MRS. ASHTON'S VALENTINE.

BY ANNIE GRIER CALLENDER.

"Th re is one thing I do'nt like about Dr. Hart," said Jack at the dinner table.

The Ashton family always talked over the morning's sermon at dinner Sunday noon, and the text used on this particular Sunday had been "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them."

"Why, Jack," said his mother, "I thought you liked him thoroughly in every respect."

"So I do, mother. He is a fine man and preaches the most sensible, practical sermons I ever listened to, but he preaches right at a fellow so. Now this morning I felt that he was talking for my benefit and that every one knew it. I even glanced suspiciously at you and father, fearing you had given the good doctor his text, with the request to 'please preach this in such a way as to humble our wayward son.'"

"Jack," said Mrs. Ashton indignantly, "How dare you? Have I ever accused you of doing your 'alms before men', dear?" she asked, with such a look of loving pride that Jack reached under the table to give her hand an affectionate little squeeze as he answered:

"No, mother, you have never accused me of anything. Maybe it would be better if you had done so. You have spoiled me, you and father."

"No such thing," broke in Ashton pere, gruffly, "I used to whip you on an average of once a week and I'll do it again if the occasion requires."

Jack laughed. "Don't try to be stern, father. You couldn't hurt a flea. The way I remember the whippings were something like this: 'Jack, did you take that Jam out of the fruit closet?' 'Yes, papa.'

"'Well, it was a very naughty thing to do and I'm going to whip you for it.' 'Yes, sir, but papa, it wasn't but a little bit of a jar, honestly.' Father looks relieved. 'Wasn't it?' he asks. 'About how big, Jack?' 'Oh, a little tiny one, and the jam wasn't a bit good. I wouldn't eat any more for anything.'

"'If you are sure about that I will let you off this time.'"

"Here mother looks in tearfully to say: 'Did you hurt him much, John?'

"'Never mind, Charlotte, Jack and I have come to an understanding and we will have no more trouble in the future,' says father, so severely that mother is led to believe I have been flogged within an inch of my life, and as soon as she can get hold of me I am fed on candy for the rest of the day."

Mr. Ashton leaned back in his chair and laughed silently to himself.

"You have the best of the argument, my son; I admit you are a spoiled child, but why did the text apply to you any more than to any of the rest of us?"

"Because I love to be patted on the back so, and you know I do. If I accidently get a good mark over at the University, I am wild to tell you both about it. When I got five dollars for my Greek translation I could hardly wait to tell you the news, and it is so in everything. I can't do anything right and keep quiet about it."

"I think you wrong yourself, dear," said his mother, as they rose from the table. "You tell us simply because you know we are interested in every thing you do."

Jack slipped his arm around her as he answered: "That five dollars was the first money I ever earned myself, and it shall go for a valentine for the only sweet heart I ever had. What shall I get for you, little mother?"

No wonder they spoiled him, this bright, affectionate boy, who had been nothing but a joy to them, all his life. Jack and his mother had always been the best of friends. Every one said it was unusual to see such devotion. He liked the young people and had plenty of friends, paying attention to those girls of his acquaintance who were merry and sensible, and letting the silly, and sentimental ones 'religiously alone. Among the boys he was pronounced an "all round good fellow," and for his mother, how proud she was of him, and how sweet it was for her to feel that he liked to be her escort whenever she might need him.

"Jack has been both son and daughter to me," she had often said.

Jack was a little inclined to be lazy. Being naturally bright he had not exerted himself much. If there was any scrape or piece of mischief going on in the University, he was usually in it, but owned up so truthfully and took his punishment so cheerfully that there was not a person from Dr. Bently down to the meek little elocution teacher, who could be hard on "young Ashton."

Turning over a new leaf with the new year, Jack surprised everyone by knuckling down to work and winning the five-dollar prize for the best Greek translation.

"I will get a valentine for mother," he added, "something substantial;" and they had talked it over together, looking at various pieces of bric-a-bac, Mrs. Ashton pleased as any girl, and Jack very important and proud that he could give her this little pleasure. They had decided on a tall graceful vase and Jack had felt a thrill of pride as he said carelessly to the salesman: "We may decide on something else, but if you care to put this aside until Wednesday, I'll come down and see about it," and the salesman, seeing Mrs. Ashton's eyes resting lovingly on the vase, had said he would put it aside.

