

Mother's Lullaby.

Hush-a-by, baby!
Mother will sing to thee.
It is the moan of the wind in the tree.
Angels are listening,
Bright stars are glistening,
Like sentinels watching my baby and me.

Hush-a-by, baby!
What shall I sing to thee?
Hark the bird to her nest on the tree.
Shadows are creeping,
Moonbeams are piling,
Night is deepening o'er moorland and sea.

Lullaby, dearie!
Mother is near thee.
Thou mayst dream of my little one be.
Angels defend thee,
God His love send thee.
And carefully guard both my baby and me.
—Home Journal.

Teddy's Wild Duck.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

It was a lovely Sunday morning, and Teddy begged so hard to stay home from church, that his mother relented and said "Yes," on condition that Teddy would be a good boy, and would do nothing he knew to be wrong. Of course he promised. What boy, under the conditions, would have any idea of doing wrong? Least of all could Teddy, who, though he did not like to sit in church through a long sermon on a summer day, was most anxious always to do as his mamma wished. He huddled her and papa a not exactly sad good-bye from the veranda, and when he could see them no longer through the trees along the street, he remained a moment lost in thought; when he ran down the steps and around the stable, where black Nathan sat with his pipe reading.

"Nice day, isn't it, Nathan?" he said, as he stood, with feet far apart, and looked around the stable.
"Tis sho', honey," said Nathan, turning his paper, and looking up at the small figure.

"Whose gun's that, Nathan?" asked Teddy suddenly, pointing up on the wall.

"I clean furgit; it's ben dar so long, honey."

"Isn't it good for anything?" I'd like a gun to shoot with."

"Now for a bressed ting, chile! It's a terrible ol' an' musty. Must weigh nigh twicet as much as de new fangled one does."

"Did you ever go gunning in the woods, Nathan," continued Teddy, and shoot partridges and squirrels and things? Pa goes and Duke brings the birds out of the water—Why, what's that?" He stopped short, and his eyes grew big, as something white flashed across a space in the currant bushes in the garden back of the stable.

"Mus' be some of yer game, honey—wild ducks, mebbe," laughed Nathan as he turned his lazy body to look around the door.

"It's a wild duck!" whispered the excited Teddy. "Why isn't pa here to see it? But I must get it for him," and catching up a stick of wood from the pile near by, away he went after his victim. Nathan at the door shook his fat sides at the chase. In and out and around the currant bushes fled the wild duck—or whatever it was—and following hard on came Teddy, brandishing his stick, and throwing it once or twice with poor success.

"Why doesn't he fly, Nathan?" he shouted once, without stopping. At last, tiring of the bushes, the bird took to open ground. Then came Teddy's unfortunate advantage, and with a too well directed aim, the stick hit the poor white body, and it fell motionless. Teddy stopped an instant, then came and stood over it as Nathan approached.

"Why, I guess I killed him," he said ruefully; "I don't believe I meant to."

"You clean done it, sho' nuff," said Nathan, picking up the bunch of white feathers; "nuffin lef' fo' you, ol' feller—but ter eat," he added, the color showing plainly. "I'll dress him, honey, an' you kin s'prise the folks when dey come f'om chu'ch."

"Church!" thought Teddy, whose ideas had been very vague for the past ten minutes. Yes, it was Sunday, and mother had told him to be good. Oh dear! But wild ducks do not come every Sunday! "I'll show it to her all ready to cook," thought he, "then, traps, she won't care." It was, however, a very well behaved little boy who swung in the hammock the rest of the morning. When he appeared that noon with the duck, and told his exciting story, he could not understand why, while mamma looked so sorry, papa should laugh so heartily, and he was half afraid that he was being made an of.

The door bell rang in the quiet of the afternoon. It was Teddy's delight to answer it, and when the door opened, Grandma Mellen stood there—the dear old lady who lived nearly opposite, and who was "grandma" to all the boys and girls on the street. With her gentle smile she said,

"My son Charles brought me down yesterday two pet white ducks, and one of them seems to have run away, it being all so strange to them. And I called to see if it was anywhere about your garden."

