

## LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF LIDA ROBINSON.

Can she who has known us and loved us so well,  
 Forget in the home, where the bright angels dwell?  
 Would life be worth living, if this were the last,  
 And ended where all's in the night of the past?  
 Can it be that the spark, which was given of God,  
 Is dead with the ashes we lay 'neath the sod?  
 Ceased to live with the life that has passed from our sight,  
 Gone before to the home of the spirits of light?  
 Can it be she has lived out her life's little span?  
 'Twas noble and true, 'twas the life of a woman—  
 Can it be it is ended? Oh no! just begun,  
 For her spirit is free and the victory won.

The spirit immortal has broken the chain  
 Which bound her to earth with its wearisome pain,  
 And she lives in the home where the purified are,  
 And life has no discord, its music to mar.

She has lived, she has loved, she has suffered  
 No, No! only doting away with the tide,  
 Just crossed the dark stream to the opposite shore,  
 And wakens to glory unheard of before.

Lida has gone from earth's life, or rather  
 Her form has passed from our sight like a leaf in the storm,  
 But her spirit—the one whom we loved and still love,  
 Will strengthen and help us wherever we rove.

Her vision of beauty so lovely and sweet  
 Is dwelling now where angel friends meet  
 And the home she inhabits is most lovely and fair  
 Is brighter and better than tongue can compare.

G. Chapman, Temperance Poet.

## GONE HOME.

(Written by their little adopted daughter Lida.)

Lines in memory of Anna M. Boyer, wife of George W. Boyer, Esq., who died at Victoria Corner, August 14th, 1886.

Our hearts are sad and weary,  
 They are aching at our loss,  
 And we're bowed, and nearly fainting  
 'Neath the heavy, crushing cross.

For we dreamed not that our dear one  
 Would so soon be called away;  
 Till the silver cord was loosened,  
 Broken from her life's bright day.

Early have her footsteps faltered,  
 Walking in the way of life;  
 Early weared, she is resting  
 From the tumult of the strife.

She has left a world of sorrow,  
 Full of grief, and toil and pain,  
 And our loss; through deep and heartfelt,  
 Infinitely is her gain.

Now she dwells in realms of gladness,  
 In a glorious heaven of love,  
 Walks among the shining angels  
 In the golden streets above.

While we still are moving onward,  
 Bowed with sorrow, care and pain,  
 From the land of rest and beauty,  
 Would we call her back again?

We, too, soon shall hear the summons,  
 Hear the angels whisper "Come,"  
 And we'll pass the pearly portals  
 Of our bright eternal home.

There we'll see our own loved one,  
 Who has only "gone before,"  
 There, within our Father's mansion,  
 We shall meet to part no more.

## The Fireside.

## JOE'S SIGN.

"Shall we call for Joe?" asked a boy, somewhat hesitatingly, as he and his friend were starting on a fishing excursion.

"No, sir," answered the other, emphatically. "If the sun shines it will be too hot for him, and if it rains it will be too wet for him. If there are any pebbles on the road they will be sure to get into his shoes, and wherever we stop to fish he will know that it's a poor place, not half so good as one a little down the river. Nothing will suit him, and he will spoil all the fun. I'd like to paint a sign to hang over his door."

"Grumbling and Growling done Cheap. Plenty of Material always on Hand."

It is a pity that Joe could not have heard the conversation; and there are many other Joes whose doors deserve the same sign. Grumbling is the easiest business in the world to learn, but it is one of the most unprofitable after it is learned. It is useless to the one who engages in it, for it never yet made a rough road smoother, a heavy burden lighter or a long day shorter. It never mends ills; it always adds to them. And it is a useless business to other people, for it furnishes wares that nobody wants.

"I always try to have an errand out of my office when that man comes in," said a lawyer, speaking of an acquaintance one day. "He is not a bad man, but he is always complaining of the miserable weather and all his rheumatics, aches and pains—tells how the crops are blighted, what banks have failed, and how dull business is, until he makes me feel blue in spite of myself. He sees the worst side of everything, and grumbles over all he sees. I make a point of running away from him whenever I can."

