

HOW TO TAME HUSBANDS

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS WHO ARE MARRIED.

Not a Wild Animal—Meet Him When He Comes from Work—Don't Scold Over an Unexpected Guest—Let Him Smoke at Home.

He isn't a wild animal, girls, so don't start about it as if you were going to break in a mustang, who was sure to kick, and had a natural predilection towards "bucking!" Try kindness; you will be surprised to see how susceptible he is to that kind of treatment, and above all things, let him realize fully that you are both fond and proud of him, and make him understand distinctly that you would not trade him off for anyone else's husband you ever saw; not even if you were offered a large inducement in the way of "boot."

It is a strange thing, my dear girls, but there never was a little red-cheeked, tender-hearted baby, who loved being petted more than does the six feet of big, strong manhood, who is all your own. Cuddle him up a little, and pet him, and see how his nature will expand under the treatment. Why, that man will absolutely purr with satisfaction, and every suspicion of claw will be sheathed in the lions paws till they are simply great cushions of harmless, tawney fur. You must not fall into the very common error of thinking that because it is man's fate to battle with the world, in the great arena of life, he wants to live in a militant state always. He doesn't want to do anything of the kind; he gets enough of that sort of thing outside, and so at home he wants comfort and peace, and above all, love. He wants to forget the world and all its turmoil, and be a boy again if possible. Why does a man's heart always turn back to the days of his boyhood, in times of sickness or trouble? Simply because he wants mother, and mother—means love. He wants to be loved and comforted, and no one could ever do that like mother.

Mother, come back from the echoes here, Take me again to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the fawns of my care, Smooth the few silver threads out of hair,

he cries in utter forlornness. No one can ever be quite like her, the friend of his infancy; but still the woman who seems to him the most like her will always be the one he will love the best.

I know a girl whose lover was even fonder of her than the average lover is of his idol, so fond that he thought her simply perfect. He used to say she always made him think of his mother, till it became a sort of delightful joke between them, and at last he took to calling her "mother," just to tease her, but it did not tease her at all, and by-and-by it settled down into a regular love name, and he never called her anything else when they were alone. It was the highest compliment he could pay her, she said, and so she was proud of it.

Don't laugh, girls. Just think it over! and wonder in your own minds if you are suited to be so completely a man's ideal that he will compare you to his highest standard of womanhood. And if you think you are, why, try and keep your place, that's all. And another thing, do let your husband know more than you do occasionally. Don't be so anxious to convince him of your entire superiority that you won't bow to his judgment sometimes. Believe me, in most cases he does know better than you, unless you are unusually clever, and even if you are, don't keep the fact before his eyes all the time. It must have a depressing effect upon him. I don't think, if I were a man, I should like to marry a very clever woman. I would be a little afraid of her, and yearn for the dear little maid who did not know so much as I did myself, and who thought me a walking epitome of universal knowledge.

Do you want to keep your husbands, girls, after you have won them? Do you want them to be so fond of home, that they will never seek amusement outside of it, and the word "club" will not convey any delightful meaning to them at all? I hope so, I am sure. Well, then, to begin with, never, under any circumstances, unless you are ill, let your husband come into the house unmet. It may seem like a small thing, but believe me, it makes all the difference in the world to come home and find some one is expecting you, and has been watching for you. Always meet him in the hall with a cheerful salutation, something after this style, "Well, old boy, did you get back safely?" Silly, is it not? but very nice, all the same; and, don't, I beg of you, glance disapprovingly at his boots to see if he has brought in any mud. A little mud is easily swept up, and the day may come when you would be willing to sweep up a barrel full of mud, if you could only hear those same boots coming up the steps again.

"His very foot has music in't As he comes up the stair."

