

Poor Little Teddy and Rich Little Tom.

Poor little Teddy / on Christmas Day
They gave him a cap and a muffler gay.
A box of to-ils with skates and a sled,
And high-topped boots whose tops were red.
But what was that? 'Twas nothing at all,
When he wanted a big, big rubber ball.

Poor little Teddy!
He wanted pie for dinner one day,
They were going to have it, he heard 'em say.
But pudding with plums was what he had,
Oh, poor little Ted, now wasn't it sad?
His red lips grew to a terrible pout,
He didn't want that, so he went without.

Poor little Teddy!
He wanted to try his brand new sled
One day after school, oh! poor little Ted;
But his mother sent him off to the store,
This poor little boy, and his grief was sore.
Oh! how he hated to mind his motor,
To help her, and play with his little brother
Oh! poor little Ted!

Rich little Tommy; on Christmas Day
On'y one present came in his way;
A pair of mittens his mother had knit,
A fiery scarlet, and just the fit!
Weren't they nice? he asked his brother,
And hadn't he got the dearest mother?

Rich little Tommy!
Sometimes he didn't have dinner enough,
And you may think that he called it rough;
But he didn't, not he, this rich little boy,
Sometimes he had plenty, and that was joy,
And he loved to help his tired mother,
He loved to play with his little brother,
Oh! rich little Tom!

In summer or winter, fall or spring,
He was just as happy as any king;
In winter, 'tis true, he had no sled,
But he slid down hill on a board instead.
When the snow was hard and glazed with
ice,
He could steer it lovely—twas just as nice!

Tommy and Teddy will both be met.
Will there be a difference between them
then?
Ah, yes! there must be, my little lad;
One will be happy and one will be sad,
Look over these lines, eyes black and blue,
And see which one is the next like you,
Of these two little Ts.
—Our Little Men and Women.

A Christmas Dinner.

Little Agnes Fleming was ten years
old on Christmas day. On account
of it being her birthday she had been
allowed her own choice in regard to
celebrating it. She had chosen to
give a dinner. Nine little girls had
been invited, so as to have the num-
ber "ten" at the table.

Agnes was the only child of wealthy
parents, so I suppose you will be
thinking of her as a child who
children at that Christmas table.
Not so.

Agnes had told her mother confiden-
tially, "I should like to make a
Christmas for some children who
don't have any at home. Do you
think I could, mamma?"

"For poor children, my dear?" ques-
tioned her mother.

"Yes, mamma, for poor ones and
sad ones. I should like to have them
to dinner. I think it would be such
a happy day for them."

"I am sure it would," assented
Mrs. Fleming, and a mist crept over
her eyes because of her little daugh-
ter's thoughtfulness.

And now the happy day had come.
The ten children were seated at the
Christmas table. There were ten
candles burning, one at each place,
and in the center of the table a great
candelabra, with ten lights, flashed
out its brilliance over the happy little
faces. Two large, low bowls of beau-
tiful flowers were arranged artistically,
and before each child there was a tiny
vase holding a sweet rosebud, a sprig
of heliotrope and a geranium leaf.

Grandpa Fleming came into the
room with a beaming face. He greet-
ed the children with smiles and cheery
words, then reaching his hands out as
if in benediction, he asked a "blessing"
and withdrew. Mamma Fleming came
in a moment later followed by black
Dinah, who put down upon the table
a great dish. Agnes smiled audibly
when she saw it, repeating in a jolly
way:

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing:
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before, not a king, but
my little friends?"

And she laughed merrily as she
lifted from the great dish a flaky cover
of pie crust. There, revealed to the
children's wondering eyes were birds,
live birds, not blackbirds to be sure,
but Agnes Fleming's beautiful canaries.
Wonder of wonders! The little crea-
tures, just escaped from imprisonment,
held up their graceful heads and burst
forth into a thrilling song.

The delightful surprise took away
the voices of the nine little guests for
a moment. Then came many ques-
tions. One shy child asked timidly,
"How could the dear little birds keep
alive in a hot oven?"

"Oh," answered Agnes with a happy
smile, "they have never been in a hot
oven." Dinah baked the pie, and after

it was cold mamma put my darling
birds inside only for a few minutes."

The birds flew up toward the ceiling,
and running along a curtain pole con-
tinued their joyous song. Dinah
carried the pie crust out and brought
in roast turkey.

Such a dinner! Agnes had often
eaten as good a one, but the little
guests—never. To each and every
one it was a revelation. There were
the Milton twins; the daughters of a
poor widow who had a hard struggle
to buy even the necessities of life—the
luxuries had never been theirs. Then
there were the three orphans
named Dinsmore, whose father had
been a faithful brakeman, but was
killed in a frightful railroad disaster.
And there was Molly Drew, Mrs.
Fleming's washwoman's child, Bertie
Flack, the little pale-faced daughter
of her seamstress, and the two little
Coopers, who lived in a dingy cellar
where sunlight never came. These
children, that day of days, had a picture
drawn in their hearts that can never
be effaced. It was a picture of won-
drous beauty, of unfading sweetness,
of unending delight.

