

What the Little Shoes Said.

I saw two dainty little shoes
A-sitting by the bed;
They suddenly began to talk,
And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be;
We've been 'most everywhere;
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

"He's had his bath, and sweetly sleeps
'Atwixt sheets both cool and clean;
While we are left to stand outside;
Now don't you think it mean?

"We've carried him from morn till night;
He's quite forgot, that's plain;
While here we watch, and wait and wait
Till morning comes again.

"And then he'll tramp and tramp and tramp
The livelong summer day.
Now this is what we'd like to do:
Just carry him away

"Where he could never go to bed,
But stay up all the night,
Unwashed and covered over with dust;
Indeed, 't would serve him right."

—Sunday School Evangelist.

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 it. Is that a grumble, mother?"

"I rather think it is, Helen," answered Mrs. Porter. "Someone had better read up 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 agree to pay one cent into this box for each and every grumble or complaint he or she may make about any article of food upon this table. Signed: Edward Porter, Mary Porter, Harry Porter, Helen Porter, Elizabeth Porter."

"If that isn't the strangest agreement I ever heard read!" 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, but 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 began 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 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 hadn't even 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 asks before meals: 'O Lord, for the food 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, 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 the heathen to the 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 is a genuine out-and-out grumble."

And Mrs. Porter laughingly slipped a coin into the grumble-box. —Sunday School Times.

Ned's Stereopticon Lesson.

Ned was cross. "Just the crossiest kind of cross," Aunt Maggie said, for she was spending the day at Ned's home and she knew all about it.

"Well, it rains, and I can't go out," growled this ten-year-old lad who had plenty of things in the house to keep him amused for hours. "It's a holiday, too, and it's so mean to have it stormy."

"Why don't you read?" asked his mother.

"Tom Williams borrowed my nicest book, and was to bring it back to-day, and didn't, and I haven't finished it myself yet."

"Well, he can't bring it in this pouring rain, you know."

"Of course not, but I wish he hadn't borrowed it. I didn't expect to be kept in the house like this with nothing to do when he asked for it."

And so Ned went on grumbling until his mother told him that he must stop. He kept quiet after that, but there was a scowl on his face for the rest of the morning.

In the afternoon the rain stopped coming down, the clouds gradually disappeared and the sun showed like a blue sky, Ned's face brightened.

"Now I can go out," he cried.

"Say, Neddy," said Aunt Maggie, "that just reminds me that your Uncle Steve and I are going to a stereopticon entertainment this evening. Would you like to go with us?"

"Of course I would," the boy answered readily.

So at the appointed hour Uncle Steve, Aunt Maggie and Ned were seated in the hall where the stereopticon entertainment was to be given.

There was a great many pictures shown that evening, and all were very good, I understand, but there was a set of eight that made quite an impression on Ned.

The first was that of a boy about twelve years of age. He was a fine-looking boy, and he was neatly dressed. Altogether, he would have made a pleasant appearance if it hadn't been for the fact that he wore a disagreeable frown on his face.

"Now, children," said the man who was showing the pictures, "we're going to follow this boy through life and see what he becomes."

In the next picture the boy had grown to be a young man, and the disagreeable frown was there yet, only there seemed to be more of it. Again the same person appeared, this time a man of forty, and, oh such an ugly countenance as he had! You would hardly take him to be that fine-looking boy grown up, and yet there was sufficient resemblance to show that he was the same.

The frown had gone with him, and he kept on getting worse, until it had made him the kind of person that nobody could love. At last, he was shown as a man of sixty, and I am sure that none of the people who were present felt that they would at all care to have anything to do with such an exceedingly disagreeable man as was pictured on that sheet.

"Ugh!" one child was heard to say, "I should not want to meet him when I was alone."

"Well, children," the lecturer went on, "you have seen how the habit of frowning and being unpleasant will go with a boy through life, and change him into a hideous man. Now we shall find out what the boy could have become if the frown had given place to a bright, pleasant smile, such as all strong, healthy children ought to wear."

