Awful.

There is a little maiden Who has an awful time; She has to hurry awfully To get to school at nine.

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She has an awful teacher; Her tasks are awful hard: Her playmates all are awful rough When playing in the yard

She has an awful kitty Who often shows her claws; A dog who jump upon her dress With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister With an awful little n se, With awful cunning dimples, And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers, And they are awful boys; With their awful drums and trumpets They make an awful noise.

Do come. I pray thee common sense Come and this maid defend; Or else. I fear her awful life Will have an awful end. -Toronto Globe.

Tommie's Experience.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

The bright October sun looked down upon a very naughty boy this morn ing. It was little Tommie Ellis; and he was running as fast as his feet could carry him up Miss Morrison's back vard toward the cellar window, which was open just wide enough for his small fingers to enter.

If his fingers, why not his feet? S reasoned Master Tommie; and by din. of much pushing he at last succeeded in making the opening wide enough to admit his plump little body.

His mother sat at her window, sew ing. She had told Tonimie most emphatically that he must not go to Miss Morrison's this morning. But mamma could not see him from that side of the house: and Tommie squeezed himself into the little opening, feeling very hot and out of breath. For an instant his fat legs dangled in the air. Then he let go, and found himself in Miss Morrison's coal-bin.

This was not exactly what he had expected. It was some minutes before he could recover himself and stand upon the smooth, rolling pieces; but he accomplished that feat at length. Holding to the top of the bin, he gave a spring and landed upon the cellar

The floor was clean, but Tommie was not. He looked ruefully at his black hands, and his clothes begrimed with coal dust. His face, fortunately, he could not see; but he could see that his feet made dusky tracks with every step, and he thought anxiously of Katy's immaculate cellar stairs. He had half a mind to turn back. But how could he do that when he was so near the promised land? No, he must go on at all hazards.

So up the spotless stairs he tramped How still it seemed! No walking overhead. No sound of singing, as Katy was wont to do over her work. 'They're doing something up in the

attic,' thought Tommie. 'I'll go and find them. Won't they be s'prised?' But, alas! the surprise was for Tommie himself. He was on the top stair now, and he grasped the door it backward and forward with frantic energy, though he pushed the door with all his might, it would not yield

'Miss Morrison! Miss Morrison! he called as loud as he could. 'I'm here. Come, Miss Morrison! Come! But there was no answer. The stillness was becoming painful. Then suddenly Tommie remembered that

a hair. It was securely locked.

Katy had said she was going away to | dow.' spend a few days with a sick sister-That was the reason the kitchen was so very still.

'Don't b'lieve she's gone to the city,' he soliloquized. 'Don't b'lieve she's pened to Tommie?' gone to buy anything.' She's go 'most everything.'

Morrison had gone to the city. He rubbed his eyes with his little hour. 'Oh, where can he be?' black hands, and the salt drops made he was sure that she could not hear.

dusty coal-bin and the narrow window. | door. What would his mother say?

He went slowly back into the cellar. the furnace. Nothing anywhere to begone little figure, crying silently.

reassure a sinking little heart. smooth, and there were no loop-holes for small fingers to cling to. But higher it seemed than when he had let the tears roll down his cheeks as were well if all the king's subjects and making everybody who interferes date a few transient boarders

vain he made little piles of coal to trouble to wipe them away.

and eyes. There was nothing for it | door behind him was turned, the door | love all the cripples we know. Why but to let himself drop from the bin opened, and—yes, it was Miss Morriagain to the cellar floor. It was any- son. Tommie did not see it. He was cry- dear, dear little boy!

get ont. step, and sat there. There was a line give him up then; but the two ladies of light under the door; and, looking | walked quickly down the street to through it, he could see the white Tommie's own house, and never kitchen floor and where the legs of the stopped until they reached the bathtable touched it. How bright and room, when they took off his clothes

'If I had my hatchet here, I'd break | Then, with a hug and a kiss, and sank, sobbing, on the stair again.

near it, and vet an exile.

stairs, and startled Tommie by a sym- forgot everything in sleep.

and looked meaningly at the door, as Morrison's, mamma.' if to say, 'Why in the world are you staying here?

look. "That door won't open, Buffy," said he; and the tears came thicker

And so they sat for what seemed to both feel just like it you may tell Commie a whole, whole day. He clasped Buff in his arms, and pussy's sympathy was a great comfort. But, oh! it was so lonesome and so still.

