

Take Care.

Little children, you must seek  
Rather to be good than wise.  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
Cross or cruel, and look fair,  
Let me tell you how to see  
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
And some ugly thought contrive,  
And my word will come to pass  
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,  
All the same as what you wear,  
You will see reflected back;  
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass  
Will your secrets come to view;  
All beholders as they pass,  
Will perceive and know them, too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,  
Every root of beauty starts;  
So think less about your curls,  
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
Evil thoughts and feelings far;  
For, as sure as you're alive,  
You will show for what you are.

—Selected.

Jerry's Promise.

Joe and Jerry went trudging along  
The busy streets in the hot afternoon  
Sunshine, each with a large package to  
deliver,—two little errand-boys, with  
round and, just now, very flushed  
faces, whose sturdy little legs and arms  
were as yet their main stock in trade.

Passers-by jostled them, drivers of  
all kinds of vehicles seemed deter-  
mined to drive over them. A large man,  
who must have been near-sighted,  
knocked the bundle from Jerry's arms,  
and sent it flying under the hurrying  
feet of the crowd of pedestrians, never  
stopping to say, "Pardon me!"  
Nothing but the jolly, broad-faced  
July sun seemed to take any notice of  
the little fellows, and his attentions  
were far from desirable.

There come times in the history of a  
small boy when his large stock of self-  
sufficiency and good-natured superior-  
ity to circumstances is quite over-  
drawn, and such a time had come to  
Joe and Jerry now. Their willing  
feet were very tired, and the end of  
their journey seemed almost unattain-  
able. Finally, when Jerry, in turning  
to look after a team of prancing horses,  
stumbled over a large dog that was  
stretched at full length in a quiet side  
street, and dropped his bundle for the  
second time, he sank down on a flight  
of broad stone steps with a long-drawn  
sigh; and Joe was glad to follow his  
example.

"I say," began Jerry, "when I'm a  
man, I'll have a delivery wagon, and  
not send a boy around with packages:  
it's too hard work."

"Yes, I know it's hard work," said  
Joe, dolefully; "but it's about all we  
boys can do, you know, and one has to  
earn money these days. Of course,  
we could drive delivery wagons; but  
then no one thinks so."

"We might be cash boys," suggested  
Jerry; "but that's harder work than  
this."

Just here Joe caught sight of a  
street-car turning the corner near them,  
—a one-horse car, with no conductor,  
—and saying, "That car's going out  
my way: I'm going to steal a ride!"  
snatched up his bundle, and was off  
before Jerry could speak.

Deserted in this unceremonious  
manner, Jerry sat for a moment longer  
on the steps, then, taking up his load  
again, walked slowly on, thinking, "I  
wish mother had not made me promise  
never to steal anything. I would have  
a ride, too then."

The sun was warmer than ever, and  
it was lonely without Joe. He tried to  
whistle, but his lips seemed to be as  
tired as the rest of his body; and this  
diversion was a failure.

"I don't suppose it's really stealing  
just to stand on the platform of a car  
or sit on the step,—not the kind of  
stealing mother meant," he said to  
himself. "It can't harm any one, as  
I see."

"But, Jerry," whispered Conscience;  
"you know it is stealing; and you  
promised your dead mother."

"I don't think she thought of horse-  
cars," insisted Jerry; "and some day,  
when I have five cents to spare, I can  
give it to the driver, and that will  
make it all right. Of course, I would  
pay it some time."

Now, at this point of the discussion,  
a street-car going in the direction  
where Jerry's package belonged, came  
slowly up the street, with the driver  
almost nodding on his box; for the  
busy part of town had been left be-  
hind, and there were few passengers  
now.

It was a temptation; and, without  
further thought, Jerry walked over  
and sat down on the car-step. The  
driver did not notice him, nor the two  
or three people inside the car. The  
horse began to trot presently, and the  
brisk motion made a little breeze.

