

## BABY'S RIDE.

Rock-a-by! Rock-a-by!  
Baby shall ride  
off to Dreamland with me by her side.  
Away, Puss, for you cannot go,  
dear little Dolly, for no one must know  
By what dim winding street,  
On our horses so fleet,  
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, rock-a-by ride.

Rock-a-by! Rock-a-by!  
Baby shall ride;  
Close at hand, our swift horses are tied,  
Sweetheart, be quick! Let nobody see  
Which way they go with you and with me.  
Sly Puss is not peeping,  
And Dolly is sleeping,  
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, rock-a-by ride.

Rock-a-by! Rock-a-by!  
Baby shall ride.  
There is a moonbeam we'll take for our guide,  
And off to dear Dreamland we'll trot fast  
away,  
And never come back till there shines a  
new day.

Then quick as a wink,  
Without even one blink,  
We'll up on our horses and homeward we'll  
ride.

—Lilla Thomas Elder.

## EDNA'S REWARD.

BY GERTRUDE L. STONE.

'Instead of one corner of my brain  
for geography and one for arithmetic,  
both of them must be for arithmetic,—  
don't you think so, mama?'  
Mamma looked at Edna's first sixth-  
grade report-card, and read, 'Geography  
7, Arithmetic, 95.'  
'This is worse than usual, Edna,'  
she said. 'Now I believe myself that  
you have a corner for geography, but  
that it is, we might say, a vacant  
corner lot. We must build on it. If  
you can get 75 next week, we will go  
to see with our own eyes some fact of  
geography. I think we will go to see  
how the men quarry building-stone,  
and in our trip there and back we shall  
observe some facts in geography too.'  
This would be a delightful reward.  
Edna studied with a secret plan to get  
80 and surprise mama. It would  
please Miss Johnson, too, for she was  
always pleased when her pupils did  
well; and, next to the people at home  
Miss Johnson was the person Edna  
loved.

Lessons went about as usual the first  
day. Edna tried to remember how  
Asia looked on the map page, but there  
were so many scallies along the coast  
she could not remember where they all  
belonged. The next day, each member  
of the class was to bring five original  
questions, the questions and their an-  
swers to be written out to pass in.  
Before she went to school, Edna read  
her to her mother.

'What is the direction of Java from  
Japan?' was the first.  
Mama was to answer.  
'Southeast,' she replied.  
'No; southwest,' said Edna, with  
eyes fairly dancing.

'I hope you are right, dear,' said  
mama; 'but let us look it up.'  
It was southwest they found, both  
looking carefully at the map; and Edna  
went to school feeling sure her paper  
was all right, for mama and she agreed  
on the answers.

Strange how things happen! When  
the books were closed, and the  
geography class was ready to recite,  
Miss Johnson said:

'Before we take up the advance  
work, you may ask a few of the review  
questions you have prepared.'

Edna was looking at her intently,  
and wishing she herself had blue eyes  
and wavy yellow hair. She had even  
gone so far as to hope she would grow  
up to look like Miss Johnson,—which  
was unlikely, as Edna had black eyes  
and black hair,—when she was sud-  
denly called to attention by hearing  
Mary Milliken ask:

'What is the direction of Java from  
Japan?'

'Southeast,' answered Willie May-  
nard.

'Right,' said Miss Johnson, and a  
second question was asked.

Edna could hardly believe her ears.  
She had never known Miss Johnson to  
make a mistake, but there was the fact  
that mama had looked it up with her  
only two hours before. Miss Johnson  
must be wrong for once,—no, she  
must be wrong herself! Oh, dear! it  
was so perplexing! Edna had known  
herself to make mistakes, but she  
never, never had known her teacher to.

The papers had not been passed in,  
and Edna could easily change her an-  
swer to southeast.

'I am, I'm going to change it, and  
then I won't lose on my rank,' decided  
Edna.