But that man is only a Joe grown up, and the habit of complaining and fault-finding has grown with him until he seems to take life as a dog does a bone, and only enjoys it by growling over it. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," wrote King Solomon, and we can easily fancy that the poor king had so many dissatisfied, discontented people in his court—people who did not like the new laws, did not believe

in the new officers, disapproved of the plans for the temple, and thought the Queen of Sheba should have stayed at home—that he really did find it better than a good many bottles of tonic to meet a sunny-faced man who took a cheerful view of things and did not think the whole kingdom was going to destruction.

The grumbler and growler, whether he knows it or not, is both cowardly and selfish; he harms himself and everybody near him. But the brave, cheerful, hopeful spirit, ready to bear its share of hardships courageously, and makes the best of whatever happens, is a blessing to itself and all around it, and is welcome everywhere.

Boys, do not be Joes. Whatever must be done, do it cheerily; whatever must be borne, bear it bravely. Never cry over anything until you have made sure there is not a good hearty laugh in it somewhere; and by the time you have knocked it to pieces to find out, you will find yourself whistling, and not feel like crying any way. "God loveth a cheerful giver," the Bible says; and that does not mean only those who are giving money, but those who are giving labor, time, strength or care as well. Every lesson, every bit of work, every little trial, every duty that falls to your share, is a call to you to give something. Do it heartily, and make your life like sunshine. "God loveth a cheerful giver."—Kate W. Hamilton.

## BANK-NOTE PAPER.

The bank-note paper on which American legal tender, national bank-note, currency, and government bonds are printed is made entirely at Dalton, Mass. If you should happen to stop at the paper mill, with proper introduction and credentials, you may perhaps be allowed to handle a sheet of crisp paper, where, as the wet, grayish pulp is pressed between heavy iron cylinders, bits of blue and red silk are scattered over its face, and silken ribs laid on its surface. You may go beyond in the counting-room, where each sheet, as it comes from the drying-room, is carefully examined, counted, and then returned to the paper cutter to be divided into smaller sheets. If you trace this paper still further, you will find that from the cutter's hands it passes again into the counting-room, and is separated into packages containing 1,000 sheets each, the amount recorded in a register, and then packed in bundles and stored in fire and burglar proof vaults to await shipment to the United States treasury. From the pulp-room to the vault, the precious paper is watched and guarded as carefully as though each sheet was an ounce of gold. Its manufacture is one of the greatest secrets connected with the government's money-making. From the vaults of the paper mill at Dalton to the guarded storeroom of the treasury at Washington is a journey of several hundred miles. In the capacious vaults of the treasury building, among gold, silver, copper, and nickel coins, bullion, paper currency, and official records, you will find thousands of the packages of the bank-note paper made at Dalton. It comes in little iron safes, and each package and every sheet is carefully counted before the manufacturer and express company are relieved of further responsibility. The paper that arrives to-day may lie in the treasury store-room for years, or it may be sent to the bureau of engraving and printing to-morrow, to return in the course of a month's time a legal tender or bank-note.

## THE QUARRELSOME NEIGHBORS.

Once a man built a house in a garden rather near to his neighbor's garden. His neighbor said, "I do not like your house so close to my garden." But the first man said, "I cannot help it; I shall do as I like." Then the neighbor said, "Well, I will make you repent of it; for I will take away your light." So he set to work, and began to build up a tall house quite close to the first house, so as to shut out all the light. Now you must know that the street in which they lived was very narrow, and the streets in old-fashioned cities; so narrow, that you could almost shake hands with the house on the other side of the way. So, you see, hardly any light came to the house from the windows that looked out into the street in the front, and they wanted all the light they could get from the side. But this quarrelsome man was building up his house so close to his neighbor's house that no light could come in from the side.

Every day, while the house was building, the quarrelsome man would come and look at it and say, "Now I shall punish him. Now my enemy will be sorry for having hurt me. How dark and miserable he will be in his new house." Then he would go away rubbing his hands with delight; and every week the house grew higher and higher,

the foolish man exulted more and more and said, "How miserable my neighbor will be! Who can live without light?" Now soon afterwards, just when the house was finished, this quarrelsome man lost all his money, and became so poor that he had to leave the fine house in which he was living, and had to come and live in his new house. As soon as the furniture was moved into it, and he had time to look about him, his heart sank within him, when he saw how dark it was and he said, "I see now I have been very foolish. In taking away my neighbor's light, I have taken away my own, and as long as I live in this house I shall never see the sun."

