

Mr. Nobody.

know a funny little man, As quiet as a mouse, Who does the mischief that is done In everybody's house.

Sixty-one and Five tenths.

(61.5)

'Sixty-one and five-tenths! Sixty-one and five-tenths! Hurrah!'

Clara Boynton was hurrying home from school, flourishing her report, while she informed the city in general and her classmates in particular of the credit which she had gained.

Clara, though a good girl, was not a brilliant scholar. In a school where the standard was one hundred it had been hitherto an unknown thing for her to get more than fifty in her monthly report.

When October came her mother said: 'Clara, if you will get as much as sixty this month you shall have a great surprise for Thanksgiving: something that you will like very much indeed.'

So Clara had applied herself with unusual diligence and the result she announced most triumphantly on her return from school the second day of November.

'You have earned your reward,' said her mother, upon hearing the good news; 'your father and I will keep our promise.'

From that day on Clara's thoughts were largely occupied in wondering what sort of surprise might be in store for her. She couldn't think of anything that she didn't already have.

Books, games, golf sticks, tennis racquets, a bicycle, a piano, a banjo, rings, stick-pins, silver ornaments for her room—these were already in her possession. What could be given to her that she did not already own?

As Thanksgiving drew near her mother arranged a small party, consisting of the members of the Junior Endeavor Society, to which Clara belonged.

'We will have a quiet family dinner,' said Mrs. Boynton, 'then at six o'clock we'll have the Juniors come and let them enjoy themselves as much as possible until eight o'clock. Of course, we'll invite Mrs. Gibbons, the new leader, but no other grown persons. It shall be your party altogether.'

'Oh, fine, mother, fine? Is that my surprise? It's good enough to be.'

'I'm glad you like the plan so well, but your surprise is something better than that. It's different from anything that you have ever had.'

Now Clara was puzzled indeed. She really couldn't think of anything that could have been invented to please or help her and which was still unknown to her experience. So at length she gave up puzzling and simply waited and watched.

Thanksgiving came. The Boyntons went to church as usual and afterward had the quiet family dinner which had been planned. The only addition to the arrangements was that on the way home from church Mrs. Boynton persuaded a lonely old lady to go home with her and eat turkey. She thought to do a kindness, but the old lady proved to be so entertaining and interesting that after her departure the family agreed that they should have missed a great deal had she not been their guest.

There was only a short time to wait before six o'clock and the arrival of the Juniors.

Of course they had a delightful time. One of the games I must tell you of because you may like to play it yourselves.

Mrs. Gibbons had written verses about thankfulness—Bible verses or parts of hymns—on little slips of paper. Each of these she cut vertically—the kindergarten children know what that means—she cut into several pieces. Each child was given a part of a verse and then the children walked about everyone trying to find the pieces that matched his own part. After the quotations were complete they were read aloud.

The Juniors enjoyed this exercise very much, as they did all the games that followed.

At length refreshments were served. All this time there were no indications of a surprise for Clara. But at last the sound of wheels rapidly ap-

proaching was heard. Then there was a ring at the door.

A gentleman was admitted leading by the hand a sweet little girl. Indeed, she closely resembled Clara herself and, strange to relate, her dress, coat and hat were exactly like Clara's own.

'I have brought your new daughter, Mrs. Boynton,' said the gentleman, bowing politely. Mrs. Boynton took the child by the hand.

'I'm very glad you've come, Ella. Clara, this is your surprise. Your father and I have invited Ella to be your sister.'

Clara was beside herself with joy. She had always wished for a sister; someone to walk with, and play with, and study with; someone to sleep in her room at night and to be her companion always.

And now this sister had come. Could she believe the truth? It seemed too good to be true.

Ella had evidently been taught good manners, and she was a very friendly child. The Juniors gave her a hearty welcome and evidently considered that her arrival was the crowning pleasure of the evening. As for Clara, she managed to get her mother into a corner while she listened to an explanation of the 'surprise.'

'Well, you see your father and I have often heard you wish for a sister, so we went to the orphan asylum and found this little girl, who, strangely enough, looks very much like you. Her teachers tell us that she is a good child and a diligent scholar. So now we have adopted her and we hope that with the aid of her companionship you may find it easier to study and may become a most excellent scholar yourself. So much for your getting sixty-one and five tenths.'

Clara hugged her mother and kissed her and then hugged her again. Indeed Mrs. Boynton seemed in danger of having all her breath pressed out of her when Clara whisked away to bestow similar attentions upon her father.

Then it was time for the Juniors to say 'Good night,' and the strange gentleman took his departure also.

Clara went to bed feeling that she was the happiest girl alive and she did not forget to express her thankfulness to Him who is the giver of every good gift.—Chris. Intelligencer.

