

Earn It.

Of course you are proud that your fathers were good ;
Tis a pleasure to know they were great
In the field, on the bench, or in science or art,
Or as leaders in matters of State.
But we shall remember our ancestors' fame
Is not for their children to wear;
To the fame of the great man the family name
Is the only legitimate heir.

The fame that is yours is the fame you have won
If you're not won it yet look ahead.
But don't claim an honor because you're the son
Of ancestors centuries dead.

Of proud ones who live on the fame of their sires,
Examples in plenty are found ;
Like the turnip and parsnip, they seem not to know
That the best of them lies underground.

Look ahead to the future—the past is not yours ;
For your prize trust the future alone,
The fame of the past is another's reward ;
Make the yield of the present your own.

Inherited titles of honor are vain,
In the heat of Fame's handicap chase
The plain man looks forward, the noble looks back,
And oftentimes loses the race.

Look forward, toil onward : and when in the end
Well merited honors you've won,
Be proud that your claim to the prize did not lie
In being Somebody's son.

—R. W. McALPINE, in *Young People*.

The House on a Hill.

After a long, long ride on a summer day, we came to a crest overlooking the handsome town of Westchester. On the summit was a log-house, snug and neat, a corn-patch on one side, a garden of common flowers on the other, the front overlooking the lovely sweep of the valley and the long descent of the turnpike. By the door in the shadow of the house sat a young colored man in a home-made chair. He had a book in his hand, and at his feet lay a dog. He rose as we drew near.

"Here is a pail of water, sir, fresh from the spring. Will you have a drink, sir? Shall I water the horse? Maybe the lady would like a glass of milk."

We said we preferred the water.
"I never drink nuffin' else" he said.
"But there is plenty of people ride by here and ask for ale and wine, or a punch, and says to me, 'Jerry, you could make your fortune, your everlastin' fortune if you knew enough to keep some neat drinks.'"

"And what do you say to that, Jerry?" we asked.

"Oh, I read them out of my book here, 'Woe to them that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also.' That don't look much like everlastin' fortune, does it, sir? Looks more as if the man that made his neighbor drunken would have it said to him that he shall go away into everlasting punishment, as my book reads. Every morning when I rises up I says to myself, 'Jerry, mind you have to give an account for whatever you do or say this day.'"

"And how do you come to be such a good temperance man, Jerry?"

"Oh, sir, I was brought up in a tavern. I have seen a man kill his neighbor, along of drink. I have seen a man maim his little child ; I have seen a man strike his old mother ; I have seen a man blow his brains out—all for drink. I have seen a house burned, a boat sunk, a stage overturned and people killed in it—all for drink. And, sir, in all my life I have never seen these everlastin' fortunes they tell of, made out of drink, stay by families, father and son. It is evil made and quick go, and no blessing along with it."

"And what do you do for a living, Jerry?"

"Oh I raise all I eat. I make my own cloths and shoes. I make kitchen chairs to sell, and I have regular places and times for going to work, and I lay by an honest penny for old age, and have a penny to give away. I have never seen real want, sir, where there wasn't rum at the bottom of it some-where."—*Temperance Banner*.

A Boy's Day-Dream.

It was a bright, warm day in the early summer of 1781, and London was full to overflowing, when a boy about eleven years old, with long dark hair hanging down his neck, and a strange, dreamy far-off kind of look in his large gray eyes, came slowly along one of the busiest and most crowded streets of the great city, so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he hardly felt the jolts and bumps which he encountered in pressing his way through the hurrying throng around him.

He must have been thinking of a battle, or a hard struggle of some kind,

for every now and then he darted out both his arms in front of him, to the no small danger of the eyes or ribs of the passers-by. Suddenly he was brought to a stand-still, and no wonder, for in flourishing his hands about he had thrust one of them right into the coat pocket of a tall man who was just going by him.

"What! so young and so wicked?" cried the man, turning around and seizing him. "You little rascal, do you want to pick my pocket in broad day light?"

"No, I don't want to pick your pocket," said the boy, staring about him as if just awakened from a dream. "I thought I was swimming."

"Swimming!" echoed the man, with a broad laugh. "Well I've heard a crowd called a sea of people, but I've never heard of anybody swimming in it before. Your're either telling me a lie, or else you are crazy."

"I'm not, indeed," protested the boy. "I was thinking of that man who swam across the Hellespont—Leander, you know—and it seemed to me as if I was swimming across it too."

"Oho!" cried the stranger; "that's it, is it? You seem fond of reading, my friend?"

