

Two Wishes.

A little lad at a seaside,
Boo-hoo boo-hoo,
Sat on his cot and wailed,
"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,
I wish I was an owl at night—
I'd keep my eyes so round and bright;
I'd stay awake till broad daylight,
Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

A solemn owl upon a tree,
Tu-whit, tu-whoo,
Sat nodding, oh so sleepily,
Tu-whit, tu-whoo;
"I'd like to be a boy," he said,
"To creep into a daisy bed,
And pull the covers over my head,
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"

—Kindergarten.

Ned's Lead Quarter.

"That is a lead quarter," said the shopman, as Ned laid it on the counter in payment for some school supplies. Ned took it in his hand and saw at once that the man was right. He had not noticed it before.

"You'd better take it back where you got it," the shopman continued, as the mortified Ned handed back the writing pads and the pencils.

Ned knew just where he got the quarter, for he had not another in his pocket. He had given a new fifty cent piece to the fruit vendor on the corner of the avenue in payment for some bananas, and had received the lead quarter with a dime and a five cent piece. He wondered why he had not looked at it when he took it in his hand.

There was no time then to straighten out things, but after school Ned made all possible haste to go to the corner. But the man shook his head and told Ned in his broken English that he never gave him that quarter. "O no, it was a good quarter he gave him, and Ned need not play any tricks on him."

Ned saw there was no use in trying to make the Italian rectify his mistake.

As he walked away he thought in this wise, "I can't lose this quarter—quarters are not very plenty with me, and I must try to pass it. It has been passed off on me, now some other fellow must get taken in."

But it was not such an easy matter to get rid of that lead quarter. Every body he undertook to pass it off on was too sharp for him and he was quite disgusted with himself to think he had not been as sharp as others. He was ashamed to let any one know he had been so taken in by the Italian, so he kept his own counsel, with that lead quarter a burden in his pocket.

Ned did errands for a druggist on Saturdays and earned a little money in that way. When he went to the store the next Saturday morning the druggist had just received an order from Mrs. Perkins on the hill to send her C. O. D. some medicine and the change for two dollars for often boys who deliver goods do not have change with them. There would be fifty cents due to the customer.

A great temptation came to Ned. He might substitute the lead quarter for one of the two good ones the clerk handed him.

Ned had never cheated in his life before. He turned it over and over in his mind as to whether he should get rid of his lead quarter with that order. Mrs. Perkins had been poor but he would not have thought of making such a transaction a moment, but she lived in a fine house and could afford to lose a quarter of a dollar much better than he could. Really she would never miss it.

So Ned yielded to the temptation. Poor Ned! The good quarter he had kept weighed on his conscience heavily. His better nature told him to go back and make the mistake right, but he could not make up his mind to that.

Mrs. Perkins' maid received the medicine and the change and put the quarters into her mistress's pocket-book without looking at them.

A few days afterwards, the lady took her pocket-book to make some change and in an instant she noticed the lead quarter. There was no other change in her purse and she knew just where it had come from. Though she was not inclined to have lead quarters passed off on her. So she put on her wraps and went to the druggist's and told him he had tried to cheat her. The druggist was called and said that he was sure that he never sent that bogus coin as her change. She must have stolen it somewhere else. But the customer was a good one and the druggist thinking it the wiser plan, gave her a new quarter in exchange.

When Mrs. Perkins was gone the druggist said he was sure she must be mistaken, but his employer laughingly said, "Well, I can afford to lose a quarter of a dollar better than she can, I know. How those rich people do look after the 'bits of silver.' The clerk never thought of Ned's doing any underhand work. When he came the next Saturday, however, the clerk showed him the lead quarter and said, "You ever see that before?"

Now Ned had suffered tortures that

whole week on account of that very quarter and instantly his face turned scarlet. But he had suffered enough of wrong doing and though greatly confused manfully stood up and replied, "Yes, I think that is the lead quarter I took from an Italian for bananas."

"But Mrs. Perkins brought it here and said you gave it to her in change for the two dollar bill."

