

The Land of Anyhow.

at the L-1 of What's-the-Use, and Eliphad Point is now.

Land of Anyhow.

Care was king of all this realm—

and king was he!

Who served him with good heart

and king was he!

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The next week passed around in a most satisfactory manner. They practiced on Monday evening and spent Tuesday with Mary and her brother. On Wednesday Wilford went away, but that was the only evening that week.

One day he came to his mother with a request: 'Can I have a couple of the boys come in to spend the evening with me sometimes? We have such jolly times, I believe Bert and Lance would enjoy it. That is, if the girls don't mind and will treat them well.'

'Of course you can,' said his mother, 'and I'm sure the girls will be glad to help you entertain your guests.'

'Yes, I think they will. Do you know I think my sisters are uncommon nice girls. I used to think they didn't care anything about me, but I guess it was my fault. I didn't know what a nice time a fellow could have at home if he tried to.'

'I guess both sides were at fault,' said his mother, 'and now both are trying to correct it.'

So Wilford invited two or three of his best friends to his home. Some he did not invite at all, because he did not wish his sisters to meet them. And as Wilford was a good, sensible boy, he made up his mind that they were not the companions for him either.

But some of the boys who had come once formed the habit of dropping in evenings for games, reading and music. They voted Wilford's sisters the nicest girls they knew.

'It isn't so quiet as it used to be,' said Mr. Hayes, nodding toward the parlor where a merry little group stood at the piano, 'but I like it better than when the girls sat reading and the boy was in the street. What do you think about it, wife?'

'Yes, I like it better, too,' she said with a little smile, 'and I'm glad we found out the danger and thought of a remedy before it was too late. We have the girls to thank for a part of it. And I stand that noise increased a hundred times rather than see this harmony between my children broken up—Chris. Standard.'

Maggie Fish.

One day we had a letter from our big boy out West, saying:—

'I've just started off a beast in a box by express. Do adopt the poor little wretch.'

Mother groaned, and father said, 'Be prepared, my dear; he's equal to sending anything, from a rattlesnake to an Indian baby.'

And a few days later, when the expressman brought in a big box with a little front, which he held very gingerly by the closed top and bottom, we decided it was the Indian baby; for out of the box came a little, laughing, baby voice:—

'Come, Maggy, come on! Come! wash your face!'

We hurried the man into the kitchen, planted the box on the table, and then looked in; and, lo! a very weary, worn old leather duster, on two cunning little black feet, with a fuzzy black head and the brightest of black eyes.

'It's a maggie!' groaned father.

'Now for bedlam!'

'Let him out,' said mother. 'See how he begs!'

The little fellow was pecking at the door of his box, and so evidently begging to come out that we couldn't resist him. After taking a good look all around the room, he jumped, with a little, two-footed jump, like a child's, from the table to the floor, and started to patter, patter, down the room to the sink, with his wings in a wild state of flutter, and every little downy feather on his head standing up, and calling to us over his shoulder:—

'Come on! Come on, Maggy! wash your face!'

He simply danced with delight as the cook put a tin basin of water on the floor; and into it jumped, throwing the water in every direction before she could get out of the way.

Such a happy thing you never saw! We stood around him, laughing and clapping our hands; and he laughed with us, putting in a little 'Oh, my! Oh! Whew, Maggy!' each time he went under water. After he had soaked up, or thrown out every drop, he trotted across the floor, jumped up in a chair that stood in the sun, and proceeded to dry and dress himself.

Every feather was gone carefully over again and again; and, by the time he was satisfied, we were more than that. I wanted to pick him up and feel of him, he was so fluffy and fuzzy. His breast was pure white, the feathers very thick and fully two inches long; while his head, back, and feet were jet black. His tail was his pride and joy, and it was a very funny tail; it showed all his feelings. When he was happy or angry, he spread it like a great fan; but, if he was sulky, he would make it just the width of one feather. And then we kept out of the way of that strong, sharp beak.

He was a lot we never grew tired of watching. He would amuse himself with a rubber band and a few buttons for an hour at a time, talking to them in low, soft tones, telling them to 'Come on! wash your face!' and all sorts of little half-learned things, until one rolled out of his reach, when he would call after it, 'I'll tell Marmar!' and burst out crying,—a real baby's disappointed cry; and you may be sure the button was picked up for him. There was something very pitiful about that cry; you never could resist it. And, if we forgot to bring him down at meal time, even father would drop his knife and fork and trot obediently up stairs at the call of that lit, mournful voice.

