

Little Things.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad,
With a song of praise and prayer.

Twice only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be,
For the gift of such a son."

Only small things, but they brighten life,
Or shadow it with care,
But little things, yet they mold a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.
—Mrs. Mary Fenton.

The Cowardly Heroine.

Minnie Leland was not a welcome guest when she made her appearance at Sweet Brier farm. The day the letter announcing her proposed visit was received there was quite a commotion among the younger members of the Randolph family. It was her first visit since babyhood, and for some reason her cousins had gotten it into their heads that she would spoil the good times that they had enjoyed among themselves.

"I wish she would stay at home," George said, emphatically, after the letter was read in his hearing. "I hate these city people who make a convenience of their country relatives when they wish to shake the dust of the city from their feet for a short time."

"I agree with you exactly, George," affirmed Amy. "She will make sport of our old-fashioned house and home-spun ways just as all the city girls do."

"And go round with her nose in the air because she does not find city accommodations on the farm," muttered George. "I have seen girls from the big towns who thought it a mark of refinement not to know a cow when they saw one, and who boasted that they could not tell a sheep from a pig."

"She will laugh at our plain clothes and the way they are made, too," suggested Ellen. "Of course, she will bring half a dozen trunks packed with finery and spend nine-tenths of her time before the looking-glass primping."

"I am sure I shall not draw an easy breath while she is here," grumbled Frank.

"Nor eat a good square meal in her presence," added George, with a knowing wink. "You will have to improve your table manners greatly if you do not offend her fastidious taste."

"Come, come, children! You must exercise more charity toward your cousin," remonstrated Mrs. Randolph. "You have not seen her since she was a very little girl, and it is both unfair and unkind to condemn her untried."

"We are only judging her by the average city girl," excused George. "They are all proud and stuck-up and act as though they were made out of a better quality of clay than ordinary people."

"I do not think that my sister Mary's daughter can be the useless, disagreeable creature that you have described," said Mr. Randolph, reprovingly. "We always credited Mary with more than ordinary good common sense, and I'll be surprised if her child resembles the picture you have photographed."

The expected guest arrived a day or two later, but instead of the half a dozen trunks packed with finery Ellen had predicted, she brought with her only an ordinary-sized telescope which served amply large for the modest wardrobe she carried. Her dresses though bright and fresh, were as inexpensive and plainly made as either Amy's or Ellen's, and she was more unselfish and unassuming than either of them. She insisted upon making herself useful too, and the dainty way she kept her room, proved conclusively that she was not being reared up in idleness, as her cousins had plainly estimated.

Still, regardless of her sweet temper and the helping hand she was always ready to lend, the girls continued to look upon her with critical eyes, and more than once during the fortnight visit, she was wounded deeply by the little home thrusts they seemed to delight to fling at her. The boys were more thoughtful, but they could not control their merriment when they saw her flinching in affright from the harmless farm animals, and long before her visit was over they had made up their minds that she was a regular little coward.

One bright autumn afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Randolph went away, leaving the little ones and the house in charge of the older children. Every-

thing passed off pleasantly until, just as they were sitting down to the tea table, little Edna, in some way, while passing the stove, set fire to her cotton apron. In a moment she was enveloped in flames, and if it had not been for the presence of mind of the city cousin, she would have burned to death. Even George and Frank shared in the panic that a sight of the flames created, and with their sisters ran here and there shrieking for help.

In the midst of the confusion the cowardly cousin snatched up the heavy rug lying by the stove, and forcibly wrapping it round the screaming child, soon succeeded in smothering the flames. Then, calling for soda, she went to work to wrap up the little girl's burns in the way she had seen her mother do when the skin was not broken.

Her coolness in the face of danger gave her cousins confidence in her ability, and in a very short time quiet was restored and the children returned to their suppers with an exalted opinion of the cowardly cousin who had the presence of mind to act, while they ran about screaming for assistance that was out of reach.

A little later their parents returned to find no traces of the fire except Edna's bound-up, but now painless burns, and the few blisters that Minnie carried, the result of her fight with the flames.

"Dear Minnie! I tremble to think what the result would have been but for her bravery!" said the mother as she pressed the baby to her heart.

"And to think that we refused her the welcome that she deserved, too," replied Amy, regretfully, thinking of all that had passed.

"We must try in some way to make amends for our unkindness," urged George. "I am sure I shall never think of her as a coward again; not even if I should see her running from good-natured, sober old Mooly."

"It would not be wise to do so, considering the shameful way we rushed around while she was risking her life to save Edna's," Frank remarked with emphasis. "She is a regular little heroine, and I mean to tell her so."

And he did, much to Minnie's astonishment, for to a girl who always tried to do her best, it sounded like flattery to have her cousin compliment her for doing her plain, simple duty.

"I never thought of heroism in connection with my effort to save the baby," she protested. "I simply did what was right."

"Heroes always do the same," remarked her aunt. "That's what makes them such."—The Presbyterian.

How Uncle Billy Listened.

Uncle Billy Shaw had the kindest heart in his little wiry body, that mortal ever possessed. Indeed, his heart seemed to be the larger part of his anatomy.

