

'Luck.'

The boy who's always wishing that this or that might be, never tries his mettle, is the boy that's bound to see his plans all come to failure; his hopes all end in defeat; for that's what comes when wishing. And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing or that thing, with a will that spurs him on to action; and keeps him trying still when effort meets with failure, will some day surely win. For he works out what he wishes. And that's where 'luck' comes in.

The 'luck' that I believe in is that which comes with work, and no one ever finds it. Who's content to wish and shirk. The men the world calls 'lucky' will tell you every one that success comes, not with wishing. But by hard work, bravely done. —Eben E. Rexford.

How It Came About.

It started with Tom's saying that he had popped. Harry said that he liked it too. John said that he liked better than most anything else. Miss Trueman sat and thought for a moment. She had finished teaching her Sunday school class for that day. Every shortly the superintendent's bell would ring and school would close. She had only a minute for thinking when she proposed something new. 'Wouldn't you all like to come to my house next Friday evening for an hour, to play games and pop some corn?' 'Yes'm, Yes'm, Yes'm,' came in unison from the seven boys on the steps before her. It was astonishing how quickly they heard that proposition. Even though Jimmie was showing a picture to Richard, and Philip was whispering to Robert, somehow they all heard and all replied at once. Miss Trueman couldn't help thinking that it would be nice if they would all answer in that way when she asked them some question about the lesson. However, she was glad that they liked her plan.

They proved that it met with their favor, for when Friday evening came there was rather a loud ring at the front door, and the opening of the door revealed seven very boyish boys standing near it.

Like the Ruggleses in the 'Bird's Christmas Carol,' they all tried to be polite, but Harry, perhaps, by mistake, managed to step on Jimmie's toe as they passed into the entrance hall. There was a smothered 'Oh!' from Jimmie and a quick blush on his face as well as on Harry's, but, of course, Miss Trueman didn't see these things. She had learned the art of overlooking.

'Come right in,' was her welcome, 'I'm very glad to see you. I have a roaring fire in the fireplace in the sitting-room. It's exactly right for popping, and here's the popper all ready for you. Who'll begin?' Tom began. He always began whether fun or work was in prospect. Some boys are born to be leaders.

Everyone knows that it is simply wonderful how much the average boy can eat when he tries. Miss Trueman thought that evening that the boys tried. Anyhow the pop-corn disappeared and so did a number of rosy apples.

After these had been disposed of there was still a short time left for games. Richard proposed 'Going to Jerusalem.' He was at once appointed to play the piano, he being musical, while others marched around five chairs, all scrambling for seats whenever the music stopped short, and one of them being, naturally, always left out in the cold. Their marching was accompanied by a dirge-like chorus, 'Going to Jerusalem, Going to Jerusalem.'

The boys thought it great fun. They were not tired of it when the big clock in the hall struck eight and they were thus warned that the time for which their invitation extended had expired.

'No matter,' Tom announced, 'I'm going to ask my mother if you can't all come to my house next week and play something else. She knows how to think of things, my mother does.' 'Do you want Miss Trueman, too?' this from Philip. 'Of course I do, if I ask anybody. Isn't she the head of the thing?'

The boys said 'Good evening,' very politely. Once outside the house they gave three rousing cheers for Miss Trueman. She heard them and felt that her hour had been well spent.

The following morning Tom extended his invitation to the next Friday to the other boys and also to his teacher. He positively couldn't wait any longer than that, for hadn't his mother thought of several capital things to do, and hadn't she promised to make ole cookies? 'Do you know what they are?' They are fried cakes, shaped round, and they always have raisins in them. They are warranted to please every boy who tastes them.

On Sunday Miss Trueman had a

most attentive class. Within a week the boys had taken a long stride in making the acquaintance of their teacher.

Friday evening found them one and all at Tom's house. Pencil games entered largely into the programme of entertainment. One of these they called 'Wriggles.' Miss Trueman was requested to make a mark of any shape she might choose upon a sheet of paper and then copy it upon eight other pieces, for Tom's mother was playing and each one needed a separate sheet of paper.

The mark that Miss Trueman made was very black. Each player used it as the starting point of a picture whatever his imagination could devise and his pencil portray. The boys exchanged pictures and then displayed them. Some were very funny and some quite artistic. The boys enjoyed this game as they said 'immensely.'