This was certainly much easier than  
walking; and, altogether, he would  
have quite enjoyed it but for a Bible  
verse his mother had taught him not  
long before God had taken her to  
heaven. He had not thought of the  
verse for months, but it came fresh to  
his memory now.—"He that is faithful  
in that which is least is faithful also in  
much."

He tried in vain to think of some-  
thing else. Over and over in his mind  
the words repeated themselves, "He  
that is faithful in that which is least."

They were passing a cross street now;  
and a team of frightened runaway  
horses attached to a heavy truck came  
dashing madly down it, one wheel of  
the surging truck striking the rear  
platform of the car—and Jerry.

When he opened his eyes again, he  
was lying on a clean white cot at the  
hospital, amid a strange stillness, and  
was utterly bewildered until he found  
himself mechanically repeating those  
words again, "Faithful in that which  
is least." Then the horse-car and the  
heat and the runaway team came back  
vividly to his memory, and he vaguely  
realized what had happened. He had  
been insensible for some hours, and  
his leg was broken, the doctor told him;  
but he would soon be all right again.

There was little to do in the long days  
that followed, but think and be pa-  
tient; and Jerry's mind was busy while  
his body lay quietly growing whole  
again.

He sent for Joe to come to him,  
when he was able, and told him all  
about it.

"You see, Joe, I was breaking my  
promise when I got on that car; and I  
knew it. I guess that's why I was hurt.  
Did any one ever tell you that it's  
wicked to steal things, Joe?"

"No," said Joe, "not that I remem-  
ber. I knew the policeman you up if you  
really steal,—anything big, you know;  
but I always steal a ride on a car when  
I can."

"Well, Joe, don't any more," said  
the little fellow on the cot. "Mother  
said stealing is stealing, no matter how  
little you take; and I'll never break  
my promise to her again. And say,  
Joe, will you promise your mother the  
same thing? It helps you to promise  
some one."

"My mother don't care if I steal  
rides," said Joe. "She laughs when I  
tell her of it."

"Perhaps no one ever told her that  
verse about being faithful in the least;  
and that means stealing rides, Joe.  
I'm sure it does! Won't you promise  
me, then? I wish you would!" And  
Joe promised.

The first use Jerry made of his leg,  
when it was well again, was to go with  
Joe to the driver of the very car he  
had stolen a ride on, and give him five  
cents to put in the box, in pay for that  
disastrous ride, which after all, had  
proved a blessing to him, and to Joe  
as well.

The driver was astonished enough;  
but he put the money in the box, and,  
after the boys were gone, did some  
profitable thinking, which resulted in  
the raising of his standard of honesty  
not a little.

As for Joe and Jerry, they kept  
their promises, and are brave, honest  
young men today, who can be trusted  
fully; for they have learned to be  
"faithful in that which is least."

—Sunday School Times.

How a Little Boy Camped Out.

Once there was a little boy who all  
summer long had been very anxious to  
camp out over night. Behind his  
mother's house was a large garden—as  
large as a whole city block—and at the  
far end of it was a little knoll, or hill,  
with rocks cropping out. It was be-  
hind this hill that little Paul wished to  
camp, for from there the house would  
be out of sight, and it would be "just  
like truly camping." So his mother  
gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a  
tent; a pair of blankets and a sofa  
cushion for a bed; a tin pail full of  
bread, cold meat, and hard-boiled eggs,  
and some ginger bread and apples for  
his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a  
tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small  
package of pepper and salt. She then  
gave him some cotton to put in his  
ears—to keep out little bugs and  
things. She had the hired man help  
him to drive the stakes and fasten the  
crumb cloth over them. The hired  
man, of his own accord, brought from  
the barn a large bundle of hay to  
spread under the blankets, so as to  
make a comfortable bed. By twilight  
everything was ready, and Paul kissed  
his mother, his aunt, and his big sister  
good bye, and shouldering his cross-  
bow, marched away to the "Rocky  
Mountains"—as he called the little  
knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his  
tent with big catch-pins, and then sat  
down on the ground. Everything was  
dreadfully still; but the bright tin pail  
and the bottle of milk looked very  
comfortable in the soap box cupboard;  
the brave cross-bow, with its pit-

pointed arrows, promised safety; while  
the blankets, sofa cushion, and the  
soft hay were all that any reason-  
able camper could ask for.