But Uncle Billy had one fault—he did not believe in foreign missions. The principle reason for this, though, was his ignorance of the subject, for people are seldom interested in what they know little or nothing about.

"There are enough who need help right around my door," he would say. "Heathen? Plenty of them at home, if people only cared to find them."

And so he would take no pains to inform himself about any other.

To be sure, he always gave a dollar when the collection for foreign missions was taken in church; but he did it from a sense of duty and to please his pastor, and so, as no love or prayers went with it, he received no blessing, and had no desire to contribute more largely.

But a change was gradually taking place. The new minister's wife had organized a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and Aunt Mercy had joined it, and she used to tell Uncle Billy what she heard at the meetings, and sometimes she took home with her copies of the *Friend*, which the minister's wife loaned her, and would read aloud from them. Although Uncle Billy seemed perfectly indifferent, and made no comment on what she read, still some truth penetrated his heart like the good leaven hid in three measures of meal.

So matters went on till one Sunday evening the Missionary Society gave a concert, and, of course, Uncle Billy was there.

There was plenty of bright music—the minister's wife saw to that.

Then a young woman told of an old man whom a missionary found sick and dying. In his ravings he would wildly cry: "Why didn't you come before? Oh why didn't you come before? Now I've got to die without Jesus; why didn't you come before? Then in his calmer moments he would beseech the missionary to stay and teach his children and his grandchildren, so they need not die without Jesus, as he was dying." "I'll give two dollars," thought Uncle Billy, crushing his short, gray beard down on

to his chest—a way he has of doing when he wished to think seriously—and he fell to calculating how long it would take to send the money; and wondering, if he had given more in the past, whether that old man might not have heard of Jesus before it was too late. But the choir ceased singing, and another voice took up the story, and he straightened himself up to listen.

This woman told of a poor man in China who had learned about Jesus of a missionary, and was filled with a desire to help others to know about him; but he was poor and ignorant, and there seemed nothing he could do till he hit upon this plan: One mode of punishment for certain crimes, in that country, is to place a large plank four or five feet square about the criminal's neck, a hole in the center admitting the head, and to fasten it in such a way, that the wearer himself can not unfasten it. The crime he has committed is written on this plank and he is turned into the street to pick up his food as best he can, for a longer or shorter time. Every one who passes stops to read what he has done, and then kick or spit upon him as his part of the punishment. This man sold all his poor possessions to have a similar plank made, and had as much of the gospel of Jesus written upon it as possible; then, adjusting it to his own neck, he took up his abode in the streets. People would stop to see who the new criminal was, and what was his crime, and would read such words as these: 'God is love,' 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

Uncle Billy winked hard to keep back the tears, and trust his hand deep down into his pocket; and when the plate came around to him a crisp five-dollar bill went into it.

He said little about the meeting that night, but the next morning after prayers, as he was preparing to go out to his work, he suddenly asked:

"How much does it take to support an orphan in one of those schools you told me about, in India?"

"Twenty-five dollars," replied Aunt Mercy. "What do you say to our adopting an orphan over there and educating her, for the sake of our little Mary? Perhaps, if she had lived, she would have gone there herself; so I would like to have some one else doing her work."

"Oh," cried Aunt Mercy, clasping her hands tightly together, "that is just what I was wishing we could do!"

And something in her face made Uncle Billy go around the table, and kiss the soft, withered old cheek, and then hurry out as if he had been called suddenly to see to his team.—*Julia S. Lawrence, in Heathen Woman's Friend.*

How to Be a Man.

Truth, my boy, is the only foundation on which manhood can be erected; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the paper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice—the character, the manhood—will be but a sham which offers no refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes. Alas! my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. Now I want you to be a man and that you may be that, I want you first to be thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretense, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are.—*Bishop Dudley.*

Remedy for Whooping Cough.

The following remedy for whooping cough was brought from Germany, and its effect has been so good that those who have used it think it marvellous. Take four large heads of garlic and boil them in a pint of water, letting the water boil down considerably. Add two tablespoonsful of lard to the water, boil again, strain, and while hot add one teaspoonful of turpentine. It should be kept in a cold place, and used to apply under the arms, inside the hands, under the knees, at the elbow joints, upon the bottom of the feet and around the neck. Heat it, and rub it in well before the fire.—*Housekeeper.*

Bible Terms.—Here is a handy table which it would be well to cut out or copy for reference in Bible studies:

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one fifth miles.
A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.
A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.
A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was \$8.

A talent of silver was \$538.30.

A talent of gold was \$13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

All Sorts.

Conceit is to human nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

Weakness is the symptom, impoverished blood the cause. Hood's Sarsaparilla the cure. It makes the weak strong.

—A lawyer residing in the north of England, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir, if you pay the inclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."

"Old, yet ever new, and simple and beautiful ever," sings the poet, in words which might well apply to Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the most efficient and scientific blood-purifier ever offered to suffering humanity. Nothing but superior merit keeps it so long at the front.

Ian McLaren, the Scotch novelist who has sprung into sudden fame, will leave his church in Liverpool, England next fall and come to America to give readings.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds, coughs, and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the only specific for colds and coughs admitted on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair.

