

But Don't You Tell.

Dear Mrs. Jones, I'm glad you called! I hoped you'd come to-day. Now have you heard what awful things they tell of Elder Gray? You haven't? Why, I heard last night that some one heard in town, He went to see the Black Crook show, Along with Deacon Brown. But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—Perhaps it isn't so; But, really that is what they say—I don't pretend to know.

Now, Mrs. Jones, do you suppose That Mr. Smith would cheat? I'm told by them that ought to know, He swindles on his meat. Two ounces short a pound, they say—And just the same on tea; And he a member in the church. Along with you and me! But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—Perhaps it isn't so; But, really, that is what they say—I don't pretend to know.

They say that Thompson and his wife Just quarrel night and day. He's jealous. Well, perhaps there's cause—That's not for me to say. The way that woman puts on airs—New hat and diamond ring, And gad, gad, gading all the time, With beaux upon her string. But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—Perhaps it isn't so; But, really, that is what they say—I don't pretend to know.

They say that Mrs. Johnson's got A new silk dress, and she Don't pay her washing bill, I'm told—It came quite straight to me. It's hinted that her husband drinks And gambles on the sly; But then folks gossip so, you know, But thank my stars, not I! Now don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—Those things may not be so; But, really, that is what they say—I don't pretend to know.

When I was a Boy.

When I was a boy, the grand sire said To the bright lad by his knee, Of all the victors crowned with fame I read, Who triumphed on land and sea! And through the years, from the deathless page, A summons has sounded long: To youth, and manhood, and hearty age, The message is this—"Be Strong!"

"When I was a boy—" he paused and said To the listener by his knee, "Of the men who were as lights I read In the dark world's history! They prized the truth, and were loved of God, And no fear of men they knew; And still from the glorious heights they trod, The message was this: 'Be True!'"

—J. R. Eastwood, in the Quiver for March.

FAITHFULNESS.

Ralph Warner and Joe Curtis were next door neighbors. The doors were not very near, for both lived on farms, and the houses were the eighth of a mile apart. The farm on which Ralph lived was a large and rich one, but Ralph was not rich. He was only a poor orphan boy, who worked for Mr. Harris the owner of the farm. Joe Curtis was an orphan, too. The farm on which he worked was owned by Mrs. Douglas, a widow. It was a small one, so small that sometimes this boy was all the help she had.

One night Ralph asked Mr. Harris if he might go to the river with Joe. "Have you done all the chores?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, sir."

Now Mr. Harris knew that if Ralph said so, it was so, and he granted his request at once.

Ralph found Joe bringing in the wood for the next morning. "Joe," he said, "will you ask Mrs. Douglas if you can go to the river with me?"

Joe gave a ready assent. He assured Mrs. Douglas that the chores were all done, and received her permission to go with Ralph.

Knowing something of Joe's habits, Ralph said, just as they reached the gate, "Are you sure the chores are all done?"

"Yes, I believe so," was Joe's careless answer.

"The barn doors are open. Doesn't Mrs. Douglas expect you to shut them at night?"

"It doesn't make a bit of difference, and she won't see them, for they are out of sight from the house."

"I should shut them, if I were in your place," said Ralph, and then the barn reminding him of eggs, he asked, "Have you brought in the eggs to-day?"

"No, I forgot to look. But the hens don't lay eggs every day, so Mrs. Douglas won't think anything about it."

"Let's see if we can find any, before we go to the river," said Ralph. "I like to hunt for eggs."

They went, and soon found several. Ralph, not satisfied with this, continued to look around, and soon discovered a nest with ten eggs, of which Joe had no knowledge.

"Only think! we have found sixteen!" said Ralph, exultingly, after counting them. "Worth looking for, I am sure."

Two years passed, and each of the boys went on his way; Joe neglecting his duties with little or no compunction, if he felt sure his unfaithfulness would not be discovered, and Ralph performing every duty carefully; and yet, during this time, the difference between the two boys seemed of little account. Ralph seldom got even a word of approbation from Mr. Harris, and Joe usually contrived to escape censure.

At the end of two years Mr. Harris received a visit from an old friend, who was a very busy man when at home, and it was a great treat to him to spend a whole week in a quiet country farm-house. He was a close observer, and one thing which did not escape his notice was the faithfulness with which Ralph did all his tasks. He spoke of it to Mr. Harris.

"Yes, Ralph is a pretty good boy," said Mr. Harris, rather carelessly, as if it was a matter of course.

"I wonder if you know how few boys there are as faithful as he is?" was his friend's reply.

"I want a good, honest, faithful boy," said a friend to this gentleman about two weeks after his return home. "Did you chance to find such an article while you were in the country?"

