

MISS BECKY'S COMPFORT BAG.

ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"It's most too late, but I guess I can make one any way. Dear me! If I had only been at home when the note came, I should have been so glad to make half a dozen at least. But who knows, perhaps it was just as much the Lord's work, setting up with an 'angel' Susan Maria, as making comfort bags for sailors; though I must confess, Becky Cathart, you'd rather make the bags. Well, I'll get at this one right off."

And Miss Becky laid down the note which she had found lying on her hall floor (it having been found slipped under the door by some obliging neighbor), hurried off hat and shawl, and, in a clean apron over her neat dress, and going to the closet, brought out her "piece bag," and carried it, with her work-basket, to the lamp-lit table.

"It does seem real sort of nice to be home again," she mused, as she sorted over the contents of the bag in search of a suitable bit, then lifted her eyes to glance about the cozy little room. "Not that I grudge Susan Maria the work, but I expect I'm getting to be real sort of carnal in my love for having things sort of neat and comfortable about me. This will do for selecting a piece of bright, strong cotton; and now for a bit of that red braid for a drawing string."

That also having been found, with quick, strong stitches Miss Becky plied her bag, laid the hem, and ran in the string, after which she chose buttons, needles, thread, and a pair of blunt scissors from her stock, and added a mold of her best wax, placing each article carefully in the pockets of the bag. Then bringing a box from her chest she selected a bright New Year card, carefully saved from last year, and having erased the words, "Aunt Becky, with Doris's love," she substituted: "With loving New Year wishes and a God bless you," and having laid that, with a box of cough candies, a tiny Testament, and a handkerchief which had once belonged to her father, in the bottom of the bag, she drew up the red strings with a sigh of satisfaction.

"It's real handsome if I do say so that should, and I hope it will make some poor lad happier that might be feeling kind of homesick away from his folks." But in spite of her admiration for her handiwork she did not seem quite satisfied. "It is better than I thought, but I ought to write a few lines to him; it might make him feel as if somebody was taking a real interest in him, and maybe it would lighten his up a bit, poor lad!" By this time Miss Becky had come to feel quite proprietary in this unknown "lad," for, for some inexplicable reason, it never occurred to her that her bag could fall into the hands of other than a boy.

"Yes, I believe I'll do it!" and opening the table drawer she took out pen, ink and paper, and in her stiff, formal little hand wrote the following note:

My Dear Boy,—You never saw me, and more'n likely you never will, but all the same you will let me say that I hope that the New Year will be a happy year to you, and it surely will be if you love God and do your duty. Be a good boy, and then you will be a good sailor too, as you ought to be if that's your business; and remember always how much the dear Lord loves sailors. Try to be the kind of a sailor He would like you to be. And now no more.

From your friend,  
MISS BECKY CATHART.

"Oh, you're awful particular!" laughed his mother, and there he sits the others went away, leaving "dandy Jack," as they had dubbed him, to "make himself fine."

Left alone, Jack sat down on the side of his bunk with the little bit still in his hand, and presently, untying the bright red strings, he spread the contents out beside him, wondering vaguely who had taken so much trouble for an unknown sailor. There was everything that could be in his situation, and he was in those pockets; he smiled at the sight of the cough drops, his eyes softened as he read the inscription on the card, but when, from the Testament, the notes fell out, and he had read it through, once, twice, three times, then Jack Nelson laid it tenderly away, and with his elbows resting on his knees, his chin in the palms of his hands, sat thinking.

The forecastle faded away, and he was back again in the wide old kitchen of his boyhood's English home, kneeling beside his mother on that last night before he went to sea, listening to that much worn as he had read in this note from his unknown friend. It was the last time he had looked into that dear face or listened to that voice; for when his ship came back again the mother had this will do for selecting a piece of bright, strong cotton; and now for a bit of that red braid for a drawing string.

But was it too late? Must he, because those years were wasted and unrepented, waste and misspelt those which might still be before him? Like a breath of sweet fresh air from the country lanes the new hope came. But oh, if there were not some one to counsel and advise him!—some one, like his mother, to lay a hand upon his head and bid him go forward! And with the thought came the memory of that blessed little note. Might not that woman who could have written that help him in this hour of his great need?

Eagerly he opened the letter and looked at the name and address. He knew about where the little village lay; he would go there as soon as matters could be arranged. His pay was lying untouched in his pocket; he would buy a new suit and make himself presentable, and then he would go, though he were obliged to walk the whole distance there and back.