Just before the close of the hour Tom's mother read one or two interesting items from the evening newspaper and there followed a short chat about 'current events.' 'I like this sort of thing,' Tom exclaimed, without exactly defining what sort of thing he liked, 'I move we keep it up. Everyone seemed to understand and to approve of the motion. It was agreed that there should be a weekly meeting of the class and that if the mothers were willing the boys should meet at their several homes, in turn. The mothers proved to be willing and the result was that Miss Trueman's class had a very happy winter. They came to know each other and their teacher better, and so there was more sympathy between them.

When Philip was laid up for four weeks with a sprained ankle all the meetings were held at his father's house, and the four evenings given to them were the bright spots in that tedious time. While he was keeping quiet he thought out a plan for helping some other boy who might be housed like himself and, unlike him, be homeless. This plan was duly laid before the class.

It was nothing more nor less than that they should save what money they could through the winter for the benefit of a child in the children's hospital. The sum they raised was not large, but it went to brighten a shadowed life, and so considered it was inestimable. When spring came the boys felt that they had received more through their meeting together than they had given, and Miss Trueman felt that in coming to know her class thoroughly she had gained most attentive scholars. —Chris. Intelligencer.

How Much it Cost.

One, two, three! Kenneth nestled uneasily. Four, five, six! He bored his tousled brows deep into the pillows, and tried not to hear the seven.

Lazy little Kenneth! The next time the clock spoke it said 'eight' imperatively, and sent him into his shoes and stockings in a panic.

Kenneth hurried bravely; but buttons didn't behave, and where could the other shoe be? Where was the hair-brush? If he'd only got up at seven!

After all, he didn't dare to stop to eat but three muffin bites and a cookie. Then he snatched his lunch-pail from the pantry shelf, and was off. Mamma was up in the berry garden, picking currants. It wouldn't do to run up after his good-by kiss: there wasn't a minute to spare.

He was late to school, anyway, just by an unlucky minute or two; and on his way to his seat he could hear Miss Periwinkle's pencil-point, hard and rasping, tracing his poor little black mark.

Well, it was a sorry morning, and a sorry boy in it. Kenneth was too hungry and too crestfallen to study, so his spelling lesson came to grief. He had to stay in at recess to study it.

When noon did come, how he ran for his dinner-pail! It looked so shiny and comforting; and he sniffed little spicy, consoling smells round the edges of the cover. Didn't he know just what was in there?

'My mother puts up the splendidest dinners in this town!' he cried. 'The splendidest in this—town!'

Some of the boys objected; but Kenneth, tugging at the pail-cover, was insistent.

'You wait an' see. Any o' you fellows got spice-cakes in your dinners, an' tongue sand-wiches,—an' an'—sage cheese? I guess so!'

The cover snapped off. The boys peered into an empty pail. Empty as poor Kenneth's little hungry stomach. It wasn't his lunch-pail at all. Why hadn't he noticed there wasn't any small red worsted bow on the handle? This was mamma's milk-pail, and he got it in his hurry. Oh, dear!

Of course, the boys—being boys—laughed at him loudly; and, of course, Kenneth's face reddened angrily. But he made a big, brave effort, and joined

in the laugh. There was a great lump in his throat; and it was hard work squeezing the laugh through. It got caught, and broke into two pieces. Still, it was a laugh. He put his hands in his pockets and walked off, trying to whistle.

'My mother puts up the splen'—called one of the boys after him; but he didn't get any farther.

Benny Brown's grimy little hand was clapped over his mouth. 'No, you don't,' Benny said stoutly. 'Ken's a brick. I guess you wouldn't laugh at yourself. You'd 'a' been hoppin'.' 'That's so. So would I,' agreed Emil Smith. 'Good for Ken!'

'Let's make it up to him. Come on,' cried Benny, excitedly.

And, when Kenneth went back to his desk, there was a generous dinner spread out on it, waiting for him. Every boy had shared his choicest bits. So, you see, Kenneth wasn't hungry when he got home to mamma at night, except for his missing kiss. But he was ever so much wiser.

'You see, mamma,' he confided to her aside, 'it don't do to be a lazybones. It's dreadful 'xpensive.'—Selected.

What Nan Could Do.

Nan was in the cosy sitting-room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheerful fireplace, now darting up in spiritual beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

'I'm just like them!' she exclaimed slowly. 'I try to do something to be useful, and sometimes I can never accomplish anything.'

'If we do the best we can,' reproved grandmother, gently, 'we are not the ones to measure the good we do.'

'I—suppose—so,' said Nan, slowly, 'but, then, what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money, I might establish reading-rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working girls could get a nice warm lunch without paying anything for it, or something else really worth doing.'

'Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthily as those you mention—things, too, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

Just then the warning bell rang, and with a good-by kiss Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking of grandmother's remark, 'Things that perhaps nobody else could possibly do.'

