

Wishing.

One day a lonesome hickory nut
At the top of a waving tree,
Remark: "I'd like to live in a shell,
Like a clam, beneath the sea."

And just at that time a clam observed,
"Way down in the tossing sea,
'I'd love to dwell in a hickory nut
At the top of a lofty tree."

Then both of them wished, and wished,
And wished,
Till they turned green, yellow and blue
And that, in truth, is just about what
More wishing is likely to do.

Lorin's Tobacco Cure.

The way it happened was odd enough
And laughable and serious, too; but it
effected a cure, and for that reason the
story is worth telling. You see, Lorin
Haley had a secret. He guarded it
most carefully from his father and
mother, because he knew they would
disapprove of it, and would, perhaps,
punish him if they discovered it.

He was led into the act of deception
by his neighbor, Fred Raffsburn, one
day when they were walking home to-
gether from town. Fred had bought
some fine cut tobacco, and when the
boys reached a secluded place, he drew
it from his pocket.

"What's that?" asked Lorin.
"Don't you see?" replied Fred.
"Tobacco, I do believe! What do you
intend to do with it?"

"Chew it, of course?"

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Why not?" demanded Fred. Don't
all the fine gentlemen use tobacco in
one way or another? Didn't you see
some of them to-day when we passed
the Allcott House?—How grand and
important they looked sitting on the
veranda and smoking their fine cigars!

Tobacco doesn't hurt such men. Why
should it hurt you and me? Let's
have a chew."

"But my father wouldn't allow it if
he knew," objected Lorin.

"Pooh! Don't be such a baby! Do
you suppose anybody would ever learn
to use tobacco if he waited for the old
folks to say he might? Come, be a
man, and let's see how it tastes."

A good deal of argument and per-
suasion were necessary to overcome
Lorin's scruples, but the example of
the 'fine gentlemen' at the hotel was
too strong to be resisted. Smoking
and chewing made them look so wise
and important, and Lorin thought he
would be happy if he could be like
them. So he and Fred each took a
small pinch of the tobacco and began
to chew it.

"My! how sharp it is!" exclaimed
Lorin, spitting profusely.

"We won't like it at first, I guess,
but we'll soon learn to like it if we
keep on," Fred suggested, making a
wry face.

When Lorin reached home, he felt
light-headed, and looked a little pale,
but he carefully kept his secret from
his parents.

"It does make one feel like a sneak
and a coward to do something you can't
tell your father and mother," he ad-
mitted to himself, as he crept into bed
that evening. He did not feel that he
was acting honestly and bravely.

Still, the passion for being a 'fine
gentleman' had got him in its grip,
and so, the next day, he and Fred took
a second chew of tobacco. They had
met secretly in the woods. After that,
Lorin concealed a pouch of tobacco in
his father's barn, and whenever he
could do so without danger of discovery,
he kept a small quid in his mouth.
Soon he began to like the narcotic,
and in a few months he really felt the
need of it. But it was difficult to keep
his secret from his parents, and, worst
of all, one act of deception made many
others necessary.

Six months had gone since he took
his first chew. One day he and his
father and a neighbor went to the
woods to hunt squirrels. It was at
this time that the laughable occurrence
referred to in the beginning of our
story, took place. You see, Lorin
supposed he could chew his tobacco in
the woods without being found out,
especially if he kept at some distance
from his fellow hunters. Being hidden
behind a clump of bushes, he thrust a
good sized quid into his mouth, and
began to chew it with relish.

But an accident soon happened to
prove that he was not yet an adept
tobacco chewer. What was it? Why,
simply this: A few minutes later,
while he was standing and looking in-
tently up into a tall oak-tree, absorbed
in sighting a squirrel that was partly
screened amid the leaves, what should
that quid of tobacco do but slip from
between his teeth and glide down his
throat. He coughed violently, but the
tobacco had gone too far; he could not
cough it up.

What should he do? He remained
silent for awhile, but soon grew death-
ly sick, and fairly staggered with faint-
ness. At length he was compelled to
call for help, for he felt that he must
die if no relief could be found.