Wednesday was Valentine's Day, and Jack started off to school Monday morning with the determination to say nothing more to his mother about the day, but to go quietly down that evening, hand his five dollars to that smart clerk whom he felt sure could not be depended on, and make sure of the vase.

There was quite a crowd gathered in front of the school, and Jack could see from afar that there was some unusual excitement afloat. As he joined them Dr. Bently walked up to the group and said gravely: "The young gentlemen concerned in this disturbance will come to the office, the rest of you will please go to your rooms."

"What's up, Dickie?" asked Jack of his chum as the two turned away.

"Why, you see, some of the Sophomores have been hazing the Fresh; you know this is right against the doctor's orders, and the Fresh, knowing this, made a valiant stand for liberty. Of course a rather exciting scuffle ensued and the crowd managed to break the big window at the end of the hall."

Jack gave a low whistle. "That doesn't mean a cent less than seventy-five dollars out of their pockets, poor chaps, but by all the gods, Dickie, how does it happen you are not in this?"

"For the same reason you are not," answered Dickie calmly. "Got here too late." Jack laughed and the two separated at the school-room door.

There was a subdued murmur in chapel that morning until Dr. Bently ascended the platform, and then the room was so quiet that Dickie said afterward, "You could hear yourself think."

The doctor gave a very impressive little talk; spoke of his intense dislike of that contemptible custom called hazing, and then said: "The young gentlemen who engaged in this morning's affair have made me a manly and satisfactory apology, and I intend to say nothing more about the matter. This much, however, must be demanded. The window must be paid for, and any young gentleman failing to pay his share will be suspended for the rest of the term. You are dismissed."

"They can all afford to pay up, but Anderson, the only Senior who happened to be in the row," said one of the Seniors to Jack, as they walked down the hall together, "but I think Dr. Bently has no idea how poor the fellow is."

"Too bad," responded Jack, "Anderson and I never got along very well together, but he is a brilliant scholar and it would break his heart to leave college on the eve of graduation."

Anderson came in a little late, and even Jack, who had never liked the fellow, felt a thrill of pity as he looked at the young man's face, proud and cold as it had always been, but a look of utter misery in the dark eyes. After recitation, Jack stepped up to him and held out his hand, "I'm awfully sorry," he said frankly.

Anderson turned on his heel and walked out of the room without a word. Jack flushed and turned to Dickie who was hovering in the background.

"That fellow's moroseness is insufferable," he said shortly, and the two went down stairs, arm in arm.

That evening about five o'clock, Jack passing the school building on his way down town, remembered a book he had left that noon, and finding the doors open, walked rapidly down the dark silent hall and into his own room, whistling softly to himself.

He was half way down the aisle before he noticed that there was somebody in the room, and that the somebody was Anderson, his head bowed upon his desk.

Jack's first impulse was to turn and leave the room, then he deliberately turned back and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Can't you leave me alone, Ashton?" asked Anderson, without looking up.

"I can but I won't," answered Jack, sitting down beside him. "You have always disliked me, Anderson. Why, I don't know, but it's not right for you to turn me off when I come to you and say I am honestly sorry you are in trouble and I would help you if I could."

There was silence in the school-room for a few minutes, and then Anderson looked up and held out his hand.

"You are a good fellow, Ashton. Why, you put yourself out to be nice to me, I do not understand. I know I'm a crank, just as well as you do, but don't think I have avoided you because I disliked you. I always felt you and Dickie considered yourselves a step above me. No one knows what a struggle it has been for me to keep in the University this year. It seemed wrong for me to take the money when it was needed so at home. You know I expected to teach this year and pay everything back. Ashton, promise me you will say nothing of this; but I have just exactly five dollars that I can call my own. I must give ten to Dr. Bently tomorrow morning and I will not ask father for a cent to pay for my folly. It seems too hard," and the dark head was bowed again.

