

Mother's Room.

awful sorry for poor Jack Roe. The boy that lives with his aunt, you know, has his home filled with gloom because it has got no "mother's room."

I tell you for boys with a tired head, to go to rest on mother's bed. Poor Jack Roe when he visits me, he goes to mother's room, you see, because it's the nicest place to go.

Grandma Gray's Way of Bothering

The oven is too hot to bake your cake now, Polly. You'd better put a basin of cold water in it, or take off some of the stove lids. If it bakes too quickly it will be done on the outside, and raw in the middle.

Such a Joke.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and let him alone.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behaviour of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled.

It isn't baked in the middle and Polly has filled the settled places with frosting and covered up the scorched places with it. But when she cuts that cake she will be very much mortified, Polly will. Grandma Gray having come to this conclusion went right about making another cake.

The company came and Polly and Emma received them with warm welcome. It could not be imagined that an old person like Grandma Gray could possibly care to see young folks, so she was left to sit in her easy chair in her own room, reading her evening chapter in the Bible.

Strange to say, Polly came rushing in about 9 o'clock, saying: "O, grandma, what shall I do? My cake is not fit to eat. It is all raw in the middle. I don't know what to do. The stores are all closed and I can't get a thing. Besides I told them all that Emma and I had made a cake."

Grandma had felt sure that Polly would come to her in the emergency and she quietly rose from her chair, and followed Polly to the pantry, where Emma stood with 'confusion of face.' With a look of kindly triumph on her face, grandma lifted the milk pan and brought out her cake.

"O, you dear, sweet grandma!" exclaimed Polly, as she threw her arms about the good old lady's neck. "How good you are! We never can thank you enough for making such a beautiful cake and helping us out of this horrid mess we made."

"Ah!" said Grandma Gray, laughing heartily: "supposing I had kept sitting in my easy chair all the afternoon reading my Bible, what then?"—The Evangelist.

Such a Joke.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and let him alone.

He scowled his forehead into wrinkles when he studied, and had a fashion of reading his history lesson rolling his eyes round to see where the places were on the map, till he did look funny enough to make anybody laugh.

Dick drew a picture of him on his slate, one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it.

At recess we left him to himself. You see, there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes; but we didn't think much about it.

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut in a likeness of Tom's face.

Tom was the new boy, you know; and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had scored queer little lines in the forehead, and given the mouth and eyes just the right twist. Just then the bell rang, and we hadn't a chance to show it to anybody else; but Dick said:

"We'll put it on a stick and pass it round at recess. My—but Tom will be mad!"

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said, and dropped in into the drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while, another idea struck him, and he whispered it to me.

"Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell the boys, so they'll all be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and when he got a chance, dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it, for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell any one, Tom rushed up to us with his face as full as a full sunrise.

I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know you're the ones that did it," he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my sister Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

There he stood, holding up our nice big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of the joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then, for we all stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths wide open.

"Why, we didn't!"—began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him.

"We hope she'll like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?"

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried her mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested, sure enough. We put that potato where nobody ever saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first-rate, now; he's tiptop when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandma how we came to get acquainted, and she laughed and said:

"A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very differently to us if only we took the trouble to be kind to them."—Selected.

The Ways of Boys.

He was about seven years old and his bed-time had come. His mother took him on her lap and began to undress him. He yawned and stretched wearily. He had been 'so busy' all day, he said.

"Why, Johnnie," his mother suddenly asked, "what made that cut over your left eye?"

"Jimmy Higgins frowed a tomato can and hit me."

"What did you do to Jimmy?"

"I frowed the can back."

"But what did you do before Jimmy threw the can?"

"Oh, I just said, 'Jimmy's mad and I'm glad, and I know what'll please 'im. A bottle of ink to—'"

"You ought not to have teased Jimmy by saying that. How did you get this black and blue place on your leg?"

"Oh, Joey Smif and me was seeing which could pinch each over the longest and hardest without hollerin'—'Ough!' Joey hollered first."

"O Johnnie, Johnnie! Mamma doesn't like to have her little boy do such things. Has your nose been bleeding?"

"Yeth, ma'am. I fell off the fenth and it bled a lot."

"What were you doing on the fence?"

"Oh, I was just daring the boy what lives in the new house across the street to come half way over here."

"And did he come?"

"Yeth, ma'am. That's how I got them squatches on my face."

"Why, I thought I saw you and that little boy playing together this afternoon."

"Yeth, ma'am, but we fought first. He's a real nice little boy, and I gueth his father is awful wick, 'cause they had turkey for dinner to-day, and it ain't Christmas nor Thanksgiving."

employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do," said the man of millions.

"I would like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion: "You can go in and 'leave your address.'"

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap-iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college graduate went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked:

"How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well and never looked at the clock, that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was maintaining his dignity as "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.