God's forgiveness is like light to our souls. If we want to take away the light of forgiveness from others, we take it away from ourselves. God sees something to love in all men, both in the bad and in the good. If we cannot see something to love in all men, we are not like God. If we go on acting unkindly and unforgivingly, we become more and more unlike God. Then, as we become unlike God, we become afraid of him, and distrustful of him, and we cannot believe that he loves and forgives us, and so we cannot be forgiven. Thus we shut out his forgiveness, as the foolish man shut out the sunlight. Jesus said to us, and still says to us every day, "If you do not forgive one another, your heavenly Father will not forgive you."

## WHY SOME FARMERS DO NOT SUCCEED.

They are not active and industrious.

They do not keep up with improvements.

They are wedded to old methods. They give no attention to details. They think small things not important.

They take no pleasure in their work.

They regard labor as a misfortune. They are wasteful and improvident.

They let their gates sag and fall down.

They will not make compost.

They sell hay, grain, and straw off the farm, instead of turning them into meat, cheese, and butter, and increasing their supply of manure.

They let their fowls roost in trees. They have no shelter for stock.

They do not curry their horses.

They leave their plows in the field.

They hang the harness in the dust. They put off greasing the wagon.

They don't know that the best is the cheapest.

They have no method or system.

They don't seek the experience of others.

They see no good in a new thing. They never use paint on the farm.

They have no time to do things well.

They think two dollars is better invested in whiskey and tobacco than in a good weekly paper.

## A DEAR BARGAIN.

"It is a jolly knife," said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades, besides the corkscrew," said Tom. "It could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" asked Ted; curiously and suspiciously.

"I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing, "I gave him my red alley for it, and an old medal. I told him the medal was silver, and the alley was real marble, and he thinks he got a bargain. He's awful green."

"Oh!" said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price, if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a dunce as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel; "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."

## HOME HINTS.

Study variety in your breakfasts if you don't in any other meals.

Stains on cups and saucers can be removed by rubbing with ashes.

Suit your meals to the season, reserving rich heavy foods for cold weather.

If necessary to economize time in the morning, set the table for breakfast the evening before; keep an old tablecloth to spread over it.

White Soup.—One quart of water, three potatoes, three onions, one sliced turnip, a sprig of parsley. Boil until soft, then pour water and vegetables through a colander, then return to kettle. Just before serving add one pint sweet cream, or part milk, add a little pepper and salt, one tablespoonful corn starch, stirred smooth with two tablespoonfuls butter. Let boil up once and serve.

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery.

No. 294.—CHARADE.

(FROM "MINA," KINGS.)

While on one day, my second spied;  
 My first I saw him do;  
 To catch him was to no avail,  
 He seemed as though he flew.

My whole's a game oft played by boys,  
 Its amusing to the mind;  
 Now put your heads together, pray,  
 My riddle for to find.

No. 295.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM H. DAGGETT, GRAND MANAN.)  
 Hte aalcmti fo dwaio si nrae ot  
 ecom, nda shi flicatitl thsea tsa.

No. 296.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.  
 (FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)  
 Bead r h ecmkr : tr hy hl b ald h  
 cide f o.

No. 297.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
 (FROM LIZZIE A. KERR, YORK.)  
 I am composed of three words,  
 which form one of Christ's commands.  
 My 1, 2, 4, is an insect.  
 My 2, 3, 4, is a part of the body.  
 My 6, 5 is an exclamation.  
 My 5, 4 is a pronoun.

No. 298.—AN OLD CHARADE.  
 (FROM R. L. BLACK, KINGS.)  
 We are little airy creatures  
 All of different voice and features;  
 One of us in glass is set;  
 One of us you'll find in jet;  
 One of us is set in tin;  
 And the fourth a box is in;  
 If the last you should pursue,  
 It will never fly from you.