"I'd read all day long if I could," answered the boy, earnestly; "but I've only got a few books, and I've read 'em all again and again."

"Well, I'll tell you what—I belong to a library, and if you like, I'll give you a ticket of admission to it for six months, and then you can read as much as you please. Here's my address, and you can come for the ticket as soon as you like."

And the stranger, chuckling over this queer adventure, went briskly on, little thinking that he would live to see that boy honoured by all England as one of her greatest poets, and would tell with pride to all his friends how he had once done a kindness to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.—*Harper's Young People*.

Toys Made of Old Corks.

Curious toys may be made of cork. One of these is the well-known little tumbler, such as is generally constructed of pith; but cork, especially if it be hollowed, will answer the purpose. Make the puppet of three or four corks, shape and paint it as skillfully as you can, and glue to the feet. It is quite possible to make a cat also of pith or cork, which will indeed always fall upon its feet.

Another toy is a duck of cork, which is also ballasted with lead, and which can outdrive any storm. These are made by gluing square pieces of cork together, and then shaving the whole into shape with a sharp knife. These ducks would meet with a ready sale at the water-side in any place where summer visitors congregate. A duck or swan of cork, containing a piece of iron, can be placed on a sheet of paper, etc., and be made to move by a magnet concealed beneath the paper.

A more difficult toy is the "walking man." A puppet is made from cork, the legs being movable at the hips, yet so constructed that the body does not fall backward or forward. The soles of the figure are shod or plated with iron. A horseshoe magnet is then moved under a tambourine or other frame covered with paper or parchment, and as the soles follow the poles of the magnet, the figure, of course, may be made to walk over it.—*From "What to Do With Old Corks," by Charles G. Leland, in "St. Nicholas" for September.*

Home Hints.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Fill a three quart earthen dish with pared and quartered apples; sprinkle on these one cup of sugar, a little cinnamon, fresh butter the size of a small egg and one-half cup of water; cover and bake thirty minutes. Roll a piece of chopped paste into a strip about two inches wide that will reach around the edge of the pudding dish. Roll remainder of paste to cover the dish. Take the pudding dish from the oven, slip the strip of paste between the apples and the dish, and put on the top crust; return to oven and bake one hour. Serve with creamy sauce.

CHILDREN'S CAKE.—Many people have a peculiar fancy for these plain cakes, eaten first in early childhood; hence we are glad to give a tried recipe for them, such as can be made at home to please the children, old and young. Two quarts of flour, one quart of molasses (not syrup), one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of ginger, four teaspoonfuls of soda, a cupful of sour cream and a heaping tablespoonful of lard. Sift the flour first, and then sprinkle the ginger well through it; add the sugar and molasses, putting in lastly the soda dissolved in the sour cream. Of course you must have from the tinner a cutter shaped like a horse, if you would have the delight of the children perfect.

APPLE ROLY-POLY FOR DESERT.—

Mix a cup and a half of sifted Graham flour with the same amount of white flour. Sift with them a teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar. Wet these with a cup of sweet cream; or, if it is more convenient to use sour, omit the cream of tartar. Handle as quickly and as little as possible. Roll into an oblong sheet a quarter of an inch thick; cover with good baking apples, sliced thinly or with any other fruit preferred, leave a margin at each edge; then roll, pinching the edges firmly together. Wrap in a napkin, allowing room to swell; put in a covered tin basin, in a steamer, over a pot of boiling water. Set the basin on sticks to allow the steam to pass underneath. Eat with cream and sugar.

Making a Kaleidoscope.

The Philadelphia Times gives simple direction for making this toy, which always entertains the young people by the beautiful and endless transformations which it produces:

At the glazier's shop get three strips of glass, say ten inches long and one and a half inches wide, all exactly the same size, and tie them together triangularly with a string.

Cut a piece of partly transparent writing-paper so that it will fit over one end of this prism, leaving narrow edges to lap over. Paste this on with mucilage or flour paste, and then cut a piece just like it for the other end, except that it must be cut out of paper that is entirely opaque.

In the center of this opaque end cut a round hole a little larger than a silver dime. This hole is for the eye. Now cover the side of the apparatus with the same paper you use for the eye-piece, and the kaleidoscope is finished. Put a few pieces of colored glass or beads in, and turn the thin paper end to the light. Then with your eye to the hole cut in the opaque paper end, keep the prism slowly turning, and you will have all the beautiful effects shown by the expensive kaleidoscope bought in the store.—*Youth's Companion*.

