

When Tommy Goes to School.

When Tommy goes to school, it takes Mamma and Katie and me to start him off, because he makes Quite work enough for three. Katie must find his coat and cap; I try to hear his rule. It's always an exciting time When Tommy goes to school.

Mamma must cut his sandwiches And lay in quite a stock. While Katie warms his rubbers well, And I must watch the clock. He eats his breakfast fit of all, While ours is getting cool. It's always an exciting time When Tommy goes to school.

Next Katie brings his handkerchief; I tell him he'll be late; Mamma then kisses him good-by Just as it's half-past eight And Katie, buttoning up his coat, Says "He's nobody's fool!" It's always an exciting time When Tommy goes to school.

Mamma Endicott Marcan, in Our Little

Billie Fairfield's Promise.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night, he said, "Yes'm" promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie; but he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and resisted till he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs, and counted, "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle and stretched a stocking with a hole in it over her hand. She said, "Oh, dear!" but she went to see that Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her.

"O mother! I can't go away up there alone!" Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the baby; and, if they waked him, baby would wake, too. So Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said, "Well see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen his mother stood at the door with her head and shawl on. Billie began to blush. He wished he dared to go alone; but he did not, for it was a heavy road. He took the milk, and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces, and Billie's nose was cold; but he had the milk in one hand, and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to turn them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed when she opened the door: "Why, what made you come away up here to-night? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield. It's too bad! I could have got along somehow with the milk."

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered. And Billie wished nobody would look at him.

"Twasn't any matter, she said, mother," he urged, when they had started for home again.

The wind was in their backs now, and Billie's nose were warm.

"Buy the truth, and sell it not, said his mother. The matter was your promise, Billie. Would you sell the truth just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again.

Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed; but she was a small woman, and she tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal-fire in the sitting-room. "I believe I'd feel better to have a good whipping."

His mother smiled at him.

"'Twould be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings to-night, so I shall mend them to-morrow when I am going to make a cottage pudding, and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite dessert, and this was a blow that he had to heart.

He and his father would say 'cottage pudding' to each other for a long time afterward, if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten. And when Billie had grown to be a man, and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word; that's all I want," Billie would smile, and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."

M. M. L. Hawes, in Sunday School

The Pig that ate Taffy

Once upon a time I knew a little boy who was so fond of candy that he could never get enough. He was always asking for sugar and sweets, and always teasing his 'auntie' to let him 'make taffy.' So one day she thought she would try to please him for once; and she gave him the molasses jug and a big pot, and told him just to go off and make all the candy he wanted to.

The longer the boy looked at the pot and looked at the jug, the more he felt quite sure that he could eat all the taffy the pot could hold, and therefore needed all the molasses the jug contained. So he just emptied the jug into the pot, and set the whole thing a boiling.

By and by the molasses commenced to thicken and get all bubbly; and, by and by, after that, it began to get stringy and tough, and the boy knew that very soon it would drop brittle and hard into the cup of cold water in which he was 'trying' it, and then it would be 'done.' It took two hours or more before the candy dropped 'brittle and crackly' into the cold water; but, at last, it was done, and the boy took his pot of taffy off the fire, and began pouring it out into the buttered pans to cool.

He first filled the biscuit pans and then the dripping pans and next the pie pans; and, after that, all the old saucers and cracked plates, and still there was taffy left in the pot. So he had to use all sorts of odd odds and ends of pails and cups and plates to pour his candy into; and, at last, it was all poured out and set to cool outdoors.

When the taffy was hard enough to break, the little boy began to eat it; and, oh! how good that taffy did taste! I think he ate a whole panful at first, and part of a saucer full afterward, and he gave some to his aunt; but, oh, my! that wasn't very much! He had still all the big pans and all the biscuit tins and most of the pie plates that he hadn't even touched; and already he began to feel as if he didn't care so very much for taffy, after all.

When his father and grandfather came home in the evening, they exclaimed with surprise at the quantity of taffy candy that was lying about on the kitchen shelves, in the pantry, and everywhere; and the auntie told the boy that he must try to eat up the taffy that he had been so anxious to make.

But by this time the boy was 'tired to death' of taffy, and felt sick and queer, and didn't even want to look at a piece of candy. Nevertheless, the taffy had to be gotten out of the way.

So the boy put it all together and rolled it into a big ball, and put it out on the back porch.

Out on the back porch it was sunny and warm, however; and soon the taffy began to melt, and the flies began to swarm about it, and all sorts of things got stuck in it, and the auntie said the taffy ball must be taken away.

