

Prohibition Battle Song.

Tune.—"Hold the Fort."
Friends of temperance! see the signal
Flame from height to height;
Duty calls! Come join the conflict!
Arm you for the fight.
Chorus—
Raise the Prohibition banner!
Wife its folds display;
Truth has ever vanquished error,
We shall win the day!
Many fortresses have fallen:
Battles fierce and long
Have in glorious victory ended,
And triumph song.
States and empires are uprising,
To efface the stain
Of the countless human victims
By temperance slain.
See the Church of Christ advancing,
In her King's great night!
Soon will her victorious legions
Put the foe to flight.
Onward! though false friends discourage,
Or strong foes assail,
For the Lord of Hosts is with us!
And we must prevail.
Forward, then! march on to conquest,
To our pledge true;
So shall we be crowned as victors
In the grand review."

How Edith's Fortune was Lost.

"Mamma," said Edith, "may I go and spend the afternoon with Alice?"
"Have you mended the rent in your best dress, and darned your stockings?"
If so, you may go," was the answer.
"It's a shame for that old mending to spoil my whole Saturday afternoon," said Edith crossly.
"Why did you leave it so long? You tore that dress last Sunday. I reminded you of the rent twice, but you always prefer doing something else rather than the particular work which is most necessary. I really must insist upon your mending being finished each week before Saturday evening. You know you can always choose your own time, and have yourself to thank if your Saturday is spoiled," remarked Mrs. Stein.
Edith silently left the room, and returning with her dress, began gloomily looking at a long rent in the skirt.
"It will take an age to darn that, she muttered.
"Edith," called grandma cheerily from the bay-window where she had been hitherto a silent listener, "bring your work here, where there is the best light, and I will tell you a story."
The girl's face brightened at once. She found a seat near the old lady, and said:
"You're very kind, grandma, but really I don't think I'm young enough to enjoy 'The Three Bears' or Hansel and Gretel' any longer. Why, I'm almost fourteen."
Grandma smiled, and said:
"Don't you want to hear the true story of how your fortune was lost?"
"That's different; of course I do."
"Well, then," began the old lady, "my grandfather was a very well-to-do silversmith and jeweler, who lived in Bremen, one of the largest and most important towns in north Germany. In his day it was much smaller than it is now, but he thought it would grow; so he bought a large piece of land lying just outside the town, borrowing part of the money to pay for it.
"A short time afterwards, times were very hard in Germany, on account of the wars of Napoleon. People bought only the most necessary things, and, of course, no one would buy any jewelry or silverware. So it happened that, when my grandfather was called upon to pay a hundred dollars on this debt, he could not do so, and none of his business acquaintances were able to lend him even a small sum. Finally, three days before the money had to be paid, he thought of a certain rich friend of his, and, going to his house, asked him to lend a hundred dollars, telling him how he had failed to get it elsewhere. His friend said, 'Why, of course, you shall have the money. Why didn't you come to me long ago? I can get it for you from my office at once, if you must have it, but I think you said you had until day after tomorrow? Yes? Well, really, I want to finish this interesting book this afternoon, but, if you will call at the office some time to-morrow morning, you shall have the money.'
"My grandfather went home feeling happier than he had done for months. Next morning, as he was starting to go to his friend's office, he heard that his friend had been found dead in bed, having died of heart disease during the night. He went to the man who managed his friend's business, and asked him for the money, but the man said he had no right to lend it without any order from the owner.
"So the piece of land was sold at auction, and as no one wanted to buy, the man to whom the money was owing bought it—in for just one hundred dollars—that is, he took it for the debt; and grandfather lost all the

money he had paid for the land, and the land besides. To-day there stand upon this land a handsome railroad depot, a fine hotel, and several magnificent residences. The land is now valued at over a million dollars."
"Why did you call that my fortune, grandma?" asked Edith.
"All that property would now be mine, and you and Edgar are my heirs."
"And it would have been ours if that friend had not put off paying out the money just because he wanted to finish his book! It's too bad!" said Edith emphatically.
"Take care, my dear. People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, you know."
The girl looked grave a minute, then said:
"I'll move out of my 'glass house,' and mend my clothes by Tuesday every week,—see if I don't!"—S. S. Times.

