

A Christmas Eve Thought.

If Santa Claus should stumble,
As he climbs the chimney tall
With all this gold upon him,
I'm afraid he'd get a fall
And smash himself to pieces—
To say nothing of the toys!
Dear me, what a row that would bring
To all the girls and boys!
So I am going to write a note
To all the girls and boys!
I'll write it large, so he can see,
No matter if it's late—
And say, "Dear Santa Claus, don't try
To climb the roof to-night,
But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
The nurse's on the right!"
—St. Nicholas.

A Queer Hole.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays, you know—
Whose friends were as troubled as they could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said, "Yes," and hurried away
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but, ah, me! ah, me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!
When he awoke to recite he was all in a doubt;
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!
He could speak only two words: "I forgot."
Would it not be sad indeed to be
A boy with a hole in his memory?

Tim's Christmas Dinner.

It was a very forlorn looking house
Which Tim lived—a rickety, broken-down affair,
But Tim loved it all the same,
Because it was the only home he had ever known.
He knew a kind mother was working inside to earn a little money
That she might buy for him a pair of shoes
So her boy could go to the Sunday-school Christmas day.

Tim thought if he could only earn a few pennies
With which to buy her a Christmas present,
He could have as happy a Christmas as the little girls
He saw that morning coming out of a store with their arms
Filled with packages, which they knew were to make somebody happy.
It was too bad he could not do this Christmas presents that way.
He brushed away a tear and said he didn't care,
He'd have his Christmas, so he started to earn a few pennies.

"I'll beg," thought he; then after a moment,
"No, I won't, I know what to do," and as he was running down one of the busy streets,
He saw a gentleman carrying, with much difficulty, a large valise.

"Now's my chance," thought Tim, and he approached the gentleman with a timid "Please, sir, may I carry your valise?"

"Yes, my little man, the bag is heavy, but if you will carry it, I will give you ten cents," said the gentleman, and Tim's heart jumped, and he shouted out, "Penny, six more than I need," and the great gentleman said, "What were you going to do with pennies?"

"My mother a Christmas orange!" he eagerly replied. The gentleman had said this he began to the gentleman was displeased with him, for he looked at him very and asked about mother, but by bag found out a great deal about

where we are and now I'll give you pennies and a Christmas present from me." He placed a crisp five-dollar bill in Tim's dirty little hand, and he had decided whether all was as something real—actually the bag and gentleman had disappeared, and Tim was left alone with the valise.

He used to look for him in this but it was a great pity he did not let him thank him. And he turned around and ran home with Tim of his two young legs. Up the rocky stairs, that swayed to and fro, he jumped two steps at a time, and Tim. Arrived at the top he opened the door, and one moment he kept it to himself for a while. "I said to myself for a while," said his mother, "it seems you made a good deal of noise up-stairs. Don't think, because you're poor, you need not behave like a gentleman. Imagine the President going up stairs that way."

"I thought it would seem funny," he laughed, and said, "Mother, you didn't have to wash from sunset—but can't we have a dinner to-morrow?"

"I don't know, my son. I've worked day to see if I could not run the dear Lord don't see fit to give enough money for that."

"I thought Tim," I'll let her

"Mother, do you think it's wrong to pray for money?"

"Depends, Tim." "Well, mother, I did this morning, and I got it," and Tim verified his words by showing her the money, and explained how he came by it.

That night, after happy little Tim had succeeded in closing his eyes in sleep, his mother wrapped herself in the large woollen shawl, and closing the door softly, stole out into the cold night—the five dollar bill clasped tight in her hand—and when she returned with her arms laden with goodies and many nice warm wraps for Tim (whose curly little head was just as full of "visions of sugar plums" in that forlorn old room as were the little girls, he had seen that morning, now sleeping in dainty little beds with every luxury surrounding them), and leaned over the mattress to kiss her boy that Christmas eve, a tear was dropped on the rosy cheek for the kind old gentleman who had made little Tim so happy.

Oh! the joy of that day, when not only Tim and his mother, but a few of the poor folks who were not able to buy turkeys and goodies, sat down to Tim's Christmas dinner.—Laura Hamilton.

A Case of Conscience.

"He's paid me too much." Ned's fingers were rapidly turning over two or three bills.

"Yes—three dollars too much. He must have thought this five dollar bill was a two."

The boy sat for a few moments in deep thought. "I don't care. It's no more than my rightful due—only I don't get it. Twelve dollars a month for my whole time out of school. It doesn't begin to pay for all I do, and I wouldn't stand it if I could help myself. Everybody says old Curtis is a real grind. Of course, I shall keep this. He gave it to me. If he has made a mistake that's his own look-out. That settled, what shall I do with this lucky windfall? I'm to have a half-holiday the last Saturday in the month. This would give me a run down to the shore. I never get out of the city. It seems as if this had come just to give me a chance."

