AN APRIL FOOL.

BY ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.
Colorado Springs.

CHAPTER I.—THE DAY BEFORE.

"The trouble is that the practical jokes which the people play upon each other on 'April Fool's Day,' as the 1st of April is called, are so apt to be of an unpleasant nature. Is it not so? For illustration I will ask some of you to tell me some tricks which you know were played last year."

There was a flutter of raised hands all over the school room.

The teacher smiled and called on Ned Brown.

"Well, you know some one nailed an old hat, with a stone under it, down on the side-walk and when a fellow went to kick it out of the way, it stubbed his toes awfully."

"Pleasant, was it? Yes, that's a very old trick. Next."

"My sister Nellie made pancakes with cotton inside and, you see, when you tried to cut or bite them it was too funny for anything; and of course nobody could eat them, and when we threw them to the chickens they had an April Fool too."

"Let us see! The whole family were disappointed in their breakfast cakes and good butter and syrup were wasted on them. Now supposing instead of cotton, Nellie had put sliced figs or apples inside—would not the surprise have been as great?"

"Cousin Lou took a piece of nice cake and cut a piece out of the middle, as you plug a watermelon, you know, and put some cayenne pepper in and put the plug back, and gave it to Ned and he bit right into the middle of it. Oh, my! how he danced, though!"

"What a shame! Cayenne pepper is dreadful. Now if there had been fresh chocolate creams inside instead of the pepper—Well, Harry?"

"I changed the mustard and ginger in mamma's spice cabinet and she made the gingerbread out of the mustard; whew, but it was nasty though."

"Again, a family was disappointed in their food and mamma's precious time wasted. A sorry 'joke,' I think."

"Our girl sewed the napkins to the table cloth—we all laughed but papa—he was in a hurry to get to the office and it made him mad—a little."

"Our girl put salt in the sugar bowl and spoiled the coffee."

"Unpleasant things, every one. Now if some one had a pleasant surprise to tell—" but one had.

"Well, children," continued the teacher, "let us turn over a new leaf to-morrow and each one try to think of a new 'fool' with a pleasant ending. Leave those stale old jokes to those who are not smart enough to think of something new. How many are willing to try?"

Again a flutter of hands and little voices crying, "I!" "I!" "I!" "I!"

"Good night, then, and I am glad for your sakes that to-morrow is Saturday."

When Gracie Allan reached home she went straight to her grandmother's room and told what they had promised the teacher to do. Grandmamma was pleased and promised to help Gracie to think of a lovely "fool" for papa and mamma. They talked about it so long that papa and mamma came home before Gracie had put away her books and wraps. The fire in the grate was low, and she had forgotten to light the gas stove and put the tea-kettle on. Mamma looked so tired and disappointed that Gracie was heartily ashamed of her carelessness. She heard papa say as he took the scuttle to get more coal:

"This will never do. Mary, I must hire a book keeper at once, and if I fail, I fail. I shall not be the only one!"

"Oh, no indeed!" mamma answered. "I stand it very well, only I'm unusually tired to-night. I'd rather live on dry bread a year than to have you fail in business. Think of the disgrace and the loss to others. I'm so glad I know how to keep books for you. If Gracie were only a little older, she could get dinner and do a good deal of light housework. But we must keep patient and manage someway."

Grandma also heard this conversation, and when Gracie came to her room for her good-night kiss she asked:

"How old are you, child?"

"Ten. Didn't you know, grandma?"

"Yes—but I—I almost forgot. When I was ten, Gracie, I knew how to make bread and get a meal of victuals almost as well as anybody. And I could make a bed and sweep a room and mend my own clothes. But girls don't seem to do much nowadays."

Gracie knew of what her grandmother was thinking.

"Couldn't I learn?"

"Yes, to be sure, if you wanted to. You could wheel my chair out in the kitchen and I could teach you to cook in a little while."

"Oh, I know a splendid April Fool!" and she whispered in grandmamma's ear, keeping her eyes on the sitting-room door which stood ajar.

Grandmamma smiled and nodded and Gracie danced off to bed in great glee.

CHAPTER II.—GRACIE'S "FOOL."

"Couldn't I sell you a nice chicken this morning, ma'am? We've a prime lot dressed ready for table—plump and nice for roasting, and cheap too."

The butcher stood in Mrs. Allen's kitchen, order book in hand. Mrs. Allen was ready to start for the store with her husband who stood waiting.

"Wouldn't it be nice," she said, glancing at her husband, "if we could only manage the roasting? I'm so tired of beefsteak and broiled meats, but we can't. It would take three hours to do it. No; send us a mutton chop this time."

Gracie ran to whisper in her grandmother's ear.