"Father! father!" he called. "Come,
quick!"

"What is the matter, Lorin?" cried
his father, running toward the boy.
"Why, you're as white as a pillow!"
"O! I'm so sick, father," Lorin
moaned. "Can't you—take me—home?"

Mr. Haley carried his neighbor, and
together they carried the limp boy
home, where he lay on the lounge in
great distress until he vomited up the
poisonous quid of tobacco. His parents
were greatly frightened, and sent a
messenger post-haste for a doctor.

"What can be the matter with you,
Lorin?" asked his mother. "Did you
eat something that made you sick?"

Lorin was feeling miserable. Till
he was, he felt especially disgusted
with himself for having indulged in
such a habit as tobacco chewing, and
thereby deceiving his parents. As he
lay there suffering from that sickening
feeling in his stomach, he saw just how
unmanly his conduct had been; and
now there was only one right and honor-
able thing to do, and that was to con-
fess. He fought a mental battle for a
few minutes, and then said:

"I'll tell you what it was. It was
that miserable tobacco that I swallowed!"
"Tobacco!" exclaimed his
father and mother in the same breath.
"Yes, tobacco—the ugly, poison stuff!"
I'll never touch it again!"

And then, with tears and sobs, he
told the whole story of his month's
secret use of the pernicious weed. He
did not spare himself, but made a full
and honest confession, humiliating as
it was, and could not rest satisfied
until he was sure that his father and
mother had taken him back into their
confidence.

And now, long years afterward,
whenever he tells the story to the boys
whom he meets, he always closes by
saying:

"That experience cured me complete-
ly. I have never put tobacco to my
lips since that day. But let me tell
you one thing, boys. Never begin,
and you will never need a cure.—Pres.
Witness."

Dorothy's Fault, and How it Was Cured.

Dorothy was a dear little girl, sweet
and lovely in every respect but one;
she would "procrastinate," that is, she
would put off every disagreeable duty
as long as she could—and this is a very
bad fault.

One day she was playing with dolls
with her cousin, Estelle, when her
mother came to the head of the stairs
and called:

"Dorothy, dear, bring my sewing
basket from the sitting room!"

"Yes'm," the little girl answered,
but did not move.

Mamma waited several seconds, and
called again:

"Dorothy, are you coming?"

"In a minute, mamma!"

The little girls were making a satin
ball-dress for Adelaide Marguerite,
Dorothy's prettiest doll; Estelle was
cutting and basting, and Dorothy was
fitting. It was so fascinating!

A little later mother passed the door,
with her basket of work. Leaving
dolly, Dorothy overtook her mother
on the stairs, and taking the basket
said impudently:

"Dearest little mamma I did mean
to get it in a weeny second, but forgot
it, trying on the sleeves."

Mamma had a very grave face as she
put her finger under Dorothy's chin
and tilted the sweet head back.

"Will my little girl conquer Pro-
crastination, or will she let Procras-
tination conquer her?"

"I will not do so again, truly,
mamma."

But that very day, when she was
told to take a message to the cook, she
was reminded twice before she went.

In the afternoon they had a splendid
drive, and visited the toy shops.

Dorothy showed her cousin the dolls'
stove, with real pots and kettles, and
a place for fire, that mamma was going
to buy for her some day.

Mamma, seeing her little daughter's
sparkling eyes and happy face, sighed
to think of the naughty habit which
spoiled her; and a lump came in her
throat as she took a sudden resolve.

"I left a bundle on my bed—will you
bring it, Dorothy?"

Dorothy was reading such a dear
story about a prince locked in a dismal
castle, while his subjects believed him
dead; his fairy godmother brings him
a magic cloak, in which, when he sits
upon it, he floats out of the skylight of
his prison, off over trees and houses,
where he wills. He was just pro-
nouncing the words which would cause
the cloak to ascend, when mamma
asked her again to bring the package.

"I will, mother, dearest, as soon as
I finish this page!"

