

Duty and Inclination.

"Stay at home," said Inclination, "Let the errand wait," "Go at once," said Duty, sternly, "Or you'll be too late."

"But it rains," said Inclination, "And the wind is keen." "Never mind all that," said Duty, "Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden, Looked up at the sky: Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless, Rain unceasingly.

"I say," again said Inclination. "Go," said Duty, "go."

Forth went Jean with no more waiting, Or a selfish "No."

You will smile if now I tell you That this quiet strife, Duty conquering Inclination, Strengthened all her life.

"It's No Business of Mine."

This was a favorite saying with young Myron Boyd.

He was a farmer's son. A tall, handsome young fellow, honest in his dealings in the ordinary sense of the word, enterprising, industrious and emphatically, as the country phrase goes, "smart to work." People respected Myron, that is to say, they rather looked up to him, because he was in a fair way to be rich, because he understood farming better than any young man in the district, because he was capable and sensible, and yet he could not be called a favorite among young men of his own age.

Myron knew that he was not popular, and though he professed to care nothing for public opinion, nevertheless he would have liked to feel himself more welcome than he generally was in the society of his fellows.

Perhaps one secret of the lack of cordial feeling toward Myron was the consistent manner in which he acted up to his favorite saying: "It's no business of mine."

He not only never put himself out of the way to do a neighbor service, but he never offered a kindness or lifted a hand to prevent any injury to another, even when it would have cost him no trouble whatever.

One day he was driving into the village with Alfred Brown, the minister's son, a boy some years younger than himself.

It was a very warm day, the road to the village was sandy and tiresome, and Alfred, who had been sent out to Mr. Boyd's on an errand, was not sorry that he was not obliged to walk back.

By and by they passed an old gray-headed colored man toiling along in the sun with a heavy bundle over his shoulder. The old man looked wistfully after the wagon, but he knew Myron Boyd too well to ask for a ride.

"Why don't you give old Uncle Jeff a lift?" asked the good-natured Alfred. "It's all of a mile from here to his place."

"O, I'd have to stop to pick him up and set him down. I can't take in every one I see."

"But the poor old fellow looks so tired."

"Well, I can't help that," said Myron carelessly; "it's no business of mine."

Their way lay past Uncle Jeff's little place, and Alfred saw that there was no one at home, and that two or three cows, taking advantage of a weak place in the fence, had got into the corn patch and were making sad havoc.

"O, let's stop and drive those cows out," cried Alfred. "They'll ruin the old man's garden."

"He should have had his fence in better order then," said Myron. "It's no business of mine."

"It's mine then, anyway," said Alfred, disgusted. "Let me out."

"I shan't stop for you to drive out the cows," said Myron coolly, "it's no business of mine."

"Drive on then," said Alfred, as he jumped out of the wagon and ran after the cows.

Myron drove on and was soon out of sight, thinking to himself what a fool Alfred Brown was to lose his ride for the sake of old Uncle Jeff's garden, which was after all, no business of his.

It cost Alfred some time and trouble to drive out the cows and put up the fence again so that they could not make their way back into the garden.

When this was finally accomplished he sat down on the doorstep to rest awhile, feeling very hot and tired and not a little provoked at Myron.

By and by Uncle Jeff came wearily home, and when he learned the story he was very thankful to Alfred, and the boy did not regret what he had done, even though he had a long hot walk to the village.

Two or three days after Myron Boyd went past old Uncle Jeff's house with a heavy lumber wagon loaded with grain bags. He had not gone far when out came the lynch-pin and down went the wagon. The horses were steady and did not run.

Myron was not hurt, and after ascertaining the cause of the accident

went back to Uncle Jeff, who was peacefully smoking on his doorstep, to borrow a hammer.

"I seed dat lynch-pin was a comin' out when you passed," said Uncle Jeff coolly.

"You did!" said Myron not unnaturally provoked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, honey," said Uncle Jeff, with a sly little laugh, "I thought twasn't no business of mine."

Myron bit his lip. "Have you got a hammer you'll lend me?" he said.

"Well, I don't rightly know jes' where the hammer is," said Uncle Jeff placidly, "and I'm mighty comfortable just now, and I don't want to go and look for it, 'Taint no business of mine."

Greatly provoked, Myron was turning away when Uncle Jeff called after him.

"You's welcome to the hammer or any thing else honey," said he laughing. "Laws! I was only jes' seeing how curus things is, but I guess you'll find out this rule of yours is one of the kind won't work both ways. Dis yer is a world full of folks and you can't live in it like there wasn't nobody but yourself, fix it how you will." And then Uncle Jeff went to help Myron with his wagon.

Myron did not want for sense, and Uncle Jeff's lesson made a strong impression on his mind. He used his favorite phrase less frequently and learned after a time to feel that duty was a word of far wider meaning than he had supposed, and that whatever his hand found to do for his neighbor whether in the way of prevention or cure was indeed the business of a man and a Christian.—Exchange.