The delight of Maggy's soul was a grasshopper hunt in the back yard. I would carry out the cage, a tin basin of water, and my school-books, and prepare for a quiet morning, which I never had: Maggy was too much fun. He would come tip-toeing out of the cage, with his long tail spread, take a good look around, give a long sigh of 'Oh! Whew! O Maggy!' and then dive into the basin, and take a good bath. After a hard shake, he would start out on his hunt; and woe to the grasshoppers that day! for there was no peace for them in air or on earth,—certainly not in that basin of water, into which they were carefully soused before being tickled in the cracks of the roof and under the floor of Maggy's cage. There were several spoils tucked between the wires, in which he kept his nicest, fattest grasshoppers; and the funny part was he would put them in alive, and take them out alive and apparently unhurt.

One day he found a toad. That was something new, and therefore to Maggy deeply interesting. He followed it down the yard at a respectful distance, but its slow pace didn't suit him. So, with one little black foot braced away ahead of him he gave it a gentle poke. That bothered matters. So he tried it again. It was a nice playing Maggy wasted it. So he turned it toward his cage, and ran ahead, calling, 'Come on! come on!' But the toad didn't care to come. It wanted to go just the other way. Maggy was troubled, and came to me for help. 'Gatie, come on!' he begged, pulling at my dress. But I wanted to watch the fun. So I said, 'No, go and settle it with Mr. Toad yourself, Maggy Fish.' I forgot to say he had added 'Fish' to his name, nobody knows why.

He hurried off to his toad with a cross little shrug of his shoulders, and after looking at it for a moment, deliberately picked it up. One taste was enough. Down dropped the toad, and away rushed Maggy for his bath. He took seven baths that day, and couldn't be induced to look at a toad again.

Like some children, he was the best of company while having his own way; but tell him to keep out of your water-pitcher or away from that dear, delightful button box, and he was the crossdest little person you ever saw.

But he could love much; and I don't think we shall soon forget the patter, patter, of those busy little black feet, and the happy baby voice calling, 'Come on! come on!'—Our Animal Friends.

Scattering Deeds of Kindness.

'That's a Canadian dime. I can't take that,' said the post-office clerk. The child looked at the rejected coin, and then at her unstamped letter perplexedly.

'Here's a dime—I'll change with you,' said a young woman standing by.

'Oh, thank you!' said the little one gratefully. 'I ran all the way to get mamma's mail in time, and it would have been too late if I had had to go back.'

'How thoughtful that was,' I said to myself. 'How few people, comparatively, would have bothered to do that for a child; and yet how little it costs—and how much it often means.'

A little later in the day, it so chanced that I met again the young woman of whom I have spoken. It was at a restaurant at the noon hour, in a hurried, crowded throng.

'Dear me, isn't it warm!' sighed a flushed, nervous looking girl near me, to her companion.

'Won't you take this fan?' said a sweet voice. I looked, and lo! the speaker was the angel of the stamp! I was very much interested in the young woman by this time, and encouraging myself comfortably in my corner took more time for my meal than was necessary, in order to observe her. I did not have long to wait to see another proof of her kindness and consideration.

'This is the last order of Indian pudding,' said one of the waiters to a pale, poorly dressed girl, as she set down a steaming plate before her neighbor, the young woman whom I was observing.

'Oh, dear!' murmured the girl disappointedly.

'Won't you take this? I would exactly as soon have something else for dessert.' Quick as a flash the dish of pudding was transferred.

'That young woman is worth her weight in gold,' I said to myself as I rose to go. 'I wonder when I shall see her again.'

It was months before I did see her again. This time it was at a reception. I wondered whether she would be able to do any kindly act in such a formal gathering, and observed her closely. It was not ten minutes before I saw her talking to a shy, unattractive looking girl in a corner, and introducing her to her friends. Nor was this all I noted. As I left I heard her saying something to the soloist of the afternoon, to which the reply was, 'You tell me that you have enjoyed my singing. I want to tell you how much I have appreciated your telling me so.' The sparkling eyes and animated face attested the appreciation.

These three brief occasions were all upon which I saw the "angel of the stamp," and yet how fraught they were with acts of friendliness and consideration! At the end of such a life how manifold must be the good deeds played to the accompaniment.

The giving of ourselves because we can no more help giving than the flower can help unfolding its petals, or the rose exhaling its fragrance, that is Christiness indeed; it is the most potent of all levers for bringing about that blessed day "to which the whole creation moves."—Eleanor R. Orr, in the Standard.

What Greta Could Do.

Greta was only six years old, and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. Only I'm so little, she sighed, and there isn't anything I can do.

That said grandfater, who had overheard. Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?

