe this is a safe rule, Jason, for parents to follow: "Never punish a child when you are in anger, and let the punishment be such that it shall serve to correct the child's fault."—The Star.

A Little Heroine.

'Nannie, dear, I want you to hem those napkins this afternoon without fail. Can I trust you to do it? I must go out for the whole afternoon, and cannot remind you of them,' said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.

'Yes, mother, dear, I will. You can trust me,' said Nannie.

Now Nannie did not like to hem napkins any better than you do; but she went at once to her work-basket, took out her needle and thread and thimble, and began work. Pretty soon she heard the sound of music. It came nearer, and at last it sounded right in front of the house. She dropped her sewing to run to the window, and then she stopped.

'No; I promised mother, and she trusted me,' said Nannie to herself; and she sat down again and went to sewing. Soon the door burst open, and in rushed several little girls.

'Nannie, Nannie, where are you? There's a monkey out here and a trained dog, and they're playing lovely tricks! Come on!'

'I can't. I promised mother, and she trusted me,' she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no purpose. So they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her mother came in. 'My little heroine!' she said, as she kissed Nannie.

'Why, mother, I didn't save anybody's life or do anything brave; I only kept my promise,' answered Nannie, wondering.

'It is sometimes harder to keep a promise and do one's duty than to save a life. You did a brave, noble thing; and I thank God for you, my dear!' said Mrs. Barton.—Our Little Ones.

How They Differ.

Man is a creature of cast-iron habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances; this is the foundation of the moral differences between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to utilize anything, from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a cork-screw absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors; if she does not succeed readily, she pushes the cork in the bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for a chiropodist's purposes.

When a man writes, everything must be in apple-pie order. Pen, paper and ink must be just so; a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets any sheet of paper, tears it perhaps from a book or portfolio, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on her chair, and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen, and vice versa, from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting-paper is not conveniently near; a woman dries the ink by blowing on it, waving the paper in the air, or holding it near a lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box; a woman re-reads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and then throws it violently in the box.

A man can cut a book only with a paper-cutter; a woman deftly inserts a hair-pin and the book is cut.

A woman ransacks her brain trying to mend a broken object; a man puts it aside and forgets for which thing there is no remedy. Which is the superior?—Lippincott's.

The Boys Who Drove the Cows.

About fifty years ago a little boy lived on the eastern side of the Connecticut River in Massachusetts, near the New Hampshire line. His father

was one day stricken down with apoplexy, and died suddenly. His poor widow had nine children to clothe and feed, a pair of twins being born soon after their father died. It was a sad and sorrowful home, with no father to get bread for so many hungry mouths; and how was a poor mother to keep her little flock together?

But the mother had a brave heart, and the good God is a Father of the fatherless and a Judge of widows in His holy habitation; and so she struggled on as best she could. She had brave children. One of them named Dwight, when but six years old, went off of his own notion and agreed with a Mr. Alexander to drive four or five cows to and from his pasture on the mountain side, a distance of more than half a mile, for a cent a day; and he did it all through the season, except some rainy days, when his brother George, who was some five years older, and worked out for twelve and a half cents a day, drove them for him.

Dwight had no trouble about driving the cows, though the farmer's son, who did the milking, used to shake him up sometimes for routing him out too early in the morning.

The God of the widow and the fatherless took care of the mother and the children; and the little cowboy who was up and about his business in the morning is now known over the world as Dwight L. Moody, whose home and seminary are near the place where he was born, and near where he, a barefooted boy, drove the cows for a cent a day so many years ago.—H. L. H., in Little Christian.

Cigarettes.

'Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?' asked some one of a leading New York physician. For his answer the doctor lighted a cigarette, and, inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark-brown stain was distinctly visible. 'Just such a stain,' said the doctor, 'is left upon the lungs.' If you ever smoke another cigarette, think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and disappearing at intervals. And did you know that boys have been made blind by smoking cigarettes? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures? A writer greatly interested in young people (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-begone boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: 'I saw in Washington a wretched-looking child, scarcely five years old, smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convulsively, his little shoulders were bent and his whole appearance was that of an old man.'—Christian Work.

