

BABY'S RIDE.

Rock-a-by! Rock-a-by! Baby shall ride. Off to Dreamland with me by her side.

EDNA'S REWARD.

Instead of one corner of my brain for geography and one for arithmetic, both of them must be for arithmetic.

Lessons went about as usual the first day. Edna tried to remember how Asia looked on the map page, but there were so many scallaps along the coast she could not remember where they all belonged.

What is the direction of Java from Japan? was the first. Mama was to answer. 'Southeast,' she replied.

Edna was looking at her intently, and wishing she herself had blue eyes and wavy yellow hair.

Edna could hardly believe her ears. She had never known Miss Johnson to make a mistake, but there was the fact that mama had looked it up with her only two hours before.

The papers had not been passed in, and Edna could easily change her answer to southeast.

Then pencil and paper were held in a seemingly careless position, but they were very near together. The pencil almost touched the paper when Edna thought:

Mama wouldn't change it, and Miss Johnson wouldn't either. I know I'm right, and I'd rather be right.

The next day, when Miss Johnson returned the papers, Edna opened hers

slowly with a dismal feeling that there would be a blue pencil-mark against 'southwest.' Of course, she could show Miss Johnson her mistake, but Edna's devotion to her teacher was such that she had a queer idea that the mistake should be kept from her.

Edna blushed and smiled. Everything was all right. What if she had changed the word? It wasn't a pleasant thought, and Edna peeped into her paper again to see the beautiful 'Good.'

Miss Johnson's own writing, mama. —S. S. Times.

ONE WAY.

I have always been sensitive to cruelty to animals; therefore, one day some years ago, when I heard the unmistakable sickening thud of blows and a furious voice, I ran to the door.

There they were, all three, and on the sidewalk, either side of the muddy road, the usual half-dozen advisers.

Don't beat these horses, shrieked a woman, 'or I'll call the police!'

It's a wicked sham to be so brutal, cried another; 'you'll kill the horses!'

An undistinguishable chorus of pity and indignation made a background for these louder remarks, and even through my own anger I had a perception that the man was getting a drubbing as well as the horses.

But he heard, and he felt, and he grew more furious every moment. One of the poor beasts tugged with every muscle at each short; the other had, apparently, abandoned the effort in despair, and gave no sign beyond the tremor of his limbs when the lash fell.

I felt a sting of anger and pity at the sight; and then I saw my brother coming down the street. 'Now, I thought, it will be all right. Nat will thrash him, if he does not!'

What is the direction of Java from Japan? was the first. Mama was to answer.

'No; southwest,' said Edna, with eyes fairly dancing.

'I hope you are right, dear,' said mama; 'but let us look it up.'

It was southwest they found, both looking carefully at the map; and Edna went to school feeling sure her paper was all right, for mama and she agreed on the answers.

Strange how things happen! When the books were closed, and the geography class was ready to recite, Miss Johnson said:

'Before we take up the advance work, you may ask a few of the review questions you have prepared.'

Edna was looking at her intently, and wishing she herself had blue eyes and wavy yellow hair.

'What is the direction of Java from Japan?'

'Southeast,' answered Willie Maynard.

'Right,' said Miss Johnson, and a second question was asked.

Edna could hardly believe her ears. She had never known Miss Johnson to make a mistake, but there was the fact that mama had looked it up with her only two hours before.

The papers had not been passed in, and Edna could easily change her answer to southeast.

Then pencil and paper were held in a seemingly careless position, but they were very near together. The pencil almost touched the paper when Edna thought:

Mama wouldn't change it, and Miss Johnson wouldn't either. I know I'm right, and I'd rather be right.

The next day, when Miss Johnson returned the papers, Edna opened hers

CHARLEY'S OPPORTUNITY.

Charley was out behind the grape arbor, jumping up and down as hard and as fast as ever he could. That was the way he worked off enthusiasm.

And the cause was an accidental discovery that Father had ordered a liveryman to bring round a carriage after dinner, and that they were going on a long drive to the beach and light house.

When he became exhausted he went back to his seat on the front steps; but even there his eyes continued to snap, and his uneasy feet to tap forth the overflow of his gladness.

He was not eavesdropping, for he thought there was no secret about the matter; but Father and Mother supposed he was out in the yard somewhere playing.

'I'm sorry,' Father was saying, 'but only four can go in the carriage even by crowding. Esther will be one, of course; so either Charley or Freddie will have to stay behind.'

Realizing that the conversation was not intended for him, Charles put his hands to his ears and slipped quietly away. Stay behind? Not he. Of course, Esther would go, and he, too.

Were they not the family? Freddy—his face lengthened suddenly. Freddy was a neighbor's boy, who was too weak and lame for much walking.

Lately, Father and Mother had been taking him to ride whenever they could. A trip to the beach would do him good, Charley told himself grimly and with tightening lips; yes, he needed it a great deal more than a big, healthy boy.

Charley went behind the grape arbor again, but not to jump; and he remained there a long time, silent and motionless. At length he went into the house.

