

The Girl Who Smiles.

The wind was east and the chimney smoked, and the old brown house seemed dreary, and nobody smiled, and nobody joked; the young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked—they had come home chilled and weary. They had opened the door, and a girl came in; she was homely—very; her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin, and she wasn't a dimple from brow to chin, but her smile was bright and cheery.

When Pride Has a Fall.

Just the time for nutting! exclaimed Henry Shaw, one frosty morning. "Mother may I go with the boys this afternoon?" They said they'd go there was frost last night, and no one can say that there wasn't. Look the ground.

know the difference between right and wrong. Until quite recently Henry had been counted in among the little boys and left to play with them, so it was not strange that he should have felt very proud when the big boys of his acquaintance began to treat him as an equal. It was not a good year for nuts and the boys had to go about through the woods and make considerable search before finding any. The few they found were, therefore, very precious indeed.

Henry felt over the ground for his nuts and succeeded in recovering a portion of them, which he wrapped as best he could in his broken bag. Then he set about examining his wheel, only to find that it would be necessary to walk home. The miles seemed very lengthy as he trudged along all by himself. He felt an overwhelming sense of loneliness and weariness. What would he have given to have been seated just then at the cheerful supper table, talking as usual with his mother and father?

But supper was long past when he reached home, and he was sent into the pantry to refresh himself as well as he might. Afterward, and that was the worst of all, he had to give an account of the day's doings. He was manly enough to apologize and to ask his parent's forgiveness. "Don't you see that when you go with a bad boy you will surely get into trouble?" said Mrs. Shaw. "You have given me an hour of great anxiety, but I shall not regret the experience if it teaches you to shun bad companions."

Which Was the Gentleman?

Ten or twenty school boys were on their way to school in an eastern city, one day recently, when a boy sixteen among them began to tease a little fellow of perhaps twelve years. Suddenly the annoyed smaller boy threw an apple core at his tormentor, whereupon the big boy assailed the little fellow brutally, saying: "I'll let you know that you can't throw apple cores at me! You take that!" The little fellow shrieked with pain, but he could contend but feebly against his far larger and stronger assailant, and none of his schoolmates offered to go to his relief.

"I am!" said the gamin, standing as erect as a West Point cadet; and whipping off his ragged jacket, he gave his head a toss, and said again: "I am goin' to see that you don't touch him ag'in! If you want to fight, take a kid o' yer size, I tell ye! Try yer hand on me!" "Humph!" said the big fellow, without, however, offering to touch the "kid of his size."

Who'd Stoop to Pick up a Pin?

Who'd stoop to pick up a pin? was the interrogation of George as he and his companions were on their way to the fields to have a romp, when he saw his companion James bend down to pick up a pin that lay by the wayside. James made no reply, but safely lodged the pin underneath his jacket collar. No further notice was taken of this circumstance, the boys being so fully absorbed in their day's pleasure. Arriving at the field, their sports began; football, lacrosse, baseball, and various other games were played. These boys, like other boys when engaged in the exercises of play, almost forgot themselves and heedlessly ran into danger.

George having, during a game of cricket, to fetch the ball out of a neighboring field, had to force his way through a thorny hedge and while doing so got a thorn in his hand. He then, in a half crying tone, called to his companions: "Have any of you got a pin? I've got a thorn in my hand. Oh, how it pains me." His companions ran to look, but none could help for none of them had a pin. "Where's James?" he then called out. "I saw him pick up a pin as we came to the field. Where's James?" James, on hearing his name was soon on the spot where his wounded companion was suffering, and immediately dislodged the pin from his coat collar, and extracted the thorn. "Who'd stoop to pick up a pin?" were not the words that fell from the lips of George now, but a hearty "Thank you" for the trouble his friend had taken to get out the thorn.

Some Questions for the Boys and Girls.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a boy to be polite to some other fellow's sister, says an exchange. Then why is it that some of them find it so hard to remember to be equally courteous to their sisters? Many a boy is rude to his sister without really realizing it; in other words, he forgets to be polite. Then, again, he is afraid of being dubbed "a sissy," if he should be caught paying some attention to his sister. It is a bad habit for any one to get into—that of having one's polite ways for outsiders. If she asks you a question, don't answer her in a rude or careless manner, as if you thought she did not know what she was talking about, and wasn't worth listening to. Don't tease her, or make fun of her in any way to hurt her feelings. You wouldn't do that to some other girl. You can just bank all you have on the boy who is kind and thoughtful to his own, for you may be sure he will develop into the right sort of a man, and is bound to win the respect and admiration of every one. It is usually easy for a girl to be polite to another girl's brother, to smile at his little teases when her own brother's similar ones are received with a frown, and occasionally—we regret to say—with a snarl. Do you thank your brother if he gives you the easy chair he had before you entered the room? Do you stop your embroidery cheerfully to sew on the button he has just jerked off perhaps? Do you cook the dainty little things he might like? If he's been having a pretty hard time of it and needs a little petting, do you give it to him in the right way? One boy will take an out-and-out oddling while another wants his petting in some less obtrusive way, but they all like it once in a while.

