

Two Little Girls I Know.

I know a little girl
(You? Oh, no.)
Who when she's asked to go to bed
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
And 'as the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin:
'Oh! dear me! I don't see why!
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?'
Another little girl I know.
With curly pate,
Who says, 'When I'm a great big girl
I'll sit up late,
But mama says it will make me grow
To be an early bird.'
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word
Oh, then my smile and the eyes so blue
And—why, yes, now I think of it.
She looks like you!

Unkind Criticisms.

'Oh, don't girls, don't,' said Mrs. Spellman, as she came into the room where a group of thoughtless girls were severely criticizing some of their acquaintances. 'This fostering of a spirit of unkind criticism is such a bad way to get into, and above all things do not ridicule people in the manner I just overheard.'

'Well, dear Mrs. Spellman, Mr. Rhoades has such a funny nose,' exclaimed one of the girls. 'We cannot help having some fun over it.'

'But, my dear, Mr. Rhoades is a very good man and counts you as his friends. What if he heard your unkind remarks about him. Fanny Kemble once said 'that she wished we had the power to choose our own bodies to suit ourselves as we do our clothes,' but that power has never been given us; if it were, our features would be perfection. You must pardon me for checking you as I did, but I had a very unpleasant experience once and learned a lesson I never forgot, by my thoughtless ridicule and criticisms. It makes my heart ache even now, to think of it, and it is many years since it happened.'

'Oh, please tell us about it, dear Mrs. Spellman—we really did not mean anything unkind,' spoke one of the number.

'I did not, either. But you shall hear my story, and I trust the sorrow it gives me to tell it, may be compensated by the good it will do you in impressing upon you thus early in your lives the danger of speaking unkindly and unadvisedly of others, especially of ridiculing them.'

'When I was about fifteen years old, I was quite apt to make fun of people's peculiar features, or manners, or habits, and was cultivating a sharp wit in my conversation that I thought a great deal of. My dear mother had often spoken to me of this undesirable trait of character, which was growing upon me, but seemingly to no purpose.'

'Finally, one night, two of my companions were spending the early part of the evening with me. I was wearing a dress-maker of our village because she had not brought my new dress home that afternoon, as she promised she would. 'She's a horrid old maid, and her nose always travels as an advance guard to let folks know she is coming,' I said. 'Did you ever see such a long, thin nose on such a little face as hers? Dear me, no wonder she has never had a lover; one sight of it would act as a warning.' Just then the door bell rang. I went to the door and there stood the object of my ridicule. It was a summer evening, the windows were wide open and she had heard every word I had said, for I stood right by the window. But there was no resentment in her tone as she handed me the package and said, 'I am sorry I could not get the dress home as I promised. My mother has been worse to day,' and there was such a look in her face that it went right to my heart, a look of one hurt, discouraged, and disheartened. She turned and went down the steps, without a word of sympathy or kindness from me. How could I give it when I had spoken so unkindly of her that very moment; she would think my words meaningless, but I was truly repentant. I could have run after her and told her how sorry I was for her. As I put the package on the sofa, I said to the girls, 'I'm just as ashamed of myself as I can be, for Miss Brown was at the door, and I know she heard every word I said. I would not have hurt her feelings, poor thing, for the world.' Mother came in at that moment, asked what the trouble was; and I told her frankly right before my companions.

'Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry,' she said in her gentle, grieved tone of voice. 'That dear, good woman you have jested so unkindly about is one of the brave ones whom the world does not know of. You spoke of her in such a scurrilous way, as if an 'old maid' was a name that merited contempt. Some of the truest, bravest, most helpful women in the world are among those who never married. Besides this poor woman did have a true and noble lover once, whom she loved with all

her heart, but there were family needs that she felt to be her first duty, and she sacrificed her own happiness to an invalid mother and younger sisters and brothers. Only two years ago her lover died. Many a time has this brave little woman stood between her mother and father when the latter came home intoxicated.'

'My whole thought was then to make amends for what I had done, but after we have hurt our neighbor, it is not easy to heal the wound. However, mother immediately prepared some delicacy for the sick mother, and I was glad to be the bearer of it, although I went with misgivings, I must confess. Miss Brown came to the door and I saw that she had been crying. I spoke as kindly as I could in giving my mother's message and the basket. She evidently had not the spirit that returns evil for evil, for she thanked me most sincerely. After that I let my ministrations to her, and her family, prove my sorrow for the cruel words. But I never have forgiven myself, and it taught me a never-to-be forgotten lesson.—The Evangelist.

