

I Wouldn't Be Cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while; Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile; Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss, Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home. They love you so fondly, whatever may come, You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand, Oh, loyally true in a brotherhood band! So, since the fine gold far exceeds the dross, I wouldn't be cross, dear—I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah, no! To the pilgrims we meet on the life-path we owe This kindness, to give them good cheer as they pass, To clear out the flint stones and plant the soft grass. No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss, I wouldn't be cross, dear—I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar The beautiful work of our hands we may mar. Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss I wouldn't be cross, love—I wouldn't be cross.

—Little Knights and Ladies.

Paying His Debts.

"But, mother, I want it just dreadfully, and it doesn't cost but a quarter." The voice was Kenneth's, and revealed the fact that the boy was almost in tears. Mother replied patiently, as she had done several times before.

"I am sorry, dear, but I can't give you even a quarter, and you will have to give up the rooster."

"He's the cunningest little banty you ever saw," sobbed the disappointed child, "and all the boys have them."

"That will do, Kenneth," was the only reply, and when mother spoke in that tone all the small members of the family knew what it meant.

"All the same, I'm going to have that rooster," Kenneth proclaimed angrily to the younger children, who gathered around him. "I never can have anything and I think it's mean. Mother could give me that quarter just as well as not." In his heart he knew this charge was not true, but it made him feel better to say so.

When the children came trooping in to supper that night, Ray ran to her mother, her blue eyes shining with excitement.

"Mother, mother," she cried, "Kenneth got the banty rooster, and the coop is all made for it, and bimeby, he's going to have a hen and lots of little chickens, and sell 'e eggs, and buy a farm, and we're all going to live there."

Kenneth looked somewhat defiant as he took his seat, but when his mother said gravely, "where did you get the rooster, Kenneth?" the answer, was prompt and frank: "Don't you worry about that, mother; that's all right, honest it is."

Mrs. Miller was in the habit of trusting her children, so the subject was dropped. The rooster flourished in his new home, and all the children fed him, hung over his coop and counted the number of times he crowed. Matters went on smoothly for awhile, until one day at luncheon Ethel announced, with her most elder sisterly air:

"Kenneth Miller is going to be arrested, and I saw the policeman that's going to do it. That lady told me so—you know the one you borrowed the quarter from."

Mother drew the frightened boy into her room, and closed the door. Then Kenneth confessed.

"I borrowed it, mother. That lady that lives across the street from the other lady that was going to sell me the rooster, she knew I didn't have any money, so she said she would lend it to me, and I forgot all about it. I meant to pay her—I did, honest."

"What were you going to pay her with?" mother asked, gathering into her lap the small financier, rubber boots and all. "You haven't any money, and mother told you she could not spare any."

"I thought maybe you could spare it by and by, or maybe Eddie or Nan would give it to me, or maybe I might find it on the walk, like Jimmie Lawrence did."

They talked it over a little more, these two good friends, and together they decided that Kenneth must make his own plans to pay his debt.

He wore a very puzzled face for several days, and once, coming close to his mother, he breathed a woe-begone sigh:

"Mother, isn't it just dreadful to owe things and have bills?"

One night Eddie came in hurriedly, and called upstairs: "If any one of you children will take this package to town I'll give you five cents."

Kenneth's face lighted up, and he sprang forward eagerly. "I will, Eddie," he cried, and was out of the gate like a flash.

Half an hour later he stood, shaking in his shoes, in Mrs. Demorest's parlor, the five-cent piece clutched tightly in his hand.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the kind woman, when he had stumbled through his terrified little explanations, "don't worry over that any more. I'll keep the five cents, but you needn't pay the rest."

Kenneth flew home joyfully, and went to tell mother. Then they talked the whole thing over again.

"What do you think you ought to do about it, dear? Don't be in a hurry; you think about it, and then tell me what you have decided. I am sure you and mother will think just alike; you know we often do," said Mrs. Miller, dropping a kiss on the top of the little shaven head.

By bedtime Kenneth had decided. "Mother," he said: "I think I will pay."

