

Some One's Little Daughter

When mamma scolded her little girl,
Or papa sugar-plums has brought her,
She says, with saucy emphasis,
"I'm papa's little daughter."

When papa chides or frowns at her,
For naughty ways we have not taught
her,
She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,
"I'm mamma's little daughter."

When papa and mamma too,
Must scold for wrong in which they've
caught her,
She says, in broken heartedness,
"I ain't—nobody's—daughter."

But when she's sweet and kind and true,
And sees the good that love has brought
her,
She says with loving promptitude,
"I'm bofe you's little daughter."
—Our Little Ones.

An Every-Day Heroine.

"O Amy!" called Mr. Winslow, as he stood at the dining-room door with his overcoat and hat on, "I shall want you to keep store for me a little while to-day."

"I ought to have been a boy, father; and then I could have been an apprentice in earnest," Amy answered cheerily.

"No boy is ever as good as my girl," the father replied heartily.

Mr. Winslow hurried to his store, which was closed and deserted save by Rover, the black-and-tan dog, who ran leaping and barking to his master. Notwithstanding his name, Rover rarely left the building, but spent most of his days curled up in a heap under the counters. He had the sharpest of ears, and the snarliest, snappiest of barks, which no stranger could silence.

This made him as good a watchdog as the biggest bulldog. Many a night Joe, the apprentice, who slept in the little dark bedroom, was routed out of his sound sleep by Rover's shrill barks and frantic jumps upon the bed, only to find that some belated or drunken straggler had tried the door. It was supposed to be a joke to do this; but both Joe and Rover thought it a mean trick, and each one growled as they settled down to sleep again.

Mr. Winslow kept a jewelry store and Amy thought her father's business the nicest in the town. She was never tired of gazing into the glass cases with their shining rows of watches, rings, and pins, spoons, and forks, glittering so brightly in the velvet and satin beds; or of seeing the tall tea and coffee pots, and all the other dishes; or of watching the grotesque and funny reflections of her own face in their polished, rounded surfaces.

Neither was this the first time she had been called upon to keep store when unexpected accidents had left her father without his usual help. Dalton was 'the town' to a large farming region, and daily might be seen gaudy wagons drawn by stout farm horses, single buggies, and often the phaeton of a prosperous farmer passing up the business street or fastened by the various stores, while the owners sold their butter, eggs, and vegetables.

The middle of the day was the time when trade was in full tide in Dalton; and a little girl who could say that father would be back in a few moments was better than a locked store when a busy farmer wanted to buy a clock, or 'look round,' for a watch for his daughter, who was 'going school-keeping,' or when a thrifty matron wanted new 'specs' or a pair of tablespoons.

The morning slipped away quickly; for Amy was busy every moment, helping her mother in the housework. Papa's birthday gift had been discussed and chosen while the broom and dust cloth were plying, and the next competition, the bugbear of Amy's school life had been thought out. She was planning to write on Joan of Arc, her favorite historical character.

"It seems so noble," she told her mother, "to believe one is called to do something great, and not to be afraid!" But her father was waiting, and there was no more time to talk about Joan this morning.

"Here I am!" exclaimed Amy, as she stepped into the store, her cheeks glowing with roses born of the November wind. "What a dismal day it is! There, there, Rover! Do get down!" she added, as Rover, with repeated bounds and sharp, eager barks, showed his delight at seeing her.

"Rover! Rover! You will wag your tail off some day," laughed Amy. "I know you'd soon stop it if you knew I had forgotten your dinner. Bones!—juicy mutton bones! Just think!" she continued; and Rover's bright brown eyes glistened with approval while he listened with cocked ears. "You'll have to go home with father, and get them yourself," and away dashed the dog, and stood whining at the outer door.

"I guess you won't be troubled with customers to-day; it's very dull," said Mr. Winslow, taking off his glasses

and putting down his graver on the bench, where he had been at work. "If old Mr. Slocum comes in, he'll want his watch. He has a farm down in Newton. You know him, don't you?" and Amy nodded. "It will be seventy five cents," continued her father; and, if Mrs. Luke Jones comes in, here is the pin she left for mending. Tell Mr. Lee that his spoons'll be ready by two o'clock, but I guess he won't be in till I'm back." Mr. Winslow hurried into his coat and hat, hastily shutting the inner door of the open safe, and master and dog were soon lost to sight. How the wind howled through the well-nigh deserted street, with every now and then drops of cold, chilly rain reluctantly wrung from the low-hanging, leaden clouds! The click of the big regulator, its long pendulum swinging to and fro with solemn, steady strokes, seemed to be all that broke the stillness. Amy glanced at the big clock in a furtive way as she walked by it to a seat near the front bench. It had always been a ghostly thing to her; and somehow to-day its round glass face and slow-moving hands seemed more uncanny than ever. Amy gave herself a little disgusted shake, and went to look at the pretty rings whose modest diamonds, rubies, and pearls were so beautiful and fascinating to her. She was soon disturbed by the entrance of an old man, enveloped in a faded buffalo skin coat, with a huge red muffler wrapped around his neck, and a worn fur cap pulled down over his rugged face.

