

We Know Him Well.

We know him well. He is a man
Built on the most stupendous plan,
Flashed with health and strong of limb.
A hero bold, a warrior grim,
To those who know him not he may be—
At home he's helpless as a baby.

He lets his tired little wife,
Who strangely loves him as her life,
Wait on him with devotion rare
While with a most complacent air
And perfect ease before the blaze he
Lolls around—because he's lazy.

His wife, afraid to own her soul,
Chops the wood and lugs the coal,
Draws the water, shovels snow,
While, a giant, sees her grow
More delicate and less admired,
Doing his work—because he's tired.

Shame on this semblance of a man!
Shame on the woman, too, who can,
So void of female spunk and sense,
Coddle a creature so immense.
And good for nothing! Spanking, maybe,
By real men, might help the baby.

—Free Press.

Charlie's Disobedience.

BY J. WILBUR READ.

"Charlie! Oh Charlie! surely you
are not going to take papa's revolver!
Have you forgotten that he has told us
never to touch it, and how mamma
said it was to be left just where papa
put it?"

"Oh come now, Susie, surely you
know that I am able to use a revolver.
I hope you don't think I am one of
those foolish people who handle guns
and pistols in a careless manner and,
after they have hurt some one say,
'They didn't know it was loaded.'
Why, Susie, I am fourteen years old
tomorrow, and surely I had ought to
be capable of using a revolver."

"Well I s'pose you had, but you
know what papa said about touching
it."

Our friends Charlie and Susie Gilbert
were the only children of Dr. Gilbert,
of Thornetown. Charlie lacked but
one day of having completed his four-
teenth year and his sister was three
years his junior. He was a gay and
frivolous lad, inclined to be a little
headstrong and thoughtless, as most
boys of his age are. Susie, on the
contrary, was a demure little miss,
loving her dolls and the quiet of her
playroom, but at the same time look-
ing with admiration upon the rough
and ready brother who so often was
the cause of getting her into mischief.

Susie had just found Charlie taking
his father's revolver from the bureau
drawer where it was kept, and had
been reminding him that he was tread-
ing on forbidden ground. But boys
always know more than girls, espe-
cially when there are firearms in ques-
tion, so of course Charlie took the re-
volver and started off to join his chum,
Harry Conover.

He met Harry on the corner and
they started off together anticipating
a pleasant afternoon in the woods.
Down the long street they went, past
the church on the corner with the pa-
ronage at one side, across the ravine
that now was naught but a dry water-
course, but which in the springtime
was a rushing torrent on its way to the
river on the other side of the town.
Across the ravine and up the hill they
went, talking as they walked.

"Say, Harry, I tell you what it is, I
more than half believe that it was that
dirty Ben Price that told Miss En-
right the other day when I let that
garter-snake get out of his box and
start out on a tour of discovery over
the school-room floor."

"Well, maybe you're right, but for
my part I can't blame him much if he
did. It can't be very pleasant for the
girls to find some of your specimens
crawling round the floor every few
days. Ugh! I wonder how Susie felt
that time when she found your colony
of frogs shut up in her play house."

"I don't know, I'm sure, why it is
that you folks are so awfully afraid of
an innocent little snake or animal that
couldn't hurt you if it chose to. They
never did me any harm and I never
felt squeamish about handling them, I
either. But I'll tell you what it is, I
owe Ben one for it and I will get even
with him for it if it takes till dooms-
day."

As Charlie spoke the resentment
that he felt towards his schoolmate
darkened his usually frank and open
countenance, and caused a clinching of
his fist that boded ill for Ben should
he chance to run across him.

"Well, let Ben alone for the present.
Here we are in the woods. Now let's
see if we can find that old grapevine
from which we got such fine grapes a
year ago."

"All right. But say, Harry, look
here," said Charlie at the same time
pulling the revolver out of his pocket.
"How does that strike you. Ain't it a
dandy?"

"You bet it is, but where did you
get it? Is it yours?"

"N-n-no it isn't, and I got a lecture
from Suse for taking it. It is father's

and Suse found me getting it out of
his drawer, so of course had to go to
work and preach a sermon for my
benefit. Just as if I was a baby who
didn't know which end of a gun went
off. It makes me hot to see how
women and girls can take on over
nothing when they want to."

"Wonder why it is that girls are al-
ways afraid of a gun?"

"I don't know, and for my part
don't care. All I know is that I've got
the revolver and am going to see if I
can shoot that cat-owl that roosts in
the old oak near Price's blacksmith
shop."

