

Mother's Comfort.

know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own
But the greatest of all treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's Comfort,
For all the living day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away,
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,
With the diamonds in her eyes,
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Brighter far than floods the skies.
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort"—
This little treasure mine.

Truth Triumphant.

There she stood, half-way up the
stairs, trembling with fear, her little
heart beating so fast and so loud that
it seemed as if the tiny frame must
burst to give it freedom.

Oh, what shall I do! what shall I
do! she exclaimed aloud. When he
comes into his room he will find them
broken, and—oh—I cannot tell a
lie—what shall I do? And the big
blue eyes grew wider and the childish
brain worked fast, for little May
Whittaker was in a terrible strait.

May felt she had reason to be
troubled. She had just left the
dining-room, where the family were
still at breakfast, and had gone into
Grandpa Whittaker's room to warm
herself by the big, old-fashioned fire-
place.

Seating herself in grandpa's com-
fortable arm-chair, her eyes rested on
his gold-rimmed spectacles, lying on
his little, square, red table.

Taking them up to "try on," to
May's great astonishment one of the
glasses fell out. Now, Grandpa
Whittaker was one of those stern,
inflexible natures, not understood by
little people, at times loving and
gentle, but always regarded by his
host of grandchildren with great fear.

Though May was only eight years
old she had noticed that her grandpa
was very particular about his belong-
ings, and especially about his spec-
tacles, and she knew she ought not to have
touched them; she knew, too, she had
not broken them, and yet, how could
she make grandpa believe that? Then
the evil spirit whispered, Make believe!
No one saw you!

Instantly May laid the spectacles
down and fled up the stairs to hide
from Grandpa Whittaker's piercing
gray eyes. But half-way up the steps
another voice whispered, Thou God
seest me!

And here we find her.

If I tell him he will punish me, and
oh, how he can scold—and it wasn't
my fault. I didn't break the spectacles—
the glass just fell out—I didn't do
it. I—I believe I'll—no, no, I can't,
he will ask about it, and—oh—and
here the big, hot tears rolled down
the little white face. Then, after a
mighty struggle, a determined look
came into the large blue eyes, and the
tiny figure deliberately turned, de-
scended the stairs and walked straight
into grandpa's room.

The old man had just finished break-
fast, and was coming for his spectacles,
to go, as was his custom, to look after
his stock. May saw him and knew
his habit, which only increased her
fear. However, this did not daunt
her—the battle had been fought on
the stairway, and, as was characteristic
of this little girl, having once made up
her mind she never wavered.

Going straight to the table she took
up the broken specs, and drawing near
her dreaded grandpa, with fast-beating
heart and streaming eyes, she called
out, for he was partially deaf, Grandpa,
I took up your specs, and one of the
glasses came out, but I didn't—mean
to—

The old man looked down at the
little upturned face, so full of anxious
pleading. The hard gray eyes took on
a kindly look, the usually stern voice
said gently, There, there, little one,
grandpa must have them mended.

Ah! who can tell the feelings of that
little soul, as she stole away to hide,
this time, tears of joy!

This little incident occurred about
twenty-five years ago. May Whittaker
is now a thoughtful, matured woman,
wife of the president of a college,
where 200 young girls are gathered for
counsel and instruction, and where,
oftentimes, she finds opportunity to
use that Strength which enabled her,
while a little child, to come off
conqueror in the battle for truth.—
The Examiner.

He who runs from duty never rests.
It is easier to form a habit than to
reform it.

The Shortest Way Home.

Bright and West, masons and brick-
layers by trade, were at work on the
same premises, and as their way home
lay in the same direction, they were
walking together. On reaching a place
where two lanes turned off, both lead-
ing to the village, Bright made for the
farthest.

Why, you aren't going that way,
sure? cried West; it's farther round by
five minutes' walk.

It's the shortest way, though, in the
end, said Bright, quietly, so you'd best
come along.

Not I, indeed; I want to go home.
So do I; that's why I'm going this
way.

The longest way round, West said;
that's a pretty conceit. Why, you've
lost your reckoning, man.