"Wall, wall! So ye be John Winslow's daughter!" said he, as Amy, calling him Mr. Slocum, handed him his watch. "Not powerful big, are ye? But s'pose yer pa thinks ye're 'bout right," the farmer continued, as he handed her a tattered dollar. "Ain't afeared, Amy, are ye? Purty fine lot o' things here for ye to look arter!" and, putting his change into his wallet, Mr. Slocum put on his mittens, and went slowly out.

"Tick, tick! Tick, tick!" proclaimed the clock. "You and I, you and I," it seemed to say to Amy, as the gusts of wind rattled the door. Restlessly Amy walked up and down behind the long counter, looking in the cases, and finally perching herself on the high stool at the desk. As she sat there, idly turning over the leaves of the day-book, the store door opened and two men came in. Amy jumped from her stool, and going behind the main counter, asked what they wished.

"Me and this man here," said the spokesman, a big, burly man, with a coarse, jovial face, "we want to go into the back shop, and see some books your father let us put there."

His companion, a slender man with shiny eyes and straight, black hair and beard, that nearly covered his face, gave Amy a furtive, persuasive smile, showing a row of gleaming white teeth that accentuated the intense blackness of the face.

"I don't know anything about such books," said Amy. "Father has never said anything about them, but he will soon be back."

"Oh, it's all right, sissey," said the big man, with a sniff, while he settled his hat firmly on the side of his head and glanced boldly to the rear of the store. "They're the books of Seward & Stearns the store-keepers who failed. Your father let us put them in there," he nodded, "and this is Mr. Stearns."

Here the silent man smiled, looking sneakily at Amy, and then at the big man, who glared with impatience. It flashed over Amy. The strange men with their errand, the deserted streets, the open safe and cases! They had come to rob the store! What should she do? At least she must not let them go into the back store. Her heart beat so fast that she almost choked for breath, and her lips prickled. But directly she walked to the little passageway leading behind the counters, and said firmly:—

"You can't go into the back store till father comes. I don't know about those books."

The big man gave a loud guffaw; and then the two men sat down on chairs furnished for waiting customers, and began talking in low tones, glancing occasionally at Amy, who stood her ground.

"You and I, you and I," moaned the big clock in monotonous sympathy. Would no one pass by again? thought Amy, as she stood numb with fear. If she screamed, would any one hear? If Rover, dear Rover, were here, he would help her! Why did she forget those bones!

"Oh, yes! We can do it, easy enough," said the stout man in louder tones. "Just get rid of that!"

Amy's ears fairly roared, and she lost the rest of the words. She clung to the counter with one hand and clutched her dress with the other, lest she should fall in her terror.

"How-de-do, Mr. Case?" And Amy saw, to her astonishment, her father waking up and shaking hands with both men.

"You'll never be robbed, Winslow," said Mr. Case, the fat man, "as long as your daughter knows what's she's about. Guess we scared her some, but she just stood there an' told us we couldn't see them books. You'd think she'd been afraid. Ought to be proud of her, Winslow; fur she's pluckier than some great louts of boys would be."

An amazed look came over Mr. Winslow as he turned to Amy, whose excited face was red and white by turns.

"You did quite right, my child," he said, with one of his kindest smiles. "I ought to have told you about those accounts, but I had forgotten them. Now run home, for Jessie Dean has come to spend the afternoon with you."

—Sunday School Times.

Counsels for Children.

Remember always to live in peace. Hate all strife. It is a dreadful thing to be at war with those around us. Be kind to everybody. If you cannot live quietly with any one of your companions, withdraw from him. It is sad sight to see boys and girls engaged in disputes or quarrels. The Lord Jesus never quarrelled with anybody, though he was oftentimes cruelly treated.

Be very kind to the weak and poor and the unfortunate around you. God love you said, "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child." He also said, "Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind." It is both mean and wicked to take advantage of the infirmities and misfortunes of those around us.

Use your best efforts to become wise. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom. If you do not know a thing ask others. This is scriptural. God said to the Jews: "When your children shall say to you, What mean ye by this service? ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover." We should think before we speak, and not thoughtlessly ask silly questions. Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king.

Watch your lips. Keep your tongue from evil, and your mouth from speaking guile. Life and death are in the power of the tongue. Ask yourself if it is right for you to say anything; then try to speak kindly and truly and soberly. Childhood and youth spent in sin are a great vanity. Beware of evil speaking.

Be not too fond of play. Life is a serious business. It is right that young people should have their time to play. But some hate work and hate their books and love their ease, and would rather play all the time. Learn to find your joy in doing your duty. It may be hard for you to do some things, but try your best, and by degrees they will become easier.

