e Children in Church.

morn of the holy Sabbath
in the church to see
ar little children clustered,
worshiping there with me.
ure that the gentle pastor
se words are like summer dew,
ered as he gazes over
se dear little heads in the pew.

earnest and thoughtful,
cent, grave and sweet—
look in the congregation
lilies among the wheat;
I think that the tender Master,
se mercies are ever new,
special benediction
those dear little heads in the pew.

they hear, "The Lord is my
pherd,"
"Suffer the babes to come."
are glad that the loving Father
given the lambs a home—
of their own, with his p ople;
cares for me and for you,
se to His breast He gathers
se dear little heads in the pew.

ove, in the great assembly,
the Sabbath morns to see
ar little children clustered
worshiping there with me.
know that our Heavenly Father,
se mercies are ever new.
special ben diction
those little heads in the pew.
—Margaret Sangster.

Discharged.

BY ARTHUR WARD.

got it,' Jack Wilson shouted, Charlie Turner sprang down the of the High School building and most into Jack's arms.

re you, Jack?' said Charlie. for you! that'll help out. How o work it? There must have ots of fellows after the job.'

n't know exactly why he gave me, unless because I know the retty well. But he did ask if I play ball. I don't see what that do with it; but that's my strong you know; so I told him yes, I t I could. Then he wanted to if I could play first base all right. rse, I told him I had played in lace some. Then he said, 'Guess try you. Come to-morrow and to learn the route.'

w many papers do you have to ?'

, about three hundred; the s are rather scattered.'

e boys walked out of the school- leaving the green lawn within ence for the stone pavement of treet, and on down town.

ey were chums. Jack was work- for an education and getting gh the High School, buying his s and looking forward to college er or later. But he must do it al elf.

s parents, in ordinary circum- es, lived on a farm a short dis- out of the city. They could Jack most of the time, though d to go home during vacations to out with some of the work. He several ways of earning money, his $20 a month for carrying the ing Journal was quite a financial

rly the next morning he was in asement of the Journal building, ing between the great presses, with their constant roll and clang, w off sheet after sheet of the damp rs.

e soon had his bundle collected, with the young man whose place as to take, he started out to learn route. The air was fresh. The s twittered gladly to welcome the The smoke was just beginning curl out of many a chimney as they k up their tramp.

ack had the names of all the sub- bers in a book, and thought he ld have found most of the places me, but was, however, glad to have former carrier along for the first e. This young man was about to e town. As they walked along, he d to Jack, 'Parsons' (that was the nager), 'I suppose, wants you to go the ball team. I think some of the s have told him about your playing.'

Well,' replied Jack, 'I'll be glad p in on that, if it doesn't take too h time. When do they play?'

Evenings a little, and Sundays.'

ack entered a yard and put a paper ough a door before he asked, 'Are y short of good players?'

Rather, and they are bound to some of the clubs from the other ers. Now, the Independent boys, y're a lively lot, and they say some them come pretty near being profes- als. Then the Tribune club is ticing, and our team will have at t three or four games, anyway; d Parsons, he's tremendously inter- ed. I believe he used to play him- f a good deal.'

ack didn't like the sound of Sun- y practice, and hoped the evening ctice wouldn't keep him too long, he had to study some out of school, he did enjoy playing.

Two days later, in the evening, he nd himself on the field with the nine. He put on the mask and caught for a while, but he was soon put on first base, where he showed them that he could stop almost any ball that came his way. He was alert and active and a good striker, at the bat, of low balls that it bothered all the fielders to stop.

The captain, a fellow named Sands, came to him after the first practice and said, 'Hope Parsons will keep you on the route, for we've got some stiff work laid out for this season, and I see you are going to be a great help on the team. I like your play. You're not green at it.'

Jack smiled and answered, 'No, I always liked baseball, and Ill try to do my part.'

He didn't want to broach the Sunday question at once. But he didn't believe in Sunday work, and had made up his mind not to do it. He read his Endeavor pledge that night, and felt that there could be no compromise. He would do all he could for the nine at any time but on Sunday.

For a week or two he got along nicely, but one Saturday morning, just as he was about to start on his route, Sands came to him from the job-room, remarking, 'We'll want you to-morrow morning out at Athletic Park; we're going to practice.'

