

A PLEASANT REVELATION.

Gladstone's Father and Mother, as Told About in Morley's "Gladstone."

One of the most striking and pleasant revelations of this book is the greatness of the debt that he owed to his father, whose striking portrait Mr. Morley very appropriately places at the opening of the first volume. It was his father who gave him his start; his father who sent him to Eton and Christ Church, advantages which Disraeli, as appears again and again in his novels, always coveted; his father who made him work at Oxford and encouraged him at the Union, and who when he wrote, just before his degree, the wonderful and deeply characteristic letter proposing to give up a worldly career and take holy orders, tendered what was probably the best, and certainly the kindest, advice that could be given. Their relations indeed were ideal; nor is it to be wondered at, when we read what they were to each other, that the son should have called the father "the most interesting old man I have ever known," or that his eyes should have filled with tears as he spoke of him in his family and exclaimed: "None but his children can know what torrents of tenderness flowed from his heart."

But his devotion to his mother was no less active. When the family were in London, and he, a young man, was in the first intoxicating flush of his wonderful career, he never, we read, "allowed any other engagement to interrupt his sedulous attendance on her every day, reading the Bible to her and telling the news about levees and drawing-rooms, a great dinner at Sir Robert Peel's, and all the rest of his business and recreation."—Spectator's Review of Morley's "Gladstone."

Anecdote of Duke of York.

The following anecdote of the Duke of York is related in The Naval and Military Sketch Book (1842): About the year 1810, while His Royal Highness, in company with His Late Majesty King George IV., was reviewing the troops of the eastern district on Lexden Heath, near Colchester, then commanded by the Earl of Chatham, an old soldier was observed by His Majesty mounted on an infirm hack, and struck by the veteran's appearance, requested to be informed who he was. The Commander-in-Chief replied that it was Old Andrews, the oldest soldier in the service, having served in the respective reigns of George I., George II. and George III., and that he was then on half pay. An aide-de-camp was immediately despatched to require the attendance of the veteran soldier, and on his obeying the summons, a long and interesting conversation took place. "How old are you?" asked the Duke. "I am now 90 years old, your Royal Highness," replied Andrews, "and have been 70 years in the service." Observing that he was dressed in an old suit of regimentals, His Royal Highness asked how long he had them. "About 40 years," he answered, at which the Duke took up the skirt to feel its texture, and remarked that such cloth was not made nowadays. "No," said Andrews, "nor such men neither." The reply so amused the Duke and Prince that the veteran was ordered to be placed for the future on full pay, thus rendering the residue of his days comfortable. Andrews died at the age of 97, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Colchester.

Hoist With His Own Petard.

In England public conveyances are licensed to carry a specified number of passengers, and the law is strictly enforced. The Birmingham Post tells the following story hinging upon that law:

It was a raw, cold night and the rain fell pitilessly as an omnibus drew up at the corner of Oxford street. A thinly-clad young woman stood on the curb and looked imploringly at the conductor. The latter, an Irishman, speaking in reply to the mute inquiry, said: "Shure, it's full I am; but"—glancing again at the little one—"come on, me honey, in wid ye; Oi'll chance it." The little woman was squeezed into a seat; but the bus had not proceeded very far when the following incident occurred: In the corner seat was a fop, who, with eyeglasses firmly fixed, had been watching the proceedings, and as the vehicle eased up he called out:

"Conductah!"

"Sor!"

"Are you aware that you have one over your number?"

"Ave I, sor? Oi'll see." Pat counts, beginning at the opposite corner, leaving the "Johnny" until the last—"Wan, two, three, four, folve, six, sivin, eight, noine, tin, leven, twelve, thir—so I have, and, he jove! ye're the very wan. Out ye come!" And he went.

Classifying Him.

"Yes, ma'am," said the peddler, "this here hair tonic will raise hair on a billiard ball."

"But will it raise hair on a pumpkin?" asked the lady of the house.

"Well, I should say so!"

"I'll take a bottle and get my husband to try it."

Servants.

First Housewife—Some days I undo about everything the servant does.

Second Housewife—Gracious! How do you dare?—Detroit Free Press.

SALE OF CARPET AND FLOOR OILCLOTH

15 rolls of English Hemp Carpet, 80 to 95 yds. in a roll, worth 12c. to 16c., on sale FRIDAY and SATURDAY at 9½c. and 12c. per yd. This lot won't last long. Now is the time to buy.

Floor Oilcloth made in Canada,

In 1, 1½, 1¾ and 2 yds. wide. New designs on sale this week at 22c. and 28c. per yd. English Floor Oilcloth, 2 and 2½ yds. wide. Rich patterns at 32c. and 39c. yd. 4 yds. wide Linoleum at lowest cash prices.

Lace Curtains and Portiers.

2 yds. long Lace Curtains, new designs, at 50c., 75c. and \$1.00 pair. 3½ yds. long Lace Curtains, imported direct from the makers, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.65 to \$4.50 pair. Shenelle Portiers 3½ yds. long, new designs \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00 pair. Tapestry Portiers, rich designs, from \$2.00 to \$5.00 pair. Curtain Muslins, Art Drapery, Curtain Poles and Trimmings. Window Blinds at our usually LOW CASH PRICES.

See our new Goods this Spring.

M. Fickler & Co.

Believed in Skilled Labor.

