

A Day's Review.

"Have you been happy this living day,
Dear little maiden, at rest from play?"
"Tell me the tale of the day just done,
Have you been happy from sun to sun?"
"It was most all lovely, mamma," she said,
Hanging a little her golden head.
"Except, when Tom was cross with me,
But I was cross with him first, you see—
"But the rest of the time I think, was good,
I tried to do just as you said I should.
"I'm sorry the cross thing happened so,
To-morrow I'll be as good as I know."
"Listen, my darling, with eyes so clear,
The days are just what you make them, dear.
"Be willing, loving and sweet and kind,
Then the world's full of sunshine as you
will find.
"Now say your prayers and shut your eyes,
Till another happy day shall rise."
—Chris. Standard.

Deeds, not Words.

"I intend to be the matron of a
hospital," said Ina, the eldest of the
little Wrexhams.

"I mean to be a clergyman," said her
next brother, Bob.

"How stupid!" broke in Hugh, a
frank, handsome boy, about eight years
old. "I mean to be a soldier, and fight
battles."

"And get killed?" said his little sister
Polly, in a somewhat awe-struck tone.
Hugh had the grace to blush. "Well,
not exactly; but I might be wounded,
and get the Victoria Cross."

"And what do you intend to be, my
Polly?" said Col. Wrexham, so sudden-
ly that they started; for they had
imagined him taking a quiet doze
behind his newspaper. He had not
long returned from India, and they
were all still a little shy with him.

"Please, papa," said Polly, laying her
hand timidly on his coat-sleeve, "I don't
want to be anything but a plain lady,
and stay at home."

The colonel laughed and kissed her.
Then he turned to Chris, with the
abrupt manner that was rather alarm-
ing. "What do you intend to be?"

Chris was Hugh's twin, but he
looked younger and less bright. At
his father's question he blushed and
hesitated; and, when the latter said
kindly, "Would you like to be a soldier
also?" he could only stammer out, "I
should be afraid."

Col. Wrexham gave an impatient
exclamation. There was something
almost vexatious to strangers in
Christopher's shyness; and Col. Wrex-
ham was, to his grief, a stranger still
to his children. Chris feared him too
much to finish his sentence, and explain
that he was afraid of not being brave
enough for a soldier, a soldier would
need to be so very brave, indeed.

"The Wrexhams were staying in what
they called the real country for the
first time, and allowed to enjoy a truly
delightful freedom.

Hitherto they had lived with their
grandparents in London; and, though
they did go away sometimes, it was
always to some big seaside place, where
they were obliged to be as much under
nurse's eye as in town.

The day after their discussion as to
what they were going to be Hugh and
Chris, with Polly and Nora (the
youngest) in charge, started off to
gather primroses in a lane not far from
the house.

The little town children found it
very pleasant in the lane, with its
steep banks lined with primroses, and
the blue April sky overhead. When
they got to the end of it, Hugh wanted
to go farther; but Chris maintained
that they had promised nurse not to
do so.

"What's nurse?" said Hugh, grandly.
"I believe, Chris, you're afraid."

"Yes," said the little girls. "Chris is
afraid."

"No, I'm not!" began Chris; but a
most awful sound in a field near them
out short his words.

Hugh stood his ground for a moment,
listening; but, when the terrible noise
came again, and this time nearer, he
shouted frantically, "Run! run!" and
dashed away up the lane at headlong
speed.

Chris could run faster than Hugh,
though he was smaller. But he looked
at the two little girls, and felt that to
leave them behind to face this unknown
danger was impossible. He dropped his
basket, and, catching a hand of each,
started running up the lane as fast
as he could; but that was not very
fast, for the children kept him back.

They were crying piteously, and so
blind with terror that they stumbled
at every step. Also they were heavy,
and Chris rather a slight little boy.

Meanwhile Hugh had reached the
top of the lane, and rushed almost into
his father's arms; for Col. Wrexham,
with Bob and Ina, was just turning the
corner at the top.

"What is the matter, Hugh? Where
are you going?"

But Hugh could only gasp out, "The
beast! the beast!"

Col. Wrexham looked down the lane
and saw Chris toiling up it, very white
and breathless, but never relaxing his
hold of the two hot, crying children
he held by the hand.

Just at this moment there was a
clatter of hoofs; and into the lane, at
the far end, with another blood-cur-
dling bray, galloped a donkey.

"Don't be frightened, children,"
called out the colonel. "It's only a
donkey."

"Two of them!" cried Bob, with a
glance at Hugh, who now, very red in
the face, emerged from behind his
father.

"Chris was frightened, too," said
Hugh, in rather a sulky tone.