'I wonder what they can be?' and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands, with her elbows on the desk.

As she was standing near the cloak-room door at recess, she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

'I pity her,' said Maud, 'but I don't feel that I can do anything for her; she's not of our set. Her mother has done our washing for years, you see—that's how I happen to know of her.'

Nan turned, and as she did so she saw Beth, who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournfully pinched face fondly regarding a tiny plain gold ring, worn thin.

'Her mother's,' thought Nan. Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell Beth's face wore its first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. 'I guess it's what grandmother meant,' she thought.

The next day and the next, she found some little way to help, all unconsciously, somebody about her. The old colored janitor felt pleased all day long at the smile with which she greeted him in the entry.

'Bless her; she's a sunshine ray fo' sure,' he murmured, as he closed the door behind her.

Miss Norcross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her good-night felt the cares of the day grow lighter and her work less irksome.

'I tell you Nan,' said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come in which he could try his new bicycle, 'you do a fellow good just by your sympathy—I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—'Sympathy Bureau! Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with any one in trouble. Office hours, from morning till bedtime.' And as for pay—

'Pay! O Ted,' interrupted Nan, smiling, 'that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others—'

'You've found,' broke in Grandmother Allen, 'a joyful, contented little self all the time—and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do!—Unidentified.'

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hives, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Jennie's Habit.

Jennie had a habit of not staying where she was told to stay, till once, in the middle of the night, she had a dream:

'Jennie,' said her father, 'you wait in this store till I come back, for if you should wander off in these mixy city streets I might never find you agsin.'

Twenty minutes later the man-organ-monkey aggregation passed by, and Jennie followed after. But she had not gone far before a witch woman from a side street swooped down upon her.

'Bless all my surroundings!' laughed the witch. 'Just the buttons I've been looking for!' And she commenced snipping the buttons from Jennie's cloak.

'And is it possible that I see straight, and am looking at the very shoes my baby was crying for yesterday?' And off came Jennie's shoes.

'And turn me into a mummy if here isn't money! I sadly need some money, all I can get.' And Jennie's money was gone.

'And bless my soul! Bless my soul twice over!' ejaculated the witch in an ecstasy. 'Look at these curls! Worth five dollars in the market any day. Where are my scissors till I snip them off? Where are my scissors, I say? Scissors! Scissors! My crown for a pair o' scissors!'

Just then Jennie screamed, screamed twice and thrice, and away the witch flew.

'What is the matter with my little girl?' It was mother's voice.

'O mother,' sobbed Jennie convulsively, 'the witch snipped off my curls, and—my buttons, and she took my money, and my shoes, and she's run away with them all! O mother!'

'Why, child alive, you have been dreaming. Here are all your curls fast on your head. Don't you feel 'em?' and mother pulled one. 'And your jacket is in the closet, your shoes are right here at the foot of the bed, and your money is all safe.'

'Are you sure, mother?'

'Why, yes, my dear child. You have been dreaming.'

The little girl, now held fast in mother's loving arms, thought a moment, looked about her, and then said:

'I know now that I was dreaming. I thought that father told me to stay in some store while he was gone, and—and I didn't stay. Oh, I'll never run away again, mother.'

Twenty minutes later Jennie was fast asleep, and her next dream was about a beautiful garden of roses, and a sweet fairy who said:

'I am delighted, Jennie, that you have resolved to quit your old bad habit of running away, and now I shall come to see you real often. In fact, if you keep your good resolution, then I'll stay with you all the time.'

Then Jennie laughed in her sleep and said:

'O dear fairy, I will be good! I will be good! For I want you to live in my heart forever!—Michigan Advocate.'

Tagging Along.

'She's forever tagging along!' complained Ethel, as her little sister Marjorie begged to go with her and her Cousin Mattie to the post-office. The two older girls were ten, and wee Marjorie was a small dumpling of four. Her devotion to Ethel was touching. She was never so satisfied as when allowed to trot about in Ethel's train or to hold Ethel's hand. And on Sunday's when Marjorie had on a beautiful white frock, and a picture hat trimmed with poppies, and her white shoes, Ethel was rather fond of taking her to Sunday school and church, she felt some pride in escorting her little princess of a sister. But on week days she often rebelled and called on her mother to keep Marjorie at home.

'I never have a moment to myself. She is always tagging on, and always in the way.'

'Come here, darling!' said the mother. 'Sister doesn't want you this time. Come, help mamma set the table.'