Carefully laying the money in a safe place, Ned quickly absorbed himself in study. All the week he took little time for thought. It was easy to avoid it, for between work and study few boys were so busy as he. Night found him so "dead tired" that the sound sleep which blessed labor was his rich reward. There came a night or two in which he had to fight hard against a troublesome, intrusive thought. By the aid of some intricate calculations he succeeded in refusing entertainment to the unwelcome visitor. As the time drew near, he laid all his plans for his seashore frolic. And when early sleep seemed to evade him, he strove to fix his mind upon his anticipated pleasure. But far into the last Friday night in the month he got up, lit his lamp and gazed fixedly into the mirror.

"Ned Harper, you're a thief." Pausing a moment as if to familiarize himself with the sound of his self-accusation, he resumed:

"You are, and you know it. That is, you are so long as that money is in your hands. It is not yours, and all your fine talk can't make it so."

"You're on the right side of it now, but in one day you would have been a thief, thief, thief, all your life. Nothing could ever have blotted it out. Nothing could ever have put you back where you are now by the grace of God."

"You made a mistake in your last payment," said Ned, going with the money to his employer.

"Ah, did I? When did you find it out?"

He looked keenly at the boy's painful flush as he asked. Ned had hoped he would not ask. For a moment he thought of evading the question by a half-truth. Then came the thought: "Because I came next door to being a thief, I needn't come next door to being a liar."

"I saw it soon after," he said.

"Like enough he'll discharge me," was Ned's conclusion in the matter. But he was not discharged. Little by little Mr. Curtis placed more important work in his hands, and by slow degrees led him up to a position of trust and confidence.

"I have kept him," he explained to a friend, "because I like a young fellow who has a conscience.—N. Y. Observer.

A Christmas Story—For All Times.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitatingly. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield, where I had

been since early morning. I was tired, dusty, and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for the singing school. My first impulse was to grumble; for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. But if I refused he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. And something stopped me—one of God's angels, I think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim, I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day." He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, "Thank you, my son, you've always been a good boy to me, Jim."

I hurried to town and back. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face. "Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were of you." I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over, in all the years since that hour, that those last words to me were: "You've always been a good boy to me." No human being ever was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is bitter remorse in remembered neglect or coldness to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge kind words and deeds, especially to those about the same hearth. It is such a little way we can go together. He is the richest of all who is most generous in giving the love that blossoms continually in kind words and deeds.

Don't Smoke, Boys.

If there were no reason why people should not smoke other than that it is injurious to the health, this should be sufficient. All physicians of any note are agreed that smoking is injurious to the health. A skilled physician investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven showed distinct symptoms of nicotine poisoning. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and marked appetite for strong drink. In three there were heart affection: in eight decided deterioration of the blood; in twelve frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep, and four ulceration of the mouth, many of them having several of the evils combined.

But aside from this, the habit is expensive, it is inconvenient, to say nothing of the repulsive breath that results. Why not invest the money in books or something valuable, instead of tobacco? It would not take long to gather a nice library with the money that would be spent to pollute the breath and undermine the health. Boys don't learn to smoke. Be more manly. Be more sensible.—St. Louis Journal.

The First Wrong Button.

Dear me, said little Janet, I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong, and she tugged and fretted, as if the poor buttons were at fault for her trouble.

Patience, patience, my dear, said mamma. The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And, added mamma, look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because the first one was wrong.—The Picture World.

The Basket of Water.

"My son," said an Arab chief, "bring me a basket of water from the spring."

The boy tried and tried to fill the basket, and before he could get back to his father's tent the water leaked. At last he returned and said:

"Father, I have tried to fill the basket, but the water will not stay in."

"My son," said the old chief, "what you say is true. The water did not stay in, but see how clean the basket is. So will it be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the good words you hear, but keep trying to treasure them and they will make your heart clean and pure."

When the loving women reached the tomb, and looked, lo! the stone was rolled away; for it was very great. And the teaching for us? This—stones rolled away, obstacles vanquished for us in the presence of a sincere attempt.—Wayland Hoyt.

ALWAYS LATE.—Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly.

And yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements.

They are late, very likely, in rising in the morning and also in going to bed at night; late at their meals late at the counting-house or office; late at their appointments with others.

Their letters are sent to the post office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving it. They get into the station just as the train is going out.

They do not entirely omit the engagement or duty, but they are always behind time, and so generally in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and forever were trying to catch up with the lost time.

They waste time for themselves and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality.

A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, said to have replied that it was her religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save much vexation of spirit.

And if it were with all a part, both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save much vexation of spirit.

Marry This Girl, Somebody.

I have been reading in your paper about several men and women that have been very successful selling self-heating flat irons, and I concluded I would see what a girl could do. I have worked 12 days and have sold 121 irons and have 218 dollars left after paying all expenses. Everybody is delighted with the iron and I feel almost every place I show it, as people think they can't afford to be without one as they save so much fuel and time and don't burn the clothes. I know I can clear five thousand dollars in a year. How is that for a girl? A GRADUATE.

