

The Baby's Chair.

The shadows flicker to and fro athwart the lonely room,
The chairs, like specters, glare at me from out the dingy gloom,
And in a dark corner, where anon the firelight flits,
A little dusty rocking chair in solemn silence sits.

Look on the wall above and you will see a pictured face—
A little child with laughing eyes looks down with timid grace,
Above her pretty forehead cling the curls of burnished gold;
The firelight glint among them now, and lights them as of old.

And while I gaze upon that face it seems to leave the frame;
The rosy lips take on a smile, and softly speak my name,
I see a little childish form once more beside my knee,
And God at last has heard my prayers, and sent her back to me.

She goes and gets her little chair, and draws it to my side,
Her dimpled face is raised to mine, with blue eyes open wide;
The shining hair of palest gold about her forehead plays;
She woos me with her sunny smiles and tender baby ways.

And yet how can I wish her back, this tiny "rose of love,"
That only budded here on earth to blossom up above?
I know that she is happy now, far more than tongue can tell,
For pain and sorrow do not come where she has gone to dwell.

"I would not have you stay," I cry; go back to where you've been,
For if you stay you'll some day see the sorrow I have seen;
Your bright eyes will grow dim with tears, your brow be crossed by care,
And silver threads will mingle with your pretty yellow hair."

Her baby eyes smile into mine, she nods in knowing way,
As if to say, "Why, don't you know I did not come to stay?"
And while I look upon her face, from pain and sorrow free,
She lifts her little waxen hand, and beckons "Come to me!"

—Chris. Advocate.

Two Ways of Telling a Story.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, some years ago, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a very large and splendid one, drawn by six gray horses.

On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the school-room, he found his pupils in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of their trip and its various incidents.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir! there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer-looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road."

"Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snowballs and a good 'hurrah!' They produced the right effect for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot."

"As we passed, some one gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by."

"With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsize the old creature; and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh ride, too. Yesterday afternoon, a venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon."

"His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age; and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by a loud hurrah from behind, and by a furious pelting and lathering of balls of snow and ice upon top of his wagon."

"In his trepidation, he dropped his reins; and, as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with the cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road, old boy! 'What will you take for your pony, old daddy?' 'Go it, frozen-nose!' 'What's the price of oats?'—were the various cries that met his ear."

"'Pray do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then! Turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks, and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow balls, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys who were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased; and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team."

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end,—the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor; and that old fellow and old boy (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach)—that old daddy and old frozen-nose was your master's father!"

Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried. And many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil for the future, to inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.—Examiner.

The Grumble Box.

'Here Nell, put in your cent; that was a big one!'

"I only said the potatoes are stone cold, and it's the honest truth—they are. If that's grumbling, I'd like to know. Is that a grumble, mother?"

"I rather think it is, Helen," answered Mrs. Porter. "Some one had better read our contract again. We haven't heard it for nearly two days. You read it, Harry." Harry took a box from the middle of the table, and read aloud.

"Each and every member of this family of Porter agrees to pay one cent into this box for each and every grumble or complaint he or she shall make about any article of food on this table. Signed, Edward Porter, Mary Porter, Harry Porter, Helen Porter, Elizabeth Porter."

"If that isn't the strangest agreement I ever heard of!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret, who had come in unexpectedly for lunch. "How did it ever come about?"

"Oh, we've had it for a month or more now, and the box is nearly full," said Helen. "For the first day or two, cents just poured in; but now father can eat salt butter and drink weak coffee without a word. He's almost heroic. Mother always was a martyr; nothing but tough beefsteak ever made her complain, and she would swallow shoe-leather now and smile. I suppose Harry and Bess and I are to fill the box; we're no saints, yet."

"But, said Aunt Margaret, 'you haven't told me why you begun to have a grumble box.'"

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Porter. "Don't you remember some of the times you have been here to lunch or to dinner when everything was wrong on the table? The soup was either too hot or too cold; the beef was overdone; the vegetables either too salt or not salt enough, the bread was dry or the toast was burnt. Sometimes we didn't have the right kind of dessert. If there was pie, every one longed for custard or cream." Aunt Margaret smiled.

"I've known such things to happen in other people's houses, too."

"So have I," said Mrs. Porter; "but don't you remember, too, the little blessing father so often asks before meals: 'O Lord, for the food that Thou hast given us, give us grateful hearts.' We would bow our heads and listen, and then grumble over every mouthful."