The owl in question was an old
settler that for years had made its
home in an immense oak standing a
short distance from the blacksmith
shop of Ben's father. The shop was
located at a cross-road about two miles
from town, and here Ben lived alone
with his father, a queer genius who
hated the sight of a woman and spent
the most of his time over some inven-
tion or other that was to make his
fortune. As yet, however, he had not
realized anything on any of his inven-
tions. When not busy on some of his
models he managed to eke out an
existence by shoeing horses and doing
odd jobs of smithing for the farmers
around.

Ben, consequently, had grown to the
age of thirteen under rather adverse
surroundings. He had never known a
mother's care since his father came
with him—a boy of three years—to
Thornetown, from no one knew where.
As Mr. Price was very uncommuni-
cative, no one had ever learned anything
of their past history, though the
village gossips had long since made up
their minds to the fact that there was
some crime connected with Mr. Price's
former life which had caused him to
take up his residence in a place where
he was unknown, and there allow his
former life to become a blank.

On the afternoon in question, Ben
was hard at work in their little garden
that was surrounded by a high hedge
just outside of which stood the old
oak that Charlie and Harry were
rapidly approaching.

"I wonder if Mr. Owl will be at
home," said Charlie, as he and Harry
came in sight of the tree from a turn
in the road.

"I expect so, he always is in the
day time."

"Yes, there he is, and, by jingo,
there he goes! Well, here goes for a
shot at him."

So saying, Charlie fired quickly at
the owl, which was flying very low
just outside the hedge. His shot was
followed by a cry of pain, which pro-
ceeded, not from the owl, but from
Ben, whom as yet the boys had not
seen. As he screamed he fell heavily
on his side, while the blood streamed
profusely from an ugly wound on the
side of his head. Running to the
hedge the boys looked through and
saw Ben lying on the ground with his
still, white face upturned to the after-
noon sun; which shone down upon him
as serenely as though nothing had
occurred.

"Oh, Ben! what have I done?"
cried Charlie, as he burst through the
hedge regardless of torn hands and
clothing.

All thoughts of enmity disappeared
as the awful fact stared him in the face
that he had shot his schoolmate, and
reaching the spot where Ben lay, ap-
parently lifeless, he stood aghast as the
terrible consequences of his disobedi-
ence burst upon him.

"Have I killed you? Oh, have I
killed you, Ben? Why don't you
speak to me? If I had only done as
father told me to and left the revolver
alone. Oh, Suse, why didn't I listen
to you?"

These and many other broken sen-
tences burst from Charlie's ashen lips
as he lifted Ben's hand only to see it
drop lifeless when he let go of it.

Sitting down and taking Ben's head
in his lap he tried to staunch the flow
of blood from the wound on his left
temple.

"Here, Charlie, don't take on so. I
don't believe it's as bad as it might be.
Just see if you can stop the blood
while I go for his father."

"No! no! He would kill me," cried
Charlie in dismay, for he well knew
Mr. Price's evil temper.

"Oh, no, he won't, and he's got to
know it at any rate, so the sooner the
better. I'll send him and then go for
your father."

So saying, off went Harry on the
run, and soon found Mr. Price and
started him to the garden, while he
threw a bridle on one of the horses and
galloped off for Dr. Gilbert whom he
fortunately found at home. It took
but a few seconds to tell the doctor
what was the matter and start for the
wounded boy who was found just as
Harry had left him, except that his
father was with him and Charlie was
carefully bathing the wound with
water from a spring close by.

"Let me see what I can do," said the

doctor, taking the wounded boy's head
tenderly in his lap and making a care-
ful examination of the wound.

"Might be a good deal worse," said
he, with some degree of hopefulness.
"Oh, father, isn't he dead? I thought
I had killed him," said Charlie, burst-
ing into tears.

"No, my boy, Ben is worth a score
of dead men yet, and with a little care
will be round all right in the course of
a week or two. In the meantime,
though, he must be well cared for."

"If you are willing, Mr. Price, and
father will allow me, I will attend to
Ben's wants until he recovers, and so
do all I can to atone for my carelessness,"
said Charlie, turning to Mr.
Price, to which he made reply, "Well,
I expect you will do as well as any one."

And so we leave them. Charlie, in-
stalled as nurse proved all that could
be desired, and he soon had the satis-
faction of seeing his playmate around
again. Dr. Gilbert thought the lesson
so practical that no comments of his
could impress it any more forcibly on
his son's memory, so he refrained from
saying aught in the way of reproof.

Charlie, we will have to confess, was
ever after troubled with the same fear
of firearms that he had so lately de-
precated in the weaker sex, and would
never after use them in any way
whatever.—Standard.

Protection From Clothes Moths.

