

Cheerfulness.

'There is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?
Who always has a welcome
Wherever she may go.

'Her face is like the May-time,
Her voice is like a bird's
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

'Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun;
And she is sun, and cherished
And loved by every one.

'By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low,
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

'You surely must have met her;
You certainly can guess—
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is—Cheerfulness."

The City Cousins.

"Well, now! What sort of fish do you call that?" There was something of a sneer in Rodney's tone.

"He's an independent sort of a fish," responded Dave; "broad as he is long, hands in his pockets, whistling away and as happy as a king. I say, Will, is that the sort of folks you have out here?" The "out here" was particularly cutting to Will.

"How? What do you mean?" "Why, don't you see he's queer? You didn't ask him to come with us, did you?"

"N-no," stammered Will. He was not sure his cousins would understand. To make a washerwoman's boy happy might seem to them a very silly undertaking. Nugget lived alone with his mother in the little tumble-down shanty by the river. Will found him one day mourning because it was always so long before night, when his mother should come home. From that time Will took him in charge, and they had become almost inseparable companions. It would be difficult to tell which of the two boys gained most from this arrangement. Nugget was happy, supremely so, and Will had found more pleasure than in any other enterprise he had ever undertaken.

"I know what we'll do," said Rodney. Then followed a short consultation with David, after which Rodney, with a well knowing wink, said to Will in a low tone:

"He must be taught better; leave him to us; we'll fix it."

Their plan of action, however, they did not reveal until some time later, when, with Will at the oars, they were well out in the river beyond the bend.

"See how near you can take us to that rock, Will. That's it."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Nugget in very evident admiration.

"Now Steady, Will a moment," said Rodney, as he sprang up, seized Nugget by the shoulders, lifted him down the edge of the boat and gave him a sudden plunge into the water, saying, as he held him struggling there:

"Now, my fine fellow, after this don't go tagging around where you are not asked. Do you hear?" and he gave him a second little plunge, this time up to his chin.

"Now stop!" exclaimed Will, springing up, but Dave pulled him down almost instantly with the words: "Don't be chicken-hearted; he won't hurt him. Don't you see he holds him fast? He'll teach him a lesson."

"Now, youngster, climb up on the rock and sit there until we come after you."

Rodney pushed him toward the rock which lifted its head a little way above water. Nugget clambered to the top. As the boat sped hastily back, David burst into a loud laugh.

"Do see him, Rod! It strikes me you have put a damper on his spirits. All his earthly hopes have fled."

Both city boys laughed loud and long at the spectacle, but to Will it was a more serious matter.

"Well I declare!" he exclaimed, as he rested a moment on his oars and looked from one to the other of these cousins of his. They had followed the bend in the river, and were now out of sight of the little fellow on the rock. "I declare! I'd rather be chicken-hearted and green and countrified, all together, than to play such a mean, cowardly trick as that. He's not half your size. Bah!"

Will took up the oars again and proceeded to turn the boat about.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed both cousins at once.

"I'm turning around."

"Not much!" exclaimed Dave, and both sprang up. "You take one oar, Rod, and I will the other. We can straighten him out easy enough."

But it was not so easy; there was strength in the country boy's arm, and the courage of a good purpose in his heart. The struggle was brief and the ending abrupt. The boys could never explain how it happened, but the boat was capsized, precipitating all three into the river. To Will this was no

great misfortune, accustomed as he was to the water; but he soon saw that to the city boys it was a more serious matter.

"Here, Dave, hold to the boat; I'm going for Rod."

"Oh, quick, Will; he is going down again."

Will did his best, but in spite of all his efforts it was a very lifeless burden that he laid upon the bank a little later. David bent over him a moment. "O Will!" he exclaimed, with an awed look on his white face, "Rod's dead. Help me carry him to the house quick; perhaps mother can do something for him."

"Saddle the horse and ride to Lynn for a doctor," was all his mother had said.

Will was glad to obey; glad to be somewhere out of sight of the still face of his dead cousin. "Oh," he thought, "how little Rod knew when he came here that he would never go back alive."

"Prepare to meet thy God." Last Sunday's text was running through Will's brain.