He was very tired, and Buff was very soft and warm. The little boy leaned his aching head against the wall. Would anybody ever come ? and, when they came, would it be at the front door or the back door or the side door! The front door-or the back-Here Tommie stopped thinking, for a while.

Manima ineanwhile had become very much interested in her work. When the clock struck twelve, she started up, surprised that the morning had gone so

'I will go and see what has become of my little man,' she thought; and she went out into the garden. There, under a tree, was Tommie's rake and hoe, and close to the fence stood his little yellow wagon; but Tommie was nowhere to be seen. She called, but there was no response. She went up and down the street, inquiring at the neighboring houses. She looked into the corner store, where Tommie sometimes liked to linger. No one had

She went back to her own house, and searched in every room, calling loudly. Still no Tomnie. Where could he be! Her face grew white with fear and anxiety.

briskly along, with a well-filled shop ing-bag upon her arm. She stopped | cropping the grass beside him. to caress a sooty-looking cat, which

there, I should like to know? You couldn't have squeezed in at the win-

as she spoke, and, to her astonishment | blankly round. Then the children saw found that it was wide open. Then | that the rich dress covered a stunted But Miss Morrison herself-where she turned suddenly, and met her and misshapen body. neighbor's appealing eyes.

'What is it? Has anything hap-

faltered his mother. 'He was naughty | ish figures opposite. But Tommie was mistaken. Miss this morning and very cross because I He sat down and waited patiently off feeling very much injured, but I hurt, sir? Dick and I are strong and for a while. Then the tears came. thought he'd forget it all in half an can perhaps help you to rise.'

white channels in his grimy cheeks. me, repeated Miss Morrison, thought-'Miss Morrison! Miss Morrison!' he fully. Then she looked again at the called again, but faintly this time; for open window. 'Wait a minute,' she exclaimed; and she almost flew up the He must go home, then, through the steps and quickly opened the front who are you, young sir, who call the

She ran through the house to the kitchen, unlocked the cellar door, and | hands clenched as he drew himself up. How lonely it was! No bright fire in | there, on the upper step, sat a woe-

The sides of the bin were high and | quietly for a while; but, at length, arm thrown around the angry boy. Buff, hearing some noise outside, tore | 'We all love the king, sir, and would | himself away from the little boy's die for him. Every night we pray Tommy at length discovered an old entreating arms, and rushed out God save the king, and conquer all box, by the aid of which he found him- through the coal and the dust, as he his enemies.' self again upon the smooth, black had come in. Then, feeling that his The man's face softened into a smile One way a hornet shows his smartness coal! But the window! How much last friend had deserted him, Tommie but his eyes were dim as he said, 'It is by attending to his own business, School Students. She can also accommo

stand on. As soon as his feet touched | But what was this! A click at the Dick,' and all fear but none love me.' them, they treacherously divided, once outside door. Footsteps in the passage. or twice throwing him down. His feet 'He tried to call out, but somehow he were tired, his hands ached, and the couldn't find his voice; and, really coal-dust filled his poor little mouth there was no time. The key of the

and took him to the hall, where his He made his way again to the upper mother stood trembling. Nor did she cheery it was there, -and he was so and dropped them gently to the piazza below until they could be cleansed.

this door down,' he thought, shaking with a suspicious moisture in her own it in childish desperation. Then he bright eyes, Miss Morrison said goodby, and manma gave Tommie a bath, But there was one member of Miss at which he did not rebel as was his Morrison's family who highly approved wont. And when he had taken a cup of the opening of the cellar window; of hot milk which Bridget brought and that was Buff, the large yellow cat. him, and was saugly tucked up in his No sooner did he perceive it than he little bed, such a delicious sense of availed himself of the unexpected comfort stole over his tired limbs that privilege. He ran noiselessly up the he closed his eyes, and for a while tell fine stories of the wars, and I mean

When he awoke, mamma was sitting | fight for the king. Tommie stroked him silently; and by his bedside. She stooped to kiss Buff curled himself up in the little him, and he put one small arm about boy's lap, wondering at the salt drops her neck. Then he said in a wee, which found their way to his soft fur. faint voice, that hadn't a particle of He raised his head from time to time, triumph in it, 'I did go to Miss

'I know you did, Tommie.'