Then the boy appeared again, the very same boy, and this time there was no frown on his face. Instead, there was a pleasant, cheery look that went right to the hearts of the people who saw the picture. Then he appeared at twenty years of age, and the smile had gone with him, and his frank, genial countenance was beautiful to gaze upon. At forty he was shown to be so kind and pleasant that a very young child in the audience, who was known to have the noblest of fathers, cried out in delight: "That's my papa!" At sixty he was just the brightest, jolliest old man that anybody ever looked upon. It seemed as if he loved the whole world, and wanted the whole world to love him. He appeared like one who took a cheerful view of things whenever he possibly could, and knew that it wasn't worth while to grumble or scold. "Aunt Maggie," Ned asked on the way home, "did you know about the boy pictures beforehand?"

"No, dear," she answered, as she laid her hand lovingly on Ned's arm, "but I am glad that you saw them."

"I am, too," he returned heartily,

for I wouldn't get like that ugly old man for all the disappointments that could ever come to me." —Ex.

The Only Time.

"Blake, what have you on your knee?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Then why do you keep looking down?"

The boy's face turned red, and the teacher made two quick steps toward him with the cane in his hand.

"Give me that book," he said, sternly. Blake's color died away—he was frightened. He made one more effort to hide the book, but the master's quick eye caught sight of it.

In a moment he had seized it.

"So you are copying your lesson out of the book? That is how you keep your place at the top of the class! You are a cheat and a deceiver; it will be a long time before I trust you again."

"It was the first time, sir," stammered the boy.

"How do I know that you speak the truth? Hold out your hand."

Several stinging strokes fell, and Blake's head hung lower and lower. He felt that he could never look his comrades in the face again.

"Now go to the foot of the class, and try, by steady work, to recover your good name."

After school Blake wandered off alone.

He had spoken the truth when he had said that he had never cheated before, but he feared no one believed him. He was a hard working boy. Until now he had kept his place in the class by careful work; but the night before he had gone on an errand for his mother, and his lessons had been neglected. The temptation to help himself out "just this once" had come so suddenly that he yielded to it.

"Other boys cheat often, and are not found out," he said, bitterly; "but if I do it just once, I am caught. How mean!"

The hardest part was still to come—how could he tell his mother of her boy's disgrace? Should he tell her at all?

Temptation came again, but this time the boy looked it in the face and conquered. Very slowly he went home, wondering all the way how he should begin the story.

What quick eyes mothers have! Mrs. Blake saw in a moment that something was wrong. A few gentle words drew out the sad tale.

"Ah! laddie," she said, "a prize is good, but a good name is better. You are like the dog who dropped his bone to catch a shadow. But, you know, a good name lost may be won back again. Don't despair, though it is harder to win than to lose, and always remember that your mother believes in you."

Then she spoke to him of the armor of truth that even boy soldiers have to wear, and so sent him forth into the battle again.

The next day Blake told the schoolmaster all about it, and set off bravely on the upward road.

Many unkind words and bitter taunts he had to bear; but in the end he won his way back to his old place in class and in the opinion of his master and school fellows.—United Presbyterian.

An Exciting Race.

It was the most exciting race that Teddy ever had! And you guess that it was a bicycle race? Oh, no, indeed it wasn't! It was a race with a heap of big, black, growling thunder-clouds!

Grandma heard them rolling and rumbling just as she was going to sit down to dinner.

"Deary me!" she exclaimed as she hurried to the window. "If there isn't a thunder-shower coming as fast as ever it can! And there's that hay! It will all be spoiled, every bit of it! And your grandpa not at home to help! Deary, deary me!"

Teddy jumped up from the table.

"Let's race 'em, grandma!" he exclaimed eagerly. "You an' me an' Pat an' Bridget! Let's all go an' help, right now! We can get grandpa's hay in, you see if we can't!"

Grandma laughed. We might try it, she said, giving Teddy a kiss. Many hands make light work. I know. And sure enough they did!