During the latter part of May or
early in June a vigorous campaign
should be entered upon. All carpets,
clothes, cloth-covered furniture, furs,
and rugs, should be thoroughly shaken
and aired, and, if possible, exposed to
the sunlight as long as practicable. If
the house is badly infested or if any
particular article is supposed to be
badly infested, a free use of benzine
will be advisable. All floor cracks and
dark closets should be sprayed with
this substance. Too much pains can-
not be taken to destroy every moth
and every egg and every newly hatch-
ed larva; for immunity for the rest of
the year depends largely—almost en-
tirely—upon the thoroughness with
which the work of extermination is
carried on at this time. The benzine
spray will kill the insect in every stage,
and it is one of the few substances
which will destroy the egg. I would,
however, repeat the caution as to its
inflammability. No light should be
brought into a room in which it has
been used until after a thorough air-
ing and until the odor is almost dissi-
pated.

The proper packing away of furs and
winter clothing through the summer
is a serious matter. A great deal of
unnecessary expenditure in the way of
cedar chests and cedar wardrobes and
various compounds in the way of
powders has been urged by writers on
these pests. But experience fully
proves that after a thorough treatment
in May or June garments may be safely
put away for the rest of the season
with no other protection than wrap-
ping them closely in stiff paper.

An excellent plan is to buy for a
small sum from a tailor a number of
pasteboard boxes in which they de-
liver suits, and carefully fold and pack
away all clothes, gumming a strip of
wrapping-paper around the edge of the
cover so as to leave no crack. These
boxes will last for a lifetime with care-
ful use. Others use for the same pur-
pose ordinary paper flour-sacks or
linen pillow-cases, which answer well.
The success of these means depends
entirely on the thoroughness of the
preliminary work. Camphor, tobacco,
naphthalene, and other strong odorants
are only partial repellents, and with-
out the precautions urged are of little
avail.—Good Housekeeping.

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. 19.)

No. 120.—Love. No. 121.—Stove.

No. 122.—
"My heart shall its old memories keep,
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea
Filled with the music of the deep."No. 123.—1. Vienna. 2. Moscow.
3. Madrid. 4. Sebastopol.

No. 124.—Isaiah 2: 13.

No. 125.—I. L. II. A
R. A. T. A. L. L.
L. A. B. A. N. A. L. L. A. N.
T. A. N. L. A. G.
N. N.

The Mystery—No. 22.

No. 126.—PIED RIVERS.

BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.

1. Partholmaro. 2. Hapuerste.

3. Tehedle. 4. Rnesidite.

5. Guahlala.

No. 129.—PIED TEXT.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)
"O, eispair eht drol, lal ey snionat;
siraep ihm lla ey polepe."

No. 140.—QUERY.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Carlton, N. S.)
How many chapters are there in the
Books of the New Testament?

No. 141.—WORD-SQUARE.

(BY MABEL L. OILMORE, Williamsburg.)
----- Tardy.
----- A particle.
----- An instrument.
----- A girl's name.

No. 142.—REBUS.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, Stanley.)
PLEASURES—PLEASURES

YOUTH

PLEASURES—PLEASURES

No. 143.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock.)

1. Where are the words, "He stay-
eth his rough wind in the day of the
east wind?"2. Where is, "For the ear trieth
words as the mouth tasteth meat?"3. To whom was it said, Stand still
and consider the wondrous works of
God?4. Where is, "For the stone shall
cry out of the wall, and the beam out
of the timber shall answer it?"

No. 144.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY MAGGIE B. KING, Kemotville, N. S.)

In rake, not in mow;
In peace, not in row;
In light, not in dark;
In aim, not in mark;
In age, not in youth;
In Maggie, not in Ruth;
In hour, not in mine;
In rum, not in wine;
In sin, not in deceit;In might, not in treat;
In night, not in day;
In tell, not in say;
In eat, not in drink;
In float, not in sink;
In life, not in death;
In air, not in breath;
In grace, not in favour;
In mercy, not in Saviour;
In noon, not in morning;
In care, not in warning;
In time, not in hour;
In branch, not in bower.
My whole is a great helper.

No. 145.—CHARADE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

When soldiers, wearied, sleeping lay
Upon the ground so cold and damp,
They have their guard by night and day
To keep each first from out the
camp.My last I'm sure you oft have seen,
I'm told from sand they make it;
'Tis blue, 'tis red, 'tis yellow or green,
And easy 'tis to break it.When once I sailed the briny sea,
Afar I just discerned a sail;
But through my all then I could see
Her spars and ropes all in detail.

The Mystery solved in three weeks

The Mystical Circle.

E. A. GRISWOLD, Port La Tour, N. S.,
correctly solves Nos. 114, 117, 118
and 119. Send some puzzles, please.R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williams-
burg, has our sincere thanks for the
nice puzzles and the poem.

BAND OF KINDNESS.

NELLY'S QUESTIONS.