"No doubt he was," said Col. Wrex-
ham, rather sternly, as he stooped to
comfort the two little girls, who even
yet could hardly be convinced that the
fearful sounds had proceeded from
nothing worse than a donkey. "But
that didn't prevent him doing his duty,
Chris," he went on, with a sudden
change of tone that nearly brought
the tears into Chris's eyes, "it was only
a donkey, I know; but it would have
been all the same if it had been a lion."

For some time after the episode of
the donkey, Hugh was rather silent as
to his prospects as a soldier; but Chris
and his father were not strangers to
each other any more.—Golden Sun-
beams.

A Rainy Night.

Who does not love to get up into the
loft or garret and hear the rain patter
on the big umbrella which we put over
a house and call a roof? In a story
which Elsie Locke tells in the Outlook
two girls heard the rain patter over
their heads in a funny way. The best
part of the story is dear Betty's way of
laughing trouble out of Dora's heart.

Bless all the Bettys and Dora's that
learn to do that! Here is the story:

Betty and Dora were two little
Colorado girls who lived in an adobe
cabin—a queer-looking cabin, built
partly below the ground, so that one
had to go down three steps to get into it.

All around the cabin were great
fields of alfalfa clover, as far as the
little girls could see; and the only trees
in sight were the cottonwoods growing
along the side of a broad, muddy stream
that the children called the river.

One night Betty and Dora awoke to
find it raining so hard that it had worn
a hole in the miserable roof over their
heads, and the rain was drip, drip,
dripping in upon them in a very un-
pleasant fashion.

"Oh dear! dear!" cried Dora. "I
don't like this; I am going to call papa."
Betty pulled her back into bed.

"Stop, Dora," she whispered: "he is
so tired making fences."

"I want to get into mamma's bed."

"O Dora! you don't want to wake
poor mamma, when she's so tired tak-
ing care of sick chickens?" exclaimed
Betty. "I think it is rather jolly to
have it rain in one's bed. Put your
head under it. See how funny it feels!"

"It's so wet," complained Dora.

"Never mind," answered Betty,
cheerfully; "let's play we are ducks."

It was quite an entertaining play for
a few minutes, and then Dora began
to complain again.

"It's growing wetter; we cannot sleep
here."

"Yes, we can if we are ducks," per-
sisted Betty; "ducks like water."

It was not long, however, before the
rain came dripping in so fast that it
was too much even for Betty.

"We must call mamma," said Dora.

"No," said Betty. "I know what we
can do."

Slipping out of bed, she ran into the
sitting-room to return with a big
umbrella which she opened above their
heads.

Dora laughed aloud.

"An umbrella in bed!" she cried. "O
Betty, how funny!"

"Now we are all right," Betty whis-
pered, in great glee. "Cuddle up closer,
and we can hold it together. Just
listen to the banging of the rain drops!"

"But we are not ducks any more,"
said Dora.

"No," answered Betty, "we are toads
under a toadstool, I guess."

"I think you are my brave little
pioneers," said their father, coming in
to take care of them.—Chris. Observer.

Master of Himself.

In one of his charming lectures,
Rev. C. O. Johnston tells the following
story:

A merchant needed a boy, and put
the following sign in his window:
"Boy Wanted.—Wages, \$4 a week;
\$6 for the right one. The boy must
be master of himself."

Many parents, who had sons, were
interested, but the latter part of the
notice puzzled them. They had never
thought of teaching their boys to be
masters of themselves. However,
many of them sent their sons to the
merchant to apply for the situation.

As each boy applied, the merchant
asked him:

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready reply.

"Can you read this?" asked the
merchant, pointing out a certain pas-
sage in a paper.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you read it to me steadily, and
without a break?"

"Yes, sir."

Then the merchant took the boy into
a back room, where all was quiet, and
shut the door. Giving the boy the
paper, he reminded him of his promise
to read the passage through steadily,
and without a break, and commanded
him to read. The boy took the paper
and bravely started. While he was
reading the merchant opened a basket,

in which were a number of lively
little puppies, and tumbled them
around the boy's feet. The tempta-
tion to turn and see the puppies and
note what they were doing was too
strong, the boy looked away from his
reading, blundered, and was at once
dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same
treatment, till seventy-six were tried
and proven failures to master
themselves. At last one was found,

who, in spite of the puppies playing
around his feet, read the passage
through as he had promised. When
he had finished, the merchant was
delighted, and asked him:

"Did you not see the puppies that
were playing around your feet while
you were reading?"

"No, sir."

"Did you know that they were there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not look to see what
they were doing?"

"I couldn't, sir, while I was reading
what I said I would."

"Do you always do whatever you say
you will?"

"Yes, sir, I try to."

"You are the boy I want," said the
merchant, enthusiastically. "Come to-
morrow. Your wages will start at six
dollars, with good prospect of increase."

How this incident points home to a
great neglect in the training of our
boys and girls; only one boy in seventy-
seven trained to be a master of him-
self. While everything else is looked
after, physical health and general edu-
cation, do not forget to teach each boy
to be master of himself.