The Pet of the Camp.

There was in the camp at Montauk a very little soldier, in whom, I think, all children would take a keen interest if they could see and know as we did; and I am sure even to hear about him will cause many to remember the little fellow lovingly.
He is a small colored boy by the name of Jimmy. I saw him first standing by one of the generals, gazing up into the officer's face with soft brown eyes.
"Now, Jimmy," said the general, "never go so far from camp again. When night came, and you did not turn up, I thought that some outgoing train had carried you off. You gave me a big scare."
Then Jimmy touched his little ragged cap, and scampered away.
Later I saw him trying to adjust his one suspender to two pairs of trousers, which, with a thin checked shirt and his small cap, composed his entire costume.
"Where did you come from?" I asked, remembering his small, gentle face.
"I did live down in Tampa," he replied, without looking up. "But jes now I came from Cuba. I belongs to de b-y, I does!"
Suddenly I remembered a story of a "camp pet," about which a friend had spoken; and I gazed with added interest at my small, dusky friend.
To our many questions he at first replied shyly, as any unimportant little boy might have done; but, finally, he gained courage.
"Yes'm, I hasn't got no folks; and, when de boys went to Cuba, dey took me long wid 'em. I was in de battle at Santiago, I was! I was right in wid de colonel; an' I saw de Spaniards all covered up wid leaves, jes' like trees. And den sometimes we heard dem yell, 'We're Cubans, we are!' an' den dey would fire on us like murder. No'm, I didn't run an' hide. I stayed right 'long wid de colonel."
Then, gazing sorrowfully down at his airy costume, he went on:
"I see got a right smart suit of clo'es jes' like de boys up in my tent. I see got a little tent up on de hill by de colonel's, all fur mysef. 'An' I got a Spanish pony named Buffalo Bill, an' a little mule named Jack, an' two parrots, an'—an' dat's what I see got!—with a final burst of pride.
It seemed almost improbable that that little child, certainly not over ten, could have had all these adventures. So I asked a cavalryman near by about it, and he smilingly said:
"Yes, it is true; but he left out one item more touching than all he has told. He was standing near the colonel in that awful fight at Santiago; and a ball hit little Jimmy, wounding him in the foot. As he was being carried back to the rear, he said, 'I see glad I got de ball' 'stead of de colonel!"
As I left camp that evening, I saw Jimmy in a side-tracked car, eating wa ermelon.
"Good-night, Jimmy!" I said. "But why did you not tell me about your foot being hurt?"
Down went he melon; and, with all his listening teeth showing, he replied.
"Why! I 'clare, I don't forgot all 'bout dat!"
"Poor little fellow!" I said.
"Poor!" cried a little boy in our party. "Why, I'd rather be Jimmy than President McKinley!"
Yes, from a boy's standpoint, Jimmy was an object greatly to be envied. With possessions that would turn a boy's head, with memories that will stir his blood while life lasts, the pet of that army of brave, tender men,—yes, Jimmy is an object of envy. But—I remember that he had 'no folks'; that his good-night was the bugle-call, "All lights out!" His little round cheek would have no good night kiss except that which the wind might leave upon it, as it rushed through his lonely little tent, 'on de hill by de colonel's."
Again I said, "Poor little fellow!" And I wish that every child who reads about Jimmy would add his name to the "blessing list" in his prayers and say, "God bless Jimmy, and make him a brave soldier in the battle of life!"—Chris Register.

Making the Best of It.