"The organist's wife told me this morning," said Mrs. Thornton, "that several of the pipes of the organ were out of order."

"Well," replied Mrs. Hadley, "I hope they'll get Mr. Jones, our old plumber, to fix them, and not those new plumbers that have just set up on the corner."

Accounting For It.

"I see," said his colleague, "that there were some questions asked at the trial to which you didn't object."

"Were there?" said the lawyer. "Perhaps I was out of breath."—Puck.

A Novelty to Him.

"Why do you always pick out the homeliest women to talk to?"

"I never saw any before. I come from Cincinnati, you know."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Got It.

He (time 11:30 p. m.)—And you will think of me when I am gone?

She (suppressing a yawn)—I'll try to if you ever give me an opportunity.

The Baby Humorists.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extrygood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," replied old Batch, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on the poor infants."—Baltimore American.

Not a Characteristic.

"That was your wife with you at the railway station, wasn't it?"

"What makes you think it was my wife?"

"Well, she gave you such a short answer."

"That wasn't my wife."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Will Be Discovered.

Barnes Tormer—I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers, and I don't know how to act.

Sue Brette—Well, don't worry. They'll soon find it out.—New York Times.

He Has Felt Them.

Any small boy will tell you that even leather slippers may be felt.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty.—Simmons.

A Typographical Tragedy.

"You have some professional humorists working on your linotype machines, haven't you?" asked the poet.

"Haven't noticed that any of them have a falling that way," answered the editor.

"Well, you're a poor observer. Do you read your own paper?"

"Occasionally."

"Did you read my poem, 'Ye Agatha,' in yesterday's issue?"

"N-no."

"I thought not. In the poem I wrote a line which read, 'I love you better than I love my life.'"

"That was a neat line."

"And one of your linotype humorists made it read, 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"Er—"

"Exactly—my wife. And my wife, not being acquainted with the fallings of these key thumpers, thinks the poem was printed exactly as it was written."

Working Backward.

"Did you ask her father?"

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"He said yes."

"Then that settles it."

"Not much it doesn't. Now I've got to ask the girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Holding Her Down.

Miss Loveylipz—He said my mouth was like "a cleft honeycomb." Wasn't that sweet?

Miss Obellus—M-m, yes, but a honeycomb doesn't look very neat or pretty when it's split open, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

A Certain Significance.

"Do you regard money as the supreme test of success?" asked the man with the artistic temperament.

"No," answered the practical person, "but the absence of it is a pretty sure sign of failure."—Washington Star.

Bottled Water.

Before drinking bottled water as a beverage pour it several times from one pitcher to another. This will aerate it and remove the insipid taste.

NOT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER

In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Man Drake and Battenrat for constipation or piles. Highly recommended because they cause no gripping pains. For prompt and certain cure use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

A Good Word for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"In December, 1900, I had a severe cold and was so hoarse that I could not speak above a whisper," says Allen Davis, of FreeStone, N. Y. "I tried several remedies but got no relief until I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, one bottle of which cured me. I will always speak a good word for that medicine." For sale by all druggists.

France spends 35 per cent of her resources on military preparations.

FOR A EILIOUS attack take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

WAS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

System was Run Down.

FELT DROWSY AND MISERABLE.

Burdock Blood Bitters

BUILT UP THE SYSTEM
AND ADDED TEN POUNDS
IN WEIGHT.

Mr. Ed. J. Harris, Newbridge, Ont., was in poor health, but has now been restored to full health and vigor. Here is what he writes us: "Last spring I was in a very critical condition, my system was all run down. I felt drowsy and miserable, and thought I would surely die if I did not get something to build me up. After reading one of your almanacs I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I had taken two bottles I had gained ten pounds in weight, and am now in perfect health, and I can certainly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to build up the system."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Is the best Spring medicine on the market to-day. You may need one this Spring, if so, get B.B.B.

MARYLAND

Casualty Company

Accident Insurance,

Health Insurance,

Boiler Insurance.

ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000
CANADIAN DEPOSIT \$93,706.66

Wm. P. Taylor,

Agent at Fredericton.

J. Alfred Clarke, General Agent
for N. B., St. John, N. B.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. Of Portland, Me. Ten Years' progress.				
Year.	Income.	Assets at End of Year.	Surplus at End of Year.	Amount of Insurance in Force at End of Year.
Dec. 31, 1893.	\$1,261,930.51	\$6,433,309.56	\$229,292.96	\$35,914,417.00
Dec. 31, 1903.	2,386,617.13	10,204,727.03	503,563.59	57,385,198.00
Increase.	\$1,124,686.62	\$3,771,417.47	\$274,270.63	\$21,470,781.00
Liberal contracts to Agents. A. J. MAGNUM, Manager, St. John, N. B.				

Wall Paper

Those desiring to buy Wall Paper would do well to take a look at the one thousand or more samples which I am showing of all the latest and most up-to-date Wall Papers. Borders sold by roll, same price as side wall. Room Moulding to match.

Write me a card to Marysville and I will call on you with samples.

W. H. GRAY,

Painter and Paper Hanger
Marysville.

Hope!

Certainly! Lots of people have parted company with Consumption through the use of

PARK'S PERFECT
EMULSION.

F. ST. JOHN BLISS

Barrister, Notary, etc.

Offices—Corner Carleton and Queen sts.
Entrance Carleton street—Telephone 22.