

My Party.

He had a party 'cause I'm six years old, and 'cause I did last week as I was told, and always shut the door and feed my cat. Nor once forgot to hang up my new hat.

Mamma invited five boys, friends of mine though Tommy Englefield is almost nine. The cook made cakes all full of fruit and spice, and lots of other things that make a party nice.

But Willie had the mumps and couldn't come, and Chester fell down stairs and broke his thumb.

But had the croup and Leo a sore throat, and Tom had gone to Boston on the boat.

And so papa, mamma and I—we three had just a lovely, lovely party tea.

'Too bad,' said every one; but—don't you tell—

I think I liked it just about as well.

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The Word of a Boy.

'What do you know about him, any way?' asked Alfred Grierson, sharply.

'Not much, only he thinks a lot of his word,' answered Charley, timidly.

'What do you mean?'

'Why, if he says he'll do a thing, he'll stick to it. His word is enough.'

The questioner turned aside with a prolonged whistle.

'I suppose you think I got the worst of it,' he said, a little disdainfully, 'because I didn't take you on the ice yesterday. Perhaps you would consider that I had a reason.'

'So he had; the reason that he thought he would have more fun in the company of another boy, who had a rich father and a sleigh of his own.'

The speaker was brothers; Alfred about fifteen, the other five years younger.

'Father,' questioned Alfred Grierson, 'that evening, do you think a fellow should always stick to a promise?'

'Certainly I do, unless he clearly sees that keeping it would be unjust, or might bring trouble to another.'

'But what if he saw it would bring trouble on himself?'

'He should have considered that before he made it. A sensible man will look ahead, as far as he can; a man of honor questions his own heart closely as to whether breaking his word means pleasure or gain to himself. It is easy to find an excuse for following our own will, but an excuse is not always a reason.'

Alfred colored a little, and looked toward the corner where his younger brother sat. Charley did not lift his eyes from his book, though he had heard every word.

The boy who had won the approval of Charley Grierson was a newcomer in the school they attended, and more than a year older than Alfred. George Sanborn soon became popular, and Alfred was secretly jealous of his influence.

The old Romans were not the only ones who admired great physical strength, and Sanborn was tall for his age, well built and with muscles finely developed. His widowed mother was too poor and too prudent to pamper him, but plenty of open-air exercise on hillside and river, frequent plunges, and good, wholesome food, were combining to build up an early, vigorous manhood, which was good to behold.

Almost immediately on entering the school Charley Grierson's somewhat diminutive figure and delicate appearance had appealed to him, as weakness always should appeal to strength.

'Hello,' he said one day during play hour, passing a corner where he had seen Charley a short time before pouring over a volume profusely illustrated.

The little fellow was now sitting with hands idly folded and a drooping lip, but no book. 'Have you finished reading?'

'I had to give up my book,' was the spiritless answer.

'Were you reading it?'

'Of course I was, and just in the finest part, where the bear—'

'Who's got it?'

'Murray.'

'Never mind, old chap,' said Sanborn, heartily; 'another bear has got into the school; he must be tamed a bit. You shall have your book.'

Charley never inquired by what means this desirable end was attained. He only knew that in ten minutes the book lay in his lap, and he was pursuing the bear through its pages. It was this incident which made the new boy a hero in Charley Grierson's eyes.

There are heroes in humdrum, everyday life, in humble homes, performing common tasks faithfully and unselfishly. They are in training, and perhaps some day hearts will be stirred by the account of some brave deed which brings one after another to the world's notice.

'What would I do without him?' said Mrs. Sanborn, stopping one moment in the porch to watch the active figure of her lad as he sped to

the village on an errand. 'He promised his father he'd be a help to me, and he never once broke his word.'

The next morning as the gate to the school yard was about to open a group of boys were talking excitedly.

'My father says I may bring three of you fellows along,' exclaimed one, in a high tone. 'You, Grierson and Murray and Sanborn. We have a two seat sleigh and a pair of horses.'

Sanborn caught his cap and tossed it into the air with a wild 'Hoorah!' but as it descended his face clouded.

'It is too bad,' he said. 'I hate myself for saying that, but it is too bad. I must go home directly after school this afternoon.'

'Who said so?' asked the others.

'I did.'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed Alfred Grierson. A flush rose to young Sanborn's face, but he answered silently.