But it was so dreadfully still! Not  
even the smallest baby-breeze was  
stirring; through a hole in the crumb-  
cloth shone a star, and the star made  
outdoors seem stiller yet. Paul un-  
buttoned one shoe and then the other,  
and sat for a while listening. Then  
suddenly kicking off his shoes, he  
scrambled under the blankets and lay  
quite still. He was a very small boy,  
and somehow camping out wasn't de-  
lightful in every way.

It was nearly half-past eight.  
Mamma was knitting, the aunt was  
sewing, and the big sister was standing  
on the dictionary, rehearsing her elo-  
cution exercise. Nobody but mamma  
heard the back hall-door open, and  
the tiny feet go stealing upstairs.  
When the elocution exercise was over,  
mamma said she must go and find the  
mate to the stocking she was knitting.

She went upstairs; but, before look-  
ing for the stocking, she went into  
Paul's room. There, in the starlight,  
she saw the brown curly head cuddled  
into its customary pillows. She was a  
good and faithful mamma, and so she  
did not laugh—out loud. She stooped  
over the half-hidden head and whisper-  
ed, "Were you lonesome, dear?" and  
Paul whispered back "Kind of lone-  
some,—and I heard something swallow-  
ing, very close to my head. And so I  
came in. And—you won't tell, will  
you, mamma?"

Faithful mamma didn't "tell,"—not  
until long afterward when Paul had  
grown to be so old and so big that he  
went "truly camping" far away to the  
Rocky Mountains.

And what was the "swallowing"?  
that Paul heard so close to his head? I  
think it must have been an imagined  
noise. Don't you.—Emily H. Leland,  
in St. Nicholas, for October.

Hints on Ventilation.

In ventilating—say a bed-room—by  
means of the window, what you prin-  
cipally want is an upward blowing cur-  
rent. Well, there are several methods  
of securing this without danger of a  
draught:

1. Holes may be bored in the lower  
part of the upper sash of the window,  
admitting the outside air.

2. Right across the front of the  
lower sash, but attached to the im-  
movable frame of the window, may be  
hung or tacked a piece of strong  
Willesden paper—prettily painted  
with flowers and birds if you please.  
The window may then be raised to the  
extent of the breadth of the paper,  
and the air rushes upwards between  
the two sashes.

3. The same effect is got from simply  
having a board six inches wide and the  
exact size of the sash's breadth.  
Use this to hold the window up.

4. This same board may have two  
bent or elbow tubes in it, opening up-  
wards and into the room, so that the  
air coming through does not blow  
directly in. The inside openings may  
be protected by valves and thus the  
amount of incoming current can be  
regulated. We thus get a circulating  
movement of the air, as the window  
being raised, there is an opening be-  
tween the sashes.

5. In the summer a frame half as  
big as the lower sash may be made of  
perforated zinc or wire gauze and  
placed in so as to keep the window up.  
There is no draught; and if kept in  
position all night, then, as a rule, the  
inmate will enjoy refreshing sleep.

6. In addition to these plans, the  
door of every bed-room should possess  
at the top thereof a ventilating panel,  
the simplest of all being that formed of  
wire gauze.

In conclusion let me again beg of  
you to value fresh air as you value  
life and health itself, and, while taking  
care not to sleep in an appreciable  
draught, to abjure curtains all round  
the bed. A curtained bed is only a  
stable for night mares and a hotel for  
a hundred wandering ills and ailments.  
—The Family Doctor, in Cassell's  
Family Magazine for September.

Friends After a Fight.

A fine Newfoundland dog and a  
mastiff had a quarrel over a bone, or  
some other trifling matter. They were  
fighting on a bridge, and being blind  
with rage as is often the case, over  
they went into the water.