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

Three Modern Knights

In a big tenement on the East Side of New York, where very poor people live, two brothers and a tiny sister of four live on the first floor. On the top floor of the big house lives a crippled peddler. He is poor, but he loves children, and he especially loves the tiny little girl on the first floor.

She did not fear him because he was deformed, she probably did not notice it; for he was so kind, gentle and generous to her. When she knew he was home she would go up the long flights of stairs, dark and dirty, to the little crippled peddler, and he would play with her and tell her stories.

One day, recently, the little girl went upstairs to her friend; it was so cold and the streets were so full of snow that the peddler could not go out.

Suddenly through the great tenement rang the cry of "Fire!" In a minute there were shouts and cries all through the house and the street. The peddler knew he could not carry the tiny little girl down stairs. What was to be done? Suddenly the little nine-year-old brother burst into the room and caught his little sister in his arms and started down the long flight of stairs. When he reached the ground floor the smoke was so thick and he was so tired that he could carry his little sister no farther. Both stood in the smoke in the dark hall clinging to each other and crying, when through the smoke came another small boy—the twelve-year-old brother. He joyfully caught his little sister in his arms, took his brother by the hand and hurried through the smoke into the street just as the fireman came. It was a brave deed and was done just in the nick of time.

The peddler at the top of the house knew that a man who could not move lived in the room below his own. He went down to him, carrying his bed-clothes to wrap the man in, and got him near the fire escape, for he knew the brave firemen would raise ladders to them, and help them out of the burning building. The ladders soon came shooting up to the window and the athletic firemen finished the good work which the unselfish peddler had begun.

These people did not look like heroes. The peddler is just a push-cart man, weak, crippled, not clean. Doubtless boys have often thrown snowballs at him, and laughed at him if he grew angry. The two brave, loving brothers were two little Hebrew boys to the people who knew them, with jackets and hands not overclean. But under their dirty jackets and in the twisted body of the push-cart peddler were hearts brave, true and loving as ever beat under armor of knights of old or modern knight going to free the Cuban from Spanish injustice.—The Outlook.

Brief Hints For Girls.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar. Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand. Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss or fret or fidget.

Points Good on Wash Days

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens. Clothes lines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

Table linen should be ironed when quite damp and ironed with a hot and very heavy iron.

Embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel, and only on the wrong side.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salty water, to set the color, before washing in suds.

Silk fabrics, especially white silk handkerchiefs, should not be dampened, but ironed with a moderately warm iron when taken from the line.

Irons should not be allowed to become red hot, as they will never retain the heat properly afterwards.—Journal of Health.

Wishes And Words.

"It seems to me that I would give anything in the world to make these keys sing as you do," a girl said to a friend.

"You need not give 'anything in the world.' Two hours practice every day for five or six years would do it. Would you give that?"

"I know that I wouldn't. But I thought I was telling the truth."

"Many of our wishes are not worth the breath it takes to put them into words. If we wished earnestly we should not rest content with sighing—we should set ourselves to win the things we want.—Forward.

DRINKING GLASSES, called tumblers, owe their names to the fact that they are the successors of little round silver bowls, so perfectly balanced that whichever way they were tipped about on the table they tumbled into position again, and there remained with the rim upwar', as if asking to be refilled.

This item has been going the rounds of the press, but is not correct. The original "tumbler" was invented by hard drinkers, and made with a rounded or pointed bottom, so that it could not be set down without being emptied and inverted. (See "Century Dictionary.")

Sour Milk Corn Cake.—Mix one cup bread flour, one-half cup fine yellow cornmeal, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon soda, and one-fourth cup sugar. Beat one egg very light. Pour one cup sour milk into the dry mixture, add the beaten egg, and two tablespoons melted butter or beef dripping, then stir all together and beat vigorously. Pour it into a shallow cake pan, well greased, and bake about twenty minutes.

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Scald Hand.

Some years ago I scalded my hand very badly, then took cold in the lungs, my hand swelled and was very painful, but half a bottle of Hayward's Yellow Oil cured it completely. Mrs. Wannamaker, Frankford, Ont.

SEND FOR LIST

of names and addresses of TWENTY-SEVEN (27) of our students who obtained good positions between January 1st and March 31st, the three finest months in the year. Also for catalogues of our business and shorthand courses, which enable our students to accomplish this.



Professional Cards

DR. ATHERTON. Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto has resumed practice in Fredericton, N.B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A. BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER &c, &c. Money to Loan on Real Estate security CHESTNUT BUILDING OFF. CITY HA FREDERICTON, N. B.

Money to Loan. As Solicitor for several parties desiring to invest their money on Real Estate Security, am prepared to loan amounts 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 unexcelled. 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; new railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings. Price only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, Good title. Write for free Catalogue. B. R. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York