

The Good Little Boy.

When first we moved into this street
My Mamma wouldn't let me meet
The other little girls and boys
Out on the sidewalk with their toys.

She said perhaps some naughty child
Would teach me to be bad and wild;
And so for several weeks I stood
At the window being good.

Until a lady came to see
My Mamma, and she said to me:
"My little boy is good and sweet;
We live near by, across the street."

She told my Mamma I must meet
Her little boy across the street;
And so they sent me out one day
To find that little boy and play.

They said he was so very good
He could not be bad if he would,
I almost thought he must have wings,
And other holy sorts of things.

But when the nurse left us to play,
He said to me: "Let's run away;
I know a pond where, if you please,
We both can wade up to our knees!"

A General Favorite.

"It's mine!"
"It's mine!"
"Tisn't either."
"Tis. Guess you said I could have it."

"I never said such a thing."
"You did."
"I didn't."

"Didn't he say so, Willie?" said one of the flushed combatants to a small companion who was looking on with wide open eyes of interest. They were struggling for the coveted possession of a long tin whistle. All three small boys had evidently been tumbling and rolling in the thick dust of the road. Their dark and freckled faces were streaked with dirt, their uncovered heads with their mass of unkempt hair, their brown legs with their slight covering of rags made them objects of little interest.

"Yes, he did," nodded the small boy appealed to. "He said you could have it, I heard him."

"I didn't. Never said it," angrily protested little Sammy Scott, kicking out at the offending party, but never loosening for a moment his tight clench on one end of the long whistle.

Bare legs and brown fists took up the battle in earnest. Willie came to his chum's rescue and together the three rolled and tumbled in the dirt.

"Go it," shouted a boy, perching himself on top of a rickety old fence in order to see the fun better.

"Look at 'em fight!" he shouted.

"Give him another, Sammy. Punch him in the head, Willie," he roared from time to time encouragingly, laughing uproariously as he watched the "youngsters have it out."

Suddenly his encouraging remarks ceased. Dick Clark was coming down the road on a run. For reasons best known to himself, he preferred to keep quiet till Dick got past. The dark, swarthy looking boy that appeared on a run looked much like his fellows in appearance, except perhaps that there were fewer degrees of dirt on the patched clothes, and a clearer, brighter expression in the face.

"What's all this row about?" he shouted, bringing himself to an abrupt halt.

"Git up here," he vigorously added, without waiting for a reply, unceremoniously grabbing at the same time one of the urchins from the tangled assortment of legs and arms, and straightening him out upon his feet.

The other two boys quickly scrambled up, looking shame-faced as they saw it was Dick. They liked Dick. He was always good in his rough way to the little fellows.

"What's the row this time?" he asked, straightening up and putting his hands in his pockets, looking down on the guilty three with an air of a small judge.

"Johnny says the whistle is his'n, and Sammy says 'tisn't, it's his'n," said small Willie, coming to the front as being the most disinterested party in the matter, and thus better able to explain.

"What? That thing?" exclaimed Dick kicking a much flattened piece of tin at his feet.

"Yep," said Willie, speaking up boldly, "that's it. Smashed, ain't it?"

"Looks as if the whistle was all squeezed out of it," said Dick, putting the battered whistle to his mouth.

"Who wants it?" He held it out. But nobody seemed to care for it now. It wouldn't whistle.

"Tain't no good," said Sammy, eying it with a forlorn expression on his face.

"It's flatted all out, and the whistle isn't there," said Johnny.

"And now nobody can get any fun out of it. Haven't I told you bushels of times that fightin' don't pay?" questioned Dick severely. "Besides it isn't the right thing to do. You were fightin' yesterday. Saw you?"

The boys looked sheepishly at each other at this accusation.

"Johnny wanted my pencil. I found it," volunteered Sammy.

"I saw it first, anyhow," cried Johnny.

"Yes, he did, Dick," chimed in Johnny's staunch defender.