Now here was a great chance for Ned to say he must have given it to her by mistake. O, such a strong temptation! And the tempter seemed to be prodding him on to say it. But thanks be to God who gave him the victory.

Ned took a good quarter right out of his pocket and handed it to the clerk in exchange for the lead quarter.

"I did give it to her," he said.

Ned had always been so true and honest that the clerk could hardly believe it. But Ned frankly told the whole story and his employer freely forgave him. Ned perceived that he had fallen very much in the esteem of these men. Yet he had seen some transactions of these very men that he did not call quite straight.

When Ned went out of the store he went to a vacant lot and threw the lead quarter in. A little fellow passing through stooped down and picked it up and his face was lighted with the look which comes to one who has found a treasure unexpectedly.

Ned followed the boy to see what he would do with the miserable fraud. The boy went into a grocery and bought a half dozen Florida oranges. "Lead quarter, no good," said the salesman as he threw it on the counter. The boy looked as if a great disappointment had come to him.

Ned stepped into the store and asked the little fellow what was the matter, as he saw the tears in his eyes. "O, I thought I had found a good whole quarter of a dollar in the lot over there and I was so glad, for mother has the fever and I thought some oranges would taste good to her and I have not any other money."

"Here," said Ned to the salesman, "give that boy those oranges, I will pay for them." Ned picked up the sham money and put good money in its place.

It seemed as if he had never felt so happy in his life as when he saw the little fellow march off with his bag of Florida oranges.

"Now," he said to himself, "this is to be the last of this lead piece," and he walked down to the river bank and threw it away off into the water.

Sham as it was, that quarter had been the means of teaching Ned many lessons which he would never forget. One was to look at his change and see if it was all right as soon as it was given him; another, never let the love of money tempt him to put aside his sense of honesty; another, that because a counterfeit was passed on him did not make it right for him to pass it along to other people.

There are quite a number of lead quarters in circulation just now, and the boys and girls too, would better look out for them, for lead coin will never pass for silver coin in this world. A sham is soon detected, but the genuine article always has its true value everywhere.—Evangelist.

Puppy, a Common Dog.

BY MRS. O. B. BUNNEY.

Puppy was a fat, curly-haired brown little American dog, rather long in the body, and rather short and stumpy in the legs. His eyes were a rich cinnamon brown, with the most intelligent expression possible. Each paw was tipped with white, and on his cunning little breast was a star of cream-colored fur which made him a beauty; so the girls and boys declared who lived in the neighborhood. Puppy had no pedigree, but was a common dog.

Puppy first saw the light of day in a woodhouse in the heart of the Green Mountains. He liked the air, and never wanted to go in-doors. He was an out door dog. He persisted in staying out nights, even if the weather was rainy instead of clear. But in a village, dogs, as a general thing, are not popular; and some people, who have fine lawns, pretty beds of flowers, and beautiful plants, dislike them exceedingly.

So Puppy did not always have the appreciation he had later. In those early days some ladies, who owned great houses, when they saw Puppy approaching, would take a little stick and drive him away. Others would complain and declare that Puppy should be killed, or make other ill-natured remarks.

But the little dog, when told to go away, would maintain his position through everything, and only put down his little ears, and shake his curly tail, and look up with his intelligent eyes, walking off at last in a most dignified way, saying to himself: "Some day I shall be appreciated!" And so he lived, throve, and grew in time to be a fine, large fellow—but was still nothing but a mongrel, you will understand; a common dog.

One summer a travelling show appeared in town, and the whole place was in a flutter of excitement. Now, in some traveling shows there are men who, when night comes, look around to see what valuables they can pick up. On this particular occasion, when the entertainment was over, and everything quiet in the village, and all the girls and boys asleep and their parents also, a couple of the showmen determined to go out on such an errand. They silently walked up the main street. Before one of the great houses they halted, a dog quietly standing there talked in low tones.

Puppy at this time was reposing in the middle of the road. So brown was his coat, he really seemed a part of the dirt in the daily riding thoroughfare of the little town.