Dorothy stood up to show that she
had not forgotten; then she turned the
page, and found that when the prince
said: "Abra, cadabra, tum, tum ti!"
the cloak curled round at the edges,
like a boat, and began to go up, up—
she was so interested, she sat down
again, and went right on reading.

Poor, waiting mamma looked very
sad; finally she turned to Estelle and
asked her to go.

Estelle was also absorbed in a story,
and it was just as interesting as the
one about the prince; but she laid
down the book, and said immediately:

"Certainly, auntie!"

Just as Dorothy finished her story,
Estelle came down stairs with a big
bundle.

"It's awfully heavy, auntie!"

Mamma untied the cords, and slipped
off the paper, and what do you think
the children saw?

Why, that same dear little cooking
stove, with all the tiny pans, and a
beautiful tea-kettle to boil water in.

Dorothy's eyes shone with pleasure;
but soon the glad light faded from
them, as her mother said:

"I intended it for you, dear; but my
little girl could not spare time to ac-
commodate her mother, so it is yours,
Estelle."

"O auntie!"
"O mamma!"

One little voice was full of surprise
and joy; the other full of reproach; one
little face was radiant, and on the other
there were tears.

Estelle hugged a darling skillet to
her heart, too happy to say more.

Little Dorothy thought her heart
would break at the thought of that
teakettle belonging to another.

She saw her dear mother's eyes fill
with tears, and throwing her arms
around her, she sobbed.

"I'll try to be glad Estelle has the
sweet little stove; and, oh, mamma, I
never will procrastinate again!"

And I don't believe she ever did.—
Presbyterian Banner.

The School Picnic.

There was great excitement in school
No. 9. The head master had an-
nounced that there would be a picnic
on Friday in the woods on Lake Mirror,
and that the three other schools in the
village would join them at the town
hall, and all march in a grand proces-
sion together to the picnic grounds.

Little knots of boys and girls were
seen talking eagerly together at recess,
but one little fellow stood away off
by himself, with a very unhappy look
upon his face.

"What's the matter with your brother
Mabel?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't know, I'm sure, I'll go and
see," answered Mabel.

"What is it, Robbie?" asked Mabel,
kindly.

"Nothing," answered Robbie, look-
ing down surlily.

"Yes, there is, dear. Tell sister all
about it. Have any of the boys or
girls been teasing you?"

"No, it's that picnic. I can't go."

"Why, not, Robbie?" asked Mabel.

"Because everybody will be dressed
up, and you know my last new suit?
Well, I fell into the ditch, and mamma
said she couldn't buy me another until
winter. I can't go with these patched
things; and those are just a sight. So
it isn't a bit of use. I'll just have to
stay at home and miss all the fun."

"Perhaps something may happen,"
said Mabel, slowly and vaguely.

It was hard for all the scholars to fix
their minds upon their lessons; they
were too full of the picnic. But
Mabel's mind was at home in her room,
inside a little bank where a five-dollar
gold piece was lying.

"Yes, it would just get him a pretty
sailor suit, she said to herself. But
five-dollar gold pieces were not com-
mon at Mabel's home, and this had
been given her by her far-away auntie.
She had not spent it yet because noth-
ing was quite precious enough to make
her willing to spend the shining gold
piece to secure it.

All that day and all the next she
thought it over. At last she made up
her mind, and took mamma into her
confidence.

Friday arrived bright and beautiful.
The children met at the schoolhouse
for their banners before joining the
others at the town hall.

"O Mabel, how sweet your brother
looks in that pretty sailor suit!" said
one of the girls.

"She gave it to me," said Robbie,
with a beaming face. "I tell you what,
I wish more girls were like our
Mabel. She's just splendid!"—Our
Little Ones.

Thank You.

Everybody likes little Carl Rosen-
bloom; he is so cunning, and small,
and fat. He has lived in America just
a little while, and he can speak only
two English words; but it sounds so
funny to hear him say, "Thank you" to
whatever is said to him that no one
can help smiling; and I think this is
the reason that he gets cookies and
slices of ginger-bread at every house
where he is sent on an errand.

