

What Father Meant.

Two little lads in the lamp light
Sat with their tasks to do,
Bothering brains and finding—
Oh, how little they knew!

Trouble of school and lessons—
"Bother it all," they said,
"Playing at being pirates—
Better were that instead."

Stories of treacherous islands
Ever they read and told—
Tales of the good ships captured
Laden with bars of gold;

Ever they dreamed of battles,
Ever they longed to be
Chiefs of the ocean rovers,
Kings of the rolling sea.

But father was fixed and steady
"Stick to your tasks," said he;
Only the man who labours
Leader of men can be.

So when the lamp was lighted,
Over their books they bent,
Working away, not knowing
All that their father meant.

Two little lads have laboured,
Two little lads have grown
Into a stalwart manhood,
Making the truth their own.

Faded are boyish fancies—
Faded and passed away,
But in the noblest fashion
Leaders of men are they.

Flashing the lamp of knowledge
Into the darkest night,
Boldly they teach the people,
Standing for truth and right.

So men for the right arising
To glorious fight are led,
And people grow bold to follow
These men of the heart and head.

And now, when the lamp is lighted,
And heads over books are bent,
Sometimes they will whisper softly,
"We've found what our father meant."

One Girl's Life.

A TRUE STORY.

Allie Carr was not one to win friends at eight, and I had always been a trifle afraid of her. She was a senior at H— College, while I was only a 'prep,' as those in the preparatory department are often called. There was a long distance between us, and I fancied that Allie from her eminence looked down upon me with a mingled feeling of pity and of scorn because I knew so little.

By accident, we became classmates for one term, and Allie's seat was next to mine. We had two hours of practical work in the class-room each day, and when our professor advised us to work in partnership with the one next to us, it naturally came about that Allie and I became co-workers. I feared she would dislike working and studying with one who knew so little, but she treated me kindly and as though I knew as much as she. I soon learned to like her; that she should care for me I did not expect, for I had been told that she held herself aloof from most of the students. As time passed on, I came to pity her, yes, and love her, too! It seemed to me that she was starving for sympathy, that her seeming reserve was only a cloak by which her sensitive spirit sought to hide its deep feelings and warm impulses from public view. Near the close of the term, I had a serious sickness and had just recovered my usual strength when told that Allie was sick. I hastened to give her my help and sympathy, and one night while staying with her, she told me of her childhood. Her story brought tears of sympathy to my eyes; it has often come to my mind since then, and I now tell it, hoping that it will make some one more kind and thoughtful in their treatment of the little ones whom God has given to brighten and ennoble life.

The way she came to tell it was this: I was combing her hair, which was a golden-brown in color, almost the same hue of my own. We fell to comparing our "golden locks," as we laughingly called them, and then she said: "I know of nothing else that grieved me so much when a child as the color of my hair. My father died when I was four years old, and in two short years my mother followed him to the grave. Till then I had not known a sorrow; no harsh words were ever spoken to me, and it mattered little to me whether my hair was black or white. But after my mother's death everything was changed. In the home, or rather house, I entered, no kindness or affection was wasted (I) on children, and if a jest or laugh could be had at my expense they were highly entertained. They soon informed me of the color of my hair, and my foolish little heart seemed almost breaking when they called me such names as 'tow-head' and 'white-head' instead of my own name that father and mother had always spoken so tenderly. After a time I grew to think white hair a disgrace, and many a night I cried myself to sleep over the matter. My mother had taught me that in every time of trouble I should pray, and if