The youngster of seven summers came running into the study with his nose disfigured and his front dyed red to his boots. When the father had repaired damages and soothed him to conversation point the colloquy took this shape: "And who was the other boy?" "I don't know him." "Did you hit him first?" "No; he came when I was not expecting him, and hit me straight on the nose." "Did you hit him then?" "No." "Why?" "He was a small boy, father." (Paternal heart begins to vibrate proudly.) "Why did you not hit him?" "He was a poor boy, father—(pride rises higher)—and you never know how strong these poor boys are, father."

"A Thousand Thanks."

Rev. M. E. Siple, of Whitevale, Ont., writes, July 24th, 1894:—"I had suffered indescribable torture for two years or more, that is at times, from dyspepsia. Fearful pain and load in stomach, pain between shoulders, and sensation as of being pulled right in two, in small of back. I deleted, used patent medicines, and different doctor's medicines, all to no use. Your K. D. C., third dose, completely relieved me, and four bottles, I believe, have cured me. A thousand thanks. I can study, preach, and do my work now with energy and satisfaction, as of yore."

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain 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, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

WORTH \$5.00 A BOTTLE.

SIRS,—For five years I have been troubled with neuralgia and tried everything I could see or hear of. At last I was advised to try a bottle of Yellow Oil and refused because I thought it was like the rest—a failure. A half bottle was given me, however, and I found it helped me, and bought a bottle which cured me. If it cost five dollars a bottle I would not be without it.

THOS. QUINN,
Gravenhurst, Ont.

Home Hints.

To clean a kettle, fill it with potato paring and then boil fast till clean.

A drop of oil and a feather will do away with the creaking, in a door or creaking chair.

When milk is used in tumblers wash them first in cold water, afterwards rinse in hot water.

Sick headache can often be alleviated and often cured, by a cup of strong coffee, without sugar, to which the juice of half a lemon has been added.

Breadcakes are excellent. Soak a pint of dry bread crumbs over night in three cups of sweet milk. In the morning sift a teaspoonful of salt, an even teaspoonful of cream tartar, and half an even teaspoonful of soda, through a heaping cup of pastry flour, or use a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder in place of the soda and cream tartar. Add the milk and bread crumbs to the flour, and add, also, two well-beaten eggs and two teaspoonfuls of butter melted. Beat the batter vigorously and fry quickly.

Bouillon Soup.—Six pounds of beef and bone. Cut the meat and break the bones; add two quarts of cold water and simmer slowly five hours. Strain through a fine sieve, removing every particle of fat. Season only with pepper and salt.

Browning for Gravies.—Put one pound of lump sugar into an iron pan with a small cupful of water, place on a hot stove and allow it to boil until it burns, then add one pint of boiling water. Pour off the liquid, which, when cold, bottle for use. A few drops of this added to gravies, etc., will make them a beautiful rich brown.

Charlotte Russe.—Soak half a box of gelatine in a little milk or water for two hours; then pour over it a pint of boiling milk, let it cool and just before it congeals add the whites of four eggs and a pint of cream whipped to a froth. Season and sweeten to taste before adding the cream.

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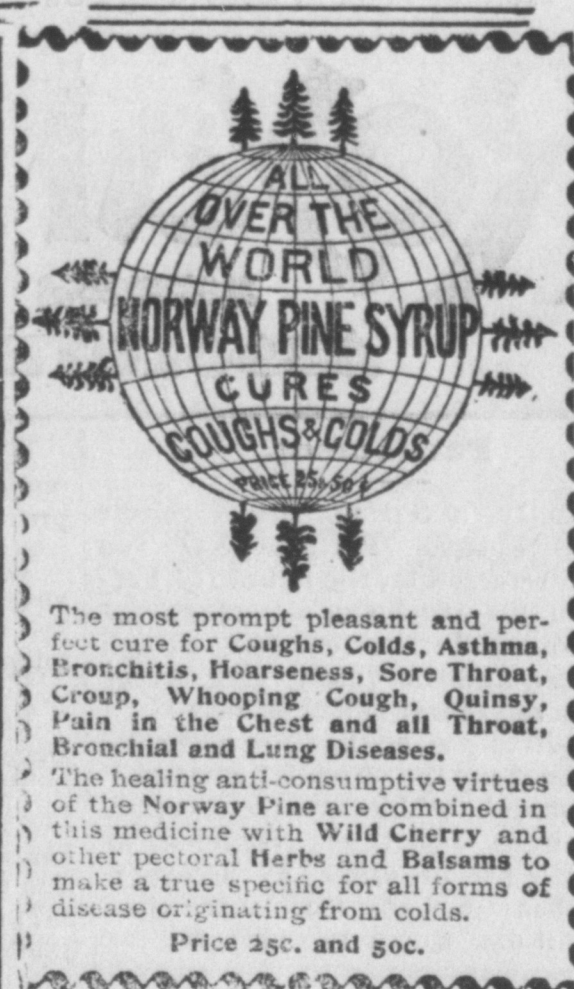
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