Down the street walked Ethel and Mattie, the former very silent, for though she had succeeded in carrying her point, she felt that she had been very cross and selfish, and her conscience pricked her. As they passed a house on the corner of the street a lady came out and called Ethel.

'Do you know, dear, whether your mother has any white carnations in bloom, and can she spare me some rose geraniums? The baby over the way died this afternoon, and I am getting flowers to put in the little casket. The funeral will be to-morrow.'

'The baby! Not Eunice Fairchild? Why she was playing by the door yesterday.'

'Little Eunice; she was three years old, but she was their baby, and the illness was very short and sharp. Why Ethel, don't cry so!'

Ethel's tears fell fast. She and Mattie looked at one another with the same thought in each heart. What if God should call Marjorie home, as he had called Eunice? Ethel flew to the post-office, did her errand, and rushed home, catching Marjorie up and kissing her.

'Oh! Marjorie you may go with me whenever you like. I will never again say that you are tagging after me; never, never.'

I am not sure that Ethel always kept her word, but I know that she was much gentler, much more considerate of her little sister from that time on. It were well for us all to remember that any time death might come, and that therefore we should be 'patient with the living.' We never regret our kind word or deed to one who has passed away.—Selected.

First and Foremost

In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses actual and unequalled merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure or impoverished blood. If you have rheumatism, dyspepsia, scrofula or catarrh you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured. If you are run down and feel weak and tired, you may be sure it will do you good. The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

Putting Off.

'Come, Helen; breakfast is ready.' 'Yes, father, pretty soon,' said Helen.

She was tying a ribbon round the neck of her kitty. She fastened the bow securely, and then pushed kitty off to see how it looked; but the little creature did not choose to be admired, and away she ran down the garden walk, and Helen started after her.

'Helen!' called her father again. 'Yes, father, in a minute,' said Helen; 'I want to catch my kitty.'

The kitty ran in among the currant bushes, and Helen pushed in after her; but before she reached her, pussy was away out on the other side. Helen continued to chase until she captured the little runaway, and then she walked slowly back, carrying her little pet. When at last she went into the house, father and mother had finished breakfast, and were just leaving the table.

'Oh, dear! I don't want to eat alone,' said Helen.

'Those two little words, 'pretty soon,' will cause you greater inconvenience than this,' said Helen's father, 'unless you resolve not to listen to them. Yesterday, when mother called you to put away your doll, you said, 'pretty soon'; but before you came, Fido had torn her pretty clothes and broken her arms. Last week you were going to give your canary some water 'pretty soon,' but he was left nearly all day with nothing to drink. By putting off our duties we often lose the opportunity to perform them at all.'

Helen thought of her father's words while she ate her lonely breakfast, and she resolved in future to go as soon as called. She will find this much the happier way. Children who are always putting off will likely become useless men and women.—The Morning Light.

The Pussy Rang the Bell.

A favorite cat fifteen years old lives in Lancaster, S. C., in an elegant home, writes Rev. James Boyce in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian. He has always enjoyed the best of care and has grown to a large size. He has been so well cared for that he feels he ought to have just whatever he wants and generally gets it.

The family formerly lived in a house which had a cat-hole in the kitchen door. When they moved into their elegant new home they did not feel like cutting a hole in the kitchen door for 'Tommy.' So they put him out at night and locked the door.

One cold night Tommy wanted to get in very much, and about four o'clock in the morning the family was aroused by the ringing of the door-bell. The gentleman went down and opened the door expecting some urgent call of distress. Mr. Tommy deliberately walked in without even thanking the gentleman for opening the door. Since that time he always rings the bell when he wants to get in.

Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a dreary, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Madrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

MORE ROOMS, MORE TEACHERS, MORE STUDENTS.

We have been slow about our advertising lately, because we would not be able to accommodate all who propose taking our course of study. We have succeeded, however, in obtaining additional rooms, and we trust will find room for all, at all events those who come soon.



Professional Cards.

DR. ATHERTON. Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon 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 CHRISTMAS BUILDING Opp. City Hall 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, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, GLOVES, CLOAKS, Dress Goods, Men's and Boys Clothing Gents' Furnishings

Our New Furniture Department contains an immense stock of Fine Furniture. Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, etc.: Tables, Sideboards, Bookings, 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. ACRES. Land laid well. Well watered amount of hard wood timber, as road. Dwelling and outbuildings only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, & Write for free Catalogue. R. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond

PATENTS 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS DESIGNS. Copyrights &c. Anyone sending a sketch or description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether a 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: One year four months, \$5.00 in advance. Munn & Co. 361 Broadway, N.Y.