"Yes, child of course we can. Run quick and tell him."

Gracie ran out of the front door and hailed the butcher just as he was driving out of the alley.

"Please, sir, we will have the chicken instead of the chops after all, a nice fat one—best you've got."

"All right, Miss," and Gracie dodged into the back yard just in time to avoid mamma who was comming out of the front door.

Grandmamma was always glad when Saturday came and Gracie could be with her all day, for although an electric bell beside her chair summoned their neighbor's maid from the flat above when she needed anything, and although she was was an "invalid only in her lower limbs," as Gracie said, yet the hours when Gracie was in school seemed long ones to her. She had insisted on this arrangement, however, as her contribution toward tiding her son's business safely over the "hard times," and she would not listen to the talk of taking Gracie out of school to wait upon her.

If there were only time to tell you about this particular Saturday when Gracie took her first lesson in cooking, with her teacher sitting in an invalid's chair in the kitchen! What a gay, happy time they had, to be sure; but we must content ourselves with the results only.

When Mr. and Mrs. Allan came home that night, somewhat later than usual, as often happened on Saturdays, the gas was lighted in the sitting room and grandmamma in fresh cap and kerchief, sat beside the grate in which a cheerful fire was burning.

"How cosy!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen, dropping wearily into the nearest chair and beginning to draw off her gloves. "Where is Gracie? I wonder if she has hot water ready for me?"

"Yes, mamma, all ready, and if you'll hurry and take off your things I'll help you get dinner. I can set the table you know," Gracie answered, entering from the dining-room and drawing the portierre closely after her. She could not help casting a mischevious glance at grandmamma as she spoke. She followed her mamma to the bedroom door to enjoy her start of surprise when she entered. Instead of unmade beds "airing" since morning, everything was in as perfect order as though Mrs. Allen's own hands had done it, and on the bureau a glass of crocuses smiled a bright welcome to the tired woman. She made such an exclamation of surprise that papa dropped his paper and came to look also.

"Why, who has been here!" he asked, turning to Gracie.

"Oh, just an April Fool, I guess!" she answered, her eyes dancing with delight. "But come now, she called, too impatient to wait longer for her chief surprise, "and let me help get dinner." She led the way to the dining room and drew the portierres wide apart, and lo, the table all set with fresh linen and the best silver and china! The bread and butter was in place and a bowl of lettuce salad and a glass dish filled with ruby-red cranberry sauce stood temptingly at either end; while on the sideboard the desert dishes waited beside a basket of bananas and oranges.

Gracie looked from one astonished face to the other, and laughing gaily said:

"Now, papa, you please wheel grandmamma in, and, mamma, you please sit down at the table and wait until I come back."

Then she danced away to the kitchen, and soon returned with a fresh white apron tied about her waist and a tall white paper cap on head, upon which was printed in big black letters, "April Fool."

Papa could hardly believe his eyes when she set before him a platter upon which lay a plump fowl roasted to the most approved shade of delicate brown.

"I did it my very own self, papa; grandmamma showed me how!" and away to the kitchen she ran again to bring the mashed potatoes and a tureen of tempting brown gravy.

And oh! what a merry feast it was, and what fun Gracie had telling mamma her experience with her cooking lessons.

Papa said he would not mind having April Fool last all the year if it was like this, and Gracie nodded her head decisively and said:

"It's going to, and if you—you—*fail* papa Allen, it won't be my fault."

Papa Allen did not "fail" and he is able to hire a book-keeper now, and mamma is at home helping Gracie keep house, and I am told that the new plan suggested by the school teacher made more than one home happy on that "All Fool's Day."—*Advance.*

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Two Contrasting Vists.

I.

To go from Boston to Canada and to its capital in the early days of the New Year was to go from cold and snow and ice in moderation, to cold and snow and ice in exaggeration; from snows a few inches deep, and then thaws, and slush, and mildness to snows many feet in depth, with the thermometer below zero, with clear, frosty air, clear skies, and steady, intense sunshine.

Wintry scenes opened to the view on every hand in Canada, and the people, enveloped in furs, seemed not only prepared for any amount of cold, but ready to enjoy it. There was no shrinking from it as there is with us, but ladies and children as well as the sterner sex, with ruddy faces, and beaming eyes, and full of animal spirits were out, every day, taking long walks and rides, and referring to the cold without the slightest emphasis as to any discomfort experienced from it.

From the first snow-fall in the autumn there had been no thaw whatever, and so each succeeding snow-storm only piled up the higher the white walls through which pedestrians passed from their doors to the sidewalks and along the streets. The snow-walled alleys took us back to the days of our childhood in Hamilton, N. Y., when for many weeks we passed through such pure white corridors to the street as we went to and came from school, where the sidewalks and the fences even were for long periods out of sight. Possibly this was brought more vividly to mind since we were the guests of one of our childhood's Hamilton friends.

