

**How He Grows.**

Ah, he grows, the little lad,  
Like a weed!  
Not because a weed is bad—  
No indeed!  
But because it has a gay,<  
Thriving, jolly sort of way  
Of plainly showing how 'tis growing  
In a day.

Leaf and stalk and sturdy root  
Make such speed;  
So does he from head to foot—  
Like the weed.  
Tall and strong till he outgrows  
High-chair, crib and all his clothes  
When he's going to stop growing  
No one knows!

—Wide Awake.

**PLUCK.**

Pluck was the son of a poor Bulgarian shepherd—not an American boy, as one would imagine from his name. I called him Pluck because it was so characteristic of the boy, and because I could not recall the Bulgarian name Dr. Hamlin gave him. A little hut in Bulgaria made of mud and stones was Pluck's home; and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his family. Their clothes cost but little, as they wore sheepskins made up with the wool outside. Just imagine how funny a flock of two-legged sheep would look. Pluck was a bright ambitious boy, with a great desire for study. And when he heard of Robert College at Constantinople, he determined to go there. So he told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college. The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement and said:

"You can't go to college; it's all I can do to feed you children; I can't give you a piastre."

"I don't want a piastre," Pluck replied, "but I do want to go to college."

"Besides," the shepherd continued, "you can't go to college in sheep skins."

But Pluck made up his mind, and he went—in sheep skins and without a piastre. It was a weary march of a hundred and fifty miles to Constantinople, but the boy was willing to do anything for an education. He found kind friends all along the way, who gave him food and shelter at night. So Pluck trudged steadily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. As he was not one to let the grass grow under his feet, he soon found his way to the college, went into the kitchen and inquired for the president.

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him there was none, and that he must go away.

"Oh, no," Pluck said, "I can't do that; I didn't come here to go away." When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same: "I didn't come here to go away."

He had no idea of giving up. "The king of France, with forty thousand men, went up a hill and so came down again," but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again; and three hours later the president saw him in the yard, patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. "He knows all about our Bulgarian fellows," the professor, like the president, said that there was no work for him and he had better go away. But Pluck stuck bravely to his text: "I didn't come here to go away."

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president to give Pluck a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

The president thought he would soon get tired of such hard work. But a boy who had walked a hundred and fifty miles for the sake of an education, and was not ashamed to go to college in sheepskins and without a piastre, would not be easily discouraged.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of "weakening," the president went to him and said: "My poor boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you."

"O, I am perfectly satisfied," Pluck replied. "It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he gained his point he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a syndicate of six. That was good old Dr. Hamlin's way, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening in the week. It was a success on both sides; the boys were patient and kind, and Pluck was as painstaking and persevering in his lessons as in other things, so that he made great progress.

After some weeks he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class. "Do you expect," asked the president, "to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you?" And he continued, "you can't go into class in sheepskins; all the boys would cry, 'bna!'"

"Yes sir, I know," Pluck said; "but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another trousers, and so on."

Nothing could keep back a boy like that, who overcame all the obstacles in his way.

After the examination the president said to Professor Long:

"Can that boy get into that class?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but the class can't get into that boy."

It was not plain sailing yet. Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college require each student to pay two hundred dollars a year. That was a question in mathematics that puzzled the good president.

"I wish," said Professor Long, "that the college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year. He has proved himself very deft and neat in helping me there, and it would give me much more time for other things."

Pluck became the Professor's assistant and was perfectly delighted with his good fortune. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the president of Robert College, who was in America. The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so much interested that she said:

"I would like to give the other hundred."

And that's the way Pluck gained the wish of his heart.

He proved the truth of the old saying, that "where there is a will there is a way." But this was so hedged in that no boy without a strong will and great perseverance would have found it.

Of course, such a boy would succeed. Today Pluck is head master in one of the schools in his own country.—Independent.

**A Boy's "Ten."**

Five boys were talking on Mr. Stockwell's lawn, namely: his own twin sons, Lambert and Loring; their cousin Fred, who was spending the summer with them, and two special friends, Egbert and William Crawford.

Egbert, who seemed to be the chief speaker, was saying earnestly, "I tell you what, boys, I don't think it's fair to let the girls have all the satisfaction. Now there they sit on the piazza—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten of them—and every one has a pretty piece of work in her hand, and every single one will report some kind thing that she has been doing today. Now what have we done more than to play lawn tennis and lounge about? I say, let us form a 'Ten,' too."

