

The Ferry for Shadowtown.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.
It always sails at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness closes down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark
Glimmer the lights of the shadow land;
The raindrops on the window, hark!
Are rippling lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim
A lake lies shimmering cool and still;
Mosses are wafting above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say Good night!
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown
—Motherhood.

A Pneumatic Boy.

'What is that,' asked Ned's father,
looking up from the newspaper, 'that
you are saying about Tom Roderick's
safety?'

'Why, you see,' answered Ned, edg-
ing up to his father so as to get into
short-distance communication with
him, 'it's a pneumatic!'

'Didn't I get you the latest pattern
of tire that was made?' he father broke
in upon this explanation. 'I cannot
afford to throw away a brand-new
wheel just because some inventor has
come out with an improvement on it.'

'It is not the tire, papa,' broke in
Ned, eagerly. 'My tire is all right.
She is double-lined with fibre rubber,
and I ain't a bit afraid of puncturing
her; but, you see, it's a pneumatic seat
that Tom Roderick has on his, and
that's ever so much better than the old
fashioned steel-spring leather seat.'

'A pneumatic seat!' echoed Mr. Wil-
son. 'Well, I wonder what in the
world is coming next. There is just
one thing more somebody ought to
invent,' he mused, with a half-smile
upon his lips, 'and that is a pneumatic
boy to ride the pneumatic tire safely
with a pneumatic seat. I think in this
age of the world, when everybody
seems to be trying to avoid jars and
shakes in every other way, that it
would be a fine thing to have a boy
about the house built on that plan.
I'll see about the pneumatic seat for
your safety after we have some evi-
dence that there is a pneumatic boy to
sit on. I don't think it's fair that
one member of the family should have
all the smooth riding, and his baby
brother, mother, and the rest be con-
tinually jolted and jarred by his ill
temper and poor memory.'

Ned knew it was of no use to argue
the matter, and so went away doubt-
ful as to whether his appeal had done
any good, yet with a half formed idea
in his mind that his father had meant
that he would swap a pneumatic seat
for his safety for a pneumatic boy,
whatever that meant. The more he
thought about it, the plainer it became
to his mind that this was the situation
of affairs. The figure of speech in
which his father had likened him to a
safety stuck in his fancy.

'I guess I am a little rough and
crusty sometimes,' he admitted to him-
self in an undertone. 'Maybe I do
make some jolts about the house. I
guess papa must have heard me snap-
ping at baby Dick this morning for
scratching my school slate. I did
make it pretty rough riding for the
little fellow, that's a fact. And mamma
says I come home from school every
night as cross as a bear.'

Ned sat still on the porch settee for
five minutes without even whistling or
whittling at a stick, and that was
something unusual for him. Presently
he heard steps coming through the
library. He picked up his ears in an
instant, and then said to himself:—

'There's mamma coming to remind
me about that errand down street, I'll
slip right off before she gets a chance
to tell me a second time. I suppose it
does worry her to have to keep jogging
my memory.' And with an 'I'm going
mamma: I didn't forget, he scampered
off as fast as his feet could carry him.

His mother thrust her head through
the partly open door, and watched him
disappear in a half-surprised way, and
then remarked aside to Mr. Wilson:—
'That's encouraging. I didn't sup-
pose Ned could possibly remember to
do anything from being told once.'

'Oh!' responded Ned's father: 'may-
be he's trying to relieve your mind of
some of the jolting his forgetfulness
gives it. I shouldn't be surprised if
he'd taken the hint I gave him, and
you had pretty easy times, for a day or
two at least.'

Mrs. Wilson didn't understand, and
so she had further occasion to be mysti-
fied over Ned's unusual thoughtfulness
and generosity before the day was
gone.

He came home bringing a stick of
candy.

'Here,' he said, holding out the
larger half to baby Dick.

This was quite an innovation on his
usual procedure. Ordinarily, the
baby teased and the mother coaxed,
and finally commanded; and then Ned
acquiesced in a division by grasping
three-fourths of the stick in his hand,
and requiring baby to break the short
end off.

'That's a great deal nicer,' approved
his mother, 'than letting your brother
worry and cry over it.'

'I guess it does ride smoother than
the other way,' agreed Ned within
himself. 'I'm going to see how still I
can go up-stairs now, and hang up the
clothes I left scattered around my room.'

He started off, tiptoeing up the stair
way as carefully as he could, muttering
to himself: 'I guess papa'll think this
is pretty smooth riding. He always
says I make as much noise as a whole
livery stable going up and down stairs.'

