Mother's Room.

wfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;

e it has got no "mother's room."

lk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stoff,

the room of rooms that seems best to me

talk of the things his heart loves best.

ometimes startle my aunt with a

mother's room, and if she don't mind

've never denied that I litter the floo

marbles and tops and many thing

tell you, for boys with a tired head,

poor Jack Roe, when he visits me

a fellow's spirits are getting low;

mother, she s always kind and sweet,

there's always a smile poor Jack to

nehow the sunbeams seem to glow

brightly in mother's room, I know,

anywhere else, and you'll never find

ny old shadow in mother's room.

When Jamie Lost the Way.

When Jamie was ten years old, his

ents decided that he should no

ger attend the small district school

eir village. They thought it might

better for him to go five miles in sn

rge school, taught by experienced

thers. Jamie was very anxious to

his. He thought it would be more

you go,' said his mother, 'if I

he sure that you would always

e one might ask you to walk around

streets a little, and you might be

pted to do it, but I should want

You can depend upon me for that,

Mr. Clark, the father, made care-

quiries and found that he could

good arrangements at the large

ol for the education of his only

The boy himself was delighted.

as so pleasant, on he bright morn-

of the autumn, to find himself

idly whirled along in company with

who were going to business, ladies

were going shopping, and tall

dents who were considerably

to learning. Then, as for his

ther, she was a beautiful young

who seemed to know how to make

study attractive and who completely

Jamie's heart in the space of two

Noontime, too, was an especial de-

There was an hour and a half

rest, during which Jamie, with

er scholars who lived at a distance,

allowed to eat lunch in a large

om furnished with chairs and tables.

der the supervision of a man ap-

inted for the purpose. After the

al was eaten they went out on the

syground and engaged in various

nes. No wonder that Jamie liked

school and that the hours he spent

Yet there was one day when Jamie

into trouble. 'Halloa' called Will

tt, coming up to him as he stood on

playground after lunch. 'We're

g to have an hour off this after-

on.' 'How's that?' asked Jamie.

, teacher's going to hear a lecture

mewhere and shes going to let us

early. You may as well walk

me with me. You know I live about

f-way to your house. My pa can't

ord to pay for my riding in pleasant

ather, so I foot it. I know a beauti-

way through the woods. There

e lots of squirrels in there aud we

ght be able to catch one. Will you

me? 'I'll see,' said Jamie. That

is his first mistake. He should have

when school was dismissed, but

didn't like to speak so positively, so

That made it hard for him to study

tring the afternoon and his teacher

ondered why she had to prompt him

ore than usual. He was mentally

bating the question, whether he

other had made a law that he must

ould go to the woods or refuse.

swered that he must go directly

ere passed swiftly by.

ther along than himself on the high-

always to come directly home.'

wered Jamie.

e the first car home after school

TO A stric car to a town where there was

ke him to motter's room, you see.

se it's the nicest place to go

hints of others I m always blind.

the I lose my things—what then?

other's room I find them again.

olly to rest on mother's bed.

room where I'd always rather be,

ou what, it is fine enough

t if I do get dirt abou.

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LAECHLER

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our Blouses,

e had learned from her own mother, requiring her child to study Bible erses on Sunday afternoons. On the revious Sunday, Jamie had learned. se words: 'My son, hear the inof the law of thy mother.' What a ty it was that he didn't think of tong. His father had instructed him

said, 'I'll see.'

helped him to obey? But unfortunately Jamie was thinking more of what he wanted to do than of what he ought that boy that lives with his aunt. you to do, and the thing that he wanted was to go with Will Scott. he says his house is filled with gloom

School was dismissed at three o'clock instead of four, as Will had told him was to be the case, and the two boys met near the door.

ther's room, where a fellow can rest, | fare?' asked Will. 'Yes. Why do you want to know?

"Cause of you haven't got to pay car fare you may as well get some buns, so that we can both have a lunch. I know where to get some good ones, with sugar on top.'

ness for anything it was for sugared | 'nitial pie'll choke her, -'most! Yes, buns. So, having put himself under I do! I'm 'most starved to pieces, Will's guidance, it was easy to obey and she didn't even leave any butter | the strange language they spoke? the suggestion to visit the baker's. on her old biscuits! This took at least a half hour, and it

in the heart of the woods they found | was ever so long before she took out numberless things to attract their attention. They saw several squirrels, looked at them pityingly.

and climbed two or three trees for birds' nests, and examined a large number of chestnut burrs containing very small nats. So they strolled along without thought of time until Jamie suddenly said:

Why, Will, it's growing dark What time must it be?'