"Oh, but we can't," said Fred, "they have only girls in that sort of thing. Don't you know they call themselves 'Daughters of the King.' We couldn't take that name surely."

"Well, then, we could another, and I don't see why we shouldn't be of some use just as well as the girls."

"I don't either," echoed William, who always agreed with Egbert, whether the subject was work or play.

"It is moved and seconded that we have a boy's 'Ten.' All in favor say 'aye.'"

"Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye," sounded on the air.

"But where shall we get the other boys?" asked Lambert. "Oh, may be they'll come, or we'll find them. Anyway, we'll begin with ourselves. Ten minus five leaves five."

"Who shall draw up our constitution?" asked Loring.

"We'll all do it together. Sit right down on the grass. Here's a writing pad. I'll give you each a leaf from it. Now each must propose a name."

The names were written after some deliberation, and the papers exchanged hands. Then each boy read from the one which he held in his possession.

"The Happy Group," "The Ready Boys," "Hard Workers," "The Merry Five," "Ten minus Five," were the names suggested. A vote having been taken it was decided to adopt "The Ready Boys," which was the name that Lambert had given.

"Now, we're all right there, so we must elect our officers, proclaimed Egbert. Naturally, he became president, William and Lambert vice-presidents, Loring secretary, and Fred treasurer. Thus each member of the society was an office bearer as well.

"Now, Loring, draw up the constitution," ordered the president. After some thought Loring produced the following:

"This society shall be called the

Ready Boys. Our object shall be to help each other to do right, and not to let the girls get ahead of us in doing things for other folks. We will take for our motto, 'To do good and communicate, forget not.'"

"First-rate!" exclaimed all the society, and the constitution was adopted. "Now much talking, little doing," quoted Fred. "Let's do something for somebody right off. Who shall it be?"

"Well, there's Mr. Gaston," replied Loring.

"Mr. Gaston. Oh, yes, he's just the one! Come along. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The boys hurried with such a will that they unintentionally interrupted the reading which was just then going on upon the front piazza. Yet as the girls never told them of it, they never knew of their mistake.

"Where can the boys be going?" asked the reader, Flossie Jones.

"Off for a frolic, I suppose," answered one, Jennie Meredith, and the reading went on. She was mistaken, of course, as girls are sometimes.

The boys travelled straight to Mr. Gaston's. He was the teacher of the district school—a man past middle life whose hair was decidedly gray, and who was growing, sad to say, slightly deaf. He stooped somewhat, too, and showed other marks of the oncoming of age. Since the summer vacation began he had been ill. All the boys knew that he was behindhand with his work in the garden and about the house.

Lambert, being the swiftest runner, was the first to reach the spot where the teacher was hoeing potatoes.

"Hurrah, Mr. Gaston," was his salutation. "We've all come to help you. What will you give us to do?"

This offer, though kind in itself, seemed for a moment to embarrass the elderly man, who was less quick at decision than he once had been. Soon, however, matters were arranged.

Lambert found an extra hoe and worked among the potatoes; Loring and William piled up the wood that had been cut for winter, but needed to be arranged; Egbert weeded the small flower bed near the front door, while Fred volunteered to help Mrs. Gaston, who was churning.

They worked as hard as though they had not been playing lawn tennis for at least a week, and they really accomplished considerable. Perhaps the encouragement they brought to the worthy couple who were growing rather weary, that warm afternoon, and the gladness in their faces, helped almost as much as the actual labor which they performed. At any rate, they were loaded down with thanks when the approach of evening warned them to quit work for that day.

On the way home they agreed that each should find for himself some special way of doing a little good, and should report on it next week, when the girls were holding their meeting. In the meantime, they were to support each other in right efforts and to try to keep each other from doing wrong.

The next week the girls were quite surprised to see the boys' talking on the lawn as before, but wisely held their peace.

Loring was the first to report: "I've tried not to tease anybody," said he. "It's been pretty hard work, but I think I've done better than usual."

"You've done first rate," said Lambert, "better than I have, I'm afraid. I've only tried to make things pleasant for mother. I've read to her a little and threaded her needles when she was sewing. It wasn't much, but I think she liked it."

"Well," said Fred, "I've tried to be more polite at the table so as to please Uncle Stockwell. I think I've been a trial to him, or at least my want of manners has, since he came here, and I mean to do better."