Jack cleared his throat several times, stared fixedly out of the window for a moment, traced the outline of Julius Cæsar on his book, and then said briskly:

"See here, Anderson, I understand perfectly. Your pride is a great deal stronger than that plate-window was, worse luck. You have given me your hand. That means your friendship, and friendship means trust. Here is a five dollar bill I want you to accept as a temporary loan. No, not a word," as Anderson started to his feet. "I'm not giving this to you at all. If you don't pay up within the next five or six years I'll begin to dun you for it, sure. Please take it and don't say a word to anyone. I shall feel it a good loan if it is the means of gaining you for my friend."

Anderson was a man of few words. He grasped Jack's hand for a moment, then quietly put the money in his pocket.

"I will try and be worthy of your confidence," was all he said, but Jack was satisfied.

"Dear little 'Mum,' what will she think when she doesn't get her valentine?" he thought to himself.

He was so quiet all the evening that his mother was quite worried about him.

When valentine morning came, Jack felt he must tell her, then he said grimly to himself; "No sir, my alms shall not be seen by men, or women, either, even though it is the dearest one on earth."

Wednesday evening he felt so badly he could hardly look his mother in the face.

"What must she think of me?" he kept saying to himself.

"Jack, you are not eating anything," said his father at the tea-table.

"Don't feel hungry," said Jack gloomily, then he happened to glance at his mother. Her sweet face was fairly radiant.

"John," she said, "I can't eat anything either. I am too excited over a lovely valentine I received today."

"Don't hit a fellow when he's down, mother," murmured Jack with a suspicious break in his voice.

"My dear boy," she said quietly, and drawing a note from her pocket, she began to read:

"DEAR MRS. ASHTON:

Knowing how proud you are of Jack, I thought you would be pleased to hear of a little conversation I overheard Monday afternoon on my way down stairs from the laboratory."

The note went on giving an account of Jack's conversation with Anderson, and ended, "I want to tell you that Jack is working well now, and I take pleasure in saying that in all the four years I have taught him, I have never seen anything in him but what was upright, manly and noble. I am, my dear Madame,

Your obedient servant,
JAMES BENTLY."

Jack's face flushed.

"That's just the way, mother," he said hastily, "if I don't tell you everything, somebody else will. Dr. Bently is a meddlesome old codger," he added, "but I'm rather glad you know about the vase."

Mr. Ashton's hand was on his pocket-book, but his wife shook her head.

"I understand, and am very proud of you, my boy," she added softly; and then she added, "it isn't every mother that can boast of a valentine like mine."
—*Interior.*

Nervous People

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hoods Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

Wife—"An' phwy do yez be takin thim pills when yez are well again?" Husband—"Faith, would ye be afther havin' me let a dollar's worth of pills go to waste? It's a thriftless family of married into, sure."

Chronic derangements of the Stomach Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

Jamie's mother was reading a story to him. "And so Tommy went out to the moor," she read. "What is the moor, Jamie?" asked mamma. "A moo-er?" answered Jamie, thoughtfully, "why, I should s'pose it was a cow."

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time.

"How did Hobson manage to become engaged to the wealthy Miss Antique? I thought she was a man-hater." "So she was, but when he advised her not to get a bell for her bicycle, for when she rode it there was already one on it, she immediately succumbed."

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Dukane—"You must come and see us in our new location." Gaswell—"Have you moved again so soon?" "Yes." "How is that? I thought you were delighted with your house." "So we were." "What was the trouble, then?" "It didn't suit the hired girl."

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Papa (soberly)—"That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor one evening." Grace (nettled)—"Indeed! that must depend upon one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity'" Papa (thoughtfully)—"Well, two heads upon one pair of shoulders, for example."

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"His soul revolted."—"One of these days," said the Anarchist, "we will see this whole country in flames." "Don't say that," replied his companion, with a shiver. "Why not?" "Because if that happens they'll call out all the fire departments, and people will be soaked promiscuously. It 'ud be worse than a bath."

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It is just the medicine that makes people healthy and strong during the heat of summer. Paine's Celery Compound has cured thousands and will surely meet your case.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

BY SALLIE V. DUBOIS.