When grandma came into the nursery she saw Ted staring out of the window with a scowl on his forehead. Mary Esther was lying stretched out on the floor, drumming her heels up and down; and Dick was pulling the cat's tail.
"What's the trouble, Teddy?" she asked, sitting down in her chair and beginning her knitting.
"O, this rain is such a bother!" said Ted. I was going over to John's to make a bird-house, and I took my tools over last night to have them there; and now I can't go because I've got a cold and it rains."
"I saw a carpenter making a mud-house the other morning without tools," began grandma; and the three children came over and clustered around her chair.
"And that wasn't all," she went on. "He had no arms, and he made it with his head."
"He acted very oddly, too," said grandma, lifting Dick up on her lap. "First, he rubbed his floor in; and he sang a funny little song as he did it. Then he went off for more mud. When he got back he walked in every direction, but the right one, and I thought he had lost his way; but I really think he wanted to make me stop watching him, for he finally got there, and he went on building, always singing his queer little song. After his pile of mud was large enough, he passed his head against one end until he had bored a little round room in it. I thought it must be hard work; but he always sang, and seemed determined to make the best of it."
"Where is his house?" asked Dick.
"Out in the roof of the back porch," said grandma. So they all scampered off to find it.
"Oh, yes!" said Ted, pointing up in one corner. "There it is. It's a mud-dub'er's nest."
"It's a wasp's, I think," said Dick.
"Well, a mud dauber is a wasp," said Ted laughing. "That's built better than I could do with tools," went on Ted. "I believe I'll make the best of it, too."
So when grandma saw them again Ted was mending Mary Esther's doll's head, which had waited a long time for her glue medicine. Mary Esther was sewing on her doll's quilt, and Dick was rubbing up the nickel parts of their bicycle; and they sang so hard and worked so steadily that when the dinner-bell rang they were surprised to find the rain all stopped and the sun shining.—The Outlook.

Will, Dick, and the Squirrel.

The boys went out one morning to look at the traps they had set in the edge of the woods for small game, such as rabbits and quails. As Will stooped down and looked into his trap, there sat a little brown squirrel looking straight at him with his eyes.
"Hello, bunny! How did you come here?"
"Dick came running up, with Towser at his heels. Towser stood by the trap, and barked and barked, as proud as if he had 'treed' the squirrel himself.
"Let's have some fun," suggested Dick.
"Let's turn him loose in the middle of the field, where he can't get to a tree, and set Towser after him. He can't miss catching him."
"No; I wouldn't do that," said Will. "It isn't any use."
"You are too tender-hearted, retorted Dick.
"I believe in fair play," said Will. "It is no use to set Towser on him when he can't get away. You can kill him and have him for dinner, but you must do it fair."
Dick put his hand cautiously under the trap, so as not to let the prisoner escape. To his surprise, the little captive put his mouth into his hand, as if to eat out of it.
"Whoever saw the like?"
He took the squirrel out of the trap holding it loosely, as it was not trying to get away. Then, slipping from his hand, it perched on his shoulder, and sat there quite contented. Dick was nonplussed. How was he to kill such a cunning little creature? Yet, after taunting Will with being tenderhearted, he was ashamed to say that he couldn't kill the squirrel.
"He is so tame he will make a good pet for Amy," he said. "I'll carry him home to her."
That got him out of the difficulty. "Oh, you de-r, stupid Dick!" she said. "It's my own little Sprite!"
Amy reached out her arms, and Sprite ran to her, putting his mouth into her hands and asking for his breakfast, for he was hungry after his long imprisonment, and quite unconscious of the narrow escape he had made.
Dick never told Amy his amiable intentions toward Sprite, but he said to himself: "I wouldn't have killed little Amy's pet squirrel for a hundred dollars, and I wouldn't have set Towser on him for a thousand."
Lutheran Observer.

The Queer Thing That Happened.