By this time the boy was very much ashamed of that ball of candy; and he determined to put it out of sight, hiding it away where no one could see it and ask him 'how he liked taffy.' He thought of digging a hole and hiding it in the ground, and he thought of tying a stone to it and sinking it in the brook; but he was afraid that in either of these places it might be found, and cause more remarks about his fondness for taffy. So he thought for a long time, and finally he gave it to the pig.

And that is how the pig came to eat the molasses candy. The pig thought he liked it, too, you see, so he took the whole big lump of it in his mouth; and he chewed and he swallowed and he choked and sputtered and tried to eat it all up, but it was such a big lump, and so sticky, that he only succeeded in fixing his teeth in it, and soon he could not even open his mouth! All day long he struggled with that taffy; and by night time he had gotten rid of it, somehow.

As for the little boy, he kept away from piggy, I can tell you, while there was any taffy left. He did not want any one to see him with piggy, while the candy was in sight; and no wonder, for they might have made comparisons, and asked which was the biggest one, you know.—The Examiner.

Nan's Sympathy Bureau.

Nan was in the cozy sitting-room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheery fire-place, now darting up in spiral beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

"I'm just like that," she exclaimed, slowly. "I try to do something to be useful, and—well, I'm just like you, little flames; somehow I can never accomplish anything."

The last was said aloud, and as Nan threw back her curls she noticed Grandma Allan standing in the doorway.

"Tut, tut! my little girl," reproved grandma, gently; "if we do the best

we can, we are not the only ones to measure the good we do—we can't!"

"I suppose—so," said Nan, slowly, but then, what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money I might establish reading-rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working girls could get a nice warm lunch without paying anything for it—or something else realy worth doing. But grandma, it takes means, and all that I have in the world would hardly buy one magazine, or a single plate of doughnuts."

"Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthy as those you mention—things, too, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do."

Just then the warning bell rang, and with a good-by kiss, Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking of grandma's remark: "Things that perhaps nobody else could possibly do."

I wonder what they can be? and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands, with her elbows on her desk.

As she was standing near the cloak-room door at recess, she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

"I pity her," said Maud, "but I don't feel that I can do anything for her—she's not one of our set. Her mother has done our washing for years, you see. That's how I happened to know her."

Nan turned, and as she did so she saw Beth, who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournful pinched face, fondly regarding a tiny plain gold ring, worn dangerously thin.

"Her mother's," thought Nan. Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell, Beth's face wore its first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. "I guess it's what grandma meant," she thought.

The next day, and the next, she found some little way to help, all unconsciously, of somebody about her. The old colored janitor felt pleased all day long at the smile with which she greeted him as she passed him in the entry.

"Bless her, honey, chile—she's a sunshine ray for sure," he murmured, as he closed the door behind her.

Miss Noycross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her a pleasant good-night, felt the cares of the day grow lighter and her work less irksome.

"I tell you, Nan," said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come, in which he could try his new bicycle, "you do a fellow good just by your sympathy. I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—Sympathy Bureau! Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with anyone in trouble. Office hours, from morning until bed-time." And as for pay—

"Pay! Oh, Ted," interrupted Nan, smiling, "that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others—"

"You've found—" broke in Grandma Allen, "a joyful, contented, little self all the time—and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do."

"Yes, and what you said, grandma, dear, led me to find out what they are," said Nan sweetly, giving grandma a love-kiss as she spoke.—Zion's Herald.

The Baby's Nurse.

"Yes," said Mr. Hiller, as he carefully dug around my pansy bed, "Oh! yes'm, I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point, with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of the children."

"Take care of the children! How could it be? What do you mean?"

"Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance, he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard, and the colonel's little child was playing about, and she kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put his great, clumsy feet on her by mistake; so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. That elephant had hit me with his trunk. One of the servants came along just then, and helped me up; and when I told him about it, said he: 'I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with that baby when he has it in his charge. I'd have you to know that he's that baby's nurse.'"

"Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport; but, sure enough, after

while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms, and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk, as though it had been a cradle!

And that great fellow stood there for more than an hour, watching that baby, and rocking it gently now and then!

He was real good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The colonel's lady would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back; then, one by one, the three children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother, nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach, and knew how to do it. Oh! an elephant is an uncommon handy nurse, when he is trained to the business; and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time.—Pansy.

"The Strength of Twenty Men."

