

The Boy and the Sparrow.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking
at him.
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow
was bad,
So he shed a big stone at the head of the
lad,
And it killed the poor boy and the sparrow
was a lad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the
tree—
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow
bird, please?"

"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird
said,
And another stone whistled at the fond
mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird,
dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have
mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was
fixed;

'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a
bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard
every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

A Little Bread-Maker.

Dorothy had good reason for thinking
that her family was in a sad strait.
Her mother was ill and the doctor had
said very decidedly that all she needed
was perfect rest, and that that was
absolutely necessary. For Dorothy's
mother to take a perfect rest opened a
vista of untold disasters for the re-
mainder of the family. They lived in
a primitive little town where a house-
wife was a housewife, and Dorothy's
mother was a notable one. She made
the best bread in the world, and the
serving maid never did it. It was a
town where buying bread was held to
be a badge of shiftlessness, and the
only baker had very poor custom and
deserved no better.

Dorothy wondered blankly what her
father and her three older brothers
would do when they saw the article
Gretchen, the raw German girl, had
made and called bread—dark, flat slabs
of material that could scarcely be cut
nor bitten—and how could her mother
rest when she saw such bread brought
into her room? Dorothy was ten and
the most petted and spoiled of children
but the horror of the situation roused
her to action. Her mother could not
be consulted. Two doors from them
lived Mrs. Dent, reputed to be a cross
grained individual but an excellent
cook.

With fear and trembling Dorothy
finally presented herself at Mrs. Dent's
back door.

"Dorothy Douglass! Now what be
you wanting?"

"I want you—to tell me how to make
bread!" gasped Dorothy.

Mrs. Dent's difficult features relaxed.

"Do tell! Here, child, come right
in. If you've got a good impulse, I'd
best foster it! Likely it's the first,
and may be the last. Come—there's
only one way to learn, and that's by
doing."

She took a big apron from some-
where and draped it around Dorothy,
obliged her to wash her hands at the
sink and had her go through all the
manoeuvres of preparing her yeast and
setting her sponge. Dorothy was
more than once on the verge of tears,
so sharp were Mrs. Dent's comments
and criticisms, but she gritted her
teeth and spurred herself on with in-
ward admonitions until the ordeal was
over.

"Now tell me what you did!"

Three times Mrs. Dent made her
repeat what she had done, with no
sign of relaxing, then untied the apron,
instructed her to appear the next
morning promptly, and dismissed her.

Dorothy prayed piteously that night
for courage to face Mrs. Dent again,
rather doubting that it would be granted
to her. But she found herself inside
Mrs. Dent's kitchen the next morning,
valiantly struggling to follow instruc-
tions relative to getting the flour into
the sponge, and endeavoring to repeat
satisfactorily what she had already
done. Later came the kneading and
the making into loaves, and Mrs. Dent
was relentless. Dorothy knew one
tear dropped right on the top of a loaf,
and she could not see how the fact
escaped Mrs. Dent. She had to repeat
her lesson again and was becoming
wonderfully glib at it.

At the next trip she had to regulate
the fire, put in her bread, and Mrs.
Dent bade her stay and watch it,
occupying the time by having her
repeat forwards, backwards, and up-
side down all she knew about bread-
making.

"There are lots of ways of making
bread, but this is a good rule, and if
you stick to it your bread will never
fail you—never! Queer your ma never
showed you how to make bread."

"She said I should learn after a while
and she hates to have anybody put-
tering around the kitchen."

"Certain anybody does. But I've
made out to put up with you—turn
your bread around!"

When it was done the five loaves
were so beautiful, such an entrancing
brown, such a high, rounded shape, so
satisfying in every way, that Dorothy
forgot her misery and laughed with
delight. Mrs. Dent looked at her
pupil and at the bread with undisguised
satisfaction.

"I'm a good teacher, if I do say it,
that shouldn't!" and then she made her
repeat her bread-making lesson twice
more.

"Now, child, I'll give you three of
these loaves to take home, and you
must bake again this week at your
house and bring me a loaf."