The gentleman's thoughts turned at once to Ralph, and he answered: "I did see such a boy. I never saw one more faithful and trustworthy." And then he told all about Ralph.

"Do you think I could get him?" "Very likely you may, if you try."

He did try, and the result was that Ralph found an excellent place which proved to be the first stepping-stone to a successful career in the business world.

It has often been said that the rogne or wrong-doer is sure to be found out at last; but it is just as true that the faithful, industrious boy is sure to be found out in the long run. He may think that no one observes him, but the people around him have eyes, and by and by, there will be a place where such a boy is wanted, and some one, who has been silently watching him, will bring the place and boy together.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

"Ouch, Susy! It hurts like sixty!" "I know it, Charlie. I will be as careful as I can."

She bathed his hurt foot with very gentle hands, for she saw by his face the pain it gave him. His sister Mary came in, and held his hand, and said, "How did it get hurt?"

"Oh, it was all Jack Brand's fault. I hit him with my ball, but I didn't mean to. Then he hit me with his bat, and I hit back, and he hit back, and then he ran; and I was climbing over the wall to run after him and hit him again, and a great stone fell on my foot. Oh! oh!"

"I'll soon be done," said Susy. "Jack Brand is always quarrelling with me," said Charlie.

"But it always takes two to make a quarrel, you know," said Mary. "One boy can't make a quarrel."

"Do you mean that I quarrel?" said Charlie.

"It seems like that, doesn't it? If you had not struck back when he struck you, there would not have been a quarrel."

"If he had stopped, I would have stopped," said Charlie.

"But you should have stopped first, Charlie. You forgot to try the soft answer, I'm afraid."

"I guess I did," said Charlie in a low voice.

"Try the next time," said his sister, earnestly. "It will be hard, perhaps, when you feel angry, but a Christian soldier must get used to hard things. And his great Captain will always be sure to help him."

By this time the bruised foot was carefully bound up.

"I wish you'd bring me my paint-box, Susy," he said. "I am going to make something to help me remember!"

He painted a motto in bright colours on a piece of card-board, and hung it up in his room. It read: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

The Parson who was a "Mon."

The following story from "The Reminiscences" of Sir Francis H. Doyle was told to the author by a parson who had served in the Hussars: "On arriving at my post, I found my parishioners in a thoroughly barbarous condition. One of their habits was that the women, stripped to the waist, with their hair cut short, had to fight pitched battles in the public house, their husbands giving them knees, according to the accepted rights of pugilism. I resolved to put a stop to this practice; and, a contest having been arranged between two renowned

championesses, I stepped into the arena, and forbade it. Upon this, the bully of the place turned upon me. "Very good," said I, "off with your coat." No sooner said than done. We took the place of the house; and in a quarter of an hour, thanks to the instructions of my friend, Mr. Jackson, I had given him such a thrashing that he kept his bed for a fortnight, and troubled me no more. Then, sir, I began to get confidence in my parish. They said the parson was a mon."

A Straw House.

Yes, a house made of straw. Not a doll's house, but a house two stories and a half high, covering a space of 42x50 feet, larger than many ordinary dwelling-houses.

On the 2nd of May an American exhibition is to be opened at Earl's Court, Kensington, England, and then this house of straw, which is now being made in Philadelphia, is to be exhibited. The "straw house," as they call it, is said to be fire-proof as well as water-proof, so that everything about the house, even the roof and chimney, is built of materials made from straw.

Who knows but that some day we may read items like this in the daily papers: "Mr. Blank has just moved into his elegant new straw house, which is said to be the finest private residence in the State." Then we old-fashioned folks, who live in brick, stone, or frame houses, will have to acknowledge ourselves sadly behind the times.

What a Boy Accomplished.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools went out in the vacation past summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate sweeper. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man:

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The sweeper, who had taken a great liking to him, said:

"I thought you were going to stay all summer?"

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will go."

The man felt the rebuke, and he said:

"If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is to come.

The Dollars Go but the Lie Stays.

"Would you tell a lie for five cents?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher. "No, ma'am." "For ten cents?" "No, ma'am." "For a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "For a hundred dollars?" "No, ma'am; not even for a hundred dollars." "For a thousand dollars?" Henry hesitated. He could buy many things with a thousand dollars! While he was thinking Charlie answered, "No, ma'am," very positively. "Why not?" "Because, when the thousand dollars are gone, the lie is the same."

Which of these boys was the stouter, morally? Ten cents would have measured the moral strength of some boys.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CLARK SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 9.)

No. 68.—Corn-sack.

No. 69.—Santa Claus.

No. 70.—J.

No. 71.—Job v. 2.