Grandpa Fleming had gone out to
a Christmas dinner. As he returned
he met his granddaughter's guests just
departing, each one laden with a basket
of "good things," each face radiant
with joy.

"My dear," he said to Agnes, his
voice tremulous with feeling, "inasmuch
as you have done it unto the
least of these, you have done it unto
your Saviour. Bless you my child,
bless you!"

"Oh, I have had such a happy day,
grandpa," Agnes spoke joyously.

"Yes, yes. I've no doubt of it. A
happy day—you couldn't help having
one. It's all as plain as that two and
two make four. Folks who obey the
golden rule are always happy—they
can't be otherwise."

Lenny's Christmas Money.

Lenny was counting his Christmas
money, and dividing it into little piles
on the corner of the piano. There
were six piles, but somehow Lenny
was not quite satisfied; and when
Esther came in she saw a queer little
scowl on the white forehead.

"Oh, what a lot of money," she said,
smiling; "are you going to buy a velo-
cipede? That's my Christmas money,"
said Lenny; "the pennies for not being
late to breakfast, and the dollar grand-
ma gave me, and my five cents for
bringing in wood. I suppose there's
'bout four dollars." Two dollars and
eighty-four cents, said Esther, count-
ing it over.

"And it won't divide good," said Len.
"This pile is for papa, and this for
mamma; I'm going to buy papa a ring,
and mamma a red necktie like Nora's;
and this is for grandma, to buy a cap
with roses in it; and this is the baby's.
I'm going to get her a whole lot of
chocolate creams and peanuts; and this
is for you, Esther, only I shan't tell
what I'm going to buy." Lenny stopped
and Esther tried very hard not to
laugh at the thoughts of papa with a
ring and mamma in a red necktie.

"But there's another pile, Lenny," she
said. "Yes, that's just the trouble;
seems to me I ought to have some of
my money myself. I can tell you I
worked hard for that money, Esther."

Well, then, this pile is yours, is it?
"Yes, I thought so," said Lenny, slowly;
"only the minister said we should re-
member to save some of our gifts for
the poor. I think poor folks and
heathen are an awful bother, Esther."

And Len looked up defiantly, as if
ready to endure all that Esther might
say in answer to such a shocking senti-
ment. To his great surprise Esther
said quietly, "So do I, Lenny; some-
times I feel about discouraged when I
think what a bother they are."

Lenny's fat hand reached out and
transferred the sixth pile to his pocket.
"There's lots of folks taking care of
'em, too, and giving them money and
things," he said.

"Yes," said Esther, "there are people
in the great cities who spend their
whole time looking after these poor
persons, visiting them at their homes,
begging fuel to keep them from freez-
ing, and food to keep them from starv-
ing, getting them into hospitals when
they are sick, and teaching them to
work. They don't do this for pay, but
just for the dear Lord's sake, and they
keep on at work until they are worn
out and die, and then someone else
takes it up. Oh, it is a dreadful
bother."

Lenny's hand crept into his pocket
and fingered the money doubtfully.

"And there are people who go out
in the new countries, and live in miser-
able little cabins, and have scarcely
enough to eat or to wear, and no
money to buy books, or papers, or
Christmas presents, or to send their
children to school, all because they are
trying to teach the poor people about
Jesus, and keep them from growing as
wicked and lawless as the heathen

themselves. What a bother it must be
to give up everything so?"

Lenny's hand crept out of his pocket
and laid about half the money back
upon the piano, but Esther went on as
if she had not seen him.

"And then there are the heathen;
just think how many men and women
have left their homes and their friends,
and gone away to try to win these
poor, ignorant creatures from wor-
shipping idols, and murdering their
children and their sick friends, and
leaving their poor old parents to starve
to death. Just think, Lenny, of the
fathers and mothers who have seen
their dear children dying in those un-
healthy regions, or had to send them
away from them to save their lives—of
the martyrs that have given up their
own lives, all for these heathen. I
think they are a dreadful bother. And
when, besides this, I remember how
much trouble they have been to God,
and how much they have cost him, I
am sure they must be precious, or he
never would have given his son to save
them. For if we would give all we
have, our money and our lives, we
never could give so much as God gave
—for them, and us, Lenny. Lenny's
lips quivered a little, but he laid the
rest of the money down with a bang,
as he said, "There, Esther, you needn't
talk any more; that's God's money
in this pile, and I guess I wouldn't be
mean enough to touch it."—Selected.

