

The Boy That Laughs.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck a funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples over his cheeks
Like waves on sunny sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and moan and sigh.

—Exchange.

Elsie's Two Pictures.

It was a beautiful June morning,
and Elsie Thorpe sat out under the trees,
busily engaged in making a new gown
for one of her numerous family of dolls.
She had just started to sew
on a ruffle, when her mamma called
her to go on an errand.

Elsie scowled, and grumbled crossly
to herself: "There, that's the way
every single time! Mamma always
wants me just when I'm busy with
something else," and she pulled the
thread so savagely that it broke.
Then, as the call was repeated, she
went into the house very slowly and
did as she was bid. But she was in
bad humor all the rest of the morning.

Elsie's favorite, Aunt Marion, was
visiting the family, and every after-
noon she and Elsie and her mamma
sat out on the vine-shaded veranda, or
under the trees, with their work and
books, and delightful hours they spent.
One afternoon Mrs. Thorpe had gone
to call on some friends, and Elsie and
her aunt were left alone. Aunt Marion
was showing Elsie some pictures she
had recently taken with her camera,
and telling her all about them. She
picked up one, and handing it to Elsie,
said:

"That is a picture of a little girl I
know very well, and so do you. Take
a good look and tell me if you recognize
her."

Elsie gazed at the photograph in
great astonishment. It was that of a
bright and healthy little girl, with
long curls, but what an expression the
face wore. There was a deep scowl
on the forehead, the mouth was pout-
ing and the eyes were full of dis-
content. Altogether the picture was
most unlovely and repelling.

"Why, Aunt Marion, who is that?"
asked Elsie. "I never saw that girl
before! What makes her look so
dreadfully cross? Whoever would
have a picture taken that way?"

"Why, dear, are you sure you don't
know that girl? Just look again, care-
fully."

Elsie studied the picture very in-
tently for a minute. Then she blushed
deeply, and faltered out:

"Aunt Marion, is that—that can that be
me? Say it isn't! Please say it isn't!"

"Yes, dear, that is a picture I took
of you one day when you were cross
over some little thing," answered Aunt
Marion, kindly, full of pity for her
niece. "You didn't see me, so I got a
very good 'snap shot' at you."

"Oh, auntie! Do I really look like
that when I'm cross? It's awful! If
you didn't say that was truly me I
wouldn't believe it! How can any-
body love a little girl that looks like
that!" The tears stood in Elsie's eyes,
and her voice trembled. She was very
unhappy.

Aunt Marion stroked Elsie's hair
lovingly for a few moments; then she
said:

"My dear girl, that is a picture of
you when you are cross. Now, here
is a snap shot of you when you are in
good humor, as you should be. Would
you think it possible that this was a
picture of the same little girl?"

The photograph which Elsie now
held was a striking contrast to the
other. There she was, her face
wreathed in smiles, holding in her
arms Arabella Margaret, her doll, a
truly charming picture of youth and
joyfulness. Elsie brushed away her
tears and smiled.

"Why, auntie!" she exclaimed. "If
I can look like that it's wicked to look
cross, isn't it? Why, I'll never be
angry again as long as I live! What
a difference a smile makes! I'm so
thankful you showed me those pic-
tures."

"Now that you see the difference,
Elsie," replied auntie, "can you won-
der that we are all so grieved when you
are cross and sulky, and that we are
pleased to see you cheerful and in good
spirits? A sunny face is worth a dozen
pouting ones."

"Well," said Elsie, nodding her head
decidedly, "I'll never, never, pout or
sulk any more. I don't ever want to
be caught again with that ugly look on
my face!"

And, so far as I know, she never
was.—The Examiner.

A Study in Bird Architecture.

Ornithologists and bird-lovers in
general have many stories to tell con-
cerning the curious construction of
birds' nests, but few have had the
patience to estimate so accurately the
amount of material used as has W. S.
Harwood. The following article by
him in 'The Youth's Companion,' gives
fine idea of the amount of work ex-
pended by the 'little people of the air'
on their homes:

"During my morning walk I had
found on the roadside a bird's nest
which had evidently been thrown down
by a poacher of eggs. It had un-
doubtedly been the home of some stout
bird, like the bluejay. I took it home
with me, fell to studying it, and found
it to be a most admirably constructed
house. It was built substantially; it
was built neatly; it was built to stand
the storms.

"I took it to pieces. The founda-
tion was composed of woven twigs and
roots, so snugly and so cleverly inter-
mingled that it was not without con-
siderable difficulty that I separated
them. Interwoven with the twigs
were strings of various kinds, forming
the second course in the construction
of the building.

