

Be True.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you,
And this is the word, "Be true! be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word for you,
'Tis the very same, "Be true! be true!"
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night;
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The grey haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by,
The tear-drop fell on each wrinkled cheek;
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall—
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag, and their frames of wood,
With their backs so high and tall.

Then the father shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs—
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight
In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered: "Father, not yet, not yet;
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away.
The boys come back, and our Mary too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

Johnny comes back from the billows deep;
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say good night to me.
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose play is o'er,
And comes to rest at my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now;
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

Jim's Mate.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"See here, Andy! my ticket is for two weeks; a big orchard the fellow said, and sheep, and cows, and things; milk by the bucket, old boy. I tell you what we'll do; we'll go halves; you jes' take my ticket and 'low you are Jim Benner, and see if you don't get shipped right off to the country. Now, le's say you been there a week; you ups and tells you ain't Jim Benner: what then? Why they packs you back to town, and they has me out 'stead of you."

Jim Benner, a big boy of twelve, was gravely proposing this plan of transferring his fresh-air trip to his little chum, Andy Burke, a curly-headed chap of half Jim's size, and not much more than half his age. But Andy was timid, and doubted his own ability to carry out the bold stroke.

"You go first, Jim," he said, "then you let on you ain't Jim, and send back for me; and whiles I'll keep your box and black shoes."

Jim saw the weak point in this scheme, and doubted very much whether he could disprove his identity, but Andy evidently could not be trusted to carry out the first plan, so the next thing to do was to try the second dodge. Alas! neither boy shrank from the falsehood; they did not yet feel themselves to be the children of that great Father in heaven, who hate a lie.

So Jim went to the country, while little Andy took his stand and did his small best to "shine" Jim's customers; and every day he watched eagerly round the corner for Jim to come back and let him take a turn at the orchard and the sheep and the cows and the bucketsful of milk.

Meantime Jim had fallen on a soft place. Farmer Stone's was all that the boy had dreamed of, and more, and the poor city waif was treated to the best of everything.

"Now, Jim Benner," said Farmer Stone, "you are full welcome to all you can get out here, and the only return I ask is that you will never use an angry word and never tell a lie while you are here."

Of course Jim promised, "And there now," he said to himself "Andy's chance is up, 'cause I can't say I ain't Jim Benner 'thout telling a lie, and I promised not to tell a lie."

But as the days went on, and Jim watched the ways and heard the words of this God-fearing, God-serving family he longed more and more for his little mate to share his new view of life; and one charming day, while Mother Stone was working the milk out of the butter, Jim made a clean breast of the promise he had made Andy to change names with him. There was some salt drops on Mother Stone's face that had nothing to do with her work; and the next day, as the little boy black watched the corner, Jim appeared with a ticket for Andy's journey to Clover Hill.

"I've just made up my mind," said

the farmer's wife, "that them two boys is not to go back to the city. You step around lively, father, and get a place for the little chap, and we'll have work enough for Jim."

"Seems likely that's what the Lord sent 'em out here for," said Farmer Stone. "They was busy keeping some of His commandments—'bout loving one another and preferring one another—and now He's passed 'em on to us to learn the rest."

And this is the way Jim and his mate came to be farm boys, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, no stumps of cigars to smoke, no dirty police reports to read, but long days of honest work, long nights of good sleep, quiet church going on the Sabbath, and a blessed chance to fear God and keep His commandments.

A Little Hero.