And who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss his saucer of milk and teaches him to play with a string? added grandmother.

Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire? asked father, his eyes twinkling.

I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one, said mother. Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven, finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls, and Greta learned how she could do something for Jesus.—Sunbeam.

An Industrious Crow.

A lady has written an account of a pet crow from Venezuela. The bird in its own country is called a rice bird. The lady had a number of birds of the wood which she had trained. On the piazza of her home she had an empty cage which became a play house for her birds, especially the crow. This crow found constant amusement in braiding in and out, through the wires of the cage, rags, thread, and bits of worsted.

Among the members of this bird family was one called a "moriche," who admired the crow and tried to imitate him. He would work hard to lace the threads and bits of rag he picked up, into the wires of the cage, but made a different weave from his friend, the crow, who not infrequently carefully picked all his work out.

One day the lady found the crow and the "moriche" each at work dragging and rolling a spool of coarse thread from the room to the piazza. She took the spool from them and put it back in the basket. She was away from home for a day, and when she came back she found that several strands of the thread had been carried from the cage to the arm of a big chair. The crow sat on them, regarding his work with satisfaction.

The thread had not been broken, but the end carried back and forth patiently until cage and chair had been sewed together. As a reward the lady would not allow the chair or cage to be moved lest the strands should be broken.—The Outlook.

A Smart Donkey.

A farmer had several horses and one donkey. The donkey was always the ring-leader in any piece of mischief. Once the farmer fastened the horses in a field next to one where there was a fine crop of oats. The horses looked over into the next field, and wished they had some oats; but, as they could not jump over the fence, the oats were safe.

But soon the farmer saw the horses galloping about and trampling down his oats. He could not imagine how they had gotten in. He supposed some mischievous boy had been playing a trick on him. He drove them out and shut the gate. But the same

thing happened three times. Then he decided to catch the tricky person, whoever he might be. So early one morning he went out and watched. Imagine his surprise when he saw the donkey walk up to the gate and pull out the pin; while the horses stood looking on, ready to trot in as soon as the gate swung open.

'Well,' said the farmer, I always thought donkeys were stupid; but I don't see anything about that little fellow.—Humane Alliance.

Be Honest About Eggs.

How old must an egg be to be strictly fresh? We would say that would depend on the weather. During cold weather a week-old egg will be strictly fresh, but half that time is all that will be allowed during warm weather. We have been asked how to preserve eggs so as to keep them fresh from three to six months. There is no way that it can be done. Unlike wine, eggs do not improve with age. A fresh egg must be fresh laid or it will not be fresh. Packed eggs are sold for such and can be readily told by almost any one. By far too many people pay too little attention to gathering and selling their eggs. They seem to think that the egg from the "new nest" is as good as any, or eggs kept for two weeks are fresh eggs. This is not so, and when taken to the store and sold it is purely dishonest. During hot weather eggs ought to reach the consumer when not over three days old to be strictly fresh.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Bread and Milk Omelet.

One-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of fine bread crumbs, without crust, salt and pepper to taste; beat all together and add two well-beaten eggs; put in a frying pan a small lump of butter, pour in the omelet, cook gently until it sets; loosen the edges, fold and turn out upon a hot dish.

GINGER BREAD.—A choice recipe for old-fashioned soft gingerbread requires two cups best New Orleans molasses, one cup hot water, scant half cup melted butter, a heaping teaspoonful of soda, a little ginger (about a heaping teaspoonful), and a pinch of salt. Mix as soft as possible, adding the melted butter last. Bake in a quick oven, and eat at once.

Another recipe calls for eggs and sour milk. It is made with one cup each of sugar and molasses, a scant cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, and three cups of flour. A full teaspoonful of soda is dissolved in a little hot water and added with a teaspoonful of ginger and a little grated nutmeg.

All the children were asked to bring to the grammar class a short original composition about some article they saw in daily use, and this is what one little boy wrote:—

THE NEEDLE.

"The needle is a sewing tool. It is composed of two parts,—the point and the eye. The eye is made of air, and is what you stick the thread through. The point is made of steel, and is what you stick through the cloth."—Youth's Companion.

It may not be ours to utter convicting arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—Canon Farrar.

No man's heart is right in the sight of God unless there is within him the spirit of forgiveness; affection that would prompt him to bear suffering himself rather than give pain to another.

It is better to preserve health than to cure disease. Therefore, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be always well.

Severe Diarrhoea.

"Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry cured my child of a severe attack of Diarrhoea, and I highly recommend it to mothers as the best medicine for bowel complaints of children." Mrs. O'Flynn, North Valley, Ont.

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