The next morning the boy shouldered a small spade which belonged to papa, and, without a word to any one, started down the street. Going bravely to door after door, he asked: "Do you want your flower-beds spaded up? I'll do it for ten cents."

Two people said yes, and so, in the hot sun, hour after hour, sometimes struggling to keep back the tears, the boy dug away, and by the middle of the afternoon he had twenty cents. On the way home he stopped again at Mrs. Demorest's, and gave her the money.

"That boy has good stuff in him; he'll make a fine man some day," she remarked to her husband as the gate closed behind the tired little laborer.

His head ached, he was tired, he was hungry, but he had never been so happy in his life as when he climbed to his old seat on his mother's lap and whispered in her ear:

"I'm not ever going to have any bills again, mother dear: I'm going to pay cash."—Ex.

Nellie's Raspberries.

Little Nellie was angry. She had some raspberry vines,—her very own—and now the robins and other birds were picking the fruit as fast as it got ripe.

"If only they'd leave me just a few," she said, tearfully, to her mother, "I wouldn't mind it so much. But they won't; they just watch the berries all the time, and pick 'em even before they get ripe. I haven't had one, and they've been eating them two or three days."

"Oh, well, never mind," said her mother, consolingly; "papa's big patch will commence to ripen soon, and then the birds will go down there. You see, yours are on the hillside, and get ripe first; that's what makes the birds watch them so eagerly. As soon as papa's are ripe, there will be enough for both us and the birds."

"But it's the first ones I want," said Nellie, plaintively. "That's what makes mine so nice. After papa's get ripe, there'll be so many they won't be any fun. They'll be too common. If only the birds would scare; but they won't. I frowed sticks and stones, and shoo'd 'em, and runned after 'em; and they only laughed at me. I know they laughed, 'cause a big robin said 'chip, chip, chip,' and then picked a raspberry and flew right past. Well, 'tain't any use,' resignedly; 'but I'll go down and try to scare 'em once more.'"

Half an hour or so later she returned with a radiant face. "I think you have succeeded in scaring them away," said her mother, smilingly.

"Oh, no," eagerly, and flushing a little. "I've just made friends, that's all. You see, I chased a robin 'way down to the orchard, clear to the quince bushes where the limbs grow low down and thick. The robin flew right into 'em, and I pulled the branches aside; and—what do you think, mamma?"

"I'm sure I couldn't guess."

"Well, there was the loveliest robin's nest, with free little baby robins in it. And they opened their mouths—oh, ever so wide! I s'pect they was hungry."

"Very likely. And what did you do?"

"Just skipped away, soft as I could."

She paused a moment, with a tender, wistful expression coming into her big brown eyes then: "O mamma! I'm never going to frow anything at a bird again, long's I live. Maybe the mamma robin was getting raspberries for her babies."—Frank H. Sweet, in Churchman.

Two dusky small boys were quarrelling; one was pouring forth a volume of vituperous epithets, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted, he said, "Are you too?" Yes. You ain't got nuffin' more to say? No. Well, all dem tings what you called me, you is.

Unlucky John.

There is an old saying that 'some men are born to ill luck'; but a close inquiry into the circumstances attending the 'bad luck' of most cases will reveal a carelessness—some lack of method, a general shiftlessness, a sufficient cause for the effect. A good old countrywoman of an inland Maine town was recently telling the writer of her son's misfortunes.

"John has nuthin' but bad luck," she said; "everything he sets his hand to comes to a bad end. I don't see why he should be so unlucky. Now there was his colt, worth more'n \$50, and it fell through the floor and broke its neck."

"I suppose there was something wrong with the floor?" I queried.

"I do s'pose 'twas getting a little weak," she answered, "but John was agoing to fix it when he got around to it."

"No, that wasn't it," she continued. "Twas all on account of his bad luck. There was his yoke of oxen; he'd fed 'em and fussed over 'em till everybody admitted they was the best yoke in town; and if you believe it, one 'o them oxen got cast one night and had to be killed."

"Was the ox properly hitched?" I asked.

"P'raps not," the old lady responded with a sigh. "But 'twas John's bad luck. Then there was his hens; twenty 'o 'em died last summer from eatin' salt fish."

"Where could they get salt fish?" was my surprised question.