'I was all full of coal. I-I-' the Tommie understood the questioning little red lips were quivering again. Mamma stopped them with kisses.

And Yet a King.

mamma all about it.'

BY G. H. F.

Many hundred years ago, in the reign of Richard III., a boy and girl were playing in the woods of 'Merrie England.' The sky was as bright then as now, the air as pure, and the children's hearts as light despite the troublous times.

Suddenly a horn sounded through the glen, and the boy sprang to his feet with sparkling eyes.

'The huntsmen, Eleanor!' he cried excitedly - 'Come on !' and he rushed off in the direction of the clearing, followed by the little girl as quickly as her long, quaint dress would allow her. A bright spot of color flashed across

the opening in the trees, followed by another and another, and the boy stopped with a sob of disappointment. 'We've missed them !' he cried.

'Never mind Dick !' panted the little girl behind him, 'we may see them going down the hill !' and they rushed on again, reaching the clearing just in time to see the gay cavalcade sweeping out of sight. The children's eyes were dim with tears as they gazed after it. but they were suddenly startled by hearing a low groan behind them. They glanced round quickly and fear-Just at this moment, to her great | fully, and saw a man lying at some knob confidently; but though he turned | relief, she saw Miss Morrison walking | little distance, while a beautiful white horse with rich trappings was quietly

Eleanor with a little cry of fright, had, apparently, just come from the turned to fly, but the older and braver Dick caught her hand. 'See Eleanor ! 'Naughty Buff!' she exclaimed, with- it is only some poor man who has been drawing her hand in disgust; you ve thrown, and the others have gone on been on the coal; and how did you get and left him,' he said indignantly 'we can perhaps help him.' As they reached the prostrate figure it struggled

angrily,-they have never noticed-'I don't know where Tommie is,' | then he became aware of the two child-

wouldn't lot him go to you. He went forward and asked gently, 'Are you

'Dick !' said the man, without heed-'Cross because he couldn't come to ing her question, 'ah! mayhap a namesake of mine.'

'I am called after our good king, sir, replied the boy, proudly. The man laughed bitterly. 'And

king of England good? The boy's eyes flashed, and the small

'I should right anyone who said he was not good!' he blurted out and the Tommie and Buff had slept together little girl interposed gently with her

name, but people call me 'Crooked thing.

Eleanor gently, kneeling down beside it as long as his friends will listen to the twisted figure and gazing into the him. One day a hornet stung my pa face above her with pitiful eyes. 'We there is old Margaret, who has lain in a month without talking about that bed for twelve long years and can hornet. thing but a clean floor now, but 'Why, Tommie! Poor baby! My move neither hand nor foot, and she is-oh! so good, and tells us wonderng bitterly with the anxiety of one | Something blinded Tommie's eyes; | ful stories of the court when she was | he has any business with you he will dreadful thought. He was shut up in but Miss Morrison caught him up, a young servantmaid there. Then attend to it at once, and then leave you Miss Morrison's cellar, and he couldn't coal-dust and all, in her strong arms, little Dolly Marsden is only ten years think I should, if I could never get out flowers; and she loves them so. I drooping banch, clasped tightly in a little hot hand, 'but I will give them ! to you instead,' pressing them into the man's hand—'and pick some more for

'Thank you my little maiden,' said

the man gently. 'And old John -you were forgetting him, Eleanor,' broke in Dick. 'He was a soldier, sir, and had both legs cut off, in France. He sits outside the cottage door every day and carves all sorts of things out of wood. He can

The man smiled at the boy's enthusiasm. 'You will make a brave soldier, my lad, but I hope you will not meet with a like fate.'

'And,' said the little girl, sinking her voice to a whisper, 'our mother told us that our dear king, too, had a sore back and suffered-

There was a rattle of hoofs beside them, and a white-faced courtier sprang 'We won't talk about it now, dar- from a foaming horse and fell on his ling. Sometime, perhaps, when we knees-'My lord!' he gasped-'forgive -we only noticed now-the others come behind -

> 'Begone!' said the other sternly, 'no more excuses - and bring my horse to me here, it roams somewhere in the forest near by !'