How to Make Mother Happy.

'Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?'

'I feel very happy, my dear, because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quickly and crossly to her, he turned around a moment after, of his own accord, and said he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish, and loving as they have been to-day.'

Here's a grand secret for you, little one; and now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine!—Western Advocate.

"Do You Suppose."

'Do you suppose,' said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, 'that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much.'

Winnie shook her head, and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from his crib. 'Do you think,' said Winnie, 'that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother.'—Young People's Paper.

There is a glory in the Bible and in Christ beyond ordinary conception, and often veiled, but always there to those who will see.

All Sorts.

A colored pastor in Texas, when demanding his salary, gave as his reason: 'Bredren, I can't preach heah and bo'd in he'n.'

Hot weather proves depressing to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

'In this poem,' said the poet, 'you will find the proper number of feet.' 'Good!' cried the editor; 'now let's see how fast they can travel out that door there.'

A genuine ghost-story has yet to be attested; but not so a genuine blood-purifier. Over and over again it has been proved that Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands alone among medicines as the most reliable tonic-alternative in pharmacy. It stood alone at the World's Fair.

The rector of a rural parish in Kent, while examining a class of boys in history, asked them who was the patron saint of England. With one voice the class responded, 'Mr. Gladstone.'

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.

'Papa,' said Jimmieboy, 'you are the nicest man in the world.' 'And you are the nicest boy in the world,' said his father. 'Yes; I guess that's so,' said Jimmieboy. 'Isn't it queer how we both managed to get into the same family?'

The King of D. C.

Rev. T. Leishman, Angus, Ont., writes: 'It gives me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of K. D. C. as a cure for Dyspepsia. I have recommended it here widely, and in every case it has proved successful. It is the very best remedy for that frightful trouble that I know of, and never fails to help or cure [when used as you direct. It deserves the name 'King of Dyspepsia Cures.'

Free Sample K. D. C. and Pills. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

At the tomb of George Washington at Mount Vernon a lady had just picked up a pebble from the walk to carry home with her, when a workman came up with a wheelbarrow full of gravel, which he dumped on the spot. 'Have you—have you fixed up the place that way recently?' the lady asked, in a slightly apprehensive tone. 'Bless you, miss,' was the reply: 'we has to do this about every two weeks, so as the tourists can have something to carry away for mementums.'

The young man had gone into a department store to buy a fountain-pen. The girl in charge of the fountain-pen show-case had supplied him with a sheet of paper, a bottle of ink, and several of the pens; and, in trying them, one after another, he covered the sheet with the words *Tempus fugit*, the girl looking on with a kindly interest. 'If you buy one, and it doesn't suit you, Mr. Fugit,' she remarked, 'you can bring it back and change it.'

An excellent criticism of the incoherent manner in which too many congregations perform their part of the 'responsive reading' was made by a small boy on his return from his first attendance at church. 'Mamma,' he remarked, 'the people don't like the minister, do they?' 'Why, certainly, Harold; what made you ask such a question?' 'Well,' said Harold, sturdily, 'he'd read something, and then they'd all grumble, and then he'd read some more, and they'd all grumble again.'

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

WEAK AND TIRED.

DEAR SIRS.—I can heartily recommend Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion. For a long time I felt so weak I could hardly keep up, every little thing tiring me out. I took two bottles and the fatigue and tired feeling left me and have never returned.

MRS. E. CHURCHILL, Springfield, Ont.

AN EVIL FOLLOWER.

Consumption follows neglected colds. Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, asthma, sore throat, bronchitis and lung troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

Home Hints.

Coffee stains on white goods should be washed in warm water before placing in suds.