Will looked about him, and decided that it must be after sunset. 'We'd better hurry along, old fellow. We've got off the path somehow, but I'll soon find it. Don't be alarmed.' But Jamie was greatly alarmed, for in the first place he did not know how they were going to reach home, and in the next place he did not know what might be in s ore for him when he did get there. So in real distress he helped Will to look for the path. After some wandering they found it, and then in Ellen Ann's clothes, -Cicely re for the day. It was not convenient you strong and wel!. they went as swiftly as possible oward membered those, too. home. They emerged from the woods near the house where Will lived, and there coming along the road in a buggy were Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Jamie saw, though it was nearly dark, that his father and mother looked very anxious. Where have you been, my son? exclaimed his mother. 'You don't know how worried we have been. We were on the way to the school building to

inquire for you.' Will skulked off toward home, leaving his companion to explain matters as best he could. Now Jamie was an honest boy, and he told the truth at once, without trying to excuse himself in any way. 'Do you think you deserve punishment? asked his father. 'I'm sure I do,' replied Jamie. 'Well, I'm not going to punish you this time, but if I hear of your taking any more walks with Will Scott I shall certainly put

you in the village school again.' But Jamie never did. - Chris. In-

The Joke on Ellen Ann.

'In a tin pail!'

Cicely's voice was so astonished and horrified that it made mamma laugh.

'A nice, shiny tin pail,' she amended. 'Come and see your face in it. And that isn't all there is in it, either !'

There were crinkled tarts and deliate sandwiches, and a little golden cup-custard, with one of Cicely's little silver spoons to eat it with. There was a twisty doughnut that looked like a man, and a little, round pie with 'C pricked into the crust.

"The inside's nice,' admitted Cicely, admiringly. But must I take it in a tin pail, mamma?' I'd rather come step! Nobody else but Ellen Ann all laugh at Ellen Ann. And, oh, dear, that pail is 'zactly like Ellen Ann's, mamma! Hers is shiny, too. Mamma was fitting on the cover.

She looked rather sober now. 'A little girl who loses her pretty very interesting account of it. lunch-basket must carry her dinner in

feels to be laughed at.' mamma !- 'cept'up my sleeve.'

even there, dear. Now kiss me, and them loose in the village.

off with you!' sunshine enough in it to make two do. They always find their way home Now, Mrs. Clark had a habit which days. The pail-cover jingled a jolly at meal time. little tune as Cicely walked; and the sun caught the shiny surface of it, and parrot farm. When the birds are

made it look like a silver cover. Half through the morning somebody Dutch and British sailing vessels. came for Ellen Ann Tibbetts to go Such ships sometimes carry hundreds Stanton was the most obedient horse ruction of thy father, and forsake right home, as her mother was sick. of these tiny passengers back to So there was only one tin pail in the Europe dressing-room at noon recess. That em when he was tempted to do comforted Cicely a good deal; for it from a bright-eyed, chocolate-colored to eat an apple when his master said, would have been dreadful to see Ellen boy who jabbered and grinned and 'Now you may have some lunch !' at it was his duty to go directly Ann eating out of a tin pail just like capered around like a monkey. As

me every day after school. His hers!

ing how 'deluscious' mamma's custard as 'turkey red,' a string of glass beads, would taste, and how-

'Why!'

Cicely almost dropped the pail, but | it wouldn't have spilled much if she Chatter disappeared. We searched had. It was nearly empty! There the village without finding him, and I wasn't any custard or any spoon to eat began to fear that my bird was lost or it with! There wasn't any little round stolen. pie, with 'C' on the cover! There 'Have you the money for your car wasn't any-anything, except just two lonesome biscuits sliding round in the

> 'Why!' Cicely cried over again. was Ellen Ann's shiny pail. Ellen paying attention to every word. Ann had carried hers home.

'Well, she's mean!' cried Cicely, Now, if Jamie had a particular fond- hotly. 'I hope my custard an' my

was almost four o'clock when the boy's cross and hungry. It was ever so long what queer folks there are in the were fairly started on their homeward before she would be sensible and stop trying to believe Ellen Ann had done They soon entered a wood path, and it just to play a mean joke on her. It the poor little butterless biscuits, and he 'ooked around at his bird auditors,

> Was that what Ellen Ann ate for lunches? And not any butter on 'em | We're going to have a storm! Good at all? Didn't she ever have any day. custards or tarts or twisty doughnuts? And never any little thin slices of looked as if he thought this a very pink ham in between?

about little thin slices of ham that she eyed Chatter as if he thought him took a nibble of Ellen Ann's biscuit. | quite the oddest bird he had met. -Then she slowly dropped it back into Mary Catherine Crowley. the tin pail. Cicely would rather go without any dinner than eat bread without a speck of butter on it.