"Well, you see, John went fishin' and brought home a lot o' fish. He salted 'em and hung 'em on the fence to cure, and the hens was possessed to pick at 'em all the time."

"The hens must have been hungry to do that," I remarked.

"I don't s'pose John did feed 'em so much as he'd ought to; but 'twas just in keepin' with his bad luck for them hens to up and die. And now his barn o' hay is all burned up, and nobody knows how it took fire."

"Does John smoke?" I inquired.

"Well, I s'pose John smokes more'n he ought to. And I s'pose maybe he sometimes smoked in the barn; but lots o' men does it, and don't get burned up."

"It's hard for your son," I said, "but don't you think John's bad luck is partly due to carelessness?"

"Mebbe 'tis," sighed the old lady. "And now his barn's burned up, and he hasn't got a cent o' insurance. You see he was calculating to get insured one o' these days, when he come round to it. I do declare John's a dreadful unlucky man."—Selected.

Doing Errands with the Heart.

Tom was reading about a boy who did errands with his heart as well as his hands and feet. "Did errands with his heart?" Tom said, in a vexed tone; "That's a silly way to talk."

Grandma, who heard Tom's remark, said, "Will you go to the attic, Tom, and bring down an old jacket that you will find on the old blue chest?"

Tom drew a long sigh; then he frowned and stretched and yawned, as he said to his sister, "Can't you go? you are not doing anything."

Belle did not wish to go, so Tom dragged himself slowly out of the room, and after a while came back with a sour face, and drawing the jacket along by one sleeve.

"It seems to me," said grandma, "that you are not much like the boy in your book."

"Why grandma?"

"Because you do errands with your hands and feet, but not with your heart. Your feet and hands obeyed, but the best part of obedience was left out. If I should ask you to go to my closet for a bag of candy for yourself, would you go for it as you went for the jacket?"

Tom thought he would go fast enough for that.

Then said grandma, "Real love does not seek one's own pleasure, but is kind, and patient, and unselfish."

"If an errand is done, what does it matter how it is done?" asked Tom.

"Service without love is like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," said grandma.

Then Tom understood about the boy who did errands with his heart, and when his mother called him to get a pail of water for her, he tried to be like that boy.—Westminster Junior Lessons.

Charley Ray's Victory.

Little Charley Ray had been sick a long time. He had had scarlet fever, and was just getting well. He had been sick, and the doctor had been afraid to let him eat much.

He told his mother what to give him to eat—no butter.

Now, Charley was almost starved, and he knew that every day on his father's table there were lots of nice things that he could not have, yet he

never asked for them. But here was the hardest trial of all.

A nice dainty basket of thin wafer cakes was sent to Charley from a neighbor, who knew how hungry he was, hoping he would eat them. When they were shown to him he looked at them longingly, but he was a good boy, and tried to do what his parents thought best.

"You can't have any, my boy," his mother said. "The doctor would shake his head."

Just then there came a ring at the door. It was a friend from the country to spend the night. Charley's mother was called away, leaving the tempting cakes on the mantel, just over his head. He was up and dressed, too.

Shortly after she peeped in at the door, and told Charley she must go to the market, and he must sit quietly till she came back. She wouldn't be gone very long, still forgetting the cakes she had left within reach of the half-starved boy, though he had not forgotten.

What would you have done if they had been within your reach? He had said to his mother, "I won't stir," and this promise given, not for all the world would he break it. For a whole hour he sat within sight of the cakes, and yet almost starving for six long weeks! Wasn't that a great victory?

You may be sure he grew up to be a faithful man, trusted in everything, and so will it be with every boy and girl who will resist as strong a temptation as the one Charley Ray had put in his way.—Our Boys and Girls.

Putting Off Her Duties.

Come, Helen; breakfast is ready.

Yes, papa; pretty soon, said Helen. She was tying a ribbon around the neck of her kitty. She fastened the bow securely, and then pushed kitty off to see how it looked; but the little creature did not choose to be admired, and away she ran down the garden walk, and Helen started after her.

Helen called her father again.

Yes, papa; in a minute, said Helen, I want to catch my kitty.

