TWO NEIGHBORS.

MARY A. SAWYER.

"One—two—four—five. And two cracked ones," said Ellen Simmons, as she thoughtfully surveyed her small stock of dishes. "Yes, I suppose I can do it. It will be a lot of work, but perhaps I ought to do it. Let me see; plates, spoons, knives and forks—yes, I can make out. The girls will not mind if the plates are all of different sizes and different patterns. And if only three can have their coffee in cups, and the others must have theirs in my two majolica mugs, why, who'll mind? Jane Gerry will make some disagreeable remark, I suppose. She wouldn't be Jane Gerry if she didn't. I've half a mind not to invite her. Why should I? I don't want her prying eyes watching me. Besides, people who are always sneering at everybody, and always seeing the worst of everybody, and always gossiping about everybody, ought not to be invited to Christmas dinners. Jane Gerry is a malicious gossip. I'll not invite her. 'Twill serve her right if I ask Lucy and Hannah and Laura and Maggie and Sarah, and leave her out. She'd make fun of everything if she came, so I won't give her the chance. That settles it."

Ellen's housekeeping was on a small scale. A kerosene stove with an oven, a kerosene lamp with an attachment for boiling water, a few dishes, a couple of agate kettles, a baking pan and a tin tea-kettle—these were her all, and with them she had been supremely happy since the day when she had resolved to be independent of boarding houses. The other girls who lodged in the house laughed at her when she moved from her room into a larger one at the top of the house, and announced her intention. "There are two large closets in my new room," she said; "and one of them has a window. In that I'll do my cooking. I'll have coffee that shall be hot and clear not cold and muddy, and—oh, I'll have such lots of good things that you will all envy me."

Her experiment had been successful. At a less cost than her table board she had supplied herself with far more nutritious and healthful food. From time to time she had invited the girls to a cold Sunday lunch, but until now she had never contemplated giving a dinner-party.

She leaned back in her rocking chair and re-read the letter that had suggested it.

"If you cannot have a happy home-day," wrote her mother, "try, dear, to make it a happy day for some one of your friends. Do something to make the day bright for someone. Visit some sick person, get up a nice little supper for a homeless friend, or—"

At this point Ellen had broken off. "That's just like mother! She'd make it a veritable Thanksgiving and Christmas combined, if she were stranded on a desert island. She'd cheer somebody, somehow. Why can't I? Why, I can! I can send home for a turkey, and cook a dinner up here, and invite the girls. Mother would do it in a minute. She wouldn't consider the fuss. Well, I'm not mother, so I'll have to think about it."

She finished reading her letter, and then, surveying her small array of dishes, she made her decision.

"I won't invite Jane Gerry. That is certain," she repeated, as she folded the letter. But when she had put it aside, her face assumed rather a troubled expression. "How strange," she thought, "that mother should close her letter with the same text from which Dr. Parker preached last Sunday night: 'Do not let yourself be ungrateful, dear. Remember the blessings of your life, and be thankful. Grieve not the Holy Spirit by complaining of your lot, or by doing unkind deeds, or saying unkind words.' 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.' Yes, that was Dr. Parker's text. It was such an earnest sermon. It stirred us to wishing we could lead better lives—all of us, that is, but Jane Gerry. She was half asleep, she said; but if she had been wide awake she wouldn't have felt that any of it applied to her. Dear no! she'll be gossiping, mischief-making Jane Gerry to the end of her life. She'll be angry, and say all sorts of malicious things about me if I don't invite her, but I don't care what she says. I'll not have her prying into everything, and then sneering and laughing over my dinner next day. What a lovely time she would have, describing it to the rest of the girls in the store! Well, she'll laugh at something else. She'll not sit at my table Christmas Day!"

Thinking of Jane's shortcomings in the past, Ellen rocked back and forth for some moments. Suddenly, however she sat upright. "Why, what am I doing?" she exclaimed. "I heard every word of that sermon—I heard it. I said I would remember it, that I could not forget it. And now—and yet—oh, dear! why—I am grieving the Holy Spirit!"