(FROM E. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.)

(Not Original.)

"Mother," said little Nelly,
"Why do the lilies fade?
They were fresh and pure as the snow-
drift."When I found them in the glade,
But now their leaves are withered
And the flowers all brown and dry—
Why do they bloom so sweetly
And then so quickly die."Then said the gentle mother,
As she raised her trustful eye,
"Darling! 'tis God who makes them,
'Tis he who lets them die;
And though we weep and wonder
We must not question why.""Mother," again said Nelly,
"When little Freddy died,
And we laid him in the churchyard,
Close by aunt Mary's side,
Do you think that God was looking,
When the sorrow made us cry,
Do you think he really loved us
When he let Freddy die?"Then spake the mother bravely,
Though grief was in her heart,
"Darling! the great good Father
Acts over a loving part;
He is so much wiser than we are;
That His ways we cannot trace;
Yet must we ever love him,
And trust his boundless grace.
To us enough of knowledge
In his best Word is given,
And all that is now mysterious
We shall understand in heaven."

Our Letter Box.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—It is with the
greatest of pleasure that I send you
these four original puzzles and this
poem for the Y. F. C. I will try and
send some more soon. Hoping you
are well,I remain, &c.,
LIZZIE GALLAGHER.M. McLEOD,
MANUFACTURER

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

No. 34 Dock Street.

McLeod's Absolutely Pure Flavoring
Extracts;
Extracts Jamaica Ginger;
Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summer
Complaint, Cholera, etc.;
McLeod's Quinine Wine;
Tonic Cough Cure;
Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc.McLeod's True Fruit Syrups,
Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color-
ing or other foreign ingredients.Strawberry, Raspberry,
Lemon, Lime Juice,
Special Blend and Imperial.IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend
are my own specialties which I can highly
recommend—being of combinations of the
flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics
with that of our own Matchless Straw-
berry.Ask your dealer for McLeod's
Brands of
EXTRACTS AND SYRUPS.LONDON HOUSE
WHOLESALE.

Spring 1889.

Canadian Manufactures.

We have received early shipments of
the following lines of goods to which
we would direct the special attention of
the trade;
Ginghams, Seersuckers,
Shirtings, White Cotton Terry,
Silesia, Linings, Jeans.Owing to the sharp advance on all Cot-
ton Goods, we would respectfully urge our
Customers and buyers generally to place
their orders at once, as we are quoting
lower prices for many lines than the agents
of the mills will sell for to-day.

Daniel & Boyd.

AT

WM. JENNING'S,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

English, Irish and Scotch Suit-
ings, Canadian Suitings, Worst-
ed Trouserings, Corkscrew
and Worsted
Coatings.

WM. JENNINGS,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley

1889.

DR. FOWLER'S

EXT. OF

WILD

STRAWBERRY

CURES

CHOLERA

MORBUS

COLIC

AND

DARRHCEA

DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS

IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR

CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

1888 UNIVERSITY 1888

New Brunswick

And all COLLEGES in the Mari-
time Provinces.

The Plays of Moliere, at Hall's Book Store

The Works of Racine, " "

The Works of Corneille, " "

The Works of Chateaubriand, " "

Turrell's Lecons Francaise, " "

Pojols French Class Book, " "

G ammaire Francaise par F. P. B., " "

Le Luthier De Cremonne by Coppes, " "

La Joie Fait Peur, by De Girardin, " "

Causeries Avec Mes Eleves par
Senevier, " "Saintsbury Primer of French
Literature, " "Spier and Surennes French and
English Dictionary, " "

French Treser by De Porquet, " "

Sequel to French Treser by De
Porquet, " "Elementary French Grammar-
Duval, " "In addition to the above we have the
following—

GERMAN BOOKS.

Cooks, Ottos German Grammar, " "

Ottos Materials for Translating
English into German, " "

Key to the above, " "

The Joyous Otto German Course,
Key to Otto's German
Grammar, " "German is yet in its infancy. When you
want a book, order it of

M. S. HALL,

Next door to Staples' drug store, Fisher's
Building, Fredericton.

Professional Cards.

J. ARTHUR FREEZE

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

Accounts collected and Loans negotiat-
ed on good securities.

OFFICE—OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

—FREDERICTON, N. B.

C. H. COBURN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

143 KING ST.—BELOW YORK

FREDERICTON, - - - - N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. A. & W. VANWART

BARRISTERS, &c.

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

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY

Meneely known to the public since
1838, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm
and other bells; also Chimney and Wash
Meneely & Co., West Troy, N. Y.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches,
Schools, P. & A. Alarms, Farms, etc., FULLY
WARRANTED. Catalogue sent free.
VANDUZA & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.