

What to Tell Children.

BY MRS. S. C. COLLIER.

talk not alone of Kris Kringle; Of Santa Claus, grizzly and grim; Tell them the story of Jesus, The Christ-child, so charming to them.

Truth is more thrilling than fable, Love more refining than fear; The birth of a Child in a stable— A story they all love to hear.

All of the chorus of angels, Knelt, led in rainbows of light, Reclaiming the birth, in a manger, Of Jesus that wonderful night.

Beautiful, angelic faces Peering through shimmer and sheen; The heavens glow with their radiance, The atmosphere thrilled with their theme.

Their voices sang glad hallelujahs, Hosannas to Jesus, the King, "Peace and good will to all nations." What wonderful tidings to bring!

Tell them the lowly Child Jesus Was really a Prince and a King, Coming to save us from evil, The sweetest of blessings to bring.

The birthday of Jesus remember With presents and music and cheer; The stories of Bethlehem render This day, the best day of the year. — Chris. Advocate.

The Parcel that Went Down on the Dumb Waiter.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"There is the dumb-waiter whistle; I wish that milk-boy would not come so early," exclaimed Elsie Evans, as she jumped out of bed and put on her worsted slippers which Aunt Emily had omitted for her.

"Hello, Evans!" called up the milk-boy, as Elsie opened the dumb-waiter door.

"All right," she answered, as she took the bottle of milk off and went back into her room to get dressed.

"That milk-boy has to get up very early, I guess, said her sister Annie. He brings the milk from 'Green Grass Farm,' and that is ever so far away, papa says."

"Yes; Mrs. Matthews, who used to live in the next flat, said the milk wagons had to start for the city by three o'clock in the morning."

"I should not like to be a milkman, or boy, these cold mornings," said their brother Arthur.

"I guess your customers would not get their milk for breakfast if they depended upon you," said Elsie. "I never saw anybody who hated to get up in the morning so much as you do."

"I shall get up when I get ready, and not before," rejoined Arthur, in a petulant tone of voice.

"Stop now, children," said the dear, wise mother, who was in the next room. "One unkind word leads to another, and before you know it you will be feeling very unpleasantly toward each other."

"Yes," said Annie. "It takes two to make a quarrel, but one can always end it. Elsie, I wonder what sort of a boy the milk-boy is. He always speaks pleasantly, and does not act one bit cross, although he does have to get up so early in the morning; and when we forget to put the empty milk bottle on the dumb-waiter, and he has to whistle a second time, he does not seem to be impatient."

"I wonder how large he is, and how he looks," queried Annie. "Is it not funny that he has brought milk to us every morning for months and we never saw him, only are acquainted with him by his voice; a voice acquaintance we might call him."

"To-morrow morning I am going to get up early," said Elsie, "and look out of the window when the wagon drives up and see him get out."

"You girls seem to be very much interested in that milk-boy," said Arthur. "What difference does it make whether he is tall or short, fat or lean, as long as you get the milk?"

The girls helped their mother prepare the breakfast, and were soon interested in present duties.

The next morning Elsie went to the window, and by the aid of the gas lamp burning in front of the large apartment house, she saw the milk wagon drive up and the boy get out. It was very cold that morning, and the boy pulled his cap over his ears and sort of gathered himself in a heap, "bunched himself up," as I've heard boys say, to get warmer. Elsie noticed that the mittens on his hands were full of holes, and she thought it must be very cold work handling the milk bottles with mittens like those.

"There is one of my opportunities," and Elsie clapped her hands together with delight.

It was two days before Christmas, and the children of the Evans family had been trained to give gifts to some needy ones, as well as to receive them. Each had a box of Christmas money saved up to buy gifts. Some of the gifts had been already bought, and were safely stored away in a bureau drawer until Christmas eve.

Elsie confided to Annie, as they were putting the dishes on the table that morning, that she thought it would be very nice to surprise the milk-boy with a new pair of warm mittens Christmas morning.

"Send them down on the dumb-waiter with the empty bottles," said Annie. "We can do them up in a paper and put them by the bottles."

"Won't it be fun?" said Elsie. "I like to do things different from common ways, don't you, Annie?"

They told their mother of their plan, and she heartily approved of it. She said she presumed he was some poor boy who was hired by the head of Green Grass Farm to deliver milk. Maybe he didn't have anybody to mend his mittens, and perhaps he had to help his mother, or somebody else in the family, and did not have enough money to spare just then to buy mittens. At all events, Mrs. Evans said the milk-boy had served them faithfully and patiently, and it would be a pleasant way to show appreciation of his services.