It was in vain that she tried to excuse herself by rehearsing Jane's faults. Her gossip, her malicious gossip, her insincerity—why should she condemn her? How could she? Was she profiting by that sermon? Was she not ready to cast aside Christ's own commands?—"Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." "Love your neighbor." It was in vain that she said to herself that she would give up the dinner that she would invite no one, that she would spend the holiday with the sick children in the hospitals. That would be fulfilling her mother's desire. She would sit by them, and play dolls with them, and tell them stories. That would certainly be making the day a happy one for somebody.

All in vain. For, in her heart, she knew she ought to try to help Jane. Conscience spoke loudly. "You say you will love your neighbor as yourself. Why don't you begin with your nearest neighbor? You don't like her. You avoid her as much and as often as you can. Is that the way to help any one? Is it Christ's way?"

Ellen listened to the protesting voice, but though she admitted its grave charges, she would extend a friendly, helping hand to Jane.

"She's a little tale-bearer! She is a gossip! How can I be her friend? How can I like such people? Of what consequences is it, whether I make her happy or unhappy? She made me very unhappy by that horrid story last spring. She tried to injure me. She knew there was not a word of truth in it, yet she told it to ever so many people. Why should I bid her to my feast after that?"

Ten o'clock came—eleven, twelve; and still Ellen could come to no abiding decision. "I don't want her. I won't invite her." "I ought to. I must." Thus she wavered.

At last she rose. "I'll think of it until tomorrow night," she said. "Then I'll either invite her or leave her out."

A moment later tears rolled down her cheeks. "Oh, how wicked I am!" she sobbed. "Of course it's wicked to take my revenge. If she had said anything else, but to say I fried my potatoes in soap grease! To make all the girls laugh about my housekeeping, when she saw me fry them in butter. It was so mean! But, oh dear! it will be mean if I don't invite her. Oh, how hard, how awfully hard, it is to do right!"

Unable to sleep the next night, Jane Gerry overheard a conversation between the two girls who occupied the room next hers.

"What a lovely time we'll have!" said Lucy Jansen. "Isn't it good in Ellen to take so much trouble?"

"Awfully," replied Hannah Smart; "but Jane Gerry'll spoil everything, if she can."

"Oh, she won't be so mean!"

"You'll see! She won't say anything to me; but she'll make hateful remarks to Ellen about her cooking, just as she did the day she lunched with her. I'd have left her out if I'd been Ellen."

"I shouldn't think she would like to be so rude."

"She doesn't think it is rude. She thinks it is smart. She likes to make fun of people. She'd rather tell tales about them than not. She's an awful gossip. You don't know her, you've been here so short a time; but we know just what she is, and I wish Ellen hadn't invited her."

"Perhaps she will not go," suggested Lucy.

"Will not go! She wouldn't miss the chance of making fun of Ellen's table and Ellen's cooking for a week's salary! Why, every girl in the store will hear her account of it before dinner the next day. Go? She'll be the first one there! And she'll worry poor Ellen out of her senses."

"I wonder why Ellen invited her."

"Oh, she couldn't help herself. She's here, and so we all have to tolerate her."

"She seems pleasant."

"Two-faced. Awfully deceitful. Makes you think she likes you, and then makes fun of you."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Jane, listening intently, heard Lucy's voice: "I wish she had listened to that sermon last Sunday night. Perhaps it would have helped her."

"I don't know," answered Hannah, sleepily. "I don't suppose we ought to judge her; but how can we help it when she is always stirring us up with her evil tongue?"

"My evil tongue!" thought Jane. "*Their* evil tongues, I should say! Great good that sermon did them! What else will she say of me, I wonder?"

By a strong effort she kept back the torrent of angry words that rushed through her mind. "I mustn't miss a word," she thought. "I *must* hear. I'm a hypocrite, am I? What else, Miss Hannah Smart? Go on, do! Prejudice Lucy against me, make her hate me, tell her everything you can invent with your evil tongue, and then say we ought not to judge her! Great good to say that, after you've said every hateful thing you can think of!"

But, though she lay very still, not even a whisper reached her, and soon the regular breathing of the two girls told her they were asleep. Her anger became stronger as the moments passed. Over and over she repeated Hannah's words.