The girl who has a brother is most fortunate. Even if he is not as amiable as he should be, perhaps if she becomes more so he will change his manners. American women are proud of the fact that American men are the politest men on earth. If you wish them to remain so, you must set them an example of what true country does, not only for somebody else's brother, but for your very own George or Tom or Willie.

How Would You Like It Yourself?

There was a great commotion in the back yard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat, with a number of stones in his hands, which he was throwing at it. "Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with kitty?" she called, grieving that her son should so persecute a dumb animal. "She's all dirty, mamma. Somebody shut her up in a coal hole," he said. "And is that all?" mamma wanted to know. "Why, yes," said Johnny. "She's dirty and black and horrid. We don't want her round." Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went back into the house. Presently Johnny came in, crying, and ran for help. He had fallen into a puddle, and was dripping with mud, his face, hands, and clothes being all besmeared. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her. She rose and started toward him, then turned and sat down again. "Jane," she said, quietly, to the nurse, who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?" Nurse looked up, astonished, at being asked such an unusual question, and Johnny stopped his loud noise to stare. "Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane, wondering whatever they could be required for at this time. "Yes," said mamma, "to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around." Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear; but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being broken. "Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried, in humble tones. "Poor Kitty!" I see now just how had I made her feel.

What Ants Can Do.

"There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place near Covington," said a New Orleans business man, "and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits. I found it a most fascinating pursuit, and have resumed it with much enthusiasm during several visits this year. Some of the things I have seen are so marvelous that I would hesitate to speak of them if similar wonders had not been fully recorded by trained scientists. "Near one of my flower beds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently perform the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their homes. Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen that had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants rolled away with their awkward booty, and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground; presently they all laid hold and pulled the spider on top of it. They then seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty. "On another occasion I saw a large body of these same ants start out for a raid on another colony. They marched like an army, with scouts thrown out at the sides, and when several feet distant from the nest divided into two parties. One kept straight on and was soon engaged in fierce combat with the other tribe, while the second detachment made a detour and fell upon the hill from the rear. The result was a great victory for the invaders. "Anybody who feels interested in the subject, and who will put in a little time at close study, will be certain to witness exploits fully as astonishing as those I have described."—New Orleans Times-Democrat. One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.—D. H. Aughey. Our prayers are not measured by their extent but by their content.

The Prison Bird.

To the great explorer, David Livingstone, we are indebted for some interesting facts concerning the prison bird. This strange bird is found in Africa, and is in truth a feathered beauty. It is called the prison bird because at nesting time a pair of the birds, male and female, build a nest in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. When it is ready for occupancy the female bird enters it, and her mate at once makes her a prisoner by "walling up" the entrance to the nest, leaving only an opening barely large enough for air and food to pass through. While in Monpour Dr. Livingstone paid much attention to the actions of these birds, and in writing of them he called the nest a "prison" and the female bird a "slave." Indeed, her lot for a long time is a hard one, for usually she has to remain in her prison home until her little ones are old enough to fly. As soon as the male bird imprisons the female he stations himself near the nest and becomes her faithful guardian. He brings her food at intervals, and allows her to want for nothing. Thus cared for, the mother bird gets on all right, and really seems to thrive on her secluded life. In case, however, her mate is killed, or in any other way kept from looking after her needs, she and her little ones are left in such a helpless condition that they die of starvation. When at last the nesting time is over, the male bird with his beak destroys the barrier to his nest and sets his family free. Says Dr. Livingstone: "It is interesting to see the joy with which the little prisoners greet the light and the big, unknown world."—Children's Visitor. Your Best Work Cannot be done unless you have good health. You cannot have good health without pure blood. You may have pure blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now. You cannot realize the good it will do you until you try it. Begin taking it to-day and see how quickly it will give you an appetite, strength and vigor and cure your rheumatism, catarrh or scrofula. All liver ills are cured by Hood's Pills 25c. Surgeon to a Tiger. One of the finest tigers in the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, was threatened with gangrene in its paw—the claw having become distorted and grown into the foot. The Rev. Samuel Haughton, M. D., senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and a well-known personage in the Irish metropolis, undertook to perform the dangerous experiment of operating on the paw. It was indeed a thrilling experience. The mate of the tiger was first secured in a side den. A net devised by Professor Haughton was thrown over the tiger, and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage. Four stout keepers then held the feet of the struggling animal, while Professor Haughton cut away the diseased claw. The suffering beast furiously but vainly tried to get at him during the operation, but the rage of the tigress looking on through the bars of the side den was much more terrible to behold. She roared and flung herself violently against the bars and again against the barriers in her mad desire to go to the rescue of her mate. When the tigress was admitted to the cage after the wound of her mate had been dressed, she turned up the paw and examined it with touching solicitude, and then licked her mate, as a cat licks its kitten, to soothe him, purring softly the while. Put perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair was the sequel. A week later Professor Haughton was again at the Zoo to see how his patient was getting on. When the animal espied him, he began to purr like a cat, allowed him to examine the paw, and seemed pleased that he should do so. Indeed, for years afterwards the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Professor Haughton.—Westminster Gazette. In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor. MONEY SAVED and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

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