The mittens were bought and tied up in a paper. But they did not know the boy's name, and if he saw the package on the dumb-waiter undirected, he might think there was some mistake. But Arthur, who had found out the subject of agitation, said, "Just put on the package, 'For the milk-boy, and he'll know fast enough that it belongs to him.'"

And so Christmas morning, when the whistle of the dumb-waiter blew, two little girls went together, and after putting the empty bottles on the shelf, they put the small package at the side of them, and began to take hold of the rope to make the dumb-waiter go down.

"All right," Elsie shouted through the shaft.

And then they listened. They heard the boy taking off the bottles, and then they heard him say, "Oh, jimmie! Somebody has left a package on the dumb-waiter by mistake, and then he whistled up again for the third floor."

"Is this parcel belonging to Evans' flat?"

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the girls through the shaft.

"The same to you," he responded, and then they shut the door with a slam, so he could not say any more.

When they went to the window, they saw him pull off his ragged mittens and put on his new Christmas pair; and the way he looked at them made the little girls feel sure their gift was appreciated.

"They did not know then that the milk-boy had been saving up his money for weeks to buy a warm winter cloak to send to his mother for a Christmas gift. No doubt if she had been with him, the old mittens would have been kept mended, and his hands would not have been so cold.

You know there is no one like a mother to look after the needs of her boys, and the boys who are away from their mothers miss their care and love. I can tell you. They don't always appreciate the anxious care of the mothers, though, and often think they are too fussy, and are over thoughtful,—the boys who have never left home, I mean. The boys who are away among strangers just long for some of mother's 'fussiness' and love once more; it is then that they appreciate mother at her true value.

Mr. Snail's Downfall.

Perhaps our readers never knew that 'once upon a time' the snail could fly. If they didn't, and were also unaware of the reason why he now crawls, they should read the story Aunt Matilda tells the readers of St. Nicholas concerning Mr. Snail and his downfall:

Seated at the table, the children were enjoying their luncheon, and Aunt Matilda was busily engaged in waiting upon them, when one of them asked in rather a rude manner to be helped to something. Without seeming to notice the child's rudeness, the old woman, after quietly helping the little one, said: "Yo' know, children, dat it don't cost nuthin' to be purlite, but, at de same time, yo' is gwine to gain a lot mo' by bein' so in dis here world."

The little ones had ceased eating as the old woman spoke, wondering to which one of them her words were addressed. But she seemed to be speaking to all of them, and she continued: "Purliteness makes mighty easy goin', no matter whar yo' is trabin', and de want of it is a load dat pulls yo' back mo' an' mo' de furder yo' go. Yo' know, de snail he flew high an' he flew fas' till his impurliteness done stop him."

"Why, Aunt Matilda," exclaimed the children, in surprise, "the snail never could fly!"

"Mr. Snail flew once on a time, children," the old woman insisted; "an' he'd been a flyin' yit, 'cordin' to Mr.

Wuzzle Wuzzle, but for his impurliteness. Yo' see, honeys, de snail in de olden time wasn't de po', miserbl c'cetur dat yo' see him now. No indeedy. Fur, as Mr. Wuzzle Wuzzle tell me, den he was fine of color, an' flew high as any bird yo' ever see."

"How did the Wuzzle Wuzzle Man come to know all that?" inquired one of the children.

"Well, children," evasively replied Aunt Matilda, "I ain't sayin' as how Mr. Wuzzle Wuzzle know all dat. I jee tells yo as he done tole it to me. He allow dat Mr. Snail in de olden time fly fas', an' dat Mr. Snail fly high, an' dat he was all I tells yo'. Howsomever, de lion, which is de king of de beasts, as he was den, give a feast one day. To dat feast King Lion 'vited all de beasts, all de birds, an' all de res' of de world. An' children, dey all come; but w'ile dey was dem dat ain't likin' him, dey know dat when King Lion say 'Come, he don't say, 'Come if yo' kin,' or 'Come, if convenient,' an' so dey all come."

"Where did the lion give the feast?" interrupted one of the little ones.