Those familiar with the stately group of handsome parliament buildings on the bluff above the Ottawa river, which are most imposing from every point of the compass, will remember what a wide and wintry view that eminence affords, stretching far away into the country, and across the Rideau and Ottawa rivers, which are wide and beautiful at this point.

The Canadians are exceedingly fond of winter sports, as well they may be since they have an over-plus of winter on their hands, so to speak, to grumble about or to enjoy. Very wisely they seem to have made up their minds to enjoy it. They therefore have great carnavals such as that recently held in Quebec, which drew together thousands of people from every quarter, and which was most elaborately and artistically planned, and inaugurated with entertaining ceremonies by their excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

They also interest themselves in all kinds of winter sports and games, and enter into them with enthusiasm which is somewhat surprising to those who are accustomed to shiver through the winter in middle latitudes. Skaking, tobogganing, hockey-matches on the ice, curling, snow-shoeing, and sleighing are participated in by all classes with the greatest zest.

It was a novel experience to see a company of young people prepare themselves for an evening's tramp of several miles over the snowy fields and above the fences, arrayed in short suits, and with the wide, netted snow shoes strapped upon their feet.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen sent out invitations for skating and tobogganing parties at Government House for every Saturday afternoon, where, gaily attired in blanket costumes they receive their guest in rather a rough looking building, a sort of annex to Rideau Hall, their residence.

The skating ponds there are kept in fine condition, and it is a beautiful sight to watch the skaters, most of whom are dressed in picturesque costumes, as they glide about with such grace and ease over the icy surfaces. More excitement is manifested at the precipitous toboggan slides, where one almost holds his breath in fear, as, one after another, the tobogganns fly hy, as fast as the wind, and apparently as uncontrolled.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are doing much for the Canadians in social ways not only in Ottawa by their frequent evening receptions and dinner parties, but in other cities also. They are leading too, in many advance movements, their life in the Dominion giving promise of as great success as marked their career in Ireland, of which Mr. Stead in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews* wrote so delightfully.

We had the pleasure of meeting their excellencies, and one day of hearing Lady Aberdeen address prominent women of Ottawa, enlisting them to organize a Woman's Council in Canada, a branch of the International Council of Women, of which she is the president. Her ladyship was much impressed with the Women's Congresses at the World's Fair, many of which she attended and before several of which she made addresses. She regretted that at the International Congress at the close of the Fair, while some Canadian ladies were present, there were no delegates from any woman's organization in Canada. To obviate this in the next council to be held in London, and to interest the women of Canada in the work of such council, she addressed herself and used her commanding influence to bring about such an organization.

It was a pleasure to listen to Lady Aberdeen. Her bearing is most winning and gracious, her voice pleasing, her enunciation perfect, and her face lights up beautifully as in an unaffected and charming way she expresses her thoughts with clearness and precision.

We had heard her before at one of the Congresses in Chicago, when, in a clear and comprehensive manner she stated a number of reasons which had led many English women of prominence to become suffragists, their consciences and their religious obligations compelling them to what they knew they could do for many oppressed classes. The accounts of several much needed and excellent reforms which had been brought about through the agency of these earnest women, convinced many present, and almost against their wills, of the need of such organizations.

The Canadians are exceedingly hospitable, and show much delightful attention to visitors in their homes. They are doubtless as busy workers as those this side the lakes, but they plan for and enjoy recreation in various ways with less of effort and formality than do many Americans. Quite a proportion of the citizens of Ottawa are from the States, many of them engaged in the lumber business, which is one of the most productive of Canadian industries.

Living so near us it seems strange that more of our enterprising spirits should not have induced greater advancement, especially along educational lines, in the Dominion.

There are, so we were told, no first-class schools for young women, none which would compare with Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, La Salle, Kalamazoo and others on this side, and no Canadian universities have as yet opened their doors to women as have Columbia, The University of Chicago, and Harvard, in its annex.

We were greatly surprised too, that in a city of such size there was no public library; not even a small, but good one, such as are found in our towns of one-tenth the population. The Parliamentary library is a fine one, and housed in an unique and beautiful building, but it is kept exclusively for Parliamentary use, and its librarian, a catholic, while scholarly himself, has the ideas of the middle ages and does not wish the common people to read and become intelligent. That there should not be a demand on the part of the citizens for a library was surprising, and when we expressed this surprise we were told that not even in Montreal was there a public library.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen might do a great and permanent work for Canada by inspiring wealthy people in its cities and towns to build and furnish public libraries and reading-rooms.