'I promised mother before I came away. I gave my word and I'll stick to it. It is something that can't be put off, or you know I would try all I could; I'm up to fun as well as any of you. Now, don't let it be harder, but do something for me, to make up. Will you take young Charley Grierson in my place? I can't tell how obliged I am to you and your father for asking me,' he concluded, turning to the lad who had invited him. It was real good of you.

There was a straightforward manliness in this that was catching, and the boy he addressed cried out: 'Charley shall go,' and Murray echoed: 'Charley shall go,' and even Alfred struck in.

So Charley went, and rubbed his little hands in glee and laughed and shouted, while George Sanborn was ten times more his hero than ever.

But previous to this, just as the gate swung open, George almost knocked against a gentleman who had come up unperceived, and overheard the conversation. With a friendly nod, he said in passing, 'That's right my boy; stick to your mother. You never had, never will have, a better friend.'

Mrs. Sanborn had business in a town about five miles distant that afternoon, and her son was to drive her in a sleigh, a very shabby affair, borrowed from a neighboring farmer. At first the idea was agreeable, and he thought little of the turnout. Now, however, as he contrasted it in his mind with a certain double sleigh he had seen, with a fur rug thrown over the back and another drawn up in front to keep the feet warm, while a pair of dashing horses proudly tossed their necks and set the bells a jingling, he was conscious of a glow of shame. He hated himself for the poor pride, but it had been there, and left a sore spot, as if scorched by fire.

But this was only the beginning of the humiliation. Returning home, some hours later, a sleigh swept past, going in the same direction, the bells and glad young voices mingling in merry music. Sanborn's schoolmates shouted their recognition; only one tailed in a fraternal greeting. As the gentleman in charge of the party turned to look at the object of their salutation, his eyes roamed over the homely figure of the mother, the poor, shabby vehicle and the heavy horse, with a sort of contemptuous pity. Alfred Grierson, catching that look, was ashamed to shout.

'Never mind, there will come a time when they won't be ashamed to know me,' George muttered to himself. 'Money means influence, and influence and money mean labor. The road doesn't lie before me as clear as this I'm driving on now, but I'll learn all I can, and it will come to me or I shall come to it.'

And it did, sooner than he thought. Mr. Grierson kept his eye on the lad, and at the close of the school term offered young Sanborn a place in his office.

'I want him there,' he explained to the mother, 'because I can depend on his word, and if he is what I think, he will get on. He shall have leisure and advantages for evening study. And now my wife is coming to see you. If there is anything you would like to have done, let her know.'

Mrs. Grierson was a kind-hearted, Christian woman, with tact and judgment. She avoided wounding the widow's feelings and her son's boyish pride, but their home had more refining influences, and Mrs. Sanborn added comforts from that time.

And in after years, when people commented on the prosperity of a certain man of business, he was wont to say:

'It all came of my keeping my word to my mother.'—New York Observer.

Stealing a Bear's Cubs.

It is, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case, recorded in Current Literature, the travelers who engaged in the pastime found the grief of the mother too real to allow them to persist in the fun. They were a professor and five seniors

from an eastern college, and the scene of their adventure was the Seneca Indian Reservation, near the line between Pennsylvania and New York.

They came upon a couple of little cubs snuggled away in the bush, and scarcely realizing what they did, carried them to their boat and covered them with a coat. Then they hastily pushed off and paddled up stream to be farther from the infuriated mother when she should discover her loss.

The little fellows kept up a continual crying, and soon a plunge caused the travelers to look back, and there was the old bear puffing and floundering across in search of her babies.

The almost human intelligence and solicitude she displayed, made it no easy matter to persist in the abduction of the cubs. Pressing on ahead of the boat a few rods, she would plunge into the stream and intercept it, and when evaded and passed, would take to the bank again and repeat the attempt with increased cunning.

Her actions were intensely human. She screamed and scolded, wept and moaned, her tears flowing freely, her lips and under jaw trembling. She hid her face in her paws, and then held them forth as if beseeching. Some of the party were for giving up the cubs, but others held out.

The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's actions of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came more plaintive notes. She showed no sign of abandoning the chase.

At last it was decided to surrender the cubs, and the boat was pulled across to the bank opposite to the old bear. There the little ones were gently placed on the sandy beach and the party hurried back to the boat. They were none too soon, for the instant they lifted her babies in sight, the mother started across.