Poor Ellen Ann! Cicely hoped she would like the custard and the crinkly tarts, - yes, and even the initial pie! to do some shopping. The only She suddenly remembered that Ellen hindrance in her way was the fact Ann's father was an invalid, and Ellen that her two little sons, Walter and Ann's mother 'took in' house-cleaning Stanton were at home, as their and things. And the patched places teacher was ill and school was closed to begin taking it now, for it will keep

pasket! Just where she'd left it to them. hunt far water-cresses!

She carried it home to mamma. 'But I want the tin pail, too, to-

morrow, mamma, - this tin pail. I'm going to play a joke on Ellen Ann Tibbets,' she said. And then she whispered to mamma, and mamma nodded to her. And the next day two dainty lunches went to school with Cicely, and one of them was in Ellen Ann's shiny tin pail. Young People's Weekly.

# A Parrot Village.

Frolic was taken one day to se Chatter, a grey parrot from Africa. Chatter's master told Flo and Harry a very interesting story about the bird. 'I got Chatter from a sailor in Guinea, he said. 'Only a few months before he was flitting about in his native forest, but he soon learned many words, and showed that he was very clever indeed.

'A short time after he came to live with me I made a cruise along the coast of Liberia. Chatter came too. His fare on the ship was five dollars.

'One morning, as we were near land, the captain asked me if I would like to go ashore and see a parrot village. 'Do parrots ever live together in a

village?' said I. 'Yes, indeed,' he replied; 'to be

sure, a few blacks dwell there also, but the parrots rule the place.' 'Chatter and I went with him. The

little town looked as if the birds had it all to themselves. Parrots strutted up and down the sandy streets; parrots way home - yes, I would - every single | hopped in and out of the houses, which were really only wretched huts; par-Tibbetts carries a tin pail, and the boys rots looked out of the openings that served as windows; parrots seemed to be everywhere.

'The negroes of these settlements make a business of catching the birds, the captain told me, and gave me a

a tin pail, or-go without,' she said and children go out into the forests to both called out gravely. 'And maybe it will be good hunt them. When the young parrots Good morning,' answered Mrs. really meant. The lady who thanked for her to learn how little Ellen Ann are first getting ready to fly the blacks Keith, 'are you playing horse?' pounce upon them, carry them home 'I never laughed at her, -honest, in baskets and feed them until they are able to take care of themselves. 'Well, maybe now you won't laugh Then they clip their wings, and turn

'The parrots play about in the sun-It was a beautiful morning, with shine much as the little black children

'A village of this kind is called a chest and under his arms. grown they are sold to the masters of

the people in that region do not use such a gentle horse? Wasn't it be-She took her shiny pail, and went money, he paid for the birds by giving caus, he loved Walter and Walter

and a straw hat almost as big as an

umbrella. 'While we were making the bargain

'Just then we heard a racket in tree near by. Going closer, we saw Chatter perched upon a high branch making a speech. Around him, on other branches, was a large flock of Then she knew what it meant. This parrots, who were watching him and

> 'He rattled on in a gibberish they seemed to understand, for he was often greeted with a chorus of parrot cheers. Was he telling them of his travels, of the white people he lived among, and

'Perhaps so, for the parrots laughed She went off all by herself, to be and mumbled, as if to say, 'Dear, dear,

'When Chatter saw me he looked confused. He knew I was vexed, and, thinking it best to close his remarks, flapped his wing and cried out:

'Dear me! How the wind blows

Flo and Harry laughed, but Frolic strange story indeed. 'Dear me!' he It made Cicely so hungry to think repeated to himself softly. And he

## A Gentle Horse.

One pleasant morning in the autumn Mrs. Sanders needed to go downtown for their mother to take the boys with On the way home from school, what her and she feared their meeting with should peep out at Cicely from the some accident if left alone. However, bushes beside the 'Half-way Spring' as they were good children and kind but a dainty little red-and-white lunch to each other she decided to trust

So she got aboard the electric car which passed the house and left the boys playing in the front yard.

'Let's play horse,' said Walter. 'All right,' said Stanton.

'You be my horse,' proposed Walter. 'All right,' said Stanton again.

