

House-Cleaning.

ing a song of cleaning house,
Pouchful of nails;
Your and twenty dustpans,
Scrubbing brooms and pails.
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing:
"Help me move this wardrobe here,
hang this picture, won't you, dear?
Tack that carpet by the door,
stretch this one a little more.
Drive this nail; and screw this screw;
here's a job I have for you—
cupboard door will never catch,
oh you'll have to fix the latch;
oh, while you're about it, John,
oh you'd put the cornice on."
hang this curtain; when you're done
hang you up the other one;
box has got to have a hinge
I can put on the fringe;
won't you mend that broken chair?
like a hook put right up there;
wardrobe door must have a knob;
here's another little job—
ally hate to fix a bracket here?
on it goes; when these are through,
this and that and those to do,
infinitum, and more, too,
in a merry jingle.
Isn't that enough to make
man wish he was single? (Almost)
—Selected.

A Certain Cure.

Mother," cried Harvey, excitedly.
ing into the house, "you should
seen the adventure the fellows
on the way from school. It would
make your hair stand on end.
ey got on the track where the
itches are, and they stood talking—
ee of them there were—and the
ine was coming along at full speed,
terribly fast, and us fellows up on
a bank we run toward them and
led like fury, and they got off just
time. The engine was almost on
us. In another minute they'd have
en killed. Old Granny Mitchell,
at lives up by the track, was so
ared she could hardly walk, but she
led us fellows to the gate, and gave
all the cookies we could eat and—
"Wait a minute, Harvey," said his
other. A troubled look had been
owing in her face during the whole
speech. Harvey knew what it meant,
and paused suddenly with a shamed
look on his face. "Are you quite sure
everything was just as you have
told me?" said his mother, very gravely.
If Harvey hadn't been eleven years
old, you might have thought he was
going to cry. He kept silent for a
moment and then faltered out:
"I am sorry, mother, but I guess I
didn't tell it quite right."
"You may tell it to me again, Harvey,
very slowly and just right," said Mrs.
erson.
He did so, and it developed that the
engine was not so very close, that the
boys on the bank only called once, and
the boys on the track got off in plenty
of time. That Granny Mitchell only
said it was careless to walk on the
track, and they shouldn't do it again,
and that she gave them just one cookie
piece.
"It's quite a different story, isn't it,
dear?" said his mother gently when he
had finished. She knew how hard this
all was for the little boy.
"Yes, mamma," said Harvey, still
looking ashamed.
"This habit is growing on you, my
boy," his mother went on. "You
wouldn't like to be a person whose
word is worth nothing, I know, and
yet this habit of exaggerating in little
things will lead you to telling false
hoods about great things, and some
day no one will trust you. We must
begin to try harder than ever to break
this off at once."
"I will, mother," said Harvey, and he
meant it, for he knew how an untruth
ful person is despised. He had fallen
into that very bad habit that so many
children have, of giving fancy touches
of his own to things that he told. He
did not mean to be untruthful; he
never invented malicious stories about
any one; he never told a lie to shield
himself; but he did love to improve on
the little details of any story he had
to tell. His mother noticed this habit
with great sorrow. She knew it would
undermine his ideas of truth, and in
time make him deceitful. She ex-
plained the danger to Harvey, and he
promised to do better. He really did
try, but of late several careless stories
had been told again, and he was for-
getting to weigh his words. He left
his mother, resolving in his heart that
he never would tell a careless story
again.
He was very careful for some time.
If he started out hastily in an exagger-
ated account, he would check himself
suddenly and consider the absolute
truth. At last he seemed to have
trained himself to speak truthfully.
His mother was pleased at his progress,
and Harvey began to think that al-
though danger was past. But it was just
at that confident time that he fell from
his security.
One day on his way from school he
stopped to talk to his old friend,

Grandpa Hart. Old Mr. Hart, who
lived in the little cottage on the hill-
side, was grandpa to all the village.
While they were talking, grandpa
asked if there was any place where
he could get some rambo apples.

"Oh, I know," cried Harvey, eagerly.
"Mrs. Adams has just quantities of
rambos. I'll get you some."

"But," said grandpa, "do you think
she has any to spare?"

"Yes," said Harvey, "she has more
than she can use, and she said she
would give them away if she knew of
anybody that wanted them. I'll go
right away and get some for you," and
he rushed away.

When he started from home with a
basket, his mother asked where he was
going.

"I'm going to Adams' to get some
apples for Grandpa Hart," said Harvey.

"Did Mrs. Adams tell you to?" said
Mrs. Pierson.