While in some of our towns and cities their may be an excess of women's clubs, the utter lack of them in many Canadian cities seemed to be most unfortunate. Such an organization as the Woman's Club of Chicago with its many important and influential committees on science and art, on history and philosophy, on philanthropy and reform, would be an untold blessing to the leading women of Canada, and to thousands whom these women through such a club might help.

Lady Aberdeen was so successful in all her helpful plans for the Irish, she could easily lead, and with the assurance of equal success in many directions for the benefit of several classes of the queen's subjects in the Dominion.

One scarcely feels when visiting Canada that her annexation to the States is near at hand, and yet it was amusing as well as surprising to hear that some leading people there can say, in public with all sincerity, that if there is any annexation it will be the annexing of the States to Canada.

While we were in Ottawa quite a lively debate was held on the question as to whether cold or warm climates were the most productive of the best intellectual work. Very naturally the argument on the influence of cold weather, on mental activity and power was the most popular. We heard a young mother say when surprise was expressed that her boys, who had been in school all day, were accustomed to study with a tutor for two hours every evening, besides preparing their lessons for school, "O, Canadian boys are never tired, *never!*"

There certainly was no lassitude apparent in any of the young people we met, nor, for that matter, in any of the older people. They all seemed able to be up in the morning as early as others; and yet to sit up until twelve, or one, or two o'clock at night without the least show of weariness. We heard more than once the statement made, "Canadians never know when to go home." The remark was surely complimentary to the hosts and hostesses who certainly understand the art of entertaining.

Possibly the extra amount of vitality which most of the people seem to possess is owing to the large quantities of ozone which they are blessed with in their pure and bracing air. Richard Grant White says it is not the air which is bracing, but we are bracing ourselves continually to endure the cold. Canada is a delightful country to visit even in its wintry months when many of her characteristics can be enjoyed.

What she is in summer, her cool and charming retreats, her fishing and hunting grounds, her many pastimes, her country homes, and the general cordiality of her people everywhere many of us have enjoyed, and will continue to enjoy. Turning from her hospitable homes, we journeyed far away to the Sunny South, and to Florida.—Of that visit another time.—*Chicago Standard.*

One Better than Thirteen.

William F. Goetchins, Esq., contractor and builder, office 552 Seventh Avenue, New York City, writes: "I have suffered from dyspepsia for a number of years and was confined to my house for five months. Have had thirteen New York and Mount Vernon doctors (will name them if necessary) attending me but failed to get any benefit. I tried K.D.C. and am pleased to say the effect was magical. I have tried probably every known remedy for dyspepsia, and found none to benefit me, until I took K.D.C. I recommend K.D.C. as the dyspeptic's best friend. Try it and prove what I say."

Mother—"Back already? Well, I'm glad it's over. Did the tooth hurt much when it was pulled?" "Small Son—"I—I didn't have it out." "What? Didn't you go to the dentist's?" "Yes'm, but there was two people ahead of me." "Why didn't you wait?" "I—I was 'fraid they'd feel 'shamed if I stayed and heard them holler."

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Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Bert—"I don't see any use in this geography lesson." Mattie—"Why, you goosey, it's of the greatest use. It tells you where to go when you can't get there, and describes the country and all that. If we had no geography, we'd get lost all over the world."

"Six days shalt thou labor," says the great lawgiver. To do good work, man must be at his best. This condition is attained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It overcomes that tired feeling, quickens the appetite, improves digestion, and makes the weak strong.

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Teacher—"In what state is Chicago?" Pupil—"New Jersey." "Wrong. Where is the Hudson river?" "Rises in the Rocky mountains and flows to the Gulf of Mexico." "My goodness, child, you must have been reading a London newspaper."

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 11th Sept., 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	12.50
Express for Sussex	16.30
Express for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal	16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.40 o'clock. A freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 23.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.20
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 29th Sept., 1893.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after THURSDAY, 4th January, 1894, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows.

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.15 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p.m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.30 a. m.

Flag Stations—Trains going this way signalled.

Steamer City of Monticello leaves Digby for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway leave Annapolis: Express at 12.45 p. m. Passengers and freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m.

Steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

International steamers leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday.

Canadian Pacific Railway trains leave Saint John at 7.30 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted) and 5.30 p. m., daily for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and 10.40 p. m., daily (Saturday excepted) for Montreal and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Trains of Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton for Lunenburg daily at 2.05 p. m.

Davison's Mail Coaches leave Yarmouth daily (Sunday excepted) after the arrival of No. 4 train from Annapolis, for Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

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