And another thing; if Jack, or Will, or Harry should bring a friend home to dinner with him, unexpectedly—it is very unpleasant, I know, because you know just what there is for dinner, and Jack, etc., has never thought about it—don't let either of the dear fellows see that it is unpleasant. Give them the best you have and a hearty welcome with it, and even though it should be only salt shad and potatoes, Jack's friend will go away remembering the wel-

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come more than the dinner and convinced that Jack has secured an angel on earth for a wife. Above all things don't make Jack feel that whenever he dares to bring a friend home to a meal, without asking leave, there will be an upheaval of the whole domestic system, and he will be in disgrace for a week. It is his house as well as yours, and do you ever ask him to bring your friends home to dinner or tea? I should think not. You expect him to entertain them and to walk home with them, no matter how far away they live, or how tired he is, and turn about it fair play.

Another thing; if Jack, or Harry likes to smoke, let him do it as much as he likes, and don't send him into the kitchen, or down to the cellar in his own house, as if he was a man servant. Why, I would rather sit in the room with my Jack, if the atmosphere was as thick as pea soup with smoke, than let the smoke separate us; let him feel that in my society he could not enjoy himself thoroughly. He must give up either the smoke or me. Even if you don't like it at first, you will soon get used to it, and to my mind there is no more delightful home picture than a man sitting in his big chair, with his slippers on, and his pipe in his mouth, puffing clouds of comfort ceilingward. And when Jack has his friends in to see him, let them all feel that they are welcome, heartily welcome. After you have convinced them of the fact and talked to them for a while, give them their freedom gracefully, say: "I know you all want a smoke and a chat by yourselves. Jack smokes all over the house, but he prefers the dining-room, because the sideboard is there, so you can take possession now, and when you are tired I shall be here." How those men will love you! because you know, girls, they don't want us all the time, of course they don't; they can have lots of fun among themselves, and it is more than likely that Jack will tell you most of it after they are gone, and how they said, "By jove, old fellow, it is just as good as being a bachelor, if I could find a wife like yours, I would get married tomorrow."

I wonder if I am getting prosy? Well, in case I should be, I'll stop now, with just two infallible maxims for keeping a husband good-natured and happy:

Always have the fire bright when he arrives, and the lower bar of the grate free from ashes, and never fail to have the cloth on the table when he comes in to dinner. It may not hasten the meal in the least, but the appearance of the cold undraped mahogany, or walnut, seems to postpone the arrival of dinner indefinitely, while the white cloth contains a promise of good things to come, which has an insensible effect on his spirits, and makes all the difference in the world between cheerfulness and gloom. Try it and see, is the best advice that can be given to you by

ASTRA.

AN OVERDUE ACCOUNT.

The Mean Man of Westmorland Goes Collecting.

Away down in the shiretown of Westmorland there lived a man—a mean man—whose name was the same as Mr. McDade's. He owned a boot and shoe store, and, although not inordinately rich, was still sufficiently beyond the reach of immediate want to feel himself justified in maintaining a large and constantly increasing family, and a nice horse and buggy as well. This was, no doubt, traceable to a deeply rooted and carefully preserved habit of taking care of the pennies, and at the same time keeping a cold eye on the pounds, instead of allowing them to look after themselves, as advised by ancient saw

It so happened that our friend perceived, or must have thought he did, a good chance of adding to his income by removing his business to a neighboring town, and, with that object in view, busied himself in collecting his outstanding accounts before removing his *Loves and Penates* to his new-chosen dwelling place. Among the number called upon by him for that purpose was Mr. C—, a gentleman whose eldest daughter, as it happened, had been married some six months previously. After satisfactorily arranging the family account, McDade calmly produced a bill for goods bought from him by the house-servant, remarking casually that, of course, Mr. C— would pay this amount, together with his own; and it was some minutes before C— could convince him that they could not agree on that particular point, and that he did not feel justified in clothing his servants and paying their various little bills. The shoe-dealer was moving away, disgusted, when another item occurred to him. "Oh! y-e-e-s," he drawled, "by the way, there was another little thing; you owe my little boy 10 cents for blowing the church organ, the time your daughter was married." C— paid it. FAGIN.

Uncle Sidney's Views.