It wouldn't have happened if Sweetheart hadn't been, of all little women, the very most inquisitive. So mamma said, and mamma knew.
Sweetheart was continuously introducing her small, blunt nose into everything—into mamma's cologne bottles and Ann Mary's cranberry pies, and even into Crested Ned's cage to investigate his seed cup. There were so many things in Sweetheart's world to examine and to look into and to smell of. It kept her very busy and got her into all sorts of scrapes; but the very funniest and really the most serious, too, happened one day down at the beach. They were all "clamming." Quite a pile of the big ugly fellows lay near Sweetheart when she sat down to rest.
"I wish I knew what the rest of him was like," she thought as a long black neck issued inquiringly from one of the shells; "I'm going to peek in and see. I shoudn't be s'prised if he was homely all over."
She leaned over and peered down at the slippery shell. Of course, the clam drew in his head quickly, but he left his front door wide open. In went Sweetheart's nose, with her two bright, inquisitive eyes just behind, when—snap! the front door shut on the poor little nose. It was dreadful; but afterward, when the front door had opened again, and the poor little nose had been anointed with vaseline and cuddled comfortably, how Sweetheart laughed at the funny photograph papa drew of her with a big clam on her nose!
"I guess I won't be 'quisitive any more, though," she said.—Constance Hamilton, in Youth's Companion.

The Girl's Wardrobe.

"It is a truth, and a sad one, that the girl with the least money is apt to be the most extravagant," writes Ruth Ashmore, of "The Care of a Girl's Wardrobe," in The Ladies' Home Journal. The very wealthy girl may not have to care for her own wardrobe, yet each piece belonging to it is made to do full service, and in many instances, if she has a wise mother, the girl herself must superintend the work of the maid. It is said of the daughters of Queen Victoria that each one of them was taught, not only to sew well, but to mend and darn with great neatness, and to make over those gowns which were counted worth it. The girl whose wardrobe is not large makes her first mistake in buying cheap material of a color that is the fancy of the moment. Instead, when only one new gown may be had during the season, it should be of a fabric that will stand wear, that will endure making over, and of a color of which neither the wearer nor the looker-on will soon grow weary. It is an extravagance to have a gown made in the extreme fashion, for the extreme soon goes out, and then you have a failure on your hands.

An Awful Deed.

Once upon a time a temperance reformer was aroused from his breakfast table by a clapping on the door by a little blue-eyed fourteen-year-old boy. The child, thinly clad, asked the gentleman to visit the jail where the little fellow's father was, and who was to be hanged that day. The gentleman did so, and in the afternoon the body of this father was carried to the hovel of his children. On the arrival of the body in a rude pine box, and after lamenting, the boy said: "Come, sister, let's kiss papa before his lips are cold." Imagine the scene. This father had killed their mother while drunk. The children gathered around the casket, kissing their dead father and screaming in frantic tones, "O father, O father, you were good to us and mother, but whiskey did it." And while these children lay on their bed at night, fatherless and motherless, with broken hearts and ruined home, with no eye to see them and no hand to care for them save the Jehovahs, this nation boasts of her full treasury, large churches and manly statesmanship.
We wish we had every little orphan boy and girl, made so by drink, upon our arms. We would like to cheer these priceless souls and be a father and friend to them all, but this is not possible, and inasmuch as it is so, the only tangible assistance we are able to render is to have our sword drawn, and every time the enemy comes in reach make a break at his magazine of sorrow. Men of Kentucky, are you ready to join in with us and help to fight this whitened sepulchre.—The American Home.

To be entirely relieved of the aches and pains of rheumatism means a great deal and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it.

Why She Was Popular.

A queer old man once made a tea party for all the little girls in our town, and when they were all gathered in his front yard in white dresses and carefully tied sashes he offered a doll for the most popular little girl in the crowd.
But half the children did not know what "most popular" meant, so he told them it was the best-liked little girl. All the children voted and Mary Blain got the doll. Mary was not the prettiest nor the cleverest of the children, but she got the doll.
"Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."
Nobody answered at first; but presently Fanny Wilson said, "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us want to play, and then says, 'Let's play that.'"
The old gentleman said that was the best reason he had ever heard, and he was going to try for the rest of his life to find out what other people wanted to play, and then say, "Let's play that!"—Ex.