Jack's heart was beating fast as he answered, 'I'm sorry to disappoint you, Sands, but I can't play Sundays.'

'Oh yes you can. I'll look for you to-morrow,' and laughing at Jack's remonstrances, he was soon gone.

Then Jack started with his two sacks of papers, and stepped out briskly on his daily job, feeling perplexed at the course matters were taking.

But on the next day he did not go to play.

There was a good deal of grumbling, though Jack played so well that they knew he could get along without the Sunday practice. But his refusal soon became a cause of petty persecution and frequent discussion. He was called Father Wilson and the Reverend First Base. When he was at the office a ball of paper, wet with water or with printers ink, often struck him, or in his neighborhood.

He generally bore it pretty patiently, though he often wanted to retaliate. Once, as an especially large ball of paper was about to strike him in the face, he caught it, and thinking he knew who threw it, he sent it back with a good force. But the boy at whom he aimed it dodged, and the ball went through a good-sized pane of glass, which Jack had to pay for. Then they said that Saint John was getting peppery.

But the severest test came when the game with the 'Independents' was arranged. It was to be on a Sunday afternoon. Large posters were printed with the names of the players on them. and to Jack's dismay his name was on the list posted on fences and billboards.

He felt that he was being misrepresented, and was going to the manager to remonstrate. But he met Parsons on the street.

The manager called roughly to him, 'What's this I hear about your not not playing ball Sundays? Don't you know our game with the 'Independents' comes off next Sunday? We can't have any more of this foolishness. If you know when you are well off, you'll be there. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.'

Jack turned to tell Parsons how he felt about keeping the Sabbath, but it was like casting pearls before swine, and, without waiting to hear his explanations, Parsons passed on.

Jack wrote a letter to him, telling him definitely that he would not play in the match on Sunday.

It was a warm week for Jack at the office. He really wondered at the amount of petty spite that the boys condensed in so short a time as he spent there in the mornings. Sands cursed him roundly, and then reasoned with him and besought him and cursed him again.

It was a sore trial to Jack. But he knew he was right, and on that line he meant to go ahead, no matter what happened.

But the soreness of his trial was more fully emphasized when, on the Monday following the game, in which, by the way, the Journal boys scored a round 0, to 6 by the Independents, Jack was discharged.

Miss Snowden, an active little woman, a worker in temperance circles and civic reform, heard of Jack's experience. She came to his rescue, and, like the heroic Samaritan she was, put in some hard work in letting the circumstances of his discharge be known.

To the credit of the community be it said that when the story of Jack's discharge became known, it was but a few days before he received a letter from a wealthy banker offering him janitor work that he could do out of school hours at a compensation of twenty-five dollars per month. And it was with cheerful heart that Jack grasped the handle of the window-brush and lifted the pail from under the water-spigot to do his first job of cleaning for the First National Bank of Silver City.—Good Cheer.

The Toad Family.

The Toad family are not a very interesting family, and are fearfully set in their ways.

The Toad family that I knew lived out under the stone steps, in a crack. There was probably plenty of room inside, but from the outside the crack looked very small.

There was not more than three in this family—or, at least, only three that I could discover. I took them to be Mother Toad, Father Toad, and their only child, dear little hoppy Toad.

Hoppy was a fat little fellow, very nice looking, I presume, for a toad, but very nasty and brown and big-mouthed for a boy—supposing he had been a boy.

I never saw very much of them because they only came out at night, when the little boy and I used to climb the stone steps to go in to tea. Then we used to find them sitting at their front door (the above-mentioned crack in the steps), and looking as comfortable and fat as if they had had tea themselves. Old Father Toad had a very large mouth, and a most corpulent waistcoat. You tried to guess how many miles round old Mother Toad's waist could be! And as for Hoppy Toad, he was so fat that you wondered how he could hop at all. The Toad family, I have reason to believe, was very select, and never associated with any of the other animals around their hole. The snakes, for instance, they did not like. They never visited the Frogs, who were too dandified to suit their taste, and of course they never hobnobbed with the hens, who came cackling about the door of their retreat only in the daytime.

But there was an old cat of Angora descent, whose friendship was accepted within the Toad circle.

It was just by chance that they came to know each other; but they did become friends. You see, old Mrs. Puss must have thought that Father Toad was a ball or something to be played with, for she just bowled him over one night when he was out for an airing, and old Toady liked it, and that was how they came to be acquainted.