"You didn't, mother; you never did. It was the rest of us."

"Well," continued Mrs. Porter, "one beautiful Sunday morning we all went to church and heard an unusually good sermon. Then we came home and sat down to a very good dinner; but it was worse than ever, and before we left the table, father stopped us and said: 'I've been thinking, children, it would be just as well not to ask a blessing on the food any longer. We have such poor things to eat we cannot feel grateful.'"

"I tell you, that took the breath out of us!" said Harry.

"Yes, but it opened our eyes," said Helen. "We couldn't believe that we found so much fault with everything."

"It was father who thought of the box," said Harry. He said it would help us keep a good resolution if we had to pay for breaking it."

"I've got some pennies in it, too," said little Bess, "cause I cried for more sugar on my oatmeal."

"And what are you going to do with the money when the box is filled?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"We don't know yet what kind of heathen are to have it," answered Harry. "Chinese, Siamese, Japanese, Indian, or plain American; it will go from heathen to heathen."

Aunt Margaret rose to take her departure.

"Must you go, Margaret?" asked Mrs. Porter. "I am so glad you came in for lunch. I am only sorry we did not have a better meal to offer you."

"A cent, mother! a cent from you!" exclaimed the children. "That's a genuine out-and-out grumble."

And Mrs. Porter laughingly slipped a coin into the grumble box.—S. S. Times.

Making a Gentleman of Him.

'My wife has peculiar views about bringing up boys,' said the man in the barber-shop, while he waited his turn.

'So has mine,' said the man with a scowl who wanted a hair-cut. 'She thinks they're privileged to turn the house upside down, and keep up no end of row. And when I interfere she says, 'Oh, never mind; we're only young once.' And a good thing it's true,' he ended crossly.

'Well, man, let your wife have her own way with your boys,' said the first speaker. 'As a rule it isn't the father that a man yearns for when he goes out into the cold world. It's his mother every time. Now I just escaped making a scene at the breakfast-table this morning and writing myself down a fool, but that I had sense enough to trust my wife. You see, it was this way: We have two rollicksome boys, not bad as boys go, but full of vim. Well, the girl was waiting on the table and our youngest, a boy of nine, with eyes like an angel and the temper of a well, like mine—asked her to make him a piece of toast. I did not notice how he worded it, but it appears his mother did. He waited, but the toast did not come.

'How did you ask for it?' says his mother, and he answered right quick: 'I said, 'Hulda, bring me a piece of toast.'"

'His mother touched a bell and the girl came in. 'Ask her again,' she said. The boy squirmed and I was mad, but I saw a warning in my wife's eyes and kept still.

'Please, Hulda, make me a piece of toast,' said the little fellow bravely, and Hulda smiled and went out for the toast.

'Now my sympathies were all with the boy that wanted his toast, and when we were alone I ventured to say that I thought Hulda was putting on style, but my wife squelched me.

'It isn't for Hulda,' she said, it is for my boy. I want him to be a gentleman for his sake.'—Free Press.

Shun Evil Companions.

It was only the other day that a bright, well-dressed young man stood in the dock of the Central Police Court charged with being a suspicious character. When asked by the magistrate what he had to say in his defense he refused to give any information whatever about himself.

After his conviction we were moved to have a little personal talk with him, and found him to be the son of Christian parents, and only one short year ago a church member himself. He said that his disgrace came from his own folly by associating with evil companions. Away from home, he was not careful of his company, and soon fell into evil ways. He said he had committed no offense, but three young men with whom he was associated were arrested for a crime committed in another place, and he, being in their company, was arrested with them. Altho nothing was proved against him, he preferred to go to prison rather than have his aged parents know of his disgrace.

I never realized before, he said, how necessary it is for us to shun evil companions. My father told me before I left home to keep good company or none. How I wish I had obeyed him. I knew nothing against these young men, and had a very slight acquaintance with them; but I knew they were not the sort of companions I would have cared to have around home.

It was a sad case, and carries a warning with it to all young men. God alone knows how deeply that young man feels disgrace, and how heartfelt is his repentance.

'Neither be partaker of other men's sins; keep thyself pure' (1. Tim. 5: 22).—Temple Magazine.

Some Things Boys Ought To Know.

That good health is better than wealth.

That honest, industrious habits are better than money.

That to know how to saw wood, plow, make hay, or do any other kind of honorable, useful work is better than to know how to dance, play cards, play billiards, or bet on horse races.

