

Suppose.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady, your doll should break her head, and you make it whole by crying...

Two Wood Piles.

Ho, hum! sighed Roy Miller as he entered out to the back yard and looked at the wood which had been drawn into the yard.

Just then the minister passed by the front gate. All done but undraping, James? he inquired with a smile.

James blushed at the implied compliment, and answered, 'Pretty near, Roy.'

When Mrs. Miller came out to call Roy to supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order.

Katie's Saturday.

'Dear me!' sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning. 'What can be the matter?'

little daughter on her lap, 'I want you to write down a few of these things that trouble you. One thousand will do.'

'O, mamma, you're laughing at me now,' said Katie, 'but I can think of at least ten right this minute.'

'Very well,' said mamma; 'put down ten.' So Katie wrote:

1. It's gone and rained so we can't play croquet.

2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid Jean Bascom on Monday.

3. How Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. 'That's all I can think of just this minute,' she said.

'Well,' said her mother, 'I'll just keep this paper a day or two.'

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: 'O, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad, aren't you?'

'O!' was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday trouble and the paper.

'I guess I'll tear up that paper now, mamma dear,' she said, laughing rather shyly.

'And next time,' said mamma, 'why not let the troubles come before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant if you'll only wait to see.'

Tricks With Figures.

A very interesting and profitable evening can be spent in conjuring with figures. An old saying was that statistics never lied, but men could make them lie. So it is with figures; the funniest and most impossible results can be obtained with them. Ask somebody to put down three figures, such for instance as 345, and then change them about in reverse order, that is 543. Now ask him to subtract the lesser from the greater, which in this case will make 198. Then if the person doing the sum in subtraction will tell you the first figure of the answer you can give the full result of the subtraction. The peculiarity of this is that the middle figure will always be nine, and the sum of the first and last will make nine. Thus if the first figure of the answer is one the last figure must be 8, and if the first was 3 the last would be 6 and the middle one will always be 9. This result is always to be depended upon, and to the person suggesting the figures and doing the sum it will seem little short of the marvelous.

A most astonishing result with figures is to tell the day and month of one's birth. Ask the person whose age you wish to find out to put down secretly on a piece of paper the day of the month, that is March 10, and the number of such month, that is 3 for March, it being the third month of the year. Then tell the person to put these figures in a continuous line as 103; then double this, which gives 206; and add to it 5, making a total of 211. Once more multiply this by 50, giving in this case 10550. Now add his age, such as 20, and subtract 365. When he has performed this complicated work on the paper under your direction let him tell you the result. Jot this result down on your slip of paper, and add to it 115. You will have before you then the answer you need. The first figure will be the day of the month, the second the number of the month, and the balance the age of the person. To carry out our supposed case add the age of 20 to the last numbers and we have 10,570. Subtract 365 from this we have 10,205. Then adding 115 the result is 10,320. This translated into English reads the 10th day of the 3rd month, and the age 20.

Our Leisure Hours.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers with which to amuse himself. He began to study French, and became a fluent reader and writer of the language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Elogues of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came up behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

Only a bit of Virgil, ma'am. 'What! do you read Latin?' she asked with surprise.

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a short time David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he used so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history, and having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's History of Greece. This good man became greatly interested in him and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

Boys, it will pay you to use your leisure hours well.—Young Reaper.

How Kitty Traveled.

Cats are not great travelers, as a rule, nor are they very much at home in strange hotels, but one of which 'Christian Work' tells a story was an exception:

A lady walked into the coffee room of a hotel dressed in a traveling costume and carrying a cape of plaid cloth, which she hung over the chair next to her, disposing of it with some care. When she had ordered breakfast, and was waiting to be served, she heard a succession of exclamations:

'Oh! oh! what a beauty!'

The lady turned a hasty glance toward the chair at her side. There sat a big white Angora cat, gracefully viewing the situation.

'Oh, Bismarck, you silly cat!' she exclaimed, as the head waiter appeared with a look on his face that boded no good to the cat.

'I must put him out, madam,' he said with the assurance that belongs to waiters.

But the lady clicked her fingers and the cat disappeared. Every eye had been upon him, but nobody had seen him go. The waiter looked on the chair and under it, but the cat had vanished.

It was not until the lady had finished her breakfast, and was leaving the table with her travelling cloak thrown over arm, that the mystery of the animal's presence was explained, and pussy's head was allowed to peep from a capacious inside pocket of the cape.

He has travelled in that pocket for hundreds of miles, and this is the first time he has shown himself,' said his mistress. 'He will not purr for fear of being found. But he is nearing his journey's end now, and is getting tired. The cape is his exclusive property, and the pocket his private traveling carriage.'

How Tom Conquered Pride.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

'When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father I told him that I did not like study, and asked for some other employment.'

'My father said, 'Well, John, if Latin Grammar does not suit you, try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow under needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'

'This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it.

'I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night I conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar.'

'He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that ditch.'—Crisis Standard.

How Teddy Won the Battle.

Teddy had had a severe cold for a week and had been looking forward to the next week when he could go out and coast on the hill with the other boys.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright, but Teddy awoke with a cough which sounded like croup.

'No coasting to-day,' his father said, and father was a doctor and knew what was best for the child.

Teddy would in the fall his head thrust deep into his trousers' pockets. 'No coasting!' he exclaimed, and

tears of disappointment shone in his eyes.

'Not to-day,' father replied as he went out.

Not a sound came from the hall after that, and mother turned at length, wondering if her son was crying his sorrows out alone, for he always came to her for comfort.

