

Turning a New Leaf.

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year.
 "Now what is that singular sound I hear?
 As if all the paper in all the world,
 Were rattled and shaken and twisted and
 twirled?"

"Oh! that," said the jolly old Earth, "is
 the noise
 Of all my children, both girls and boys,
 A-turning over their leaves so new,
 And all to do honor, New Year, to you."

WHAT THE LEAVES SAID:

I won't steal Alice's sticks of candy;
 I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy;
 I won't squeak my pencil on my slate;
 I won't lie in bed every day and be late;
 I won't make faces at Timothy Mack;
 I won't make fun behind any one's back.
 Rustle and turn them, so and so!
 The good shall come and the bad shall go.

I won't tear "barn doors" in all my frocks;
 I won't put my toes through all my socks;
 I won't be greedy at dinner-table—
 At least—I think I won't—if I'm able!
 I will not pinch nor poke nor tease,
 I will not grumble nor fret nor scold,
 And I will do exactly whatever I'm told.
 Rustle and turn them, so and so!
 The good shall come and the bad shall go.

—Laura E. Richards.

**Renewals for 1896 are in
 order now. This month should
 bring us many hundreds of
 them. Let yours be one.**

Second Thoughts Best.

"Good by, dears. I hope you'll have
 a good time this afternoon."

It was mother who said it. Nobody
 ever went away from mother, so the
 boys declared, without having a good
 wish as they started.

"But I hope you won't stay late. I
 mean very late. The days are so long,
 and it's good to have you come home."

It was Hetty who said this.

"Poor little Het," said Frank, as he
 turned for a farewell smile at the two
 faces at the window. "It's too bad
 this race on the ice came just to-day."

"Yes, it is," asserted Rob.
 "When she's been shut up in the
 house so long. And this the first day
 she could get out."

"Yes," said Rob again.
 "Look here," said Frank, stopping
 short after they were out of reach of
 the eyes inside the window. "Suppose
 we give this up, and give Hetty her
 frolic."

"Pshaw," exclaimed Rob, halfangrily.
 "All the boys are going to be out and
 it'll be a regular tip-top time. Give it
 up just to take out a little girl!"

Hetty had had a long illness and was
 just able to go out. For several days
 it had been arranged that on this
 Saturday afternoon she was to be
 wrapped up and the boys were to take
 her on a sled over to the house of Uncle
 Harry, half a mile away.

The little girl had looked forward to
 it with such delight as those know who
 have spent many weary weeks in the
 house.

Then had come the regatta.

Of course all the boys in the country
 around would expect to be there. And
 equally of course, Hetty, being an un-
 selfish little girl, said at once that she
 would remain at home so that her
 brothers might go.

"I wouldn't care a bit," went on
 Frank to his brother as they walked
 on, "if Hetty wasn't so nice about it.
 If she'd cried and make a fuss, as most
 girls would, I'd have just told her to
 shut up. But she didn't."

Rob, remembered, though, the
 tremble of the lip with which his little
 sister had insisted that the boys should
 not give up their sport for her sake, so
 he didn't make any reply except to
 quicken his steps, which had slowed as
 Frank had hesitated.

"You don't mean," said Rob, present-
 ly, "that you'd really go back now?"

"I will if you will," said Frank, stop-
 ping short. "I don't mean but what I
 want to see the regatta—awfully—
 but—"

"Well, that's just my fix," said Rob,
 stepping on with a resolute face. "I
 want to see it awfully—and I'm going
 to see it. Hurry up, now."

With one or two swift runs to vary
 the fast walking, the mile was soon
 covered. They were early. It was
 scarcely past noon, yet there were al-
 ready numbers of people gathering on
 the lakeside.

What a gay scene it was. The ice-
 boats stood decked with bright ribbons
 which whirled and danced in the
 breeze. The ice was alive with skaters
 flying this way and that, while on the
 bank sleighs and cutters, with merry
 parties and jingling bells, drove up and
 down.

But, notwithstanding all, there was
 a weight at the hearts of our two boys.
 Rob was by no means inclined to be
 unkind to his sister. Take them as a
 family, they were most united in loving
 care and thought for each other. A
 large sleigh full of little girls drove by.
 They were Hetty's friends, and how
 Rob would have rejoiced in seeing her

face among them. But it was inside
 the room in which she had been a
 prisoner for so long probably still
 looking from the window from which
 she had waved them a farewell.

Then before him arose a day on
 which the dear face had lain on a pil-
 low and no one knew whether it would
 ever be lifted, to gladden those who
 loved it.

Rob skated up to his brother.

"Say," he said, "do you believe
 mother'd let us bring Hetty down
 here? We could scoot her down in no
 time at all."