there was anything I wanted very much to ask God for it and he would answer my prayer. I know now that she meant he would answer in his own wise time and way, but in my childish simplicity I thought he would do at once anything I might ask. I now decided to ask God to change the color of my hair, so that night I added to my usual prayer, 'Please, God, make my hair black,' and then jumped into bed, with full assurance that a change would come before morning. Imagine my bitter disappointment when, on going to the glass the first thing next morning, I found my hair unchanged. It was a real sorrow to me, and I wept bitterly; but, I said, 'I'll try again. It may be God didn't hear me last night, or perhaps I didn't ask him as I ought.' You know the result: I prayed night after night; my faith was strong, and I thought each day would be the last that I could be called by those names; but each morning my glass revealed to me the same white head and woe-begone face. I then decided it was of no use to ask God to do anything for me, that he either could not or would not hear me. I no longer said the little prayers my mother had taught me to say, and while yet a child I was as strong an unbeliever as Luther himself can be. For a few years I endured neglect and abuse which constantly increased, and then ran away—only to be taken back and treated more unkindly than before. After two more years of suffering I ran away a second time. I had little strength remaining and no knowledge of the world, as I had never been allowed to attend school. What to do or where to go I did not know. The first time, I had travelled in the public road; this time I entered a large forest, for I determined never to be retaken. I wandered on, and night found me still in dense woods, with no possibility of finding other shelter for that night. I was now terrified by the swaying of the trees, and an occasional heavy clap of thunder. A fierce storm seemed about to break upon me. My mother's words of faith and prayer came back to me, and by the side of a log I knelt and earnestly prayed that the storm might pass and I be kept in safety through the night. Then gathering fallen leaves, I made a couch close by the log, and drawing over me a counterpane of leaves, slept sweetly till the bright morning sun caused me to awake. How good God has been to me! I again fell upon my knees by the log, but this time it was a psalm of thanksgiving that rose to my Father in heaven. I never since have doubted that He will hear and answer prayer. That day I found friends to care for me. I went to school, and then became a teacher. When of age, I obtained a sum of money left by my parents, and out of which I had been defrauded so long. This enabled me to come to college, where I have spent four happy and busy years. I am to graduate in June, and after that go West with a 'friend' who graduated from here last year, and who is foolish enough to think life not endurable if his 'golden-haired Allie' be not his counsellor and companion."

So much for Allie's girlhood. Is it any wonder that she looked in its sacred chamber the hopes and aspirations of her soul? Is it any wonder that she drew a curtain of reserve over her warm impulses? Let us take heed, and tenderly cherish the little ones, for "whatsoever thou doest to the least of mine and lowest, that thou doest unto me."—Chris. Standard.

Unattractive Girls.

"O, I wish I were pretty and attractive! I can't bear to be so plain! I never attract people as Elsie and Anna and other girls do?"

The speaker was my neighbor, Nancy. Perhaps if I tell you what I said to her as her head lay in my lap, it may help you, if you are not among the beautiful and attractive ones on earth.

"Suppose, dear, we face this disagreeable truth; you are neither pretty nor accomplished, nor even 'attractive.' You win a little; yet consider a moment. You are not without friends; you have a good mind, good sight, you can walk with ease and can accomplish any ordinary household duty. Now there is a constant demand for just the kind of woman you may (if you choose) become. Children take to you, and you to them. You can minister to the sick, visit the poor, succor the outcast and needy quite as acceptably as if your face were beautiful. You can easily attract the sorrowing, the sick, or poor."

A lovely woman of forty said to me the other day: "If girls only knew the rest of accepting the inevitable, they would just give up trying to be attractive, and would determine to be helpful and useful instead. Some girls ripen late, and an unattractive girl may become a lovely woman at thirty. It is the fruit that ripens latest that is

the sweetest. I used to fret about my plain face at eighteen, but when I set to work to make every one about me just a wee bit more comfortable or happy because of me, I soon had no time to think of my looks."

I suddenly remembered how, on first meeting this friend years ago, I really pitied her for her exceeding plainness. But her face soon became beautiful to me. She numbers her friends by the score, while her sister, whose face is like my friend's with that subtle difference which changes utter plainness to prettiness—what a hindrance that prettiness has proved! She is simply a pretty, petted woman. No one turns to her for sympathy or help or counsel.

We know that God says, "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain," yet we do not believe him if we long for favor and beauty.