It was quite dark when Will returned, with the doctor following closely. His mother met them at the door:

"He is sleeping quietly now, though I think he has some fever."

Sleeping! So Rod was not dead. Will sat down in the brightly-lighted sitting room and thought it all over. What if Rod had died; had died then of all times, when he had just been so unkind.

"Nugget!" exclaimed Will, springing up and seizing his hat. Out he rushed into the darkness and down to the river's side. As he rowed around the bend he strained his eyes to catch sight of the little figure on the rock.

"Halloo!" he called. No answer.

"Nugget! Nugget!" Why doesn't he answer? Will rowed nearer, so near he could see the rock. He rowed nearer still; rowed close against it. He put out his hand and felt of it. It was only the bare, silent rock. He felt of it again. Then he sat down in the boat and tried not to think. He meant never to think of anything again; and yet he had a vague idea that some time he must, and that he must think of this he most dreaded; of the bright-eyed little fellow who, overcome with weariness or fright, had slipped off the rock into the cruel river. No one heard his cry. Beside the rock that tells no stories in the bottom of the great silent river lies the child who has become like them—silent.

Will did not know how long he had been there when he heard David calling him from the shore.

"Here," answered Will, as he turned the boat.

"We've looked for you high and low, old fellow; what on earth were you doing out there?"

"It was of no use; he's gone and we've killed him."

"Why no, Will, he's better. Doctor says he'll live."

"It's Nugget, I mean."

"Oh, Nugget! Why, I took him home almost two hours ago. I went after him when you started for the doctor. But I say Will, that was a mean trick. You were right in saying it would be better to be chicken-hearted and green and countrified always than to be so cruel once."

Journal and Messenger.

What Became of a Dishonest Boy.

Let me tell you of a boy, whom we shall call Ned, who wanted to go the show that had come to the town in which he was living. His father could not go, and so put him off. The next day Ned coaxed to be taken to the show, but his father told him to go to school, and he would call for him there if he went. Ned thought he only wanted to put him off again, and did not expect him to call for him. So he took some money, played truant, and went to the show. His father called at the schoolhouse for him, and then went to the show. There he saw Ned with some bad boys, but he said nothing. In the evening he asked his son if he was at school. "O yes, sir!" but he knew he was telling a lie. You see how sins go together; one leads to another. He disobeyed, then he stole, played truant, and lied to conceal his sin. He soon saw that his father knew all about it. He knew he deserved to be punished, so he thought he would confess it and escape. But the confession that is made merely to escape punishment doesn't amount to much. The sorrow for sin, that doesn't lead us to forsake it, and do better, is a sham. His father said he would have to tell the teacher, and let him punish him as he thought best. Ned felt that would be a disgrace before the school to which he was not willing to submit, so he ran off.

After a few weeks he was brought home, forgiven, and restored to his old place in the home. Then he was sent to school in a neighbouring town. He did not like it there, so he ran off again. This time he was six months.

He changed his name so that he would not be known, but he got into trouble for which he would have to go to prison, unless he had some one to help him. Now, the poor rebel against his parents had to tell his name and who his father was. As soon as his father heard it, he came and helped him out of his trouble, and took him home again. You would expect him to be a kind dutiful son after that, wouldn't you? But he was not. He went from one thing to another, he took step after step in his disobedient way, until he was in the prison, where he told the chaplain that he was suffering the just punishment of heaven. How ungrateful is disobedience! It will wound and crush the heart of the kindest parent on earth. A noble-hearted boy would deny himself anything, and a loving, dutiful girl would make any sacrifice, to gratify a kind parent.

Japanese Foot-Gear.

In Japan children's shoes are made of blocks of wood secured with cords. The stocking resembles a mitten, having a separate place for the great toe. As these shoes are lifted only by the toes, the heels make a rattling sound as their owners walk, which is quite stunning in a crowd. They are not worn in the house, as they would injure the soft straw mats on the floor. You leave your shoes at the door. Every house is built with reference to the number of mats required for the floors; each room having from eight to sixteen, and in taking lodging you pay so much for a mat. They think it extravagant in us to require a whole room to ourselves. The Japanese shoe gives perfect freedom to the foot. The beauty of the human foot is only seen in the Japanese. They have no corns, no ingrowing nails, no distorted joints. Our toes are cramped until they are deformed, are in danger of extinction. They have the full use of their toes, and to them they are almost like fingers. Nearly every mechanic makes use of his toes in holding his work. Every toe is fully developed. Their shoes cost a penny, and last six months.