Teddy stood still, with his hand on the door knob, and his eyes very wide open.

"I—killed a wild duck in our garden this morning, grandma. Was it your tame one?"

Dear honest little fellow! He never thought of doing anything but tell the truth. Then he heard mamma coming, and he was so glad! Mamma can explain things. And Grandma Mellen was so good about it. He did not believe she could have been so kind and pleasant.

"But grandma shall have her duck," added mother, with both hands on Teddy's shoulders. And Teddy went to bring it from the cellar.

There it lay on the platter, covered with a white napkin, looking so nice—but so different from what grandma expected. And the boy who handed it to its owner held his head down in shame.

Teddy and his mother had considered able to say that evening at bedtime. And they both agreed that he had better go to church on Sunday morning for some time to come.

And this was years ago, but even now, when father refers to Teddy's "wild duck" and laughs, as he always does, Teddy feels very much chagrined. —The Examiner.

"Kissing Mother."

A few years ago I was spending the Easter holidays with an old school friend in London. We had not met for years, as she had married early and left our native town. What a pleasant family she had! Horace, her eldest son was a fine, manly fellow, just preparing to go to the Sudan for his first active service as a doctor in the army. I noticed that he, great tall fellow though he was, never left the house or returned to it without first gently kissing his mother.

One day I said to her, Bessy, I can't help being amused at that great Horace of yours, kissing you like a two-year old.

Bessie laughed, but it was the sweet, low laugh of a well-contented mother.

Ah, Joey, she said, that kiss of Horace's is one of the greatest comforts of my life, and one that, amidst trials and changes, I can rest my heart on. I will tell you all about it.

When Horace was five years old he was the most determined and self-willed little rogue you can imagine. One day he took a basket of very fine fruit, which his father was meaning to send to a show. On being asked if he had taken it, he fearlessly answered, No, and persisted in saying No, the whole day. I was so grieved, for his father was angry, because he knew it was a lie.

Soon after the children went to bed that night Nurse came to me, saying, Master Horace is very feverish and ill, ma'am, and won't go to sleep till he sees you.

Up I went to the nursery, and found the poor child in a high fever and sobbing as if his heart would break. Flushing his arms round me he said, Oh, mother, I took the peaches and a'e them! Tell Father, oh, tell Father!

I soothed him, and to'd him how he had vexed us all, and sinned against his Father in Heaven. He got up and knelt on his little cot, while I asked that he might be forgiven; and Now, Horace, I said, let us wipe everything away with a kiss.

He never forgot that night, and it is at his own wish that the habit is kept up.

He always says, Mother, I never kiss you till everything is wiped away. So I know in truth that, whatever fault he may have been in at home, school, or college, has always been repented of and confessed before his dear lips touch my cheek.—The Baptist Outlook.

Eye Don'ts.

Don't read, study or sew lying down. Don't despise the day of little things. The whole system needs to be in good condition to keep each organ right. So keep your body strong, for when the body weakens the eyes weaken; this is the reason of failing sight in old age.

Don't go where there is a glare of either sunlight or electric light more than you can help. The green of the country and of the grass and trees is restful for the eyes.

Don't use the eyes when very tired or weak from sickness; they are the most sensitive of our organs, and tire as the rest of us tires, and use after a certain point of fatigue or weakness has been reached is injurious to any part of our body.

Don't have the light fall on your work or book from the front; have it

slightly back and from the side, preferably the left.

Don't forget that hot water is the most efficacious in case of inflammation or tiredness. Bathing for about ten minutes with water as hot as you can bear your elbow in is a most sure relief. A boric acid solution that can be obtained at any drug store is also excellent.

Don't go to an optician to get glasses without first being examined and treated by a good oculist. Much harm is often done this way, and your eyes are not things to run any risks with.

Don't neglect or strain your eyes; they are the most precious and useful of your senses. Take as good care of them as in your power in the first place; but if they are not as they should be, have them attended to at once. Remember, if once injured they are never quite so good as they were before.

Birds as Tall as Giraffes.