What Ben Did.

As John Green often told her, Lucy was her father's one earthly comfort now.

Her brother Ben had chosen a sailor's life, and for some years had come home regularly between his voyages; but one sad day the tidings arrived that he had fallen from the rigging to the deck in a heavy gale, receiving such severe injuries that he did not long survive them.

On hearing the news his mother seemed to grow old at once, and in a short time she, too, went out from their home. So little Lucy and her father were left to comfort each other.

Day by day, when his work was done, John would sit at the door with little Lucy, reading aloud from his Bible of the glories of the new Jerusalem, where he hoped one day to stand before the throne with his wife and children, holding palms of victory.

One day, as they were reading as usual, Lucy was startled by the sight of a dog which suddenly appeared on the threshold, barking in her face. Running to her father, she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Don't be frightened, little lass," said John; "I don't know whose dog it is, but I expect its owner isn't far away. Ah, here he is!" he added, as a man dressed as a sailor came in sight, carrying a bundle under his arm.

"Are you John Green?" he asked.

"Yes," replied John.

"Then you're the man I'm looking for. Your boy Ben made me promise to let you have these things of his, and I was to tell his mother that he hadn't forgot what she'd taught him but knew that to depart and be with Christ would be far better than staying here. These were his last words. So directly we came home I started to find you out and deliver his message."

"Thank you," said John. "Ben's mother went to join him some time back, and so she knows already. But I'm very grateful to you myself for coming."

"I tell you what, too," said the sailor; "it's a thing I shouldn't care to talk about to every one, but the way your Ben lived, and the sight of him dying so easy as that, set me to thinking, and I made up my mind that I'd find out the reason for myself. So I took to reading a bit every day in his Bible which he gave me, and, thank God, he has taught me through it."

"I'm almost more glad to hear that than the other," said John, "for now I know that my boy was the means of turning a fellowman from the error of his ways, and so, as the apostle says, of saving a soul from death. For that reason I thank God that he took him as he did."

Let us all strive and pray that, like Ben Green, "what we believe in our hearts we may show forth in our lives to the glory of God's holy name!"—S. S. Visitor.

Sophie's Cookies.

"If you would just let me have my own way," said Sophie, impatiently, "it bothers me to have any one around all the time."

"O well," said mother, "I thought I would only tell you to use—"

"But Jane's recipe is right here, as plain as day," said Sophie.

"And have—" continued mother.

"I am going to follow it just as near as I can. But I don't like to be told. I shall never learn anything with some one over my shoulder all the time."

"Well, good luck to you," said mother pleasantly, "I won't bother you any more. I have plenty to do in the sewing room."

When the cookies were passed that night Joe gave a long look.

"What is this, anyway? A chip from our big log? Queer shaped thing."

"They would not keep their shape some how," murmured Sophie.

"Did you make them, sister?" asked Charley, "what makes them so pale? They look unhealthy."

"I don't know why they wouldn't brown," said Sophie.

"That one looks like a molasses snap. Did you make two kinds?"

"That one's burned," said Sophie flushing.

"Did you put any what-you-call-'em in them—shortening?" said Joe, taking a bite.

"Too much flour," said Charley wisely.

"It was just the rule, anyway," answered Sophie ready to cry.

"Well, try, try again," Sophie, said Joe condescendingly, rising, "only use a different recipe. I can't risk my digestion."

"May I bother you a little bit about these cookies now, daughter?" said mother as the boys left the room.

"O, yes, anything, mother," said Sophie dejectedly.

"What was not in your recipe 'as plain as day,' my dear, was the warning not to use bread flour, and not to leave the upper draught open to cool the oven. And then it did not instruct you how to put cookies in the pan in order to keep their shape."

"These are what I call cookies," said Joe next night. "What's the difference in the recipe, Sophie?"

"It is one and the same, Jo, but these are mother's and mine together."

Try.

Varnish for all house bugs.

Cold water and soap to remove machine oil.

Burned eggshells on the shelves, to keep away bugs.

For greasy drainpipes, copperas.

Hanging a bag of charcoal in the cistern.

Cleaning tin with paper.

Rubbing dry salt on egg-stained silver.

Rubbing a rough griddle with a slice of turnip.

Steeping tea only three minutes.

To keep sponge cake from drying, a tablespoonful of lemon juice.

To cool a hot oven, a saucer of water set inside.

For salad dressing without oil, one teaspoonful each of salt, sugar and mustard, one egg and eight teaspoonfuls of vinegar, boiled together and thinned with cream.

Baking eggs, with a bit of butter and seasoning.

Boiling eggs, by covering tightly in a pail of boiling water and setting off the stove for ten minutes.

Adding sugar to sauces, preserves, etc., after they have partly cooked.

To milk for drinking purposes, adding two teaspoonfuls of lime-water to one pint.—Good Housekeeping.

A Little Girl's Logic.

A little girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine, celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says."

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible.

Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made cows."—Ex.

A Cure for Headache.