Echoes From the Nursery.

One of the smallest of my little acquaintances saw for the first time a pair of spectacles worn by a lady whom she met on the road. Describing the lady a few hours later, she spoke of her as "a woman with a clothes-pin on her nose."

Our baby heard them tell about looking in the paper to see what "the weather will be to-morrow." So very puzzled, she crept to her mother's side, and looking up in her face, quired: "Does God make the paper, mamma?"

A Boston boy was telling his father one day of a schoolmate's attempt to sing.

"And time," said the ten-year-old in deep disgust; "why he didn't keep any better time than a cow when a dog's running after her!"

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

A wee daughter of a certain minister went to church a few weeks ago for the first time. She enjoyed the music, and was interested for quite a while in looking at the strange place and people; but at last she grew very tired, and reaching up her little arms toward the pulpit, where her father was in the midst of his sermon, she said: "Come, papa, that's enough; let's go home."

A Hint to Boys.

I stood in the store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, as young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.—*Exchange*.

A GENTLEMAN.—"Step lightly, Arthur; don't make so much noise when you come in," said a little boy's mother one day, as he burst open the door and sprang into the room where she was sitting.

"Oh, mamma, why must I always be so still? It's a great deal nicer to make as much rumpus as you've a mind

to." And Arthur didn't speak very pleasantly either, when he said this. "Because," said mamma, in a quiet tone, "if you are a gentle boy, I shall hope to see you a gentle man some day."

"I'm sure I never thought of that. Why, is that what gentleman means?" exclaimed Arthur, in such surprise as indicated that he had got a new idea.

A clerk who takes a back seat in office or store, as many young people do in church, would be relieved from duty very promptly. It is not a good trait in church attendants to slouch into a back seat.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 44.)

No. 181.—
1. Aconagua. 3. Killimandjar.
2. Kenia. 4. Popocatepetl.

No. 182.—1. Prepositional.
2. Presidential.

No. 183.—least A
company. P
dirty. R
blind I
itl L
APRIL.

No. 184.—Tetrarch.

No. 185.—p
h e n
p e t a l
n a z
l

No. 186.—G—ad.
I—shmaelites.
D—eborah.
E—za.
O—mri.
N—aum.
GIDEON.

No. 187.—Drop-Letter Puzzle.

The Mystery—No. 47.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, WILLIAMSBURG.)

1. Where is "JEHOVAH" first mentioned?
2. Where is "triband of blue" mentioned?
3. Where are the words, "a still small voice"?
4. Where are the words, "Woe unto them that giveth his neighbour drink?"

No. 196.—PIED CITIES.

(BY JOANNA GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)

1. Lntmoral. 3. Pniwnieg.
2. Lfahixa. 4. Pulheg.

No. 197.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(BY "GREELY," JOHNSTON, Q. C.)

A king's son; a Bible place; of what Israel had a great number; what Paul commanded not to do; of what a man had thirty.

The initials name a priest; the finals a prophet.

No. 198.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY JAS. A. RIGAN, BARRINGTON, N. S.)

Whole a proverb.

My 7, 2, 18, 3, 4, 23 is a citizen of N. Eng.

My 5, 6, 1 was one of Noah's sons.

My 9, 12, 22 is a domestic fowl.

My 16, 15, 13, 14 is a man's name.

My 17, 19 is a pronoun.

My 8, 10, 19, 20 is to desire.

My 24, 10, 18 is iniquity.

No. 199.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY B. E. B., SUSSEX.)

*** A musical instrument.

*** A small bit of land.

*** A medley.

*** A dog's name.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

HURRAH for Stanley!

ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg, Stanley, has our thanks for the nice Bible Questions. Please send some more.

JOANNA GILMORE, Williamsburg, Stanley, will also receive our hearty thanks for the nice puzzles. Write often and try for some prizes.

MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg, Stanley, will kindly accept our deepest gratitude for the fine choice puzzles. Your energy and zeal deserve reward, and we trust you may be rewarded for all your toil.

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg, Stanley, will also accept thanks for the three choice puzzles. Success and reward surely await you. Do not weary in well doing!

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Ladies American Oxford Tie Shoes.
Ladies Oil Pebble Lace Boots.
Ladies Oil Gait Button Boots.
Ladies French Kid Button Boots.
Gents Kid Elastic Side Boots.
Gents Calf Elastic Side Boots.
Gents Cowhide Long Boots.
Boys Long Boots.
Child's Long Boots.
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