

The Scissors.

We're a jolly pair of twins,
And we always work together.
We are always bright and sharp,
However dull the weather.
Whenever little Maidie
Takes her workbox in her lap,
We are always up and ready
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

Cho. Snip, snip, snap,
Snip, snip, snap;
We are always up and ready
With our snip, snip, snap!"

We cut the pretty patches
To piece the pretty quilt;
Each square the next one matches,
Their posies never wilt,
We trim the edges neatly,
With never a mishap;
And what music sounds so sweetly
As our "Snip, snip, snap!"

We cut the dolly's mantle,
We shape the dolly's dress;
O half the clever things we do
You'd never, never guess.
For food or sleep or playtime
We do not care a rap,
But are ready night and daytime
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"

Cho. Snip, snip, snap,
Snip, snip, snap;
But are ready night and daytime
With our "Snip, snip, snap!"
—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas

Always a Place for That Kind of a Boy.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Oh, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?" panted bright, rosy-cheeked George Ellis, running up to the sleigh from which that gentleman was alighting.

"In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if you wish to speak to me."

"Thank you sir, and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb, he opened the door to the large general store and held it for the proprietor to pass through."

"Thank you," said the gentleman.

"Now, what is it?"

"My mother slipped and broke her ankle—"

"Yes, yes; I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is doing well."

"It takes time, of course, sir; and it is so hard for her to lie on the sofa all day. I came to ask if you would allow her to use that wheel-chair in the back store for a few weeks, and let me work for you to pay for it."

"Did she send you to ask for it?"

"Oh, no, sir; I thought of it myself."

"What could you do? I never have had a boy about the place."

"I know it, sir; but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the front window will lose their leaves if they are not watered pretty soon."

The gentleman stepped to the window and glanced at the plants before he replied.

"How did you happen to notice them?"

"Mother has taught me to care for hers. They are fine ones. Every time I pass the store I wish I could arrange them so that they would show better."

"I daresay they have been neglected. I bought them to make up an assortment. Fix up the window to suit yourself. I will send up the chair the first time the delivery wagon goes that way."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" and the lad's mittens and coat were off and he was at the other side of the large store after water before Mr. Bradford had even turned toward his desk.

George found real delight, as a genuine plant-lover does, in seeing the thirsty green things drink up the needed refreshment and noting how quickly they responded by an added appearance of freshness and luxuriance.

He then polished the plate glass window, spread down green straw carriage mats to resemble grass, grouped the plants tastefully upon them, and then pushed a green covered lounge around so that it had the effect of a mound of moss, and disposed a large landscape upon an easel as a background.

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came up the steps, and when Mrs. Nevers drove up with a portfolio of pictures to be framed, he stepped out and brought them in for her.

Mr. Bradford, from his desk, could not help noticing this spontaneous anticipatory service, and was interested when the lady said:

"I am so glad to see George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along. He is in my Sunday-school class, and is the brightest and most obliging lad I know. Did he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or, what is better, a bit of summer. No wonder that every passer by stops to take a look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside."

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the "Old Curiosity Shop," or "The Museum," had never felt so com-

placent over his surroundings in his life, and was now most pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price of the landscape in the window, and by his purchasing it at once, saying:

"My shut-in sister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could find one in town."

"That picture has stood near that window all winter."

"Well, I never looked in your window, and if I had I could have seen nothing for the dust; but your show this cold morning would attract any one. What's up?" and the man went off laughing.

"Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one," said Mr. Bradford.

"And what then, sir?" asked the boy, respectfully.

"Anything that suggests itself to you."

"Oh, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here, your store should be the prettiest in the village."

"And it is only a lumber-room; but I give you liberty to make whatever you can out of it."

At the end of a week the front of the store was so pleasantly arranged that every customer had some complimentary remark to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed:

"I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your 'Old Curiosity Shop' to my friend here, telling him he could buy anything from a humming-bird's nest to a second-hand pulpit, but—"

"But although order is being brought out of chaos, I have the same variety," and he told the story of how it happened. "I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the business to do anything except what they were told until this lad came in."

