

Bobby's Revenge.

Good family doctor has fallen quite ill, and now we are going to give him a pill, to see how we suffer with capsules and drops.

pellets and plasters and other what-nots.

Give me that bottle of liquid so sour, to be taken three times to the hour, nurse him and dose him and wrap him around in a blanket, and covers and pillows, a mound.

tell him to patiently wait and baste, moving the covers engender a chill, follow directions whi' t'ever befall, give him the "shake well" prescribed first of all.

- E. M. F.

Whooping Cough Picnic.

Johnnie wanted a picnic, and was he couldn't be happy without it, wasn't next Thursday his birthday, hadn't he always had a birthday picnic! But mamma shook her head and said it would never do in the city, and Aunt Lou said, 'Why, who heard of such a thing?'

When Johnnie just couldn't help it, when he was going to be seven years old next Thursday—he just went back of the house and cried. He set up against the kitchen wall—

afraid he mused some of Nora's as he did it, and great big tears fell down his cheeks, as he said: 'Well, I think it is too bad! Having the whooping cough is bad enough, to not have a picnic is worse.'

Then, the first thing he knew, his father had her arm around him, and was pretty near crying, too.

But don't you see, Johnnie, said mamma, 'that if you invited Charlie Willie, and Lucy and Nell, and all your friends here, maybe they would get the whooping cough, too, and you'd feel bad, wouldn't you?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Johnnie, between big sobs, and without any enthusiasm.

'I'll tell you what we'll do,' said mamma, 'just as soon as you are well enough we'll have a picnic and call it your birthday picnic, even if your birthday is past.'

But Johnnie shook his head, and said it would be no fun unless it came on his really, truly birthday. Then mamma thought a little bit, and finally said:

'Well, we'll try to celebrate the day in some manner, even if we have to do it for the only children who have had the whooping cough. Never mind, Johnnie, you'll all have a picnic of some kind.'

Then Johnnie threw his arms around mamma's neck and cried harder than ever. I suspect that he felt he was not acted as much like a man as a nearly seven years old ought, but it was a very hard case.

The next day Johnnie said to mamma: 'Have you thought of the kind of picnic we're going to have?'

And though mamma only smiled at first, Johnnie knew that it was all right. He kept talking to Aunt Lou about it, and as the days went by he became more anxious until he finally said:

'I believe a whooping cough picnic is better than the other kind, for it keeps a fellow wondering all the time that it's going to be.'

On Thursday morning mamma told him that the picnic would be in the afternoon, from 2 till 5, and Johnnie could hardly wait for 2 o'clock to come round. But the time did finally come, and with it Raymond and Harold, who had the whooping cough last year.

Johnnie was very glad to see them and ran to the door and shouted: 'Come in, you're the first ones to come.'

Then Raymond and Harold laughed, because they knew there was no one else coming.

Just as they got into the house, the telephone bell rang, and mamma said: 'Johnnie, will you answer the telephone?'

Johnnie looked a bit surprised, for he was not in the habit of going to the telephone, but he excused himself to his little friends and went to the telephone. And this is what he heard: 'Hello, Johnnie, is that you? This is Willie talking. How are you? Do you like to have the whooping cough?'

Then another voice said, 'Ask him when he can come out to play again?'

And still another voice said, 'Tell him to wish him many happy returns of the day,' and then so many voices began to talk all at once that Johnnie could not tell what any of them said. He looked around at Raymond and Harold and saw them both laughing as hard as they could.

out ringing off once. Then mamma brought in a high chair, so he wouldn't get tired, and the fun began. Of course he let Harold and Raymond listen part of the time, and they would tell each other what the little friend at the other end of the line was saying.

At 4 o'clock they all stopped for a little while to have refreshments, but Harold and Willie had a long talk while they were eating their cake. When 5 o'clock came, none of the children thought it could possibly be, and they all stood up in front of the phone and sang 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'Little Drops of Water,' Johnnie and Harold and Raymond joining in at the other end of the line.

The children all marched past Johnnie's house as they went home, and he waved his flag at them from the window, and they shouted more things at him than he could ever remember.

When papa came home to tea, Johnnie climbed up in his lap and said that it was pretty near worth while having the whooping cough to have such a birthday picnic, and papa said: 'Don't you think it pretty near worth while having the whooping cough to have such a nice, thoughtful mamma?'

And Johnnie said that it was the very best of all.—Womankind.

When the Cap Fitted.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glanced at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy tail did not even hint at wagging; there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down in his throat.

Ruth caught Marian by the arm. 'Oh, let's run!' she cried. 'He's going to bite us.'

'No, he won't, if we don't touch his bone.'

Marian felt ashamed of her dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. 'I don't know what makes him act so,' she said as the two girls walked on.

'Is he always as cross as he has been since I came?' asked Ruth.

'He didn't use to be,' returned Marian, sorrowfully. 'But now he's getting crosser and crosser all the time.'

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother, Paul. His face was red with anger, and his fists were clenched. 'I'm going straight to mamma, Miss!' he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. 'We'll see if she lets you talk that way?'

'What way?' asked Marian, in astonishment; and Ruth thought of her own brother, and felt very glad he was not as ill-tempered and unreasonable as Paul.

Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but went into the house, slamming the door very hard. A few minutes later, mamma's sweet voice called, 'Marian, dear, I want to see you.'

Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was waiting for her in the sewing-room, and her face looked puzzled and sad.

Paul sat by the window, and it was plain that he had been crying. Marian looked from one to another in astonishment.

'How is this, my daughter?' Mamma began. 'Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser all the time.'

Marian stared, then broke into a merry laugh. 'Why, mamma, we weren't talking about him at all. Duke growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he always acted so cross; and then I said he is getting crosser and crosser all the time.'

'Oh!' said mamma; and then she, too, laughed. 'Run back to your play, dear,' she said, cheerily. 'It was only a mistake, it seems.'

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that colored them instead of anger. 'I just heard them talking about being cross, and I supposed that meant me,' he explained.

'It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it?' mamma asked.

'If your father had overheard that conversation, mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, 'would he have thought the girls were talking about him?'

'Of course not,' said Paul, indignantly.

'A boy who tries his best to do right doesn't need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of a boy will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him.'—The Weekly Wellcome.

The "Intelligencer" desires the earnest co-operation of all the ministers in its behalf just now.

Will our brethren kindly give some special attention to this matter? They can help the paper by calling attention to the importance of prompt renewals.

A Manly Boy.

It was a crowded railway station, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street-cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box, or bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the centre of the room. A small boy called 'Tillygram and broken needle,' which last meant the Brooklyn Eagle. Another boy shouted 'Cough candy and lozenges, five cents a paper.'

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through a door, near which a young staid and yelled, 'Rapid transit for East New York!'

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time.—Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles and though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not seem to get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old, wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

'See there, Harry; see Fred, that's what he dashed back for!'

'No; you don't say so? I thought he went for peanuts.'

'No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?'

'Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her budgets? I gave it a good kick.'

'Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry? And they pounded on the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head, and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

'Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be left again.'

'Never mind, boys; off with you; I'm going to see her through.'

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train, 'Isn't he a goose?'

'No,' was the indignant answer; 'he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself.'

'Pooh, you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push.'

'I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket.'

The train whirled away. The next one came. 'Rapid transit for East New York; all aboard!' shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his light young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his own mother, he 'saw her through.' And when the gate shut it turned to my book with a grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—Silver Cross.

There are some subscribers — well meaning, doubtless, but a little neglectful, whom we wish would read Rom. 13:8, think of it a few minutes, and then act.

"But Then."

It was a queer name for a little girl and it was not her real name—that was Lizzie; but everything called her 'But Then.'

'My real name is prettier; but, then I like the other very well,' she said, nodding her brown curls merrily. And that sentence shows how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable, rainy day, and they couldn't play out of doors, Lizzie assented brightly. 'Yes; but then, it's a nice day to make our scrap-books.'

When Rob fretted because they had so far to walk to school, his little sister reminded him, 'But then, it's all the way through the woods, you know, and that's ever so much more nicer than walking on the hard pavements of a town.'

When even patient Aunt Barbara pined a little because rooms in the new house were so few and small compared with their old home, a rosy face was quietly lifted to her with the suggestion, 'But, then, little rooms are best to cuddle up all together in—don't you think so Auntie?'

'Better call her 'Little But Then,' and have done with it,' declared Bob, half vexed, half laughing. 'No matter how bad anything is, she is always ready with her 'but then,' and some kind of consolation on the end of it.'

