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Father at Play.

Such fun as we had one rainy day.
When father was home and helped us to
play!

We made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—
But we hadn't sailed into London town
When captain and crew and vessel went
down.

Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar
And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there,

So mamma said she'd be policeman now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how.

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar;
Till we chased him out of the nursery door!

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, hickity, hickity ho,
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was me.

Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix,
You'd think three people had turned to six.

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.

—The Standard.

Thrice-Sifted Speech.

Olive Mather came in from the
street one breezy April afternoon seem-
ing even more flushed and breathless
than a brick walk against the wind
would warrant. She placed her music
roll on the piano and sat down to re-
move her gloves, saying as she pulled
them off little by little:

'I declare, mamma, I'm all upset!
What do you suppose has happened
now?

'You have had another fall from your
wheel, I should judge by your first
statement,' was the smiling reply.

'Nothing so common as that,' an-
swered Olive, with a rueful shrug of
the shoulders. 'This is something
that upsets my mind and my—my con-
fidence in human nature,' she con-
cluded, feeling that she had succeeded
in giving the case a strong statig.

'That would be a serious upsetting,
indeed,' answered Mrs. Mather, speak-
ing with some gravity. 'What has
caused such a disturbance, my dear?

Olive unpinched her hat and removed
her jacket before she replied. Then
she came and sat beside her mother as
she said:

'You know that pretty little Mrs.
Elling who sang the Reinecke trio
with Harriet and me at our last recital
—such a sweet voice as she has! Takes
B flat as easily as I sing F! Well,
I've just heard something about her!

'Just a minute, Olive,' interrupted
Mrs. Mather, lifting a hand as if to
stop Olive's recital. 'I wonder if this
thing you have just heard would pass
through Lorine's three sieves.'

'Lorine's three sieves!' repeated
Olive in amazement. 'What do you
mean by that mamma?

'Well,' said Mrs. Mather, with a
smile, as she resumed her sewing, 'you
know Lorine and Viva Shaw are learn-
ing a little exercise for the day of
grade promotion at school. They
came to me for some help this morn-
ing about making the sieves, so I
learned all about it.'

'But what has that to do with this
story about Mrs. Elling?' was Olive's
perplexed question.

'I think you will see when I tell you
about the exercise,' Mrs. Mather an-
swered, 'Lorine is to represent the
mother, and Viva is supposed to be
her daughter. She comes in about as
you did a moment ago, very much sur-
prised and shocked at something which
she had heard. She is about to tell it,
but Lorine checks her by holding up a
sieve of gold—we made it by fastening
a strip of gilt paper around the wooden
rim—and advises her not to tell any-
thing that will not pass the golden
sieve 'Is it true?' This checks the im-
pulsive daughter for a moment, but
she begins again, only to be stopped by
the appearance of a silver sieve and will
not stand the test question 'Is it kind
to tell?' The daughter makes a third
attempt, but is again confronted with
a sieve—an iron one, this time—and a
grave remonstrance from her small
mother against telling anything which
will not pass the iron sieve of necessity,
'Is there need to tell?' Now, my dear
if this story about Mrs. Elling will
pass the sieve of truth, kindness and
necessity, I am ready to listen to it.'

Olive was silent for a little space of
time, and stared thoughtfully at the
glowing coals in the grate. Presently
she said slowly:

'Why—of course—I'm not positive
that it is true. See Fanner told Molly
and she only said she 'heard it.' I
don't suppose it is just kind to pass it
in any further, whether it's true or

not, and there isn't any need of telling,
to be sure, but it would be a kind of
relief to me to tell you, mamma.'
'You would shift the burden of sup-
pressing an evil tale from your own
conscience to mine, would you?' asked
her mother. 'No, Olive, I don't think
I shall encourage you in that. You
know that I have always been glad of
your confidence, but just now you
have reached a turn in life's pathway.
If you would ascend to a higher plane
of living, you will not tell this story
simply to relieve your own feelings,
when you know that the repetition is
unnecessary, unkind, and possibly un-
true.'

Olive gathered up her hat, jacket
and gloves and prepared to leave the
room.

'Just as you think best, mamma,'
she said. 'I shall be glad to forget the
story, and I presume the best way to
do that is never to mention it. But—'
she stopped a moment with her hand
on the door—'what a difference it
would make in life if everybody sifted
conversation through Lorine's three
sieves.'—Ida Reed Smith, in Young
People's Weekly.

The Making of Pens.