If some plain, "ordinary" girl who reads this talk would but aim to be a "woman that feareth the Lord," she would find life full of interest, and his Word promises her "praise."—Congregationalist.

How Postage-Stamps Are Made.

Steel plates on which two hundred stamps are engraved are used in printing. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and a girl, who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of stamps are printed and dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water. After having been dried again, this time on little racks which are fanned by steam-power, for about an hour, they are put in between little sheets of paste-board, and presses in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in half; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery. They are then passed to two other squads, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled, and stowed away for dispatching to fill orders.—Selected.

What Causes Headache.

Overstudy.
Overwork indoors.
Want of fresh air in bed rooms.
Nervousness, however induced.
Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.

The excitement inseparable from a fashionable life.
Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.

Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimulating character.
Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.

Work or study indoors, carried on in an unnatural or cramped position of the body.

Literary men and women ought to do most of their work at a standing desk, lying down now and then to ease brain and heart and permit ideas to flow. They should work out of doors in fine weather—with their feet resting on a board, not on the earth—and under canvas in wet weather. It is surprising the good this simple advice, if followed, can effect.

Home Hints.

GREAT SANDWICHES.—Grate a pound and a half of cold boiled ham in a bowl with a tablespoonful of pickle chopped fine, a tablespoonful of mustard and a little black pepper; beat six ounces of butter to a cream, and add the ham. Have thin slices of bread and butter, and spread the mixture on one side of each slice.

VEAL LOAF.—Three pounds of veal cutlets; one quarter of a pound of butter or fat pork chopped fine; add bread crumbs till it is stiff; break in two eggs; add one tablespoonful of salt, pepper, to taste, and half a grated nutmeg. Work it all together in loaf shape, break an egg on top and rub it all over the loaf, sprinkle bread crumbs over it to absorb the egg and cover the loaf. Put it into a baking-pan with water and bake three hours, basting frequently. When cold slice and serve.

Now is the Time.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older than I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper then I shall have more time than now."

And so he went on, saying, "Not yet!"—putting off to some future time that which should have been first in his thoughts—until he was a gray-haired old man. He lived without God and died without any hope whatever.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 22.)

No. 99.—Ezekiel xxiv. 10.

No. 100.—Drive, rave, save, have, have.

No. 101.—Lily-of-the-valley.

No. 102.—

A

ALE

ALIVE

EVE

E

The Mystery.—No. 25.

CONTRIBUTORS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

"If at first you don't succeed
Try, try again!"

No. 113.—HALF SQUARE.

("NED," PORT LA TOUR, N. S.)

A floating object.

A pronoun.

A verb.

A letter.

No. 114.—PIED PROVERB.

(G. N. BREWER, SAN FRANCISCO, U. S.)

A RIED NI HET DHAN SI WHOT TOW

NI HET SIHUB.

No. 115.—BIBLICAL DROP-LETTER.

(G. A. RIECKER, BELLEVILLE, ILL.)

E t oerom f oil bt

oerom el wh go. (Please give

the Bible reference.—Ed.)

No. 116.—DIAMOND.

("BLUE JAY," JOHNSTON.)

A letter.

Hitherto.

A river of South America

To examine.

A letter.

No. 117.—BURIED CITIES.

("GREELEY," JOHNSTON.)

1. John lay Rover down. 2. There

was a wind so rough as to split the

good ship's masts. 3. Now, Frank,

for the race! 4. Does your papa use

tea? 5. Harry help your little sister

Maud over the fence.

No. 118.—DROP-LETTER.

("KIT," WOODSTOCK.)

L.t.l.t.i.g. b. d.n. d.c.n.l.

n.i.o.d.r.

No. 119.—CORNERLESS SQUARE.

("VAN," LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM.)

A patient man.

An ancient patriarch.

A kind of clay.

Resembling carbon.

A boy's nickname.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

DORA M. BARKER, Bath, C. Co.,

will please notice that her eighth in-

stalment has been received and filed.

"ADA," Port La Tour, N. S.,

correctly unravels Nos. 99, 101 and 102

in "The Mystery" No. 22.