"That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of a boy. You'll have to pay him well or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run in on my way back and have a talk with the fine little fellow."

"Fine little fellow, indeed!" said Mr. Bradford to himself. "Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not!" and, calling to George, he said:

"Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair; and tell your mother I am coming in this evening to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad with your head for business must not neglect school."

"My head for business is following mother's way—doing whatever is to be done, and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford, and the boy's feet kept pace with the wind as he flew up the street to tell his mother the good news—that he was sure now of steady work and that she needn't worry any more, for he could take care of them both."

It is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place; but there are always picturesque effects in the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity in the business.—The Way of Faith.

A Girl's Brave Act.

"She will bear the marks of her fight the rest of her life." The doctor who made this observation referred to Miss Anna McDowell, a young girl of nineteen, who by her heroic act has gained an enviable reputation for bravery and presence of mind. The heroine is a resident of Quakake Valley, Pa.

A small trout stream runs through the valley, skirting the main road. This stream was a source of delight to the little three-year-old Nettie Hinckle, who constantly played on its banks and fished in its waters. Nettie was fishing one afternoon when a whirl of wings startled her, and looking up she saw a giant baldhead eagle flying savagely toward her. With screams of fright she started to run, but the bird fought her back with his beak and talons.

Miss McDowell who was passing, heard the screams and hastened to the bank of the stream. Without hesitating, she seized the child and tore her away from the eagle. This apparently served to enrage the bird further, and, defeated in its attempt to carry off the child, it turned its attention to the rescuer. It circled around, tearing at her with his beak and talons in the most ferocious manner.

Nettie had fallen down on the ground, and the young girl stooped over, guarding her, at the same time vainly trying to ward off the bird's attacks. The bird grew more and more furious, and repeatedly dashed at the girl, cutting ugly gashes in her shoulders and head. Without any other means of defense, she used her arms to fight his onslaughts, but strength was fast leaving her, what

with loss of blood and her high nervous state of excitement.

In the struggle her hat became loose, and instantly she thought of her hat-pin. It was one of the usual long, thin, steel pins, and drawing it out she defended herself with it against the savage bird, who, regardless of the stabs she gave, flew at her with renewed fury. Her heart failed her and her strength was nearly gone. Why did not somebody come? The bird had circled off, and was coming at her with a wild swoop, his beak half open ready to tear, and his talons extended.

She grasped him around the neck as he struck at her, and, holding him with all the strength she had left, she thrust the hat-pin into his head, fortunately killing him. At the same moment her senses left her and she tumbled forward on the ground, falling on the dead bird. Little Nettie ran screaming to her house, a short distance away, and people hurried to the scene. They tenderly lifted the brave girl up and took care of her, as the bird had inflicted some bad wounds. Miss McDowell proposes to have the bird stuffed to keep in her room as a memento of the occasion, but the memory of her brave act will never be forgotten by the people of her neighborhood.—Harper's Round Table.

A Grain of Sand.

"Mother! mother! there's something in my eye; please take it out quick." Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother as she put her arm around the child.

"I don't know, it's an awful big thing; the wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears. "I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it is there, mother; please do get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again, then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time, but the poor eye did not get any better. Something surely was in it; something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything that she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah," said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is!"

"Where?" asked her mother. "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy, "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It is just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see, unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after this Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humor—nothing pleased her.

"Please don't Flossy," pleaded her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you do not stop worrying, you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother, and put a little soft kiss on her cheek. "I'm like that little grain of sand, mother; don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I won't hurt at that sand did me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself, but I can, and I will right away."

—Our Boys and Girls.

Polly Putoff.

Her real name was Polly Putnam, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course, you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off doing everything as long as she possibly could.

"Oh! you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say. "You can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on." And I am sorry to say he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly!" mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her mother and father intended to give her. She thought a music box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling

them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said, that morning "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the school-house she saw the girls playing and she stopped just a moment. Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town. "Oh it hasn't got very far to go; I will post it after school."

After school she forgot all about it. "Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother, when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said, faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother. "The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Polly. "Is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting the letter he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though, and she has nearly lost her old name.—Anon.

Persian Cats.