The Collector of Waste.

It was very warm, and Jamie was tired. He had been riding on his bicycle all the afternoon; and now he was sitting in the vine covered arbor on the lawn, waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was his bedtime.

But, presently, as he leaned back with his eyes half shut, he heard steps coming nearer; and, when he opened his eyes, he saw a queer little old man standing before him.

The little old man had a large knapsack strapped on his back, and carried a bulky parcel in one hand. He nodded to Jamie, and said, 'Good evening!' And then he sat down, took off his hat, and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

'Are you a pedler?' asked Jamie after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

But the old fellow smiled at this question, and shook his head.

'I will tell you my business,' he said briskly. 'I'm a collector.'
'And what do you collect?' inquired Jamie. 'Postage stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collecting all those things myself, and I would like to see your collections ever so much.'

The old man smiled again. Then he said: 'No, I don't collect things of that sort. I am a collector of waste.'

'A collector of waste?' said Jamie, much puzzled. 'Why, I never heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by waste.'

Where do you find it, and what is it like?
'That is just what I'm going to tell you,' said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down.

'The world is full of waste-collectors like myself, only you have never been favored with a sight of one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste,—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day; and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy, I can tell you. Look at this knapsack and this parcel,—all collected to day!'

'Dear me!' said Jamie. 'I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?'

'If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste; for you've given me lots of work to-day collecting it,' replied the old man, severely.

'I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day!' exclaimed Jamie, indignantly. 'Now that's nonsense!'

'It is, hey?' said the old man, with a cross look. 'Well, then, I'll prove that it's true; and I'll make you own it, too, before I go. I have not time to open my knapsack now, but I will read the list of all you've wasted to-day from my memorandum-book.' And he took out a small book, and turned over the leaves, saying:—

'Jamie,—J,—yes, here is your account. Now, listen! In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then, when you were only half dressed, you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs who were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes of the study hour drawing pictures in your copy-book, and you wasted eleven minutes more over that newspaper you carried to school.'

'When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair, as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose, and wasted twelve minutes of your music lesson time, besides.'

'Oh, stop! Do stop!' cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. 'Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please.'

'Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then,—your wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed to-day, and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles, you only laughed at him, when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the post office this afternoon, when you could have gone there so easily on your bicycle.—But I promised the boys to run races at four o'clock, and I had no time,' Jamie protested.

'That is no excuse. They could have waited for you,' said the old man. 'Those opportunities to be kind all wasted in one day!'

'Well, I hope this is the end of your list,' Jamie said in a shame-faced way.

'By no means! There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoe string was in a knot. Wasted opportunity for self-control! You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room. Wasted opportunity to be polite! You bought chewing-gum, after resolving never to buy it again. Wasted money, and wasted good resolution! But I have read enough to prove what I said, and I have no wish to be disagreeable.'

The old man closed his book, and looked at Jamie with a serious, yet kindly, gaze.

'Take pains, my dear boy,' he said, as he picked up his knapsack. 'It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. Whenever you are tempted to throw away anything as valuable as your time or your opportunities, remember the collector of waste. But, hark! Your mother is calling you. Don't waste a moment, I beg. Good-night!'

Jamie sprang from his seat, and ran toward the house. As he went out of the arbor, he turned and looked back. The old man had vanished.—Outlook.

'Pass It On.'

Once when I was a schoolboy going home for the holidays I had a long way to go to reach the far-away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare, and that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything I needed in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water; then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward, and stood beside me.

'Your bill, sir,' said he holding out piece of paper.

'I have no money,' I said in my wretchedness.

'Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?'

I told him. Immediately he took off the cap he wore, with a gilt band about it, and held out his hand.

'I should like to shake hands with you,' he said.

I gave him my hand, and shook him as well as I could. Then came the explanation, how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

'I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it,' said he, pleasantly, 'but I am glad it has.'

'So am I,' said I.

As soon as I got ashore, I told my father what had happened.

'Ah,' said he 'see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet any body who needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to him.'

Years had gone by; I had grown up, and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had to go to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket when I saw a little lad crying—a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears, as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

'What is the matter, my lad?' I asked.

'If you please, sir, I haven't enough money to pay my fare. I have all I want but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me, I will be sure to pay him.'

Instantly flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago, and of the steward's kindness to me.

'Now, to day,' I said, 'I pass it on to you; you remember, that if you meet any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him.'

'I will, sir, I will,' cried the lad, as he took my hand, his eyes flashed with earnestness.