Dorothy promised eagerly, and
departed with her light bread and
light heart.

The gloom that had settled down on
Mrs. Douglass' face when the curious
cuttings of bread had been brought to
her gave way to an expression of active
horror when she saw the fresh, light
bread Dorothy brought.

"Dorothy! Have you been borrow-
ing?"

"N'm. I made it."

"You made it?"

"Yes'm, her face aglow with excite-
ment. Such triumphs come to few."

"You made it, Dorothy—you, a mere
baby!"

"I did, mamma, truly. Mrs. Dent
showed me how."

"Well, Mrs. Dent is well able to
show you. None knows how any
better. Dorothy, solemnly, 'I shall
certainly get well very soon. I feel it.
This puts new life into me.'"

"I hope you won't tell your ma
you've been borrowing bread, Dorothy,"
said her father, uneasily, at supper, as
he promptly helped himself to bread,
and the boys in a great hurry cleared
the rest of the plate, believing it to be
their only chance.

"I didn't borrow it."

"Neighbors send it in?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Douglass and the boys looked
at her to explain the riddle.

"I made it."

"Dorothy!"

"I did, papa!"

"And then there was some praising
done that made up for everything."

Dorothy kept her promise, made a
new batch of bread fully as good as
the first and carried two loaves to Mrs.
Dent. That good lady made no effort
to conceal her pride:

"I certainly am a good teacher!"

Dorothy felt as though she could be
a good teacher herself, and the idea of
making enough bread twice a week for
that bread-eating family appalled her;
so she took Gretchen in hand and fol-
lowing Mrs. Dent's methods as closely
as possible succeeded in teaching
Gretchen to make bread that satisfied
every body, thereby winning Gretchen's
everlasting gratitude as well.

"Yes, I'll be down soon; I feel it,"
said Mrs. Douglass, and I'll be right
glad to have some one else make the
bread for a spell, too. I always said
Dorothy would make a good cook if I
just let her alone—The Congregation-
alist.

"I Dare Not."

A group of boys stood on the walk
before a fine, large drug store, pelting
each other with snow-balls. In an
unlucky moment the youngest sent his
spinning through the frosty air against
the large plate glass of the druggist's
window. The crash terrified them all,
but none so much as the little fellow
who now stood pale and trembling,
with startled eyes, gazing at the mis-
chief he had wrought.

"Won't old Kendrick be mad! Run
Ned! we won't tell. Run, quick!" "I
can't!" he gasped. "Run, I tell you!
he's coming! Coward! Why don't you
run? I guess he wouldn't catch me!"
"No; I can't run," he faltered. "Little
fool! he'll be caught! Not spunk
enough to run away! Well, I've done
all I can for him," muttered the elder
boy. The door opened: an angry face
appeared. "Who did this?" came in
fiery tones from the owner's lips.
"Who did this, I say?" he shouted as
no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew
near. The little, delicate-looking
culprit faced the angry man, and in
tones of truth replied, "I did it, sir."

"And you dare tell me of it?" "I dare
not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a lie."

The reply was unexpected. The stern
man paused; he saw the pale cheek,
the frightened eyes wherein the soul
of truth and true courage shone, and
his heart was touched. "Come here,
sir. What's your name?" "Edward
Howe, sir. Oh! what can I do to pay
you? I'll do anything—his eyes filled
with tears—" "only don't make my
mother pay it, sir!" "Will you shove
my walk when the next snow falls?"
Ned's face was radiant as he answered,
"All winter, sir! I'll do it every time,
and more too, sir." "Well, that's
enough; and do you know why I let
you off so easy? Well, it's because you
are not afraid to tell the truth. I like
a boy that tells the truth always."

When the next snow falls be sure you
come to me." "I will, sir." "We'll all
help him!" shouted the others; and,
as they turned away, three hearty
cheers rose for Mr. Kendrick, and
three more for the boy that dared not
run away—Selected.

A Little Girl's Victory.

Two little girls were playing to-
gether. The older one had a beautiful
new doll in her arms, which she was
tenderly caressing.

The younger crept up softly behind
her and gave her a sharp slap upon her
cheek.