"No," said Harvey, slowly.

"Did Grandpa Hart tell you to ask
for them?"

"No, ma'am," said Harvey again and
it suddenly dawned upon him that he
had told a falsehood again. His im-
pulse had been kind. He wanted to
get the apples, and he knew Mrs.
Adams would be willing to give them
to Grandpa Hart. He meant to go
and ask for them, but after all he had
told Grandpa Hart a lie about it.

He was so sorry and ashamed that
his eyes filled with tears.

"Tell me all about it, dear," said his
mother, kindly.

When he told his mother the whole
story she said:

"Don't you think you had better go
and tell grandpa?"

"O mother, I can't," cried Harvey in
despair.

"Very well, dear," said his mother,
"you must decide this for yourself. I
know it would be very hard to do."

Then Harvey was left with a bitter
battle to fight out alone. But he was
really a good boy, and of course there
was only one way to decide. He came
in an hour later with a pale, but reso-
lute, little face, and said: "I'm going
to go and tell grandpa all about it."

His mother kissed him very tenderly
and said: "You are my brave little
knight. You have vanquished one
great dragon of cowardice and are
going out to kill another one of false-
hood."

So Harvey marched quickly up the
hill and went into the little house.
He told grandpa all about his fault and
his effort to conquer it, and his last
sad failure. It wasn't so hard as he
thought, for the old man looked at him
with kindly eyes and said: "We all
have something of this kind to fight.
Harvey, and some are not brave enough
to come out and face it as you have
done. Keep on, my boy, and you will
conquer, and be far better and stronger
than if you had never had this tempta-
tion to overcome."

Harvey did not understand all that
the words meant, of course, but he
went home with a light heart. That
was three years ago, and he has not
fallen into that bad habit since.—Chris
Standard.

A Nursery Echo.

"Mother," said Georgie, "we had a
nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle
John's. Do you know that there is an
echo behind the barn? I wish we had
one here."

"Well, so we have," said his mother.
"This house is full of echoes."

"Is it?" said Georgie. "Where must
I stand to make my voice come back to
me?"

"Anywhere you choose, but I think
the nursery is the best place."

Off ran Georgie, delighted, but as he
entered the room he saw that Baby
Ned had possession of his new kite,
and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried
angrily: "you will break it to pieces
you bad boy!"

"Bad boy, bad boy," shouted the
baby, and mother entered the nursery
just in time to prevent a serious
difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner
than you expected," she said soberly,
when peace was restored, and Georgie
hung his head.

"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?"
he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "that is what I
mean. Just as the echo behind the
barn sent back the very tones of your
voice, so your little brother and sister
reflect back your tones and manner. I
think that if you will remember this
it will make you very careful how you
speak."

Later in the day Georgie was play-
ing stage coach with the little children,
and with his shouting and his trumpet-
ing the nurse almost crazy. "I
wish," she cried out angrily, "that you
would go downstairs, you are such a
noisy, horrid boy."

"You are a horrid old thing your-
self," he shouted back, and then sud-

denly he began to laugh.

"Why," he said, "I was an echo my-
self that time," and as mother came in
just then they had another little talk
about echoes, and both Georgie and
the nurse determined to try to make
some pleasant ones before the day was
over.

When Baby Ned's supper came up-
stairs he was cross, and would not
drink his milk, and said that his bread
was "sour."

"Georgie," said mother, "now is your
chance, and Georgie ran in the room,
and was so funny and bright with the
baby that in a few moments he was in
high good humor, and as mother list-
ened she could not tell which was the
laugh and which the echo.—The Parish
Visitor.

Little Workers.

Lucy's mother was shelling peas.
Lucy was lying on the floor, wishing
she had something to do.

"Come and help me shell peas," said
mamma; so Lucy jumped up and came
over to her mother.

"First you must go into the bath-
room," said her mother, "and wash
your hands very clean."

So Lucy went and washed her hands
till they looked like two pieces of pink
cotton. Then her mother went into
the pantry and got a green wooden
bowl and a bright tin basin, and put
them on Lucy's little table. She put
some peas in the wooden bowl and
said, "Now, Lucy, when you shell them
put them in the basin and throw the
pods in this basket. Let me show you
how to do it."

So Lucy did just as her mother said,
and out popped the little peas and went
rolling about in the basin. It was
great fun to see them hop out of the
pod. Lucy worked a few minutes and
then said she was tired. A big yellow
butterfly flew by the door just then,
and Lucy said, "I want to go and play
now; I must catch that butterfly."