'I am sure you will,' I answered.

I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering

from the window of the carriage, as if to say, 'It is all right, sir; I will pass it on.—Home and School Visitor.

A Pet Flying-squirrel.

Several years ago I was presented with young flying-squirrel; and, as it was too young to remember its woodland home, it soon became a very happy and dainty pet. It had built for its use a large, airy cage, some eighteen inches high, and nearly two feet long and about fifteen inches wide, as nearly as I can remember. This cage had boards on ends and for bottom of cage, and was covered with a strong wire netting that was fine enough to protect the occupant from the attacks of cats or dogs or other outside enemies, yet open enough to admit plenty of fresh air constantly.

At first he was fed on milk, and he always had water to drink whenever he wanted it. After a few weeks he could eat the meats of nuts, and by and by he could get the meats out himself. This he accomplished by boring a hole through the nut with his tiny, sharp teeth; but I do not think any one but a squirrel could have taken the meat from a nut that way.

He would amuse himself, for an hour or more at a time, running over the wires and bars of his cage. There was no wheel in the cage, as he was a little creature at best, and we feared he might get injured with it. He had a little blanket suited to his size; and when he took a nap, he would roll himself up in it, so there was only a soft white ball to be seen. Though every member of the family at some time or other tried to watch the tiny squirrel roll himself in his blanket, no one ever saw the whole process, as he seemed to know when he was watched, and would stop his work, with a merry twinkle of his bright eyes, till the watcher's attention was for a moment arrested, and, on glancing back, only a soft white ball was visible.

A dainty creature was Mr. Squirrel, seemingly fully appreciative his neat and comfortable home, supplied with everything he needed. He was a neat housekeeper, airing his blanket two or three times a day by spreading it out on the cross bars of his cage. By nature, I think, he preferred the night for exercise; but, as I was an invalid, shut in from outdoor life, while he lived, he soon learned to watch for my coming, and the sound of my wheel-chair was the signal that gave life signs in the little white ball, and often he would seem to exert himself for my amusement a long time.

After some five or six years of enjoying this pet, there came a morning when he did not come out to meet me; and, when at noon he was still quiet, a gentle hand unrolled the little blanket to find only a dead pet. There were no signs of suffering in the position of the frail little creature, that lay as if asleep; and it may be he had lived his allotted time, as he must have been five or six years old. I missed my pet a long time, as did all the family; for even a little flying-squirrel had helped to brighten many weary hours for a helpless invalid, and so the brief life had not been lived in vain.—Christian Work.

How an Owl's Head Goes Round.

Boys who have tried to 'put salt on a bird's tail' generally come to the conclusion that birds can 'see behind them,' and some half-believe that the heads of these quick little creatures are hung on pivots. How easily one could conceive such a notion is illustrated by an anecdote. A contributor to the 'American Naturalist,' who had read a funny story about an owl wringing his own neck by looking at a man who was walking around him, tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a fine specimen and placed him on a post.

'It was not difficult,' says the writer, 'to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while.'

His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. 'When I was half-way round, his head was directly behind. Three-quarters of a circle were completed, and still the same stare followed me.'

'One circle and no change. On I went, twice around, and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. On I went, three times around, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I had failed to notice before.'

'When I reached half-way round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously, and brought it facing

me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time.'

'I repeated the experiment many times afterwards on the same bird, and I had always to watch carefully to detect the movement of the readjustment of his gaze.'

Sewing Aches.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

'All this!' she asked, in a discontented tone holding the seam out.

That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own, said her mother.

Yes, thought Jessie, mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew, and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

I have a dreadful pain in my side, said Jessie in a few minutes. My thumb is very sore, she complained. Oh, my hand is so tired! was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

Should I not first send for a doctor? asked her mother.

The doctor for me, mother? cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have the doctor the better.

Oh, mother, said Jessie, laughing, they were sewing aches. I am well now.—Sunday School Evangelist.

Go To Bed.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.—Medical Journal.

When you are nervous and sleepless, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes the nerves strong and gives refreshing sleep.

Home Hints.

Rice with Figs.—Wash thoroughly in several waters one cup of rice, add half a teaspoonful of salt, cook in two cups of water in a double boiler twenty minutes. Pour into a colander. If the rice is not dry, set it in the oven until it is white and dry. Put it into a steamer in a dish, chop half a pound of figs fine, stir into the rice and cover and steam from twenty, to thirty minutes. Serve hot with a bowl of cream, to which has been added four tablespoonsful of sugar.

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