| Wish and | Will.

THE WORLD NAME OF TAXABLE BOOK OF THE WAR

Wish and I Will, so my grandmother says Were two little boys in the long ago, d I Wish used to sigh, while I Will used

r the things he desir d; at least, that's Grandma tells me, and she ought to know.

i h was so weak, so my grandmother

That he longed to have some one to help ad while he'd stand still and look up at

d sigh to be there to go coasting, I Will Would glide past him with many a shout. ev grew to be men, so my grandmother

And all that I Wish ever did was to dream and to sigh that life's hill was so

hile I Will went to work and soon learned if we try.

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Hil's are never so steep as they seem. Wish lived in want, so my grandmothe

t I Will had enough and a portion to hatever he thought was worth winning

he sought ith an earnest and patient endeavour that brought of bl ssing a bountiful share.

whenever my grandma hears anyone A method she seeks in his mind to instill

r increasing his joys, and she straight way employs e lesson she learned from the two little

Whose names were I Wish and I Will -Nixon Waterman.

## I Trust You.

was only twelve years old, and, I ink, the youngest and most successpick-pocket and thief-in general in ighton. I had been driving a brisk ade for four years, and had never een 'nabbed,' nor even, I believe, charge suspected. I had a round, rosy, innoto buy cent-looking face, and very good anners when I chose to assume them. One wet dreary day in October 1 and, like Othello, that, for the time eing, my occupation was gone; it was Inte in the afternoon, the shopkeepers ad put up their shutters, the very v people in the streets kept my hands out of their pockets by keeping elling heir own in.

I was lounging against the railings Albert Street, feeling rather down the mouth, when a door on the her side was opened, and a clear iging whistle attracted my notice. A ung man stood on the steps, holding me letters in his hand. I dashed ross, and touched my cap.

Can you post these for me?' he inaired. 'I am sorry to send you in elf, as I am not well.' I noticed then ur years of age, but his face was hide away among the green leaves. hite and thin, with a bright crimson ins stood out like cords on his most transparent. He had a thick dow. 'There is a birdie washing his aid wrapped round him, but he face, too,' he cried. vered in the damp air.

'Thank you. Here's a shilling for quite approved of rainy days. u. And will you also run round to

'Certainly sir.' But all my profesonal cunning could not keep the dethink the beautiful eyes read my oughts. The invalid's thin white ly he was talking to himself. nd rested lightly on my shoulder, d he looked me straight in the face. 'I trust you my boy,' he said

'You may, sir,' I answered promptly, his shoulder at the illustrated catalogue. touched my cap again.

of pain as he turned away. hurried off on my errands.

w!' I said to myself as I dropped e letters in the post-box, with that ntle I trust you' ringing in my ears.

d I'm blest if they had reason to; t here goes to old Gordon's.' Albert Street. I wanted to tell the away the whole apple.' in who had trusted me, that for the

With a far greater pain than I felt well as two-faced per en my father was taken to prison breaking a policeman's head, I saw t all the blinds were down. With

steps and rang the bell. A sourking woman opened the door.

What do you want? she demanded.

No, you can't ; he's dead !'

regardless of the passers-by. 'Come inside, boy, and tell me what

is the matter,' said the woman. I sobbed out my story, and begged her to let me just look at my friend.

'What is the matter?' inquired a gentle voice. And I turned to see a young lady, with fair hair, and gray eyes dimmed with weeping.

This boy wants to see your brother. Miss Graham,' said the landlady, briefly; 'he says he speke kindly to him yesterday.'

'At what time?' she asked, eagerly. 'Late in the afternoon, please, miss,'

She glanced at the woman. 'Perhaps he was the last one darling Claude spoke to,' she said, trying to

steady her voice. into his room at half-past five he was

as you know.' 'Come here, and tell me what he said to you,' said Miss Graham gently.

I repeated all I had told the landlady. 'So like him!' she murniured, with

tears in her eyes. 'And you would like to see him? Come with me, then." She led the way upstairs to a quiet room, where lay the lifeless form of

the only man who had ever spoke

kindly to me. He lay as if asleep, the fair head turned a little to one side, the white hands folded in a natural position on the breast, and on the calm features rested the peacefulness of that repose which 'God gives to His beloved.'

My tears fell fast as I gazed at the sweet face. 'I wanted to tell him that I kept my word,' I sobbed, 'but now he will never know.

The bereaved sister laid her hand on my arm. 'Ask God to prepare you to go where he is going, and then you can tell him'

'I will,' I answered, checking my tears. 'Please, miss, may I just kiss She nodded, and I kissed the cold

rigid lips which only a few hours before had uttered that gentle 'I trust you, my boy.' 'I'll starve afore I'll steal again,' said, as I followed Miss Graham from

And I kept my word. I am now, happy man, but I eagerly anticipate the day when I shall meet my first friend in the better land, and be able to tell him how much his trust in me has accomplished.—E. R. Marsh.

