

A Queer Boy.

He doesn't study, it "weakens his eyes"
But the right sort of book will insure a
surprise
Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane
affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;
Now isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a
hound."
Very weary of life, and of tramping
around;
But if there's a band or a circus in sight.
He will follow it gladly from morning till
night,
The showman will capture him, some day,
I fear,
For he is queer.

If there's work in the garden his head 'aches
to split."
And his back is so lame that he 'can't dig
a bit;
But mention base ball, and he's cured very
soon,
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole
afternoon;
Do you think he plays 'possum? He seems
quite sincere;
But— isn't he queer?

Charlie and Fred in the Country.

Charlie and Fred Adams were two
little boys who lived in a large city.
Their papa made candy, and was always
very busy—so busy, in fact, that he
could not spare a few weeks' vacation
during the summer to take his family
into the mountains or to the seashore,
to have a good time in the pure, open
air. But he often let his little boys go
to the home of some of their country
friends for a few days.

One time last summer, Charlie and
Fred made such a visit on Roy Tugger,
a little boy about their age, who lived
on a beautiful farm a short distance
from the city.

Soon after arriving at Roy's home
the three boys were romping in the
hay-loft, which was nearly full of hay.
What sport they had! The Timothy
hay was so soft that they could jump
from the swing and roll and tumble
about as hard as they wished without
being hurt in the least.

After a while Charlie, Fred and Roy
went to the fish-pond, which was close
to the house, and sailed Roy's two little
ships, which his larger brother had
made for him. This was new sport for
Fred and Charlie, for they had no fish-
pond on which to float the ship which
their parents had given them.

While the boys were watching the
ship float across the pond before a light
breeze Roy's mamma called from the
house for them to not go on the water,
and to be careful and not fall in.

The pond was a large one, and the
wind was not very strong. Once, when
the boats were about half way across,
the wind quieted and the ships remained
in the middle of the pond for a long
time. Roy had seen his larger brother
paddle the canoe, that was fastened
under the shade of a willow tree at the
lower end of the pond, and he thought
it would be fine sport to actually ride
on the lake. Charlie consented to do
so, but Fred said:

"Roy, your mamma said for us not
to go on the pond, and my mamma told
brother and I to mind Mrs. Tugger, so
I shall not go on the pond; and, Charlie
you must not go on it either."

"Oh," said Roy, "mamma has gone to
our neighbor's to borrow some yeast,
and she will never know anything about
it. We will go out and get the ships,
and then come right back. Won't you
come with us?"

"No, I can't, for it isn't right for us
to disobey our parents."

"This is just a matter of important
business," said Roy. "We must go out
and get those ships. We don't want to
sit on the shore and wait for them,
a storm might come up and wreck them
off the coast of Florida down there,
pointing to the lower end of the pond,
or over there on Greenland. It is
dangerous business, but it must be at-
tended to."

Charlie and Roy then launched the
canoe, and were soon awkwardly pad-
dling toward the becalmed ships, while
Fred sat on the shore, under a willow
tree, watching them.

They finally managed to get the
canoe alongside the two ships, and
tried to pick them from the water from
over the side of the canoe, but in doing
this they over-balanced the canoe and
Charlie fell into the water, which was
very deep. He came up close to the
canoe and grabbed hold of one side of
it, and tried to climb in. But this
overturned the canoe and threw Roy
out into the water.

There they were, both in water over
their heads, and both unable to swim.
Fred saw what had happened, and ran
to the house, hallooing for help. There
was no one at the house. A man just
happened to be passing; and hurried to
help the boys. The boys were so near
drowned when he got them to shore
that they could not speak.

Roy's mamma soon returned, and
did all she could to help the boys.
After they were dressed in dry clothes,

and all safe, she told them how they
owed their lives to the obedience of
Fred, for had he disobeyed her, like
Charlie and Roy, no one would have
known they were in trouble, and they
would all have drowned. They all
promised to obey their parents after
that, and they have. And you can not
find three happier boys than Fred,
Charlie and Roy.—*Chris. Standard.*

Tom's Sin.

Tom wanted to be a Christian, but
he was constantly forgetting and fall-
ing into sin.

His greatest sin was disobedience—
a sin that has a long name, and the
first one that is mentioned in the Bible.
More than once Tom had been led to
exclaim: "Oh, if I could only learn to
hate sin!"

But one day something happened
that made Tom remember his greatest
sin all his life and helped him to guard
against it.