Home Hints.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Somebody says that linseed oil is a sure remedy for hard and soft corns. These are the instructions: If they are inflamed and painful, the relief it gives in a short time is very grateful. Bind on a cloth wet with the oil; continue to wet it night and morning till the corn comes out.

FURNITURE POLISH.—The subjoined simple preparation will be found desirable for cleaning and polishing old furniture: Over a moderate fire put a perfectly clean vessel. Into this drop two ounces of white or yellow wax. When melted add four ounces pure turpentine; then stir until cool, when it is ready for use. The mixture brings out the original color of the wood, adding a lustre equal to that of varnish. By rubbing with a piece of fine cork, it may, when it fades, be removed.

COAL ASHES FOR VINES.—Twenty years ago, says a correspondent, I planted vines in my yard, where I had to do a great deal of filling in, and the material employed was principally coal ashes. Wherever the ashes came in contact with the vines we had the largest crop of the finest grapes I ever saw, the roots seemed to run riot in the soil to a distance of ten to fifteen feet, and were a mass of fine fibres.

CLEAN WHITE HANDS.—A little ammonia or borax added to the water you wash your hands with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with water will whiten the hands.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 16.)

No. 137.—A A R O N
A L O N E
R O A S T
O N S E T
N E T T Y

No. 138.—Acts xi. 17.

No. 139.—See Genesis xxxii. 28.

No. 140.—1. Amos, Moses.
2. Rollo, 3. Avery.
4. Myra, 5. Clara.
6. Alice.

No. 141.—Methuselah.

No. 142.—E-lud-E
G-al-A
Y-ard-S
E-lac-E
T-wir-L

EGYPT. EASEL.

No. 143.—Can-did—Candid.

No. 144.—Revelations.

Mystery.—No. 19.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The seven puzzles which will complete the list of fifteen puzzles in this contest are as follows:

9.—HOLLOW SQUARE.

***** By mechanics I am used,
* And with sportsmen for game,
* It matters not how I'm abused,
* Backwards or forwards the same.

10.—ANAGRAM. (One Word.)

Credit Frome!

11.—CHARADE.

My first is a girl's nickname; my second is an article; my third is a measure. My whole puzzles many.

12.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. (One word.)
—N—E—L—G—N—E—.

13.—WORD-SQUARE.

A fish; an animal; a river; an animal.

14.—REBUS.

ROUND—HIGH—ROUND

15.—WORD DIAMOND.

A plant; a boy; black and white; a hole; a verb.

(Mysteries Nos. 18 and 19 solved in three weeks.)

The Mystic Fountain.

THE RESULT.

We shall now give the result of the first "Voting Contest"—No. 13. Doubtless we may receive other votes in this Contest; but we feel duty bound to announce the result. Therefore we give it as it now stands. Appended to the questions we present the answers which have been ascertained in each case by a plurality of votes, together with name and address of voter:

1. What Book of the Bible is your favourite? *St. John's Gospel.*—Lizzie McLaughlan, Carleton, St. John; J. R. VanWart, Lower Prince Wm., York; E. Kierstead, Canterbury Station, York.

2. What article of food would you be least willing to dispense with? *Bread.*—Same as above, and Netta Nickerson, Shag Harbour, N. S.; W. S. Porter, Port Maitland, N. S.; Stella Musgrove, Carleton, St. John.

3. Which of the common school studies do you think is the best useful? *Tie between Geography and History.*—Geo. Lizzie McLaughlan and Stella Musgrove, Carleton, St. John; E. Kierstead, York, His. L. L. W. Wilson and Netta Nickerson, Shag Harbour, N. S.; Theresa Gayton, Lower Argyle, Yarmouth, N. S.

4. What poet's writing do you most admire? *Longfellow.*—Lizzie McLaughlan; Stella Musgrove; Netta Nickerson; Theresa Gayton; Leland Haley, Salem, Yarmouth, N. S.