## The Two-Faced Apple.

garden, Linda could see the pretty e rain, but there is no one here to flowers hanging their pretty heads, all him from a distance, advance. ke them, and I dare no go out my- dewy with the heavy mist. Only the brave little pansies looked up at her, at he looked very ill. He was tall as she stood at the window watching nd slender, not more than twenty- them; the other flowers were trying to

'O Harry,' she cried, 'just come and oot in either cheek, and his large clear see the pansies! Don't they look as ey eyes shone like stars; the blue if they liked to have the r faces washed?" Harry left the block bridge he was mples, and the long thin hands were carefully building, and ran to the win-

In a little pool near by, a sparrow 'I'll post them, sir,' I said quickly. was splashing merrily about as if he

'Wouldn't it be jolly fun if I could r. Gordon's—the vicar of St. John's jump into the water as he does? said hurch, you know-with this little Harry. 'I don't like to stay in the house when it rains.

Grandfather had not ventured out of doors this rainy afternoon, but sat in thted grin from my face. That his great easy-chair, looking over a cket contained money; Mr. Gordon pile of old books and seed catalogues. ght bless his stars if he ever saw it. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'I don't know whether to believe it or not!' Evident-

'I wonder what it can be that grandfather doesn't believe?' thought Linda. 'What is it that you don't believe, grandfather?' she asked, peeping over

'Well, dearie, this book tells about He put his hand to his side with a a new kind of apple that has two faces. One is very sweet, like our nice Tallman sweets, and the other side as sour 'I'll be hanged if I can grab the bin as the winter greening. I don't know

what to think about it.' 'I shouldn't like that kind of an apple. It would be a real cheat,' said 'No cove ever said that to me before, Linda, promptly. 'If I bit the sweet side, I should think it was a nice apple, and should be disappointed to find the got a job that kept me all the next rest was sour; and if I were to taste y. When it was finished I ran round the sour side first, I should throw

'Quite logical,' said grandfather, st time in my life I had been worthy smiling, 'and yet I don't know why there shouldn't be two-faced apples as

Linda looked puzzled, What do you

mean, grandfather ? she asked. Well, I know a little girl who can be boldness of a street arab I ran up very sweet and agreeable. She brings my slippers and newspapers, and is all smiles and sunshine at times. Then, again, she is cross and fretful, and Please can I see the gentleman that pouts if she can not do just what she wants to do. Isn't that a great deal

'Dead !' I cried, bursting into tears, apple? If a stranger saw her when she was sweet and sunshiny, he would say, 'Well, that is a nice little girl and would know nothing about the cross side But suppose he should hear her scolding and crying, because something went wrong? Then he would think, 'That is a very naughty girl,' and would not know about her pleasant disposition and ways.'

'Now, grandfather, I'm afraid you mean me,' said Linda. Then she went and sat down by the window to think it over. If there was anything Linda despised, it was cheating. In the games at the school recess, she was very careful that everything should be honest. She would not cheat anybody for the world. And now, as she thought about grandfather's words, she was afraid that she had been cheat-'Very likely, miss, for when I went | ing pe ple, after all. By and by, she went over and stood beside grandquite unconscious, and never recovered father's chair with a very determined

look upon her face. 'I'm just going to have one face after this, grandfather,' she said, 'and I think a smiling face is the prettiest, so that I shall try always to be goodnatured. If I am cross, will you please say, 'Sour apples!' and then I shall remember. You see I don't mean to be a cheat, and have people think I

am good when I am naughty so often. For a little while, grandfather had to say 'Sour apples' quite often, but Linda was in earnest, and at last she was able to keep her face bright and happy nearly all the time.

'I'm glad you told me about that two faced apple,' she said to grandfather one day, 'for if you hadn't I might never have known how I was more comfortable to have just one face; people know what to expect of way .- Selected. you then,' she added sagely.

'We all are very apt to have company manners and faces that are better than those we use every day. I shouldn't wonder if there were many little girls who ought to know about that two-faced apple. Perhaps they might learn to say, 'Sour apples,' too, said her grandfather. Sabbath-school Visitor.

### How They Treat Snobs at Eton

The general impression is that an Eton boy, coming as he does almost exclusively from the aristocratic classes by God's goodness, a prosperous and of England, is a rather snobbish per son. Perhaps he is until it is 'taken out of him' in his earlier days, but taken out' it surely is.

Some of the stories of the reforming processes are very funny. There's one apocryphal tale that is said to be thoroughly characteristic. If not true, it might be.

It was a dull, rainy day. Out in the manner, is observed wandering about in them owing to the short rides the alone. Some older boys, having eyed

'Who are you?' they ask. 'I'm Lord Blank. I've just come 'Well, who else are you?' 'My sister is Lady Blank.'

'My father is the Earl of Blank.' 'Go on.

'My grandfather is the Duke of

'Go on? What more do you want \*No more!' they shout, and straight way they set upon him and skillfully kick him across the playground.