MORE STEEL USED FOR THEM THAN
FOR GUNS.

Do you know anything about pens?
asked a stationer of a reporter. I
thought you didn't. Now, let me tell
you something about the metallic pen
that you never dreamed of. It requires
the finest kind of steel to make a really
first-class pen. I have been overhaul-
ing records and find that a greater
quantity of steel is used annually in the
pen-making business than in all the
gun, sword and needle manufactories
in the world. The recent popularity
of the typewriter has, of course, di-
minished the use of pens, but the output
is enormous, nevertheless.

In Birmingham, England, there are
a number of pen manufactories that
turn out a total of 150,000 pens every
working week. The majority of the
workers are women, and the wages,
while low, help to make Birmingham
a notable seat of industry. To make a
million pens a full ton of steel is re-
quired. There is really so much work
about the manufacture of a pen that it
is surprising that they sell as cheap as
they do; but, as I have said, the pro-
duction is so great that it is a profitable
business. Pens have been in use a
whole century now, but 40 years ago,
when they took the place of quills as
the popular ink spreader, it was one
of the secrets of the age how that slit
was made in the pen. Those employed
in that particular branch of the work
were obliged to record an oath that
they would not reveal the secret of
that self-cutting process.

The secret became an open one,
though, in the natural course of events,
and soon almost every interested per-
son knew that the slit was made with
a pair of scissors fixed in a press. Men
perform the initial work. That is to
say, they roll out the steel to the
proper thickness. The women then
take hold, cutting the steel into strips
as wide as the pens are long. Presses
do the cutting for the women. The
steel when it leaves the presses is shaped
like a pen, but is flat. The forms
made by these presses are then put
into a red-hot furnace, and when
thoroughly heated are taken out and
permitted to cool slowly. Then the
women use fast presses, that hammer
the points as well as stamp the name of
the manufacturer.

This done, the pens are heated again
and while still hot are cast into oil.
They are much harder, but dirty and
greasy when taken out. To clean and
whiten them they are boiled in water,
to which soda has been added. The
next step is to place them in a cylinder
which revolves over gas jets. This
turns them blue. A number of other
minor details and the pen is packed
and ready for the market. Whether it
be the rich or the poor man's pen, the
mode of manufacture is alike.

A Newsboy's Bank.

He was very little, and his clothes
were ragged, and his hands were red
with cold whenever he came spinning
around the corner and paused before
the handsome house across the way.
One funny thing about it was that he
never came on pleasant days, but I
grew accustomed to see him take up
his position and call his papers while
the snow swirled around him, and
the wind tried its best to take him off
his feet. At last I became curious,
and determined to find out why he
never came when the sun was shining
and everything looked bright. I had
only to beckon to him, and he hurried
across the street with a cheerful 'Here
you are! A Record, did you say?'

A moment later I had him before the
grate, and his eyes resembled those of
a great mastiff as the warmth pene-
trated his shivering body.

'It's terrible cold,' I began.

'Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse,'
was the answer.

'But don't you find it hard selling
papers this weather?' I continued.

'Ye-es, sometimes; then, I hustle
over there as fast as I can,' nodding at
the house across the way.

'Why, do your papers sell more
readily in this neighborhood?'

'No!' with a disgusted sniff at my
evident lack of business intuition;
'scarce ever sell one here.'

'Why do you come, then?'

'Do you want to know the real
reason?'

'Yes, indeed,' I replied earnestly.

'Well, one day, pretty near a year
ago, I was most done for; couldn't sell
any papers, and was about frozz, and
if I'd known any place to go, would
have crawled off somewhere and give it
all up. While I was thinkin' of all
this a couple of fellows passed me, and
one of 'em says, 'He's richer'n Croesus
now, and to think he was a beggar only
a few years ago. 'A beggar?' says
'other fellow. 'Yes, or what amounts
to pretty much the same thing—a new-
boy—and I've heard him say dozens of
times that nothing but pluck and the
grace of God would ever have brought
him through. 'An' his house is in the
next street, you say?' 'Yes; we go
right past it.' I followed 'em till they
came to the house over there; and
while I stood looking at it something
seemed to say to me that, if that man
could build a house like that when he'd
begun by being a newboy, I could,
too. Then I wondered over what the
men had said. They'd gone on out of
sight, and I said over and over, 'Pluck
and the grace of God.' Then I made
up my mind I'd got the pluck all right,
and I'd ask over and over for the
grace of God. I didn't know just what
that was, but every time I was alone
I'd just say what I could remember of
the Lord's prayer, and finish up with
'an' give me the grace of God.' If you'll
believe it, I begun to get along right
away. I'm saving money now to go to
school with, and whenever I get dis-
couraged—it's always on stormy days,
you see—I just come in front of that
house and think it all over and say,
'Pluck and the grace of God' over to
myself a few times. Then I go back,
and you wouldn't believe how fast the
papers sell after that.' He rose, shook
himself together like a big dog, and
said, 'I must hustle along and get rid
of my papers, but I'll be round when-
ever I'm down in the mouth, for that
house is my bank, and I come to draw
on it when I'm hard up. I expect it's
a deal more comfort to me than to the
man who built it, and a moment later
the youthful philosopher was shouting,
'Hysers your mornin' papers! Tribune,
Yearly and Record, yere!'—Ram's
Horn.

The Boy Hero.

He was only fourteen. He is a boy
full of fun, and perhaps some mischief,
but he loves his books dearly. He has
already looked into the future, and
chosen what he wants to be. His sense
of honor is keen, and he has a high
ideal of manhood, both in scholarship
and morals. How so much fun and
ambition to be useful can be bundled
together is surprising.

His body is a compound of good
health, vigor and good muscles, de-
veloped by play and work.

One of the sports in which he most
delights is swimming. He is quite at
home in the water, and might be called
a water-animal or sprite.

In the country where he lived is
quite a large mill-pond. It was rare
sport to swim from shore to shore,
swim on his back, dive to the bottom,
and cut up all manner of antics, as if
he were a sea lion or seal.

One day he was swimming with a
little fellow not far from his own age,
though not quite so strong. He said
to his mate, 'I'm going to swim across
the pond.' 'So am I,' was the re-
sponse. In they plunged. In a few
minutes they reached the opposite
shore, puffing and blowing. After a
little rest, he said, 'I'm going to swim
back.' 'So will I,' was boldly said.
But our hero said, 'No, no; it's too
much; you are not strong enough.'
'But, boylike, confident of his strength
he insisted, and in they plunged, our
hero leading. When more than half-
way over, he heard a cry of distress.
Turning, he found his friend had given
up, and was sinking.

What a situation! It might well
have appalled the heart of the strong-
est swimmer. But his wits and his
courage and his strength did not for-
sake him. This is the story he told
his father after it was all over:

'Papa, when I saw him go down, I
just thought how bad his papa would
feel if his little boy never came home.
So I said, I will never go back without
him.'

He swam to where his friend was
struggling, to see whether he could
help him. As soon as he touched him
the little fellow seized him with a death
grip, and both went under. But our

hero came to the surface, the other
clutching him.

'Then I remembered,' he said, 'that
you must strike and daze the one who
is drowning; so I stunned him, and
then caught him, and tried to swim,
but was so tired that we both went to
the bottom. Then it came to me that
my feet touched bottom, I must kick,
and try to force the body towards the
shore. As soon as I came to the top
down I went. Again and again I rose
and sank, but at last I got to the
shore. My friend seemed dead. Then
I remembered that I must roll him
and get the water out of him; so I
carried him to a log, and worked till
he began to breathe. Then I felt so
happy that his papa didn't have a dead
boy!'

Was there ever anything more
heroic? That act is worthy of a place
with Grace Darling. Indeed, when
one thinks of the presence of mind,
the thoughtful love and courage, it is
unsurpassed in history.—R. N. Stubbs
D. D.

Prove It By Mother.

While driving along the street one
day last winter in my sleigh, a little
boy six or seven years old asked me
the usual question:

Please may I ride?

I answered him,

Yes, if you are a good boy.

He climbed into the sleigh, and
when I again asked,

Are you a good boy? he looked up
pleasantly and said, Yes, sir.

Can you prove it? Yes, sir.

By whom?

Why, my mamma, he said, promptly.

I thought to myself, here is a lesson
for boys and girls. When a child feels
and knows that mother not only loves,
but confides in him, and can prove his
obedience, truthfulness and honesty
by mother, he is pretty safe. That boy
will be a joy to his mother while she
lives. She can trust him out of her
sight, feeling that he will not run into
evil. Children who have praying
mothers, and mothers who have chil-
dren they can trust, are blessed indeed.

Boys and girls, can you 'prove by
mother' that you are good? Try to
deserve the confidence of your parents
and every one else.—Sci.

