

This and That

DON'T BE AFRAID TO WORK.

One thing that keeps young men down is their fear of work. They aim to find genteel occupations, so they can dress well, and not soil their clothes, and handle things with the tips of their fingers. They do not like to get their shoulders under the wheel, and they prefer to give orders or figure as masters, and let some one else do the drudgery. There is no doubt that indolence and laziness are the chief obstacles to success.

When we see a boy, who has just secured a position, take hold of everything with both hands and "jump right into his work," as if he meant to succeed, we have confidence that he will prosper. But if he stands around and asks questions when told to do anything, if he tells you that this or that belongs to some other boy to do, for it is not his work, if he does not try to carry out his orders in the correct way, if he wants a thousand explanations when asked to run an errand, and makes his employer think that he could have done the whole thing himself—one feels like discharging such a boy on the spot, for he is convinced that he was not cut out for success. That boy will be cursed with mediocrity, or will be a failure. There is no place in this century for the lazy man. He will be pushed to the wall.—Success.

GIRLS AWAY FROM HOME.

Write your home letters regularly, and keep in touch with your parents and old friends by weekly correspondence. Never let a Sunday afternoon drift out without your hour spent in an intimate and loving letter to dear mother. This is a good occupation for Sunday, and I can hardly tell you how minute and confidential and affectionate this writing should be. But there is no need. You know what you like to hear from home, and what mother and father must long for when your letters come. I follow those letters. Mother is in the kitchen washing dishes. She wipes her hands and sits down in the low rocking chair by the window where the lilac is beginning to bud. Father stands between the table and the door waiting to hear what you have said, and aware that he must wait until mother has satisfied her heart with the first reading. Then it will be his turn. To them both you are, and always will be, just their own little girl, and you can never send them a line which they will not scan with eagerness. So never put off your family at home with a scrappy, hurried scrawl, take time and tell them everything.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE BRAIN'S FIVE SERVANTS.

Mr. Brain sits in his office in the head. He is a very busy man. He wears three coats all the time, in summer as well as in winter. He never has time to go outside even for a minute. But he knows all that is going on in the big world around him.

He has five good servants, who come to him every minute to tell him what people are doing outside. Their names are Touch, Taste, Smell, Sight and Sound.

Master Touch is a very busy fellow. He has more to do than any of his friends. He stands at every door, to tell the Brain if the body is in danger.

Master Taste is next of kin to him. He is like a brother, but has less to do. He lives in a neat little house that has a pretty ivory fence in front and red curtains at the sides. His house is called the mouth, and is fenced in by the teeth. Each day's meals are examined by Taste, to see if they are all right, and won't make the body sick.

Master Smell lives close by in a tiny house called "the nose," and keeps busy.

Sight looks out forward through two round windows that have white fringed curtains to drop over them when they are tired working. Everything that happens is seen by them and told to the Brain.

Hearing carries all sounds to the Brain, so that it is always on the lookout to keep the body out of danger.—Olive Plants.

ASLEEP FOR NINETEEN YEARS.

(From the London 'Telegraph's' Paris Message.)

Great interest is again being displayed in the case of Mile. Bouyenvai, who for

nineteen years has been in a state of catalepsy, taking neither meat nor drink, and to all appearance dead, save for the regular but almost imperceptible beatings of the heart. Marguerite Bouyenvai, who lies on a little bed on the ground floor of her mother's cottage, in the village of Thenelles, near St. Quentin, is now nearly thirty-eight years old. She has been visited by hosts of people, including a number of medical celebrities, and all sorts of theories have been put forward by way of accounting for her condition. The local physicians are of opinion that the trouble was caused by some violent emotion, and this view was set forth by an expert in his report to the Saint Quentin court, which years ago went into this very peculiar case. Now, however, the idea is started that Marguerite Bouyenvai may have been magnetized, and not having afterward been properly aroused, may thus have remained in a state of hypnotic catalepsy.

A WAY TO HAPPINESS.

Find out, as early as possible, what you can best do, and do it with all your might, and expect to succeed, no matter what obstacles you may encounter. Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily at work to make it what you desire. Be happy over something every day, for the brain is a thing of habit, and you cannot teach it to be happy in a moment if you allow it to be miserable for years.

Make yourself worthy of true friendship and lasting respect and worthy love, and if any of these emotions seem to prove ephemeral, remember, they were not the realities—the real ones will come to you, since you are worthy.

