

Send Them to Bed with a Kiss.

Mothers, so weary, discouraged, torn out with the cares of the day, often grow cross and impatient, complain of the noise and the play; the day brings so many vexations, so many things going amiss; mothers, whatever may vex you, send the children to bed with a kiss!

Dear little feet wander often, perhaps, from the pathway of right; dear little hands find new mischief to try you from morn until night; think of the desolate mothers who'd give all the world for your bliss, so thanks for your infinite blessings, send the children to bed with a kiss!

—New Orleans Picayune.

The Pop-Corn Bags.

spectacles at the red-faced young merchant. Nettie could not bear it.

'I know it's just horrid, and I'm sorry; but I thought people wouldn't mind because it's for the Juniors.'

'Did you tell all the people that the corn was burned?' asked grandmama.

'No, I didn't,' said Nettie, sadly.

'O Nettie, did you think the Lord wanted you to get money that way for him?'

Nettie gave a little gasp. She had not looked at it that way before. Sure enough, it was the Lord's money, and she had been getting it—she used the ugly word right out plainly—dishonestly.

'My child,' grandmama went on, 'if you wanted me to give you five cents, you should come and ask me; but if you wanted to do merchant work for the Lord, you should have your goods better, not poorer, than usual. You know the Lord gives good measure, and I think He wants His little merchants to do likewise in all dealings.'

Nettie was crying by this time. She felt that she had disgraced her name of Junior.

Grandmama took her upon her lap and they talked together quietly for awhile.

A half hour later she ran up to where Clara was seated on the steps.

'Come right into the house,' she said; 'we're going to pop some more corn and fix it just lovely.'

'Did you sell all yours?'

'No; and I'm not going to. We'll give it to the chickens if they want it; and we're going to fix the nicest corn and fill bags and take it to all the people we sold some to this morning; and I'm going to take two bags to Jamie Riley. We'll make it honest enough to sell for the Lord's work this time.'

'Oh, I'm so glad,' said Clara; and with great satisfaction the two little girls went to pour out the corn for the chickens. They didn't mind its being burnt at all. Then the girls went to work, and that evening a new bag of fresh, delicious popcorn was delivered to every customer.

'Now we've earned the money honestly,' said Nettie, with a sigh.—Chris. Standard.

thinking they would feel more at home if they would eat.

And what do you think they did? Why just sat still with their noses tilted into the air and squinted sideways at the milk.

The fact is, they had looked up at the top of the barrel for so long that to hold their noses tilted up in the air had become a firmly fixed habit; and their little necks had become almost stiffened that way. They had to try many, many times before they could get down to the milk.

Perhaps you may think this an impossibly contrived story, but I assure you that, as a fact, it is strictly true. If you do not believe me you must ask Annie. It was she who told me.

Anyhow it all goes to show how easily a habit, good or bad, may be acquired and how hard it is to break it up.—The Evangelist.

Suppose Ted Hadn't Obeyed.

The boy who obeys his mother, even when the day is warm and his book is unusually good, may not have his reward quite as soon as Teddy, whose story is related in the Youth's Companion, but he will generally have good feelings about it, as one little fellow expressed it.

'Teddy, dear!' called mamma.

'Yes'm,' replied Teddy. He was busy over his book on the cool, shaded piazza, and it was a warm August afternoon.

'I want you to take Victor down to the river for a bath. The dog is so hot in the cellar.'

'But, mother, at sundown.'

'Who promised to play the hose for Patrick at sundown?'

'I did,' said Teddy, a little smile replacing the sober pucker over his nose.

'Dear me, mamma,' he remarked pulling on his cap, 'what a thing it is to be the man of the house!'

'Yes,' returned mamma, 'it is a beautiful thing to be a cheerful little man of the house.'

Presently she loosed the big St. Bernard, and he came leaping toward Teddy, eagerness in every movement, for his freedom usually meant a bath these hot days.

'Come on, Vic!' called Teddy.

'You're more bother than you're worth, old fellow!' he declared, fondling him.

'Just think of me, a two-legged boy, waiting upon you a four-legged dog!' Victor could not think about it, but he licked Teddy's hand lovingly, as if to acknowledge the condescension, and they started off.

'It seems to me,' said mamma to Betty, when they sat on the porch later with their fancy work, 'that Teddy and Victor have been gone a long time.'

'They're coming this minute, mamma!' murmured Betty, peering through the creper.

'Why, Ted, how flushed you look! Charge, Victor! That's right. Did he have a cool swim, dear?'

'Did he?' cried Ted, excitedly. Then his round face sobered. 'Mamma, he said, "how strangely things happen! If I had not promised to play the hose—why, you see, mamma," he continued, breaking off and plunging into the heart of his story, "when we got down to the water, there was Patrick's old father trying to swim for his straw hat, which had blown into the river. He's so old and feeble, I thought it queer he should be swimming for his hat so wildly, with all his clothes on. So I sent Victor in for it, and what do you think?'

'What?' cried Betty, breathlessly.