A visitor, unseen and unheard, was
sitting in the adjoining room and saw
it all. She expected to see and hear
another slap, a harder one in retali-
ation. But no. The victim's face
flushed and her eyes had a momentary
flush of indignation. She rubbed her
hurt cheek with one hand, while she
held the doll closer with the other.

Then, in a tone of gentle reproof, she
said:

"Oh, Sallie, I didn't think you'd do
that!"

Sallie looked ashamed, as well she
might, but made no reply.

"Here, Sallie," continued the older
girl, "sit down here in sister's chair.
I'll let you hold dolly awhile if you'll
be very careful."

Sallie's face looked just then as if
there were some 'coals of fire' some-
where around, but she sat down with
the doll on her lap, giving her sister a
glance of real appreciation, although it
was mingled with shame.

The hidden looker-on was deeply
touched by the scene. It was unusual,
she thought, to see a mere child show
such calm dignity and forgiveness un-
der persecution. Presently she called
the child and questioned her.

"How can you be so patient with
Sallie, my dear?"

"Oh," was the laughing answer, "I
guess it's 'cause I love Sallie so much.
You see Sallie's a dear girl," excusingly.

"But she's got a quick temper, and—
Sallie forges herself sometimes."

Mamma said if Sallie would do angry
things to me and I should do angry
things to her, we'd have a dreadful
time, and I think we should. Mamma
said I should learn to give the 'soft
answer,' and I am trying to."

The lady took her in her arms and
kissed her.

"My little dear," she said, fondly
and earnestly, "I think you have al-
ready learned the lesson."

Little Things Worth Knowing.

That a bag of hot sand sometimes re-
lieves neuralgia.

That warm borax water will remove
dandruff.

That salt should be eaten with nuts,
to aid digestion.

That milk which stands too long
makes bitter butter.

That a hot, strong lemonade taken at
bedtime will often break up a cold.

That it rests you, in sewing, to
change your position frequently.

That rusty flatirons should be rubbed
over with beeswax and lard.

That a little soda water will relieve
sick headache caused by indigestion.

That a cup of strong coffee will remove
the odor of onions from the breath.

That tough meat is made tender by
lying a few minutes in vinegar water.

That a cup of hot water drunk be-
fore meals will frequently relieve
nausea and dyspepsia.

That a fever patient can be made
cool and comfortable by frequent spon-
ging off with soda water or salt water.

That cold tea should be saved for
your vinegar barrel. It sours easily,
and gives color and flavor.

That to beat the white of eggs
quickly add a pinch of salt. Salt cools,
and cold eggs froth rapidly.

That hair may be kept from falling
out after illness by a frequent applica-
tion to the scalp of sage tea.

That you can take out spots from
wash goods by rubbing them with the
yolk of egg before washing.

That white spots upon varnished
furniture will disappear if you hold a
hot plate from the stove over them.

Be Courteous, Boys.

"I treat him as well as he treats me,"
said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him
because he did not attempt to amuse
or entertain a boy friend, who had gone
home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't
notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay
long."

"I should call myself a very selfish
per-on if friends came to see me and I
should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown
up."

Then you really think that polite-
ness and courtesy are not needed
among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't

exactly mean that, but his father, who
listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his
treatment of others by their treatment
of him has no character of his own.
He will never be kind, or generous,
or Christian. If he is ever to be a
gentleman, he will be so in spite of the
boorishness of others. If he is to be
noble, no other boy's meanness will
change his nature."

And very earnestly the father added:

"Remember this, my boy, you lower
your own self every time you are guilty
of an unworthy action because some
one else is. Be true to your best self,
and no boy can drag you down."

—Christian Work.

A Talk to Business Boys.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk
in a large mercantile house which
employed an entry clerk, salesmen,
shipping clerks, buyers, bookkeepers,
salesmen, eighty young men, besides a
small army of porters, packers and
truckmen. This boy of fourteen felt
that amid such a crowd he was lost to
notice, and that any efforts he might
make would be quite unregarded.