But mamma said, "No; when a little
girl begins a piece of work she must
finish it. Shell all the peas in the
bowl, then you may go."

I am sorry to tell you that a scowl
came right between Lucy's brown eyes
then, and then she said, "Butterflies
and kitties play all the time. Wish I
was 'em."

"Finish your work like a good little
girl," said mamma, "then we will go
and see if we can find any little people
who work out of doors."

So on the work was done and mamma
and Lucy started.

The first thing they saw was a honey
bee buzzing about the flowers.

"Here is a little worker," said
mamma; "he is getting something to
make our honey of, like that we had
last night for tea. Busy bee is the
name of this fellow."

Just then a bird flew by with a straw
in its mouth. He went into the maple
tree over their heads.

"Hush," said mamma. "Don't make
a noise. Look up and you will see
another busy worker. Here is a
mother bird making a house."

They kept quite still and watched
the bird tuck the straw in nicely, then
away she flew for another one.

"Now look down at your feet," said
mamma.

There was a big ant hill, and every
little ant was coming up the hill tug-
ging a grain of sand.

"Oh! how funny," said Lucy. "What
are they doing?"

"They are building a house, too. If
such little creatures can work so hard,
can't my little girl help her mother?"

Lucy hung down her head then, and
twisted her bonnet strings. She was
ashamed.—Unidentified.

How the Baby got in the Crib.

Let's go and play in the corn crib,"
said Katherine.

Oh, let's! cried all the children at
once.

What's a corn-crib? asked the visitor.
I didn't know corn slept in a crib, too!

Do they put the baby-corn in it to
sleep?

Oh, no, laughed Katherine. They
put the grown-up corn in a crib in
winter; but in summer it's empty, and
it's our playhouse. Come along!

Away they went even baby Barbara,
with her chubby bare feet, picking her
way slowly over the stones and rough
places. When she climbed the few
steps leading into the corner, the
children were already there. Samuel
had scampered up the little winding
stairway to the loft, and was peeping
down through a crack, yelling like an
Indian; Francis was dragging tin cans
and bits of broken china from the
closet under the stairs, getting dinner;
Katherine, with an old broom, was
cleaning house, though, thanks to the
gardener's ready hand, everything was
already scrupulously clean.

The sunshine streaming in through
the wide crevices laughed to see the
corn-crib full of children instead of

corn; and the baby, tumbling into the
midst of it, laughed, too. What a
good time they had! Samuel found a
knot-hole on the stairway big enough
to put his foot through; and by climb-
ing on an old chair Katherine could
pull it a little. Such kicking and
pulling! Then each in turn had to go
up and put a foot through. Even
baby Barbara's fat foot dangled down,
to the delight of all the others, who
each in turn must climb up and pull
her soft toes.

A cry of surprise from Francis
brought all suddenly to the stove,
—an old rusty iron teakettle.

What is it! What is it! As they
all stood looking in wonder, Francis
had pushed off the lid; and there the
old teakettle was filled with long,
slender white things reaching from the
bottom to the top, and the very top of
each one shaded into a soft green
color. Suddenly Francis, the farmer,
clapped his hands and danced about
with delight. Oh, I know, I know!
Don't you remember last time we made
coffee out of grains of corn and dirt
and water? The corn sprouted, that's
all; and it's trying to get out to the
light. Let's see it out in the sun!

Wasn't it funny, said the visitor
later, that the baby corn got into the
crib after all?—Scattered Seeds.

Mrs. Brown's Way.

The woman who puts to wise and
diligent use her eyes and ears, will
find many a fragment which may prove
a key to unlock here and there a door
which opens an escape from perplex-
ity and worry, to the test means and
ways of meeting everyday problems.

Mrs. Brown is my next door neigh-
bor. She is the most practical house-
keeper that I have seen my fortune to
know. My own success in household
economics I owe to her ready, helpful
unfailing experience. So much do I
value the information I receive from
her, that I have a blank book into
which I record valuable suggestions.
On the outside broad cover, I have in
bold lettering, which I have cut from
periodicals, this title: Mrs. Brown's
Way.

It occurred to me the other day
that the notes from my note book
were worth repeating. I trust that
the following practical experimental
household hints, by their very
simplicity, may prove as valuable to
young eager housekeepers, as they
have done to me.

One morning I was lamenting the
difficulty of cutting hot bread.

Oh, I must initiate you to my secret,
Mrs. Brown replied cheerily. Dip
your knife into boiling water, and
then the hot bread will yield grace-
fully. How simple. I found it even
so.