One day Carl was trudging along
with a basket of clothes which his
mother had washed. He was a droll
little figure, with his chubby legs and
round, fat arms.

Some boys, playing marbles on the
pavement, were quite amused at this
comical sight, and they began to laugh
and shout, "Sausage bags!"

Now, Carl did not understand a word
but he saw they were speaking to him,
so he turned his dear little face to them
with the sweetest of smiles, and said,
"Thank you!"

You should have seen how ashamed
the naughty boys looked then! One
of them smiled and nodded at little
Carl, another gave him a nice red
apple, while another took his big
basket and carried it for him.

So the good-natured little fellow
trotted off, thinking what kind boys
they were, and what a pleasant world
this is to live in. And, perhaps, we
should all think so, too, if our tempers
were as sweet as his.—Sunday After-
noon.

Health Hints.

For neuralgia, apply hot, dry
flannels—as hot as can be borne.

Cramps in the stomach usually
yield to a teaspoonful of ginger, stirred
in half a glass of hot water, in which
a half teaspoonful of soda has been
dissolved.

Nervous spasms are usually con-
trolled by a little salt taken into the
mouth and allowed to dissolve.

For crop, immerse hands and feet
in hot mustard or soda water. Great
relief is sometimes experienced from
drinking water as hot as can be borne.

A sprain should be treated at once
to an application of water as hot as
can be borne. This may be showered
upon it, or cloths wrung out of hot
water applied frequently.

For nosebleed, bathe the face and
neck with cold water; and rolling a
little piece of white paper in a tight
roll, place it under the upper lip,
where it will press against the gum.
If the bleeding does not readily yield,
plug the nostrils with a soft roll of
cotton cloth.

In case of fainting, place the body
in a horizontal position, with the head
low; sprinkle cold water on face, neck
and chest, loosen the clothing, and
expose the patient to fresh air.
Camphor or ammonia applied to the
nostrils will also prove efficacious,
though the latter must be used with
caution.—Christ an Leader.

A Touching Sight.

In the western part of Massachusetts
a man had a fine stock farm. But a
few weeks ago a fire broke out in the
barn, and burned, not only the build-
ing and hay, but most of the animals
also. After the fire the owner walked
over the ruins. It was a sad sight to
see the charred bodies of his fine
Jersey cows and his high-spirited
horses. But at the end of the barn
he saw a sight which touched him more
than the rest. There sat an old black
hen. He wondered that she did not
move her head to look at him as he
came near, but he thought she must
be asleep. He poked her with his
cane, and to his surprise the wing he
touched fell into ashes. Then he knew
she had been burned to death. But out
from under her wing came a faint peep,
and pushing her aside with his cane
the man found—what do you think?
—ten little live yellow chickens. The
poor hen had sacrificed her own life to
save them. That sight touched the
man more than anything else.—The
Churchman.

Girls Should Learn to Cook.

Good housekeeping has far more to
do with domestic happiness than
young lovers dream of. I believe
that these times need women whose
most beautiful work will be done
inside their own doors. Without good
housekeeping the romance will soon go
out of marriage. Of course, the man
who prizes woman chiefly because she
looks well to the ways of her house-
hold does not deserve to have a good
wife. He should merely employ a
housekeeper and pay her good wages.

But there are social, moral, and spiri-
tual uses proceeding from the wise
regulation of the household which
bestow a dignity on what would
otherwise be trifling. No matter what
a girl's accomplishments may be, her
education is incomplete if she has no
knowledge of bakeology, boilology,
roastology, stichology, and mendology.
Even if a girl should never be required
to do the work herself, she ought to
know whether it is done in a proper
manner.—Lutheran Observer.

QUEEN VICTORIA was once informed
by the manager of her Shaw farm that
a Mr. Elliott, a Scottish farmer, was a
breeder of superior collie dogs, and
she thereupon expressed a wish to
possess one of them. Accordingly Mr.
Elliott forwarded two beautiful dogs,
and Her Majesty was so enraptured
with them that she gave orders that
the next time he came to the farm he
should immediately be taken up to the
castle.

Mr. Elliott was somewhat uneasy as
to how he should comport himself in
the presence of Royalty, and the man-
ager spent considerable time in putting
him through his facings. At last the
fateful day arrived and he was ushered
into the presence of the Queen.

Her Majesty shook hands with him
and said:

"O Mr. Elliott, I have to thank you
for the two beautiful collies you sent
me."

And to this Mr. Elliott replied:
"Touts, touts, wumman, hand your
tongue! What's the matter o' a pair
o' dowgs between you and me?"

All Sorts.

Dear ant jane, wrote little Bennie
Jimpkins to his father's sister, i thot i
wood rite an tell you that ma has got
a baby hopin thes fue lins will fin you
the same yure nefyou benny.

The confidence of the people in
Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to its un-
equalled record of wonderful cures.

An old lady, being late at church,
entered as the congregat on was rising
to sing. Oh, said she, courtesying,
don't get up on my account.

Five years ago, I was taken so ill
with rheumatism that I was unable to
do any work, writes Peter Christensen
Sherwood, Wis. I took three boxes of
Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured.
Since that time, I always keep them
in the house. They are easy to take.

Irate Passenger (as train is moving
off)—Why didn't you put my luggage
in as I told you?

Porter—Eh, mon; yer luggage is no
sic a fule as yersel'. Ye're in the
wrong train.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a secret
preparation. Any physician may have
the formula on application. The
secret of its success as a medicine lies
in its extraordinary power to cleanse
the blood of impurities and cure the
most deep-seated cases of blood-
disease.

My friends, said the young divinity
student, the same divine power which
created the behemoth, the mastodon
and the elephant, created a blade of
grass; the All-Wise Providence that
made me made a daisy. And the
smile of the audience continues.

In one of the smaller towns of Ken-
tucky lives a negro, familiarly known
as Tim White. On one occasion it
was necessary to record his full name.
The not unnatural supposition that
Tim stood for Timothy was met with a
flat denial.

No, sah! My right name is What-
timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be
White. Dey jes' calls me Tim fo'
sho't, sah!

Ten years ago, when everyone was
talking of the Queen's Jubilee, a
gentleman friend of ours heard the
following conversation between two
Scotchwomen: Can ye tell me,
wumman, what is it they ca' a Jubilee?
Weel, it's this, said her neighbor.
When folk has been married twenty-
five year, that's a silver waddin'. And
when they have been married fifty
year, that's a golden waddin'; but
if the man's deid, than it's a Jubilee.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derange-
ments are positively cured by the use
of Parnele's Pills. They not only
cleanse the stomach and bowels from
all bilious matter, but they open the
excretory vessels, causing them to
pour copious effusions from the blood
into the bowels, after which the cor-
rupted mass is thrown out by the
natural passage of the body. They are
used as a general family medicine with
the best results.

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMIC
—These few adjectives apply with
peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Electric
Oil—a standard external and internal
remedy, adapted to the relief and cure
of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and
all affections of the breathing organs,
kidney troubles, excoriations, sores,
lameness and physical pain.

Pain in the Back.

Mr. M. P. Halpin, Brockville, Ont.,
makes a statement as follows: "For
two years I suffered from kidney
trouble, causing severe pain across my
back, dizziness, headache, sleepless-
ness, etc. I had often to lean on the
counter when serving a customer, so
intense was the pain in my back. On
taking Doan's Kidney Pills I improved
from the very first, and now after using
three boxes am all right; all my pains,
aches and dizziness having disappeared,
thanks to Doan's Pills."

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Kidney Troubles, and Cleanses
the Blood of all Impurities.

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in Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining
Tables, Sideboards, Rocking
Chairs, Easy Chairs, Trass
and Iron Bedsteads,
and all kinds of Household Furniture
at Lowest prices.

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British Empire.