Miss Becky lifted her head and listened. Yes, she had not been mistaken, some one was coming up the little flagged walk leading to her cottage, and when she saw the man in the long coat, she knew it was the man she had seen in the picture. He was on no familiar face that her glance of welcome fell, and the voice which she had heard in the picture spoke to her as all unknown to her. But bidding him come in quickly out of the driving storm, she led the way back to the cozy little sitting-room and motioned him to a seat beside the stove.

But he did not take it. Standing before her with his cap in his hand, he said: "I am a sailor, and I came to thank you for the note which came to me—the one you wrote and placed in a little bag for me. Do you remember it?" "Remember it? To be sure I do! And how glad I am to see you! Thought I—looking up at him doubtfully—"somehow I expected you would be a boy."

"Nor was that the last by many, many times that his head rested on that pillow. Third, second, first mate, and captain, he came back to the little cottage, bringing such gladness to the loving heart that people said that Miss Becky was growing younger every year. And when finally a new little home was started where he was master, and that same Doris whose New Year card was among his most precious treasures was the gentle mistress, why, it had not been long that the two women could be always together when "my boy," as Miss Becky called him, was away on a voyage.

And what those voyages were to the men who sailed with him, perhaps not the best, but they had not seen for many years, he knew even to himself till that great day when the Lord comes to make up his jewels. —Zion's Herald.

TWO GAMES FOR RAINY DAYS.

BY CAROLINE A. CHERVEY.

This is how the children played them, at a seaside boarding-house on one rainy day. They had been with one regular acquaintance, the first falling drops which interfered with the all day picnic planned for this special day. Sorry little noses were fastened against the window-panes, and sad little voices were heard in the play-room. You boys and girls began to race up and down stairs, and tear through the halls, till the patient old ladies looked dismayed and were threatened with headaches. Cousin Ruth came to the rescue. She was a sensible, unselfish young lady, who could do anything with children.

Hunting up a pad of paper and some pencils, she clapped her hands and called out, "All who want to play a nice, quiet, sitting-down game, a new one, draw up to this table."

The flock came, and, after a little scrambling for coveted places, next to the dear friend, they became quiet and expectant. The old ladies in the play-room were seated and waited, and Miss Becky, giving each child paper and a pencil, "this is called 'Painting Pictures,' and you are supposed to be artists, and this is an artist's class in a studio. Let each write upon his paper the name of a picture, and then you may make it up, or you may outline one you have seen. Give the principal things in the picture. Then pass the paper to your right-hand neighbor, who must fill out and name your picture. By filling out I mean giving a description of the picture, as he sees it in his own mind. Now you have ten minutes in which to write your outline."

After a little more explanation everybody could be brought to work, and soon the pencils were busy. Little innocent Rosamond, four years old, seated in a high chair next to Cousin Ruth, scribbled all over her paper with great seriousness. When the ten minutes were over, the papers were passed, and the pictures were more were given for the studying and filling out of the pictures.

Clifford Holmes was called upon to begin. First he read the outline as follows: "A fire, a wigwam, an Indian back, a square, a rectangle, and a circle." "The name of this picture," said Clifford, "is 'The Indian Encampment.' It is on the edge of a large forest. Several wigwams are visible. One large one in the foreground is the chief's. He sits on the ground, smoking a pipe. His squaw is getting water from a brook, which flows from the forest. The papoose is playing in the dirt. A bright fire is seen in the distance, with a whole deer roasting over it. All the other Indians are away on a fighting expedition. There are some rocks and vines in the picture, and that's all I believe."

"Dear me!" said Willie Watson, who had made the outline, "you haven't it right at all. The fire was a prairie fire. The flames and clouds of smoke fill the back of the picture. A family of Indians are running away from the fire. If they can cross the big brook, they are safe. The chief is standing on the bank, his hand on his hip, while the rest of the men were off fighting!" "But my chief," explained Clifford, "is a very old man, and can't go any more."

"The ship got safely in before the storm broke, and the poor fisherman held his little granddaughter on his lap that night while he ate his supper."

"Was that your idea when you outlined your picture?" said Cousin Ruth to Cliff.

"No," he answered, "but her picture is so much prettier, I would rather not tell mine."