When Shakspeare employed this phrase he referred, of course, to healthy, able-bodied men. If he had lived in these days he would have known that men and women who are not healthy may become so by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, by making the blood rich and pure and giving good appetite and perfect digestion, imparts vitality and strength to the system.

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John's Bad Company.

"Do you know the kind of company that John is associating with?" said Aunt Jane to her married sister. "He spent last evening with some of the most vulgar and profane fellows that I ever heard of."

"Why, what do you mean? The boy was in his room reading a book that he borrowed from one of his schoolmates. He is a great reader, and I am glad of it."

Perhaps you would not be so glad if you knew what he is reading. I picked up the story that he was interested in when I was doing his room this morning, and it made me sick. The characters in it were from the slums, and their talk was slangy and vile. It was one of the popular realistic novels. Its author thinks it has a mission to describe human nature as it is, no matter how degraded, and to make it interesting. For my part, I cannot see much difference between bringing a bookful of thieves and gamblers, of rogues and barlots, into a boy's room, and letting the boy go into their dens. If he enjoys their society at home, he may be tempted to seek them in their homes. If our boys are great readers, we ought to know what they are reading."

And Johnnie's mother said that Aunt Jane was right, and she was.—Senex Smith, in Herald and Presbyter.

A Hard Blow at a Soft Head.

The effeminate youth is not admired by anybody, but the restraint of politeness keeps most of us from telling him so. The young woman of the following story was hindered by no such delicacy:

"Yes, my hands are soft," said young Dudley at a small party the other night, as he gazed at his useless appendages. Then he added: "Do you know how I do it? I always sleep with my gloves on."

"And do you sleep with your hat on, too?" asked a pert young woman.

"Oh, no," answered the dude. Then he could not imagine what the company were smiling about.

A CAPTIVE AND A RESCUER.

—Some way or other a little sparrow had gotten down into the globe of an electric light and could not find its way out. Quite a crowd had gathered around the spot, watching the little creature's fate. The trees around were just covered with other birds waiting to help but not knowing how. They called and talked in their own sweet way. But no, the little thing could not get out. Presently one of its friends thought it would fly over and help it, but only succeeded in getting in also. Then we had two little prisoners. The lookers-on were getting excited. One little boy started to climb up, but got down again. Already one bird had escaped. Then another boy climbed up, and it looked as if he would succeed in freeing our little prisoner. At last he got to the top of the pole, and putting his hand into the globe he caught the little bird and let him fly.

Such a shout of joy went up that everyone passing by stopped to see what was going on. It makes one think that in this large city, where there is so much rush and hurry, still loving hearts beat underneath it all.—Nellie Dixon, in The Christodora.

HORSE SENSE.

A remarkable instance of horse sense was exhibited at the Russell stables, Pittsfield, Mass., after the snow flurry the other day. An old horse is used to draw the baggage wagon from the hotel to the station, and she slipped and fell on the icy street.

Agwin during the morning hours about town the horse slipped on the ice. At noon the horse was unhitched and sent into her stall for her midday meal. She is never fastened, and when the men looked for her to make the one o'clock trip to the station she was nowhere to be found. They searched the stable and streets, and finally went to ex-Senator Dawes' house, who formerly owned her, but the old mare was not to be found.

Toward three o'clock, however, she appeared at the stable, trotting briskly, and, looking around, went into her stall. It was discovered that she had been newly shod, and the employees made enquiry at the blacksmith shop and learned that the horse had arrived there a little after noon and had waited her turn for the shooer. The men at the shop knew her, and thought she had been left there by some of the hostlers.

I MUST TELL THEM!

A wounded Japanese soldier, while in the hospital was converted to Christ. He labored faithfully with some of his comrades in the hospital, and afterward was heard to say, "I must go home soon and get the people of my village to believe."

A suggestion was made to him that it might be well for him to wait a while before going home, till he was better instructed in Christian doctrine. The suggestion astonished him, and he replied, simply, "It will never do for me to believe this alone; I must tell them."—Missionary Herald.

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-pans, reserve one quart of the dough, and let it get very light. A few moments before the dinner is served put two tablespoonfuls 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 thin, 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.

When ready for the final kneading, use one-half cup 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 spices, soda, eggs and the fruit (dredged in flour). Add more flour, if necessary, and bake immediately, making two loaves.

Pancakes.—Housewives, if your bread sponge sours, do not throw it away. Simply 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 cake, for which they are sometimes mistaken.—Marion T. Tearn.

FOR THE OVERWORKED.

—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

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