Splendid, my girl, splendid, you are a true American girl. Anyone can get complete information about the self-heating iron by addressing J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, Mo. It seems to be a winner, as everybody selling it writes in its praise.

Under the personal presence of Christ becomes the profoundest fact of consciousness no real test has been made of power to comfort, to quicken and to save.—James M. Campbell.

The New Hook Spoon Free To All.

I read in the 'Christian Standard' that Miss A. M. Fritz, station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or sink, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., and she will send you the sample outfit. This is a good way to make money around home.

Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

We must lie fallow before we can produce greatly, and we must enrich ourselves inwardly before we can spend generously in creative work.—H. W. Mabie.

Marry This Girl Quick.

I saw in your paper that a 13 year old boy named \$125 the first hour he worked selling the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick. I ordered a sample and went to work and the first week I cleared \$15. I expect to run up to \$25 a week in the near future as the Perfection Metal Tip Lampwick makes such a beautiful white light and does away with smoky chimneys and bad odor and saves oil, it is easy to sell. If you wish to try it send 13 2-cent stamps to Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., and she will send you the sample outfit. This is a good way to make money around home.

MISS TINA W.

To walk with God is to pray without ceasing; to walk with God is to be absolutely free from care and independent of human judgment; to walk with God is to be in heaven.—Dr. Parker.

A Chance to Make Money.

In the past three months I have cleared \$600.75 selling Dish Washers. I did most of the work, my brother helped some. I expect to do better next month as every Dish Washer sold advertises itself, and sells several more; I don't have to leave the house. People hear about the Dish Washers and send for them, they're so cheap. Any lady or gentleman can make money in this business, as every family wants a Dish Washer, any of our readers who have energy enough to apply for an agency can easily make \$100 to \$150 per day. You can get full particulars by addressing the Mound City Dish Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Try it and publish your success for the benefit of others. C. A. D.

He Has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

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.

All Sorts.

My sons, said an old man on his death bed, I have had a great deal of trouble in my life, but most of it never happened.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood.

The meanest man up to date is the father who gave three boys of Jackson, Mich., that saved his daughter's life, five cents to be divided between them.

Uncle Eben states a great truth in the following: "Some folks seem ter 'magin' dat dey is so much be tah'n other people dat dar ain't no necessity foh 'em ter show it by dar actions."

To the aged, with their poor appetite, feeble circulation, and impoverished blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a boon beyond price. Its effect is to check the ravages of time, by invigorating every organ, nerve, and tissue of the body. See Ayer's Almanac for the new year.

A clever Eastern woman remarked the other day: "I notice that well bred people now do not talk about the world, the flesh and the devil; they speak of environment, heredity and circumstances."

If you have a troublesome cough, don't keep nibbling sweets, and so ruin your appetite. A dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will do you more good than pounds of candy, and assist rather than impair your digestion. Always keep this medicine in the house.

What are you doing here? said the woman to the tramp, who had got over the wall just in time to escape the bull dog. Madam, he said, with dignity, I did intend to request something to eat, but all I ask now is that in the interest of humanity you'll feed that dog.

Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, though I confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science.

Oh, that doesn't matter. A mule has no faith in a veterinary surgeon, yet he gets cured all the same.

A lawyer in Chicago was defending a man for issuing a vile newspaper. He began the defence by challenging every jurymen called who was a member of a Christian church. He could not trust his client's case with a good man. This was complimentary to religion, but made his own bad work probably easier.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Scrofula, Sores, and all Eruptions.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

Cures Liver, Stomach and Kidney Troubles, and Cleanses the Blood of all Impurities.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

Cures Old Chronic Cases where all other remedies fail. Be sure and ask your Druggist for

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 Princess & 145 Germain Sts.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

SCOTCH FIRE BRICK AND CLAY.

Just received from Glasgow, two car loads square, side arch and end arch Fire Brick, also Fire Clay. JAMES S. NEILL

URY OF CURES

THE RECORD OF

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin blood. Help is needed by nervous sufferers, men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, salt rheum, catarrh. Help

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, invigorating stream to all the nerves, muscles and organs. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken-down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK ST. FREDERICTON, N. B.

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto. Has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER &c. Money to Loan on Real Estate security. CHESTNUT BUILDING OPP. CITY HALL. FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, etc. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Arthur R. Slipp, LL.B.

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc. P. O. BOX 402, FREDERICTON, N. B. \$5000.00 to loan on mortgage security at lowest rates of interest.

NEW GOODS

Gentleman's Department

27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces, French Braces, Rug Straps, Gaiter Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK—ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS, the latest styles and the "Debie" (Paper, Turn-Down) and THE SWELL, Paper, Standing COLLARS.

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON & ALLISON

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Latest Thing

CHOICE TE

"Dragon Blend"

Put up in handsome 3lb cans. Ask your grocer for it.

Wholesale only by

A.F. Randolph & Son

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY FOR PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and how to protect your rights. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.