"People that want the whole world is mighty likely not to git anything," said Dick, throwing down the piece of tin and slipping his hands back into their accustomed place. "Teacher told us a story she read about a dog once. He always wanted everything himself. One day he was going across a little bridge carrying a bone in his mouth, and he saw a dog in the water with a bone in his mouth, too. It made him mad, and he snapped at him, and his own bone fell in the water, and he didn't get nothin' at all."

The three small boys at this point all eyed the flattened whistle and understood.

"Want to see something?" There was a fresh ring in Dick's voice. He was a wise teacher and knew how to change the subject. From one of his pockets Dick drew a half-dozen small cards and laid them out before the admiring eyes of his small friends.

"There is a man in the store uptown that saves them for me," he said. "I did an errand for him one day. He's the nicest man in town."

"That's pretty," said Sammy, touching gently with his dirty forefinger a clean, white card. There was a wistfulness about the boy's look that free-hearted Dick could not resist.

"I'll give you each one," he said generously. "You can pick, only not that one. That's for Liz. She likes the posies. I like 'em, too."

The boys chose their cards, and sat down by the side of the road to admire and compare. They were friends again.

Gus, on the fence, looked disgusted. "Fun's all up," he exclaimed discontentedly. "And all on account of that old Dick. He's always spoiling things. Don't see why everybody likes him so well, giving him cards and things. They never do me."

Why was it, I wonder? Can any one tell me?—N. Y. Observer.

A Hard Joke.

If there was anything Ben enjoyed, it was a good joke—on some one else, of course. He loved his little sister dearly, but he could not resist the temptation of teasing her.

"You must not be so sensitive, Emma," her mamma would say, and gentle Aunt Anna tried to help in her way.

"Try to have the love that never faileth," she said when she found Emma in tears over one of Ben's pranks.

"O auntie! he tied my kitten in a paper bag, and then let the dog bark at her just to see her roll over the floor," replied Emma.

The children were visiting grandma. They had a fine time, and were just about to start home after their party, when a letter came, saying the younger children had the measles and Ben and Emma could make a long visit. For fear Emma might feel disappointed, grandma invited in several little girls to spend the afternoon, and Aunt Anna made a kettle of sugar candy for them.

"As soon as it cools we will see who can pull it the whitest," Aunt Anna said, after the six plates of tempting sweetness were put on the table in the shed kitchen.

As soon as the girls ran in, Ben slipped out and slyly shook a paper over each plate.

"O auntie! it's hard enough," said Emma, and with this each girl ran for her candy.

"My! it burns my mouth," said Nettie, who had taken a generous bite.

"It's all red," said another.

"Why, it has red pepper in it," said grandma, who happened to come in.

"Ben did it," Emma said. "You know you sent him for cayenne pepper, grandma."

"Never mind, girls. Next Tuesday you may come again, and we will have our candy-pull. I have a box of candy and goodies I packed to send to the other children, so you shall have a party in the tack parlor," said grandma.

The girls took their disappointment pleasantly, and were well repaid by the nice stories grandma told them. The boy, who heard their laughter, but did not dare to go into the parlor, wished he had not been quite so funny.

He was almost afraid to meet grandma at supper-time, but the tempting odor of oyster soup could not be resisted.

The girls had stayed to supper, and this added to Ben's mortification, when he saw six large pans of yellow candy at his plate.

Ben colored and tried to laugh, but grandma said, gravely:

"Will you eat your candy before you take your soup, or afterward?"

"O grandma! I can't eat that hot stuff," said Ben.

"I never allow things to be wasted," replied the old lady. "Besides, it is time you were learning the flavor of your own jokes."

"But it will make me sick, so much pepper," said Ben, making a face over the first mouthful.

"Perhaps, for a time," was grandma's cool answer. "But you must learn to bear a little pain since you are so fond of making other people and animals suffer."

Poor Ben knew it was no use to disobey grandma, for her word was law, so he ate what he could, and tried to cool his burning mouth with water.