How The Twins Caught The Doctor.

Ben came down the back steps with
a stamp and a slam, just as Rob had
succeeded in tugging Cousin Joe's big
double-runner out of the barn.

"She says we can't have it," he an-
nounced, crossly. She says, if Aunt
Mary's a mind to let us when she gets
back, why, all right. But she can't
take the 'sponsibility."

"Huh! Who wants her too?" asked
Rob, dropping the rope in disgust.
"She isn't going to get hurt. Grand-
mothers don't know everything, any-
how."

The twins sat down side by side on
the double runner. They gazed wist-
fully along the straight icy hill that
began at their gate, dropped steadily
for almost half a mile, and straightened
out for another half-mile beside the
river. It was the longest coast in town
and in perfect condition.

"There'd be time for two slides be-
fore supper," grumbled Rob.

"Yes, and to-morrow's Saturday,
and Aunt Mary won't get home until
night," added Ben. "It'll probably rain,
and spoil it all, anyhow."

At last, deciding to make the best
of it, the twins got up and built a fat
snow man. Then they found relief for
their ruffled tempers by pelting him
to pieces, until it grew dark and Nora
called them in to supper.

They didn't enjoy their meal as much
as usual, however; for grandma was
upstairs most of the time, taking care
of baby Alice, who had been sick more
than a week, and who was worse to-
night. The twins felt that, even if
grandmothers don't know everything,
it was rather pleasant to have one
around. Just as they were finishing
their cookies in silence, grandma
hurried through the dim room, with
an anxious face. They heard her tell
Nora to run for Dr. Brown, and they
heard Nora hurry down the steps, and
out of the yard.

Now, the doctor lived in the very
next house down the hill, with only
Aunt Mary's field in between. So Nora
was back in a few minutes. But the
twins knew from her look, as she ran
into the dining-room, that she had not
found the doctor.

"Oh, mum," she gasped, as soon as
she saw grandma, "the doctor was driv-
ing out of his yard just as I got to our
gate. He turned down the hill, and I
ran and called; and I couldn't make
him hear. Oh, what shall we do?"

The twins didn't wait for anything
more. Catching up their caps and
mittens, they rushed out into the yard,
where they almost tumbled over the
double-runner, standing as they had
left it. The same idea flashed into both
heads at once. Without a word,
Ben settled himself in the stealer's
seat with his feet against the braces,
and wound the steering ropes around
his hands. Rob gave a running push,
and leaned on behind, and in a few
seconds they had rattled down the icy
driveway, slewed around into the
street, and started in hot pursuit of the
doctor.

The bright moonlight showed them
the sleigh nearing the bottom of the
hill. But the double-runner rattled
and swayed along the icy track, gain-
ing speed every second. Now the
sleigh left the hill, and darted along
the level road. The twins were half-
way down, and still flying faster. Sog-
n he could hear the jingle of the sleigh
bells above the rattling of their runners.
Now they, too, left the slope, and be-
gan spinning along the level, gaining
fast upon the sleigh.

As the bits of ice thrown up by the
horse's flying feet began to spatter in
Ben's face, "Hi! Doctor!" he called
out. "Go back!"

But, before he could finish, the
double-runner tore past the sleigh like
a race horse. Rob turned quickly in
his seat at the end, and shouted back
the rest of the message:

"It's our baby. Please go quick!"
Rob saw the doctor turn, and start
up the hill again. "It's all right. He's
going," he called to Ben. Then the
twins waited for the double-runner to
slow up and let them off.

When they got back into the yard
again some twenty minutes later, the
doctor was just coming out of the
door.

"She'll get along nicely now," they
heard him say to some one inside.
"But it was lucky you thought of that
double-runner."

And when the twins came into the
kitchen grandma drew them close to
her, one on each side, and put her
arms around them. Grandma's voice
was always a little shaky; but it
trembled more than usual as she said—
"I don't know what I should do if
anything happened to you; but if you
want ever so much to coast to-mor-
row—"

"Oh, I guess we can stand it till
Aunt Mary comes," said Ben with a
smile.

"Yes, added Rob, looking at his red
hands. "It's too hard work pulling it
back, anyhow."—Ex.

Reciprocity.

"Charlie!" called Helen, running into
the library, "won't you come help me
fix my wheel? It's a lovely day to
ride."

"I'm finishing a story," said Charlie,
hardly looking up. "Wait a few
minutes!"

"May I look, too?" and Helen put
her arms around Charlie and began to
read.

"Oh! I hadn't finished!" she cried,
as Charlie turned a leaf.

"Charlie's little demon, temper,
sprang up."

"Who was reading first, I'd like to
know! I never saw anything like girls!
They can't do anything without bother-
ing some boy to help."