Then pencil and paper were held in  
a seemingly careless position, but they  
were very near together. The pencil  
almost touched the paper when Edna  
thought:

'Mama wouldn't change it, and Miss  
Johnson wouldn't either. I know I'm  
right, and I'd rather be right'—Edna  
hesitated a minute—'than have a hun-  
dred.'

The next day, when Miss Johnson  
returned the papers, Edna opened hers

slowly with a dismal feeling that there  
would be a blue pencil-mark against  
'southwest.' Of course, she could show  
Miss Johnson her mistake, but Edna's  
devotion to her teacher was such that  
she had a queer idea that the mistake  
should be kept from her. There was  
the mark! What? It wasn't a cross!  
Instead, in Miss Johnson's pretty  
handwriting, was an underlined 'Good.'  
Edna feasted her eyes on the word.

'Java is southwest of Japan, chil-  
dren, not southeast as recited yester-  
day,' said Miss Johnson. 'I am glad  
to say one of us knew the right answer  
yesterday,' and she looked straight at  
Edna.

Edna blushed and smiled. Every-  
thing was all right. What if she had  
changed the word? It was a pleasant  
thought, and Edna peeped into her  
paper again to see the beautiful 'Good.'  
Proudly she carried the paper home at  
noon.

'Miss Johnson's own writing, mama.'  
—S. S. Times.

## ONE WAY.

I have always been sensitive to  
cruelty to animals; therefore, one day  
some years ago, when I heard the un-  
mistakable sickening thud of blows  
and a furious voice, I ran to the door  
I knew what I should see, two horses  
with quivering nostrils and frightened  
eyes and straining wet flanks, a loaded  
wagon fast in the mire, and a man with  
a cruel whip lashing the horses in  
vain.

There they were, all three, and on  
the sidewalk, either side of the muddy  
road, the usual half-dozen advisers.  
Advisers and man had lost their  
tempers.

'Don't beat these horses,' shrieked  
a woman, 'or I'll call the police!'

'It's a wicked shame to be so brutal,'  
cried another; 'you'll kill the horses!'

'Say, you'll never get out without  
unloading, or another pair of horses!'  
this from a man between the puffs of  
his cigar.

An undistinguishable chorus of pity  
and indignation made a background for  
these louder remarks, and even  
through my own anger I had a per-  
ception that the man was getting a  
drubbing as well as the horses. Not  
a word said he, except, to his horses.  
But he heard, and he felt, and he grew  
more furious every moment. One of  
the poor beasts tugged with every  
muscle at each short; the other had,  
apparently, abandoned the effort in  
despair, and gave no sign beyond the  
tremor of his limbs when the lash fell.

I felt a sting of anger and pity at  
the sight; and then I saw my brother  
coming down the street. 'Now,' I  
thought, 'it will be all right. Nat  
will thrash him, if he does not! For  
badn't Nat very recently returned  
from the University of Heidelberg,  
where he nearly fought a duel? It  
didn't even seem necessary to me, who  
knew how kind Nat was to dumb  
animals, to appeal to him; I only  
called, 'O Nat, come here!'

He came, took in the scene in one  
quick glance, and then, to my intense  
astonishment, instead of the stern  
reproof and a threat to give him a  
thrashing with his own whip, Nat  
shouted in a positively friendly tone,  
'Want a little help?'

The man nearly dropped his whip;  
he stared suddenly, but with a new ex-  
pression at the speaker. In a minute  
Nat had turned up the rims of his new  
light trousers, had found two boards,  
and somehow got all the men on the  
sidewalk behind them prying the  
wagon out of the hole, and without an-  
other blow the horses had pulled it  
safely over the bad place and were on  
firm ground again.

'Another time you get into the mud,'  
said Nat, cheerily, 'don't whip the  
horses; get the fellows on the side-  
walk behind your wagon to help you!'  
'Well, I'm very much obliged to  
you,' said the man. 'I guess I got  
madder than I needed to.'

'That was quicker than sending for  
the police or even beating the man,  
don't you think, sis?' said Nat.

Nat had forgotten all about the  
episode, but I have not. Many a time  
have I rescued a beaten animal from  
the whip, not by reproaching, but by  
helping the harassed man who was  
beating because he didn't know any-  
thing else that he could do.

Once, after a tramster and I, on a  
country road, had together pried a  
wagon out of the mud, I said: 'Now  
you'll remember next time, won't you  
that a stick on the wheel is better than  
a whip on your horse's back?' and we  
both smiled while he answered: 'Y's  
lady, I will; but I guess I'd have gone  
on licking the mules if you'd allowed  
me instead of leading a hand!'

So, I suppose that the moral is that  
it is better to lend a hand than to scold,  
and that a kind act may have a longer  
life than its doer's memory.—Octave  
Thanet.

A Sudden Chill often means a sudden  
illness. Pain-Killer is all that is  
needed to ward it off. Unqualified for  
cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid sub-  
stutes, there is but one Pain-Killer,  
Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

## CHARLEY'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY WALTER PALMER.

Charley was out behind the grape  
arbor, jumping up and down as hard  
and as fast as ever he could. That was  
the way he worked off enthusiasm.  
Some boys would have thrown up their  
hats and yelled; some would have stood  
on their heads. Charley's way was  
different; he went behind the arbor  
and jumped.

And the cause was an accidental dis-  
covery that Father had ordered a  
liveryman to bring round a carriage  
after dinner, and that they were going  
on a long drive to the beach and light  
house. That was the drive he liked  
best of all, and one he had not taken  
since last summer; so his joy was too  
great to hold, and he jumped.

When he became exhausted he went  
back to his seat on the front steps; but  
even there his eyes continued to  
snap, and his uneasy feet to tap forth  
the overflow of his gladness.

He was not eavesdropping, for he  
thought there was no secret about the  
matter; but Father and Mother sup-  
posed he was out in the yard some-  
where playing.

'I'm sorry,' Father was saying, 'but  
only four can go in the carriage even  
by crowding. Esther will be one, of  
course; so either Charley or Freddie  
will have to stay behind.'

Realizing that the conversation was  
not intended for him, Charley put his  
hands to his ears and slipped quietly  
away. Stay behind? Not he. Of  
course, Esther would go, and he, too.  
Were they not the family? Freddy—  
his face lengthened suddenly. Freddy  
was a neighbor's boy, who was too  
weak and lame for much walking.

Lately, Father and Mother had been  
taking him to ride whenever they  
could. A trip to the beach would do  
him good, Charley told himself grimly  
and with tightening lips; yes, he  
needed it a great deal more than a big,  
healthy boy.

Charley went behind the grape arbor  
again, but not to jump; and he re-  
mained there a long time, silent and  
motionless. At length he went into  
the house.

'Mother,' he said, steadily, 'may I  
go down to Will Brown's this after-  
noon?'

She looked at him with a quick relief  
in her eyes.

'Yes, Charley, if you want to,' she  
answered. 'I hope you will have a  
good time.'

But he turned abruptly and slipped  
out doors again for fear he might read  
something different in his face.—S. S.  
Visitor.

## ORIGIN OF THE PENKNIFE.

Do you know why the little pocket-  
knives are often called penknives?  
Perhaps some of you have often won-  
dered, and did not like to ask. You  
use a steel pen at school, but when  
Washington lived there were no steel  
pens. At that time, and until the  
year 1820, pens were made out of the  
quills or large feathers of the goose  
and other birds. Now these quill pens,  
being soft, got out of order and split,  
so they had to be remade. Most  
writers kept a sharp knife to remake  
these pens, so the knives got to be  
called 'penknives.' The word 'pen'  
is from the Latin word 'penna,' which  
means a feather; so when we say steel  
pen we talk of a steel feather, which  
is absurd, but then the language is  
made up of very funny words and  
phrases, and the little word 'pen' is  
now used only for the piece of steel  
with which we write. What becomes  
of all the pens made? One firm in  
England makes two hundred million  
pens every year, and there are several  
other makers who send out nearly as  
many more; then in the United States  
we make at least two hundred millions  
every year. Where do they all go?  
It is not often that you can pick up  
old pens, and yet a vast number must  
be lost every day.—John de Morgan.

