

Travel... Little Things... Jack's Good Name... Hill looked puzzled... Brook & West... WANT... CO... RISKS... N. E... ts... Blouses... on appro... y them o... LI.

Little Things. never a rose in all the world makes some green spray sweeter; never a wind in all the sky makes some bird wing fleetier; never a star but brings to heaven silver radiance tender; never a rosy cloud but helps crown the sunset splendor; never a ray thrill some heart but enlightens gladness voicing; never all some small, sweet way but the world rejoicing. —Anonymous.

Jack's Good Name. BY SYDNEY DAYRE. ... who broke the window? ... Miss Hill, said Rob. ... the window could not break it—does will check the advance of the cases. ... Jack was standing when I came. Jack was standing when I came. Jack was standing when I came. ... Hill looked puzzled. The building stood close to another building, and the window looked out like a brick wall. No window was in that building. It was in a third building, and could not have been broken from the outside. ... was here an hour after anyone said Miss Hill, 'and it was not when I left. It is very odd.' ... her pupils were coming in, and they all looked strangely at Jack. ... saw that they thought he had done mischief. His face flushed. He did not know whether to feel most angry or most angry. ... here, Jack,' said Miss Hill, 'by this time had taken her seat at her desk. ... Jack walked up to her, looking her eyes and bravely in the face. ... 'I'll tell me all you know about it,' she came in just after the janitor had done the door,' said Jack. ... 'Did the janitor come in?' ... 'No, I was the very first. And I didn't see the window at first, and I didn't do it. I went and took up the piece of glass, and then Rob came.' ... 'You are quite sure you didn't do it?' ... 'Yes, I am,' said Jack. ... 'I have known Jack a long while,' said Miss Hill. 'I live at his uncle's, and he comes there a good deal. Jack is a very good boy—we won't talk about his faults now,' she said, with a smile, 'but he has a good name for telling the truth. Now, Jack, this is a very serious affair, but I am going to tell you. I think that in some way you shall find out how the window was broken.' ... Jack went to his desk much comforted. The thing looked badly for him, he knew, but Miss Hill was going to stand by him. ... He soon saw, however, that Miss Hill's faith in his truthfulness was not shared by all the boys. None of them spoke to him directly about it, but he heard teasing remarks. ... 'It broke itself.' ... 'It hit itself a knock and smashed itself.' ... 'No, a book jumped up and hit it.' ... 'No, somebody crept through the window and did it.' ... Poor Jack's cheeks burned more and more as the day was over. He had the habit with all wise boys, he thought his trouble to his mother. ... 'If Miss Hill believes your word, I need you mind?' she said. ... 'But I do mind, mamma. It's dreadful to have the boys look sideways and laugh at me and think I'm a liar. Miss Hill says she thinks it'll come out somehow, but I don't see how it can.' ... 'Well, dear, we must hope it will. I think God will show in some way that you are telling the truth.' ... But as days went by and still there was no light on the mystery Jack began to fear that God might not be able to set such a matter right or that, for some good reason which Jack could not understand, He might think best to let the reproach remain against him. ... With all his heart he prayed about it. He had never thought much of praying before, except the set prayer his mother had taught him when he would just speak. Other kind of praying he thought was more for grown-up people than for a boy of ten years. ... 'No, I'm beginning to think things go on just about the same, no matter how you pray,' Jack said to his mother when nearly a week had gone. 'It was last Tuesday, and here's Monday again.' ... 'We mustn't try to set any time for the Lord's doing,' she said. 'He takes His own time.' ... Tuesday afternoon came. The window had long ago been mended, but the new pane had not been washed, and every time he looked that way Jack thought of the boys, who would always believe he had told a lie, wondering how God could ever think best to let such a reproach rest on him.

A Helpful Boy. ZELIA M. BROWN. When Mr. Lindsay fell into business difficulties, Rex was sixteen, and old enough to understand that a time of comparative hardship was at hand. He sat down to think over it soberly and to plan how he could be the most help. In books that he had read, boys whose fathers had failed went to work and by some marvelous strokes of good fortune retrieved the family disaster. Rex was sensible enough to know that business opportunities are not waiting for inexperienced boys, yet he resolved to go to work. The next day after school he began a tour of the down-town offices. To his great delight, Mr. Wheeler, one of his father's friends, promised him employment at four dollars a week. Rex rushed home in a tumult of delight. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay were at the table when Rex burst in with rather an incoherent account of how he had found work at four dollars a week, and meant to help lighten the family burdens. 'So, Mr. Wheeler has offered you a place in his shop?' said his father at last. 'Yes, father.' 'What will it lead to—what will it fit you for?' 'Why, nothing; only I'll get higher wages after awhile.' 'Then you will be an unskilled workman, at uncertain wages, all the rest of our life.' 'Oh, I shall find something better some of these days.' 'Are you sure you will—are you fitted for something better?' Rex was silent. 'If you really wish to help your mother and me, you will go back to school to-morrow morning.' 'Why, father!' cried astonished Rex. 'My boy, I understand and appreciate your motive. I am glad I have a son willing to help. And I want you to help, but I'm going to show you the right way. Spend one more year at school, and then we will look out for a place where you may work at something that will give you skill, and bring you to a better position when you merit it.' 'Can you afford to send me to school another year?' 'Yes; although it will mean some sacrifices on our part and yours. Are you willing to go on with harder study and fewer pleasures?' 'Yes, I am,' said Rex, promptly. 'That's my helpful boy,' said his mother, softly.—Christian Standard.

