

The Best Way.

make a face at Billy. I will make a face at me, I will make two ugly faces, and a quarrel, don't you see? I'll double up my fist and hit him, and he'll pay back, by giving me a kick, unless I run away.

The Light-House Boys.

BY MARY F. BUTTS. I have perhaps seen a light-house tower, and its great lamp, shining brightly out upon the dark night. Maybe you have lived in a house far out on a rocky, wave-point; or on a cliff over-looking the blue sea; or on an island where breakers come roaring up to your door and the spray is dashed by the wind against your window panes. Out in the ocean there is an immense ledge of granite, called The Rock. On the top of the sea stands a light-house built of great blocks of granite. By the tower stands the stone of the light-house keeper. In the house live the keeper's boys, with their baby sister. There is no place on the island for a garden. There are here bits of earth in the little holes for these spots are not large enough for one fat yellow pumpkin to grow in. Five miles from The Island. Just the place for the light-house boys to live in. Not a sound did they hear. Could it be possible that the tired mother was asleep? 'Look!' whispered Bennie, as they reached the open door.

Ah, how glad the boys were that they had kept awake! There sat Mrs. Lane sound asleep, her knitting in her lap. The young light-keepers did not disturb her till the long minute hand of the old clock had traveled to five minutes to twelve. Then they gave her two resounding kisses that brought her speedily from dreamland. Very proud was the light-keeper's wife of her faithful, affectionate boys. All three hastened up the stairway that ran round and round up the tall tower. The lamp was trimmed, and they hastened back to the bright sitting-room, glad in the thought that the guiding star would shine out over the pathway of the ships, till the sun came up to take its place.

After a little midnight repast, that the boys ate with great zest, the family went to bed, and slept sweetly till morning. When the boys woke, they heard a man's voice in the kitchen, underneath their room. 'Hurrah! father's got home!' shouted Rob. Bennie ran to the window. The storm had cleared away, and there was the light-house boat rocking on the gentle waves. In a trice, the boys were downstairs. As they ran into the kitchen, they heard the tall clock say, in sharp, clear tones, 'Nine o'clock!' No wonder that the father had had time to sail over from the neighboring island. But what was that soft little ball rolled up on the hearth-rug? Bennie made a dash for it, and soon discovered that his father had brought him the very darlings of the kitchen that a boy ever called his own.

After Bennie and Rob had eaten the breakfast that had been saved for them, they helped bring up the cargo that their father had landed on the rocks. Very interesting business was this, as well as rather hard on boys' legs. There would be no trouble now about breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers for many a day, though boys, and especially boys living on an island far out at sea, have a very good appetite indeed.

The boys were as good at bringing wood and water, making fires, and helping in all sorts of ways, as they were in keeping awake till the lamp was trimmed. Many an hour, too, they had at their books, with father or mother for a teacher. When lessons were over, what pleasure it was to run from rock to rock, to play tag on the smooth sand when the tide was out, or to go, when the weather was not too rough, with father in the dory, to see if an unwary lobster here and there had run into the cages set for him! Though the sea stretched for leagues and leagues around the solitary Rock, and wild storms shut them in day after day, not many children in gay cities or on sunny, green farms were happier than the light-house boys.—Christian Register.

Little two-years-old greatly admires his father, even to the bald spot on his crown. On his first visit to the barber, the little fellow asked, 'Mama, isn't I be barbered wiz a wound hole in de top of my head, like papa?' 'We'll take turns telling stories,' said Bennie; 'and you must pinch me

Boy Philosophy.

An incident occurred in a city school-room where boys and girls, from ten to thirteen years, were practising gymnastics. 'Which will jump better, the boys or the girls?' I asked. The experiment proved skill on both sides.

'Which ought to jump better, the boys or the girls?' I questioned. 'The boys,' was the prompt response. 'And why?' I continued. 'Because boys are always jumping. All their games are jumping games. Girls just sit in the house and read a book.'

'Then tell me something that girls can do better than boys.' 'They can cook,' was the ready reply. 'They can sew,' came next. A third boy with freckled face and merry eyes added demurely, 'Two girls can stay mad at each other longer than two boys can.'