## LA GRIPPE AND HOW TO TREAT IT.

The treatment of this disease, says  
Good Health, should be vigorous; if  
begun at once, it need not take more  
than twenty-four or forty-eight hours  
to avert an attack. The first indica-  
tion is absolute rest, preferably in bed;  
the second, to relieve the congestion  
of the mucous membrane of the nose  
and respiratory tract, also of the brain  
and its coverings. This is best accom-  
plished in the following way:

1. Take a large enema with the  
water at 107 degrees F., to cleanse the  
bowels.

2. Place the feet and legs in water  
nearly up to the knees, having the  
water as hot as can be endured, and  
add hot water constantly. Continue  
this for twenty minutes, or longer, at  
the same time drinking freely of hot  
water or hot lemonade. While taking  
this treatment apply a compress of rug  
of hot water to the entire head,  
not to the forehead alone. This treat-

ment should be continued until one  
perspires freely.

3. Then go to bed, keeping the legs  
warm by wrapping them in woollen  
blankets.

4. If it is not convenient to employ  
the hot leg bath, feed a woollen blanket  
once, sink it in boiling water, wring it  
out quickly, and as soon as possible  
wrap it around the lower extremities,  
from the hips to the toes, surrounding  
all with a dry woollen blanket. Leave  
both on for at least half an hour, or  
until thorough perspiration is induced.  
During this treatment keep a cool com-  
press on the head. After either of  
these lines of treatment, one may be  
sponged off with water at 85 degrees  
F., into which a handful of salt has  
been thrown.

This treatment will usually be fol-  
lowed by weakness, but rest in bed,  
which is now very essential, will soon  
restore the patient to health.

The diet is no unimportant part of  
the treatment. If an exclusive fruit  
diet is used for twenty-four or thirty-  
six hours, recovery will be much more  
rapid and complete. The fruits should  
consist principally of baked apples,  
sweet or sour, good eating apples, and  
sweet oranges. This fruit is not very  
nourishing, but it is cleansing to the  
digestive tract, and gives the stomach  
a chance to rest. At the same time  
the acids of the fruit satisfy thirst,  
and stimulate the kidneys to greater  
activity.

The less medicine taken in a gripe  
the better; for this is a disease that  
cannot be broken up with a hot whis-  
key sling, a dose of Dover's powders,  
or any antipyretic drug. Drugs and  
all forms of alcohol should be avoided,  
for they disturb digestion, and thus  
aggravate the disease.

If one treatment as described does  
not break up an attack of influenza, it  
may be repeated the next day. The  
feet should be kept warm, the room  
well ventilated and cool—not above  
70 degrees, but no draft should fall on  
the patient.

A SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.—One is  
not surprised when such noble animals  
as the dog and horse become fond of  
each other, nor the equally interesting  
cat and monkey, for they have much in  
common; but that Tabby and a  
chicken should fraternize with the  
utmost good will is surely worthy of  
remark. A woman, living in the  
country, had a pet hen, who, mounting  
into her lap with cackles of delight,  
would deposit its morning offering, a  
fresh egg, in the impoverished nest.

The creature was finally set in a special  
box in the carriage-house, and the  
family waited with interest for the  
coming brood. One morning they  
noticed the hen at breakfast; and,  
again, half an hour later, the fowl was  
strutting about in apparent indifference  
to her cooling eggs. 'She'll make no  
setter,' was the disgusted comment.  
'She's been too pampered.' Following  
her to the carriage house, the woman  
was just in time to see a fluffy mass  
leap from the box and the hen serenely  
take its place on the nest. This con-  
tinued throughout the three weeks.