We hope to have the result of both

prize competitions made known on or

before the 1st of July. Competitors

to the Bible Competition would greatly

aid and oblige us by sending in their

solutions as promptly as possible.

There are a number that we should

hear from. Have they given up in

despair? Hattie Steeves should send

us solutions to 8th, 11th, 12th and 13th

Installments; Emeline and Gertrude S.

Hammond the 9th; 11th; 12th and

13th; "Kit," all since the 8th; Chas. A.

Patterson, all since the 8th; "Snow-

flake," all since the 3rd; Willie Teakles,

all since the 1st; E. A. M. Marshall,

all since the 5th; G. N. Brewer, all

since the 3rd; Carrie Wade, all since

the 1st, and Hattie Grey, from the

1st to the 11th and the 12th. We

publish these names fearing some have

been sent, and did not reach us. We

wait one week only from this issue to

hear from them.

The following have sent solutions to

The Prize Bible Competition since last

issue:—

Ninth Installment: Dora M. Barker;

"Greeley";

Tenth: "Greeley."

Eleventh: "Greeley"; Della M. Haney.

Twelfth: "Greeley"; Dora M.

Barker; Lottie A. Morine; Della M.

Haney; Azalea B. Jones.

Thirteen: "Greeley"; Flora

E. Hartt; "Florence"; Dora M.

Barker; "Ada"; Lottie Morine; Melissa

Pinkney; "Apple Blossom"; Geo. A.

Riecker; Della M. Haney; "Ned";

Azalea B. Jones; Hattie Grey.



This powder never varies. A marvel of
purity, strength & wholesomeness. More
economical than the ordinary kinds, and
cannot be sold in competition with the
multitude of low test, short weight, adul-
terated phosphated powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall Street, N. Y.

1888 — 1888 —
SPRING GOODS.

WM. JENNINGS.
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Is now showing the latest styles in

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND
CANADIAN SUITING,
FANCY WORSTEDS
FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,

Fancy Vestings & Trowserings.

WM. JENNINGS,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilnot's Alley.



1888. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1888.

ON and after MONDAY, June 4th,
1888, the Trains of this Railway
will run daily (Sunday excepted), as
follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.00
Accommodation..... 11.00
Express from Sussex..... 11.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22.15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22.15
train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,
a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be at-
tached to the Quebec express, and on
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleep-
ing Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 5.30
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Accommodation..... 12.55
Day Express..... 18.00

All trains are run by Eastern Stand-
ard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
May 31st, 1888.

NEW GOODS

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

for the Summer trade has arrived, and to
arrive at

LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE
SHOE STORE

The largest stock of BOOTS and
SHOES in the city.

A splendid variety to select from, in
Ladies, Gents, Boys, Youths and
Children's sizes.

Call and examine before purchasing
elsewhere.

A. LOTTIMER

210 QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton, June 6.

John Harvey,

PHOTOGRAPHER

106 QUEEN ST.,

FREDERICTON.

Professional Cards.

J. ARTHUR FREEZE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Accounts collected and Loans negotiated
on good securities.

OFFICE—OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

FREDERICTON, N. B.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK

FREDERICTON, - - - N.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc

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

J. A. & W. VANWART

BARRISTERS, &c.

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

NEW GOODS

Gentleman's Department,

27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces,
French Braces, Risk Straps, Courrier Bags,
Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Marine Shirts
and Drawers.

IN STOCK —

ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS i
the latest styles, and "Derby"
(Paper, Turn-Down) and THE
SWELL, Paper, Standing
COLLARS

MANCHESTER,

ROBERTSON

& ALLISON.

St. John, N. B.

McMURRAY & Co

Booksellers,
Stationers,

—AND DEALERS IN—

Pianos, Organs and
Sewing Machines.

WE handle only first-class Instruments,
which we sell at very low prices
and on easy terms. WE EMPLOY NO
AGENTS, but give the large commission
paid agents to the buyer.