Come now, its waste time to stand
out about it. It's just this, you see
there's no tavern my way, no fellows
lounging about tempting one to stop
and talk, and get caught to go in and
drink; so I find it the shortest way to
let my feet do the extra bit of work;
that saves my tongue and my pocket
too.

All stuff and cant! cried West,
laughingly; what's a fellow worth that
hasn't got resolution to pass a beer
shop, I'd like to know.

Stop, now, Bright; you're a stout-
resolute fellow; and if I were you, I'd
be ashamed to be thought such a soft,
afraid of everything as if it was a tem-
ptation.

Look you here now, Joe West. I
don't know if you look into your Bible
of a morning before you go out to work;
but if not, take a friend's advice and
begin. Well, this very morning, what
should I read but this, and it stuck to
me all day, and I see now what for.
It's in the Epistle of James: Let no
man say when he is tempted, I am
tempted of God, for God cannot be
tempted with evil, neither tempteth He
any man; but every man is tempted
when he is drawn away of his
own lust and enticed. Then when lust
hath conceived it bringeth forth sin;
and sin, when it is finished, bringeth
forth death.

Well, and what do you make of that?

Well, you and I have known tempta-
tion, and given in to it, too; and I'm
a real fool if I run my head into it after
I know the danger. I want my money
for rent, and keep, and clothes; and
I've a wife waiting for me with a good
supper at home, and the little ones
that it's my duty to train in the way
they should go. Do not let us think
our work is done when we've finished
the outdoor labor, else we'll find the
difference when we are called in to our
last account if we have forgotten to be
kind husbands and good fathers. Good-
night again; and John Bright trudged
sturdily on his way.

Joe West put his hands in his pock-
ets, gave a shrill whistle, and calling
out that he should have eaten his sup-
per before John reached home, went
his way too.

Three hours after, Joe's wife came
tapping at John's door to ask if her
husband had left work at six o'clock
with him. Oh, yes; but the shortest
way home had a game and a drink in
it, and Joe was singing songs and losing
his senses fast, when the family of John
Bright were all sleeping peacefully.

The long way was the shortest after
all. There is but one right path home,
and that is the path of God's command-
ments. His commandments are not
grievous to the heart that knows and
loves him. The wisest of men has said,
'Enter not into the path of the wicked,
and go not into the way of evil men.
Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it,
and pass away.' (Prov. iv. 14, 15).—
Christian Safeguard.

Reverence for Old Folks.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The car was crowded when an old
man, leaning on a cane, entered,
groping along with the aid of his
cane for a seat. He had gone more
than half way without finding one,
when a boy of about ten years old
caught sight of him and was on his
feet in a moment.

Here, sir, he said kindly, take the
seat, sir, if you please.

But what will you do? the old man
asked.

I'll stand, was the smiling answer,
which he did.

Well, bless you, my lad! said the
old man as he sank down into the
comfortable seat, I'm a thousand times
obliged, and I'm sure when you get
lame and old there'll always be a seat
for you.

A Greek historian tells how, in the
pure and early and most virtuous days
of the republic, if an old man entered
the crowded assembly, all ranks rose
to give room and place to him. In the
"It is" this respect for the aged is
prominently portrayed.

In company with several young
friends a boy was hurrying along the
walk of a busy street. Suddenly he

stopped with a glad exclamation, took
off his hat and bowed, while his face
was radiant. A country carriage, in
which sat an old-fashioned but smiling
old lady, went rolling swiftly by.

Who's that old lady that you're
so mighty polite to? asked one of the
boys.

That's the best and dearest old lady
in the whole world, was the quick,
proud answer. That's my grand-
mother.

Many a boy, could he voice his
thoughts, would sing with the poet.

Who shall guess what I may be?

Who can tell my fortune to me?

And we can easily answer the ques-
tions when a boy who respects age
asks them.

For bravest and brightest that ever
was sung,
May be—and shall be—the lot of
young.

Learn Independence.

"Come, Charlie, I want you to drive
a few nails in the shed for me," said
Nettie to her brother the other day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the
time, and her father, overhearing the
request of his daughter, said;

"Why not drive them yourself?"

"Because I can't," she replied.

"Because you can't!" he responded.

"Why McCarthy says there's no such
word in the book. Come here and
I'll show you how to drive the nail."