'You just keep still, you old Satan. You needn't think you're going to beat Jesus. I guess not. You tempted Jesus once and he wouldn't yield. And I'm trying to be like him, and I'm not to yield, either. I will not sneak out and take a ride. Mamma would look so sorry, and she'd always remember how I disobeyed father. No, sir! I'm not going to listen, so hush up.'

This is what mother heard as she reached the hall door, and she slipped quietly away.—Sunbeam.

The Cat in the Bag.

Little Arabella Frost was almost asleep; her curly head was nestled on the soft pillow of her brass cot, and the dark lashes rested on her pink cheek. Almost asleep, but not quite; the little ears were still open, and she heard mother say to big brother Joe, 'Then the cat is out of the bag.'

'What cat, mother?' asked Arabella, sleepily, without opening her eyes.

'Never mind, baby; go to sleep,' said mother.

'What did they put the cat in the bag for?' Arabella asked herself; 'it must be a wild cat.' Just then she saw the bag—it was empty; she saw the cat—it looked very wild; it seemed to be biting and scratching many people, and in a great fright Arabella screamed and—woke up!

You see, she had gone off to sleep and dreamed about the cat getting out of the bag, and mother had to take her on her lap to get the little girl quiet again.

Then mother told her that letting the cat out of the bag meant telling a thing that ought not to be told, and that a story was sometimes just like the cat she had dreamed about; it hurt people when it ran about.

'If you hear anything ugly about your little playmates, darling,' said mother, 'remember what the cat did when she got out, and tie your bag as tight as you can.'—Elizabeth B. Allan.

Why Some Boys Don't Succeed.

Standing, says a journalist, by the deck of a business man who employs a number of lads, I saw a boy of about fifteen come in and apply for a situation. The boy was well dressed, and in demeanor and accent indicated that he belonged to a good school. Without taking off his hat, or appearing to notice anybody who was present, he demanded, in a sharp, unpleasant voice, 'Say, mister, are you advertising for a boy?' The business man looked at him for a second and answered, 'What? I want an older boy than you.'

'What?' I want an older boy than you,' answered the merchant, in a somewhat louder voice. 'Oh,' answered the lad, as he swung round and walked out.

'That,' said the merchant to me, 'is a sample of the manner of the modern schoolboy. In my business, you know, we depend almost entirely upon the pliteness, quickness, and adaptability of the young fellows we have behind the counter. My customers ask me why I change my boys so often. Certainly it is not to save money, for I would be willing to keep them if they were worth keeping. The first thing they ask me is what wages I pay, and the next, what hours they will have to work. They never think about me or my business; all they want to know is how much they can get out of me. Apparently they give me no credit for being able to teach them a profitable trade; they only regard me as a taskmaster, who is to be made to pay the highest price, give the shortest hours, and accept the lowest quality of service.'

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Where They Should Go.

The post-office guide has never been appreciated as a directory of information for prospective home seekers. What could be more appropriate than that the following named classes of persons should go as suggested;—

- Singers to Al o, Ga. Bakers to C kes, Penn. Jewellers to Gem, Ind. Smokers to Weed, Cal. The sleepy to Gap Penn. Th idle to Rust, Minn. D dheads to Great s, C. Printers to Agate, Col. Cranks to Peculiar, Mo. Actors to Star City, Ark. Apiarists to Beville, Ind. Sea l men to Bigger, Ind. Bank rs to Deposit, N. Y. W owers to Wid ws, Ala. Team s to G ubtown Penn. Brok rs to So k l Nev. H ck rs to Y l lla, Ark. O d maids to Aniquity, G. Lovers to onnie, Mich. Cobblers to Shoe H e, N. C.

Physicians to Doctortown, Ga. Puzzle sends to Riddaville, Ga. Drummers to Modest Town, Va. Prohibitionists to Drytown, Cal. Druggists to Balsom Lake, Wis. The gum brigade to Chetown, Penn. New married couples to Bliss, Mich. Political orators to Stumptown, Penn.

Six Important Points.

- Six things a boy ought to know; 1. That a quiet voice, courtesy and quiet acts, are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman. 2. That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness, are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle. 3. That muscular strength is not health. 4. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one. 5. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty. 6. That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.—Texas Advocate.

"If the Cap Fits, Wear It."

If you are suffering from the consequences of impure blood,—have boils, pimples or scrofula sores; if your food does not digest or you suffer from catarrh or rheumatism, you are the one who should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will fit your case exactly, make your blood pure and cure salt rheum, scrofula, rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh, and give you perfect health.

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Home Hints.

Grease Spots on Carpets.—Whether the spots are made by milk, oil, or grease, the process of removing them is practically the same. The surest method is by absorption. Cover the spots with wet fuller's earth; place a newspaper over this, and let it stand for two or three days; then brush off the dry paste, and unless the stain was an old one it will have disappeared. In case there is any trace of the grease left, repeat the operation. Should it be inconvenient to let the earth remain on the floor so long, set a warm iron on the paper when it is placed over the fuller's earth, and the grease will be extracted in a few hours. There are other methods of extracting grease, but this one of the simplest and safest.

Rust on Marble or Porcelain.—Muratic acid will remove iron rust from a marble or porcelain bowl. If the bowl can be made hot, the stain will yield to the acid more quickly than when the surface is cold. Fill the bowl or tub with hot water, and then empty; moisten the spot with the acid, pour boiling water over it, and it will disappear. When all the stains have been removed, rinse with ammonia and water; then rinse thoroughly with cold water. Work as quickly as possible with marble, as the acid is apt to dissolve it. Sometimes a stain which looks like rust, but is not, will not yield to this treatment, but will disappear if rubbed with wood alcohol.

China Cement—Make a thick solution of gum-arabic in water, then stir in plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a sticky paste. Apply with a brush to the broken edges, and in three days the article cannot be broken in the same place.

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