"I have been helping my sister with her arithmetic," said Egbert, "she's studying this summer so as to skip a class next fall. She asked me to help her before, but I never did until the other day."

"I've tried not to get angry," said William, "and it's been the hardest work I ever did, but I mean to keep on trying. I read a verse this morning, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' I hope I'll remember that."

"That's what we all need to do," responded Egbert. And this ended the reporting for the second meeting.

When they can persuade five others to join their society, they intend doing so. In the meantime, a great deal of happiness arises from the plans which are being constantly formed and executed by the ten minus five.

Perhaps some who read this story will follow their example.—Christian Intelligencer.

**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. 41.)

No. 164.—"Allegory." Gal. 4: 24; "ehant," Amos 6: 5; "nallows," Job 30: 4; "lanot," 1 Kings 18: 28; "hazel," Gen. 30: 37; "greyhound," Prov. 30: 31.

No. 165.—Prov. 7: 2.—"Keep my commandments and live." (Roman Numerals expressed in Arabic.)

No. 166.—Handkerchief.

No. 167.—1. Sumatra.  
2. Andros.  
3. Yesso.  
4. Sark.

**The Mystery.—No. 44.**

N. B.—Contributions for this Column are respectfully solicited.

No. 181.—PIED MOUNTAIN PEAKS.  
BY G. N. BREWER, SAN FRANCISCO, U. S.  
1. Onaegucia. 3. Daumil Kranoi.  
2. Anike. 4. Apopacaloet.

No. 182.—ANAGRAMS.

(BY "VAN," LOWER PR. WM.)

1. Sit on a rope, Pil!  
2. Ril, I send a pet!

No. 183.—SELECTIONS.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, STANLEY.)

The middle letter of one of the words in each of the following proverbs, spelt in order will name a month of the year.

Idle folks have the least leisure.  
Poverty parts good company.  
Quarrelsome dogs get dirty coats.  
None so blind as those who will not see.  
Ill weeds grow apace.

No. 184.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY E. L. GALLAGHER, STANLEY.)

My whole, consisting of 8 letters, is an office mentioned in the New Testament.

My 2, 5, 6 is part of the body.

My 7, 8, 5, 3 is to talk.

My 4, 5, 1 is an animal.

No. 185.—DIAMOND.

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

A letter; a fowl; a flower leaf; a small horse; a letter.

No. 186.—ACROSTIC.

(BY "GREELEY," JOHNSTON.)

A tribe; a people mentioned in the Bible; a judge of Israel; a scribe; a king of Israel; the father of a prophet. The initials name a man mentioned in Scripture.

No. 187.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY JAS. A. RICHAN, BARRINGTON, N. S.)  
r-p-e-t-r-u-z-e.

(Three words.)

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

**The Mystical Circle.**

WHAT has become of the little mites of the "Mite Society" of Gagetown, Queens? We would like to hear from them, and of the success of their work. Can they not take in the Band of Kindness work, also?

Has Lottie R. Steeves given up all interest in the work? We see her name referred to from time to time in other publications. Will she not write us again? Success to her, and all the readers of this Column.

STANLEY is again in the van. Come, rouse up!

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Stanley, correctly and neatly solves Nos. 153, 155, 157, 159, 160, 163, and 163. Thank you for the nice puzzles. Do write again.

MARY CLARKSON, Stanley, will accept our hearty thanks for the six nice puzzles. Come often!

MABEL I. GILMORE, Stanley, very neatly solves Nos. 154, 156, 158, and 162, and all correctly. Thank you kindly for the excellent prepared and choice puzzles. Your puzzles will be a help to the Y. F. C.

B. E. B., Sussex, an interested worker, correctly answers Nos. 168, 169, 170, 171. Please receive our hearty thanks for the excellent batch of puzzles. Pleased to hear from you again.

**Our Letter Box.**

STANLEY, Oct. 8, 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—It is with pleasure that I send you a list of original puzzles and solutions to Nos. 153, 155, 157, 159, 160, 163. I will try to answer some more another time. Wishing you the greatest success, I remain,

Your niece,

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.

STANLEY, Oct. 8, 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I send you solutions to puzzles of Nos. 154, 156, 155, 162; also some original ones. I very much enjoy solving the puzzles, especially the Square, Half-Square and Diamond Words, and will try to make agood many this year; hoping they will be a help to the "Y. F. C." I remain,

Your little niece,

MABEL I. GILMORE.

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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.  
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Child's Long Boots.  
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