When Madame Hen took her morning  
constitutional, Tabby Cat would  
obligingly keep house and look after  
her interests, leaving the moment the  
little lady returned.—New York  
Herald.

TRAINING SHEPHERD DOGS.—The na-  
tives of New Mexico seem to have an  
original way of training shepherd dogs.  
A pup is taken from its mother as  
soon after birth as possible. The  
breed of the dog is immaterial. The  
young of a sheep or goat is taken away,  
and the pup substituted. After the  
first few days the pup is never fed  
except just before the flock goes to  
pasture in the morning and just after  
the sheep are brought in at night. As  
soon as he can walk he goes out with  
the flock and stays with it all day.  
Whenever he begins to antelope  
supper by trying to drive the flock in  
before sundown he gets punished. After  
he is about a year old he takes a  
flock out, guards it from other dogs  
and coyotes during the day, and brings  
it in at the proper time at night with-  
out supervision. I have tried all kinds  
of temptation on a dog that was en-  
countered in the hills with his flock,  
but in spite of all he would remain  
faithful to his duty, driving his flock  
to a safe distance before venturing to  
make the acquaintance of my own dog.

'CARRY SUNSHINE WITH YOU.'  
A bright, fresh, sunny face is always  
inspiring, and it always denotes a good  
heart as well as a happy heart. Many  
faces that were once overcast with  
gloom have been bright and sunny by  
Ho do's Sarsaparilla which cures all  
dyspeptic symptoms, strengthens the  
nerves and tones up and invigorates  
the whole system.

Constipation is cured by Hood's  
Pills, the non-purging cathartic.  
Sold by all druggists.

## WHERE BABIES ARE NEVER WASHED.

A traveler from Russia says that  
Russian babies in Siberia are not very  
attractive. And when he tells us one  
of the reasons, we do not wonder at  
his thinking so.

He says that one day he noticed in  
one of the houses a curious bundle on  
a shelf; another hung from a peg in  
the wall, and a third hung by a rope  
from the rafters; this one the mother  
was swinging. The traveller discovered  
that each curious bundle was a child;  
the one in the swinging bundle was the  
youngest.

The traveler looked at the little  
baby, and found it so dirty that he ex-  
claimed in disgust:

'Why! do you not wash it?'

The mother looked horror-stricken,  
and ejaculated: 'Why! why! why! why!

'Wash it! Wash the baby! Why it  
would kill it!'

What a happy country Russia would  
be for some boys! They would never  
hear 'Wash your face and hands,' nor  
'Have you brushed your hair?' But,  
oh! how they would look!—Selected.

STARTING WRONG.—'Dear me,' said  
little James, 'I buttoned just one  
button wrong, and that makes all the  
rest go wrong,' and he tugged and  
fretted as if the poor buttons were at  
fault for his trouble.

'Patience, patience,' said his sister.

'The next time look out for the first  
wrong button, then you'll keep all the  
rest right.'

What a practical lesson can be drawn  
from this little boy's mistake. How  
frequently the first act leads to great  
evils and sad ends. The little boy  
struck his brother. That was the first  
wrong deed. Then he denied it. That  
was another. Then he was unhappy  
and cross all the day because he did  
not tell the truth.—Selected.

He alone is trustworthy who stands  
by his work, ready to acknowledge his  
failure or wear the laurels of success  
the beautiful composure of an honest  
man who has done his best.—Thomas  
K. Beecher.

'After all,' says James Russell  
Lowell, 'the kind of world one carries  
about in one's self is the important  
thing; and the world outside takes all  
its grace, color, and value from that.'

