

Danger!

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the school-boy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
That the young may often look,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound
Where the rum'drain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write for all the passers-by,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of state,
In the heart of every land,
On the laws of every hand,
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Meg Speaks Her Mind.

"Elizabeth King coming to our school! I don't believe it!" exclaimed Mary Morris, glancing contemptuously at the little unpainted schoolhouse.

"Well, you needn't; but it's true, just the same!" replied Lizzie Sayles. "My father was up there this morning with vegetables, and the cook told him. Elizabeth King is coming to-morrow morning; and you may believe it or not, just as you please."

And Lizzie looked around triumphantly at the girls standing near.

"Oh, my! What will she think of us!" said Jane Harlow, glancing down at her gingham dress.

"Do you suppose the coachman will bring her to school with the splendid black horses?" asked one little girl in a solemn and awe-stricken voice.

"No; she'll come in the pony-cart," replied Lizzie Sayles, with the air that becomes the bearer of important news.

"I'll tell you one thing," spoke up Mary Morris; "I shall not wear this gingham dress to-morrow—you may depend upon that."

"Neither shall I," exclaimed Jane Harlow.

"Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," shouted several girls at once.

"What are you going to wear?" asked Meg Christian.

"I think I shall wear my light dress with the green ribbons," replied Mary Morris. "You may be sure Elizabeth King will wear something nice, and I'm not going to be seen in this old gingham."

"Are you going to wear your best dress all the time?" asked Meg, anxiously.

"I don't know. I am very sure I can't wear gingham dresses. I shall ask my mother to get me a new one right away."

"So shall I," said Jane Harlow.

"Let's all be sure to dress up to-morrow," called Mary Morris, as the bell rang and the scholars moved toward the school-room.

"After school, when they separated, they reminded one another of the plan which they had talked over at recess. 'Don't forget to wear your best dress to-morrow,' was the parting call as one after another said good-night."

Meg Christian was among the first to leave the group.

"Don't forget, will you, Meg?" called Mary Morris.

Meg didn't answer. Her face wore a troubled expression.

"Oh, dear! If I only had more than one best dress," thought Meg. "I can't wear a gingham when all the others are going to wear nice dresses. I'll just tease mother. I'll promise to be so careful. I'll do anything, if she'll only let me!"

And Meg hastened her steps toward home.

As she reached the last turn of the road, she decided to save time by climbing the wall and going across lots. So she stepped down into the bushes which grew near the wall. She had just put her foot upon the first stone when she heard the sound of wheels. Preferring to wait until the team should pass, Meg sat down for a moment. It happened to be the Kings' carriage.

"So you really are going to send Elizabeth to the common school," Meg heard one of the ladies say.

"Yes, we are."

"My dear Mrs. King, I can't see how you dare do such a thing!"

"Indeed! Why not? Miss Thayer is a very good teacher."

house set in a field of goldenrod and asters. The wild carrots spread their delicate leaves on either side of the weather-beaten front steps. The woodbine along the stone walls glowed scarlet in the sunlight. Meg could see her mother sitting by the window, sewing, and her father in the field near by. Pretty soon her sisters and brothers would be coming home; and then there would be supper and laughing and talking, with mother so happy and father proud of them all, and not an unkind word for any one the whole wide world over. All this flashed through Meg's mind as she stood there with tears in her eyes, thinking of the words the woman had used.

Presently she stamped her foot!

"It's not true—not a word true?" she cried. Then the plan which the girls had made that afternoon returned to her mind.

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid it's a little bit true," she said aloud, blushing more and more.

Then she sat down again, and began to think very hard indeed. By-and-bye she got up and went home. She said nothing to her mother about a new dress. She did not even ask to wear her best.

The next morning Meg wished she might stay at home; but she shut her lips very tight, and started for school, walking as fast as she could walk.

When she turned the last corner, she saw the girls standing in groups about the yard, and not one every day dress could she see.

"Why, Meg Christian!" exclaimed the girls as soon as she entered the yard, "wouldn't your mother let you wear your best dress?"

"I didn't ask her," said Meg, her courage rising. "I couldn't see any reason for dressing up. It isn't the last day of school. It isn't even Friday afternoon, and my turn to speak, so—"

"Why, Meg Christian, you know very well that we planned to dress up because Elizabeth King is coming!"

"Yes," replied Meg, in a tone of disgust. "I know all about that; but didn't Kate Miller come here a new scholar last week, and did any of us dress up for her? And she is our friend, too. As for Elizabeth King, we don't know her at all. For my part, Meg went on, her eyes flashing in the excitement, 'I think it's rude and very common and uncultured to treat a person we don't know, simply because she has money, better than we treat our very own friends! Elizabeth King is just as good as we are, but—'"

"Sh! There she comes; and she's walking, too. Oh, my! Look! She has on a gingham dress, and it's made almost exactly like yours, Meg Christian. Well, well! And we decked out in these silly clothes!"

"I do hope, Meg Christian, that after this you'll give up the benefit of your ideas beforehand."