"What can I do? How can I be revenged? If I do anything at once, or say anything, they'll know I was listening, and I wouldn't have them know it for the world! I'll have to bide my time. I'll soon have a chance to pay off that score, Miss Hannah Smart, and won't I make you wince! That Ellen, too! What a hypocrite *she* is! Inviting me to a Christmas dinner—a *Christmas* dinner—and hating me in her heart all the time! *That's* a nice—"

A sudden rush of tears interrupted her. She buried her head beneath the coverings. "I'm crying!" she sobbed, "and it's all that hateful Hannah's fault! I wouldn't have her know it for the world! The idea of her talking so about me! I'm not a gossip! I don't tell tales! I don't make hateful remarks! I don't make fun of people! I am not awfully deceitful! I don't stir people up with my evil tongue! It isn't true! It is not true! It—is—not—true!"

But, even while she protested thus vehemently, memory convicted her. Denying its charges, admitting them, sobbing, resolving to go away and hide herself from every one, determining to stay until she had taken ample revenge upon each one of the girls, Jane tossed restlessly from side to side.

Towards morning, spent with her emotion, a sudden scheme presented itself, and she seized it gladly. "I'll not say a word to any one! I'll go to Ellen's dinner, and I'll praise every single thing! I'll be sweeter than honey to every one of the girls, and then for a month, a whole month, I'll not even mention it to the other girls. And then when they don't in the least expect it, won't I set off that dinner? Won't I pay off this score? Won't I?"

Happy for the moment in this resolve, she closed her eyes. "I'll get some sleep now that is settled," she thought. To her surprise, however, the text of the Sunday evening sermon, to which she had paid a closer attention than she had been willing to acknowledge, now came into her mind—"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "What makes me think of that? I have nothing to do with it."

"Nothing?" questioned conscience. "Think again."

Hard at work in her little closet-kitchen the night before Christmas, Ellen heard a faint rap upon her outer door.

"Now who can that be?" she thought, somewhat impatiently. "I told them not to come near me tonight. It will take me till after nine o'clock to get things ready, and I do not want to be interrupted."

She opened the door, and then, with a smothered sigh, she said: "Why, Jane Gerry, is it you?"

"May I come in? I will not stay long."

"I'm up to my eyes in work," answered Ellen, "but you can come in, of course. Though"—with a laugh—"I told the girls they mustn't come, and I thought you heard."

"I did hear," answered Jane, stepping into the room.

Ellen's face flushed, as she saw her glance toward the open closet door. "Spying already!" she thought. "That's just"—

She stopped suddenly. "Do not let yourself think ill of anyone," spoke the inner monitor. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit."

"Yes," continued Jane. "I did hear you, but—but—well, I waited till the others had gone out, and then I came up here, because—because—I *must* ask you a question."

"Yes?" said Ellen, closing the door. "Sit down, Jane. Don't feel that you must not stay. I am busy, but not too busy to help you if I can."

"I won't keep you long, but—but—Ellen, I want you to tell me the exact truth about something. I want you to tell me the exact reason why you invited me to your dinner party."

"Why I invited you?" repeated Ellen, a crimson flush suddenly overspreading her face. "Why, I invi—"

"Wait," said Jane. "I'll tell you why I want to know." She dropped wearily into the rocking chair Ellen pushed forward, and plunged at once into her story. "It's true, you see," she concluded, "that listeners never hear any good of themselves. But," with a forced smile, "it does them good sometimes. My eavesdropping will help me, I hope. I—I can see now that I did add a little here, and a little more there, to the things I told about people. I—I thought it made them more ridiculous; but, but—truly, Ellen, I didn't think what I was doing. And"—sadly—"perhaps I might not have cared if I had stopped to think."

Ellen listened with swiftly-changing feelings. Contempt for a girl who could deliberately listen at first swept aside all pity, but when she caught the trouble in Jane's excited voice her sympathy was aroused. She leaned forward when Jane ended her confession with a burst of tears, and put her arm around her.

"Jane," she said, "you have, indeed, grieved the Holy Spirit; but so have I. Christ would have tried to make you see that it is not right to talk about others in that way. He would have tried to help you. But I—who profess to be His follower—I have never once tried. I have condemned you, I have been very angry with you, and I have held myself aloof from you. We have both sinned, Jane, both of us, but we can try, we can ask Him to help us love one another."

Late though it was when Ellen had finished her preparations, she wrote a hurried letter to her mother.

"I cannot go to sleep until I have told mother," she said, "for it will make her happier all the day. It won't take but a moment to rush across the street to the letter-box, and I can steal down the stairs without awakening any one."