5. Which is the ablest New Brunswick newspaper? *INTELLIGENCER.*—Lizzie McLaughlan; Stella Musgrove; Netta Nickerson; L. L. W. Wilson; Theresa Gayton; E. Kierstead.

6. Which is the most important invention announced during the past 25 years? *Telephone.*—W. S. Porter, J. R. VanWart; Theresa Gayton; L. L. W. Wilson.

7. Who is the ablest Canadian statesman? *Sir John A. Macdonald.*—Lizzie McLaughlan; Stella Musgrove; J. R. VanWart; E. Kierstead, N. B., and Netta Nickerson; Leland Haley, N. S.

8. Who do you consider was the greatest English soldier? *Duke of Wellington.*—All above mentioned excepting L. L. W. Wilson.

A MATTER OF FACT.

One of the few preparations that seldom disappoints on trial, is that old standard throat and lung medicine, Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, sore throat and other diseases of the air passages.

IN A BAD CONDITION.

"I was so bad with dyspepsia that I could not take food of any kind without distress, and could not take a drink of water for a month at a time. I have been a great sufferer from liver complaint and dyspepsia for many years," says Mrs. Nelson W. Whitehead, of Nixon, Ont., whom two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitter cured.

TRAVEL VIA
Burlington
Route
C.B. & O.R.
DENVER
SAN FRANCISCO
OMAHA
KANSAS CITY
CITY OF MEXICO
For tickets, rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agents of C.B. & O.R. at St. John, N.B., or to the General Agent, H. B. Stone, 617 A. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Professional Cards.

C. H. COBURN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK,

FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

MORRISON & FREEZE,

—GENERAL—

INSURANCE AGENTS,

OFFICE:

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

FRANK I. MORRISON. J. ARTHUR FREEZE.

J. ARTHUR FREEZE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.

—FREDERICTON, N. B.—

Accounts collected and Loans negotiated on good securities.

OFFICE—WITH MORRISON & FREEZE.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Office—Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street, Woodstock.

J. A. & W. VANWART,

BARRISTERS, &c.

Offices—Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

Persons have been troubled all their lives with nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Sciatica have found relief from Taylor's Remedy. It acts directly upon the nervous system. For sale by all druggists.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT;

MINARD'S LINIMENT;

TURNER'S LINIMENT;

WHITE LINIMENT;

THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL;

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL;

FOR SALE BY

JOHN M WILEY.

196 QUEEN STREET.

D. FOWLER'S

EXTRACT OF WILD

STRAWBERRY

A PROMPT AND

RELIABLE CURE

For Cholera Morbus,

Cholera Infantum,

Colic, Diarrhea,

Dysentery, and all Summer

Complaints of Children

or Adults.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors,

TORONTO, ONT.

UNION

BAPTIST SEMINARY.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

PENDING the erection of buildings at St. Martin's, the School will continue at the next year at St. John.

The Term began September 8.

For full information address

L. E. WORTMAN, A. M.,

Principal, St. John, N. B.

LAND PLASTER

—AND—

SUPERPHOSPHATE

FOR SALE AT

ELI PERKINS'

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FLOUR STORE.

F'ton, March 29, 1887.

700 BUS. FEEDING OATS

IN STORE AT

ELI PERKINS'

TO ARRIVE

1 Car SEED OATS;

2,000 Lbs. BUCKWHEATMEAL

FOR SALE LOW.

F'ton, March 29, 1887.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL.

GREEN'S CELEBRATED BLACK-

SMITH COAL, only to be had at

NEILL'S Hardware Store.

STEEL CUT NAILS.

ANOTHER CAR STEEL NAILS just received and for sale low, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

Burdock

BLOOD

BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, & BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

GOLDEN

MEDICAL

DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by impure blood, conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great Eaters, who rapidly heal under its benign influence, curing Tetters, Rose Rashes, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Swellings, Hip-joint Affections, White Swellings, Gout, Gravel, Rheumatism, and Enlarged Glands, and all other diseases in stamps for a large tract of colored plates, on Skin Diseases, and some amount for a treatise on Scrofula.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE. Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you will have a fair skin, buoyant spirits, its vital strength, and so on.

constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION.