

Don't Forget.

Don't forget to kiss your mother
Though her face is wrinkled now,
For her heart is just as loving
As when she kissed your baby brow.
If she looks tired and weary,
With her daily wear and care;
Kiss her face and rest the gladness
That will tend to shine there.

Don't forget how she leaned o'er you,
When none else cared to come near,
With your breath so fever tainted,
Still to her you were most dear.
Don't forget how like an angel
Softly hovering near your bed,
With a voice choked in emotion,
How sweet prayers for you he said.

Don't forget to smooth her tresses
That years of care have turned to grey,
Don't forget the kiss that healed you
When you were hurt in childish play.
If in wrong you've ever tempted,
Be as faithful and a true
As the one who from the cradle
Has proved an angel's love to you.

—United Presbyterian.

Won the Prize for Heroism.

I shall never forget the lesson which I received when quite a young lad at an academy in B——. Among my schoolfellows was Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and the latter I looked up to as a sort of leader in matter of opinion as to sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the lookout for matters of derision.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson.

'Hello!' he exclaimed, 'what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!'

Hartley, waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of the academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word 'kew', after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation.

'I suppose, Hartley,' said Jemson one day, 'I suppose your lady means to make a milkman of you?'

'Why not?' asked Hartley.
'O, nothing! only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!'

The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied, 'Never fear; if I should ever rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk.'

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received creditable number—for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered it bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy who received it was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he could relate a short story. 'Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horse back rode by on his way to mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, one followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make

inquiries, but stayed to render services.

This scholar soon learned the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted of selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow! With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted this offer.'

'But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for a while.' 'O! no,' said the old woman; 'I can not consent to that; but here is a pair of cow-hide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

'Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His cow-hide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow, for he was not inclined to make a want of charitable motive, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not sink out of sight behind the blackboard! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face!'

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs.

The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed prouder ornaments than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson, before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went, with tears in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making a handsome apology for his past ill manners. 'Think no more of it, old fellow,' said Hartley, with delightful cordiality; 'let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation. The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set off with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!—Shoemaker's Best Selections.'

Man's Noblest Servant.

In 'Wild Animals I have known,' Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson relates a terrible experience. He had gone out alone to a remote district on his pony to inspect some wolf-traps. In one of them he found a wolf, and having killed it, was engaged in resetting the trap, when inadvertently he sprang the next one, and his hand was caught in the massive steel jaws.

'I lay on my face,' he says, 'and stretched out my toe, hoping to draw within reach the trap wrench, which I had thrown down a few feet away. Wolf-traps are set in fours around a buried bait, and are covered with cotton and fine sand so as to be quite invisible.'

'Intent on securing the wrench, I swung about my anchor, stretching and reaching to the utmost, unable to see just where it lay, but trusting to the sense of touch to find it. A moment later there was a sharp "clank" and the iron jaws No. 3 closed on my left foot!'

'Struggle as I would, I could not move either trap, and there lay stretched out and securely staked to the ground. No one knew where I had gone, and there was slight prospect of anyone's coming to the place for weeks. The full horror of my situation was upon me—to be devoured by wolves or die of cold and starvation. My pony, meantime, stood patiently waiting to take me home.

'The afternoon waned, and night came on, a night of horror! Wolves

in the distance, and then grew nearer and nearer. They seized upon and devoured the carcass of the one I had slaughtered, and one of them, growing bolder, came up and snarled in my face. Then there was a sudden rush, and a fight among the wolves.

'I could not see well, and for an instant I thought my time had come, when a big fellow dashed upon me! But it was Bingo—my noble dog—who rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me and licked my face. He had scattered the wolves and killed one as I afterward learned.

'Bingo! Bingo, old boy! Fetch me the trap wrench!'

'Away he went and came dragging my rifle, for he knew only that I wanted something.

'No, Bingo—the trap wrench! This time it was my sash, but at last he brought the wrench, and wagged his tail in joy that it was right. With difficulty, reaching out with my free hand, I unscrewed the pillar nut. The trap fell apart and my hand was released, and a minute later I was free.

'Bingo brought up my pony, which had fled at the approach of the wolves, and soon we were on the way home with the dog as herald, leaping and barking for joy.'—N. Y. Witness.