The banks were so high that they  
were forced to swim some distance  
before they came to a landing-place.  
It was very easy for the Newfoundland  
dog; he was as much at home in the  
water as a seal. But not so with poor  
Bruce. He struggled and tried his  
best to swim, but made little headway.

Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, had  
reached the land, and turned to look  
at his old enemy. He saw plainly that  
his strength was fast failing, and that  
he was likely to drown. So what  
should he do but plunge in, seize him  
gently by the collar, and, keeping his

nose above water, tow him safely into  
port.

It was curious to see the dogs look  
at each other as soon as they shook  
their wet coats. Their glances said  
plainly as words: "We will never  
quarrel any more."

Attempting hard work or close  
study within an hour after eating is  
inviting dyspepsia.

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. 43.)

No. 174.—1. Phosphorescence.  
2. Monotone.

No. 175.—Baal-Tamar.

No. 176.—1. Sunatra. 2. Andros.  
3. Yesso. 4. Sark.

No. 177.—Opal, pare, area, lean.

No. 178.—"A fool is full of words."  
Eccl. 10:14. [Every 6th word.]

No. 179.—Nay, naiad, rainbow,  
goble, doe.

No. 180.—L-ion. Judges xiv. 5-8.  
O-x... Isa. i. 2, 3.  
C-amel Gen. xxiv 61-64  
U-nicorn Num. xxiii 22  
S-erpent. Ex. iv, 2, 3  
T-urtledove Sol. S. ii. 12  
Locust.

The Mystery—No. 46.

No. 188.—SQUARE WORD.  
(BY E. E. B., SUSSEX.)

o o o o To tear.  
o o o o Fondness.  
o o o o A man's name.  
o o o o To probe.

No. 189.—TANGLES. (Phonic.)

(BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, STANLEY.)

1. Ayeemohes. 2. Ellaybeayeen.

No. 190.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

. . . . . A consonant.  
. . . . . A drink.  
. . . . . A fruit.  
. . . . . A deed.  
. . . . . A letter.  
MARY CLARKSON.

Stanley.

No. 191. PIED CITIES OF EUROPE.

1. Phocastion. 2. Dstraemaen.  
2. Tarcidat. 4. Ktolmohes.

MABEL I. GILMORE.

Stanley.

No. 192.—PI PUZZLE.

(BY "PANSY," BARRINGTON, N. S.)

Hte ylatiqu fo cerny si ont naistrde,  
Ti hproedst as het tngel ainr omfr  
vaheen unpo eht lacep heatben.

No. 193.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

In well, but not in sick;  
In eat, " drink;  
In wheat, " rye;  
In truth, " lie;  
In horse, " mare;  
In sheep, " lamb;  
In farm, " land;  
In cold, " warm;  
In good, " better;  
In head, " foot;  
In last, " end.

Whole a kind of apple.

No. 194.—BIBLICAL QUERY.

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

What animal saved a man's life three  
times in one day?

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

STANLEY is again to the fore. Shall  
we not hear from others?

MARY CLARKSON, Stanley, has our  
sincere thanks for the excellent batch  
of puzzles.

MABEL I. GILMORE, Stanley, another  
welcome visitor, sends us a choice lot  
of puzzles, for which she will please ac-  
cept the thanks of the puzzle-editor.  
She has correctly solved Nos. 164, 166,  
167, 168 and 171. We hope to hear  
from her and many others before the  
year closes.

REMEMBER the Prize Contest an-  
nounced in last issue. The prize is to  
the first correct list. How many shall  
we hear from? If not any fully cor-  
rect, the largest nearly correct list will  
get the prize.

We would like to resuscitate "Our  
Literary Circle" and may do so ere  
long. We hope to get in some extra  
work for the Christmas time.

Let our friends aid us in this work,  
and carefully consider our Band of  
Kindness work. The Column is your  
Column.

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Ladies American Oxford Tie Shoes.  
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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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