Janie came next, a bright boy of nine years, Cliff's brother. It was Nellie's outline which he read. "A flat-roofed house, towers, cupolas, an elephant, lots of people." "This said Janie, 'is called 'Life in the Orient.' A large flat-roofed house is there, with a ladder reaching to the top. An elephant is climbing the ladder."

"No," he answered, "but her picture is so much prettier, I would rather not tell mine."

"No, no, I s'ant mate any kouds. Doot angels, I tell oo, nuttin' else at all." Cousin Ruth drew the dear to her lap, and hugged her. "Just angels, my pet, and nothing else. And the sweetest little angel of them all is the one that drew them."

The children were all surprised when the luteen-bell rang. They declared the game of "Painting Pictures" to be worth trying again when they should get home.

After luncheon Cousin Ruth showed them how to play "Recognition." One was chosen to be the host and sent into a room by himself. The other united in dressing up and disguising one of their number. A broom, a pillow, and a sheet were called into requisition to help make taller or larger, and to cover the whole dress. The right hand alone was left exposed. The dressed-up guest then called upon the host, who greeted his visitor, of course shaking him cordially by the hand. If he could not recognize by the hand alone, the host might ask three questions, which the guest must answer, disguising his voice if he chose. The host had but one chance, and if he guessed correctly the caller disbanded and became the host, or, as the children expressed it, became it, former host taking his place among the guests.

"This game may be played in a little different way. The host is blindfolded, after which those standing about quietly change their places. He may then approach and extend his hand to any one, who must shake hands with him. Kings should not be exchanged, as that would make the task of guessing by the hand too difficult. The host may also ask three questions, which must be fairly answered. For three failures to guess correctly the host forfeits his position and pays a penalty which is inflicted by one of the number elected as umpire.—Ex.

A SCOTCHMAN'S EXPLANATION.

"Well, you may say what you please," said Smith, "I, for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature, and then violate his own laws. What would be the use of making them if they are to be so rapidly set aside?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said uncle, "or I revently, 'what God may do, or what he will do, but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation o' the laws o' nature. There is no violation o' the laws o' God that I ken o', save the wicked accounts o' wounded men."

"And what, then," asked Smith, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it," said uncle, "to be merely such an interference w' the established course o' things as finally shows us the presence and action o' the supernatural power. What o'clock is it w' you, sir, if you please?"

"It's half past twelve, exactly—Greenwich time," replied Smith.

"Well, sir," said his uncle, pulling a huge old timepiece from his pocket, "it's one o'clock w' me; I generally keep my watch a bit forrit a little forward. But I may have a special reason for setting my watch by the railway; and so you see, I'm turning the hand o' it round. Now, wad ye say that I had violated the laws o' a watch? True, I have done what watchdom w' a' its laws could nae do for itself, but I have done violence to none o' its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end; but I have suspended nae law. Well, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' moving the hands, say God, acting w' the hand o' himself, and we have it contained for in a miracle, that is, the unquestionable presence o' the Almighty hand working the divine will. And if he see fit to work miracles, what can hinder him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already; and wad ye daur say he'll not get leave to do it again?" —Sunday Afternoon.

A PROPER RETORT.—A good story is told of a self-respecting carpenter who was sent to make some repairs in a private house. As he entered the room in which the work was to be done, accompanied by his apprentice, the lady of the house called out, "Mary, see that my jewel case is locked." The carpenter understood, and, as he was an honest man, he was indignant. He had his opportunity, however, and he used it. He removed his watch and chain from his waistcoat with a significant air, and gave them to his apprentice. "John," he said, "take these back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe.—Harper's Round Table.

A proud papa, not many hundred miles from the centre of Syracuse, is boasting of the alleged brightness of his ten-year-old son. The said ten-year-old was looking over a newspaper the other day, not forgetting to take in the advertisements. "Papa," he said, "I thought that Job and Lot was two different people?" "Why, they were, my son," was the proud father's answer. "Well, this newspaper is off its head, then," said the boy of ten years. "Look here! It says 'Job Lot' at the base of this advertisement. Who's he, then?"

"How thin you never spoke of this except to the deceased, do you?" queried the lawyer. "That's what I said," answered the witness. "Now, don't you know, as a matter of fact," pursued the lawyer, rising and pointing his long finger impressively at him, "that deceased had been dead for ten years when these events took place? If you talked to him at all, you talked to his bones. Will you please tell me how you would communicate with a skeleton?" "I would wire it, sir," stilly rejoined the witness.