Home Hints.

Breakfast Fruit Cake. — One pound
cold boiled potatoes mashed smooth;
add one pound flour; half pound finely
chopped suet, a little less than half
pound of currants and two ounces
moist sugar. A teaspoonful of baking
powder should be mixed with the
flour in its dry state. Roll out the
dough to half-inch thickness and bake
in a moderate oven. Cut into squares
and serve hot.

Leek Soup. — Cut half-dozen leeks
in shreds of about three-fourths of an
inch, put into a saucepan with four
tablespoonfuls of butter, fry for five
minutes; add two quarts of boiling
milk, three raw potatoes cut in small,
thin squares; boil one-half hour; add
one tablespoonful flour, rubbed in one
of butter, two small teaspoonfuls of
salt, one teaspoonful of parsley,
chopped fine; boil two minutes and
serve.

Poached Eggs, Spanish Style.—
Heat an earthen dish slowly and melt
in it a tablespoonful of butter, add a
teaspoonful of salt, a smaller
quantity of pepper and a small onion,
minced very fine; or, instead of onion,
use parsley and sweet herbs, or a
combination of all together. Drop in
six eggs, one at a time; do not stir,
but let them brown a little; turn care-
fully and brown on the other side.
Serve in the same dish as hot as
possible.

Lunch Rolls. — One quart flour, one-
half cake compressed yeast, one
tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful
butter (softened) one teaspoonful
salt. First place one pint of sifted
flour in bread pan, and pour
over about one pint of boiling
water; stir in the butter, salt and
sugar. When cool add the yeast, dis-
solve in one-half cup lukewarm water,
and the remaining flour. Set to rise
over night. In the morning knead and
roll out about one and one-half inches
thick; cut with round or oblong cutter;
let get light, then bake twenty five
minutes in moderate oven. Enough
for two meals. These are always suc-
cessful if boiling water is used, and are
always sweet, light and delicious.

All Sorts.

Are you fond of hunting? It all
depends, replied the man who is
superlatively precise, on whether you
mean deer or a collar button.

Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla
prevents serious illness by keeping the
blood pure and all the organs in a
healthy condition.

First Farmer: Has the lawsuit
between you and Heyesde been settled?

Second Farmer: Yes; and so are the
lawyers. How do you mean? They're
settled on our farms.

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motion of the bowels, without which
there can be no regular, healthy opera-
tions. For the cure of biliousness,
indigestion, sick headache, constipation,
jaundice, and liver complaint, these
pills have no equal. Every dose effec-
tive.

Hoax—I understood you ran away
to sea when you were a boy. Hoax—
No; I started to, but my father caught
me, and I went on a whaling expedi-
tion with him.

Not many business houses in these
United States can boast of fifty year's
standing. The business of Dr. J. C.
Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose
incomparable Sarsaparilla is known
and used everywhere, has passed its
half-centennial and was never so
vigorous as at present.

O doctor, I have sent for you,
certainly. Still, I must confess that
I have not the slightest faith in modern
medical science. Oh, that doesn't
matter in the least. You see, a mule
has no faith in the veterinary surgeon,
and yet he cures him all the same.

Young wife (at telephone): Is that
the office of the telephone company?
I want to talk with Cyrus Winter-
bottom. I'm his wife, and—Telephone
girl: Number? Young wife: Number?
I'm his first and only, you insulting
creature.

The Russian courts have reversed
the assumption of the American
tribunals that, when a husband and
wife are drowned in the same disaster,
the wife dies first. The Russian
doctors have testified unanimously
that the man would be the first to die,
because the woman is more agile, and
keeps herself longer above water.

A lad of fifteen was driving along a
country road, taking a load of calves
to market, when he chanced to meet
a company of young folk who were
evidently out for a pleasure excursion.
The young men of the party, thinking
to amuse themselves and their
companions at the boy's expense,
began to imitate the bleating of the
calves. But their merriment was of
short duration, for without a moment's
hesitation he called out to his would
be tormentors, as the vehicles were
passing, Oh, I know what you were
before!

Sleeplessness is due to nervous ex-
citement. The delicately constituted,
the financier, the business man, and
those whose occupation necessitates
great mental strain or worry, all suffer
less or more from it. Sleep is the
great restorer of a worried brain, and
to get sleep cleanse the stomach from
all impurities with a few doses of Par-
melee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated,
containing no mercury, and are
guaranteed to give satisfaction or the
money will be refunded.

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