> His face changed again as he turned to the wondering children. 'And are two loyal subjects of the

king going to help a poor cripple to rise?' he asked, smiling.

scrambled to their feet. Dick and share it with your other four minutes. cripple friends, and this ring keep in remembrance of him, and - and never

Now go !' The children ran off with words of thanks and many backward glances at the lonely, deformed figure.

orget to pray, 'God save the king.

'Look, mother, look!' they cried. rushing into their home a few minutes late. 'We met a man in the woods who had been thrown from his horse and he kissed us and gave us theseand, mother! he had beautiful clothes on, but he was a cripple'-and pityingly-'he said people called him Crooked Dick.' The mother listened wonderingly and gazed with amaze ment at the heavy purse of gold and the massive signet ring of Richard the Third King of England.-The West

The Idea! Bed-Chamber.

'The importance of the sleeping and bathing arrangements of a house is not half appreciated,' writes Maria Parloa in the November Ladies' Home Journal, giving some suggestions as to furnishing the house. Every bedroom should be provided with the into a sitting posture against the essentials for healthful sleep and the She looked toward the said window trunk of a fallen tree, and gazed daily sponge bath. As nearly as best medicine for Fever and Ague I possible, the room should be kept have ever used." free from anything that would tend to contaminate the air. It should be as 'The knaves!' they heard him mutter large as one can afford, and the windows so arranged that they may be they have left me here alone!' and opened at the top and bottom. If Railway. We at once commenced possible the floor should be bare and | bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' the rugs so small that they mey be Eleanor, pity making her brave went | taken outdoors with ease for cleaning and airing. Everything about the room should be washable. The bed for any emergency." should be light and fitted with strong casters, so that it may be readily moved; the springs ought to be firm and strong, and the mattress of a kind that will not allow the heaviest part of the body to sink, and to cause the sleeper to lie in a cramped position. My own preference is for a cheap hard mattress next the springs and a light one of hair on this, but any kind of a hard mattress is better than one that too soft. Above all, do not over urnish the bed-room.

A Boy's Essay on Hornets.

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies anywhere. He comes when he

dropped from it a short time ago. In they would, not even taking the were as loyal. I too, have the same with him wish they had done the same

When a hornet stings a fellow he 'We are not afraid'-broke in little knows it, and never stops talking about (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for

Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procrastinating. If to think it over to yourself. He don't Id and suffers such terrible pain in do like the mosquito, who comes foolher back—and she hardly ever cries. I ing around for half an hour singing, 'Cousin, cousin,' and then when he has into the woods to pick the beautiful | bled you all he can, dash away yelling, 'No kin.' A hornet never bleeds you; plucked these for her'-holding out a but if he sticks you, you will go off on

> I don't know anything more about hornets, only that Josh Billings says, 'A hornet is an inflamible (Josh was a poor speller) buzzer, sudden in his impreshuns, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end.'-Unidentified.

Scrofula the Cause.

Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white swelling, and consumption have their origin in scrofulous conditions. With the slightest taint of scrofula in the blood, there is no safety. The remedy for this disease in all forms is to be a soldier like him some day and Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the root of the trouble and expels all impurities and disease germs from he blood.

The best family cathartic is Hood's

Home Hints.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels and woolens.

Clothes lines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

White spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

Lunch cakes .- Take a cup of milk, a cup of sugar, a scant half cup of butter, two eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in flour to make a moderate thick batter. Bake in gem pans and eat warm.

Caramel sauce.—Melt one cupful of They laughed and grasping the sugar in a spider, stirring it all the hands held out to them, all three time, allowing it to become a delicate brown; add three-fourths of a cupful Then the strange man bent and of hot water, blending till smooth, and kissed the two bright faces. 'There, a tablespoonful each of butter and children, take this purse from Crooked | flour rubbed together. Cook together

Corn Muffins. - Separate two eggs : add to the yolks half a pint of milk and a tablesp onful of soft butter add one cupful of cornmeal and half a cupful of flour, with which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder; beat thoroughly. Fold in the well beaten whites and bake in twelve Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Diales & greased geni pans in a quick oven for twenty five minutes.

We are never free from temptation's presence, though we may be from its

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility.—Colton.

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