That a clean mouth looks better than a lighted cigar or cigarette.

That a pure, sweet breath is far better than "the fun" enjoyed in questionable clubhouse gatherings.

That manly boys love and obey their parents.

That to speak or even think disrespectfully of women is to dishonor their own sweet mothers and sisters.

That the manly boy says No to evil seducements, and sticks to it.

That a clear conscience is worth far more than the applause of men.—Telescope.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN FUTILITY.—They were talking about futility; and, for some reason known only to each other, failed to agree. Finally she asked:

"Well, now, suppose you give me an example of what you call futility?"

"All right," said he. "Multiply 3,946 by 721."

She took her little gold pencil in hand, seized a piece of paper, and, after a few minutes of diligent figuring, announced the result.

"Two million eight hundred and forty-five thousand and sixty-six," said she.

"Divide that by two," he continued. "One million four hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-three," she said.

"Very well," said he. "Now add seven to that, and then subtract 1,422,540, and tell me what you get."

"The result is zero," said she, after figuring a little more.

"Well, that's what I call futility," said he, with a laugh. "You've covered a sheet of paper with figures to arrive at nothing."

Whereupon she became so angry that she refused to argue further on the subject.—Harpers Magazine.

Home Hints.

Dissolve a little salt in the alcohol that is to be used for sponging clothing particularly where there are greasy spots.

Andirons, lamps, candle lanterns, or anything made of the wrought iron now so much used can be freed from dirt by wiping the iron with a cotton cloth slightly dampened with kerosene oil.

A simple disinfectant to use in a sick room is made by putting some ground coffee in a saucer and in the centre a small piece of camphor gum. Light the gum with a match. As the gum burns allow the coffee to burn with it. The perfume is refreshing and healthful as well as inexpensive.

Cream of Barley.—Scald two table-spoonfuls of barley, drain, cover with fresh boiling water and boil three hours. Strain. Put one pint of milk add one pint of veal stock on to boil; and the barley, salt and pepper to taste. Beat two yolks lightly, pour them into the soup tureen, pour over the boiling soup and serve at once.

Hot Butter Rolls.—Sift one quart of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; rub in one tablespoonful of butter, then add one beaten egg and a pint of milk; mix softly as possible. Roll out one-half inch in thickness, and cut with a biscuit cutter. Dip them in melted butter, fold one-third of each piece over the remainder, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

It will be of interest to housewives to know that celebrated foreign physicians are recommending the marrow bone for a strengthening diet and tonic. The marrow bone is served upon a piece of hot dry toast. When it is to be eaten the marrow is taken out and spread upon the toast. It is also served upon small portions of fillet of beef, and in this manner is considered a desirable course for luncheon parties.

A boy in a Sunday-school, when asked the question, "What is the chief end of man?" said, "The chief end is the end with the head on."

—Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the school teacher. "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment, to work," responded a diminutive maiden. "Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher. "In the summer I would rather play out-of-doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar with such doleful frankness and unconscious humor that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.

All Sorts.

That Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and relieves a vast amount of suffering is not a theory but a well known fact.

"Are you married?" asked an inquisitive five-year-old of a visitor. "Yes," was the reply. "Are you?" "No, but I've been vaccinated."

The sooner you begin to fight the fire, the more easily it may be extinguished. The sooner you begin taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for your blood-disease, the easier will be the cure. In both cases, delay is dangerous, if not fatal. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other.

Mark Twain was present on a certain occasion at a quiet little dinner of literary men, and one of the toasts was naturally "Literature," which was replied to by the witty author of "The Tramp Abroad." "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," "Mark Twain," "it is my duty to reply to this toast. A sadder toast never devolved on me. Alas, gentlemen, how am I to begin? Poor Socrates is dead. Shakespeare is dead too. And as for me, why, I have been feeling much out of sorts lately."

You are too young, no matter what your age, to lose your hair. Save it by the use of Ayers Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, prevents baldness, restores gray and faded hair to its original color, and makes it soft, glossy, and abundant. No toilet is complete without it.

"Have you any children?" asked the janitor. "I have," replied the prospective tenant. "Then you can't have the flat," said the janitor, decisively. "But you don't understand," protested the prospective tenant. "My youngest child is twenty years old, married and lives in New York, and the other two are in St. Louis." "That makes no difference," returned the janitor. "Orders are orders, and I have orders not to rent this flat to any one with children."

Thousands Like Her.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil three times a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, an instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parnee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

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