One sunny July afternoon, Tom's
father said: "Tom, go down beyond
the cranberry bog and get my hay-rake.
I forgot to put it on the load."

So Tom started off, whistling a merry
tune; and presently he reached the
meadow. As he caught sight of the
soft green bogs, the tempter whispered,
"See how much nearer it would be to
go across on the bogs."

Now Tom's father had repeatedly
commanded: "You must never cross
over on the bogs. You might slip off
and sink down into the mire."

"It's nearly a half-mile around,"
reasoned Tom. "And I'll just cross
over this once. No one will see me."

So Tom began jumping from one
green bog to another, his bare brown
feet sinking down into the cool bogs.

"It's ever so much nicer than it
would be going around," he thought.

Now, about midway across, on one
of the bogs, nestled down in the grass,
lay a large black snake, all coiled up,
sunning itself; and Tom, making a
spring, came down firmly on his bare
brown feet on top of the cold, clammy,
struggling mass.

But Tom lost his balance, and
pitched headlong into the slimy mire
amid a great hissing and spitting be-
hind him.

It was with great difficulty that poor
Tom extricated himself from his un-
comfortable position, and stood upright
on a bog. To his dismay and terror
he discovered, on looking about, the
reptile coiled ready to spring, and a full
half-dozen others amid the tall meadow
grass standing almost upright hissing
and looking about. But, in spite of
mud and mire, fear lent Tom wings.
And he darted straight ahead, never
stopping until he fell, limp and help-
less, under a friendly oak in the next
field.

But he found plenty of time now for
reflection. He had wrenched his ankle
in his flight, so that he could not bear
his weight, and no one could hear if he
shouted. After what seemed to him
hours of waiting, he saw the cows
slowly wending their way homeward;
and then, after a time, he heard faintly
in the distance the big horn blow for
supper.

But at last, as it began to grow dark,
he saw a light slowly moving down the
hill toward the meadow, and he knew
they were in search of him; and never
did the big horn sound so welcome as
it did when they blew a loud, shrill
blast. Poor Tom, in his pain and
misery, shouted loudly in return. At
last they reached his side; and though
Tom never liked to own himself in the
wrong, he humbly confessed his sin.

His father listened gravely, and then
he said, kindly: "I think you have
suffered enough, Tom. You have
learned by experience that the way of
the 'transgressor is hard.' And some-
how the kind words hurt Tom worse
than harsh ones would."

The four strong arms of his father
and the hired man formed a chair, and
he was carried home.

Perhaps you will think Tom learned
to pray a queer prayer during those
days of suffering. It was this: "Lord,
help me to hate sin as badly as I do
black snakes!"

After Tom recovered, he would go
out of his way to kill a snake; for he
said, "They always look wicked and
remind me of sin and deception; and
there is nothing I hate as I do a snake."

Years after, when Tom became a man
honored and respected, he was at one
time called to endure great trial and
temptation. And he went apart by
himself, like Daniel of old, and prayed
for days: "O Lord, make me to hate
sin! May it look as repulsive and
wicked to me as that black snake!"

And the Lord heard that prayer.—
Zoa's Herald.

Too Well Trained.

Dick is a faded, iron-gray steed, from
whom the fires of youth have long since
departed, yet he succeeded recently in
arousing his driver to great activity,
and in causing an absolute change in

that gentleman's beliefs regarding the
benefits of thorough training.

Dick is the property of Uncle Sam,
and it is his duty to draw the little
two-wheeled cart of the mail-collector
of our district from one street corner
to another. In order that these trips
might be made the more rapidly, the
collector easily trained his steed to
start off at a trot for the next box the
moment that the click of the padlock
told that the mail had been taken out
of one and the opening again secured.
By running a step or so the mail-man
easily jumped in the little door in the
rear of the closed cart—that is, he did
it easily until lately. Now he does it
no more.

On this occasion the collector had
taken out his mail and snapped his
padlock in place, when suddenly the
large package of letters slipped from
his hand and fluttered over the side-
walk. At the same instant Dick, hav-
ing heard the usual signal, started off
for the next corner.

The postman, frantically scraping up
the letters that seemed to have scattered
in every direction just out of reach of
his hands, yelled to him to stop, but
Dick was not used to being called to a
halt in such a manner, and kept steady-
ly on up the street. If anything, he
went a little faster than usual—his load
being lightened of full two hundred
pounds of mailman.