I hold that the true sign of wisdom is when we are boys and girls, and not women and men; when, as credulous children, we know things because we believe them—however averse to the laws. I am faith then, not science and reason, I say. That is genuine wisdom—and would that, today, we, as then, were as wise, and infinitely best— as to live, live and die and trust God for the rest! S. I simply deny the old notion, you know, that the wiser we get as the older we grow. For in youth, all we know we are certain of; now the greater our knowledge—the more we allow facts—paid marriage and home I regret. Last the world isn't flat, and the sun doesn't set. And we may not go creeping up home when we die, through the moon, like a round, yellow hole in the sky.

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HOW IT IS IN MONCTON.

AN ALMS HOUSE TOO LARGE FOR ITS OCCUPANTS.

And a Police Force that Has a Little Racket of its Own—But They Haven't Got a Chief of Police—A New Policeman to Help the Marshal.

We have no idea of letting the St. John people imagine that they are going to have a monopoly in police circles. That they are going to drag that monopoly right into their holes and chew it up in comfort and seclusion, while the rest of the world look on enviously and wish they had some too. Perish the base thought! We have a police racket of our own—a little one for a cent, of course, in comparison with St. John's mammoth show—and all that worries us now is the fear that the denizens of the sea coast city will think we are trying to imitate them and infringe on their copyright, but we're not, all the same. We can't, you know, because we haven't got a chief of police, nor any luxury like that at all. We haven't got very much more than the row, to tell the truth, so we are naturally making the most of it, and trying to keep it nice and warm and in good health.

This is the way it happened, and, by the way, it is happening still, and is in robust condition at the present time of writing.

Some months ago the City Council requested the police committee to recommend a suitable man as a day policeman, an extra one being needed to assist the Marshal in the collection of taxes, and serving of legal papers—Scott Act papers in all probability—and after several weeks delay, the chairman of the police committee reported that they had no man in view, and declined to recommend anyone. In the face of this deadlock, but one course was open to the council, and they took it. They appointed a man themselves, and now the chairman of the police committee says the appointment is a blow aimed at the Scott Act, and he threatens to resign. The rest of the council say that if he does, the appointment of the new policeman, won't be the reason, and his retirement may not have any bad effect of the efficient enforcement of the Scott Act anyway—they even go so far as to hint that the chairman's conduct may be regarded as childish, and they are disposed to be very ungrateful for his past services, and thankless for favors to come. It is astonishing how long a man may serve his country without proper recognition.

A reminiscence of the late hospital agitation, which shook society to its very centre, comes to us lately, like the afterglow of a sunset or the perfume of a faded flower. I always said the almshouse was too large for its occupants—a sort of misfit as it were and now the powers that be have come around to my view of the matter and are agitating the conversion of a portion of that little used building into a place for the reformation of the ever present bad boy. The powers aforesaid have realized the fact that a great deal of space is being wasted, and that the Moncton boys of a certain class are not very good, so they are going to try and reconcile these two circumstances by turning part of the almshouse into a reformatory or workhouse, and collecting the juvenile lawbreakers, within its portals to their own, and the country's lasting advantage, and by discipline, precept, and example, turning those sinful kids into respectable members of society.

It is a good idea in my estimation, and now the hospital scheme may look confidently forward to a longer rest than ever.

MODEST JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Some Changes and Incidents Showing that He Still Lives.

Some people are still modest. The new minister said what I was a most extraordinary modest young fellow, the first day he called, 'cause I sit still, and never said nothin'. I'm afraid to, though, cause I that I'd burst right out laughin', he's so serious when he's talkin' of pa's uprightness, cause he didn't know what pa couldn't tell which was our house the night afore, when he's comin' home from the club, and climbed in the window of the old maid's house next door, cause he thort ma'd got her ginger up and locked him out. You orter heard the old maids screamin', cause they thort pa was a burgler, and he thort they was ma, cause he had so much aboard, what he thought he saw double. So he said, "hush dear, or you'll rouse the nayers," and they only screamed louder and said "Oh! It's a horrid man." Pa he caught hold of one, and she fainted, and then he knew what it wasn't ma, 'cause when he does that to her, she just ups with something, and makes pa get on his knees, and plead for mercy. There's a orful time though, for all the nayers come in and caught hold of pa, and I run in too. I knew 'twas him right away, so I got some ashes outter the old maid's stove, and rushed in and rubbed them over pa's face and clothes, so's they wouldn't know who he was. They said what he's a mysterious character, what the police was lookin' for, and took him off, but I told who he was afore they got to the lockup.