"There's one kick for you; that's a lord!' they cry as they go 'And two for your sister; that's a lady! There's three for your father, who's an earl, and four for your grandfather, who is a duke; and if you ever put on any more airs around here, you'll get it all over again. Do you understand?

the story himself of how he fell into disgrace when he first arrived at Eton. It seems that he was very fond of his grandfather, the old Duke of Buccluegh, and used to talk about him a great deal. He was not even sophisticated enough to take warning from the ominous silence that greeted every mention of the old gentleman's name, but prattled on.

Finally one day the boys arose en masse. They were at the top of a long hill, when Sir Walter lifted up his voice in innocent praise of 'my grandfather, the duke. The first he knew the air was full of fiends who were kicking him down the hill, screaming at him: 'Take that for your grandfather, the duke !'

mercy. Then they stopped. 'Did you have enough? they said. 'All voi wanted? I said I had. 'Well, young you're in Eton! This is a boys' school. It isn't a school for snobs!' '- Leslie's

IF TAKIN IN TIME THE D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most the ground, serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & which he used in the under part of his like your description of the two-faced Lawrence Co., Ltd.

### Bobby's First Experience.

When Uncle John came home from Europe what do you think he brought to Bobby? Why, a watch, a really truly watch, that would keep time. Of course, as Bobby was only six years old, he was rather young to take care of a nice watch like that, but Uncle John showed him how to wind and set it, and so Bobby kept his watch in first-rate order. But one day he noticed a speck of dirt on its face. "Ho, ho," said Bobby to himself, "I don't want my nice, new watch to have a dirty face. I'll wash it.

So he went up in the bathroom and put the watch in a bowl of warm water and rubbed plenty of soap on it. He even took a little brush and scrubbed the inside works, so there shouldn't be a speck of dirt about it anywhere. Then he wiped it dry with a clean towel, and put it back into his pocket.

Well, after that it didn't seem to go as well as usual, so Bobby decided it needed oiling. He got his mother's oil can from her sewing machine, and carefully oiled all the wheels of his watch. But still it didn't seem to go

Then Bobby happened to think that perhaps the weather was too cold for it, so he went out into the kitchen and put it in the oven for a while. It got so hot he had to take it out with a pair of tongs, and then he put it out of doors in a big snowdrift to cool off. But, do you know, even after all that careful treatment that hateful old | watch wouldn't go right, so Bobby cheating people. It's ever so much gave it back to Uncle John and said he didn't care much for watches, any-

### Dogs that Can Tell the Time.

The Oriental Express, the famous train from Paris to Constantinople, arrives, it seems, three times a week, at a certain hour in the afternoon. When the train comes in there are always many dogs ready to receive it. Before the passengers have had time to get out, the dogs jump into their carriages and search everywhere under the seats and in the corners for the scraps of luncheon left by the passengers; and when they have found all the pieces they go away. The remarkable thing is that they never come at any time except when the Oriental Express is due; that they never make a mistake in the day, and always remember that between Friday and Monday there are two days and not one. They pay no attention to local A new boy, a boy of great dignity of trains, because little or no food is left

passengers take. Exactly this same knowledge of the time table and of the difference between local and longdistance trains has been noticed at the stations of the Asiatic railways in Scutari, across the Bosphorus.—St. Nicholas.

## What a Beaver Did.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett, son of the late Superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver, which he relates in The North and West. A large willow tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's inclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb, com-The present Sir Walter Scott tells menced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again and with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch.

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work fence. The cause of his sudden movement was soon apparent. He had 'They kept it up,' he says, 'until I heard in the distance the sound of came to my senses enough to cry for the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disapfellow, bear it in mind that it isn't half point the beaver, although sorry to of what you'll get if you ever mention | see his task interrupted, gave him hi your grandfather, the duke, as long as usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it, and was seen swimming about the pool until about half past five. Then he returned to his

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of

An old colored preacher was asked to define Christian preseverance. He answered, 'It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly

and lastly, to nebber leave go.' You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself .- John Ruskin.

'Success is costly if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood.

### FIRST AND FOREMOST.

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The favorite family cathar ic Hood's Pills.

## Hints on Health.

Never hurry the sick while eating. Pleasant little surprises help great-

Never talk about disagreeable things

Something from a neighbor's is often

Neighbors, just please remember this when you can furnish some little

It is oftenest best not to speak of the food until served. A cheery face and voice help to

make the tray attractive. Have everything neat and dainty

bout the tray, stand or table. Anything disliked should be carefully put out of sight or changed. Wet a clean wash cloth and freshen

the face and hands before eating. A hot drink at bedtime often rests, refreshes and sooths both the sick and

A little nourishment at regular hours during the night is needed by the very weak.

A little hot drink to slip between meals for the weak or the ager, and the tired also, is a tonic. The remembrance and thoughtful-

ness of one's weakness and need warms the heart and aids digestion. If food must be given when there is no relish for it, make it plain, but nourishing. Give in such cases I unc-

tually as you would a medicine.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms, Head ache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will os effected.

TELL THE DEAF .- Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of nine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of a cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week.

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