Helen's eyes filled; but she didn't
say a word, not even when Charlie
called after her, "Don't go off in a huff,
sis! I'll help you in a minute."

When the minute, a rather long one,
was up, Helen had gotten herself and
wheel ready, and had gone up the
street.

"Where's Helen, mamma?" asked
Charlie.

"Gone to spend the day with Mabel.
It was too pleasant a day indoors."

"I thought she wanted me to ride
with her."

"She thought you didn't want to
bother."

"Hohum," yawned Charlie. "I'd
fixed my mind on that, and now I don't
know what to do."

"Where's Rob—or Fred?" asked
mamma.

"Both away! Not one of the fellows
is home."

Charlie lounged around all day,
rather a doleful boy, considering his
lofty way of looking down on Helen's
head. He missed Helen the more be-
cause she had done without him.

"I think I'll ride up for Helen," he
said after supper.

"I'd like it too," said Charlie to him-
self.

To Helen he said, "I'll never say a
word about girls needing boys again.
I just felt lost without you."

Helen's eyes filled with tears again,
happy ones. "I guess every one needs
every one," she said.—The Sunbeam.

A Mule Engineer.

A mule, one of a team, was harnessed
in front of a big ice-wagon. Patiently
the team had pulled their cooling load
through the hot streets. They were
going through a street where an excava-
tion was being made for water-pipes.
The driver did not watch, drove too
near the edge of the excavation, and
before he could stop the team the earth
began caving in, and down went one
of the mules. Fortunately, he landed
on his feet. Whether he was aston-
ished at his sudden descent, or whether
the shock paralyzed him, is not known;
but the mule stood perfectly still down
in the pit. The earth suddenly caved
in around his feet, so he was buried to
his knees. The workmen assembled,
and were greatly puzzled as to how they
could get the mule out. The mule
looked solemnly about at the consulting
workmen, as if he would inquire how
long it would be before he could get
out. He then with his nose began
pushing the earth into the hole in
front of him from about his fore legs.
The workmen saw at once the idea in
the mule's mind; and they took their
shovels, and began shovelling the
earth back into the hole from around
the mule's legs. As soon as the mule
could get one foot free, he raised it,

and began tramping the earth around
him. This made the earth hard for
one foot to rest on. The workmen
dug out the other, and the mule in
the same way tramped the earth in
front of him. At the end of an hour
the workmen had succeeded in build-
ing an inclined plane, up which the
mule walked to the surface. However
stupid mules are ordinarily, this mule
certainly was not stupid.—Selected.

It is said that the white of an egg,
beaten with five grammes of alum in
five grammes of sweet oil applied as
paste to the face on retiring prevents
wrinkles, keeps the flesh from becom-
ing flabby, and is strengthening and
softening to the skin.

Holiness consists of three things—
separation from sin, dedication to God,
and transformation into Christ's image.
It is in vain that we talk about the last
unless we know something experimen-
tally about the first.

All Sorts.

Do you really think one commits a
sin to ride a bicycle? Well, I've seen
bicycle riders who were far from up-
right.

Catarrh, like scrofula, is a disease of
the blood and may be cured by purify-
ing the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He (at Miss Tartlett's)—It is not
good for man to be alone. She (bored)
—Then hadn't you better go home to
your mother?

An umbrella with a transparent
covering has been invented in London,
enabling the holder to see where he is
going when he holds it before his face.
But what is really needed is some
device which will tell where the um-
brella has gone to when it is not be-
fore his face.

Only a few weeks ago a lecturer at
a big meeting gave utterance to the
following: All along the untrodden
paths of the future we can see the
footprints of an unseen hand.

A disappointed fish peddler was
belaboring his slow but patient horse
in a street in Georgetown, D. C., the
other day, and calling out his wares at
intervals as, Herrin, herrin, fresh
herriu. A tender hearted lady, seeing
the act of cruelty to the horse, called
out sternly from an upper window,
Have you no mercy? No, mum, was
the reply, nothin' but herrin.

When Andrew D. White, now the
United States ambassador at Berlin,
was our minister to Germany, nearly
twenty years ago, he received some
queer letters from Americans, asking
for his influence in their behalf in court
circles. Perhaps the funniest of all
was a very mandatory epistle from an
old lady living in the West, who en-
closed in her letter four pieces of white
linen, each some six inches square.

We are going to have a fair in our
church, she wrote, and I am making
an autograph quilt. I want you to get
me the autographs of the emperor, the
empress, the crown prince and Bis-
mark, and tell them to be very careful
not to write too near the edge of the
squares, as a seam has to be allowed
for putting them together.

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
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coated, containing no mercury, and
are guaranteed to give satisfaction or
the money will be refunded.

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the throat or lungs, sores upon the
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tionable, whether taken internally or
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lar action to the heart, and cure every
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tation. I was so nervous that the least
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