In enthusiasm for cats the shah of Persia surmounts all other royal devotees. He has fifty of them; and they have attendants of their own, with special rooms for meals. When the shah goes away, they go, too, carried by men on horseback. The late tsar of Russia was very fond of the feline tribe. When visiting the King of Denmark on one occasion, he alarmed the menials by rushing out very early in the morning to the gardens. From the window of his sleeping-room he had seen a big dog attack his favorite black cat, and, without staying to complete his toilet, he had fled to her rescue.

The famous royal cat of Siam is a large white, shorthaired variety, with black face, and a peculiar formation of ear. Its preciousness may be judged from the fact that it once took three gentlemen of influence three months to procure one for an Englishman at Bangkok.

Sure Signs.

Some folks don't believe in signs but the wisest man in the world believed in them. Solomon said: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

When I see a little boy go slow to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it is a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy or girl looking out for "No. 1," and disliking to share good things with others, I think it is a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see a boy obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and knowing it well, I think it is a sign that he will be a good and happy man.—Anon.

The Way Marbles are Made.

Marbles are manufactured from the material which gives them their name. At the marble quarries the refuse stone is broken by hand into small cubes. A bushel or more of these are poured into a great revolving cylinder, which is supplied with water from a faucet. The cylinder is revolved at a high rate of speed, and the cubes by attrition, are ground down to the tiny spheres which give such delight to the hearts of the boys. From one to two hours are usually required to finish a lot of marbles, and they are afterward sorted according to size and painted by hand. The crockery marbles, or "potteries," are molded of the same material as ordinary earthenware, and are then glazed and baked. The glass marbles containing images and flowers are molded.—Forward.

In Hot Water To Advantage.

A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise, dipped in hot water, and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in a few minutes.

A proper towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, quickly wrung and applied over the site of toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief.

This treatment for eczema has been found to work like magic.

Nothing so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water, when applied early in the case and thoroughly. Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is an excellent cathartic.

All Sorts.

Master—"Well, Tommy, you were not present yesterday. Were you detained at home in consequence of the inclemency of the weather?" Tommy—"No, sir; 'cause of the rain."

After serious illness, like typhoid fever, pneumonia, or the grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful strengthening power.

Parson Johnson: So dis little chile am a gal. Do de udder one belong to de contrary sex? Mrs. Jackson: Yais, pahson; dat's a gal too.

"Prepare for the worst, but hope for the best," says the old proverb. Hope for health, but be prepared for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, or any other throat or lung difficulty by having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral always at hand. It is prompt to act, sure to cure.

I know why bees never sit down, said Walter. Why my dear? asked his mother. 'Cause they have pins in their coat-tails, and they're afraid to.

"Turn the rascals out"—the familiar party-cry—may be applied to microbes as well as to men. The germs of disease that lurk in the blood are "turned out" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla as effectually as the old postmasters are displaced by a new administration.

Little Johnny has been naughty, and has to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For an hour he has been sitting in the corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop. Well! I hope you have done crying now, says his mother. Haven't done, says Johnny, in a passion; I'm only resting.

Can you tell me what sort of weather we may expect next month? wrote a farmer to the editor of a country paper, and the editor replied as follows: It is my belief that the weather next month will be very like your subscription bill. The farmer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent a postal order.

Rice And Cheese.

Rice and cheese are very good with roast beef. They are cooked in much the same way as we commonly prepare macaroni and cheese. Boil the rice until tender in salted water, drain dry, then put in a baking dish alternate layers of rice and grated cheese. The layers of cheese should not be more than a sprinkling seasoned with salt and a little butter; cover with sweet milk, sprinkle with fine bread crumbs and brown.—Leader.

Severe Asthma Relieved.

DEAR SIR,—We have used Norway Pine Syrup in our home a great deal. I have a little boy who has had asthma for five or six years (he is only 10 now), and during the severe attacks he would get great relief from using the syrup. For an ordinary cold it is ahead of any cough medicine I ever took.

EDWARD WINCHESTER,
Smith's Cove, N. S.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmenter's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Can Recommend It.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

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