The heroism of a twelve-year-old boy is mentioned by a surgeon in Georgia as one of the most memorable incidents of his practice. The doctor was called to attend the daughter of a railroad employee, whose lower limbs had been caught in the turn-table, and terribly mangled. For some time amputation was contemplated, but it was eventually decided to try and save the limbs. The effort was successful up to a certain point, but the wound would not heal, the doctors at last informed the family that it would be necessary to ingraft pieces of skin from a healthy person upon the lacerated surface if the girl's limbs were to be saved. The brother of the girl, a boy twelve years of age, heard what was said, and promptly offered the doctors as much skin as he needed. The little fellow was warned that the operation would be painful, but he said he guessed he could stand it if it would do Belle any good. There being no doubt of that, he stripped off his coat and stood unflinchingly while four strips of skin were taken from his arms and transplanted to his sister. The operation was completely successful, and the skin grew healthily, covering the wounds. The surgeon says that, though he has never performed one that so impressed him with the power of the mind over the body as that of taking the skin from the arm of the brave little boy whose love for his sister made him superior to pain. Nothing is said of the sister's gratitude, but it may be presumed that she would never forget this proof of her brother's love. If through carelessness or perversity she had obstructed the cure, and losing her limbs after all, had rendered the boy's suffering fruitless, she would have been deemed crazy as well as wicked. Yet when sinners for whose salvation Christ gave his life, die in their sins they are guilty of worse turpitude.—*Christian Herald*.

Don'ts for the Sick Room.

Don't light a sick room at night by means of a jet of gas burning low; nothing impoverishes the air sooner. Use spermin candles, or tapers which burn in sperm oil.

Don't allow offensive matters to remain. In cases of emergency, where these can not at once be removed wring a heavy cloth—for instance, like Turkish toweling—out of cold water, use it as a cover, placing over this ordinary paper. Such means prevent the escape of odor and infection.

Don't forget to have a few beans of coffee handy, for this serves as a deodorizer, if burnt upon coals or paper. Bits of charcoal placed around are useful in absorbing gases and other impurities.

Don't have the temperature of a sick room much over sixty degrees; seventy degrees are allowable, but not advisable.

Don't permit currents of air to blow upon the patient. An open fire-place is an excellent means of ventilation. The current may be tested by burning a piece of paper in front.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he is allowed all he desires. If he can drain the glass he will be satisfied; so regulate the quantity before handing it to him.

Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessities for the night, that the rest of the patient and family may not be disturbed.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.

Don't throw coal upon the fire; place it in brown paper bags and lay them upon the fire, thus avoiding the noise which is shocking to the sick and sensitive.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. This is unpleasant to one ill and nervous.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber.

Don't be unkind of yourself, if you are in the responsible position of nurse. To do faithful work, you must

have proper food and stated hours of rest.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety.

Don't forget that kindness and tenderness are needful to successful nursing. Human nature longs to be soothed and comforted on all occasions when it is out of tune.—*American Druggist*.

An Ant Funeral.

Mrs. Hutton gives this account of some ants which she saw in Sydney. Having killed a number of soldier-ants, she returned in half an hour to the spot where she had left their dead bodies, and in reference to what she then observed she says:—

"I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walked regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier-ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of their comrades, then two others, and so on until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until the line extended to about forty pairs; and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally, the two laden ants stopped, and, laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now labored on until they had filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging. These were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked by the body of the ants and killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it."—*Evangelist*.

Fish may be sealed much more easily by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

Ripe tomatoes will remove stains from white cloth and from the hands.

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. 42.)
No. 168.—1. Tweek. 2. Forth.
3. Don.

No. 169.—Stanley.

No. 170.—Thimble.

No. 171.—Napier.

No. 172.—Boo By

Aug Ur

Cou Rt

Opie Ne

Noo Se

BACON. BURNS.

No. 173.—R

P U T

P S H A W

R U H A M A H

T A M M Y

W A Y

H

The Mystery.—No. 45.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Off we go again to Puzzledom. This time the contest is short, sharp and active. The Competition will embrace the 11 puzzles published this issue.