"I will, if I have any, returned Meg, as she started forward to greet the newcomer.—Congregationalist.

The Twins' New Game.

Everything seemed out of its place in mamma's room. The twins had been playing 'ladies,' and had left all their toys in the middle of the floor.

What a sight it made! Mamma felt dizzy as she stood in the door and contemplated the disorder.

The twins had tired of play, and were looking at pictures in the corner; each had dragged a pillow from the sofa to sit on. Mamma picked up Antoinette, the one-armed doll, but on second thought put her again on the floor.

"Who wants to learn a fine new game?" she asked.

"I do!" cried Maggie, while Mary clattered, "Tell it, tell it!"

"First," began mamma, "put the pillows up, Mamma, and you, Maggie lay the book on the shelf, where it belongs. Now," she said, after they had obeyed her, "come and learn the game."

So she sat down in the midst of confusion, and took up her Afghan work.

"I'll be umpire, and decide who beats," she added, as the eager faces regarded her expectantly.

"The name of this game is 'Tidy Game.' You both look about to see what you can find out of its place, and put it carefully away, for every article that is not put in its proper place counts a point on the other side. The one who puts away the most things wins the game."

"I'll put up the piano!" cried Maggie, seizing it and hurrying off, while Mary gathered up the dollies. For several minutes they both ran to and fro busily opening and shutting doors and drawers, and occasionally laughing when their hands reached for the same article, or heads bumped from their great haste. Mamma meanwhile calmly worked on, while the twins did the tidying she usually (and unwisely) did for them.

Maggie was hurrying off with the dolls' bathtub, when Mamma shouted:

"Every single thing's put up!"

"No," mamma replied, "I see a very tiny thing not 'tidied.'"

The twins began to search. "Maggie is warm; Mary is cold. Now Mary is getting warmer," said mamma.

Both were very much excited, and flew around looking frantically in corners and behind the sofa.

"Both are warm, warmer, hot. Oh, Mamma's almost burning up!" exclaimed mamma.

Then they moved away, and she said they were cooling off.

Finally, Maggie's foot struck something, and Mary, looking eagerly and very much puzzled (for mamma had just called that she was actually smoking from the heat) saw her sister pounce down on Maria, the tiny china "nigger" doll, lying under the rug all but one hand.

The successful little searcher ran off, crying triumphantly.

"I beat! I put away nineteen things, and Mamma only eighteen."

"Can't you see anything else?" asked Mary of her mamma.

Mother smiled; usually it was very hard to persuade the twins to tidy up, cheerfully, after a game.

"We will play it every day," she answered, and after that she had only to call, "Tidy Game," when away would run the twins with every naughty thing that was out of place.—Presbyterian Banner.

Mary's Afternoon.

"Oh, dear! I do wish I could sometimes do what I like best after school," said Mary, with a frown.

"Why, what would you like best to do, Pussy? Surely, you are happy playing with the brothers and little sister?" said mamma, looking up from her mending.

"Oh, yes, mammy, of course I am. But the other girls have their afternoons all to themselves, and I do wish I could play with them. The other day they were all over at the Wrights'; and Mabel darkened the drawing-room, and they sat there and told ghost stories and ate candy and peanuts till after supper-time. They do have such lovely times!"

"Do they?" said mamma, with a smile. "Well, we must see what we can do, little girl. You see the afternoon is the only time mamma has for all the errands. But I think I can arrange to stay with the little ones to-day, all right. So put on your things, Pussy, and trot along."

It was a bright, clear afternoon. There were four or five of her school-mates at Mabel Wright's, and Mary thought what fun they would have playing in the snow. Mabel took them all upstairs, to see her new dancing-school dress, however; and they were soon in raptures over it.

Mary thought regretfully of the bright sunshine outside. She had left the snow fort at home half-done; and now they were all working at it.—Harold and Katrina and little Phil.

"How adorable your room is, Mabel!" said Kitty Bangs. And, sure enough, it was fitted to overflowing with muslin and pink satin bows and silver knick-knacks. Mary had always despised her own big, plain, airy room, where she and Katrina slept in their little cots; but she wished that Mabel's was not so hot, and did not smell so of perfumery. "Do let us tell the ghost story in here!"

Mary settled herself among the down cushions with an agreeable shiver. But they did not tell the ghost story. They ate coconut-cakes and caramels; and then, with much giggling, they began to "water-wave" their hair with Mabel's curling-tongs. Mary ate two coconut cakes; but she did not like them much, and she began to long for the lovely outdoor air. How hot the room was! And, at last, when a long hour had passed, and the girls, instead of telling stories, were putting different kinds of perfume on their handkerchiefs, she could stand it no longer, but put on her things and fled.

When mamma came out with Phil's dry mittens, there were four little figures tumbling and scrambling about the snow fort instead of three.

"Why, Pussy," she said, as she kissed the rosy face held up to her, "I thought this was the afternoon you were going to do 'just what you liked best.'"