The situation was interesting. The girls assented to the statement; and the boys, upon further questioning, explained in boy fashion:— 'Well, you see how 'tis. Boys like to go with a lot, and a girl likes to go with one. When one girl gets mad with another girl, she goes off with her girl friend and talks it over, and they keep talking it over, and that makes it worse still; and then they don't speak to the girl that they're mad at, and the girls take sides, and talk it over and keep it up. And sometimes they stay mad for weeks!'

Being in pursuit of the boys' theory I made no comment on choice of terms. The word 'mad' was evidently understood by all parties. 'How is it that the boys make up so quickly?' I pursued. 'Well, you see, we said that boys like to play with a lot; and perhaps the two boys that are mad with each other are on the same side in a baseball game, and the captain says to 'em, 'You two fellows make up or you get out!' Then they make up. Or maybe,' the speaker continued earnestly, 'the fellow you're mad at is on the base, and when you're running to the base, you call to him, to get out of the way; and then you have spoken and made up. Even if you have been fighting, you have to shake hands when the fight is over.'

'Is that the rule of the game?' I asked gravely. 'Yes,' the boys assented. 'Always.' 'And do you learn, at the same time, not to show when you are vexed?' 'Well, boys learn pretty soon. They have to. Suppose you are walking down the street with some boys, and one of them says to you, 'Is that your grandfather's collar you're wearing?' Another one says, 'How many years have you worn that hat?' and another says: 'Where are you going to put that next batch of freckles? There isn't any room for them now.' If you just laugh, they will stop; but, if you show that you're mad, they keep on, and so you learn to laugh and not show when you are teased.'

The replies were suggestive, to say the least. I warmly recommended the girls to adopt the policy of the boys, thinking of the various committees and clubs in which the power to work with a 'lot' was demanded of women. How good it would be if the girl's training developed in her power which the boy acquires! 'You make up or you get out,' says the captain, briefly. He recognizes that the success of the game depends upon co-operation and good fellowship. But so it is in other games in which the players have not learned this vital lesson. Is not our failure sometimes traceable to this very lack? The question is worth discussing.

The boys had given me food for meditation. I was grateful to them. One question more I asked, with my thought upon the school curriculum. The question was addressed to the boys and girls. 'If you had to select some one to live with, which would you choose, a person who was able to laugh when he was teased and to keep from showing when he was vexed or the one who never fails in arithmetic?' The answer was unanimous, no contrary minds. 'Oh! the one who laughs when he is teased, and doesn't show when he is mad.'

Will it come to pass by and by that the development of this virtue shall find a place in the school curriculum, that the virtue which is always and everywhere virtue, in home and in civic life, shall be enough commended and developed in the school?—The Congregationalist.

The Queen of the Ants.

A gentleman who is very fond of every living thing, who watches animals carefully that he may learn their ways, tells the 'Presbyterian Review' a very interesting story of some ants he once saw. He noticed a procession of ants going across the path. This gentleman watched and, knowing the

way of ants, knew that they were emigrating to a new colony, because the old city was overcrowded. He watched the ants closely to decide which was the queen. At last he discovered her, attended by a guard of honor. Quickly and carefully he lifted the queen and held her in his hand.

She was missed at once, and there was the greatest excitement. The guard of honor was seized by the others and held under arrest. Ants started out in every direction to look for the queen. They looked everywhere, and returned again and again to learn if there was any news.

At last the gentleman put the queen down on the path some distance away from the point at which he had captured her. She was discovered by one of the scouts, who hurried back to the point where the ants had assembled, and told of his discovery. A guard of honor hurried to the queen and actually carried her back to her subjects who received her with demonstrations of joy.

The new colony had been established under a bench. A hole under one of the legs of the bench led to it. With the guard of honor carrying the queen, the procession reformed and began its march, and soon disappeared from sight. The gentleman moistened four lumps of sugar and put them in the path. Soon two or three ants appeared, found the sugar, and immediately reported at the new colony. When they returned, a number of helpers came with them, and the sugar was all carried, grain by grain, to the new home.