Bridget raked and grandma raked, and Teddy—well, he did everything! He tried to pitch just as Pat did, but the hay always tumbled on top of him instead of on top of the hay-load! Always! And then he climbed up into the cart and stamped the hay down while Pat pitched, and he drove old Dobbin up to the barn and then back again to the hay-field; and, oh deary me! I can't begin to tell you what he didn't do.

And all this time the great black clouds had been coming nearer and nearer; and, just as Pat got the last load of hay safely into the barn, the big raindrops commenced to splash against the windows. The shower had come at last! But they were ready for it.

Teddy sighed a happy little sigh as he peeped out of the window. We beat you, old Mr. Thunder, this time, he said with a smile. You can't wet a speck of my grandpa's hay this year! No sir-ree!

He started to clap his hands, he was so delighted; but he quickly stopped. And what do you think was the reason? There were five little puffy blisters on each of his chubby hands!

Teddy looked at them wofully. I guess I don't mind! he said bravely. "Course I don't as long as we beat! But I'm tired as—as anything!"

And, when grandma came to tell him that dinner was ready, where do you suppose she found him? Under a haycock, fast asleep, just like Little Boy Blue! —Youth's Companion.

Ways in Which Children are Spoiled.

A competent nurse says most children's naughtiness is taught by mother or nurse. Baby does not cheerfully kiss you. "See, mamma cry if baby will not kiss her. Boohoo!" And she cries in her fingers away from the deceiving eyes, and mamma laughs and does not always remember when she stops boohooing to exact the kiss. Of course, by a mere animal process of reasoning, baby learns to cry for what it wants. Has it not had the "line upon line" When baby makes a misstep and down it goes, avoid the Scylla and Charyllis of nursery shipwreck. Neither make a great fuss over the bump and weaken his self control by too much sympathy, nor do that other miserable thing, striking the offending object of collision, saying, "Naughty old table. Wipe the table for hitting little boy's head." This is often the first lesson in combativeness, and the baby who hits back the passive chair that is said to have hit him becomes equally active in slapping children or other folk who morally or physically oppose.—Selected.

Conscience in A Dog.

Bran, our big dog, showed himself conscience-stricken on one particular occasion. We were staying at Yarmouth, and Bran, who was allowed perfect liberty, was lost for one entire day? At night, just before the house was shut up, he made his appearance. Being met at the hall door, he was rebuked and his offered paw not taken.

His nightly resting-place was a cellar, where he had a comfortable straw couch provided for him, and his usual custom was to run down stairs immediately to his bed and supper; but on this evening he remained at the top of the stairs and cried and whined piteously. Presently my brother said: "You must come and make it up with Bran, or the poor fellow will cry there all night!" Accordingly we opened the door, and one by one shook Bran's paw in sign of forgiveness, whereupon he quietly walked down stairs and, after eating his supper with avidity, curled himself up on the straw and went to sleep.—Ellen Isabelle Tupper.

Home Hints.

Caramel Cake.—Half cup butter, one and a half cup sugar, well creamed, add three eggs, one-half cup milk, two and a quarter cups flour and two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in square pan in a moderate oven.

Iceing.—One and a half cups granulated sugar, half cup milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and boil from seven to ten minutes. Flavour with vanilla or grated chocolate, and beat till thick, spread on the cake.

Baked Eggs.—Butter very well the platter on which the eggs are to be served, then break into it, without disturbing the yolks, sufficient eggs for the family, and put into a hot oven from three to five minutes; when the whites are quite set they are done. This dish is very nice for tea, served with thin bread and butter or buttered toast.

Muffins.—Two eggs well beaten with two or three large spoonfuls of sugar, 2 tablespoonful of butter (softened), 1 full cup of sweet milk (or water), and 21-2 cups of flour (or enough to make a stiff batter), to which has been added 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in very well buttered muffin tins, which should be pretty hot, in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Brown Bread Pudding.—Butter a basin, line it with brown bread which has been cut in slices, then fill up the basin with fruit either apples or peaches, cover the top with some more bread, cover over tightly with a plate and boil in water three hours in a pot, but do not allow the water to cover the basin, as the water would get into the pudding. Then lightly brown in oven. Sauce may be used with this.

Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better.

All Sorts.

Teacher—How old are you, Willie. Willie—I'm five at home, six at school and four in the cars.

"Only nervous" is a sure indication that the blood is not pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.

The chief maker of brooms in Atkinson, Kan., as well as one of its most prosperous citizens, is a blind colored man. With the assistance of his two brothers he turns out enough brooms to supply half the trade of that city.

"My wife has been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past five years," writes Dr. L. P. Barrows, Sycamore, Ill., "and it has restored her hair from gray to its natural color, keeps it glossy, and prevents it from falling out." Ayer's Hair Vigor is a scientific hair-dressing.

The ruling instinct is strong in a thrifty housewife. My dear, said the husband who had to tell his wife that he had failed, the wolf is at the door. Tell him to wipe his feet, said she, absently.—Youth's Companion.

Some days nothing will "come out right," from the time you rise till you retire. Ten to one, the trouble is in yourself. Your blood is in bad condition, and every organ suffers in consequence. What you need is cleansing, invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Little Tom K. was to have a new father, and his grandfather, who was to prepare his youthful mind for the event, said: Tom, by this time tomorrow you'll have a new papa, and your mother will have a new name.

Tom (with bewilderment)—And who will I be, grandpa?

The village of Waverly, W. Va., uses an empty ten-foot oil tank as a lockup for the occasional drunk and disorderly person. One was hustled into it a day or two ago, and then the tank was rolled about by a crowd of villagers, while others beat violently upon it with clubs. Two hours later the unhappy prisoner was released, much bruised and quite sober.

A certain young preacher went down from Princeton to Philadelphia to preach in a vacant church. He was one of those extremely flowery preachers who sometimes dazzle rhetorically the tender souls of the younger members of the congregation, and the elders of the church were besieged to have him down again. They at length consented; but, alas! they had forgotten his name. So they wrote to one of the seminary professors, saying: "Please send us that floweret, streamlet, rivulet, starlight man to preach for us next Sabbath. We have forgotten his name, but we have no doubt you will be able to recognize him." He was recognized. He was sent. He became minister of the church.—Presbyterian.

Most of their faults women owe to men, while men are indebted to women for most of their better qualities.

A Modern Jewish adage: "Let a man clothe himself beneath his ability, his children according to his ability, and his wife above his ability."

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parnele's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parnele's Vegetable Pills.

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, sleeplessness, 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."

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

Princess & 145 Germain Sts.

SINT JOHN, N.B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.
FATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Sluggish Liver and all Stomach Troubles.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Are Purely Vegetable, elegantly Sugar-Coated, and do not gripe or sicken.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Act gently but promptly and thoroughly. "The safest family medicine." All Druggists keep

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Professional Cards.

C. H. COBURN, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon.

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK

FREDERICTON, N. B.

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

BARRISTER,
CONVEYANCER &c. &c.
Money to Loan on Real Estate security
CHESTNUT BUILDING OFF. CITY HALL
FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER - AT LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Manchester, Robertson

and Allison,

St. John, N. B.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains
Silks, Millinery, Furs, Cloaks,
Dress Goods, Men's and Boys
Clothing Gents' Furnishings.

Our New Furniture Department contains an immense stock of

Fine Furniture

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

WANTED.

CANVASSERS.—Queen Victoria: Her Life and Reign, has captured the British Empire. Extraordinary testimonial from the great men; send for copy free. Life of the Queen I have seen. Her Majesty sends a kind letter of appreciation. Selling by thousands; gives enthusiastic satisfaction. Canvassers making \$15 to \$40 weekly. Prospectus free to agents.

The Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd

Toronto, Ont.

Dragon Blend

—AND—

Griffin Blend

TEAS

are unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for them. Wholesale only by

A.F. Randolph & Son