Two Indoor Games.

Thimble hunting is a special favorite among indoor games, even with 'grown-ups,' but this is a new way of playing it. All leave the room except the one with the thimble, who does not hide it at all, but must put it in some place where it can be easily seen without moving or touching anything to do so.

For instance, a good place is on a nail which holds up a picture, or the window ledge, stuck in the fringe of the table-cloth, put in the ornamental part of the fender, or, in fact, anywhere where there are things around it to confuse one.

When the 'hider' has placed the thimble, he calls the rest of the company in, and the search begins.

Now, listen, for this is the most important rule of all. Those who are looking for the thimble must not touch anything or move anything in their search, and when one does see the thimble he must not cry out, 'Oh, there it is!'

Perfect silence should prevail, and when the boy or girl sees it he or she must sit down on a chair, and so on, till all have seen it. Then the one who sat down first has to hide the thimble, and the others all go out.

It is wonderful what a long time it often takes before the whole company have seen it—often two or three children will stand actually looking at the thimble and yet never see it. And this is such fun for those who have already found it.

Of course you must not pop down immediately into a chair the moment you have seen the thimble, as that would betray at once where it was, but walk away and look in another direction and then sit down.

Another game is played with squares of colored paper, four being given to each player, who is also furnished with a Japanese fan. A square is marked off, and each player, standing at an equal distance, places his small squares in a row one inch apart. At a given signal each player, wielding his fan, endeavors to place his colored squares first within the large square, and the one succeeding wins the game. The squares must not be touched, but must be fanned into place. This game is best played upon the floor, but a large table will answer. In this case, when the papers blow off upon the floor they must be started over again. This game may also be played in turns, each player fanning a single square for one minute. When 'time' is called, he marks the place of his square with a colored button, and his opponent takes his place. The game thus proceeds until one player succeeds in getting his squares safely in the fold. This game, like thimble hunting, may be played by a number of children, and is capable of many variations.

'A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned,' Economy is the lesson taught by this saying. It is true economy to take Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season, because it purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and thus prevents sickness and puts the whole system in a state of health for the coming season. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses—positive proof that it is economy to take only Hood's.

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The General Saved Him.

In the canteen at Camp Wikoff, a reporter heard from a regular how General Chaffee saved a young soldier from being disgraced for cowardice, one of the unpardonable offences which the articles of war punish with death. The anecdote, published in Waterson's 'History of the Spanish-American War,' is as follows:

'Talk about your generals!' said the regular, 'Chaffee's the old boy for my money. I found out what he was at El Caney. My company was at work digging trenches, and while we were finishing up one, the Spaniards began to fire, and the bullets sang their little tunes pretty nigh to our heads.'

'Well there was a kid in our company that could not have been over eighteen. Never ought to have let him enlist at all. He was always complaining and kicking, and at the first fire down he went flat on his face, and lay there. One of the men kicked him, but he didn't stir. Then along came Chaffee, cool and easy, and sees the kid. "Hello, there!" says Chaffee. "What's the matter, you fellow down there? Get up and fight with your company."

'No; I can't whines the kid. "Can't?" says Chaffee, jumping down into the trench and hauling the boy up. "What's the matter with you that can't? Are you hurt?"

'No, sir,' says he. 'I'm scairt. I'm afraid of getting hit.' 'Well, you're a fine soldier!' says the general. Then he looked at the boyish face of the lad, and his face kind of softened. 'I suppose you can't help it,' he said. 'It ain't so much your fault. I'd like to get hold of the fellow that took you into the army.'

'I suppose any other general would have sent the boy to the rear in disgrace, and that would have been the end of it; but Chaffee stood there with the bullets ki-ying around him, beside the boy, who had crouched down again, and thought, with his chin in his hand. By and by he put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

'There isn't as much danger as you think,' said he. 'Now, get up and take your gun and fight, and I'll stand here by you.'

'The boy got up, shaking like a leaf, and fired his first shot pretty near straight in the air.

'That's pretty high,' says the general. 'Keep cool and try again.'

'Well, in three minutes that "scart" kid was fighting like a veteran and cool as a cucumber, and when he saw the general started on.