In the morning there was the candy to spoil Ben's hot cakes and honey. "Let me help him," begged Emma. "No, I'll eat it myself," said Ben, more ashamed than ever.

But tender-hearted Emma insisted, and with her help the pepper candy at last disappeared.

"You're a good girl, Em," Ben said. "I will try and not tease you any more."

And for a long time Ben remembered that terrible cayenne pepper when he was tempted to have a little fun at somebody's expense. "Afterward he grew too manly to hurt any one for the sake of his own amusement."

An Ink-Bottle Episode.

"Oh, dear, look at that!"
"Your carpet will be ruined!"
"What shall we do?"

"Get something to catch the drops. Don't stand there looking at it."

All these exclamations were called forth by an occurrence that certainly looked serious enough. One of the occupants of the room, in turning suddenly around, had hit with her hand an ink-bottle standing on the desk. In a moment the bottle was rolling over the floor, after liberally distributing its contents on various parts of the carpet.

One person in the group, however, was equal to the occasion, and gave her orders immediately.

"Have you got any milk in the house?"

"Yes, plenty," was the answer.
"And fire in the stove?"
"Yes."

"Heat some milk very hot and bring it here quick." Only a small quantity was put on at first, so that in a few minutes the hot milk was brought to the director of affairs, who meanwhile had been absorbing all the ink possible with a blotter.

Bring some more warm water and a cloth and put more milk on to heat; this will not be enough," were the orders issued, while she poured the steaming milk with liberal hand directly on the ink. Her directions were quickly followed, and the milk rapidly washed up with warm water. More milk was applied where the amount of ink was greatest, or on spots which had escaped the first application. All present joined in vigorous exercise of the cloth and warm water, or in bringing fresh supplies as that in use became inky black.

"There," said the director, surveying the scene and drying her hands, "we can't tell exactly till morning, but I believe that it's all out."

"I call it marvelous if your statement proves true," remarked one of the company; "I never saw such a quantity of ink wiped out in that fashion before."

The next day, however, she was obliged to confess that the marvel was true, for the only traces of the catastrophe were that the portions of carpet which had received the impromptu scrubbing were cleaner than the surrounding parts.

A day or two later a dark spot appeared in one spot.

"That is where the milk was not wiped up quickly enough and caused a slight grease-spot," announced the director, critically surveying the spot.

"A little gasoline will remove that."

Upsetting an ink-bottle, though not a thing to be desired, is not regarded as such a direful calamity as formerly by at least one observer of this scene. Womankind.

A Faithful Dog.

The following touching incident will be read with special interest by those who possess that faithful and devoted friend—a dog—as part of the family circle:

A gentleman bought a collie, which, when taken home, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age.

It happened one day in November that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his home he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it.

Leaving the horse and going to the

spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he tracked it back he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were prints of the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well.

We need not tell you the feelings of the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might have otherwise been a terrible death.

True Bravery.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of, and sorry for, after the excitement had passed away.

"I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said, "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing, to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owing to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us—he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong—forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over, the more he felt that he ought to say just that.

"It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.—N. Y. Observer.

All Sorts.

Examiner: "What do you know of the life of Frederick the Great?" Tell me as briefly as possible" Student: "Born, educated, caned, loved, married, died."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a secret preparation. Any physician may have the formula on application. The secret of its success as a medicine lies in its extraordinary power to cleanse the blood of impurities and cure the most deep-seated cases of blood-disease.

Doctor—Your wife is in a critical state. I would advise you to call in some specialist to consult on the case. Husband—I told my wife long ago she ought to call in proper medical advice, but she thought you would be offended.

She—And you really attended the Queen's reception in London! The men, I suppose, stand uncovered in the presence of royalty? He—Yes; but not to the same extent as the women.

"Five years ago, I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work," writes Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis. "I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time, I always keep them in the house." They are easy to take.