Every evening Puss used to sit by the steps, and watch for the Toad family, and every evening the Toad family came out to Mrs. Puss and let themselves be batted and tossed and tumbled about by her deft paws until, to say the least, their digestions must have been impaired.

We used to watch these proceedings with great interest, and laugh to see the performances of Puss and the Toad family. And I can't help wondering what Puss would have done if she had been able to squeeze into the Toads' hole.

I have not quite decided in my own mind whether the Toads enjoyed being batted about quite as much as Puss did playing with them. What do you think about it, children? Remember, in trying to guess what they thought, that the Toad family came out every night, even when they knew Puss was there waiting for them, and that they never hopped away from her.—The Examiner.

Things to Remember.

That a pound of lean beef and a quart of whole milk contain about the same amount of nourishment; but the meat, although it costs more, is more valuable for food, as it contains the nutrients in more suitable proportion.

That the popular notion that 'fish is a brain food' is a mistake, for eminent physicians tell us that fish contributes no more to brain growth and development than any other nitrogenous food. All nitrogenous foods, such as fish, meat, eggs, and so on, repair the waste tissues of the body; but fish is of no more importance than the others.

That ham has a much better flavor if it is boiled for one hour and then baked two hours, with brown sugar sprinkled over it for the last fifteen minutes.

That hollowed-out apples or beets make artistic and pretty cups to hold salad.

That four or five ounces of sugar is all that an adult in good health should eat with impunity in the course of a day.

That corn meal is excellent food for winter, as it contains much fat, and when eggs and milk are added to it it has a high nutritive value.

That fruit to be appetizing and luscious should be kept in a cool, dry place, and not on ice.

That a very pleasing addition to the ordinary nut cake is a cup of raisins.

That the use of a thermometer on the oven of a practical woman is an assurance of success in baking.

That baking powder biscuits require much more heat than bread; 440 degrees Fahrenheit is right for biscuit, while a temperature of 380 degrees is better for bread.

That sour milk and soda make a more delicious devil's food cake than the sweet milk and baking powder.

That the success of whipped cream depends upon the fact that the dish, the beater, and the cream are thoroughly chilled in advance.

That jelly keeps much better if hot paraffine is poured over each tumbler-ful than when covered with paper.

That, although "hunger is the best sauce," a daintily garnished dish is the next best.

That cream sauce is very much improved by a thorough beating.

That potato salad is much more savory if mixed with the salad dressing while hot.

That white grapes, asparagus tips, and English walnuts, with whipped-cream dressing, make a novel and dainty salad.

That there is more need of common sense in culinary science than is ordinary supposed, for we cannot become a strong people mentally unless our physical beings are well nourished.—Mrs. Elbert W. Rockwood, in 'What to Eat.'

How Frank Won.

A prize of one hundred dollars, to be used for educational purposes, was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of seventeen named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and, a day or two later, one of his schoolmates, named Harry Murks, said to him, 'Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?'

'No, I did not,' replied Frank, cheerfully.

'Feel kind o' cut up over it, don't you?'

'No; not particularly.'

Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you made to win that prize, and then fail.'

'I don't think that I have failed, Harry.'

Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?'

'Yes, I know he won the money; but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But you know, Harry, if you'll excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked.'

'My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it.'

'I know it,' replied Frank, and then he added, 'They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.'

'Oh! I see what you mean,' said Harry, rather soberly. 'I suppose that there is something in that."

'There is a good deal in it,' replied Frank. 'It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort, and it was a pretty big prize for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for I felt quite confident that some of the other boys were so much further advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. But one day I came across this verse:

"'Straight from the Mighty Bow this truth is driven:
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

''That's a fact,' I said to myself, and I went straight to work and did my very best.'

'You stood next to George Dayton at the examination, too,' said Harry. 'No, Frank you did not fail after all.'

Harry was right. How could Frank fail to be a winner, after the honest effort he had put forth?

An Egyptian Problem.

'I wish I'd been born in the days when they didn't know anything about arithmetic,' sighed Bessie, who was so certain that she could learn nothing of figures that she would not even try to understand them.