She went to the cubs, nosed them over, searching for wounds, and then licked their glossy fur affectionately, crying meanwhile like a human mother weeping for joy. Then after reproaching the travelers furiously for a minute she took both cubs by the neck, and, holding them in her great jaws, carried them off into the woods.

A Screech Owl.

Did you ever hear a screech owl, boys and girls? At this time of the year the woods are full of them, and their screeches are startling, to say the least. They are not apt to come to well settled places to make their lamentations heard and that is the reason, probably, why I had not heard one about my dwelling.

It was just at dusk of an October day that I heard a most distressing wail from the orchard. At first I thought it some child crying and wondered what child could be out there. Then, standing in the door I thought the cries were of some older person in great distress. Beyond the orchard there was a little house where an old lady lived. I knew she was all alone at that time and I said to myself, 'The poor old soul has fallen down and has broken some of her bones. I snatched a wrap from the closet and ran through the orchard. The pile of apples that the men had picked that day were at every side. I could not but stop to turn my eye towards them, they were such a beautiful sight.

The screeches grew more and more distressing and sometimes I felt sure that it was a dear little child left at the wayside by some heartless person, and then I concluded again that it was my crippled old neighbor. But that conclusion was wrong as I found in coming in sight of the house, for there stood the old lady in the doorway looking this way and that.

'What is that dreadful noise?' I called out.

'That is just what I am trying to find out,' she answered. 'It sounds like a child.'

At that moment a boy came along in a wagon. With a 'halloo there?' I made him stop.

'Did you see any crying child as you came along?' I asked.

'No,' was his short, sincere reply.

'Listen. Do you hear that cry of distress?' I asked in fear and trembling.

Then the boy, who was a boy after the manner of the boys in Edward Eggleston's Hoosier Schoolboy, threw back his head and roared with laughter. 'Don't you know what that is? That's a screech owl.' And he drove on. I suppose to have another laugh at my expense with the other boys.

But it was such a relief to know that nobody was in distress that one could not be indignant at being fooled and laughed at when the result was so satisfactory.—S. T. P., in The Evangelist.

CHILDREN WILL GO FLEIGHING. They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid sweets, there's but one Pain-Killer, Per-y-Davis'. 35c. and 50c.

How He Learned.

A mother I know had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said, 'Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?' He looked up and said, 'What made you ask me that, mamma?' And she answered, 'Because dear, it would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F. (the minister), and surely I would not be rude to my own dear boy.'

The boy thought a moment, and then said, 'Mamma, what ought I to say back?' His mamma replied, 'What do you think would be nice?'

He studied over it a while, for he was such a wee laddie, and then said, 'Would it be nice to say, "Sure you can?" This was mamma's time to say, "That would be nice, but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F. would, "Certainly!" It means the same thing, you know.'

That little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said of him the other day, 'It's second nature to W. to be polite,' and the mother smiled as she thanked God in her heart for the grace that had helped her to be unfailingly courteous to her boy.

Is it any wonder that not long ago he wrote to a friend of his mother, 'Her life preaches too eloquently to me to need any wordy effort on my part?'

Mother, how are you training God's boy?—Christian Work.

Being Too Many Persons.

'I might be one pretty good girl, perhaps, but as for being eight or ten of them, I may just as well give up trying,' said Mabel with a laugh, but with a little note of trouble in her voice.

'Eight or ten girls?' questioned grandma, wondering.

'Well, there's the next one,' explained Mabel. 'I've heard her extolled until I resolve to keep my room and all my belongings in spotless order. It takes nearly all the morning before school time to do it, and after I've succeeded for about a week, mamma gently remarks: "I hope my girl isn't forgetting to be sisterly? I hear Rob mourning because Mabel never has time to help with his lessons any more."

'Then I'm full of remorse, and try to be the best sister possible—but my room sometimes suffers a little. That's only two of the girls. There's the brilliant student that I attempted when Uncle John told of her, and the mischievous girl I wanted to be when I read that book last week. It's no use counting them. Every one crowds out the others, and I can't be all of them.'

'I should hope not!' answered grandma. 'Child, did you ever read what Paul said about "diversity of gifts, but the same spirit?" Just be sure what spirit moves you, and then try only to be your best self, in your own place.'

Dewey and the Powder Boy.