What "Sing a Song of Sixpence" Means.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top-crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king. The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers, as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.
The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—has risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The bird who, so tragically, ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

Going back is sometimes a dangerous business. It may prove disastrous to others as well as to ourselves. In certain mountain passes of Austria are found sign-boards bearing, in German, the words "Return forbidden." These roads are so narrow and precipitous that there is no room for two carriages abreast; therefore, to attempt to retrace one's path might bring disaster upon one's self and upon those coming after. Once having started there, you must keep straight on until you have reached your destination. To day's pressing duties call us forward, not backward. There are others coming after; we must push ahead for their sake; and for our own. Austria is not the only place where there is need of the warning, "Return forbidden."—Charles Gallaudet Trumbull.

The Coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

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, Lyander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

Stuck to Low's.

"We have tried a good many worm medicines but during the past five years have stuck to Dr. Low's, as it proved to be the best." Samuel T. Sargent, Brockville, Ont.

CLIFTON HOUSE

Princess & 145 Gormain St.
SINT JOHN, N.B.
A. M. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.
HEATED BY NITAN THERMOCUT

If you are energetic and Smart.

If you are above foolish prejudice against a good book, write and get my proposition. This information will cost nothing.
I have put hundreds of men in the way of making money; some of whom are now rich.
I can do good things for you, if you are unable to will work hard.
T. S. LILL COTT, Toronto

A Great Combination

The latest and Best System of Business Practice and Practical Accounting published last month, and for use of which we hold exclusive right.
The use of the recently invented office labor saving methods and appliances.
The course of study which has qualified our students to take and to hold almost every important position in St. John, not to mention successes abroad.
The Isaac Pitman Shorthand, the best and latest in existence.

S. KERR & SON

Professional Cards.

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto has resumed practice in Fredericton, N.B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

BARRISTER,
CONVEYANCER &c. &c.
Money to Loan or Real Estate security.
CHESTNUT BUILDING OFF. CITY HALL
FREDERICTON, N. B.

\$18,000.00

Low Interest and Easy Terms
As Solicitor for several persons desiring to loan amounts of from \$100.00 to \$5000.00 on first Mortgage security, I am prepared to invest \$18,000.00, repayable as desired.
Also as Solicitor for The Reliance Loan and Savings Company I will make loans to assist building or purchase of dwellings. Principal and interest repayable in monthly installments. Why pay rent when by this method the same money will in a few years make you owner?
ARTHUR R. STIPP
P. O. Box 402
Fredericton, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.,
WOODSTOCK N.B.

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE

300 Acres. Land lays well. Well watered. Large amount of hard wood timber near railroad. Dwellings and outbuildings. Price only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. Good title. Write for free Catalogue.
B. J. J. (APRIL 10, 1898) Richmond

Manchester, Robertson

and Allison

St. John, N. B.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains
Silks, Millinery, Furs, Cloaks,
Dress Goods, Men's and Boys
Clothing Gents' Furnishings

Our New Furniture Department contains an immense stock of
Fine Furniture
in Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Tables, Sideboards, Rocking Chairs, Easy Chairs, Brass and Iron Bedsteads and all kinds of Household Furniture at Lowest prices.

WANTED.

CANVASSERS.—Queen Victoria's Life and Reign, has captured the British Empire. Extraordinary testimonials from the great men; send or copy free. Marquis of Lorne says, "The best popular Life of the Queen I have seen." Her Majesty sends a kind letter of appreciation. Selling by thousands; gives enthusiastic satisfaction. Canvassers making \$15 to \$40 weekly. Prospectus free to agents. The Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

Dragon Blend

—AND—

Griffin Blend TEAS

are unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for them. Wholesale only by

A. F. Randolph & Son