'Then you would have lived a long time ago,' replied Uncle Joe, looking up from her paper, as the petulant child threw his school-book upon the table. 'In fact,' he continued, 'you would have been dead before Moses was born; for arithmetic is nothing new, dear child, but very old. They have lately discovered in Egypt a very old copy-book for arithmetic, which was probably written 3,600 years ago. Of course it was not made of paper, for they knew nothing of it in those days; but it was made of the papyrus plant. This was a plant that grew in Egypt, and was used by its inhabitants for writing. The stem of the plant was about an inch thick, and was cut into slices lengthwise. These slices were then gummed together and pressed, when they could be written upon. It is from this that we get our word 'paper.''

'Oh, yes, I know,' cried Bessie eagerly. 'We had that in our geography the other day.'

'Very well, then, said Uncle Joe, 'I will then tell you more about this old arithmetic. These Egyptians knew how to add and multiply both whole numbers and fractions. They did not subtract and divide just as we do; but they reached results nevertheless. Let me see, do you read in the Second Reader yet?'

'Of course, Uncle Joe,' said Bessie, reproachfully. 'I am eight years old. I am in the Third Reader, and Miss Julia says she could put me on further if it wasn't for arithmetic.' And a long-drawn sigh followed the last words

'Well,' said Uncle Joe, drawing a newspaper slip from his pocket, 'I am going to see if an American girl, eight years old, can solve a problem given to some Egyptian one hundred years before Moses was probably born. Here it it: 'There are seven men, each one has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley. Each grain of barley would if cultivated, have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost in that way?'

And the little American girl, who had no head for figures, worked it without the slightest mistake.—Exchange.

Can You Tell Why

You have constant headaches, are nervous and sleepless at night and feel tired in the morning? Your blood isn't carrying the right materials to your nerves and other organs. Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood enricher, and you will soon realize a change. You will feel better and stronger, will relish your food and enjoy refreshing sleep.

Nausea, indigestion are cured by Hood's Pills.

The Art of Entertaining.

The house itself may be helpful in making visitors feel at home. We should have nothing too fine for comfort, and welcome our friends in rooms made homelike by our daily use.

It is well to have easy rules about breakfast. It is customary to give one's guest the option of having tea or coffee, rolls and fruit sent to their rooms or of joining the family.

No hostess apologizes for any guest. All are on the same social plane while under her roof, and should receive equal consideration.

It is a disputed point whether host or guest should suggest retiring for the night. It relieves visitors of embarrassment to know the ways of the household, and a readiness to comply with them is a mark of politeness.

It shows no lack of cordiality to refrain from urging friends to extend their visit. They probably have other pleasant plans, and a hostess may be asking a great favor when she fancies that she is conferring one.

Experienced entertainers recommend that the men should generally spend their mornings together and women enjoy each others society. All meet at luncheon.

Hosts and guests meet in the drawing or living room before the meals. Not less than five, not more than fifteen, minutes should be allowed for all to assemble

Every guest should be made to feel that his or her presence has added to the pleasure of the entertainment, and conferred a personal gratification upon the hosts.

A prompt expression of gratification in remembering the visit, at once, upon returning home, is an evidence of good breeding.

A guest should hold sacred anything that may be learned of the family life or the peculiarities of any member of the household where hospitality has been accepted.

Visitors should fall in readily with any plan proposed for their pleasure, showing a disposition to be easily amused and interested, but must not seem dependent for amusement.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in the September Ladies' Home Journal.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, 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. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

CAN RECOMMEND IT. Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

Stupefying headaches are cured, the head cleared, and the brain brightened by Milburn's Sterling headache Powders. They do not weaken the heart. Price 10c. and 25c.

1900---1901

Our new Catalogue is ready for distribution.

We will be glad to mail a copy to any address.

St. John Business College S. Kerr & Son

Professional Cards.

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to 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
CHESTNUTS BUILDING OPP. C. P. R.
FREDERICTON, N.B.

D. M'LEOD 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 Boys Clothing Gents' Furnishings

Our New Furniture Department contains an immense stock of
Fine Furniture
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 unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for them. Wholesale only by
A. F. Randolph & Son

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE
ACRES. Land lays well. With valuable amount of hard wood timber; near good road. Dwelling and outbuildings good only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, Cash. Write for free Catalogue.
R. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may 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, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.