'He never went near it, but straight for Patrick's father instead, and brought him to shore. A wise thing, too, for the old man had given out. I pulled him ashore, dripping, and then away went Victor after the hat, and brought that! The poor fellow grabbed it and pulled a ten-dollar bill out from under the leather. He had drawn it from the bank, and thought he had lost it, and they're so poor! He cried over the money! Vic and I took him home, and his sick wife cried over him. Oh, I tell you 'twas a wet time!' he finished, winking oddly at himself.

Mamma and Betty both looked suspicious also, and Ted said, 'Come here, Vic, all I apologize. You darling old dog, I am proud to swim on you, sir!' and he buried his arms in the damp fur of the noble fellow's shaggy neck.—Ex.

"A Heart as Sturdy as an Oak."

But what about the blood which the heart must pump at the rate of 70 times a minute? If the heart is to be sturdy and the nerves strong this blood must be rich and pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes sturdy hearts because it makes good blood. It gives to men and women strength, confidence, courage and endurance.

Hood's Pills are non-poisonous and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Nursery Echo.

'Mother,' said George, 'we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know that there is an echo behind the barn! I wish we had one here.'

'Well, so we have,' said the mother.

'This house is full of echoes.'

'Is it?' said George. 'Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?'

'Anywhere you choose; but I think the nursery is the best place.'

Off ran George, delighted; but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite and was proceeding to fly it.

'Put that kite down,' he cried, angrily. 'You will break it to pieces, you bad boy!'

'Bad boy! bad boy!' shouted the nursery, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

'I think you found your echo sooner than you expected,' she said, soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.

'Oh, is that what you mean, mother?' he asked.

'Yes,' she replied; 'that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back the very tones of your voice, so your little brother and sister reflect back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this, it will make you very careful how you speak.'

Later in the day, George was playing stage coach with the little children, and with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. 'I wish,' she cried out, angrily, 'that you would go down-stairs; you are such a noisy, horrid boy.'

'You are a horrid old thing yourself,' he shouted back, and then suddenly he began to laugh.

'Why,' he said, 'I was an echo myself that time, and as his mother came in just then, they had another little talk about echoes, and both George and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs, he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was 'sour.'

'George,' said mother, 'now is your chance,' and George ran into the room and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few moments he was in high humor, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which the echo.—The Parish.

Waltzing Mice.

The Japanese have a queer little domestic animal a black and white mouse with pink eyes. The peculiarity of this bred of mice is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk, these are beginning to waltz; and they keep up their waltzing the greater part of their waking hours all their life.

If several mice are put together they often waltz in couples; sometimes even more than two join in the mad whirls, which are so rapid that it is impossible to tell heads from tails. If the floor of their cage is not smooth, they actually wear out their feet, leaving only stumps to whirl on. These remarkable whirls seem to be as necessary to the waltzing mouse as mid-air somersaults to the tumbling pigeon.

An upright peg forms a convenient pivot for these Japanese pets; 'but even without this guide,' says Natural Science, 'they would not in several minutes cover an area larger than a dinner plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler.—Youth's Instructor.

Ants Eat Paper Money.

Paper money cannot be used in the Philippines, for there is a variety of ants in the islands which eat almost everything, and are particularly fond of paper. In a recent shipment of money for the troops, was \$100,000 in paper money of small denominations, and preparations were being made to send more paper in the next shipment when a warning was given that hereafter nothing but gold and silver coin must be sent to the islands. It was stated that ants got into the boxes and attacked the packages of bills, which were saved from destruction only by the greatest care. So far as officials here know, none of the money was actually destroyed, the damage done being probably no more serious than the eating away of the edges of the notes, or perhaps making holes through some of them.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Tested by Time.—In his justly-celebrated Pills Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alternative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

STUDY

Styles of

APRE

Gifts.

S. S. G.

ON

AY

MONDAY

ED

ALL

ED

Blend Tea

and Tea

have bought

receive

of charge

down to be

Sons

and St.

ANKS

0

alarious

at times

il. For

owing,

a barrel

serious

upon a

e never

d night

three in

r and I

since I

ake up

plaints

in the

ice. I

orld, a

to take,

feather,

all; in

d have

The Stiff-Necked Kittens.

Down in a certain barrel in a certain barn there were born, one time, three little kittens. Here they ate nice pussy-milk and slept and grew stronger, until finally, they were able to open their eyes and look about them. It was not very light deep down in that barrel; but since they did not know much about light, that didn't trouble them at all. Besides you know kittens can see in the dark.

Although their home was very small, they did not complain; they were small too, and so just enjoyed what they had. They had plenty of room to sleep in and could even run round after their tails just a little bit, and bite each other's ears.

But kittens cannot always stay wee babies any more than children; and after awhile they began to find their quarters more cramped. There was not so very much to do either. It grew tiresome to just tumble over each other all the time. So they fell into the way of spending a good deal of time in sitting up straight and watching that queer, round light place at the top of the barrel; and wondering what was beyond, and watching for their mother to come over the edge of it and down to them. Then they would besiege her with questions and cry to be taken out into the great world.