A curious egg was recently brought from Madagascar to America, and it is now in New York. The egg is more than one foot in length, and is large enough to hold two gallons of water. It is eight times greater than the largest of the ostrich's eggs. The egg is that of a huge bird, now no longer in existence, called the pyornis. No living person ever saw the pyornis; but skeletons of the colossal creature have been found in the sandbanks of Madagascar. The discovery was made in an odd manner. The captain of a merchant vessel went into a harbor on the southern coast of Madagascar to trade with the natives, and while there he saw the men making use of huge cups in which to carry water. Upon investigation he found that the cups were eggshells cut in halves, and he soon obtained a specimen of the egg of the pyornis, which had been preserved for hundreds of years in the dry sandbanks. Those who have read about the roc, so closely connected with the haps and mishaps of Sindbad the sailor, may yet live to learn that such huge birds as the roc really did exist once upon a time. It is known that there used to be rail birds six feet high, and eagles capable of carrying off six or eight men each. The barapornis, a gigantic bird, was, in structure, very much like the modern eagle—Little Christian.

Keep it Like a Man.

In the earliest days of the temperance movement, a boy attended one of the meetings. He heard the earnest words and felt stirred to place himself in the line of duty and in the place of safety. When he and the boys about him were asked to sign the pledge, he wrote his name on the paper, and hastened home to tell his mother. Her answer was, "Keep it like a man." And he kept it. "Willie" went far from home to the new world so full of temptation to young men. The words of his mother followed him "Keep it like a man," and he was strong to resist temptation. He is an old man, now, esteemed and honored, and the words of the dear mother are still with him, "Keep it like a man." Happy is the young man who has a mother to stand by him and encourage him in every good resolution and effort.—United Presbyterian.

A Pernicious Habit.

Cigarette smoking has long been regarded as an evil by physicians, and startling statements have been made regarding the results of the evil upon the physical man. The habit is working to the disadvantage of its victims in other ways. The superintendent of one of the surface railroads of St. Louis made the following significant statement a few days ago: "Under no circumstances will I hire a man who smokes cigarettes. He is as dangerous on the front end of a motor as a man who drinks. In fact he is more dangerous. His nerves are bound to give way at a critical moment. A motorman needs all his nerve all the time, and a cigarette smoker cannot stand the strain. It is a pretty tough job for men in good condition, and even they sometimes get flurried. If I find a car beginning to run badly and get irregular for any time, I immediately begin to investigate the man to find out if he smokes cigarettes. Nine times out of ten he does, and then he goes for good."

How to Wash the Hair.

Don't wash the hair too often. It weakens it. Once a week in summer or once a month in winter is sufficient. Always dry the scalp carefully after washing. Use tepid water, and good, pure soap, such as ivory, tar or castile. Don't strangle your hair to death by braiding it tightly at night. Don't crush its life out by heavy pads, hats or bonnets. Don't poison it by quick nostrums and don't starve it for need

of a good hair tonic at times, forty grains of quinine to one pint of bay rum is good. Trim it at least once a month. Nothing is a more valuable preventive of falling out than this. A persistent and frequent use of salt water makes the hair grow, keeps dandruff out, and strengthens it in every way; vasoline rubbed into the roots is also good. Brush at least once a day thoroughly, say one hundred strokes, use a brush with long bristles, soft and yielding.

Hot Water Helpful.

There is nothing that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or inflammation of any kind as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. A strip of flannel doubled, dipped in hot water and wrung out and applied around the neck of a child who has the croup, will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and to the back of the neck. Hot water will relieve neuralgia, and a cupful taken before retiring is very beneficial. A glass of hot water taken before breakfast has cured many cases of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics. —New York Sun.

Lost Hours.

"I say good night and go upstairs, And then undress and say my prayers Beside my bed, and then jump in it, And then—the very nextest minute,

'The morning sun comes in to peep At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep, But seems to me,' said little Ted, 'It's not worth while to go to bed.' —Sidney Dayre, in St. Nicholas.

How it Strikes a Boy.