With hammer in one hand and nails
in the other he went into the shed,
drove a few into the door, and then
gave the remainder to Nettie. She
found it an easy thing to drive the
nails, and felt quite proud of her
achievement in the mechanical art.

She having completed the work, the
father said:

"Now, my girl, that lesson makes
you independent. Some of these days
I'll teach you how to drive a horse,
sharpen a knife, and whittle too, with-
out cutting your fingers. Don't you
let the doors creak on their hinges for
want of an oiled feather; or the little
children's shoes, or your own shoes,
get hard in the winter time for want of
a little grease."

"And as for you, boys," said his
father, turning to Charlie and his little
seven-year-old brother, "you ought to
learn how to make a bed, sweep a room,
or sew on a button. A little cooking
will not hurt you. Many a beefsteak
and fresh fish have I cooked in my
day, and my mother told me when I
was a boy that I could beat any boy
making a pot of coffee. There is no
telling what your lot may be, or where
you will be cast sometime during your
life. The most helpless people I have
met with were those who could do only
one kind of work. All you boys and
girls should learn some one thing very
well, and make that your dependence
for a living, and add to it as much skill
as you can; for it costs nothing to
carry knowledge, and it enables you to
pave your way to independence."—
Exchange.

A Friend of the Helpless.

The other evening in New York a
policeman was strolling along one of
the upper West Side streets not far
from a stone-yard. Presently a white
bulldog ran toward the policeman,
barking as if for aid. The policeman
was quite struck with the way in
which the dog would give his bark and
then bound back into the yard. He
decided at last that he would see
what the dog was trying to do. He
followed him into the yard, and on
the ground was a little white bundle.
The policeman struck a match, and
the little white bundle proved to be a
baby. The policeman picked it up,
almost afraid that the dog would bite
him, but instead he wagged his tail
and gave every evidence of being quite
pleased at the policeman's act. The
dog trotted along by the side of the
policeman until the latter went into
the station-house. When the police-
man stopped, the dog wagged his tail
and looked up into his face. When
the policeman went into the station-
house, the dog followed him, seemingly
listened to what he said, and when
the door was opened walked out.
Evidently the little baby was a
stranger to the dog. He had found
it in this lonely place, and then done
what he could to have the baby cared
for. The policeman says that this is
just a common street dog—probably
one of the kind that naughty boys
would think it great fun to tease, and
to tie a tin pail to his tail and send
him frightened down the street. But
this dog was a real hero, and showed
himself much more human than the
boys who delight to torment him.

Whistling to Some Purpose.

He is not a boy in a book; he lives
in our house. He seldom says anything
remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large
quantities and tears his trousers and
goes through the toes of his boots and

loses his cap and slams the doors and
chases the cat, just like any other boy.

But he is remarkable, for he asks few
questions, and does much individual
thinking. If he does not understand,
he whistles—an excellent habit on
most occasions, but at the table or in
church it is liable to be misinter-
preted.

There was much whistling in our
yard one summer. It seemed to be an
all-summer's performance. Near the
end of the season, however, our boy
announced the height of our tall
maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the
general question.

"Measured," sententiously.

"How?"

"Foot rule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?"

his mother asked, anxiously.

"No'm; I just found the length of
the shadow, and measured that."

"But the length of the shadows
change."

"Yes'm; but twice a day the
shadows are just as long as things
themselves. I've been trying it all
summer. I drove a stick into the
ground, and when the shadow was
just as long as the stick I knew that
the shadow of the tree would be just
as long as the tree, and that's thirty-
three feet."

"So that is what you have been
whistling about all summer."

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.—
Bright Jewels.

Home Hints.

A hot bath taken on going to bed,
even on a hot night of summer, is a
better cure for insomnia than many
drugs.

The application of hot flannel cloths
is said to do wonders with those dark
circles that will come under tired eyes.

To remove the fire and relieve the
pain of a burn, soak at once in cold
water, in which plenty of soda has
been dissolved.

Apple Pie.—Place half of the sliced
apples in the pie, then add sugar,
a little butter, and spice as liked, and
the pie will be much more evenly
seasoned than when all the apple is
put in first.