Puppy, being a sagacious dog, pricked up his ears at the sight of two men talking in the street in low tones at midnight. Something surely was wrong, for visiting hours were over. Lying flat on his stomach, he studied the situation as much as he could, making up his own mind for action if need be.

The men presently crept up the lawn. Most cautiously, step by step, they went towards the house, Puppy following at a distance. Puppy at this juncture knew no good was intended.

When the door at the back of the house was reached and softly opened, Puppy stood stock-still. Then one of the men went in. Then the other man came close to Puppy. Then a low growl was given. Then the man looked about. In reality he had not before taken notice of anything. Another growl fiercer than before. Then, making one leap, Puppy grabbed the man by the leg, just on the thick part of the calf, and there he held on with all his might and main.

The other man had by this time gained an entrance and shut the door, so Puppy's captor was at his mercy. Puppy held on, and growled and growled and growled between his closed teeth. The man by this time was pretty badly frightened and hurt, and tried hard to escape, and by various movements begged the dog to release his hold. But the faithful creature was not to be shaken off. Like a sentinel on guard he stood, still biting, twisting as before, until the "relief" should come.

A window was suddenly raised. The master of the house, who had been supposing for the last two moments that moonlight nights had a special effect on dogs, setting them to growl at the moon, popped his head out and called, "Stop that noise! Go home Puppy! Go home!"

Puppy at this growled fiercer than ever before.

Then a young lad appeared at a window, and leaning far out, took in at a glance the situation. Rushing down the broad stairs, he upset the man inside, who was making his way to the door, having heard voices and footsteps. He managed, in his turn, to upset the boy and escape.

When the boy got out to the door Puppy stood triumphant, holding his prisoner in firm grip. But at the same time he was wagging his tail nearly off, having recognized the boy, and now he delivered the man up, with a toss of the head, a pant and a shake of his body, and then sat down to recover himself.

From that day forth Puppy had a standing in the place, although, as I said before, he could never boast of a pedigree.

By many of the townspeople he was considered the watchman of the village. One man offered Puppy's owner fifty dollars for him. Another rich old fellow, who never did like dogs, came to Puppy's house and insisted that Puppy should be sold to him at whatever price suited Puppy's owner.

But all terms were refused. Puppy became the hero of the small town, the guardian of the peace, the caretaker of all homes in the dead of the night. He lived to a good old age, doing his duty, and "deserving the respect of all."—Ex.

Little Sarah's Missionary Cat.

"Of one thing I am just truly glad," she said to the cat playing on the floor by her side. "Nobody wants you, my dear old puss. They are giving away their things and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries; but nobody will buy my cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens. I don't see how she can do it. And Trudie Burns won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money; and her brother Tom sold his strawberries, and Fannie has little bits of cucumbers and sells them, and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with, only my dear cat. I don't know how I am going to make my missionary money; I must find some way; but I am just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that

can possibly be done with you only just to play with you."

Alas for poor little Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Colonel Bates; and while she sat in the front parlor in an elegant chair that was high and slippery, and waited for Mrs. Colonel to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but the old Colonel himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones: "I declare, I would give five dollars for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these premises! That's the way with an old place! Old family residences are humbugs!"

"Five dollars for a good mouser!" Mrs. Colonel came soon, and she and mamma talked and talked at a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. "Five dollars for a good mouser!" And there was no hope of Colonel Bates giving that five dollars or any other to the missionary cause on his own account.

There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast and tears came in her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite and moped around so sadly that her mother feared she was going to get down with the measles.

One morning little Sarah knew by the way her heart was beating while she was dressing that she had decided. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket and taken to Colonel Bates' by her own sad little self. She hurried now; she wanted not to change her mind. Tabby was easily coaxed from her perch in the grape arbor, and swiftly little Sarah's feet flew over the ground, and she was at the Colonel's just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket and speaking fast, "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me, so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What? what? what?" spluttered Colonel Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one, and what are you giving me?"