Obey your parents. Obey them promptly, cheerfully in all things that are lawful. I hope they would not command you to do a wicked thing. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth." It is safe for old or young to do anything that God bids them. It is very unsafe for them not to do what he commands.

Let your conduct towards God be very humble. We are all sinners, and you are no exception. God hates a lofty spirit. We ought all to be humble, and never lift up our heads in pride.

Be thankful to God. He has done a great deal for you. What a mercy it is that he did not let loose the passions of bad men against you, as he did against those children in Bethlehem, when a voice was heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they were not.

Be very kind and respectful to old people. Never make fun of them. Their age itself should protect them. You remember the children that mocked the old prophet, Elisha, crying, "Go up, thou bald-head; go up, thou bald-head!" And you remember how God sent forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tore forty and two young persons. Children may often be gay without any sin, but let them never make merry over the appearance or infirmities of old people, and especially of aged ministers.

Do all you can to be like Jesus Christ. He was the best model that children ever had. He is the best friend they now have. When on earth, he cured sick children just as he cured other people. Oh, that everybody, old and young, would trust the Saviour.—Child's Companion.

The Divine Presence.

Sometimes there comes to the Christian, in illness or trouble or danger, a sickening sense of disappointment. It seems as if his Lord had failed him.

He gropes blindly in the dark and finds nothing. Only terrifying visions fill his mind. But, patience; shortly the darkness lifts, and he sees that even what affrighted him was the Lord's coming, only He came in an unusual way. When Christ walked on the sea the disciples were troubled, saying, "It is an apparition; and they cried out for fear."

There is one story continued through the ages. To the three in the fiery furnace, to Daniel in the den of lions, to Stephen dying the martyr's death, to the sisters at the grave of Lazarus, to Mary in the garden, to the disciples walking with sad heart to Emmaus, to all fearful ones on the stormy sea of life, the Lord comes, saying: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

Only let us wait till the first shock is past and the vision clears, to see Him in the midst of the trouble, a very present help, "not far from any of us."

Kissed a Horse.

It was said of the great English statesman, Edmund Burke, that he had gone crazy, because he went about in his park kissing his cows and horses. The story arose from the fact that a favorite horse belonging to his dead son came up to Mr. Burke in the field, laid his head upon his breast, as if to say, "I have lost him, too." Overcome by his memories, Burke clasped the neck of the intelligent creature and kissed it.

She ordered a fowl for a grand dinner and made the cook bring the purchase for her inspection. She examined it, tossed her head discontentedly, and said, "It's a poor looking thing!" "O, mum!" said the cook, "when it is fixed up with truffles it will look entirely different. Just like when you put on your diamonds, mum!"

All Sorts.

The smallest race of human beings known are the inhabitants of the Andaman islands. Their average stature is 3½ feet, and few of them weigh more than sixty-five pounds.

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It is highly recommended.

The trouble with not a few men lies in the fact that they have a tongue that runs fifteen knots an hour and a brain that runs at the rate of only ten knots.

A child was cured of croup by a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A neighbor's child died of the same dread disease, while the father was getting ready to call the doctor. This shows the necessity of having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral always at hand.

Teacher: "An abstract noun is the name of something you can think of but cannot touch. Can you give an example, Tommy?" Tommy: "A red-hot poker."

When fevers and other epidemics are around, safety lies in fortifying the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A person having thin and impure blood, is in the most favorable condition to "catch" whatever disease may be floating in the air. Be wise in time.

Teacher: "What are marsupials?" Boy: "Animals which have pouches in their stomachs." Teacher: "And what do they have pouches for?" Boy: "To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued."

A High Endorsement.

Rev. Alfred Bareham, Chaplain, Ont.:—"While Rector of St. Mary's Church, Montreal, I received, in answer to a request several months ago, a package of K. D. C. I desired it for the benefit of my wife who had been troubled with dyspepsia for a number of years. I am glad to say that she is completely cured by its use although she shared the one package among friends. You may be sure that we constantly recommend the remedy, which has been so effective in her case, while other remedies have failed to permanently cure."

The foregoing should convince the most skeptical of the wonder working power of the K. D. C.

The Husband—"Well, did you get your hat?" The Wife (just home from shopping)—"Yes, and it is a beauty, and just think, it cost only \$22. I'm ever so much obliged to you for the money and for your kindness I have bought you a new necktie. It is very pretty isn't it?"

The Husband—"It is indeed. What did you pay for it?" The Wife (blushing)—"It isn't the cost that makes the thing valuable, you know, but the spirit in which it is given. It cost seventeen cents."

"Why don't you work? You're an able bodied man," she asked the tramp. "I am that! I know it well; but I've only myself to look after, and if I got work I might be depriving a man with a wife and children of a job, ma'am, replied the kind-hearted wanderer."

Cultivate the habit of always seeing the best in people, and, more than that, of drawing forth whatever is the best in them.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

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