Over the story of Jane's struggle and her own conflict her tears fell fast, but a smile lighted her face as she added a postscript:—

"And so, my dear mother, with another good-bye, and another 'Merry Christmas,' I assure you again that it will be a happy, merry Christmas dinner. I will find time in the morning to tell the girls, and we will all try, for that one day at least, to see Jane's good points. Poor Jane! She will want to laugh, I know and I hope she will let herself—when she sees me serve my turkey on two tea plates (I have no platter) and my gravy in a yellow pint bowl, and a cracked one at that. But she will not make me a laughing stock afterwards. Of that I am certain. Poor Jane! She says it will be hard, struggling up-hill work for her to conquer a fault she has been increasing for so long, and from my own experience I know it will. I I told her God is always near us—that

'He will help us when we fall,
He will hear us when we call.'

And so, dear mother, it will be a happy day. Yes, even if I scorch my turkey, and burn my gravy, and serve my vegetables half raw, you may think of us trying to love one another and to bear one another's burdens."—Zion's Herald.

If your children mean and are restless during sleep, coupled when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

HERB MOLLY.

In a corner of one of the great markets of Philadelphia a little stall was for many years occupied by an old Scotch woman. She sold only heads of lettuce and herbs, but few as crisp and fresh were to be found in the city. Sometimes the other hucksters urged her to "spread out" into the larger vegetables.

"Na, na!" she would say. "I ken my salats an' my herbs. I dinna ken th'ithers. I suld cheat or be cheated wi'them."

Herb Molly never wronged any one of a penny. Her sense of justice was so fine and so long proved, that disputes in the market were brought to her to decide. Customers who once stopped to buy the fresh, crisp leaves from the tidy old body always came again. Something in the withered face which looked out from under the white cap went with them and drew them to her again. More than one busy housekeeper would go a mile out of her way to buy from old Molly.

"It is not only that her herbs are so fresh and delicious," one said, "but it rests me to speak to her. She is only an ignorant woman, but so true, so friendly. It is the kindest soul in the world that looks out of her eyes."

In the twenty years during which she sat in the same quiet corner, she gradually became a power in the market. Noisy people lowered their voices in their bargaining when they spoke to her. Even Big Pete, the butcher and rough, made her his confidate.

It was to Molly that the women carried their troubles about sick babies and drunken husbands. It was Molly who coaxed Big Pete's boy to give up liquor, and who saved more than one girl in the market from going astray. She lived alone. These rough folks were the only children she had. She had love enough in her own heart to mother them all.

But the thing that gave her such extraordinary power over them was that God was so real to her.

"She don't preach," one woman said, "but Jesus is with her all the time. She talks to Him. She knows Him."

"I don't know nothin' of priests or preachers," Big Pete used to say, "but I believe in Molly's God."

Molly died the other day. There was no notice in any paper to show that a power for good had gone silently out of the world. But her empty corner was swept and closed that day, and over every stall in the market hung a scrap of black. One man whom she had brought back to decency and happiness said:—

"A woman may sit as a huckster in this market and yet be one of the angels of God."

That was her only funeral sermon.—Exchange.

Take time by the forelock, and Puttner's Emulsion by the spoonful, and your cough will vanish and your rosy cheeks return.

Doctor—"I must forbid all brain work." Poet—"But may I not write some verses?" Doctor—"Certainly."

"I am cured since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla," is what many thousands are saying. It gives renewed vitality and vigor.

Physician—"And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue." Patient—"It's no use doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer."

So thorough is the excellence of Ayer's Hair Vigor that it can be used with benefit by any person, no matter what may be the condition of the hair, and, in every case, it occasions satisfaction and pleasure, in addition to the benefit which invariably comes from its use.

Little Girl—"How did you scratch your nose?" Wheelman—"Bicycling." Little Girl (thoughtfully)—"You shouldn't ride with your nose so close to the ground."

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood, are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

Mrs. Housewife—"Why, Bridget! I can write my name in the dust here." Bridget (admiringly)—"Deed mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothin' loike education, afther all, is there, mum?"

As Parmelee's Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Billiousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

A merchant in Harlem advertised for a young woman for light housekeeping. A girl in Yonkers wrote him a letter in answer to the advertisement, asking him where the light-house was located, and if there was any way of getting ashore on Sunday nights.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

Teacher—"For men must work and women must weep." "What is the meaning of that line, Tommy Figg?" "It means that men has to work to get money, and then the women has to cry before the men will divide with 'em."