An apostle of physical culture says that an excellent and never-failing cure for nervous headache is the simple act of walking backward. Ten minutes is as long as is usually necessary to promise. It sometimes, however, requires more than ten minutes to walk at all, if one is very "nervous." But it is not understood that it is necessary to walk a chalkline. Any kind of walking will do, provided

it is backward. It is well to get in a long narrow room where the windows are high, and walk very slowly, placing first the ball of the foot on the floor and then the heel. Besides curing the headache, this exercise promotes a graceful carriage. A half-hour walk backward every day will do wonders toward procuring a graceful gait.—Medical Record.

All Sorts.

It is said that a ton of gold used in filling teeth is annually buried in American cemeteries. This presents a new temptation to ghouls, and is another argument for cremation.

Nearly everyone needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier.

A writer in England estimates that the expense incurred by the community at the Christmas season amounts to \$65,000,000.

Read Ayer's Almanac, which your druggist will gladly hand you, and note the wonderful cures of rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, dyspepsia, eczema, debility, humors, and sores, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla admitted at the World's Fair.

Convicts in the Michigan State Prison are allowed to keep birds, and, as a result of this, there are fully six hundred feathered songsters in the prison, all owned and cared for by the prisoners. Their carollings in the morning are one of the odd features of life at this institution.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly a remarkable preparation and nothing like it has ever been produced. No matter how wiry and unmanageable the hair may be, under the influence of this incomparable dressing it becomes soft, silky and pliable to the comb and brush.

"Johnny," called his mother, "quit using that bad language."

"Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare said what I just did."

"Well," replied the mother, growing infuriated, "you should quit going with him—he's no companion for you."

—Louisville Post.

"A Prominent Witness."

Rev. J. M. McLeod, Pastor of Zion Church, Vancouver, B. C., writes, July 3rd, 1894:—"It is nearly three months since I finished the package of K. D. C. which you sent me; and though I have for more than twenty years suffered from indigestion that one package seems to have wrought a perfect cure. Since taking your remedy I have not had the slightest symptom of a return of my old enemy. It affords me much pleasure to recommend K. D. C. to the numerous family of dyspeptics as the best known remedy for that most distressing malady."

Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy? Yes, she stood up for you at dinner. Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me? No; nothing much. Father thought you were rather a donkey but she got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than to judge a man by his looks.

The Columbian stamp has done more to make man a licker fiend than any influence of this generation.—Yankee's Gazette.

I want to ask one more question, said little Frank, as he was being put to bed. Well, acquiesced the tired mamma. When holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. 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 Parmelee's Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites combines the curative powers of Wild Cherry, Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil in perfectly palatable form. It is the best for coughs, colds, and all lung troubles. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

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Waste Not, Want Not.

A father picked up a horseshoe in the road, which his son refused to touch, and sold it for three farthings, with which he bought some cherries. They journeyed on, and the boy became thirsty and tired. The father dropped now and then a cherry, which the son was glad to pick up. When the last was eaten the father said: Look, my son! If you had chosen to stop once and pick up a piece of horseshoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries. You see, that father was trying to teach his son not to waste things; but to save and economize. So, my dear children, you may think, perhaps, that a little spent here, and a little there, can be no great matter; but, remember, many a little makes a mickle. Beware of little wastings. Poor Richard has some splendid proverbs. Among them are these: "A small leak will sink a great ship;" and, again, "Who dainties love shall beggars prove;" and, moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Now I would not have you be stingy for anything in the world, I want you to be liberal and benevolent; but I want you also, to learn to economize and save. Then you will grow up to have plenty to give to God and others.

The attempt to serve God without love is like rowing against the tide. Love makes duty sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's service because they love Him. Jacob thought seven years but little for the love he had for Rachel.

The liquor question staggers the intemperate man more than any one else.

Let those who thoughtfully consider the brevity of life remember the length of eternity.—Ken.

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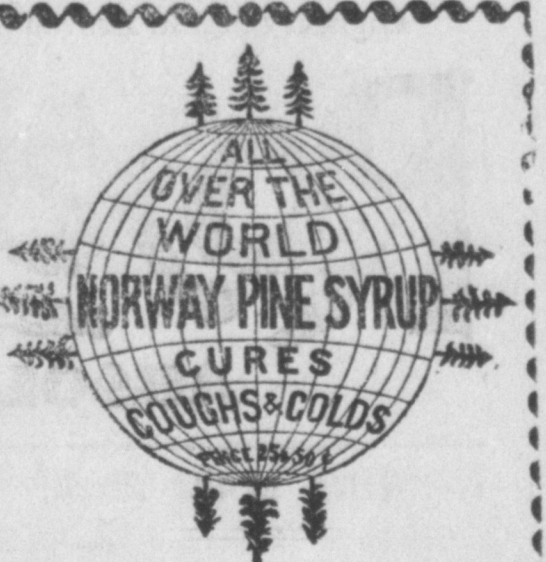
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