No. 299.—PI PUZZLE.  
 (FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)  
 Ew kown heret era sandbush dan  
 heartef,  
 Adn throbers had servot of vase,  
 Form het denif how ai pengimitt, hemt  
 warond,  
 Ot illf et berateinis rager.  
 Ew toncan tands dile, ro caresseel,  
 Ew smut allyr lavyery daroun,  
 Ew will emak het mur-gink endaserrur,  
 Dan lauh ish thead-glaf of eht rundog.  
 Ti ai ringdoop to lafn-stam leaday;  
 Tinpanmeoce ai soling het gifth,  
 Nad re've tills archming no ot het  
 crusee,  
 Ot letbat rof metp'crane dan girth!

No. 300.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.  
 (FROM JESSIE B. SHARP, KINGS.)  
 J-s-a-a-t-u-t-h-m,-  
 a-t-e-a,-t-e-r-t-a-d  
 -h-l-f,-n-m-e-o-e-t-  
 -n-o-he-f-t-e-b-t-y  
 -e.

No. 301.—PI PUZZLE.  
 (FROM MARTHA COLWELL, YORK.)  
 Nda vingha dofo adn airntem the su  
 eb whitereth entenot.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 40.)

No. 266.—Canary.  
 No. 267.—  
 "Patience is a virtue,  
 Possess it who can;  
 'Tis seldom found in women,  
 Less often found in man."

No. 268.—(1) 1 Samuel xxii. 18.  
 (2) Ezekiah. See 2 Kings 20 chap.

No. 269.—(1) A  
 A N D  
 D

(2) R A T  
 A T E  
 T E A

No. 270.—(1) Ezek. v. 1; Judges  
 xvi. 17; etc. (2) Isaiah xli. 7.

No. 271.—Isaiah xl. 8.

No. 272.—James iv. 17.

No. 273.—Genesis xxxi. 4.

No. 274.—A—da—M  
 B—ambo—O  
 R—ol—L  
 A—fric—A  
 H—est—S  
 A—ha—B  
 M—ore—A

ABRAHAM. ABSALOM.

## CHAT.

MARTHA COLWELL, York, sends us a puzzle the same as the one from R. L. Black, Kings, published in this issue. We cannot publish it again. In fact we would always prefer original puzzles.

HELEN R., St. John, sends correct answers to all the puzzles in No. 40, except the Square Word in No. 269.

W. E. KINGSTON, St. Stephen, visits our COLUMN again. He sends us correct solutions to Nos. 249, 251, 258, 265. Thank you for the puzzles. Write again ere long.

LOTTIE STEEVES, St. John, writes again, sending correct explanations to 6½ puzzles in The Mystery, No. 40; also the Prize Query. Thanks for puzzles. We gladly greet all the staunch COLUMN readers with gladness. Write us whenever you can, and let us know how you are succeeding, and at the same time give us words of encouragement. Success to you.

FAY ROBINSON, St. John, correctly answers 7½ puzzles in No. 40; and also the Prize Query. The prize, "Miss Canada," has been forwarded to her address. She will please acknowledge receipt of the same. Thanks for puzzles, Persevere!



Nursing mothers, reduced by overtaxing of the nervous force or by the drain upon the system induced by prolonged nursing, should at once commence using Ridge's Food as a daily diet. It will give strength to the mother and improve the supply for the little one. Remember, Ridge's Food has been in use for thirty years in England and America, therefore is not an untried preparation. Two sizes. Retail at 35c. and 51c.

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 great care, Correctly numbered and War-  
 ranted Full Length and Weight.

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 ton Yarn to remember that our  
 Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames which  
 make a stronger yarn than the Ring  
 Frames, used in making American yarn.  
 It is also better twisted and more care-  
 fully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7  
 inch of 120 yards each. This makes it  
 much more easy to wind than when it is  
 put up without less—as the American is—  
 and also saves a great deal of waste.  
 Those acquainted with weaving will  
 understand the great advantage it is to  
 them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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 in length and will make a length of Carpet  
 in proportion to the number of ends in  
 width.

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 than it formerly had, and it will now make  
 a more durable Carpet than can be made  
 with any other material. Since its intro-  
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buncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores

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amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

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