I suppose you thort our family was all angels 'cause I never said nothin' lately, but that's just the way all families is, 'cause nobody knows what they're doin'. I guess there's lots jest as bad as ours, but pa says is the GREATEST DYSPYPSIA CURE of the age. Test. K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada.

what they ain't got young sons what talks more nor a chief of police, and gives 'em away.

I guess the minister don't think what I'm so modest as I was, fur when they're all kneelin' down afore their chairs, I crawled up and pinn'd his long coat tails onto the bottoms of his pants, and then got back to my chair. Gosh! you orter seen his red stockings when his coat tails pulled his pants away up, and goodness didn't ma blush. She's as mad as ginger, but how could a young feller help doin' it when there's such a elegant chance?

The new minister's orful modest, 'cause he blusht near as red as his stockings, and said what it was a curious circumstance.

I suppose you didn't know what we left the other church, but ma was 'shamed to go back, and she said it was my fault. Anyway, what was me and Bill Johnson goin' to do when they wouldn't give us no money to buy things for our minstrel show which was a great success. So when ma give me five dollars to give to the young woman which comes round collectin' for the church, I give her 25 cents, and put down ma's full name, and me and Bill expended the rest judiciously on some wigs and a jim-dandy of a screen. Anyway, all the women in the congregation begun talkin' about how mean ma was to leave the 25 cents with her little boy 'cause she's ashamed to give it to the young woman herself. I guess they laffed as if they didn't believe it when she told them how it was.

Anyway, we left, and we're going to another one, now.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

A New Departure.

It gets easier and easier for the house wife to do her work. As time rolls on new ideas are introduced that are good, and are taking advantage of by the enterprising woman. Can she employ her time in a better way than by washing. Yes, there are lots of things she can do to greater advantage. Ungar does the whole business now, washing and ironing at 60 cents per doz. Does it nice, too. The Rough Dry has been a success, so will this.—A.

Have You a Farm For Sale?

The announcement that Mr. Boyce, who is by this time pretty well known to the farming portion of the province, has been authorized by the government to go to the old country, in the interests of the agricultural sections of New Brunswick, has been received with unusual favor—by the press and the people. Mr. Boyce's private efforts have been very successful, and there is every reason to think that his public services will be equally valuable. Some information over his own signature in another column, will be interesting to those owning saleable farms.

A bright family and cheerful home depends to a great extent on the cook and cooking, but for her to accomplish this she must have the best materials, and especially at this season of the year, such as apples, dried fruit, pure spices, cider, lard, mince meat, etc., etc., and the place to get them is at 32 Charlotte street, from J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

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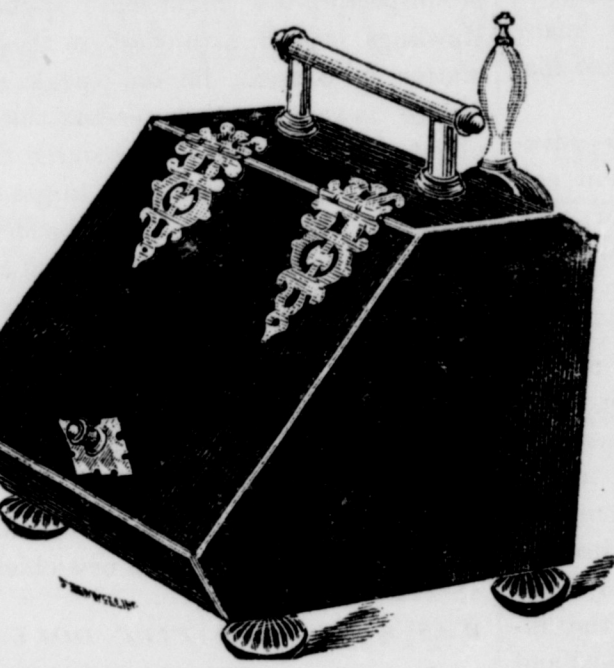
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