"To this second course was attached
another one of twine of a softer grade,
a careful selection being made so that
the coarser strings should be nearer
the outside of the nest.

"Pieces of newspaper and feathers
were mixed in with the softer twine,
thus giving greater warmth to the nest
without adding materially to the size.
It was the same principle underlying
the bird-builders' work that is followed
by builders in cold climates, who line
their houses with thick paper.

"I became more and more interested
as I made my way slowly into the
inner architecture of the nest. The
coarse twigs, the coarse and lighter
twine, the paper and feathers, were
followed by a very thick layer of the
coarsest of horsehair. It went around
and around the inside of the nest,
following a carefully carried out plan,
and was at last merged into a soft
mesh of human hair, so golden and
fluffy and fine it must have come from
some little child's head.

"But even this was not soft enough
and cozy enough for the little birds,
so inside of all was a coating of the finest
lint, picked up as neatly as it is ever
done for hospital uses. This was the
final preparation for the eggs and the
young birds.

"To find out how much material had
gone into the construction of this snug
little cottage, I measured everything
as carefully as possible, and found
that there were five hundred feet of
strings, five feet of thread of various
colors and sizes, thirty-eight feet of
fine and coarse roots, and fifty feet of
shredded stuff, to say nothing of the
stiff finer lint, which must have mea-
sured quite a distance could it have
been spun into a thread.

"How many days of flying, how many
miles of bird-flight in search of mate-
rial? As a study in bird architecture,
as an example of home-making, as a
proof of motherly and fatherly care,
and as a triumph over what must have
been great obstacles, the little nest
was of peculiar interest.—Church
Union.

A Boy's Help.

Cheerfulness has been called 'the
bright weather of the heart.' What
the sun is to the day, what joy is to
the stricken soul, that the cheerful one
is in the home. A writer tells of a
visit, and of coming to the dinner-room
one morning in the midst of a three-
days rain. The fire smoked, the room
was chilly, father was grim, and mother
tired, and baby Polly fretful, and
Bridget undeniably cross. Soon Jack
came in with the breakfast rolls from
the baker's. He left his rubber coat
and boots in the entry and came in
rosy and smiling. 'Here's the paper,
sir,' said he so cheerily that his father
answered quite pleasantly, 'Ah, thank
you, Jack.' His mother looked up at
him smilingly as he touched her cheek
gently as he passed. 'The top of the
morning to you, Pollywog,' he said to
his little sister, and delivered the rolls
to Bridget with a 'Here you are. Aren't
you sorry you didn't go yourself this
beautiful day?' He gave the fire a
poke and opened the damper. The
smoke ceased and coals began to glow,
and five minutes after Jack came they
had gathered around the table and
were eating as cheerfully as possible.

This seems simple in the telling,
and Jack never knew he had done any-
thing at all, but he had changed the
whole moral atmosphere of the room,
and started a gloomy day pleasantly
for five people. 'He is always so,'
said his mother when her guest spoke
to her about it afterwards. 'Just so
sunny and kind and ready all the
time.'

Now is there any reason why every
boy who reads this may not be just as
helpful as Jack? Try it—a merry
heart and a helping hand.

Eating Before Retiring.

A generation ago physicians held the
eating of food immediately before re-
tiring almost a crime. The old theory
is quite exploded. One of the medical
journals, in commenting on the sub-
ject recently, said that while it is not
good as a matter of fact to go to bed
with the stomach so loaded that the
undigested food will render one rest-
less, still something of a light, palatable
nature in the stomach is one of the
best aids to quietude and rest. The
process of digestion goes on in sleep
with as much regularity as when one is
taking violent exercise to aid it; and so
something in the stomach is a very
desirable condition for the night's rest.
Some physicians have declared, indeed
that a good deal of the prevalent
insomnia is the result of an unconscious
craving of the stomach for food in per-
sons who have been unduly frightened
by the opinion that they must not eat
before going to bed, or who have, like
many nervous women, been keeping
themselves in a state of semistarvation.

Nothing is more agreeable to retir-
ing for the night than to take a bowl
of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel or clam
soup. It is a positive aid to nervous
people, and induces peaceful slumbers.
This is especially the case of cold winter
nights, when the stomach craves
warmth as much as any other part of
the body. Even a glass of hot milk is
grateful to the palate on such occasions;
but a light, well-cooked gruel is better,
and in our climate, during the cold
months of winter, should be the retir-
ing food of every woman who feels, as
many do, the need of food at night.—
Womankind.

Sure It Was Right.

"If I only was sure that is right!"
whispered Sam to himself, after he had
finished his sum and was about to take
it up to the teacher.

"Pooh!" whispered Dick over his
shoulder; 'take it up. She's too busy
to look at it closely, and won't know
whether it is right or not.'