"Dat I disremembers, honey," replied the old woman, "but de feast was given, an' dey was all havin' as fine a time as yo' want to see, when Mr. Snail, who sot nex' to Mr. Fox at de table, findin' dat de soup want jes a pinch of salt, says to Mr. Fox, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' He never say, 'May I trouble yo' fur de salt?' or 'De good 'nuff to pass de salt dis way,' or 'De salt, if yo' please.' No indeedy; he didn't nothin' 't all like dat, spite de fac' dat he was riz well as de best of 'em. He jes say, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' All dem dat hear was mighty s'prised 't sech impurliteness, an' as Mr. Fox purlite pass de salt to Mr. Snail, all look at King Lion to see what he gwine say or do 'bout it."

"And did the lion do or say anything, Aunt Matilda?" chorused the children.

"King Lion didn't do anything, jes den," she resumed; "but when de feast was over, an' dey was all 'bout to leave de table, he say, lookin' down to whar Mr. Snail sot: 'Dar isn't anything dat I knows of so easy as bein' purlite, an' dar isn't any place whar de want of it looks so mean as at de table, 'specially when yo' is 'vited to some other table dan yo' own. I is sorry to say, King Lion go on, lookin' mighty fierce toward Mr. Snail, 'dat one of yo' sittin' at dis here table done furgit all dis. Sech furgitfulness I can't 'ford to let go with'out noticin' of it, an', widout mentionin' any names, I is 'bliged to say dat after dis day de one I has in mind will be hidden from de rest of yo', an' dat he'll crawl 'long de face of de earth, 'stead of flyin'!"

"An' from dat day of dis, children," said the old woman, impressively, "Mr. Snail done hid hisself in a shell, an' crawls 'long, 'bout de mos' 'spisedest c'cetur in all de world."

Candies for Christmas.

To make brown almond bar place two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar and two-thirds of a cupful of water in a granite saucepan; when it begins to boil add one pound of almonds, stirred in slowly; boil until the nuts are as brown as desired, which will be when they slide off the lifted spoon easily; pour the candy until an inch thick in a greased pan, and when cool cut into strips with a hammer and a strong knife. Blanched almond bar is made in the same way as brown almond only that the almonds are blanched. Peanut bar may be made similarly, using two pounds of peanuts instead of one. Brazil-nut bar may be made with two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds of a cupful of water; cook to hard crack; pour out one-half candy in greased pan, then scatter over this one pound Brazil-nuts after having trimmed the brown skins off; add to the top the rest of the candy; when cool cut into bars. It should be an inch thick when done. English walnuts may also be used with good effect. Delicious sliced cocoonut bar is made by cooking two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds cupful of water to hard crack, then adding slowly one sliced cocoonut; stir carefully; then pour into greased pan and cut any shape wished. The cocoonut should be pared, and cut into halves and sliced very thin with a sharp knife.

Butter-Scotch of a delectable quality may be made by cooking three pounds of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and four ounces butter until it reaches crack; add a few drops of flavor and pour into a greased pan and mark into squares.

Glaze nuts and fruits, equal to any confectioner's, may be made by cooking two pounds of sugar, one-third teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-third quart of water to hard crack; pour into deep pan; place the pan at the side of a marble slab or another

flat pan; throw into the syrup, one piece at a time, the nuts and fruits which you wish to glaze; remove them with a fork and drop on the slab or pan. Candied fruit, such as cherries, pineapples, limes, apricots, etc., can be cut into squares and dipped, as can walnuts, Brazil-nuts, dates and figs. Fresh Malaga and California grapes, tangerines and sections of oranges can also be glazed if you are careful to select only such fruits as have skins to protect the juice.

Soft Chocolate Caramels.—One pound of granulated sugar, one-fourth pound of frosting chocolate, half a teaspoonful of milk, and piece of butter the size of an egg. Stir all the time over a slow fire, and cook until it is brittle when dropped in ice water. This is the chocolate caramel usually made by home candy-makers. The cutting of caramels is the hardest part of the work, as the candy is so stiff the hand gets tired in a short time.

The Babies Mrs. Biddy Found.

In one corner of Mrs. Hart's woodshed is a box. In the box is a nest. The nest is made of hay. It is just the nicest and cosiest nest you ever saw.

Mrs. Biddy, the old yellow hen, made up her mind that a family of chicks would be a nice thing to have when there was such a snug home to keep them in. So she clucked and clucked from morning until night, and sat on the nest without a single egg to sit on, and would not even come to her meals, until she grew thin.

Mrs. Hart did not want a family of chicks to scratch up her garden, and she told Mrs. Biddy so very plainly, and every day she went out to the woodshed and pulled Mrs. Biddy off the nest by her tail.