"No," said Frank, "I don't believe
 she would."

Rob hadn't believed it either. It
 was simply his way getting at what he
 now fully intended doing.

He took another turn around the
 skating course. It was pleasant to be
 there—hard to think of turning one's
 back upon it. He was soon again at
 Frank's side.

"We've," he began, "seen how things
 are here now. They say the boats
 won't go for an hour yet, and who
 wants to wait so long? It's early.
 What do you say?"

"I say yes," said Frank.

Skates were taken off and the dis-
 tance home soon left behind.

"What's that at the gate?" asked
 Rob as they drew near.

A sleigh stood before it, inside of
 which was a delightful mixture of furry
 wraps and bright faces. Strings of
 bells pealed out jerky chimes with
 every movement of the restless horses.
 "Hello!" cried voices, mingling with
 the bells. "We've come for you.
 Hurry up. We must get there before
 the regatta begins."

It was Uncle Harry's family, and
 within the house was an equally excit-
 ing condition of things. Hetty was
 being wrapped for the ride. She was
 to see it all.

"Why, boys. Why are you back so
 soon?"

"We came to take Hetty out."

"Now, boys. How her face beamed
 and shone as she heard it. 'You really
 gave it up to come for me? Why, you
 dear, dear brothers—that'll be the
 very best part of it all!'"

It may be easily guessed that it was
 the best part of it for each one of
 them. Surely no one on that bright
 day could be more light-hearted than
 the boys who had been willing to give
 up their own pleasure to do a kindness.

"We should have been glad to do it
 even if it hadn't turned out so," said
 Rob, as they talked of it in the even-
 ing.

"Yes, dear," said mother, "your self-
 denial was as perfect as if it had not
 met with such quick reward."

"Pshaw," said Frank with a little
 swagger, walking around the rooms
 with hands in pockets. "It wasn't such
 a big thing to do."

"Perhaps not," said mother, "but
 you know that in our everyday routine
 we are not often called on to do big
 things. It is the small kindnesses,
 given out of loving self-denial, which
 make up the sweetness of home life."

—Sydney Dayre.

The Garden Home Missionary.

If you are seven years old, seven

years and two days, as Ellice was, you
 know that one whole day is a very
 long time. Older people do not
 understand quite how long it really is,
 and they hurry about, here and there,
 just as if there were not twelve sunny
 hours between the time when the yellow
 sun comes smiling over the hill
 and the time when, all tired and
 flushed, he lays his head on another
 hill's purple shoulder and goes to
 sleep.

Ellice's mother, was sure that a day
 was only a little while, but Ellice
 knew better; so the mother hastily
 washed the breakfast dishes, made the
 house tidy, and changed her dress,
 and Ellice sat on the garden steps,
 and wondered if she would grow any
 before mother came home at night.

There were only two of them in the
 small house, and one had to work very
 hard to get bread and milk and dresses
 and hats and shoes for the other.

"Mother," asked Ellice, her blue eyes
 full of tears, "must you stay all day?"

"Yes, dear. It's a house to clean,
 and mother won't be home before tea-
 time, but I've put your lunch on the
 table here, and you'll have the cats and
 the dolls for company."

"Must I be tied, mother?"

Mrs. Fuller looked troubled.

"I'm afraid so, dear. You know
 mother is afraid to leave her little girl
 untied. The wags might run over
 you, pet, or you might fall into the
 brook."

So the long rope was brought out,
 and fastened to the piazza, while the
 other end went around Ellice's waist.

She backed off to see how much range
 it allowed her. She could go to the
 very edge of the brook, then around to
 the doll house under the willow, down
 the garden path where the early

flowers were coming up, and ever so
 far into the house.

When her mother bent to kiss her
 good-by, Ellice's arms clung fast to her
 neck, and there was a choked little
 whisper in her ear:

"Can't I go to mission band this
 afternoon? Can't you come home in
 time?"

It was hard for Mrs. Fuller to say
 "No," but it was a word she had had to
 say to herself as well as to Ellice a
 great many times.

"No, dearie," she said. "You must
 give up the mission band to-day. Per-
 haps you will find some mission work
 to do here at home. It would be real
 mission work to keep little Ellice
 patient and contented,—wouldn't it?"

When mother went away, Ellice sat
 down by the brook and thought about
 it. The brook seemed to think as
 mother did; it smiled the way she did,
 and it had little twinkles in its eyes
 like hers. "Something here at home,
 something, something, something," it
 said over and over between the smiles.

And Ellice smiled back. She did care
 so much what mother and the brook
 thought.

Just then she noticed at the water's
 edge a tiny fern, half uprooted by
 some mischance, and now drooping on
 the moss, its leaves uncurled and dy-
 ing. All in a moment the brook put
 an idea into Ellice's head. "Something
 here at home," it kept saying faster
 and faster and more and more loudly.