Your cookies never have the hard
bake mine so often do, I said with a
tinge of discouragement, as I ate one
of her delicious soft ones.

Yes, indeed they do, with emphasis,
but I always keep a few crusts of
bread in my cookie jar, and that keeps
them soft. I have never had hard
cookies since.

I watched her one morning take her
layers from the oven for chocolate
cake. Previously she had prepared a
wet towel spread upon her table, and
upon this she laid her tins.

Do you know, she inquired, that
laying a tin of cake upon a dampened
cloth when taken out of the oven,
will prevent the cake from sticking to
the pan? No, I did not. I have found
it since an unfailing success.

Another great thing to know, she
added, is to place a pan of water in
the oven when baking, and danger of
burning is obliterated.

Which Was Right?

There lived in Germany a little girl
named Else. She had many brothers,
and with one of them she used to play
from morning to night.

There was one field of grain in which
the children took a great interest.
They watched its growth carefully,
but, in spite of them, the sparrows
would eat the seed.

I am going to stay here all day in
the field to frighten away the birds,
said Else.

I can do better, said William: I
shall make a scarecrow, and then we
shall keep the birds away with no
trouble to ourselves.

My way is best, Else said. My way
is best, said her brother, stubbornly.

Else got a rattle and settled herself
in the shade of some trees on the edge
of the field. She rattled vigorously
for a long time, and no bird dared
come near. Then the warm air made
her drowsy, and before she knew it she
was fast asleep. What a fine feast the
sparrows had then. To be sure!

William laughed at Else's efforts,
and made his scarecrow. It was a
terrible looking creature.

I'd like to see any bird dare come
near that, he said, proudly. Now we
may play in peace.

Other things filled the children's
minds, and it was a week before they
went again to the field. There stood
the fierce old scarecrow keeping guard,
and—what do you think? A sparrow
had built its nest in his coat pocket!—
Outlook.

He Understood.

An old schoolmaster said one day to
a clergyman, who had come to visit
his school, I believe the children know
the catechism word by word.

But do they understand it? That
is the question, said the clergyman.
The schoolmaster only bowed respect-
fully, and the examination began.

A little boy had repeated the fifth
commandment, Honor thy father and
mother, and he was desired to explain
it. Instead of trying to do so, the
little fellow, with blushing face, said
almost in a whisper:

Yesterday, sir, I showed a strange
gentleman over the mountain. The
sharp stones cut my feet, and the
gentleman saw them bleeding, and he
gave me some money to buy me shoes.

I gave it to my mother, for she had no
shoes either, and I thought I could go
barefooted better than she.

There were tears in the clergyman's
eyes as the boy finished his comment
on the commandment, but there were
also smiles on the boy's face before
many days were past.—Christian
Union Herald.

Home Hints.

Favorite Gingerbread.—Take 1 full
cup molasses, 1 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg,
some shortening the size of an egg
(melted), then add salt, with any spice
or flavor you like, and 1 spoon soda,
then add 2 1/2 cups sifted flour and
no more. Now stir well together and,
lastly, pour over and stir in a cup of
boiling water. Bake in sheets. This
recipe, flavored with vanilla and put
in layers with chocolate, is very nice.
Or add fruit and you have a nice light
fruit cake.

Orange Short Cake.—One cup of
butter, two cups of sugar, three cups
of flour, one cup of sweet milk, four
eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.
Cream butter and sugar add gradually
the eggs, well beaten, the milk, and
last of all, the sifted flour. Bake in
three jelly cake tins. When cool
spread each layer first with a thick
stratum of grated coconut, then with
inch-bits of ripe oranges. Sprinkle
all plentifully with powdered sugar.
Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

Oatmeal Shrub.—To make an excel-
lent drink for an invalid, place in a
large pan a quarter of a pound of fire
fresh oatmeal, six ounces of white
sugar and half a lemon cut into small
pieces. Mix with a little warm water;
then pour over it one gallon of boiling
water, stirring all together thoroughly,
and use when cold. This makes a
most refreshing and strengthening
drink. If preferred, raspberry vine-
gar, citric acid, or any other flavoring
may be used instead of the lemon.
More oatmeal may be used if desired.

If you have had the grip take Hood's
Sarsaparilla. It will brace you up,
purify your blood, and overcome all
bad effects of the disease.

The happiest, sweetest, tenderest
homes are not those where there has
been no sorrow, but those which have
been overshadowed with grief, and
where Christ's comfort was accepted.
—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Weak Women.

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