Minard's Honey Balsam is a sure cure.

SOMETHING EACH DAY.

Something each day—a smile,
It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a word,
We cannot know its power;
It grows in fruitfulness
As grows the gentle flower.
What comfort it may bring
Where all is dark and drear!
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day—a thought,
Unselfish, good, and true,
That aids another's need
While we our way pursue;
That seeks to lighten hearts,
That leads to pathways clear,
For a helpful thought each day
Makes happy all the year.

Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
Oh, thus the heavenly will
We all may do while here!
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year.

—GEORGE COOPER, in S. S. Times.

SOMETHING EVERY GIRL SHOULD CULTIVATE.

If there is anything girls should cultivate it is repose. Simply do not allow your feet to swing and your brows to pucker, but compel face and feet to mind your will, and will to be calm and tranquil on the outside if not beneath the surface. A result of this will be that the looking quiet, and moving gently, and holding yourself in control, will bring about a restful condition of mind. You will feel better and be less nervous if you put down the expression of nervousness.

Indigestion is at the bottom of half of our maladies. School-girls should eat plenty of good food at the right times, and should avoid too many sweets. Many a headache and fit of the blues can be traced back to a pound of candy, delicious candy, but too much for the stomach to manage. Bonbons and caramels and all such tempting confections should be eaten after a meal as dessert, not munched all betweentimes.

One of the prettiest Christmas presents sent me last year was a box of home made candies, sent by a dear girl friend who has great skill in this line. The candies were laid in a dainty birch-bark box lined with paraffine paper. This box was in its turn fitted tightly into a little silklined basket—rose-colored silk was used, and quilted into its folds was some violet-scented sachet powder. The whole was tied with a bow of rose-tinted satin ribbon, and on the very top, fastened down by the ribbon, was a lovely long-stemmed Jacqueminot rose. After the candies had disappeared I took the box for hair-pins and the basket to hold my spools and needle-book, and it still keeps the giver in my mind from day to day.

One more hint. Never put off writing a letter of thanks the very day you receive a gift. No matter how small the courtesy shown you, return it in a little graceful note.

In taking leave thank your entertainers for the pleasure they have given you, and as soon as you reach home write a note to your hostess again thanking her, and assuring her of your safe return.

POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH.

Hawker's catarrh cure offers to sufferers from that disagreeable and dangerous disease, a sure means of driving it out of the system.

This is the season of greatest suffering and discomfort for persons afflicted with catarrh. They are liable to contract colds and thus make bad worse.

Catarrh should not be allowed to fasten itself upon the system. The longer it remains unchecked, the harder it is to cure, and the more danger there is of serious if not fatal complications.

The long list of cures, some very remarkable cases, that have been due to the use of Hawker's catarrh cure, mark it out as the remedy that every victim of the disease, either in its early or later stages, should at once secure. It has been found beneficial in cases where the system was greatly run down, to use Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic along with the catarrh cure, but in mild cases that is not necessary.

Hawker's catarrh cure is sold by all druggists and dealers at 25 cents per box, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd.), St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Do your dreaming during the night-time. Your days should be spent in working.

To Daniel Newman and Bridget Ann, his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

I HEREBY give you notice that in default of payment of certain Mortgage moneys owing to me by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage executed by you bearing date the first day of November, A.D. 1884, I shall, on FRIDAY the tenth day of JANUARY next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner, so called, in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, proceed to a sale of the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in said Indenture, in execution of the powers thereby vested in me.

Dated the second day of November, A. D. 1895.

E. A. MACINTOSH, Mortgagee.
ALLEN O. EARLE, Solicitor for Mortgagee.
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Oshawa, Ont.

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so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." MRS. G. A. LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	15.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	18.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 19.30 o'clock.

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Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	15.50
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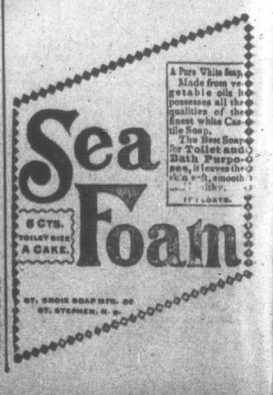

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