Leaning far over, Ellice reached out,
 dug a little hole, and put the fern
 roots firmly in, pressing the earth
 around them. Her little brown hand
 made a cup, and Ellice and the brook
 watered the fern leaves until they be-
 gan to revive. Then Ellice laughed to
 herself. "I'm a home missionary," she
 said, and hurried off to find something
 else to do.

Here was a dry patch of grass,
 where a board had been lying all
 winter. She must carry water for
 that, and there was a dipper on the
 piazza. Back and forth she hurried,
 pouring on the water until all the tufts
 of yellow grass looked grateful.

Then she found a big ant whose hole
 had been stopped up by a falling
 pebble. The poor fellow tugged and
 pulled, and ran around and around the
 stone, but could not move it. The
 home missionary took a little twig,
 and opened the ant's front door for
 him, smiling to see how he scuttled
 down the stairs to tell his family.

A little farther on, in the garden
 path, lay a grasshopper with all the
 hop gone out of him. Ellice didn't
 like grasshoppers when they hopped
 on her dress or flew in her face, so at
 first she thought she would let him
 alone. As she turned away, the rope
 caught her feet, and over she tumbled
 on the grass. When she scrambled up
 she went at once to the grasshopper.

She could get up when she fell down,
 and she couldn't; so she must go to
 help him. The trouble was with his
 wing; it seemed to be torn, and he
 couldn't get about even when he was
 lifted up. So Ellice brought a maple
 leaf, and covered him up from the sun.

By this time it was lunch-time, and
 the bread and milk on the table had
 to be eaten. Two brown cookies were
 carried out into the garden, and one
 was crumbled up under the willow
 tree for the birds, who twittered and
 chirped as they shared Ellice's lunch,
 and then put their wise little heads on
 one side to look a "Thank-you" to the
 missionary.

It took the rest of the afternoon to
 examine the morning's work. The fern
 and the yellow grass looked ever so
 much better, the big ant had all his
 family hard at work running in and
 out the open front door, and the grass-
 hopper felt well enough to get home.

So when the beautiful short day was
 over, when the tired sun felt just as
 much like going to sleep as Ellice did,
 and when the little girl was curled up
 in mother's arms, she told all about
 her busy day.

"We had a mission band here at
 home," she said, smiling on mother's
 shoulder, "and there were only two of
 us in it. I was one, and who was the
 other, mother dear?"

But mother had guessed the answer.
 "The brook," she said.—Grace Duffield
 Goodwin.

All Sorts.

A little girl in the fourth grade was
 troubled in school with the twitching
 of the muscles of the eye. Being
 asked what was the matter, she said,
 "I've got the hiccoughs in my eye."

Impure blood is the cause of boils,
 pimples and other eruptions. Hood's
 Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and
 cures these troubles.

Dear me, cried the nurse, the baby
 has swallowed my railroad ticket.
 What shall I do? Go and buy another
 right away, returned the mother. I
 am not going to let the conductor
 punish the baby.

Dr. Shields, an eminent physician of
 Tennessee, says: I regard Ayer's
 Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine
 on earth, and I know of many wonder-
 ful cures effected by its use. Physi-
 cians all over the land have made
 similar statements.

Editor's Son—I asked papa when
 the millennium was coming, and if
 Mars was inhabited, and if it was
 going to rain next Fourth of July, and
 he said he didn't know. I don't see
 how he ever got to be an editor.

A January thaw is always more pro-
 ductive of colds and coughs than a
 January freeze. Then is the time
 Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is needed and
 proves so extremely efficacious. Ask
 your druggist for it, and also for Ayer's
 Almanac, which is free to all.

Little Carrie had been instructed to
 learn a Scripture verse with the word
 'good' in it. Accordingly, her parents
 taught her, it is lawful to do good on
 the Sabbath day. The little maid re-
 peated her text many times softly to
 herself before the beginning of the
 general exercise, in which all the
 Sunday school classes were to join.
 Then, when her turn came, she sent a
 ripple over the audiences by reciting,
 in clear but lisping accents, it is awful
 to be good on the Sabbath day.

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Edward J. Javers, Real Estate
 Broker, 63 Yonge Street, Toronto,
 Canada: "I have much pleasure in
 testifying to the benefits I have re-
 ceived from using K. D. C. While I
 do not believe in 'cure alls,' under all
 circumstances I can confidently recom-
 mend it for indigestion. I know of
 others who have also tried it with
 satisfaction."