The Love of Wild Animals for Their Young. It is, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case the travellers 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 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 down stream to be farther from the mother when she should discover her loss. The little fellows kept up a continual crying and soon a plunge caused the travellers 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 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 action was 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 beseeching. Some of the party were for giving up the cubs, but others held out. The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's demonstrations of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came more plaintive tones. She showed no signs 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 travellers furiously for a minute, she took both cubs up by the neck, and holding them in her great jaws, carried them off into the woods.—From Current Literature.

'I'll hit it again,' retorted the Hammer; and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb-nail the Hammer struck.—Chicago Bulletin.

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Hungry Ants Build a Bridge. Something new and interesting about ants was learned by a Mount Airy florist and told to a "Philadelphia Record" reporter. For a week or so he had been bothered by ants that got into boxes of seeds, which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants he put into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, every one deserting the boxes of seeds. As soon as the bone would become thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was put in use as a trap again. Then the florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in a centre of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would never get to the bone, but would get caught on the sticky fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand, secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the patch was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.

It was said of one that as he prayed he spoke as if God were near, and talked with him so really and confidently, that those who were beside him found themselves almost looking around to see where God was.—Taylor.

WHAT SPLIT THE LOG.—'There's nothing like giving a boy a little encouragement once in a while,' said a wealthy down-town merchant, the other day. 'I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small. I was trying to split a cross-grained hickory log, and, as our wood-pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of the farmer, who stopped his team. 'I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crassest and surliest man in town, and never took any notice of his boys, except to sit in his orchards with a shot-gun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I put in my best licks, and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. I hated to be beaten, but there seemed no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin. 'Humph! I thought you'd hev to give it up! he said, with a chuckle. 'Those words were all I needed. 'I made no reply; but the way that axe-head went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots, they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and soon the halves lay before me, and the farmer drove off discomfited. 'But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business, I made mistakes, as every young man will. But whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise, I remembered that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say, 'I thought you'd have to give it up! 'In spite of himself, that old farmer gave me the key-note of my success. 'So you see that, if a boy has any grit in him, he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and, in that connection, I may remark, a well-placed sneer is often worth more than a barrel of taffy.—Puck.

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SORE THROAT.

Mr. Chas. Johnston, Bear River, N. S., says: 'I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat and after taking three bottles of Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely cured.'

Running Barefoot.

One of the delights of childhood is that of running barefoot. There seems to be an instinct, inherited perhaps from savage ancestors, which impels a child to throw off the foot-covering and walk about in all the delightful freedom of unshod feet. Mothers who indulge their children in this respect are wise. Many of our instincts may safely and even beneficially be yielded to in moderation; and this is one of them. One of our "weak spots" is the foot, and we are, perhaps, oftener predisposed to colds and other maladies by damp and chilled feet than by anything else. Whatever tends to toughen the feet, therefore, makes the individual so much the less liable to disease. Mothers are often perplexed as to how far they may safely indulge their children in this longing for going barefoot. They cannot feel that it is safe to let a boy or girl run about barefooted on wet grass, play with bare feet in damp sand, or continue to go out without shoes and stockings when a cold and wet day breaks a hot spell. It might not be prudent to let a child begin in this way in the early Spring, after having been in shoes and stockings, and perhaps rubbers, all Winter. But before the Summer is over all such anxiety may be put aside. Of course there are certain precautions that should always be taken, for the human foot cannot safely be neglected, like the well-protected paws of a dog or cat. The child should not be allowed to turn about in the neighborhood of barns, blacksmith and carpenter shops, and other places where there are likely to be rusty nails, splinters of wood, broken crockery and the like; nor should he go far afield over rough ground, where he would probably get some bruises. When first beginning his barefoot holiday the boy should put on thin socks and light, easy shoes or slippers at dusk, and should go footclad on really cold days. After tramping in mud and wet his feet should be bathed in cold water, dried and "socked" as soon as he comes into the house. A summer of this freedom from shoes, with its toughening of the feet and the system in general, will insure for the child a winter practically free from the "snuffles"—but he will need shoes of a larger size in the Autumn.—Youth's Companion.