'Mother,' he said, steadily, 'may I go down to Will Brown's this afternoon?'

She looked at him with a quick relief in her eyes.

'Yes, Charley, if you want to,' she answered. 'I hope you will have a good time.'

But he turned abruptly and slipped out doors again for fear she might read something different in his face.—S. S. Visitor.

ORIGIN OF THE PENKNIFE.

Do you know why the little pocket-knives are often called penknives? Perhaps some of you have often wondered, and did not like to ask.

You use a steel pen at school, but when Washington lived there were no steel pens. At that time, and until the year 1820, pens were made out of the quills or large feathers of the goose and other birds.

Now these quill pens, being soft, got out of order and split, so they had to be remade. Most writers kept a sharp knife to remake these pens, so the knives got to be called 'penknives.'

The word 'pen' is from the Latin word 'penna,' which means a feather; so when we say steel pen we talk of a steel feather, which is absurd, but then the language is made up of very funny words and phrases, and the little word 'pen' is now used only for the piece of steel with which we write.

What becomes of all the pens made? One firm in England makes two hundred million pens every year, and there are several other makers who send out nearly as many more; then in the United States we make at least two hundred millions every year.

Where do they all go? It is not often that you can pick up old pens, and yet a vast number must be lost every day.—John de Morgan.

LA GRIPP AND HOW TO TREAT IT.

The treatment of this disease, says Good Health, should be vigorous; if begun at once, it need not take more than twenty-four or forty-eight hours to avert an attack.

The first indication is absolute rest, preferably in bed; the second, to relieve the congestion of the mucous membrane of the nose and respiratory tract, also of the brain and its coverings.

This is best accomplished in the following way: 1. Take a large enema with the water at 107 degrees F., to cleanse the bowels.

2. Place the feet and legs in water nearly up to the knees, having the water as hot as can be endured, and add hot water constantly.

Continue this for twenty minutes, or longer, at the same time drinking freely of hot water or hot lemonade. While taking this treatment apply compresses of rug out of wool water, to the entire head, not to the forehead alone. This rest

ment should be continued until one perspires freely.

3. Then go to bed, keeping the legs warm by wrapping them in woollen blankets.

4. If it is not convenient to employ the hot leg bath, feed a woollen blanket once, sink it in boiling water, wring it out quickly, and as soon as possible wrap it around the lower extremities, from the hips to the toes, surrounding all with a dry wollen blanket.

Leave both on for at least half an hour, or until thorough perspiration is induced. During this treatment keep a cool compress on the head.

After either of these lines of treatment, one may be sponged off with water at 85 degrees F., into which a handful of salt has been thrown.

This treatment will usually be followed by weakness, but rest in bed, which is now very essential, will soon restore the patient to health.

The diet is no unimportant part of the treatment. If an exclusive fruit diet is used for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, recovery will be much more rapid and complete.

The fruits should consist principally of baked apples, sweet or sour, good eating apples, and sweet oranges. This fruit is not very nourishing, but it is cleansing to the digestive tract, and gives the stomach a chance to rest.

At the same time the acids of the fruit satisfy thirst, and stimulate the kidneys to greater activity.

The less medicine taken in a grippé the better; for this is a disease that cannot be broken up with a hot whiskey sling, a dose of Dover's powders, or any antipyretic drug.

Drugs and all forms of alcohol should be avoided, for they disturb digestion, and thus aggravate the disease.

If one treatment as described does not break up an attack of influenza, it may be repeated the next day. The feet should be kept warm, the room well ventilated and cool—not above 70 degrees, but no draft should fall on the patient.

A SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.—One is not surprised when such noble animals as the dog and horse become fond of each other, nor the equally interesting cat and monkey, for they have much in common; but that Tabby and a chicken should fraternize with the utmost good will is surely worthy of remark.

A woman, living in the country, had a pet hen, who, mounting into her lap with cackles of delight, would deposit its morning offering, a fresh egg, in the impoverished nest.

The creature was finally set in a special box in the carriage-house, and the family waited with interest for the coming brood. One morning they noticed the hen at breakfast; and, again, half an hour later, the fowl was strutting about in apparent indifference to her cooling eggs.

'She'll make no setter,' was the disgusted comment. 'She's been too pampered.' Following her to the carriage house, the woman was just in time to see a fluffy mass leap from the box and the hen serenely take its place on the nest.

This continued throughout the three weeks. When Madame Hen took her morning constitutional, Tabby Cat would obligingly keep house and look after her interests, leaving the moment the little lady returned.—New York Herald.

TRAINING SHEPHERD DOGS.—The natives of New Mexico seem to have an original way of training shepherd dogs. A pup is taken from its mother as soon after birth as possible.

The breed of the dog is immaterial. The young of a sheep or goat is taken away, and the pup substituted. After the first few days the pup is never fed except just before the flock goes to pasture in the morning and just after the sheep are brought in at night.

As soon as he can walk he goes out with the flock and stays with it all day. Whenever he begins to anticipate supper by trying to drive the flock in before sundown he gets punished.

