

I Wish and I Will.

I Wish and I Will, so my grandmother says. I wish to be a little boy in the long ago, and I wish to sigh, while I will use, to try

For the things he desired; at least, that's what my Grandma tells me, and she ought to know.

I wish was so weak, so my grandmother says.

That he longed to have some one to help him about,

And while he'd stand still and look up at the hill,

And sigh to be there to go coasting, I will.

Would glide past him with many a shout.

They grew to be men, so my grandmother says,

And all that I wish ever did was to dream—

To dream and to sigh that life's hill was so high,

While I will wait to work and soon learned if we try,

His are never so steep as they seem.

I wish lived in want, so my grandmother says,

But I will had enough and a portion to spare;

Whatever he thought was worth winning he sought

With an earnest and patient endeavour that brought

Of blessing a bountiful share.

And whenever my grandma hears anyone

"Wish,"

A method she seeks in his mind to instill

For increasing his joys, and she straightway employs

The lesson she learned from the two little boys

Whose names were I Wish and I Will.

—Nixon Waterman.

I Trust You.

I was only twelve years old, and, I think, the youngest and most successful

pick-pocket and thief in general in Brighton.

I had been driving a brisk trade for four years, and had never been

"nabbed," nor even, I believe, suspected.

I had a round, rosy, innocent-looking face, and very good manners when I chose to assume them.

One wet dreary day in October I found, like Othello, that, for the time being, my occupation was gone; it was

late in the afternoon, the shopkeepers had put up their shutters, the very few people in the streets kept my hands out of their pockets by keeping their own in.

I was lounging against the railings in Albert Street, feeling rather down in the mouth, when a door on the other side was opened, and a clear ringing whistle attracted my notice.

A young man stood on the steps, holding some letters in his hand. I dashed across, and touched my cap.

"Can you post these for me?" he inquired. "I am sorry to send you in the rain, but there is no one here to take them, and I dare not go out myself, as I am not well."

I noticed then that he looked very ill. He was tall and slender, not more than twenty-four years of age, but his face was white and thin, with a bright crimson spot in either cheek, and his large clear eyes shone like stars; the blue veins stood out like cords on his temples, and the long thin hands were almost transparent.

He had a thick black wrapped round him, but he shivered in the damp air.

"I'll post them, sir," I said quickly.

"Thank you. Here's a shilling for you. And will you also run round to Mr. Gordon's—the vicar of St. John's Church, you know—with this little packet."

"Certainly, sir." But all my professional cunning could not keep the delighted grin from my face. That packet contained money; Mr. Gordon might bless his stars if he ever saw it.

I think the beautiful eyes read my thoughts. The invalid's thin white hand rested lightly on my shoulder, and he looked me straight in the face.

"I trust you my boy," he said gently.

"You may, sir," I answered promptly.

I touched my cap again.

He put his hand to his side with a look of pain as he turned away.

I hurried off on my errands.

"I'll be hanged if I can grab the tin now!" I said to myself as I dropped the letters in the post-box, with that gentle "I trust you" ringing in my ears.

"No voice ever said that to me before, and I'm blest if they had reason to; but here goes to old Gordon's."

I got a job that kept me all the next day. When it was finished I ran round to Albert Street. I wanted to tell the man who had trusted me, that for the first time in my life I had been worthy of trust.

With a far greater pain than I felt when my father was taken to prison for breaking a policeman's head, I saw that all the blinds were down.

With the boldness of a street arab I ran up the steps and rang the bell. A sour-looking woman opened the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Please can I see the gentleman that lives here?"

"No, you can't; he's dead!"

"Dead!" I cried, bursting into tears, regardless of the passers-by.

"Come inside, boy, and tell me what is the matter," said the woman.

I sobbed out my story, and begged her to let me just look at my friend.

"What is the matter?" inquired a gentle voice. And I turned to see a young lady, with fair hair, and gray eyes dimmed with weeping.

"This boy wants to see your brother."

Miss Graham, said the landlady, briefly; he says he spoke kindly to him yesterday."

"At what time?" she asked, eagerly.

"Late in the afternoon, please, miss," I sobbed.

She glanced at the woman.

"Perhaps he was the last one darling Claude spoke to," she said, trying to steady her voice.

"Very likely, miss, for when I went into his room at half-past five he was quite unconscious, and never recovered as you know."

"Come here, and tell me what he said to you," said Miss Graham gently.

I repeated all I had told the landlady.

"So like him!" she murmured, with tears in her eyes. "And you would like to see him? Come with me, then."

She led the way upstairs to a quiet room, where lay the lifeless form of the only man who had ever spoke kindly to me.

He lay as if asleep, the fair head turned a little to one side, the white hands folded in a natural position on the breast, and on the calm features rested the peacefulness of that repose which "God gives to His beloved."

My tears fell fast as I gazed at the sweet face. "I wanted to tell him that I kept my word," I sobbed, "but now he will never know."