"Yes, mamma," whispered Mary. "That's why I came home!"—Church.

An Apple Problem.

Once upon a time, says a young folks' monthly, there were two old men who sat in the market early every morning and sold apples. Each one had thirty apples, and one of the old men sold two for a cent, and the other old man sold three for a cent. In that way the first old man got fifteen cents for his basket of apples, while the second old man received ten cents; so that to, gether they made twenty-five cents each day. But one day the old apple man who sold three for a cent was too sick to go to the market, and he asked

his neighbor to take his apples and sell them for him. This the other old man very kindly consented to do, and when he got to the market with the two baskets of apples he said to himself, "I will put all the apples into one basket, for it will be easier than picking them out of two baskets." So he put the sixty apples into one basket, and he said to himself, "Now, if I sell two

a cent, and my old friend sells three for one cent, that is the same thing as selling five apples for two cents. Therefore I will sell five apples for two cents." When he had sold the sixty apples he found he had only twenty-four cents, which was right; because there are twelve fives in sixty, and twice twelve are twenty-four. But if the other old man had been there, and each one had sold his apples separately, they would have received twenty-five cents. Now, how is that explained?—Forward.

A Useful Tree.

Did you know that the India rubber of which your ball or your cloak is made was once the milky-white sap of a tree? India rubber trees grow in the forests of South America. A great many men are busy every year taking the sap from these trees and making it into India rubber.

Deep gashes are cut in the bark of these trees, and a little cup is put under each gash. A milky juice drops from the gash and falls into the cup. When the cup is full the juice is poured over a large piece of clay or a flat board, to which it sticks like gum.

After this the juice is placed over a fire of palm nuts. A thick, black smoke rises from the burning nuts, and gives to the sap, which is now hard and dry, the dark color which is common to India rubber. When all this has been done the India rubber is ready to be sent away to be made up into hundreds of very useful things.

There are so many things made of India rubber that if I were to name them all it would be a very long list. Caps, overshoes, cloaks, combs, balls and even tents, boats and bridges are sometimes made of it. Can you think of anything else?—The Morning Star.

Pussy.

Did you ever think why we call the cat "pussy?"

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more bright at night, and because her eyes change just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only the bright crescent, or half-moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change?

So these people made an idol of the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name as they gave to the moon, for the word means the "face of the moon."

The word has been changed to "pas" or "pus," and has come at last to be "pussy," the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Pussy and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere.

Economy in Bathing.

A certain little man of six had been all eagerness in anticipation of a summer at the seashore. He could hardly wait for the first bath. When, however, he saw the ocean, with the great waves rolling on the beach, he could not be induced to go near it, and positively refused to put on the bathing-suit of which he had been so proud. One day his father offered him fifty cents if he would put on his suit, and get wet all over once. He wanted the money very much, so he finally consented. Clinging his arms around his father's neck like a vise, the great underfaking was begun. After much shivering and trembling, he was wet about two inches above his ankles, when he exclaimed, "Papa, I—guess—I will—only—take—ten—cents'—worth—this—time."

Home Hints.

To Remove Freckles.—Take a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, a quarter of a dram of powdered borax, and half a dram of fine sugar. Mix together, and let them stand a week in a glass bottle; then rub a little on the hands and face at night.

Omelet.—Six eggs, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful flour, a pinch of salt. Beat the whites and yolks separately. Mix the flour, milk, and salt, and add the yolks, then add beaten whites. Have a buttered spider very hot, and pour in. Bake in a quick oven five minutes.

Vanity Puffs.—Boil one cup of milk and thicken it with flour to a stiff dough. Set away to cool; then add three unbeaten eggs, one at a time, and a tablespoonful of butter, melted. Drop small spoonfuls into hot fat, and when fried brown, drain and roll them in a mixture of sugar and cinnamon.

Hot-Water Gingerbread.—One half cup of butter, one half cup sugar, one half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups flour, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one half cup boiling water. Mix spices and soda with the flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the molasses, then the flour mixture, and lastly the boiling water.

All Sorts.

Charity has been defined as this state of things: that as soon as A is in trouble, B begins to consider what C ought to do for him.

If you are not feeling well, why don't you take Hood's Sarsaparilla? It will purify and enrich your blood and do you wonderful good.

A rich, but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder.

Teacher—What do you know about the early Christians? Tommy—Our girl is one of 'em. She gets up in the morning, and goes to church before breakfast.

The following notice by a Virginia blacksmith indicates Readjuster sentiment on the part of Mose's partner: Notis.—De copartnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will sett'e wid Mose.

It is a matter of record that an express train on the Central Pacific Railroad was once stopped by grasshoppers. The insects gathered upon the rails in such quantities that the driving-wheels began to slip, and the trouble increased until the train was actually stalled. The track had to be cleared with shovels before the engine could proceed.

Bid Backache Good-Bye.

If you are troubled with Backache, Lame Back, or Weak Back, you will find Doan's Kidney Pills a remedy that will take out the pains and aches and give your back needed strength.

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