Said little Johnny Green, This is the funniest world I ever seen; A fellow is sent off to bed When he hasn't got a bit of sleep in his head, And he's hustled out of it, don't you see, When he's just as sleepy as he can be! —Boston Transcript.

All Sorts.

This blackberry pie isn't nearly so good as those mother used to make.

No; I told your mother, this morning, when she made it, that you would be sure to find fault with it.

Physical strength and energy contribute to strength of character, and both may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A raw Scotch lad joined the volunteers, and on the first parade day his sister came with his mother to see the regiment. On the march past Jock was out of step. 'Look mither' said his sister, 'they're a oot of step but oor Jock!'

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay—try it to-day.

Yardsley donated a castor worth ninety-seven cents to the minister and put a tag on it marked \$16.

Yes? Well, the parson took the article to Yardsley's store yesterday and traded it for dry goods. Yardsley's smile won't be able to get out again for six weeks.

Neither calomel nor any other injurious drug is contained in Ayer's Pills. They are composed of the active principles of the best vegetable cathartics, and their use is always attended with marked benefit. For a sluggish liver or for constipation, nothing surpasses Ayer's Pills.

It is said that a merchant in Montclair, N. J., was charged in court with obstructing the sidewalk in front of his store, and a telephone message came, ordering him to appear to answer the charge. He was very busy, however, so he shouted out a plea of guilty. Fine, \$10, came the reply. All right; I'll send up the money right away. Good-by. Not even Edward Bellamy, with his dream of going to church by telephone, thought of that.

The average man usually finds himself at sea when he undertakes the description of a lady's dress. An old farmer, returning from the wedding of a niece in town, was eagerly questioned by his family as to the bride's costume. "Well," said he, "she had on some kind of a dress, with a lot of flubdubbery of some sort or 'nother down the front of it, and a thingamajig on the back of it, with a long tail of some stuff—I don't know what it was—dragging out behind, and a lot of flip-flop flounces over the whole thing. There was no arms to it, and she had a lot of white truck, soft and

floppy like, on her head, and that is just all I know about it." All of which must have been unsatisfactory to the ladies of his household.

DON'T REPROVE AT BEDTIME.—To send children happy to bed should be one of the mother's most ordinary tasks. No little one should dread the bedtime hour, nor fear the dark, nor be allowed to go to rest under a sense of disgrace or alienation from household love. Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at night fall he should be forgiven, and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her tender voice in his ears.

Hardly any thing can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime. The mother does well to be a little blind at some things remembering that a good deal of childish culpability is superficial only, and washes off almost as easy as does the dirt which the evening bath removes from the skin.

The main thing with children is to have them well started with good principles, which they will carry through life. Obedience, truth, selfishness, purity, are essentials, and these can all be lovingly cultivated, and will flourish in the right home atmosphere.

When the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low, the room quiet for the night, the mother, or nurse, or elder sister, or the kind auntie, who is still found in some fortunate houses, should have a little fund of stories on which to draw for the small listeners' pleasure before they embark on the train for dreamland.

Imagination is very active in little children, and occasionally one meets a mother who does not understand the child's world, having forgotten her own early days and their illusions, or who is afraid that fancy and its imageries will lead her child into deceit. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with children, and they themselves should be taught to shun equivocation and every form of lying, still we need not fear to let imagination give them pleasure.

They early learn to discriminate between the false and the true—or, perhaps, it would be better to say that they learn to find the truth wrapped up in the husk of the story. The same stories, with variations, have in all ages and climes been taught and told to children, and they have their origin in the needs and the heart of the race. Children thrive on stories, and are the better able to grasp other literature if early fed on these.—Philadelphia Times.

Cancer can be Cured.

For six years I suffered from cancer and got no relief until I used Burdock Blood Bitters. I used seven bottles faithfully, when the cancer gradually dried up and finally disappeared. I am now entirely well and rejoice that by using B. B. B. I have escaped death either from the surgeon's knife or from the cancer itself. (Signed,) MRS. ELIZA T. TUFFORD, Paris, Ont.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

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."

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