No. 72.—DANIEL

A M E N D

N E C K

I N K

E D

L

No. 73.—Psalm xvii. 2.

No. 74.—2 Samuel xxii. 36.

No. 75.—L

T O M

L O T U S

M U M

S

The Mystery.—No. 12.

No. 98.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 33 letters.

My 3, 4, 12, 19, 23 is a Book of the Bible.

My 7, 14, 18, 20, 29, 2 names a prophet.

My 15, 14, 1, 11, 23, 18, 14, 16, 2, 22, 19 gives a feast of the Israelites.

My 18, 14, 30, 28, 25, 14, 2, 8 is a tribe of Israel.

My 2, 24, 32, 21, 8, 16, 29, 14 names one of the churches of Asia.

My 14, 30, 32, 19, 27, 2, 3 is a gospel messenger.

My whole is found in Psalms.

Grafton.

No. 99.—PIED BIBLE CITIES.

1. Vindicta. 2. Dilectio.

3. Duzinal. 4. Hkamijmear.

5. Hagoen. 6. Kreen.

FAY ROBINSON.

St. John.

No. 100.—DROP-VOYEL PUZZLE.

Th—f—r—f th—L—rd—sth—n str—et—n—fw—sd—ud—nd b—f—r—h—n—r—sh—m—l—ty.

"TARITHA & JEMIMA."

Apohaqui.

No. 101.—DECAPITULATIONS.

1. Behead a bird and leave a close chest.

2. Behead amusing, and leave a list.

3. Behead enmity, and leave a woman's name.

4. Behead dislike, and leave a translation.

5. Behead parched, and leave to free.

6. Behead ancient, and leave a metal.

7. Behead a superior, and leave a flower.

J. McDUGALL.

No. 102.—CROSS PUZZLE.

O O O O O What we hope all enjoyed.

St. John.

No. 103.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; particle of negation; a sign; a number; a consonant.

"NICK."

Millville, York.

No. 104.—HALF SQUARE.

A bird; a salt; a hint; a verb; a letter.

HELEN R.

St. John.

No. 105.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

A man with 5 weights can weigh any number of pounds from 1 to 120. What are they?

"MINA."

Kings.

106.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In lent, not in brought;

In sent, not in taught;

In have, not in make;

In give, not in take;

In fat, not in oil;

In thought, not in word;

In sheath, not in sword;

In war, not in light;

In sun, not in light.

My whole is found in the Bible.

HELEN R.

St. John.

No. 107.—BIBLE QUERIES.

1. What verse contains all the letters of the alphabet, except q and v?

2. What one, all but q and v?

St. John.

No. 108.—JUMBLE.

Ehter si ehterefro on motnaemodoi ot mthe heliw era ni etarhi nejas, hwo tno freta het hfile tht freta het prisi.

Stanley, York.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

Home Hints.

PICKLED CODFISH.—Soak first in cold water, until well freshened, pick fine and put in frying pan, with two tablespoons of butter, one-half teaspoon sweet cream or milk, pepper to season. Stir until very hot then serve.

EXCELLENT BAKED BROWN BREAD.—Three cups of Indian meal, three cups of rye meal, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, three and one-half cups of warm water, one tablespoonful of soda. Bake, covered close, one and one-half hours.

CREAM SAUCE FOR BAKED POTATOES.—One pint sweet milk, heat to boiling point, and stir into milk two tablespoons butter mixed together until very smooth. Add a little cold milk if batter does not make it smooth let it boil three minutes, then, if at hand, one-half teaspoon of warm cream. Salt and pepper to season, also a sprig of chopped parsley.

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

143 KING ST.—BELOW YARD.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

MORRISON & FREEZE,

INSURANCE AGENTS,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

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 who have been troubled all their lives with nervous headache, Neuralgia and Sciatica have found relief from Tapley'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.

Dr. FOWLER'S

EXTRACT-WILD

STRAWBERRY

A PROMPT AND

RELIABLE CURE

For Cholera Morbus,

Cholera Infantum,

Colic, Diarrhoea,

Dysentery, and all Summer

Complaints of Children

or Adults.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors,

TORONTO, ONT.

WINTER CLOTHING!

MESSRS. DANIEL & BOYD

Direct the attention of the trade to their stock of Winter Clothing made up expressly to meet the requirements of the Maritime Provinces.

We offer a very large stock to select from in extra heavy weights, cut and finished by experienced workmen.

JUMPERS,

IRISH REEFERS,

OVERCOATS,

CLUSTERS,

PANTS,

PANTS AND VEST.

FLANNEL DRAWERS

FLANNEL SHIRTS,

OVERALLS,

HORSE RUGS.

SAMPLE ORDERS SOLICITED.

D