Jamie's "Means of Grace."

Jamie Danforth sat in a big armchair by the fire, dangling his legs, and every now and then giving vent to a rueful little sigh, that somehow seemed out of keeping with the bright face.

There did not seem to be much in his surroundings to cause unhappiness, the room in which he sat was very comfortable, and he looked like a rosy, well-cared for little boy, still the sighs were quite heavy at times, and a little pucker showed itself between his eyes.

'Jamie,' called his mother from the hall, 'will you come, dear, and rock baby a little while for mother? I want to get things ready for tea.'

'But it is time for our band meeting, and Miss Haven said she wanted us all to be there to-day, specially, because we are going to finish our scrap books for the children in India, and mine is nearly done, so I don't see how I can,' said Jamie, coming out into the hall with his cap in his hand.

'But, dearie, don't you think Mother needs you, quite as much as the little children in India need the books?' asked Mrs. Danforth, stroking the curly head tenderly.

'But your needing me isn't a 'means of grace,' said Jamie, 'and Miss Haven told us that if we were going to be truly Christian soldiers we must lay hold of the means of grace, and going to band meetings and doing things of that sort are doing it, and I haven't missed one meeting this year.'

'Well, run along, dear,' said his mother, knowing that the wisest and surest way was to let Jamie's conscience settle the matter for him, and Jamie with a lingering look and an undecided air went out.

All the year, ever since he and the other boys in his class had taken a stand for the Master, he had been trying very hard to be a real Christian soldier, and he had been very regular in his attendance at church and Sunday-school, and, as he said, had not missed a single meeting of the boys' band, never allowing anything to interfere with his being present when they were in session; but just now he had become a little troubled and his conscience bothered him.

Was it just right to go off always and leave his mother, who often looked tired lately, to take care of baby and do all the housework by herself? And yet, Miss Haven said, we must lay hold of the means of grace; and it's so hard for a fellow to know what to do, he thought desperately, as he sat on a fence railing to think it over, tossed about between his desire to go to the meeting and the sad little look he had seen in his mother's face. His warm

heart was conquered by the remembrance of the look, and he got down and went resolutely back. It's too bad to miss the meeting, but I guess I'll take care of the baby, he said to himself.

His mother hearing the door open came out into the hall as he came in; 'Did you forget something, dear?' she asked.

'No, said Jamie, 'I only thought I wouldn't go to the band meeting to-day, but would rather take care of the baby for you; so I came back,' and his mother understood and kissed him tenderly.

'I guess Jesus means boys to help their mothers, He makes them feel so happy while they are doing it,' he said later. 'And I guess it makes you feel better, too, doesn't it Mother?' noticing how her face had brightened and that she sang as she went to and fro through the rooms in her work.

'Yes, darling, Mother does feel better, and you have helped me very much, and helping Mother is a very great 'means of grace' dear, although you thought it was not,' and after a few trials Jamie knew that it was. Evangelist.

Guarding His Own Honor.

BY MRS. B. V. CHISHOLM.

A few months ago a gentleman who stands high in the community where he lives, stepped from a train, on his return from a business to the nearest city—some twenty-five miles distant. Still holding a railroad ticket in his fingers, he gave it to a young boy, a 'newsy' about thirteen years of age, saying, 'Here Danny, this will save you a good dollar and a quarter when next you go up to Springfield. That numskull of a conductor never put in his appearance, and it is as good as the hour I bought it.'

The boy looked embarrassed at first, and in an uneasy manner glanced from the smiling gentleman to the bit of paper in his hand; then he asked timidly, 'But, Mr. Reynolds, didn't you travel to Springfield on it?'

'Certainly,' returned Mr. Reynolds, 'but that didn't hurt the ticket in the least. Don't you see it has not a mark or scratch upon it?'

'Yes, but did you not get the worth of your money out of it?' insisted the boy.

'Of course I did, but that is no reason why you should not do the same,' Mr. Reynolds answered. 'It was no fault of mine if the conductor did not attend to his business, either on the up trip or down again. Passengers are not supposed to risk their necks hunting up railroad officials are they?'

'No,' agreed Danny hesitatingly.

'Then put it in your pocket and so save fare the next time you go up to see your mother,' counseled the gentleman. 'A good silver dollar and a bright new quarter were paid for it, and you will just save that amount by using it, enough to get mother a nice present—something that would both please and surprise her.'

For a moment Danny was on the point of yielding, but the reference to his mother's being pleased and surprised made him draw his hand back.

'You are just that much poorer,' returned Mr. Reynolds irritably. 'As if a big corporation like the B. & O. railroad company would ever miss the insignificant amount of one dollar and twenty-five cents.'