This touching incident is related by the New York Independent:

'When the order to clear for action was given in Dewey's fleet on that memorable May morning in Manila Bay, one of the powder boys hastily took off his coat, which slipped from his hand into the water.'

'In the inside pocket was a photograph of his mother. The boy had just been looking at it, and restored it to what seemed to be a safe place.'

'He asked permission to jump overboard and recover the coat, and when he was forbidden to do this he went to the other side of the ship, leaped into the water, swam to the coat and saved it.'

'For disobedience he was put in irons and held for further punishment. Commodore Dewey wondered why he had risked his life and disobeyed orders for the sake of a coat, for the boy had said nothing about the photograph.'

'In answer to the commander's kind questions he disclosed his motive. The commodore's eyes filled with tears, and he clasped the boy in his arms. Orders were given that the little fellow should be released.'

'A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture, said Dewey, cannot be kept in irons on this fleet.'

The Young Squirrels.

Once, while I was calling at the home of some boys, I was invited by them into the old kitchen to see something they wanted to show me. There lying on the floor, was an old mother cat, a kitten nearly half grown and four nearly full grown grey squirrels, all together in a heap.

That while plunging in the spring they had found a nest with four tiny young grey squirrels in it. They brought the little things home and gave them to old mother puss to bring

up. She had lost all her young kittens but one, and at once adopted the squirrels. She cared for them just as if they were her own kittens. The little strangers took her at once as their mother and the kitten as a brother. The five played together as kittens—only, when the squirrels grew larger, they would climb up along the side of the house or hastily run up a tree, and leave their cat step-brother below, looking wistfully at, but not daring to follow the more nimble members of his mother's family. These little fellows treated their step-brother kindly; they took all the nuts and let him have all the meat.

Don'ts.

'Don't do that, dear.'

'Why, mamma, I'll soon be Johnny Don't,' and the baby's sweet face had a pained, puzzled look that hurt the mother's heart, but opened her eyes.

'There must be a better way,' she said, 'and I must find it.'

When the boy came with hammer and nails she said: 'Suppose you take these boards, laddie, and make a chicken coop.' Johnnie was delighted. That was so much better than aimlessly pounding the nails in table or chair and being called to order by 'Johnnie, don't.'

'Don't make so much noise!' gave way to 'Why not take your pig out for a scamper, then he can be quiet when inside.' You see, the hap found the better way. We love our babies, yet thoughtlessly hurt them. Study your ways, mothers, and spare the 'don'ts.'—Central Presbyterian.

A Dog Talks Through a Telephone.

Among the passengers who alighted at Redhill Station, in England, the other day, says a French paper, was a young lady who at once sought out the station master, and complained, with tears in her eyes, that she had lost her poodle at Reigate station. The station master telephoned his colleague at Reigate, who replied that there was, in fact, at that moment in his office a dog which answered to the description given as the missing poodle, and which was found wandering about the station. The lady requested to have the ear of the dog placed to the telephone receiver, and proceeded to call him by name. The animal immediately recognized the voice of its mistress, began to bark, and ended by jumping up on the instrument, at the other end of which its mistress was speaking to her favorite, which was soon restored to her.

ABOUT HORSES.—These maxims should be committed to memory by every user of horses, although a good many users of horses are incapable of committing anything to memory:

1. It is everybody's business to interfere with cruelty.

2. It is better to direct your horse by a low voice than by a whip or rein.

3. The whip is but little used by our best horsemen, and never severely.

4. You can get no more power from a horse than you give him in his food.

5. Yelling and jerking the bit confuses a horse and advertises a block-head.

6. The horse is a man's invaluable helper, and should be treated as a friend.

7. Any fool can ruin a team, but a wise driver maintains its value.

8. The best drivers talk much to their animals.

9. Your horse needs water oftener than you.

10. A sandy or muddy road doubles the work.

11. A rise of only one foot in ten doubles the draft.

12. Balking is caused by abuse, overloading or tight harness.

A short creed, well believed and honestly applied, is what we need. The world waits, and we must pray and labor not for a more complete and logical theology, but for a more real and true living Christianity.

All we shall find in Christ. If we want little, we shall find little; if we want much, we shall find much; and if, in utter hopelessness we cast our all on Christ, he will be to us the treasury of God.—Bishop Whipple.

They Wake the Torpid Energies,—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

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