And then grandma won't have to tell
me about hanging up my things, either;
and that'll save her some jolting. She's
always jolting over something I do;
and I guess I ought to be ashamed,
because her bones are old, and she had
plenty of trouble with her own children.'

Down in the library Ned's papa
smiled to himself as he noted the
whole proceeding, even though he kept
busily at work. 'I think,' he said,
casting his eye over a catalogue of
bicycle dealers' supplies which Ned had
with a good deal of fore-thought left at
his elbow, 'that the price of that pneu-
matic seat may prove one of the best
investments I ever made.'

Something in his father's face scan-
ning the catalogue encouraged Ned
wonderfully; and it was not long before
he mustered up courage enough to ap-
proach his father's elbow, and demurely
suggest, 'I guess it's been a little
smoother round here lately, hasn't it
papa?'

'Don't know but it has,' answered
his father. 'It seems to be that I
haven't heard Dick fretting quite so
much as usual; and I know that your
mother has been saved quite a number
of steps and your grandmother a great
deal of worry, while I haven't been!'

'Jolted,' prompted Ned. 'That's what
I call it. You see I've been playing to
myself that I am a pneumatic boy, and
it was my business to keep this house
from being jolted. That's what a
pneumatic seat is for,' he shrewdly
concluded.

'I see,' answered his father. 'You've
shown me how much easier riding with
a pneumatic seat is, and I guess we'll
have to order one to-day with your
safety. We're willing to be partners
with you in this matter of smooth rid-
ing. That's a great deal fairer than to
have all the smooth riding on one side,
don't you think so?'

'Course,' assented Ned.—*Sunday
School Times.*

A Story for Boys.

BY A. H. CARMEN.

A number of years ago, when it was
customary and legal for people to hold
slaves in the South, ships were sent
out across the Atlantic Ocean for the
purpose of securing people from Africa
and bringing them to the United States
to be sold as slaves.

To induce the unsuspecting natives to
get on board the ships a great many
devices were used. The men-stealers
would be very kind and show the
people many curious things, and in
this way get them to go on board the
great boat to see the wonders; but
when on board they would be secured
in some way so they would not be able
to get on land again, and the ship
would start for America, and reaching
its shores would land the natives and
sell them for slaves. Now if it were
possible for men stealers to come to
our country for a similar purpose, and
you knew it, you would be very careful
to keep out of their wiles or cunning
traps, wouldn't you? There is, how-
ever, no danger from just such schemes
and yet we are not so far removed from
all danger of this character as we might
at first suppose. For there is in this
country one of the greatest 'men' (or
rather boy) stealers that ever entered
any country. He has stolen more
boys and made miserable slaves of them
than all the slaves that were ever
brought from Africa. And if he has
not already been after you, you may be
sure that he will be before long, for
there are very few boys but that he
endeavors to get. He will try to make
you believe that he is one of the most
manly fellows that ever lived, and
knows just how to make a man of you.
He will praise you up and try to make
you believe that you are a great deal
smarter than the average boy, that you
can do things that most other boys
cannot; and if you will follow his
advice he will lead you along in the
way he wants you to go (making a man
of you as he says), until he—unknown
to yourself—puts his chains around
you, gets his hook in your mouth and
has you fast, and when at last you
come to yourself and begin to see what
he has done, you say, 'Why, what a
fool I have been,' he will only laugh

and grin, for he has you fast and you
may flounder and kick and resolve and
do all you can think of to get free, for
he has you in his power and you will
henceforth have to do as he says. Not
one boy out of a hundred ever succeeds
in getting away from him, even after
they become men.

The name of this old tyrannic slave-
holder and boy-stealer is Mr. Tobacco
Habit, E. q. You will find his slaves
everywhere you go, with his hook in
their mouths, which causes them to do
a great deal of spitting, since the hook
is not especially noted for its cleanli-
ness. It also gives them a very offen-
sive odor, so that many ladies and even
some men can scarcely endure to be
near them. This boy-stealer keeps
his subjects at work most of the time.
And they all have to obey without any
grumbling. He tells them to take a
nauseous old weed into their mouths
and chew it—and they have to obey.
He orders them to put the weed in an
old disgusting pipe which a dog would
not touch, and then fire it and draw
the smoke in their mouths and they
have to 'mind' or he will punish them.
He turns their teeth yellow, pollutes
their breath, but they must not com-
plain or whimper a word. Like old
Pharaoh who made the Israelites make
brick and furnish their own straw, this
old tyrant makes these slaves of his
furnish their own material and pay for
it themselves and those who reside in
the United States have to pay about
\$30,000 every year for this weed alone,
more than it would require to pay
every school teacher and every minister
of the gospel in the United States and
all that is paid for home and foreign
missions!