One of the stories told by Dean Hole in his "Memories" is of an old-fashioned cathedral verging, "lord of the ailes," who, one noon, found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him, and said in a tone of indignant excitement, "The services in this cathedral are at ten in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers." This is not unlike what took place at the Chester Cathedral when the Rev. Richard Knill asked the verger "if any conversions ever took place there?" "Do you think, sir," was the reply, "that this is some Methodist place?"



A Marvelous Medicine

Whenever Given a Fair Trial Hood's Proves Its Merit. The following letter is from Mr. J. Alcide Chausse, architect and surveyor, No. 125 Shaw Street, Montreal, Canada.

"Gentlemen:—I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for about six months and am glad to say that it has done me a great deal of good. Last May my weight was 125 pounds, but since

Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla it has increased to 163. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is a marvelous medicine and an very much pleased with it. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all the following ailments: Hood's Pills cure liver bilis, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Sea Foam. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils and possesses all the qualities of the best Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet and Bath Purpose. It is a rich, lathering soap, soft, smooth and healthy.

Intercolonial Railway. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Plott and Halifax..... 10.30 Express for Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express for Halifax..... 10.30 Express from Halifax, Plott and Campbellton..... 10.30 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.00

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, 27 and 29 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHS AND TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Manchester, Robertson & Allison. First Baptist. Double Bar. For further particulars call Treasurer. Catarrh Cured for 50cts. C.A. GREEN. For information call on, or address, J. R. HUGHES, Agent for Maritime Provinces, 174 Guilford, St. Catharins, dec 4 1905. St. John, N. B.

A MARVELLOUS STATEMENT The Oldest Merchant of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Speaks of Paine's Celery Compound.

Every man, woman and child in and around the pretty town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., know Mr. H. H. Crayler, the deserving and successful merchant. Hundreds of families in the district are already aware of the fact that, by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, Mr. Crayler was raised up from a condition of utter helplessness, misery and weakness to a new life, and is now in such a healthful condition, that he is perfectly able to look after the details of his flourishing business.

Mr. Crayler's story of his long fight with the worst form of rheumatism, his failure with useless medicines, and his grand triumph with Paine's Celery Compound, are given to the public as follows: "About four years since, I had a severe attack of grippe, followed by rheumatism, for which the local physician prescribed the usual remedies, which helped me at the time, but did not eliminate the disease. The resulting gradually worse condition was discouraged and began using 'proprietary' medicines without any benefit. Then I went to 'Clifton Springs,' took the treatment, and felt better; but after coming back, I became very much worse, and was confined to bed for a time. I then went to 'Preston Springs,' and really improved; but after returning home I got worse, and was a perfect martyr for more than two years, often confined to bed, and gradually becoming worse. "I was then induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, and have gained in health and strength up to the present writing. I now walk from my house to the store, a distance of one-quarter of a mile, daily, and to church Sundays. Paine's Celery Compound has done all this for me. My friends are surprised and astonished to see me able to attend to business again. I might add that I have been in business in Niagara for 41 years, and was 70 years of age on 7th January last. "Believing that it is my duty to let other sufferers know of the great benefit I have received from Paine's Celery Compound, I cheerfully send this letter."

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

January 5 gross 5 gross 5 gross 2 gross. Quotations Prices and S. M. Wholesale 474. Cham Linin. I am not sure what a safe and stable cure for C... Halifax, Nova S... now say that the... quite as good for... word to the wise... it is PUTTNER'S... your town by all... in large eight ou... 50 Y... For the last... all the time... SH... BALSA... Never let the... CROUFS, CO... All Drugs and... ARMSTR... Proprietors... Dr. TAFTS ASTHMA... ASTHMA... All night... address we will... DR. TAFTS BROS., IN... the d... app... Emulsion... men and wom... when they sl... for babies ar... are thin, whe... fat; for all wh... ment from t... blood is star... and come witho... And nothing... starved bloo... oil. Scott's... cod-liver oil... taste taken o... Two stre... SCOTT & BOWNE... FOR... Large P... First Baptist... Double Bar... For further partic... call Treasurer... Catarrh Cured for 50cts. C.A. GREEN. For information call on, or address, J. R. HUGHES, Agent for Maritime Provinces, 174 Guilford, St. Catharins, dec 4 1905. St. John, N. B.