Now, in order to play horse, it was necessary to have either reins or halter. As neither was at hand, the boys looked about to find something that would answer as a substitute. This was not easy, for the house was locked up with all their playthings in it. But, fortunately, near the back door they found a piece of a clothes line which they declared to be 'just the thing.' So they trotted around to the front yard again, carrying their

treasure between them. 'Now I'll tie you to the apple tree, aid Walter. A tree bearing beautiful red apples, stood near the front door. Was there ever such a convenient

The brothers picked up an apple piece and then Stanton stood very still while Walter tied the rope about his neck and fastened the other end to the tree. 'Now your in the stable

They both stood still for nearly minute. That was a long while for two active boys. Probably it seemed as long to them as an hour sometimes does to older people. Stanton was trying to obey orders and Walter was considering what to do next.

next door neighbor, passed the house. planation to one who might be sudden She was in a hurry and at first did not ly called to sit in that chair and look notice that Walter was calling, 'Halloa halloa, halloa!' Finally, however, he attracted her attention, and looking up she saw the two boys standing in the grass, under the tree, each 'Every spring all the men, women munching an apple. 'Halloa,' they ago, thanked at the close of a meeting

'Yes,' Walter replied: 'Don't you think it would be better to fasten Stanton by putting the rope under his arms? That's the way my boys do and then I know they're not in danger of choking.'

'I'll do it,' Walter replied, and at once he loosened the cord about Stanton's neck, and put it over his

'Now drive me,' requested Stanton. Walter liked this proposition, so he began to drive Stanton about the yard. imaginable. He trotted when Walter called 'Get up,' and stood still when 'The captain bought fifty parrots he said 'Whoa,' and he only stopped

Why do you think that Stanton was it. Might not these words have out into the sunshine with it, think- the boy some yards of the cloth known loved him?-Chris. Intelligencer.

Home Hints.

Iron pillowslips lengthwise instead of crosswise if you wish to iron the wrinkles out in stead of in.

Two bottles should be kept for a bottlefed baby. The one not in use shou'd be filled with cold water and

Do not give sick people fried foods or anything highly seasoned. Avoid hot bread and biscuits and strong tea

A continual change in the bill of fare | dress. is desirable; one tires of the same dessert if seen too often, no matter how delicious it is, unless possible ice cream be an exception. If part of a dish is left over, wait a

day before serving again, and let weeks elapse before preparing it again. In this way the table will always present a pleasant surprise.

Three tablespoonfuls of rice may be substituted for tapioca in the tapioca meringue pudding." Soak the rice over night in cold water, and add milk, eggs, etc., in the morning.

A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child which has the croup, will surely bring relief in a few minutes.

The little salt bags (ten cent size) make roomy mittens for sweeping; they will also be found serviceable when removing dishes from hot ovens, as they protect both wrists and hands, which a holder often fails to do.

Keep Yourself Strong And you will ward off colds, pneumona, fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaprilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomsch, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. You will be wise

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### Admonition.

Epitaphs often touch the casual reader; sometimes they make him smile. It is not often they make him stop and think. Among the tombs of the ancient cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is a slab bearing an inscription before which the sightseer pauses and grows reflective as he reads

the words cut in the gray stone. Thus speaketh Christ, our Lord, to

Ye call me Master and obey me not; Ye call me Light and see me not; Ye call me Way and walk me not Ye call me Wise and follow me not Ye call me Life and desire me not Ye call me Fair and love me not; Ye call me Rich and ask me not;

Ye call me Eternal and see me not Ye call me Gracious and trust me not;

Ye call me Noble and serve me not; Ye call me Mighty and honor me

Ye call me Just and fear me not; If I condemn you, blame me not.

READY EVERY NIGHT.—It was said of a good man who died recently that he was 'ready every night.'

Every bill was paid, or provision and you must be very quiet. You're made for its settlement. There were a good horse, you know.' This from always as few outstanding bills as possible, and these were carefully arranged for, and the plainest directions left regarding them.

One of his last nightly duties was to put his desk in order. Papers were filed, memoranda made for the morrow, letters answered and stamped for the morning mail; a clear and visible At that moment, Mrs. Keith, their order instituted which needed no exover those accounts.

> Dr. MacPhail was told a story by minister, who vouched for its accuracy, of a lady missionary who was, not long for having explained what a 'zenana' her said she had always been under the impression that there was a tribe in India, the men of which were called 'bananas' and the women 'zenanas.'

Mr. T. J Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes; "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complain's, and fined Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. Those Pills do not cause pan or griping and should be used when a cathartic is required They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agrocable taste.

D fference of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Or. Thomas' Electric Oil-do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheums t c complain's, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

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