The following rules are to be observed by those competing:—1. All competitors must send in their full name and address, as well as non-de-plume, together with age, and signature of parents, guardian, or teacher stating that the work was unaided. The competition is open to all. 2. Write the answers as the puzzles appear in the paper. If you cannot answer any number, leave a blank. Do not say the answer is this or that. 3. Every competitor must send at least three original puzzles, and a piece of poetry or prose, original or otherwise, for "Our Band Reciter." 4. All solutions must be mailed within one week after

the receipt of this issue by the contestant.

A handsome book will be given as a first prize. If more than one correct, and complying with the rules, we shall try to make them all a reward. Address all communications as above. The contest closes at the end of the three weeks from this date—Nov. 7th.

THE PUZZLES.

1.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

(One word each.)

1.—A—E—U—I—A—I—N.

2.—E—S—I—A—I—U—N—S—.

2.—ANAGRAM. (One word each.)

1. Ten pure tin dens.

2. Press no poster, Sue.

3.—QUERY.

What two words contain the five vowels in the order of their occurrence in the alphabet?

4.—METAMORPHOSES.

(Change one letter at a time.)

1. Change *well* to *sick* in four moves.

2. Change *love* to *hate* in three moves.

5.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of 9 letters, is a remarkable personage.

My 6, 2, 8, 5, 9 is well known to some—shun it; my 4, 1, 7, 6, 3 is very aromatic.

6.—CHARADE.

My first is gold; my second is to waver; my whole is a city in the United States.

7.—REBUS.

G

G do G

G

8.—PIED PROVERB.

(N. B. The centre stands, the rest is pied.)

Olanstetdsas one leg, but gtwesuhotort.

9.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If you will read my *primals* down,
An animal they'll give.
The *finals* then you will show
Where it delights to live.

1. Most ladies like my first to get.

2. A town in France for this one set.

3. For this find out a Russian town,

4. And to break loose, you here put down,

5. 'Tis the great question of the day,
To tell if he is what they say.

10.—DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

62 and 1628; 651 and a brute;
1051 and glenens; 1007 and on Etna;
3001 and hearths; 1 and e nun; 2051 and rots; 1551 and a rag. The initials and finals, read downward, will name two well-known battles.

11.—SQUARE WORD.

Illustrations; a ramble; to assert; a female name; to fear.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

Now, dear young friends, get on your thinking caps, and try for the prize offered. We hope to give it to some person who has never yet obtained a prize. Send in your answers, etc., early.

Why does not Florence try to get more to join our Band of Kindness and form a society for work over there? Let us hear from her and others about our B. O. K.

BAND OF KINDNESS.

OUR BIG BOOK.

We have received another name for our big book. Who next? Florence I. Black, aged 14, Cambridge, Queens Co.

OUR BAND RECITER.

ON MERCY.

Sweet is it to see a child
Tender, merciful and mild,
Ever ready to perform
Acts of mercy to a worm.

Grieving that the world should be
Full of sin and cruelty;
When poor harmless creatures groan
For transgressions not their own.

If the creatures must be slain
Thankless sinners to sustain,
Such a child, methinks will cry,
"Treat them kindly till they die."

Spare them while they yield their
breath;
Double not their pains in death—
Strike them not at such a time,
God accounts the stroke a crime."

God is love, and never can
Love or bless a cruel man;
Mercy rules in every breast
Where his spirit deigns to rest.

We ourselves to mercy owe
Our escape from endless woe;
And the mercies in mind,
Shall themselves no mercy find.

M. McLEOD,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

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Misses and Children's American Rubbers for Spring Heel Boots.
Ladies Jersey Lily Oxford Tie Shoes.
Ladies American Oxford Tie Shoes.
Ladies Oil Pebble Lace Boots.
Ladies Oil Goat Button Boots.
Ladies French Kid Button Boots.
Gents Kid Elastic Side Boots.
Gents Calf Elastic Side Boots.
Gents Cowhide Long Boots.
Gents Kip Long Boots.
Boys Long Boots.
Child's Long Boots.
Gilt Edge Dressing in Barrels.
Velvet Oil, for oiling and blacking Ladies Boots.

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