Putting the Baby to Bed.

I wonder if any of our little people
have seen a mother elephant put her
baby to bed?

I saw it once, and it was such a
pretty sight I should like to tell you
about it.

Mamma Elephant had her trunk
around her baby's neck, and seemed to
be whispering and encouraging him, as
he rubbed his head against her knee.

He stood a moment, then raised his
head, flapped his big little ears, gave a
flirt of his little cord of a tail and
trotted off by his mother's side to the
centre of the yard; there she left him
and went to a pile of hay that stood in
a corner; this she took up, bunch by
bunch, with her trunk, so nicely that
she did not drop a wisp of it, and
spread it around her child, who had
not stirred from the spot where she
had left him.

When the hay had been all spread
around the baby, the mother stepped
into the centre and began to tread it
down with her feet, the little one fol-
lowing her motions exactly, till a per-
fectly even space had been trodden
down; then Mamma Elephant stepped
out again, went to the further side of
the yard and fumbled about the ground
with her trunk. As she came back her
baby flourished his small trunk and
flapped his ears, making at the same
time a soft grunting sound, as if he
knew what was coming, and liked it.

This time mamma stood outside baby's
bed, and, beginning with the back of
his ears, blew a small cloud of fine dust
into the folds of skin behind them;
then into those around his legs and
under him, till he was thoroughly
powdered for the night. This done,
she again put her trunk about his
body, the little fellow dropped to his
knees on the carefully trodden bed, and,
after a few soft pats and a few
soft grunts from his mother, he lay as
a well-trained child of the elephant
family should.

The mother's work, however, was
not yet done. She took up delicately
the hay from the edge of the bed and
began tossing it lightly along his sides
and up toward his back, till its ridge
no longer showed.

When all was done a small girl who
was looking on heaved a great sigh,
and, turning to me, said: "I would
just like to know what they do it for!"

So I told her, explaining the habits
wild animals have of treading their
beds, to make sure there are no snakes
in the grass; the necessity of dust
powdering the young, whose skin is
tender in the folds, and who are
troubled by insects; the piling up of
the dry grass around them to conceal
them from the possible hunter.

"My! Don't they know a lot! More'n
some folks, I fancy!" said the little girl.
"And she never punched nor pushed
him, neither, though he wasn't very
quick," she added, speaking to a tired-
looking woman who stood by, smiling.
"No, dear," said she. "She has but one
child at a time to put to bed."—North-
western Advocate.

A Clever Pig.

When Jack entered the sitting-room
the other day, and found Mary on the
floor with her farm-yard toys arranged
in orderly array before her, he be-
thought himself of a story he had read.
Said he:

"Molly, that fat pig reminds me of a
very clever one that got the best of a
big dog on shipboard."

"Tell me about it," said Mary.

"Yes, I will. I read it only yesterday.
This pig and dog were once passengers
on the same ship, and became quite
good friends. They used to eat their
cold victuals off the same tin platter.

They never quarrelled or fought, and
the only thing that made any trouble
between them was the dog's kennel.
Mr. Piggy did not understand why the
dog should have a warm, sheltered
house to creep into out of the cold and
wet, while he should have to slip about
on deck in the cold.

"The kennel was not large enough to
hold both; and piggy seemed to think
that, if he could get first possession of
it at night, it should belong to him.
If the dog found piggy in it, he would
growl and show his teeth; but piggy
would not come out.

"On a wet afternoon the dog conclud-
ed to retire early, so he went to his
kennel and curled himself down for a
snore. Piggy had the same mind;
but, when he got to the kennel, he
found it already occupied. He gave
a grunt of satisfaction. A bright idea
came into his mind. He would play a
trick on doggy. Trudging off to the
place where their dinner plate was
lying, he pushed it to a part of the
deck where the dog could see it. Turn-
ing his back to the kennel, piggy be-
gan to rattle the empty plate, and
munch as though he had a good meal
before him. That was too much for
doggy! Piggy having a feast and he
not there to enjoy it? Never! Out
he ran to the plate, and he had no
sooner got his nose in it than piggy
was off like a shot and safe inside the
kennel. Wasn't that cute of him?"

"Yes, indeed. Did doggy get him
out?"

"No, indeed; he could not make
piggy budge. That night he had to
sleep on the soft side of a board, while
piggy had his house all to himself."

—Youth's Temperance Banner.

A Queer Nest.

When little Marjory was five years
old, Aunt Ruth gave her the dearest
little pair of red slippers you ever
saw. How pleased Marjory was with
them, and how tightly she hugged
Aunt Ruth, as she said, "I think you're
the nicest auntie ever was, I do."

The next week mamma took little
Marjory with her into the country to
visit grandmother for a few weeks,
and of course the new shoes had to
go, too.