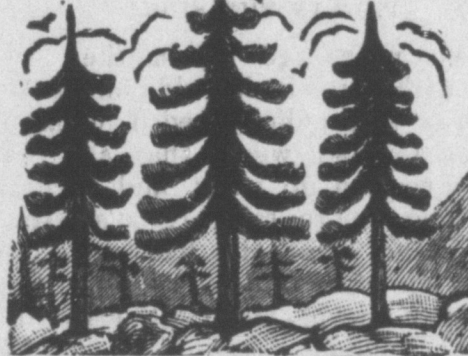
That a porous plaster can be removed painlessly by an application of alcohol. Alcohol also aids greatly in removing traces of it from the skin.

Pumpkin Pie.—One and one-half cups stewed and sifted pumpkin, 1 egg 2 cups milk scalded, one-half cup sugar cinnamon, ginger, salt and nutmeg according to taste. Bake in lined plate until it puffs in the center. Makes one pie.

Plum Pudding.—Eight crackers rolled fine, 4 eggs well beaten, 1 quart milk, 2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 nutmeg, grated, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 lb. raisins, seeded. Mix all but eggs, then add them beaten very light; bake in a moderate oven about 1½ hours.

Wet boots and shoes can be dried without the stiffness and discomfort which usually follow, by filling them to the top with common oats and letting them stand a few hours. The oats absorb all the moisture, and leave the boots as pliable as before their wetting. The same oats can be used over and over.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup.

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto, has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CONVEYANCER &c.

Money to Loan on Real Estate security CHESTNUT BUILDING, OPP. CITY HALL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

DENTISTRY!

OPERATIVE, MECHANICAL, AND SURGICAL

F. W. Barbour, D. D. S.

OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL

Hale Method for Painless Extraction without Extra Charge.

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 Princess & 143 Germain Sts.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION. HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

MONEY TO LOAN.

\$5306.00 To Loan on Real Estate Security at lowest rates of interest, and amounts to suit applicants.

Terms Easy.

ARTHUR R. SLIPP, Barrister & Notary

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Apr. 11, 1895



Condition Powder

KEEPS CHICKENS STRONG

and healthy; it gets your pullets to laying early. It is worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhea, Leg-Weakness, Liver Complaint and Gapes. It is a powerful Food Digestive.

Large Cans are Most Economical to Buy.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use with it daily Sheridan's Powder, otherwise your hens will not lay. It is worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhea, Leg-Weakness, Liver Complaint and Gapes. It is a powerful Food Digestive. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity less than a tenth of a cent a day. No other food.

If you can't get it send to us. Ask for Samples for 50 cts. Five \$1. Large two-lb. can \$1.50. Cans, 5c. Exp. paid. Sample "Cherry Pectoral" 2c. Farm-Poultry one year (50 c) and large can, both \$1. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

NEW GOODS

Gentleman's Department

27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Fongoses, Boaters, French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK —

ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS the latest styles and the "Deris" (Paper, Turn-Down) and THE SWELL, (Paper, Standing COLLARS.

MANCHESTER

ROBERTSON & ALLISON

ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY one in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers" 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU Spruce St. N. Y.

900. SALARY and Commission to Agents, Men and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to introduce a NEW and POPULAR STANDARD BOOK Testimony of 19 Centuries to Jesus of Nazareth.

The most remarkable religious book the age, written by 300 eminent scholars, Non-sectarian. Every Christian wants it. Exclusive territory given. Apply to THE HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., NORWICH, CONN.

WANTED.

Agents to sell our choice and hard Nursery Stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruit and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory.

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen Rochester, N. Y.

The Latest Thing

—IN—

CHOICE TEAS

—IS—

"Dragon Blend"

Put up in handsome 3lb canisters. Ask your grocer for it.

Wholesale only by

A. F. Randolph & Son

TACK PULLERS.

For the Ladies. A patent Tack Puller, a decided improvement. It is superior to the ordinary tack claws. It does better work because it is better adapted to the work. Its work will commend it.

Cheap in price at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