'Still, I know it would not be right for me to use it,' maintained Danny sturdily; and take the ticket he would not.

Later, when Mr. Reynolds was in need of a boy by whom large sums of money were to be handled, it was Danny, the boy with the peculiar conscience, that he employed, explaining to a friend when he sent for him: 'A boy unwilling to take advantage of a railroad will not be a dangerous chap to have in charge of an office with piles of money to be guarded.'—Chris. Observer.

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 head 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 traveling cloak thrown over her 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 traveled 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.'

Queer Nests.

There is a bird in South America that builds a singular nest, so singular that the nest gives the bird its name of oven bird. This queer tenement is large and dome-shaped, and is built on the ground of mud, and looks like a rude oven or kiln. The entrance is at one side, and all the interior is plastered with clay and grass or hair, which becomes hard when baked by the sun. It is divided by a partition running nearly to the top and in one room there is a soft carpet of moss, grass and feathers on which the female lays her eggs and rears her young, while the father sleeps undisturbed in his own apartment and only goes in to help in the care of his family during the day.

Then there is the bower-bird, whose native home is Australia. They are not satisfied with a nursery and room for papa only, but they must have a drawing-room, too. Some of them build in trees and others on the ground, and I will describe the last mentioned because they are larger and finer. They make first what looks like a hall or avenue of tall grasses woven together at the top and lined and carpeted with twigs. At the end of the entrance hall is a room of considerable size, which is the bower. This they decorate with bright-colored feathers, flowers, bits of glass, rags, small stones, shells and bones, and other brightly-tinted objects, often bringing them from a long distance. Another hall leads off on the other side, so there is an entrance at both sides of the bower. The birds use this not only as a nesting place, but they gather there in numbers and strut about and dance and carry on in a very funny way.

Warming the Bed.

There was a register in the children's room, but it was only opened for an hour or two before bedtime. Dot and May made ready for bed in mamma's warm room, keeping very still so as not to wake the baby. Then they scamped in and cuddled under the blankets like little balls.

'Dot,' said May one night, 'I don't like to lie in a heap; let's lie out straight.'

'But it's so cold,' shivered Dot.

'Oh, I know!' cried May. 'Let's play our feet are missionaries, and the cold bed is a heathen country. We can send them down, and then when they get cold we can bring them home to visit, just as missionaries do.'

'Why, yes,' said Dot; 'and my feet can go to China, and yours to India.'

So the brave little feet started immediately on their journeying, and mamma was astonished a little later, as she listened at the door, to hear Dot say, sleepily, 'Good night, May; I think China is almost warm.'—Advocate.

Better Whistle than Whine.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled, and though not badly hurt he began to whine in a babyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said: 'Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle.' And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

'I can't whistle as nice as you Charlie,' said he; 'my lips won't pucker up good.'

'Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet,' said Charlie; 'but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away.'

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—Junior Christian Endeavor World.

A little salt sprinkled on a hot stove will remove any disagreeable odor.

Thread and Needle Tree.

There is a forest of such trees on the plains of Mexico. The Mexican housewife is truly favored, for when the children tear their clothes she has only to step outside her dwelling, lay her hand upon a sharp, slender thorn needle, which is pushing itself out from the tip of a green leaf, draw it very carefully out of its sheath, slowly unwinding the thread—which is strong fiber already attached to the needle—and everything is ready for use.

The tree is called the maguety-tree, and it bears pyramids of flowers which rise above its rich, dark leaves. The roots when cooked make a most appetizing dish, and the leaves are used to thatch the cottages. From the leaves is also made a paper, and the heavier fibers are used by the natives to manufacture ropes and coarse cloth.

This is What They Say.

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Home Hints.

If a small piece of bread is put upon the point of the knife while peeling and cutting onions it will prevent the tears from flowing.

Brooms.—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, will last much longer, and always sweep as if new.

Preserve Pickles from Molding.—Drop a few slices or perhaps a few gratings of horseradish on the top of pickles in each jar. This addition adds piquancy to the cucumbers and preserves their crispness.

Oil-cloths should never have soap used when washing them, as the lye will destroy the colors and finish. They are greatly benefited and last much longer if a thin coat of varnish is applied once a year.

Pumpkin Chips.—Choose a highly-colored pumpkin and cut the slices into chips as large as a finger. Wash, dry, and weigh them against an equal weight of sugar. Add to each pound of sugar the juice and grated rind of two lemons. Boil sugar and lemon juice together and add pumpkin. If necessary add a little water. Cook slowly until the slices of pumpkin become clear. When nearly done add half a dozen lemons sliced very thin. This is an improvement and makes a pleasing preserve.

'Tis looking downward makes one dizzy.—Browning.

'Search thy friend for his virtues, thyself for thy faults.'

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