When the lungs, stomach or throat
bleed give a teaspoonful of salt and
repeat it often. For bleeding at the
nose use ice on the back of the neck
or keep the head elevated and pour
cold water on the neck.

All Sorts.

A coroner's jury in Maine reported
that deceased came to his death by
excessive drinking, producing apoplexy
in the minds of the jury.

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

The cloves we use are flowers
gathered before they have opened,
and while they are still green. After
being gathered, they are smoked by a
wood fire, and then dried in the sun.
Each clove consists of two parts,—a
round head, which is the four petals,
or leaves, of the flowers rolled up,
enclosing a number of small stalks, or
filaments.

Not one complaint has ever been
made by those using Ayer's Sarsaparilla
according to directions. Further-
more, we have yet to learn of a case
in which it has failed to afford benefit.
So say hundreds of druggists all over
the country. Has cured others, will
cure you.

—Uncle: What are you crying for,
Georgie?

Georgie: Teacher caned me because
I was the only one—boo hoo—able to
answer a question to-day.

Uncle: What was the question?

Georgie (between sobs) Who put the
bent pin in the teacher's chair.

You cannot say that you have tried
everything for your rheumatism, until
you have taken Ayer's Pills. Hundreds
have been cured of this complaint by
the use of these Pills alone. They
were admitted on exhibition at the
World's Fair as a standard cathartic.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is
credited with telling a war-story at
his own expense. He was editor of a
daily paper in Hartford, and was
doing his best to arouse the patriotism
of his readers. One day a type-setter
came in from the composing-room,
and planted himself before the editor.

Well, Mr. Warner, he said, I have
determined to enlist. With mingled
sensations of pride and responsibility
the editor replied that he was glad to
see the man felt the call of duty. Oh,
it isn't that, answered the compositor;
but I'd rather be shot than try to set
any more of your copy.

Do Elephants Converse?

A lady in New Jersey sends this
story, gained from an American who
saw the incident in India. A company
of elephants were trying to move an
unusually heavy burden. After re-
peated and unsuccessful attempts, a
large animal, apparently the boss of
the gang, withdrew to a distance,
followed by the others. There they
stood for a few minutes, with heads
close together, as if in consultation.
They then returned, and tackled their
task in an entirely different way and
with immediate success. The specta-
tors gave them a hearty round of
applause, to which the elephants re-
sponded with a waving of trunks as
they trotted off.—*Selected.*

A young lady once called on one of
Louisville's most prominent homeo-
pathic physicians, and after discour-
aging on all the topics of interest of the
day, settled down to tell him her
ailments. Among other things, she
said that she was greatly annoyed
with a sinking feeling. The physician
prepared a little bottle of pills and
gave them to her, with minute direc-
tions as to how they should be taken.
The woman again began to talk, and
after many vain efforts to get her out-
side started for the door. She had
just opened it, when she turned and
said: Oh doctor, what shall I do if
these pills do not cure me? Take the
cork, he retorted; they tell me that's
good for a sinking feeling.

Differences of Opinion regarding the
popular internal and external remedy,
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—do not, so
far as known, exist. The testimony is
positive and concurrent that the article
relieves physical pain, cures lameness,
checks a cough, is an excellent remedy
for pains and rheumatic complaints,
and it has no nauseating or other un-
pleasant effect when taken internally.

As *Parmelee's Vegetable Pills* con-
tain Mandrake and Dandelion, they
cure Liver and Kidney Complaints
with unerring certainty. They also
contain Roots and Herbs which have
specific virtues truly wonderful in their
action on the stomach and bowels.
Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespear,
writes: "I consider *Parmelee's Pills* an
excellent remedy for Biliousness,
and Derangements of the Liver, having
used them myself for some time."

A New Combination.

As their name signifies, *Laxa-Liver*
Pills are a combination of laxative
principles with the best liver medi-
cines obtainable. They cure Sick
Headache, Constipation, Biliousness,
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and all
deranged conditions of the Stomach,
Liver and Bowels.

Colic Cured.

DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad last
summer with colic and a few doses of
Wild Strawberry cured me. I am
safe in recommending it as the best
remedy ever used. I cannot speak
too highly of it.

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