Acquire all the knowledge and accomplishments possible, and enter into studies and sports with all your energies. They help to round life out, and to keep the mind fed with a varied diet, while they open new doors of pleasure and enjoyment.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing—man or beast—every day of your life. If you do no more than feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog, or loose the cruel check of a misused horse; you have travelled a step toward happiness, and have not lived the day in vain.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

"IMPREGNABLE FORTIFICATIONS."

Gen. Sterling Price of Missouri was one of the best fighters in the Confederate army, but as a writer in the Washington Post overheard a veteran say, he was "a scholar in inverse ratio." Complex tactical movements in practice did not stagger him, but the simplest problem on paper was beyond his power.

During the early days of the Civil War he visited General Beauregard, who was a graduate of West Point, an expert mathematician, a civil engineer, and an authority on military tactics and strategy.

At Corinth, Mississippi, Beauregard had opportunity to put his theory into practice, and had placed about the city a series of fortifications which he spoke of as "impregnable."

He took General Price in a carriage to view these fortifications, carefully explaining their merits. Then he asked General Price what he thought of the system.

Price straightened himself up and said, thoughtfully, "Well, I hain't never seen none like 'er but onct befo'."

"They were pretty effective, weren't they?"

"Yep, fine! I done tuk her."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BIRD.

Carol Scudder Williams, a boy of eleven, is the author of this little bit of bird autobiography in St. Nicholas:

"I am the father bird of a large family. My mate is the sweetest sparrow that ever lived, as you would all agree if you saw her. We mated early in the spring, before the time for building nests, and selected a place for our home. We went to a great many places, until finally we saw a roomy house with a large piazza, and under the eaves we found the best place for a nest that you can think of. It was large enough for a good-sized nest, and we de-

cid to take it. We saw that there was house children in the family, and perhaps they would be kind to us. And then, the branch of a big maple tree stretched out quite near it, and made a good place to sit and watch the babies. (Perhaps you think that father birds don't care much for their children, but they do.)

"Well, we built a cunning little nest, and pretty soon we had five little speckled eggs. One day, after we had been waiting and waiting so long, and tending them so faithfully, those eggs broke, and out came five featherless, hungry little birds. Then there was great excitement below. The house children got a step-ladder and peeped into the nest, but did not touch the birds. They were so gentle and kind, and never made a noise on the piazza, for fear of 'frightening the birdies away.' I have had a great deal of experience with house children, and never have seen any so kind as these were. You don't know how happy it makes us feel to know that somebody cares enough about us to want us."

A DELICATE POSITION.

Wedding presents are frequently distinguished for their uselessness, and gift-making at any time is always attended with some danger, but there is a contractor near Albany who realizes that the most generous intentions are likely to turn out disastrously. The Albany Journal tells how it came about.

A faithful Irish employee announced his desire to take a month's vacation in order to visit his brother in the West. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new valise. The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words.

Tim stared at the valise for a moment and then asked: "What am I to do with that?"

"Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the contractor.

"Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in thot?"

JOHN'S BLUNDER.

A minister in Scotland who was making a call the other week upon a member of his flock whom he had not seen at church for some time asked, "What's come over you that I don't see you at church at all now?"

"Hoots, man, ye'll no' ha' seen me because I sit ahint the pillar."

"The pillar, John? Good gracious, the pillar! Why, it is two years since it was removed from the front of your seat."

THE LOBSTER AND THE CRAB.

A lobster bold and a dignified crab went out for a sail together; but the wind blew cold, and the waves ran high.

And the lobster cried, "Oh, my! Oh, my! This truly is awful weather! And away to shore I think I will hie, for if I get wet—why! why! why! why! I'd never get over it, never!"

—M. Copsby Eastman, in Christian Register.

OUT OF PLACE.

I heard dear granny say to-day What sounded very queer: "We must not try to put old heads Upon young shoulders, dear!"

It was to mother that she spoke In such a funny way, And mother only sighed and smiled, And bade me run and play!

But when I came to think of it, I thought how very strange We children, all of us, would look If we could make that change.

Suppose I had dear granny's head, Her cap and soft white hair, Upon my shoulders fixed—my word, How all the folks would stare!

I almost think 'twould even be Yet still more queerly mixed If granny had my curly pate Upon her shoulders fixed!

How funny both of us would look! We shouldn't like it, though, And so I'm glad they can't attempt To make the change, you know!

—Little Folks.

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