"What did you tell me that for?"
Sam demanded of Dick when they went
out to recess.

"That's the way to get along easy,"
answered Dick.

"But it isn't getting along easy that
I'm after; it's being and doing right.
If my work isn't done right, it won't
do me any good to have it passed by
the teacher. I want to be sure I'm
right."

A great man once said, 'I would
rather be right than president.' A
small man—I mean in spirit—would
have said, 'I would rather get along
easy than be right.' The boy who
looks at getting through more closely
than he does at being exactly right, is
apt to make a small, mean man in
character, however much money or
success he may gain.—Our Children.

Doing and Not Doing.

'Sir,' said a lad, coming down to one
of the wharfs in Boston, and address-
ing a well-known merchant, 'have you
any berth on your ship? I want to
earn something.'

'What can you do?' asked the
gentleman.

'I can try my best to do whatever
I am put to,' answered the boy.

'What have you done?'
'I have sawed and split all mother's
wood for nigh on two years.'

'What have you not done?' asked
the gentleman, who was a queer sort
of a questioner.

'Well, sir, answered the boy, after a
moment's pause, 'I have not whispered
in school once for a whole year.'

'That's enough,' said the gentleman.

'You may ship aboard this vessel, and
I hope to see you master of it some
day. A boy who can master a wood-
pile and bridle his tongue must be
made out of good stuff.'—Christian
Leader.

Friendship.

A lady tells this true story of two
four-footed vagabonds: 'One day at
a railway station I met a wretched
little white cur, and I told him I
would give him something to eat. We
went together into the dining-room,
and after he had eaten a good meal,
off he went in a hurry. He is not very
grateful, I said to my husband. But
much to my surprise, in a few minutes
there was a little scratch at the door,
and when it opened, in walked my
small friend, accompanied by a more
lean and miserable specimen than him-
self. He seemed to say, 'Please feed
my poor friend, he is in as much need
as I am.' Needless to say they both
had a meal, which doubtless they re-
member to this day; after which they
trotted away together, wagging their
tails, as happy and grateful as dogs
could be.'

About Babies.

In South America a book, a piece of
money, and a bottle of liquor are
placed before a child the day it attains
its first year, in order to ascertain its
bent in life, it being the superstition
that whichever object it grasps first
will be indicative of its future career.
In the north of England, when a child
is taken from a house for the first time,
it is given an egg, some salt, and a
small loaf of bread, and occasionally a
piece of money, to insure it against
coming to want. In Germany the
people consider it necessary that a
child should 'go up' before it goes down
in the world: so as soon as it is born it
is carried upstairs. If the house is
only of one story, the nurse mounts a
table or chair with the infant in her
arms.—Young People's Paper.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.—Do not be
ashamed of the best thing you have.
If you are ashamed of anything let it
be of meanness, foolishness and sin.
But ashamed of Christ? Never. Do
you want to be a man? Well, the
manifest thing a boy can do is to stand
up for Jesus.

When James Abram Garfield was a
boy at Williams College he climbed up
Mount Greylock one day with a lot of
his companions, and spent the night
on the mountain top. Seated around
the camp fire they sang college songs
and told stories all the evening. At
length young Garfield took a Testament
out of his pocket and said:

'Boys, it is my custom to read a
chapter in the Bible and have a prayer
before going to bed. Shall we have it
together?'

And they did. We all admire a boy
who serves the Lord, and isn't afraid to
say so.

MASTICATE SLOWLY.—Take small
mouthfuls, do not gorge the mouth
with food, either by quantity or too
frequent repetition.

Do not drink until the mouth is
empty.

Food washed down will not assimilate.
In eating meat, corn, berries or
any compact food, let the teeth do the
work, rather than the stomach.

Masticate slowly. The epicurean
will appreciate this. The pleasures of
the table are enhanced by so doing.

Most people masticate only on one
side. Use all of the teeth. Clean
them thoroughly and often. Avoid
hot food or drink. Watch them care-
fully; consult a good dentist if decay
appears.—S. Putnam, M. D. in
Healthy Home.

Shamefully Abused.

First Boy—I am going to run away
from home.

Second Boy—Been abused?

First Boy—Yes; father rigged up a
funny monkey that danced when you
turned a big crank, and put it upstairs
in the barn. The crank turned awful
hard, but I kept the monkey dancing
all the afternoon. Now I have found
out that father had the crank con-
nected with the grindstone, and was
downstairs sharpening everything in
the house.—Golden Rule.

All Sorts.

They tell this story of Lord Rosebery
who is a very bad shot: Not long ago
he was on the Scotch moors, and, hav-
ing unsuccessfully fired at a covey of
birds that rose not more than twenty
yards ahead, he exclaimed: 'It is
strange that none of them fell! I'm
positive that some of them must have
been struck.' 'I dinna doot,' re-
turned the keeper, with the usual free-
dom of his class, 'that they were struck
wi' astonishment at gettin' off sae easy!'

We know the great cures by Hood's
Sarsaparilla are genuine because the
people themselves write about them.

Lord Cockburn insisted on his head
gardener taking on as an apprentice a
young lad in whom his lordship was
interested. The lad was generally re-
garded as somewhat lazy, and the
gardener was not at all pleased at hav-
ing such a youth thrust upon him.
Some time after his lordship, walking
in the garden, came upon his gardener
and said:

'Well, Sandy, how is my young
friend getting on with you?'

'Oh, he's dacin' fine,' replied the
gardener with a sarcastic grin; 'he is
workin' awa' at the very job that suits
him.'

'I'm very pleased to know that,'
said his lordship. 'What may that be?'

'Chasin' snails off the walks,' was
the cutting reply.

It is your duty as well as privilege
to look young as long as you can. One
way to do so is by dressing your hair
with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It causes the
hair to retain its color and fullness to
a late period of life, and keeps the
scalp in good, healthy condition.

A Georgia cattle buyer who is also a

good Presbyterian, was somewhat sur-
prised recently to find out how utterly
unknown in a certain part of the Cohutta
Mountains was the good old Presby-
terian Church. It is said that he had
stopped at an humble cabin home, and
during the absence of the man of the
house was negotiating with the old
woman for the purchase of a cow. In
the course of the conversation he re-
marked to her that she lived very far
back in the mountains. She replied:

'Yes, but a leetle fudder up the road
thar's several other families.'

Wondering what religious faith
would be hers, he inquired if there
were any Presbyterians about there.
'I can't say,' she said; 'I never pay
any attention to such things, and
wouldn't know one if I was to see it.
But John is a powerful hunter, and
you can look back of the house among
the hides, and maybe you can tell if he
has ever kilt one.'

'Have tried others, but like Ayer's
best' is the statement made over and
over again by those who testify to the
benefit derived from the use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. Disease never had a
greater enemy than this powerful
blood-purifier. It makes the weak
strong.

Jamie is a bright-eyed boy, who be-
longs to a family of seven children.
He has an uncle living in the country
twenty miles from his city home and
he loves to visit him. Although he is
only six, he shows great fondness for
animals, and during his last visit he
was much interested in a little calf
there, and kept teasing his uncle to
sell it to him to take home. Finally
the uncle asked: 'What would you
pay me for the calf?' Jamie replied: 'I
haven't much money, but I could
trade the baby for the calf, for I've
had a baby at our house most every
year.'

Lawyers are often accused of making
exorbitant charges. Their critics for-
get that it is not so much for the time
they expend in giving the advice
sought or in managing a case as it is
for their knowledge of the law which
enables them to do the work. This
lesson was once taught the celebrated
Chief-Justice John Marshall. He
was driving through a timbered region
when the hub of his wheel caught on
a small sapling growing by the road-
side. After striving unsuccessfully for
some moments to extricate the wheel,
he heard the sound of an ax in the
woods and saw a negro approaching.
Hailing him, he said: 'If you will get
that ax and cut down this tree I'll
give you a dollar.' 'I c'n git yer
by 'thout no ax, ef dat's all yer
want.' 'Yes that's all,' said the
judge. The man simply backed
the horse until the wheel was
clear of the sapling, and then brought
the vehicle safely around it. 'You
don't charge a dollar for that do you?'
asked the astonished chief justice.

'No, massa; but it's wuf a dollar to
learn some folks sense.' The quick-
witted darky got his dollar without
further questioning.

The Horse—no nobler of the brute
creation—when suffering from a cut,
abrasion, or sore, derives as much
benefit as its master in a like predic-
ament, from the healing, soothing
action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.
Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiff-
ness of the joints, throat and lungs,
are relieved by it.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous ex-
citement. The delicately constituted,
the financier, the business man, and
those whose occupation necessitates
great mental strain or worry, all suffer
less or more from it. Sleep is the
great restorer of a worried brain, and
to get sleep cleanse the stomach from
all impurities with a few doses of
Purmesee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine
coated, containing no mercury, and are
guaranteed to give satisfaction or the
money will be refunded.

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DEAR SIR, — I was troubled with
pain in the back for months, and after
trying several remedies without effect,
thought I would use Hayard's Yellow
Oil. I am glad to say that after using
two bottles I was completely cured,
and cannot recommend this excellent
remedy too highly.
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right to that bald spot and
begin to bring the hair back.

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