Ah! but that did make Mrs. Biddy fluff up her feathers and scold like an old lady in a bad humor.

One day, when Mrs. Hart went into the woodshed, there sat Mrs. Biddy looking as proud and happy as could be. As Mrs. Hart came near the hen uttered a loud warning cry, as if she screamed:

"Hands off! hands off!" Just then a little soft head peeped out from under her wings, but it was not the head of a chick.

Mrs. Hart lifted Biddy up quickly, even though she pecked at her sharply, and there in the nest lay four little blind kittens. They began rubbing their little noses against each other, and screaming at the top of their voices. Mrs. Biddy, with all her feathers turned wrong side out, clucked and scolded by turns.

Just then a lean old mother cat that had doubtless heard the hungry cries of her babies, came running into the shed. At sight of the cat the hen flew into a great rage, and ran at her savagely. They had a pitched battle for a while, puss spitting and striking with her paws, and the hen flying at her with her sharp beak. How it would ever have ended no one can tell, if Mrs. Hart had not caught Mrs. Biddy by the tail, and put her out, and shut the door, leaving Mrs. Puss in peace with her family.

Next morning Mrs. Hart was up by daylight and out in the woodshed. There she found Mrs. Biddy and Mrs. Puss with the babies all sleeping peacefully in the nest. The babies cuddled away snugly under Biddy's wings, excepting one white and yellow ball of a kit that was rolled up sound asleep on Mrs. Biddy's back.

Mrs. Puss did not seem to feel entirely safe in Biddy's home, so she soon carried her kittens into Mrs. Hart's kitchen, and hid them away in a corner, where she felt sure Mrs. Biddy could never find them. Poor old lady! She was lonely indeed after that. She clucked and clucked most lovingly all day long, as if trying to coax the kittens back again; but as they did not come she gave it up, and went back to her nest in the woodshed, hoping, perhaps, to find another family of babies, some day, to love and care for.—S. S. Times.

The Boy and the Elephant.

In the first days of Barnum's Great Show the whole country for miles from the place where the big tents were erected was in a state of excitement. The children never tired looking at the animals. The merry laughter which frequently floated over the heads of the people in the menageries told that the children were around the monkeys.

When the corner where the large elephants were feeding was reached, the children almost feared to speak. The large legs, big ears, and long trunk must, surely belong to an ugly animal, was what the girls thought, and they kept quite a distance away.

In a place in northern Indiana, one little boy seemed to have the same opinion, for he hung to his father with one hand and held a bag of candy in the other.

Just near him was a boy with a bag of nuts. He held out the nuts to the elephant and, as the great trunk stretched out, the lad struck it with a shawl-pin.

Our little candy boy was horrified at what he thought a cruel act.

"Shame, to use our visitors like that," spoke out the child; and, forgetting his fear, he put his bag of candy down within reach of the elephant, saying: "Here, Mr. Elephant, this is good to eat."

Late that evening the same little boy was trudging along the street, still holding the hand of his father, when some one called out: "See the elephants! They're on their way to the train!"

Just then a crowd of people surged along where our little boy and his father were standing, and separated the two, carrying the boy out in the middle of the road, in the way of horses, wagons and elephant.

A team of unmanageable horses were rushing long, frightening every one, and hurting many. It seemed as if our small boy would be killed in a few moments, for he was too terrified to move, and he was in the path along which the horses were running.

Just as the horses were only a few feet from the poor child, out went the long trunk of the large elephant to whom he had given the candy a few hours before, and, lifting the child, he put him on the walk in a place of safety.—Sunday Companion.

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A Fortunate Dog.

A Chicago school has lately furnished a very pretty instance of childish sympathy and childish resourcefulness. Some people having complained of a dog which had no home and no visible means of support, a policeman was detailed to shoot the animal. When he appeared near the school house with his revolver, one of the little girls asked him what he was going to do. He told her, and she begged him not to shoot the animal. "But I must," he said, "for he hasn't any license." "We'll get him a license if you won't shoot him," said the little girl; and so the policeman granted a few days' respite. The little girl interested eight or ten of her friends, arranged for a 'show,' consisting of speeches, recitations, and music, to be given by themselves, and persuaded their teacher to announce it, with its charitable object. They cleared enough money to raise the dog from a condition of vagrancy to a position of affluence and independence. They paid his license fee, bought him a new collar, and were even able to deposit a small sum with the butcher to provide their canine friend with juicy marrow-bones and choice cuts of chuck steak in days to come.—You h's Companion.

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