'Just look at all the snow going to waste without our having a chance to enjoy it!' said Will, one day; 'and the ice, too—all because we couldn't bring our sleds with us when we moved.'

'But then, you might make one yourself, you know. It wouldn't be quite so pretty, but it would be just as good,' said little 'But Then.'

'Exactly what I mean to do when I get money enough to buy two or three boards; but I haven't even that yet, and the winter is nearly half gone.'

'If we only had a sled to-day, sister could ride, and we could go on the river,' said Bob. 'It's just as near that way, and we could go faster.'

'It's a pity,' admitted the little girl. 'But, then, I've thought of something; that old chair in the shed! If we turn it down, its back would be almost like runners.'

'Hurrah! that's the very thing!' interrupted the boys.

The old chair was dragged out and carried down to the river, and away went the merry party.

'What is that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes,' said Will, pointing to a dark spot a little way out in the ice.

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be a little girl.

'I slipped and fell on the ice,' she exclaimed, 'and I've broken my leg.'

The poor child was borne safely home; the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon, and hear his verdict that 'young bones do not mind being broken; she will soon be out again as well as ever.'

'Wasn't it good that it was only the old chair we had to-day?' asked little 'But Then,' as she told the story at home 'O auntie, I had the nicest time!'

'I believe you had,' answered Aunt Barbara, smiling; 'for a brave sunny spirit that never frets over what it has not, but always makes the best of what it has, is sure to have a good time. It doesn't need to wait for it to come; it has a faculty for making it.'—Selected.

Grandmother's Thimble.

'Oh, dear, how I do hate work!' said Lily.

'Have you got much to do, dearie?' asked her grandmother, gently.

'All that!' replied Lily, holding out a long seam with a dismal sigh. 'Oh, do, granny, tell me about yourself when you were little.'

'Well, your dislike of needle-work reminds me very much of my own childhood. You know it was not the fashion then for girls to play games as you do now, and I often got into sad scrapes for running and climbing with my brothers instead of sitting quietly at my needle. One day my mother spoke seriously to me and said I would never be a useful woman unless I tried to learn a little more, which made me cry and promise to do my best. Finally, she kissed me and promised that, when I should have finished a set of shirts which I was then making, she would give me a gold thimble of my own. I really did try very hard and at last the shirts were finished and I went triumphantly to claim my prize.

'Yes, you, deserve it,' said mother when I put it on. 'But be careful where you keep it.' I promised and flew to the school-room to put away my work, when one of the boys called out they were going for a walk. Down went my work and new thimble on the table and out I ran to join them. We had a delightful ramble; and on my return I went to the school-room to find my work there, but not the

thimble. High and low I searched, but it was gone. In terrible trouble I went to the boys (not daring to confess to mamma); and we hunted every where together, but in vain. Suddenly Alfred looked out of the window.

'Look at old Jack,' he said. 'What has he got there?' We had a tame crow, who used to live in the garden, and was now hopping over the lawn with something glittering in his beak.

My thimble! I cried, springing through the window; and we both raced after the naughty bird, but too late. With a wicked croak of triumph, he flew toward the pond at the bottom of the garden and dropped the precious prize into the water.

'O you dreadful bird!' I cried, and fairly burst into tears. 'Never mind, old girl!' said Alfred. And, in a twinkling, he had tacked up his trousers and waded in. It was shallow just there; and to my relief, he spied the thimble where it had lodged against a stone, and restored it to me.

'Dear old boy! I love it for the memory of that bit of help!' And granny drew the thimble from a case, where it rested in company with an old faded photograph. 'I couldn't part with it now; but some day you shall have it, Lily.'—Exchange.

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Short Pointers.

It is said that chickens will relish boiled whole wheat.

Whitewash in the stables is useful as well as ornamental.

A well-fed animal is generally profitable, but a half starved one is always worthless.

During the cold weather when you give the hens their mash let it be warm—not hot.

The liberal use of a curry-comb and a good blanket will save on the horse's feed bill.

Stock that are kept in cold quarters have a hard time to give a good account of themselves.

It is a good plan to wrap common newspaper around each one of the apples that are kept for family use.

Proper feeding is the forerunner of health among the animals, and good health is the main road toward a good profit.

Wash the milk vessels with cold water before scalding them. It saves a lot of time, and with the same amount of labor you can get them much cleaner.

The wings of the bird bears bear the bird; it is even so with many of our burdens.

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