I met an old acquaintance, and in
 comparing notes I said that Indigestion
 was my only trouble; he replied that
 he had suffered from the same thing
 for over thirty years; I said that I had
 a specific; I advised him to try K. D.
 C., he said it was his specific and we
 shook hands and agreed to give K. D.
 C. our support."

It is worthy of your support, and is
 the sure support of the Dyspeptic.

In a Vermont granite-quarrying
 town many Italians are employed, and
 are much liked by the Vermonters
 who "boss" them. Last year one of
 the Italians, after trying in vain to
 eat some of the beef furnished by the
 corporation, gave up in a comical de-
 spair, and began to wrap it in a scrap
 of tinsel paper that he drew out of his
 pocket. What are you doing there?
 asked the foreman from the head of
 the table. I senna hem to de World's
 Fair, answered the Italian, indicating
 the beef. What for? Because I be
 sure dat beefa he de same what geeve
 milk for my countryman, Cristoforo
 Colombo!

It is said that some years ago a
 heated debate arose in a Southern
 Baptist association. At length Dr.
 William F. Broadus got the floor, and
 in his inimitable way convulsed the
 assembly with laughter by his witty
 sallies. After a few moments one of
 the irate debaters arose and inter-
 rupted by saying, "Brother President,
 in the name of our holy religion, I
 protest against such unseemly mirth
 in God's house. When I think on our
 condition, it appears to me that it
 would be much more appropriate to
 weep than to laugh—" Here Dr.
 Broadus, who was still on his feet,
 broke in with, "I think so too,
 Brother President. Will the brother
 who has just protested please lead us
 in weeping?" And there was a Vesu-
 vius of laughter.

Friend of the family—How is your
 brother getting on now? Is he making
 any money? She—No. He does not
 seem to want money—he wants credit,
 he says.

Why will you allow a cough to lac-
 erate your throat or lungs and run the
 risk of filling a co-sumptive's grave,
 when, by the timely use of Bickle's
 Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can
 be allayed and the danger avoided.
 This Syrup is pleasant to the taste,
 and unsurpassed for relieving, healing
 and curing all affections of the throat
 and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis,
 etc., etc.

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 GENTS.—Please send us four dozen
 Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion.
 We find it a genuine article. It knocks
 all others out in the first round.
 Several ladies here are loud in its
 praise, saying it has saved the lives of
 their children.

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HOARSENESS AND SORE THROAT.

DEAR SIRS.—I highly recommend
 Haggard Pectoral Balsam as the best
 cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness and
 sore throat, ever used.

WILBUR ASHBY,

Havelock, Ont.

Home Hints.

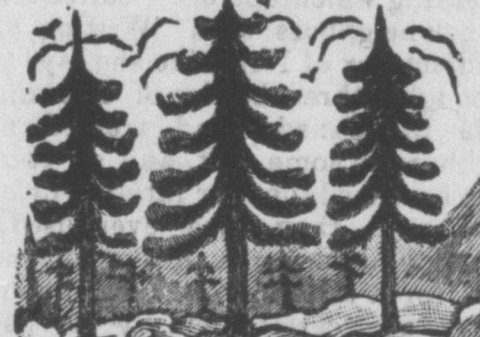
Almond Cake.—Two cups of powder-
 ed sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup
 milk, two and one half cups flour, one
 teaspoonful baking powder, the beaten
 whites of five eggs, one pound finely
 chopped almonds.

Cracker Omelet.—Break one quart
 of oyster crackers into small pieces,
 pour over them one pint hot milk
 with half teaspoonful salt. Stir in
 three eggs well beaten and put into a
 hot buttered skillet. Cook slowly ten
 minutes stirring frequently.

Turk's Head.—One pint of flour
 one pint of milk, two eggs, butter half
 the size of an egg, a little salt. Mix
 the flour and butter, then add the
 yolks, beaten very light, then the
 milk, and lastly, the whites well
 beaten. Bake in a quick oven, and
 serve at once.

Graham Pudding.—One cupful of
 graham flour, half a cupful of flour,
 half a cupful of molasses, one cupful
 of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda,
 a little salt, one cupful each of seeded
 raisins and currants; steam one hour
 and three-quarters; serve with cream
 or any pudding sauce.

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 Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat,
 Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and
 LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which
 resist other remedies yield promptly to this
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Apr. 11, 1896

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KEEPS CHICKENS STRONG
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 it is worth its weight in gold when hens are moor-
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 tention, Leg-Weakness, Liver Complaint and Croup.
 It is a powerful Food Digestive.
 Large Cans are Most Economical to Buy.

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WILL
MAKE HENS LAY
LIKE
SHERIDAN'S
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 with this daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your
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 eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of
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 absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quality
 less than a cent a day. No other kind of
 feed will do this. If you can't get it send to us. Ask for
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