Puffing and yelling, the postman
hurried after, his hands full of letters
and papers, while passers-by looked on
in amazement, not understanding the
matter, since the shut-in cart prevented
their seeing that it had no driver.

Dick reached the next corner well in
advance of his master; waited what he
evidently considered a sufficient time
for collecting the mail, then, looking
around and seeing no one, concluded
the collector was inside and started off
once more just as the poor mail-man
came running up, red in the face, and
so out of breath that he could not
speak.

Panting and choking, the poor fellow
hurried after, only to have the perform-
ance repeated at the next corner.
Certain it is that if a carriage had not
come up opportunely and helped the
carrier along, Dick would have led him
a chase back to the city post-office. As
it was, he was headed off after going
four squares.

The collector was late that trip, and
Dick was no doubt surprised at being
forced to retrace his steps at once.
Perhaps he did not thank his master
for the self-control the latter showed.
The best part of the affair to those who
saw its ending was that the driver did
not give even a harsh word to his steed.

But the next time he collected mail
on our corner he stopped Dick close
up to the post and kept hold of the
reins.—*The Outlook.*

The Doll-Makers.

The first dolls were wooden dolls, and
were called "Dutch" dolls. Perhaps
because Kris Kringle belongs to Ger-
many more particular than to any
other land, Germany is still the most
successful land of doll-makers. The
Germans now make more dolls than
any other nation. They make cheaper
dolls than the French and English
dolls. The French make the most
beautiful dolls, and dress them better
than the English. The German doll is
sent to us usually clothed in just one
garment, but the English doll is always
fully dressed. Up-town in New York
is a store, a tiny, pretty store, and there
is nothing to sell in it but dolls' clothes.
Jackets, hats, shoes, dresses of all
kinds and colors, are for sale. The
little window is like a fairy store, so
tiny and dainty are some of the things
for sale. How delightful for the little
mothers about! They can save their
pennies, and take dear Belinda to this
fascinating store, and buy her a spring
coat or a spring suit. Then, if one of
the German dolls should suddenly
arrive, she could be clothed at once.

And what a lovely spot for the little
mothers who can sew and catch ideas
quickly! A visit to this shop would
help them greatly in the perplexities of
Belinda's wardrobe. I know one little
girl who would much prefer a German
doll, in her one garment, to a fully
dressed French doll. She would feel
that half the joy was gone if she could
not dress the doll she loves so dearly,
for she is a real little mother.

The making of dolls keeps a great
many people busy, and the shipping
and selling a great many more. It
hardly seems possible, when you hear
of the number of dolls sold, that any
little girl in this country should be
without a doll. I heard of one little
girl whose doll was a clothes-pin, and
the other day I went to call on a little
girl, and her doll was a towel rolled up,
and for clothes it had a handkerchief
for a dress and a piece of red flannel
for a sash. This tiny girl loved the
doll, and hugged it closely to her. She
held it out to show it with pride.
Neither of these little girls could have
any other kind of a doll. Their mothers

have no money. I think they are
quite as happy as a good many little
girls I have known who had French
dolls.

It is well there are little girls who
can buy dolls, for the making of dolls
and their clothes gives people money
which buys food and clothes.

All Sorts.

"It's wonderful," remarked the editor
'how proud a man acts when he is
going to have his picture published,
and how humble he is after it has hap-
pened.'

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla this
spring may be the means of keeping
you well and hearty all summer.

The pretty girl was lavishing a wealth
of affection on her mastiff, and the very
soft young man was watching her. 'I
wish I were a dog,' he said languish-
ingly. 'Don't worry,' she replied,
'you'll grow.'

As baldness makes one look pre-
maturely old, so a full head of hair
gives to mature life the appearance of
youth. To secure this and prevent the
former, Ayer's Hair Vigor is confident-
ly recommended. Both ladies and
gentlemen prefer it to any other dress-
ing.

If a colored waiter carrying a roasted
turkey should drop it, what effect
would it have on the nations of the
earth? It would be the downfall of
Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the
breaking up of China, and the humilia-
tion of Africa.

"Mamma, do you like stories? I like
true ones, my child. Shall I tell you
a true one? Yes. But you might not
like it. O, yes, I should if you told
it. But it is quite short. Well, once
upon a time there was a water bottle.
Yes, go on. And yesterday I broke it;
but I'll never, ooh! ooh! do it again!

