

The New Year.

Wills the old year lies there dying,
And Time's steed stands at the door;
While the winged future's flying

Life's great highway's very dusty,
Few have sandals for their feet—
And a kind word's far more trusty

Whether in a cot or palace,
You can still some good perform
Wreath a cap, or fill a chalice,

The Little Red Crutch.

"The worst of it is," said Nanette,
That there isn't any garret to this house."

"I don't mind rainy days in story books,"
continued the small philosopher,

"Skeletons!" ejaculated the listener
at the window. "My Nan! should you like to find a skeleton?"

"The mother turned red for a minute,
while the little cripple watched her eagerly;

"No, indeed; 'fraid of what?"
"Would you go away back to the very darkest end?"

Downstairs they clattered, with noise enough to make up for their silent ascent,

There was clearly something to tell,
and a story on this wet day would be even more delightful than finding a skeleton.

"What is a barn, Grandma?"
"This barn," she answered, "was the most delightful place in the whole world."

"What was her name, grandma?"
"Her name," said the old lady, looking startled,

"And went out to swing one day,"
prompted the listener. "She went out to swing one day,

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother.

"If I divide with them there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought.

"They always want some of every thing I have. If I have just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

"What was her name, grandma?"
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"Her name," said the old lady, looking startled,
"her name was Nancy, of course."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that of course his sister would say what she wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fanny. "We had all the doll's dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch;

"Phil," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil. "Yes," was the answer—"nice for me."

"My uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols,

"I ain't got any uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"It is, though," answered his friend, stouly, "cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat—"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by the Golden Rule.—Chris. Statesman.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy.

"If I divide with them there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought.

"They always want some of every thing I have. If I have just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

"What was her name, grandma?"
"Her name," said the old lady, looking startled,

"And went out to swing one day,"
prompted the listener. "She went out to swing one day,

and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were.

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THE COMPETITION.
The opening competition for the year is for the best original story of the place of your nativity.

THE RULES.
1. The story must be written on one side of the paper only.

2. The story must not exceed 700 words nor less than 200.

3. Each story must be accompanied with five original puzzles with solutions, on separate sheets of paper.

4. Each competitor must send full age and address. A Nomde-plume may be used.

5. No prize will be given unless 5 or more compete.

"If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again."

The Mystery Solved.—No. 1.—
No. 1.—PI PROVERB.
"Lials tgnoodl tghilttair."

No. 2.—DROP-LETTER PROVERB.]
"M-n-h-n-s-a-e-i-h-w-r."

No. 3.—CROSS-WORD PROVERB.
In love, not in hate;
In boot, not in skate;

No. 250.—"All is not gold that glitters."

No. 251.—Newspaper.
No. 252.— P
H O E
P O W E R
E E L
R

No. 253.—1. Dove. 2. Canary. 3. Owl. 4. Hawk.

No. 254.—Christmas.
No. 255.—Santa Claus.

THE MYSTICAL CIRCLE.
Now let all try for the first prize? Who'll be first? The prize is a nice one.

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"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

If you feel languid and bilious, try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and you will find it one of the best preparations for such complaint.

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Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I ever used; and in my judgment no better general remedy was

Ever Devised
I have used them in my family and caused them to be used among my friends and employes for more than twenty years.

Ayer's Pills are the best cathartic I ever used.—J. T. Sparks, M.D., Yeddo, Ind.

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D. M'LEOD VINCE, BARRISTER AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.

J. A. & W. VANWART, BARRISTERS, &c.
Offices—Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

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By McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Goitre. Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh Ont., Inflammation.

C. I. Lygue, Sydney, C. B., La Grippe.
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