A gentleman travelling in England some years ago, while walking near a railway, encountered a number of insane people in charge of a keeper. Nodding to one of the lunatics, he said, "Where does this railway go to?" With a scornful look, the lunatic replied, "It doesn't go anywhere; we keep it here to run trains on."

The late Mr. George Dodds went once on a deputation with a Scotch minister to a temperance meeting; but the minister, who was not a teetotaler, advocated the use of alcohol as a "good creature of God." On their return journey they missed the way; and the minister, tired out lay down by the roadside to rest. Mr. Dodds saw a hedge-hog near, wrapped it in a handkerchief, and brought it to his friend for a pillow. The points soon made themselves felt. What in the war! is that? said the minister. "It's a good creature of God," solemnly replied Mr. Dodds.

Kindness is the music of good will to men and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

The Speed of a Fly.

An instrument for measuring the flight of birds was made years ago. This instrument has been adapted to measuring the flight of insects. It has been discovered that a housefly flies faster than birds. It can fly twenty five feet a second, and when frightened it increases its speed to one hundred and sixty feet a second. A swallow is considered the swiftest of flying birds. A naturalist saw a swallow chasing a dragon-fly, and it could not catch the fly. Bees and wasps not infrequently keep up with a fast train for some distance, trying to get in at a window.

Home Hints.

Stuffed Apples.—Select as many apples as required, being careful to have them of the same size. With a long, slim knife take out the core. Prepare a filling of grated bread crumbs, a small lump of butter, sugar to taste and a little cinnamon or nutmeg. Rub all well together, fill the hollow in the apples with it, set them in a hot oven and bake them until done.

Watermelon Preserve.—Pare off the rind and cut the flesh in pieces two inches square. Weigh. Throw into cold water, then drain and to two gallons of watermelon add a heaping tablespoonful each of salt and powdered alum. Let stand until all is dissolved. Place in preserving kettle, cover with water, press down with a plate to keep it under water and cook until easily pierced with a fork. Drain in fresh water and cook in syrup prepared in the following manner: Bruise and tie in a muslin bag four ounces of ginger root; boil in one quart or more of water. Boil also three or four lemons in a small quantity of water. Take the water from the ginger and lemons, add enough sugar to make a rich syrup and put in the watermelon with slices of lemon. Cook from thirty to forty minutes.

For Canning Pears.—To every three pounds of fruit allow one and one-half pounds of sugar and a half pint of water. Peel the pears and lay them in cold water to keep them from turning dark before they are wanted. When the syrup is boiling put the pears in and cook until they look clear or a fork can be stuck into them easily. Have the jars standing in a pan of hot water and carefully fill them with the fruit. Pour the hot syrup over them, filling the jars to the top. Cover and seal.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney difficulty, and find Parmenter's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

She Ought to Know.

Having used Burdock Bitters for 15 years I cannot keep from recommending it to others. I have sold hundreds of bottles from my store, and as I keep other medicines I ought to know which sells best. It is a wonderful medicine.

Yours very sincerely,
MRS. DONALD KENNEDY:
Box 110, Caledonia, Ont.

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

Pillosophy.

Of making many pills there is no end. Every pill-maker says: "Try my pill," as if he were offering you bon bons! The wise man finds a good pill and sticks to it. Also, the wise man who has once tried them never forsakes

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Ask your Druggist for



Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

A DAINTY FLORAL EXTRACT

For Handkerchiefs & Toilet and Bath.

Professors' Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon.

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK

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

CHESTNUTS BUILDING OFF. 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

—IN—

Gentleman's Department

27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs

Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces

French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags

Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts

and Drawers.

IN STOCK —

ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS

the latest styles and the "Deris

(Paper, Turn-Down) and THE

SWELL, Paper, Standing

COLLARS

MANCHESTER

ROBERTSON

& ALLISON

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Latest Thing

—IN—

CHOICE TEAS

—IS—

"Dragon Blend"

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

Wholesale only by

A.F. Randolph & Son

—

—

—

—

—