Now, boys, if that old fellow ever
comes to you and tries to make you
believe it will make more of a man of
you to smoke or chew, just remember
it is that miserable old lying scoundrel
who wants to make a slave of you for
life. Give him a wide berth and tell
him you would prefer to be free and
live a decent life.

He Did Not Think.

Down in the fire-room of a big
steamer that way lying at the wharf in
New York, a young man was told to do
a certain piece of work in connection
with the pumps. There were two
pumps close together in the room; one
for feeding the boiler, the other to use
in case the ship should take fire. This
latter one was capable of throwing a
volume of water as large as a man's
body.

The young man who had been em-
ployed on the ship for three years,
and had always proved himself efficient
and reliable, was the only person left
in charge of the fire and engine rooms.
After the order was given to attend to
the work necessary for the engine-
pump, he removed the cap from the
fire-pump. In a moment he discovered
his error, but the force of the water
was so great that he could not replace
the cap on the pump. Without a word
he ran to the deck, jumped ashore,
and took the cars for his home in an-
other State. The water soon filled the
hold of the vessel, and in spite of every
effort, the steamer sunk. Thousands
of dollars of damage was done to the
furniture of the cabin and state rooms,
and the vessel was prevented from
sailing on the usual date, thus causing
another loss to the owners and great
inconvenience to the public.

What do you suppose was the man's
answer as to the cause of the accident?
'I did not think.'

You see, he had not learned, when a
little boy, to give his whole attention
to the work in hand. 'Whatever
thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy
might.' And to do with all the power
of which a man or woman is capable,
it is necessary to learn to give full
attention when a child, whether it be
work or play; if it is worth doing at
all, it is worthy of the whole attention.
Never make 'I did not think' an ex-
cuse for a stupid action.

The Spider's Thread.

In a lecture at Boston, Mass., Pro-
fessor Wood dealt with the phenomena
of spider life. In one tribe the female
is one thousand three hundred times as
large as the male. The spider's thread
is made up of innumerable small
threads of fiber one of these threads
being estimated to be one two-millionth
of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of
thread are spun—one of great strength
for the radiating or spoke lines of the
web. The cross lines, or what a sailor
might call the ratlines, are finer, and
are tenacious—that is, they have upon
them little specks or globules of a very
sticky gum. These specks are put on
with even interpieces. They are set
quite thickly along the line, and are
what in the first instance catch and
hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once
caught in this fashion, the prey is held
secure by threads flung over it some-
what in the manner of a lasso. The
third kind of silk is that which the
spider throws out in a mass of flood,

by which it suddenly envelops any
prey of which it is sometimes afraid,
as, for example, a wasp. A scientific
experimenter once drew out from the
body of a single spider three thousand
four hundred and eighty yards of
thread or spider silk—a length little
short of three miles. Silk may be
woven of spider's thread, and it is
more glossy and brilliant than that of
the silkworm, being of a golden color.
An enthusiastic entomologist is said to
have secured enough of it for the weav-
ing of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.

A Will and a Way.

Several years ago, an effort was
made to collect all the chimney
sweepers in the city of Dublin, for
the purpose of education. Among
others came a little fellow who was
asked if he knew his letters.

'Oh yes, sir,' was the reply.

'Do you spell?'

'Oh yes, sir,' was again the answer.

'Do you read?'

'Oh yes, sir.'

'And what book did you learn from?'

'Oh, I never had a book in my life,

sir.'

And who was your schoolmaster?'

'Oh, I never was at school.'

Here was a singular case; a boy
could read and spell without a book or
master! But what was the fact? Why
another little sweep, a little older than
himself, had taught him to read by
showing him the letters over the shop
doors which they passed as they went
through the city. His teacher, then,
was another little sweep like himself,
and his book the signboards on the
houses. What may not be done by
trying? 'Where there is a will there is
a way.'

He Never Told a Lie.

A great African explorer, Mungo
Park, in his 'Travels through Africa,'
relates that a party of armed Moors
having made an attack on the flocks of
a village at which he was stopping, a
youth of the place was mortally
wounded in the affray.

The natives placed him on horseback
and conducted him home, while the
mother preceded the mournful group,
proclaiming all the excellent qualities
of her boy, and by her clasped hands
and streaming eyes showed the bitter-
ness of her soul.

The quality for which she chiefly
praised the boy formed of itself an
epitaph so noble that even civilized
life could not aspire to higher. 'He
never,' she said, 'never, never told a
lie!'

What a tribute to the devoted
mother to pay her dying boy! a poor
heathen African, too, who had never
been taught to love and serve God,
yet who, through innate manliness,
scorned to tell a lie.

A Spider's Bunk.

A professional friend, Dr. D—,—
desired to send a fine specimen of the
spider tribe to a medical acquaintance
who was exceedingly curious in the
study of such matters. As the readiest
means of transit, he enclosed it in a
common wooden box, and despatched
the tiny traveller by express. The
box, however, was too roomy for the
spider's wants, and he seems to have
disliked the jolting incident to travell-
ing, as he had recourse to a very inge-
nious remedy. When the box reached
its destination and the consignee
opened it, he was equally surprised and
delighted to find that his insect charge
had spun for himself a superb ham-
mock, securely hung from the four
corners of his prison house, in which
he had couched in sailor fashion, as
softly as he does in his native lair.—
New York Observer.

Six Things a Boy Ought to Know.

1. That a quiet voice, courtesy and
kind acts are as essential to the part in
the world of a gentleman as of a gentle-
woman.

2. That roughness, blustering and
even fool-hardiness are not manliness.
The most firm and courageous men
have usually been the most gentle.

3. That muscular strength is not
health.

4. That a brain crammed only with
facts is not necessarily a wise one.

5. That the labor impossible to the
boy of fourteen will be easy to the man
of twenty.

6. The best capital for a boy is not
money, but the love of work, simple
tastes and a heart loyal to his friends
and his God.—*Good Housekeeping.*

All Sorts.

Many a man will fight if you kick his
dog, who lets his wife carry in all the
wood.

Pure, rich blood is the true cure for
nervousness, and Hood's Sarsaparilla
is the One True Blood Purifier and
nerve tonic.

Mrs. Henry Peck—Bah! I only
married you because I pitied you when
nobody else thought anything about
you. Mr. Henry Peck (wearily)—Ah
well, dear, everybody pities me now.

Some people are constantly troubled
with pimples and boils, especially
about the face and neck. The best
remedy is a thorough course of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, which expels all humors
through the proper channels, and so
makes the skin become soft, healthy,
and fair.

Now, I play the piano. Would you
say I play it beautiful or play it beau-
tifully? Neither. How would you fix
it, then? I'd say you play a beautiful
piano.

Byron used a great deal of hair-dress-
ing, but was very particular to have
only the best to be found in the market.
If Ayer's Hair Vigor had been obtain-
able then, doubtless he would have
tested its merits, as so many distin-
guished and fashionable people are
doing now-a-days.

Ethel (aged six)—I don't love you
any more, grandpa. Grandpa—Why
not, Ethel? Ethel—Cause I love you
so much already that I couldn't love
you any more if I tried. Please give
me five cents.

Stranger (in Kansas): Can you direct
me to the county seat? Mr. Dugout
(sadly): No-o, I can't, stranger. There
was a cyclone here last week, and I
ain't heard yit just whar the county
seat went to.

Mamma, said the sweet small boy,
before admiring friends, I knew as
soon as I came in there were folks
visiting here. Did you, darling? said
the fond mother, trying to wilt him
with her eye, how did you know? Oh
you had your company voice on.

A newspaper reporter, in an article
about a railroad accident, wrote: Dr.
Chargem felt of the injured man's
pulse and then prescribed for him.
The compositor made it read: Dr.
Chargem felt of the injured man's
pulse and then prescribed for him.

To prevent the hardening of the
subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and
the obliteration of the hair follicles,
which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair
Renewer.

What a lovely cow, Uncle James
said a Boston girl the morning after
her arrival, and how comically she
shakes her head. Yes; but don't get
too near that cow, cautioned her uncle,
he's an ugly critter.

There is Not a more dangerous class
of disorders than those which affect
the breathing organs. Nullify this
danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy
It cures lameness and soreness when
applied externally, as well as swelled
neck and crick in the back; and, as an
inward specific, possesses most sub-
stantial claims to public confidence.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer
excruciating agony after partaking of a
hearty dinner. The food partaken of
is like a ball of lead upon the stomach,
and instead of being a healthy nutri-
ment it becomes a poison to the system.
Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are
wonderful correctives of such troubles.
They correct acidity, open the secre-
tions and convert the food partaken of
into healthy nutriment. They are just
the medicine to take if troubled with
Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Professional Cards.

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Physician and Surgeon
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
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DR. ATHERTON.
Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's
Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to
St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto,
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Money to Loan on Real Estate security
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NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.
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OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL
Hale Method for Painless Ex-
traction without Extra
Charge.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

The finest quality of both the
times, schools, etc. 10-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-68