After he is about a year old he takes a flock out, guards it from other dogs and coyotes during the day, and brings it in at the proper time at night without supervision. I have tried all kinds of temptation on a dog that was encountered in the hills with his flock, but in spite of all he would remain faithful to his duty, driving his flock to a safe distance before venturing to make the acquaintance of my own dog.

'CARRY SUNSHINE WITH YOU.' A bright, fresh, sunny face is always inspiring, and it is always denoted a good health as well as a happy heart.

Many faces that were once overcast with gloom have been bright and sunny by Ho's Sarsaparilla, which cures all dyspeptic symptoms, strengthens the nerves and tones up and invigorates the whole system.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills, the non-purging cathartic. Sold by all druggists.

WHERE BABIES ARE NEVER WASHED.

A traveler from Russia says that Russian babies in Siberia are not very attractive. And when he tells us one of the reasons, we do not wonder at his thinking so.

He says that one day he noticed in one of the houses a curious bundle on a shelf; another hung from a peg in the wall, and a third hung by a rope from the rafters; this one the mother was swinging. The traveller discovered that each curious bundle was a child; the one in the swinging bundle was the youngest.

The traveler looked at the little baby, and found it so dirty that he exclaimed in disgust: 'Why! do you not wash it?'

The mother looked horror-stricken, and ejaculated: 'Wash it! Wash the baby! Why it would kill it!'

'What a happy country Russia would be for some boys! They would never hear, 'Wash your face and hands,' nor 'Have you brushed your hair?' But, oh! how they would look!—Selected.

STARTING WRONG.—'Dear me,' said little James, 'I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong,' and he tugged and fretted as if the poor buttons were at fault for his trouble.

'Patience, patience,' said his sister. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right.'

What a practical lesson can be drawn from this little boy's mistake. How frequently the first act leads to great evils and sad ends. The little boy struck his brother. That was the first wrong deed. Then he denied it. That was another. Then he was unhappy and cross all the day because he did not tell the truth.—Selected.

He alone is trustworthy who stands by his work, ready to acknowledge his failure or wear the laurels of success the beautiful composure of an honest man who has done his best.—Thomas K. Beecher.

'After all,' says James Russell Lowell, 'the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing; and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that.'

WHAT WE OWE OTHERS.—The world is very full of sorrow and trial, and we cannot live among our fellow men and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy, we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that its beams may fall upon the shadowed heart. If we have no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulders under the load of others.

Selfishness must die, or else our own heart's life must be frozen within us. We soon learn that we cannot live for ourselves and be Christians, that the blessings that are given to us are really for other people, and that we are only God's ministers to carry them in Christ's name to those for whom they are intended.

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—Among the many good qualities which Parmentier's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

Perfect Worm Medicine. 'I have given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent results and I find it the most perfect worm medicine, as you are not required to give any Cathartic with it.

Mrs. Daniel Smith, P. O. B. x 56, Lunenburg, N. S.

AGENTS WANTED For our two new Books. THE LIBRARY OF SOUTH AFRICA (Four books in one) and D. L. MOODY, THE MAN AND HIS MISSION.

The books are well written and up-to-date, and are not a rehash of old matter; the prices are low and the terms extra liberal; agents can make money if they take hold at once and sell our books; price of prospectus for the Library of South Africa, 50 cts. D. L. Moody, 35 cts.

or the two for 75 cents, and the amount refunded with the first order of five or more books. WILLIAM DRIGGS, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Nov. 25th we published the names and addresses of thirty of our students who had recently obtained good situations. Since then eleven more names have been added to the list. Ten of our students are under one roof in the C. P. R. office, St. John two of them chief clerks.

Business and Shorthand (Pitman) Catalogues to any address. S. KERR & SON

Professional Cards. DR. ATHERTON, Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto has resided in Fredericton, N. B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A. BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER & C. Money to Loan on Real Estate security. CHRISTIE BUILDING, C. P. City Bldg. FREDERICTON, N. B.

Money to Loan. As Solicitor for several parties, desiring to invest their money on Real Estate Security, I am prepared to loan amounts of from \$100.00 to \$5000.00 at lowest rates of interest and easy terms. Payments on account of principal accepted at any time. ARTHUR R. SLIPP, Barrister and Solicitor, Fredericton, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, etc., WOODSTOCK N. B.

Manchester, Robertson and Allison, St. John, N. B. Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Silks, Millinery, Furs, Cloaks, Dress Goods, Men's and Boy Clothing, Gents' Furnishings.

Our New Furniture Department contains an immense stock of Fine Furniture in Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Tables, Sideboards, Rocking Chairs, Easy Chairs, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, and all kinds of Household Furniture at Lowest prices.

Dragon Blend — AND — Griffin Blend TEAS are unequalled. Ask your Grocer for them. Wholesale only by A. F. Randolph & Son

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE 800 ACRES. Land lays well. Well watered. Large amount of hard wood timber; near railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings. Price only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, Good title. Write for free Catalogue, B. E. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through MUNN & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1.50; by mail newsdealers, 50 cts. per copy. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Wesley Buildings, Toronto.