The latest results of pharmaceutical
science and the best modern appliances
are availed of in compounding Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. Hence, though half-a-
century in existence as a medicine, it
is fully abreast of the age in all that
goes to make it the standard blood-
purifier.

Oh, we had the loveliest arrange-
ment at our church society last week!
Every woman contributed to the mis-
sionary cause one dollar, which she
earned herself by hard work. And
how did you get yours? From my
husband. 'I shouldn't call that earning
it yourself by hard work. You don't
know my husband.'

Why not Test it Too.

Rev. Wilson McCann, Rector at
Omenee: "I have tested K. D. C.,
and knowing its value can recommend
it to all sufferers from indigestion."

We claim to hold the largest list of
letters for K. D. C., held by the prop-
rietors of any medicine in Canada.
Its merits prove its greatness. Try
it now. K. D. C. Co., Ltd, New Glas-
gow, N. S., and 127 State street,
Boston, Mass.

An old Scotch woman, who had
never heard about or seen a telephone,
went into a butcher's shop for a rabbit.
The butcher had two shops which
were connected by telephone. As
they did not have a rabbit in that
shop, they telephoned to the other
shop, and had one sent up. The old
lady, on meeting a friend, said to her:
'I've just been at the butcher's
for a rabbit; and he gaid to a hole in
the wa', an' said, Bring up a rabbit.
And in two or three meenits in comes
a laddie wi' a rabbit. Ma certie, I'll
no eat it: it's no cannie. Ye can see
what ye like wi't.'

Remember, Johnnie, what you really
are depends a good deal on what people
think of you and expect you to be.
Yes, sir. Now, you want to be con-
sidered a good boy, don't you? Yes,
sir. Why? Cause Christmas is coming.

Mrs. Celeste Ooon, Syracuse, N. Y.
writer: "For years I could not eat
many kinds of food without producing
a burning, excruciating pain in my
stomach. I took Farnes's Pills ac-
cording to directions under the head of
'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box
entirely cured me. I can now eat any-
thing I choose, without distressing me
in the least." These Pills do not cause
pain or griping, and should be used
when a cathartic is required.

Severe colds are easily cured by the
use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive
Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary
penetrating and healing properties. It
is acknowledged by those who have
used it as being the best medicine sold
for coughs, colds, inflammation of the
lungs, and all affections of the throat
and chest. Its agreeableness to the
taste makes it a favourite with ladies
and children.

NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures Coughs,
Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma,
Sore Throat and all Lung Troubles.

Home Hints.

To remove stains of blood, saturate
the spots in kerosene and let stand a
time, afterward wash out in warm
water.

A simple cough remedy is made of
an ounce of flaxseed boiled in a pint of
water, a little honey added, an ounce
of rock candy, and the juice of three
lemons, the whole mixed and boiled
well.

The best material to use for a pad-
ding bag is thin, unbleached muslin.
The bag should always be scalded be-
fore it is used. The string used to tie
it with should be a piece of strong and
immaculately clean white tape.

An "epergne" is an ornamental
stand with dish and branches intended
to be filled with fruit and flowers, and
stood in the centre of the dinner-
table. They are rather out of style,
though the use of them may be re-
vived at any time.

Breakfast Dried Beef.—Cut or pare
the beef very thin and freshen by
placing in hot water for a few minutes;
pour off the water; place in the pan
or skillet a lump of butter and as soon
as it is heated put the dried beef into
it, adding five or six eggs immediately.

Date Teacake.—One half cupful of
butter, one cupful of sugar, one egg,
one cupful of milk, four cupfuls of
flour, salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking
powder. Add last one cupful of
chopped dates. Bake in long, shall-
ow pans, and serve warm with butter
or with a liquid sauce for dessert.

For hives in children, rub the
irritated skin or the pustules with
castor oil, applied with the tip of the
finger. Baby will pass from fretting
to slumber while the process is going
on, the relief will be so great and
quick.

Celery Salad.—Cut off the roots of
the celery clean, and cut the stalks
into inchlong pieces. Make a plain
mayonnaise. Pour over celery when
just ready to serve.

Jenny Lind Tea Cake.—Take four
cupfuls flour, two-thirds of a cup of
sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful
butter and two heaping teaspoonfuls
of baking powder; mix with sweet milk
the usual thickness for cake. To be
eaten hot with butter.

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ters, Ask your grocer for it.

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