Nevertheless, he did his duty. Every
morning at eight o'clock he was
promptly in his place, and every power
that he possessed was brought to bear
upon his work. After he had been
there a year he had occasion to ask a
week's leave of absence during the
busy season. "That," was the response,
"is an unusual request, and one which
it is somewhat inconvenient for us to
grant, but for the purpose of showing
you that we appreciate the efforts you
have made since you have been with
us, we take pleasure in giving you the
leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when
he came home that night and related
his success, "that they knew a thing
about me, but it seems they have
watched me ever since I have been
with them."

They had, indeed, watched him, and
selected him for advancement, for
shortly after he was promoted to a
position of trust, with appropriate
increase of salary. It must be so,
sooner or later, for there is always a
demand for excellent work. A boy
who means to build up for himself a
successful business will find it a long
and difficult task, even if he brings to
bear efforts both of body and mind;
but he who thinks to win without doing
his very best will find himself a loser
in the race.—Great Thoughts.

A Furlough on Four Legs.

The children of the reading class
were reciting, and as they read the
teacher asked the meaning of various
words. Finally the word 'furlough'
was encountered.

"What does 'furlough' mean?" asked
the teacher.

There was no immediate reply, and
the teacher asked the question again.

A little girl held up her hand.

"Well, Mary, tell us what 'furlough'
means."

"It means a mule," said Mary.

"O, no," replied the teacher, "it
doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed it does," said Mary. "I have
a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now
thoroughly interested, "you may bring
the book to school, and we will see
about it."

The next day Mary brought the
book, and in some triumph opened to
a page where there was a picture of a
soldier standing beside a mule. Below
the picture were the words: "Going
home on his furlough."—Columbus
Despatch.

All Sorts.

He was an earnest minister, and one
Sunday, in the course of a sermon on
the significance of little things, he said:

"The Hand which made the mighty
heavens made a grain of sand; which
made the lofty mountains made a drop
of water; which made me made the
grass of the field; which made me made
a daisy!"

Seekers after gold are often disap-
pointed. Seekers after health take
Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it meets
every expectation.

After roaming around the world for
several years J. S. Jacobs, of Lincoln,
Ky., returned to his native place and
shortly afterward died. His father has
had a curious monument placed over
the young man's grave. It consists of
a stone cut in the shape of an old-
fashioned satchel. On one side is the
name of the deceased, and on the other
the words, "Here is where he stopped
ast."

On the occasion of the wedding of
the late Duchess of Teck to her hand-
some but impecunious husband, her
brother, the Duke of Cambridge, gave
vent to his unfortunate habit of think-
ing aloud. When the Duke of Teck

solemnly pledged himself with all his
worldly goods to endow the bride, the
Duke of Cambridge marred the solemn-
ity of the occasion with: "Well! by
jove! And Wales gave him his shirts!
At least, so goes the story."

I know, said the candidate for the
small office to the veteran, "that you
wouldn't sell your vote. No, huh, I
wouldn't! That you can't be bribed?"

Now you talkin', huh? But, suppose
I should make you a present of \$10—
what would you think? The voter
looked thoughtful, then said, "Well,
Marse Jim, jedgin' by yo' pas' record,
I'd either think you'd done los' yo'
min' or else you's in de counterfeitin'
business!"

Among the replies to an advert-
isement of a musical committee for a
candidate as organist, music-teacher,
etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I
noticed your advertisement for an
organist or music teacher, either lady
or gentleman. Having been both for
several years, I offer you my services."

A candidate for priest's orders,
preaching his extempore trial sermon
before Bishop Tait and Dean Stanley,
in his nervousness began stammering.
I will divide my congregation into two,
—the converted and the unconverted.

This proved too much for the bishop's
sense of humor; and he exclaimed, "I
think, sir, as there are only two of us,
you had better say which is which."

News From Port Hope.

Word has been received from Port
Hope, Ont., that Mr. W. A. Carson,
the well-known grocer, has been cured
of Shortness of Breath, Nervousness,
Dizziness and debility by Milburn's
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recommends this remedy to all troubled
with heart or nerve weakness.

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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
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as well as lameness, and is an incom-
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