Mamma Pussy told them it was not time for them to leave their cosy home yet; and showed them how to sharpen their claws on the side of the barrel, and twitched the end of her tail for them to play with, while she sang to them soft little songs about patience and trusting their mamma.

But these kittens had grown perverse and wanted their own way; so they sat up stiff and straight, while they blinked at the top of the barrel and cried only, Meow! Meow!

One day Mrs. Pussy stopped singing and coaxing her children by nice pussy ways, but lay quite still, while she twitched the end of her tail fast and hard for several minutes, and her eyes grew big and black.

Then she suddenly seized one little kitten by the back of the neck, leaped out of the barrel and, running into the house, laid kitty down on a sofa beside little Annie. Back she went to the barn and brought, one by one, her whole family; then lay down panting beside them.

Of course Annie was delighted and hugged the dear little soft balls of fur until they were nearly frightened out of their wits and cried 'Meow! Meow! harder than ever.

Annie brought a string and tried to make them play, but they dared not move. They thought with longing of their old barrel. Then Annie cried them with a saucer of warm milk,

Airing Out.

How intensely disagreeable it is to enter a room which is so close that one feels like gasping for breath, and yet how frequently one must endure the impure atmosphere of such a place. Sometimes the room is not too warm, but simply close from the want of fresh new air.

Some people seem to be under the impression that to let in fresh air is to put one's self into a position to take cold immediately. This is certainly a mistaken idea. Of course I do not mean to intimate that one can open a window, sit down by it, or where the wind from it will blow upon one, and not take cold; but I do mean that an occasional airing of rooms is absolutely necessary for comfort as well as health.

If the room be too warm, or the air impure from the lack of fresh air and oxygen, have every one leave it for five or ten minutes, or even one or two minutes, during which time the windows can be opened top and bottom, to allow the departure of the impure and the entrance of the fresh, life-giving air.

At least once a day all the rooms should be aired well. I do not mean all at once, but piecemeal. If you are at work in the kitchen, air the bedrooms and other living rooms. If you are dusting in the parlor or are making beds, air the kitchen. If this is done systematically each day, and the windows in moderation be allowed open a crack or so, there will be less of that tired, worn out, nerveless feeling, and fewer headaches, which many times are simply the natural result of unaired rooms.—Emma Louise Hauck Rowe, in New York Observer.

Hold On, Boys!

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character; for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon.—Ex.

Hold On, Boys!

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character; for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon.—Ex.

THE EVANGELIST

18:0 1900

THE EVANGELIST for 1900 will be stronger and more helpful than ever as a home paper of religious thought and work. It has among its regular contributors

Rev. Henry M. Field D. D., Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst D. D., Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler D. D., Prof. Wm. Adams Brown, Rev. S. M. Hamilton D. D., Prof. John DE WITT D. D., Rev. S. B. Rossiter D. D., Rev. Herrick Johnson D. D., Rev. T. S. Hamlin D. D., Rev. Philip S. Moxom D. D., Rev. A. F. Schaeffer D. D., Rev. R. S. Holmes D. D., Mr. Robert E. Spear, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Mme. Zenaide Ruziczin, Mrs. J. D. Burrell, Mrs. Susan Teall Perry, Mrs. Julia Keese Colles, Mrs. Cynthia Morgan, St. John.

Its departments cover the wants of every member of the family. Studies in Old Testament Literature by the Editor.

A Series of Illustrated Articles on Presbyterian Manes.

A Series of Special Articles on The Sunday-School.

A New Serial by Mrs. Houghton.

A Series of Articles on The New Biblical Criticism, by Prof. John De Witt D. D., LL.D., Princeton.

A Series of Articles on The New Biblical Criticism, by the Rev. Joseph Hutcheson, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, New York City.

The College Department—Rev. C. W. E. Chapin.

The International Sunday-School Lessons, with Maps, Charts and Illustrations.

Christian Endeavor, by Rev. H. T. McEwen, D. D.

Church Music Department.

The Camera—Lucile Wand.

Household Department—Ruth Weatherby.

Subscribe at Once.

As we will send the EVANGELIST to April 1 1901 to all new subscribers for 1900. You are losing an issue every week that you delay.

Price \$3.00 a year; 52 Numbers Ministers, \$2.00.

166 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

We will give ourselves one week's rest to give the painters a chance to renovate our rooms, and will begin the New Year work.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2nd, whomever will be glad to see all who want our help to qualify themselves for usefulness and success.

THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE. Send for catalogue and list of successful students.

S. KERR & SON

Professional Cards.

DR. ATHERTON.

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

H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

BARRISTER,

CONVEYANCE & C.

Money to Loan on Real Estate security

CHEBUNIS BUILDING OFF. City Hall

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Money to Loan.

As Solicitor for several parties desiring to invest their money on

Real Estate Security,

I am prepared to loan amounts of 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

Cthing 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 unequalled. 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; near 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.

Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an 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, \$5 a year; four months, \$1.50. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York