The bereaved sister laid her hand on my arm. "Ask God to prepare you to go where he is going, and then you can tell him!"

"I will," I answered, checking my tears. "Please, miss, may I just kiss him?"

She nodded, and I kissed the cold rigid lips which only a few hours before had uttered that gentle "I trust you, my boy."

"I'll starve afore I'll steal again," I said, as I followed Miss Graham from the room.

And I kept my word. I am now, by God's goodness, a prosperous and happy man, but I eagerly anticipate the day when I shall meet my first friend in the better land, and be able to tell him how much his trust in me has accomplished.—E. R. Marsh.

The Two-Faced Apple.

It was a dull, rainy day. Out in the garden, Linda could see the pretty flowers hanging their pretty heads, all dewy with the heavy mist.

Only the brave little pansies looked up at her, as she stood at the window watching them; the other flowers were trying to hide away among the green leaves.

"O Harry," she cried, "just come and see the pansies! Don't they look as if they liked to have the rain washed?"

Harry left the block bridge he was carefully building, and ran to the window. "There is a birdie washing his face, too," he cried.

In a little pool near by, a sparrow was splashing merrily about as if he quite approved of rainy days.

"Wouldn't it be jolly fun if I could jump into the water as he does?" said Harry. "I don't like to stay in the house when it rains."

Grandfather had not ventured out of doors this rainy afternoon, but sat in his great easy-chair, looking over a pile of old books and seed catalogues.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "I don't know whether to believe it or not!" Evidently he was talking to himself.

"I wonder what it can be that grandfather doesn't believe," thought Linda.

"What is it that you don't believe, grandfather?" she asked, peeping over his shoulder at the illustrated catalogue.

"Well, dearie, this book tells about a new kind of apple that has two faces. One is very sweet, like our nice Tallman sweets, and the other side as sour as the winter greenings. I don't know what to think about it."

"I shouldn't like that kind of an apple. It would be a real cheat," said Linda, promptly. "If I bit the sweet side, I should think it was a nice apple, and should be disappointed to find the rest was sour; and if I were to taste the sour side first, I should throw away the whole apple."

"Quite logical," said grandfather, smiling, "and yet I don't know why there shouldn't be two-faced apples as well as two-faced people."

Linda looked puzzled. "What do you mean, grandfather?" she asked.

"Well, I know a little girl who can be very sweet and agreeable. She brings my slippers and newspapers, and is all smiles and sunshine at times. Then, again, she is cross and fretful, and pouts if she can not do just what she wants to do. Isn't that a great deal like your description of the two-faced

apple? If a stranger saw her when she was sweet and sunny, he would say, 'Well, that is a nice little girl' and would know nothing about the cross side. But suppose he should hear her scolding and crying, because something went wrong? Then he would think, 'That is a very naughty girl,' and would not know about her pleasant disposition and ways."

"Now, grandfather, I'm afraid you mean me," said Linda. Then she went and sat down by the window to think it over. If there was anything Linda despised, it was cheating. In the games at the school recess, she was very careful that everything should be honest. She would not cheat anybody for the world. And now, as she thought about grandfather's words, she was afraid that she had been cheating people, after all. By and by, she went over and stood beside grandfather's chair with a very determined look upon her face.

"I'm just going to have one face after this, grandfather," she said, "and I think a smiling face is the prettiest, so that I shall try always to be good-natured. If I am cross, will you please say, 'Sour apples!' and then I shall remember. You see I don't mean to be a cheat, and have people think I am good when I am naughty so often."

For a little while, grandfather had to say "Sour apples" quite often, but Linda was in earnest, and at last she was able to keep her face bright and happy nearly all the time.

"I'm glad you told me about that two-faced apple," she said to grandfather one day, "for if you hadn't I might never have known how I was cheating people. It's ever so much more comfortable to have just one face; people know what to expect of you then," she added sagely.

"We all are very apt to have company manners and faces that are better than those we use every day. I shouldn't wonder if there were many little girls who ought to know about that two-faced apple. Perhaps they might learn to say, 'Sour apples,' too," said her grandfather. Sabbath-school Visitor.

How They Treat Snobs at Eton.

The general impression is that an Eton boy, coming as he does almost exclusively from the aristocratic classes of England, is a rather snobbish person. Perhaps he is until it is "taken out of him" in his earlier days, but "taken out" it surely is.

Some of the stories of the reforming processes are very funny. There's one apocryphal tale that is said to be thoroughly characteristic. If not true, it might be.

A new boy, a boy of great dignity of manner, is observed wandering about alone. Some older boys, having eyed him from a distance, advance.

"Who are you?" they ask.

"I'm Lord Blank. I've just come."

"Well, who else are you?"

"My sister is Lady Blank."

"Go on."

"My father is the Earl of Blank."

"Go on."

"My grandfather is the Duke of Blank."

"Go on."

"Go on? What more do you want?"

"No more!" they shout, and straightway they set upon him and skillfully kick him across the playground.