"The five dollars, if you please, you said you would. You know, for a good mouser; and Tabby is the best one that ever was, and mamma says so; and the missionaries need the money—the heathen people do, you know—and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you be very good to her? and a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, splashed on the Colonel's hand.

"Bless my body!" he said, and stood dazed for a moment; then he threw back his great head and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocket-book. "So I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir; I heard you say it the day you talked with a man."

Just so; my tongue is always getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who always keeps his word. Here's your five dollars; and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake."

Now, as this happened only last week, of course I can't tell how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Colonel Bates, nor what the children of the mission band said when little Sarah brought her five dollars.—The Pansy.

Home Hints.

At no time of the year are eggs so plentiful as in the early spring, and being highly nutritious, they should be used even more freely than they are. They make an excellent breakfast or luncheon dish or side dish at dinner. The following receipts have been carefully prepared and will be found extremely palatable, giving variety to relieve the possible monotony of a repeated egg diet:

Escalloped Eggs.—No. 1. Put a layer of cracker crumbs into a shallow baking dish. On these place a layer of sliced hard boiled eggs; cover with cracker crumbs, and over the whole pour meat broth or melted butter and hot water mixed. Bake several minutes in a hot oven.

No. 2. Take several hard boiled eggs; remove the yolks from two of them. Cut the remainder of the eggs into small cubes or slices, and place in a small baking dish. Over them pour an ordinary cream sauce made of milk, flour, butter, pepper and salt. Then sprinkle some cracker crumbs over the top and grate the two reserved yolks on top of the crumbs or instead of the grated yolks add grated cheese. Bake

for several minutes in a hot oven, and serve as a side dish at dinner or luncheon.

Eggs in a Nest.—Another very pretty side dish is made by adding a little salt to the white of an egg and beating it until it is quite stiff and dry. Then place it in a tiny individual bowl (a custard bowl will do), make a slight indentation in the center, and in this place the yolk of the egg. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and brown quickly in a hot oven. To prepare this dish, of course the white must be separated from the yolk, but the yolk must remain unbroken. In order to lessen the possibility of its breaking, place a little water in a saucer and turn the yolk into this, until ready to add to its nest of white.

Poached Eggs.—When served on toast eggs are an exceedingly dainty dish. Tins for poaching eggs are inexpensive, and certainly keep the whites in better shape; still one can poach an egg quite successfully in boiling water without contrivance. Break your egg first into a saucer, and then pour it into the boiling water, allowing the white to set. Then remove it, and serve it on toast. Poached eggs are an addition to hash. Place the hash on toast, and the egg on the hash, and serve very hot.

Scrambled Eggs.—Scrambled eggs may be varied to quite an extent, using however, one receipt as a basis. Break four eggs into a bowl, and beat or prick them lightly with a fork; add one half cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste if for plain scrambled eggs, or add seasoning according to the other ingredients added for varied scrambled eggs. One half cupful of minced dried beef, ham, chicken, beef, veal, or grated cheese makes a palatable dish, and will add to its size materially. Scrambled eggs, like nearly all other ways of cooking eggs, can be served to advantage on soft toast.

Egg Salad.—Hard boiled eggs cut up into cubes, and celery ditto, equal parts of each, mixed with boiled dressing and served on lettuce leaves, form a very pleasing salad. Equal quantities of hard boiled egg, salmon, and celery, with dressing, and lettuce make a pleasant variation.

When eggs are plentiful they should be used freely, for there are times enough during the year when their free use is beyond the reach of the average family.—New York Observer.

Baby's Ears.

Few mothers and fewer nurses notice when they lay a baby down whether the soft little ear is crumpled under or lying close back to the head, and they rarely take the trouble when they hold a baby to see that its ears are in a natural position, but will hold it for the longest time with the head pressed against their bosom and the ear turned forward instead of back. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined applies with as much force to the physical as to the moral growth of a child.—Washington Post.

Sweet, refreshing sleep is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds the nerves, tones the stomach and cures all dyspeptic symptoms.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to some causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parneelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Skepticism.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

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