A Prescription for Insomnia.

'Insomnia is a self-inflicted curse through the violation of nature's laws,' writes Edward B. Warman in the June Ladies' Home Journal. 'The cause may be over-anxiety, planning for the morrow, thinking and worrying over the yesterdays and to-days; but no opiate can remove the cause, even though it may bring sleep. If the cause is merely mental overwork it may be quickly removed by relieving the brain of the excess of blood. Physical exercise is a panacea for almost every ailment which human flesh is heir to. Therefore, stand erect, and rise slowly from the heels; descend slowly. Do this from forty to fifty times until you feel the congestion in the muscles of the leg. Almost instant relief follows, and sleep is soon induced. For those who are averse to a little work I would recommend, instead, a bowl of very hot milk (without as much as a wafer) immediately before retiring. The hotter the milk the better for the purpose. This will prove a better sleep-producer than all the opiates known to medical science. It brings about an increased activity of the blood vessels of the stomach, causing slight temporary congestion, which relieves the blood vessels of the brain. The hot milk is also quite strengthening to the stomach.'

God Understands.

A touching little incident is told of one of the Chinese babies, aged about 6 years, who was an inmate of a mission home. One evening, after her evening prayer, she got off her little knees and turned with a very disturbed air, saying, 'Mrs. Field, do you think God understands Chinese?' 'Oh, yes,' said Mrs. Field, 'but why do you ask?' 'Because sometimes when I feel very unhappy I like to pray to God in Chinese; of course, I always say my prayers at night in English, but sometimes I like to pray in my own language.'

Delays are Dangerous.

A small pimple on your face may seem of little consequence, but it shows your blood is impure, and impure blood is what causes most of the diseases from which people suffer. Better heed the warning given by the pimple and purify your blood at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures all diseases due to bad blood, including scrofula and salt rheum.

When the Cap Fitted.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy tail did not even hint at wagging, there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down his throat. Ruth caught Marian by the arm. 'Oh, let's run!' she cried. 'He's going to bite us.'

HEADACHE ALL GONE.

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Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was waiting for her in the sewing-room, and her face looked puzzled and sad. Paul sat by the window, and it was plain that he had been crying. Marian looked from one to another in astonishment.

'How is this, my daughter?' mamma began. 'Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser and crosser all the time.' Marian stared, then broke into a merry laugh. 'Why, mamma, we weren't talking about him at all. Duke growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he always acted so cross; and then I said he is getting crosser and crosser all the time.'

'Oh!' said mamma, and then she, too, laughed. 'Run back to your play, dear, she said, cheerily. 'It was only a mistake, it seems.'

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that colored them instead of anger. 'I just heard them talking about being cross, and I supposed that meant me,' he explained.

'It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it?' mamma asked. And Paul made no answer. 'If your father had overheard that conversation,' mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, 'would he have thought the girls were were talking about him?' 'Of course not,' said Paul indignantly.

'But why not?' persisted mamma. 'Because he isn't ever cross, and they couldn't have meant him.' Paul spoke earnestly, though he could not help smiling as he met his mother's meaning look.

'Exactly,' said mamma, nodding her head. 'And it was easy for you to make the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted you, and you put it on without waiting to see if it was meant for you or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to overhear.'

'A boy who tries his best to do right, doesn't need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of boy will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him.'

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and let us hope a better one. He had made up his mind that when the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke, it was time for a change.—The Weekly Welcome.

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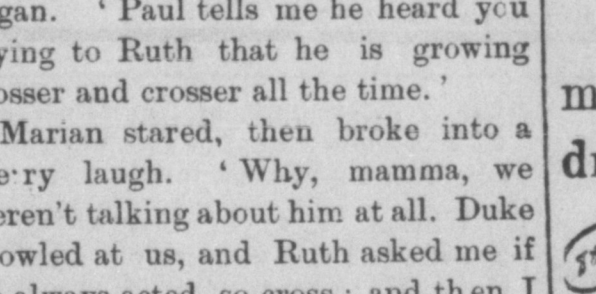
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