"There's one kick for you; that's a lord!" they cry as they go. "And two for your sister; that's a lady! There's three for your father, who's an earl, and four for your grandfather, who is a duke; and if you ever put on any more airs around here, you'll get it all over again. Do you understand?"

The present Sir Walter Scott tells the story himself of how he fell into disgrace when he first arrived at Eton. It seems that he was very fond of his grandfather, the old Duke of Buccleugh, and used to talk about him a great deal. He was not even sophisticated enough to take warning from the ominous silence that greeted every mention of the old gentleman's name but prattled on.

Finally one day the boys arose en masse. They were at the top of a long hill, when Sir Walter lifted up his voice in innocent praise of "my grandfather, the duke."

The first he knew the air was full of fiends who were kicking him down the hill, screaming at him: "Take that for your grandfather, the duke!"

"They kept it up," he says, "until I came to my senses enough to cry for mercy. Then they stopped. 'Did you have enough?' they said. 'All you wanted?' I said I had. 'Well, young fellow, bear it in mind that it isn't half of what you'll get if you ever mention your grandfather, the duke, as long as you're in Eton! This is a boys' school. It isn't a school for snobs!'" — Leslie's Weekly.

IF TAKEN IN TIME THE D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run-down" condition, the after-effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Bobby's First Experience.

When Uncle John came home from Europe what do you think he brought to Bobby? Why, a watch, a really truly watch, that would keep time. Of course, as Bobby was only six years old, he was rather young to take care of a nice watch like that, but Uncle John showed him how to wind and set it, and so Bobby kept his watch in first-rate order. But one day he noticed a speck of dirt on its face. "Ho, ho," said Bobby to himself, "I don't want my nice, new watch to have a dirty face. I'll wash it."

So he went up in the bathroom and put the watch in a bowl of warm water and rubbed plenty of soap on it. He even took a little brush and scrubbed the inside works, so there shouldn't be a speck of dirt about it anywhere. Then he wiped it dry with a clean towel, and put it back into his pocket.

Well, after that it didn't seem to go as well as usual, so Bobby decided it needed oiling. He got his mother's oil can from her sewing machine, and carefully oiled all the wheels of his watch. But still it didn't seem to go right.

Then Bobby happened to think that perhaps the weather was too cold for it, so he went out into the kitchen and put it in the oven for a while. It got so hot he had to take it out with a pair of tongs, and then he put it out of doors in a big snowdrift to cool off. But, do you know, even after all that careful treatment that hateful old watch wouldn't go right, so Bobby gave it back to Uncle John and said he didn't care much for watches, anyway. — Selected.

Dogs that Can Tell the Time.

The Oriental Express, the famous train from Paris to Constantinople, arrives, it seems, three times a week, at a certain hour in the afternoon. When the train comes in there are always many dogs ready to receive it. Before the passengers have had time to get out, the dogs jump into their carriages and search everywhere under the seats and in the corners for the scraps of luncheon left by the passengers; and when they have found all the pieces they go away. The remarkable thing is that they never come at any time except when the Oriental Express is due; that they never make a mistake in the day, and always remember that between Friday and Monday there are two days and not one. They pay no attention to local trains, because little or no food is left in them owing to the short rides the passengers take. Exactly this same knowledge of the time table and of the difference between local and long-distance trains has been noticed at the stations of the Asiatic railways in Scutari, across the Bosphorus.—St. Nicholas.

What a Beaver Did.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett, son of the late Superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver, which he relates in The North and West. A large willow tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's inclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb, commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again and with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch.

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of his sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it, and was seen swimming about the pool until about half past five. Then he returned to his work.

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground.

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

An old colored preacher was asked to define Christian perseverance. He answered, "It means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to nebbber leave go."

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.—John Ruskin.

'Success is costly if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood.'

FIRST AND FOREMOST.

In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsapilla. It possesses actual and unequalled merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure or impoverished blood. If you have rheumatism, dyspepsia, scrofula or catarrh you may take Hood's Sarsapilla and be cured. If you are run down and feel weak and tired, you may be sure it will do you good.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

Hints on Health.

Never hurry the sick while eating. Pleasant little surprises help greatly.

Never talk about disagreeable things then.

Something from a neighbor's is often a treat.

Neighbors, just please remember this when you can furnish some little relish.

It is oftenest best not to speak of the food until served.

A cheery face and voice help to make the tray attractive.

Have everything neat and dainty about the tray, stand or table.

Anything disliked should be carefully put out of sight or changed.

Wet a clean wash cloth and freshen the face and hands before eating.

A hot drink at bedtime often rests, refreshes and soothes both the sick and the well.

A little "nourishment" at regular hours during the night is needed by the very weak.

A little hot drink to slip between meals for the weak or the aged, and the tired also, is a tonic.

The remembrance and thoughtfulness of one's weakness and need warms the heart and aids digestion.

If food must be given when there is no relish for it, make it plain, but nourishing. Give in such cases practically as you would a medicine.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parlee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of a cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

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