The kitty ran in among the currant bushes, and Helen pushed in after her, but before she could reach her, pussy was out on the other side. Helen continued the chase until she captured the little runaway, and then she walked slowly back, carrying her little pet. When at last she went into the house papa and mama had finished breakfast, and were just leaving the table.

Oh, dear! I don't want to eat alone, said Helen.

Those two little words, "pretty soon," will cause you greater inconvenience than this, said Helen's papa unless you resolve not to listen to them.

Yesterday when mama called you to put away your doll you said 'pretty soon,' but before you came Fido had torn her pretty clothes and broken her arms. And last week you were going to give your cat a new water 'pretty soon,' but he was left nearly all day with nothing to drink. By putting off our duties, we often lose the opportunity to perform them at all.

Helen thought of her papa's words while she ate her lovely breakfast, and she resolved in the future to go as soon as she was called. She will find this much the happiest way. Children who are always putting off, will likely become useless men or women.—The Morning Light.

Brotherly Jack.

Good boys, real kindhearted fellows, are not all confined to story-books; a real Jack Henshaw is one of them. Jack is one of the sort that are too big to be little boys and not quite old enough to be young men; at the uninteresting age, as some would say; though a man who says a boy is uninteresting at any age ought to be subject to a fine or imprisonment.

One day recently Jack went out into the country some ten or twelve miles with Mr. Cooper, one of the city engineers; and after a hard day's work he sat down and wrote a letter to his little sister. The letter finished, he was about to set off to the post-office, three miles away, when Mr. Cooper asked him where he was going.

"To the postoffice. I am sending a letter to my little sister," said Jack.

"But we expect to go home to-morrow night, Jack, and the postoffice is three miles away," said Mr. Cooper.

"But my little sister never got a letter her own self, and she will be so pleased," said Jack.

And Mr. Cooper did not discourage him any further. So off Jack went, three miles there and three miles back again. And if he was tired when he returned he was paid a thousand times for his trouble next on reaching home in receiving as he did kisses and hugs by the score from the little sister and no end of approving glances from his mother, who had as much reason to be proud of him.—Presbyterian Observer.

New Cure for Bruises.

Instead of having recourse to applications of tincture of arnica, spirits of camphor, and to strong compression in the swelling, in the treatment of light bruises. Dr. Auger prefers the use of olive oil, both in children and in adults. He applies the oil freely to the contused parts, and rubs the latter lightly with a rag, absorbent cotton, or with the fingers, and covers the bruise with a compress saturated with olive oil. The author claims that this treatment gives immediate relief to the patient, and that the formation of a bloody protuberance is often prevented, while excoriations and superficial wounds which may be present heal very rapidly.—Popular Science News.

All Sorts.

I've cured our next door neighbor of borrowing our lawn mower. How did you arrange it? Every time he did it I sent over and borrowed his bicycle.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists who know precisely the nature and quality of all ingredients used.

Misses—"I told you half an hour ago to turn on the gas in the parlor, Bridget." Bridget—"Sure, an' I did, mum; don't yez smell it."

During a call that little four-year-old Mary was making with her mother, a slice of cake was given her. Now, what are you going to say to the lady? asked the mother. Is you dot any more? asked little Mary, demurely.

Somebody gives the following anti-theft advice: Drink less, breathe more, eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more, preach less practice more.

Astronomers announce that the new comet is heading straight for the earth but there is no reason to worry over it. The celestial tramp is more than a billion miles away, and even should it strike the earth, scientists say no great damage will be done.

Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets)—You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here. Perspiring Clerk (politely) If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you.

Let me see some of your black kid gloves, said a lady to a clerk. These are not the latest style, are they? she asked, when the gloves were produced. Yes, madam, replied the clerk; we have had them in stock only two days. I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa. The clerk explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferer. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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The sign of strength, a ruddy countenance, depends upon rich, red blood. To make the blood rich and ruddy, the countenance clear and bright, and the step firm and elastic, use Burdock Blood Bitters. J. A. Gillan, B. A., Toronto, Ont., says: "I enjoy good health now to the greatest degree, ever since the day I started to use B. B. B."

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