One day one of the little red shoes
was missing. Grandma, mamma, and
Marjory hunted everywhere, but it
was nowhere to be found.

But while Marjory was out in the
fields one afternoon, gathering flowers,
and chasing the butterflies with
Bowser, she heard a "Tweet, tweet,"
and then a little brown bird flew right
up from almost under her feet.

Marjory stopped right on the spot,
and she looked down, and what do
you suppose she saw? In a hollow in
the ground was the little red shoe,
filled with bits of straw and grass, and
within were four tiny eggs.

"Why ee," cried Marjory, and then
she turned and ran home as fast as her
little feet could carry her.

"O mamma, mamma, what do you
suppose I've found? I know you'll
never guess, so come with me quick,
and I'll show you."

Mamma was as much surprised as
Marjory to find the little shoe in such
a strange place.

"Please, mamma, can't I have the
eggs?" begged Marjory, earnestly.

"Why, darling, how do you suppose
poor little birdie would feel if you
should take away her eggs? Leave it
in the nest, dear, and by and by you
will find four little baby birds in
place of the eggs. Won't that be
nicer?"

Marjory thought it would, and so
waited patiently for the little eggs to
hatch, and sure enough, in a few days
four downy baby birds were opening
their mouths wide for the food which
the papa bird brought them.

Marjory watched 'her birdies' grow
day by day, until at last their little
wings grew so strong that they flew
away and left their snug little red
house forever.

Then mamma took away the little
weather-worn shoe, and now it stands
(filled with straw and grass, just as
the birdies left it) at home on Mar-
jory's little dressing-case.—The Child's
Hour.

How Monkeys are Caught.

In the woods of Central America
live many troops of monkeys, and the
following is an account of how they
are caught by the natives who know
their weakness.

This region of woods is the paradise
of the monkeys. They travel in
troops, led by an older monkey.
When the people receive information
that the 'travelling monkey troops'
are near the village, they go to the
woods in crowds to chase them.

Their plan is very simple. They
cut a hole in a cocoon large enough
for a monkey's paw to enter. The nut
is then hollowed out, and a piece of
sugar is placed in it. A piece of string
is then fastened to it, and it is placed
in the road of the approaching
monkeys.

It is well known that monkeys are
very inquisitive. When they see the
cocoon on the grass they hurry to
examine it. It does not take them
long to find out that the inner part
contains a piece of sugar. One of the
boldest and greediest sticks a paw into
the nut to get the sugar, and grasps
it as firmly as he can. But his fist is
so large that he cannot draw it out of
the hole again with the sugar, to which
he holds fast, cost what it may.

The natives now pull the string
until nut and monkey arrive in the
vicinity of their ambushade. In the
meantime, the other monkeys wonder
what is the matter with their comrade.
They hurry to see where he is being
pulled to with his paw in the cocoon.

They crowd round him chattering
and gesticulating, and the natives who
have a large net ready, cast it over
them, and before they know it all are
prisoners. They are sold to the em-
ployees of the Panama Railroad, and
reach the North American markets
through commercial dealers.

All Sorts.

A negro blacksmith at Kirksville is
reported to have recently announced a
change in his business as follows:
Notis—De copartnership heretofor
resisting between me and Mose Skinner
is hereby resolved. Dem what owes
de firm will settle wid me, and dem
what de firm owes will settle wid Mose.

If you have catarrh, don't dally with
local remedies, but purify and enrich
your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A recent advertisement contains the
following: If the gentleman who keeps
the shoe-store with a red head will
return the umbrella of a young lady
with whalebone ribs and an iron
handle to the slate-roofed grocer's
shop, he will hear of something to his
advantage, as the same is the gift of a
deceased mother now no more with
the name engraved upon it.

Miss Sawyer who is poor, was intro-
duced at a lunch party to Miss Taylor,
who is rich, and was coldly received.
Miss Sawyer is bright and knows her
own antecedents, and Miss Taylor's
also. She was unabashed, and spoke
cheerily: "I'm so glad to meet you.
I've often wanted. It's so funny—my
name is Sawyer and my grandfather
was a tailor; and your name is Taylor,
and your grandfather was a sawyer.
Mine used to make clothes for yours,
and yours used to saw wood for mine.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

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P. Dubuc, Magog, Que., writes: "I
have used three bottles of B. B. B.
for Scrofula, Impure Blood and
Dyspepsia, and was completely re-
stored to health."

Fagged Out.—None but those who
have become fagged out, know what a
depressed, miserable feeling it is. All
strenuous, gone, and despondency has
taken hold of the sufferers. They feel
as though there is nothing to live for.
There, however, is a cure—one box of
Parnelle's Vegetable Pills will do
wonders in restoring health and
strength. Mandrake and Dandelion
are two of the articles entering into the
composition of Parnelle's Pills.

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coughs and colds may be preserved by
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