He was a poor little street waif of the tender age of three years, or thereabouts, and was picked up with his form clad in rags and his face grimy with dirt. Just as the policeman was about to carry the child to some charitable institution where it might receive care, John Edwards turned the corner on his way home. "Whose child is that?" he asked.

"Nobody's," was the answer.

"Where are you going to take him?"

"To the poorhouse, or somewhere; Jact is, I don't care much so I get him off my hands."

John Edwards had a tender heart and could never witness unmoved suffering of any kind. "But he surely must have some kin," he said.

"Nary a kin has he; he is a street vagabond. If he ever had any kin, they must have been ragpickers. But I must lodge him somewhere."

"Suppose I take him home with me," John Edwards said. The policeman gladly consented, and the child clung to the hand of his newly-found friend. "I couldn't help doing it," murmured John, "but I wonder what the mother will say. She wouldn't like one of her little ones on the street, friendless, and that is just what this child was. I had to befriend him."

It was dusk when John Edwards turned in at the gate of his homely cottage.

"Father is bringing somebody with him," cried John Edwards, junior. And six eager little ones rushed out to greet father and the new guest.

"Don't trouble the child," father said; "I think he is hungry." Mother's face appeared at the door.

"Who is it, John?" she said.

"Somebody's child; it doesn't appear to whom he belongs; but it seems likely to be our lot to provide for him."

"John Edwards," she cried, "how dare you suggest such a thing with six hungry mouths of your own to provide for?"

"You wouldn't have the child starve, would you?"

"But there are institutions for such children."

"The fact is, mother, I've taken a fancy to this little one, and I want to make a man of him. Just cut him a slice from that loaf, and cut it thick, for I doubt if the little fellow has had anything all day."

When the child was washed and clothed decently, he was found to be a comely little fellow, with blue eyes, curly hair and full, open brow. Healthy food rounded out the form and he soon became the merriest of them all.

"How that child can laugh and sing with nobody to care sor him, is more than I can tell," said Mrs. Edwards.

"But, mother, we are caring for him," John Edwards answered.

They called him Edward, while the neighbors spoke of him as that Edwards boys. Twelve years passed into the great eternity. The form of John Edwards had been resting in the village graveyard for more than six months. His children had all found work, and with honest labor managed to keep the home for their mother. Edward, who deeply mourned the loss of his benefactor, took his belongings and left one evening shortly after the father's death. Neighbors said it was a good thing, but the widow, who had long since learned to love him, thought otherwise.

The years passed swiftly by and Mrs. Edwards lived on in her humble home caring for the needs of her dear ones. One day came a letter to her, and when opened she found a draft for five hundred dollars. "Please accept this gift from John Edwards' child," was the only explanation given.

Twice a year was this gift repeated, until Edward's prosperity became the wonderment of the family. The boys talked and mused about it in the shops and upon the street. Mrs. Edwards lived in a new world of delight, her only sorrow being that John was not there to share the prosperity.

One evening as the family sat at the tea table, the door silently opened and a handsome young stranger entered. "Cut me a slice of that loaf and cut it thick please," he said. "Edward," the mother cried, and the next moment she was closely clasped in his arms.

Edward's history had not been an unusual one. He was ambitious and hard working, and had risen from one position to another in the business house where he had sought employment, until now he was the junior member of the firm.

"But for the almost unnatural kindness of the one whom I loved as a father, I might have been a pauper," he said. "He taught me self-respect."

Over the grave of John Edwards a handsome monument was erected, and carved in marble the words, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asks Macbeth. Certainly, my lord; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereignest thing on earth."

Had not bothered him.—Young husband (laying down a comic paper)—"All this tomfoolery about woman's extravagance makes me tired. We have been married two months, and you haven't asked me for a cent." Young wife—"Of course not. What would be the use of bothering you for every little thing I want when it's so much easier to have the things charged."

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
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Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Quebec and Montreal	22.10

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock.

Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Levis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.10 and Halifax at 15.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)	5 00
Through Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.05
Express from Sussex	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12 45
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30

Sleeping Car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by trains arriving at St. John at 5 o'clock, will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7 o'clock on the morning of arrival.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time

D. POTTINGER,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., General Manager
26th June, 1895.

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