'You're all right now, my boy,' he said, 'you'll make a good soldier.'

'God bless you, sir!' said the youngster. 'You saved me from worse than death,' and he was pretty close to crying when he said it. After a while the order came to retire from the trench, and we just had to collar that young fellow and haul him away by the neck to get him to retreat with the company. In the rest of the fights there was not a better soldier in the company, and not only that, but we never heard a grumble nor a kick from him from that day.'

Cross!

Stick a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick.

Can you repeat that three times, quickly, without getting your tongue twisted?

THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER.—Once upon a time three Indians went a hunting. They walked for three long days and nights, but could see neither game nor forests. They finally came to a tall tree, which one of them climbed to the top, in order to look for a hunting ground. From the tree a path led to an India tepee which was in the clouds.

Arriving there, they entered, and found other Indians smoking their pipes. After eating, they all went out to hunt. The reports of their guns were heard, and the Indians to-day believe that every time it thunders those Indians are hunting upon the happy hunting-grounds. One of the Indians, coming home, told the story that offering up smoke to the thunder as a sacrifice would stop the thunder.

—Red M.n.

HOW TO SUCCEED.—Boys, the world is wide. If you wish to be somebody, "pitch in." The brave always have friends. Where others have gone, you can go. If the old tracks don't suit, make new ones. Success is not obtained without effort. If you fail once try it again. If it's dark, strike a light. Are you in the shade? move around; for if there's shade on one side there is sunshine on the other. Take time, boys; don't hurry too fast. Go slow, especially till you know the road or become acquainted with your team.—Richmond Advocate.

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QUET ENOUGH.—'Frances,' said that little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, 'you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now, go back and come down the stairs like a lady.'

'Frances retired, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, re-entered the parlor.

'Did you hear me come down stairs this time, mamma?'

'No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come down quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise.'

'The last time I slid down the banisters.'

Home Hints.

FROM BREAD DOUGH.

English Buns.—An English friend gave me this recipe, and said that, eaten with coffee, these buns were a great breakfast relish with her family. Take enough raised bread dough to make six or eight large biscuits. Roll each piece out separately with a rolling pin to one-fourth inch in thickness. Place on a smoking hot griddle, and cook on both sides until slightly browned.

Fried Bread Dough.—When your bread is ready for the baking-pan, reserve one quart of the dough, and let it get very light. A few moments before dinner is served put two table-spoonfuls of lard into a skillet and heat very hot. Cut the dough into small pieces, handling it very carefully, so as not to pack it, and drop into the hot lard. Fry a delicate brown, serve immediately, and you have a dish that will bear repetition.

Cinnamon Rolls.—One quart raised dough, rolled thinly, and spread generously with butter, sugar and ground cinnamon; roll up evenly, and cut into slices one-half inch in thickness. Arrange in a baking-pan, set to rise one-half hour; then bake fifteen minutes.

Dough Cake.—One pint bread dough when ready for the final kneading; one and one-half cups sugar; one-half cup butter; three eggs; one-half nutmeg; one teaspoonful cinnamon; one teaspoonful soda; one cup fruit. Beat the dough, sugar and butter to a cream; add the soda, eggs and the fruit (drained if fruit). Add more flour, if necessary, and bake immediately, making two loaves.

Pancake.—Housewives, if your bread sponge sours, do not throw it away. Supply add water to thin it, if too thick allowing one teaspoon soda to every quart of sponge, and fry like any pancake. They have a delicious flavor resembling that of the best buckwheat cakes, for which they are sometimes mistaken.—Marion T. Searl.

Baked Orange Pudding.—Make a batter of two eggs, a cup of milk, a tablespoonful melted butter, and about three cups of flour, into which have been sifted one teaspoonful of baking powder. Peel, seed, and cut into bits four oranges; beat these into the batter, add, bake in a greased pudding dish in a hot oven. Serve with hot liquid sauce.

Teach boys and girls the actual faults of life, as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.—Christian Guardian.

The region where no man hath ever set foot is called To-morrow.

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Two of my little boys were troubled with worms. They would wake up in the night and vomit and through the day would sometimes be very feverish. I gave them Dr. Low's Worm Syrup and it completely cured them.

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