WHAT WE OWE OTHERS.—The world  
is very full of sorrow and trial, and we  
cannot live among our fellow men and  
be true without sharing their loads.  
If we are happy, we must hold the  
lamp of our happiness so that its  
beams may fall upon the shadowed  
heart. If we have no burden, it is  
our duty to put our shoulders under  
the load of others. Selfishness must  
die, or else our own heart's life must  
be frozen within us. We soon learn  
that we cannot live for ourselves and  
be Christians, that the blessings that  
are given to us are really for other  
people, and that we are only God's  
ministers to carry them in Christ's  
name to those for whom they are  
intended.

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injus-  
tice to confound that standard healing  
agent—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with  
the ordinary unguents, lotions and  
salves. They are oftentimes inflamma-  
tory and astringent. This Oil is, on  
the contrary, eminently cooling and  
soothing when applied externally to  
relieve pain, and powerfully remedial  
when swallowed.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—  
Among the many good qualities which  
Parmentier's Vegetable Pills possess,  
besides regulating the digestive organs,  
is their efficacy in reducing inflamma-  
tion of the eyes. It has called forth  
many letters of recommendation from  
those who were afflicted with this com-  
plaint and found a cure in the pills.  
They affect the nerve centres and the  
blood in a surprisingly active way, and  
the result is almost immediately seen.

## Perfect Worm Medicine.

'I have given Dr. Low's Worm  
Syrup to my children with excellent  
results and I find it the most perfect  
worm medicine, as you are not required  
to give any Cathartic with it.'

Mrs. Daniel Smith  
P. O. Box 56,  
Lunenburg, N. S.

## AGENTS WANTED

For our two new Books.

THE LIBRARY OF SOUTH  
AFRICA

(Four books in one) and

D. L. MOODY,

THE MAN AND HIS MISSION.

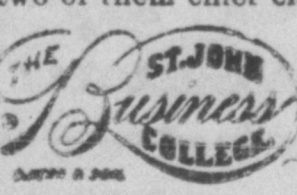
The books are well written and up-  
to date, and are not a rehash of old  
matter; the prices are low and the  
terms extra liberal; agents can make  
money if they take hold at once and  
sell our books; price of prospectus for  
the Library of South Africa, 50 cts.  
D. L. Moody, 35 cts.

or the two for 75 cents, and the  
amount refunded with the first order  
of five or more books.

WILLIAM DRIGGS,

Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Nov. 25th we published the names  
and addresses of thirty of our students  
who had recently obtained good  
situations. Since then eleven more  
names have been added to the list.  
Ten of our students are under one  
roof in the C. P. R. office, St. John  
two of them chief clerks.



Business and  
Shorthand (Pit-  
man) Catalogues  
to any address.

S. KERR & SON

Professional Cards.

DR. ATHERTON,

Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to  
St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto.  
has required practice in Fredericton, N. B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

BARRISTER,

CONVEYANCER &c. &c.

Money to Loan on Real Estate security

CHESTNUT BUILDING CTF. City Ha

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Money to Loan.

As Solicitor for several parties de-  
siring to invest their money on  
Real Estate Security,

I am prepared to loan amounts of from  
\$100.00 to \$5000.00 at lowest rates  
of interest and easy terms. Payments  
on account of principal accepted at  
any time.

ARTHUR R. SLIPP,

Barriester and Solicitor.

Fredericton, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.,

WOODSTOCK N B

Manchester, Robertson

and Allison

St. John, N. B.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains

Silks, Millinery, Furs, Cloaks

ess Goods, Men's and Boy

Orthing Gents' Furnishings

Our New Furniture Department contains  
an immense stock of

Fine Furniture

in Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining

Tables, Sideboards, Rocking

Chairs, Easy Chairs, Brass

and Iron Bedsteads,

and all kinds of Household Furniture

at Lowest prices

Dragon Blend

—AND—

Griffin Blend

TEAS

are unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for

them. Wholesale only by

A. F. Randolph & Son

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE

800 ACRES. Land lays well. Well watered.

Large amount of hard wood timber; near

railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings