

When the Children are at Rest.

When the household cares are over,
And the quiet zephyrs pass
Through the crimson heads of clover
And the daisies in the grass;
Then the mother's busy fingers
Do their silent labor best,
Teiling fast while daylight lingers
And the children are at rest.

In the sunny hours of morning
She had other work to do,
Softly chiding, gently warning,
Watching all the noontide through;
Love and strife, and pain and pleasure,
Crowd within one little nest,
Mother hearts can find no leisure
Till the little ones are at rest.

While we sleep, the Father waketh,
Working, watching for us all,
In his mighty hands he taketh
All the tasks that we let fall;
We have wrangled, toiled and striven
Through a long and weary day,
Lo! we rest, and help is given,
And the pain is soothed away.

He who loves us will not slumber
While our feeble hands are still,
Blessings that we cannot number
All the hours of darkness fill,
Till the broken links are mended,
And the world becomes the best,
And the toilsome task is ended
While his children are at rest.

— SARAH DOUDNEY, in the Sunday Magazine.

That Rosy Peach.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

It did look so nice! So round, rosy
and ripe! It was a peach.

Grandma had brought it home from
the city for grandpa. Fred Perkins,
about closing a visit to his grand-
parents, stood looking at it. Now it is
entirely safe to look at some things,
but how is it with things that we long
for but belonging to another? We
may stand and say, "I wonder if it
would do any harm just to take that
and—handle it, and—" Look
out! Turn your back upon it and
look another way, and also walk off
from it.

That is the very thing Fred Perkins
did not do. He walked toward that
tempting peach. He touched it. He
handled it. He smelled it. Alas! He
stuck his teeth into it. He forgot all
about an injunction in the best book
in the world, "Touch not, taste not,
handle not."

There was one thing Fred did not
want to see or have near him at all—
that was the stone of the peach.

"I'll pitch it as far as I can," he
said.

He threw it out of an opened win-
dow, and it fell at the foot of an ever-
green hedge.

"There!" exclaimed Fred. "Stay
there!"

And then how Fred wished he had
not touched that peach at all! He
was going to his parents' home that
very day.

"Before you go," advised conscience,
"frankly tell your grandpa!"

And he didn't.

"Only a peach!" he said to his
plain-spoken friend, conscience.

The stage rattled up to the door, and
the stage rattled away. It took off to
Fred's home an uneasy conscience.

The year rolled round, the next
year's vacation came along, and Fred
went again to see his grandparents. In
the meantime he had almost, but not
quite forgotten about that stolen and
devoured peach.

"Fred," said his grandpa one day,
"come into the garden and see how
things have grown since you were
here."

He saw the pear trees, and apple
trees, quince trees. Soon they came
to the evergreen hedge fronting the
window from which Fred once pitched
the relic of some stolen property.

"Why, what is this?" asked grand-
pa, looking down. "A little peach
tree, a little thing, but still it will make
a good-sized tree some day."

"O, my!" exclaimed Fred, not
thinking about any possible connection
he might have with the tree, "how
did it come here!"

"Don't know! Haven't had a peach
in my house for a year, not since the
day grandma brought home a fine one;
but I never had a chance to try its
goodness, for it went mysteriously—
why, Fred, what is the matter?" said
grandpa.

Fred was strangely coughing and
blushing, while his heart thumped away
as if a peach tree fully grown was in-
side of his jacket and trying to make
its way out.

Then it all came out, not the tree,
but the confession of the theft. Grand-
pa Perkins looked grave, but he said in
a kindly tone, "Well, Fred, I am glad
you are frank with me now, but an-
other time don't be afraid to tell at
once. Don't be afraid!"

"Another time," murmured Fred,
"I won't touch anything."

"And that will be still better,
Fred."—Presbyterian Observer.

Potatoes should be peeled as thinly
as possible, as the better part lies near-
est the skin.

Teach Your Boys.

To run. To swim. To carve.
To be neat. To be honest.
To make a fire. To be punctual.
To sew a button. To do an errand.
To cut kindlings. To sing if they
can.

To hang up their hats. To hold
their heads erect.
To respect their teacher. To but-
ton their mother's boots.

To help their mother and sister. To
wipe their boots on the mat.

To read aloud when requested. To
cultivate a cheerful temper.

To learn to sew on their own but-
tons. To speak pleasantly to an old
woman.

To help the boy smaller than them-
selves. To put every garment in its
proper place.

To remove their hats upon entering
the house. Not to tease boys smaller
than themselves.

To keep their finger nails from wear-
ing mourning. To be as kind and help-
ful to their own sisters as to other
boys' sisters.

To close the door quietly, especially
when there is a sick person in the
house.

To take pride in having their mother
and sisters for their best friends.

To treat their mother as politely as
if she were a strange lady who did not
spend her life in their service.

If they do anything, to take their
mother into their confidence, and
above all, never to lie about anything
they have done.

When their play is over for the day,
to wash their faces and hands, brush
their hair, and spend the evening in
the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the
room and put it directly in front of the
fire, and to forget to offer it to their
mother when she comes in to sit down.

To make up their minds not to learn
to smoke, chew or drink, remembering
these things are not easily unlearned,
and that they are terrible drawbacks
to good men.

Not to grumble or refuse when asked
to do some errand which must be
done, and which would otherwise take
the time of some one who has more to
do than themselves.

"He Didn't Laugh At Me."

Edith is our six-year old baby. She
had spent the vacation delightfully.

One of her greatest enjoyments was
swinging in the hammock with her pet
dolly, during the long, pleasant after-
noon. It was a great trial for her to
think of going to school alone this year,
without her oldest sister, Pansy; but
Pansy had been ill, and could not go.

So Edith went off by herself very
bravely.

She is our little sunshine, and her
merry laugh makes sweetest music in
her home. But she cries almost as
easily as she laughs, and she cannot
bear to be teased in any way. The
boys annoy her in this way, and laugh
when they make her cry.

This does not make her feel kindly
toward the boys, and she is not slow
to express her opinion of them.

"Mamma," she said once, "I don't
like boys. I'm glad I haven't a little
brother."

"Why, Edith?" asked her mother,
with a look of surprise.

"Because they tease little girls so,
and make them cry, and then laugh at
them."

"Do all little boys laugh at you when
you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shriver. I
fell down at school the other day and
hurt my head, and they all just laugh-
ed at me but Robbie, and he came and
helped me up, and said he was awful
sorry I was hurt, and he didn't laugh a
bit."

"That certainly was very nice in
Robbie," said mamma, as she gave
Edith's rosy cheek a kiss.

"Yes, mamma, Robbie Shriver is
the only boy in town that I like, be-
cause he never laughs at me."

That was a great compliment to Rob-
bie. It shows that he is a gentle boy,
and when he grows up he will be a
gentleman.

No DOUBT OF IT.—The average boy
may be trusted to draw an inference,
if it has to do with his own pleasure;
but if the question be an abstract one,
the issue is more doubtful.

A New York teacher, according to
one of our exchanges, was trying to il-
lustrate to his pupils the precise mean-
ings of the words biped and quadrup-
ed. For this purpose he showed them
two pictures, one representing a horse,
the other a rooster.

He explained the origin and mean-
ing of the two words, exhibited the
pictures, and of course thought he had
made himself understood. So, by way
of a review exercise, as it were, he held
the pictures aloft, and asked, in en-
couraging tones:

"Now, scholars, which one am I?"

"The rooster, sir," was the prompt
and confusing answer from several of
the pupils.

Home Hints.

In washing woollens avoid soap with
resin in it; resin hardens fibre.

If by chance a fishbone lodges in the
throat a raw egg immediately swallow-
ed will usually detach it.

When a lamp flickers do not press
the glass chimney too far down in the
socket. If the air is allowed to draw
freely through the air holes the flicker-
ing will cease.

Wet blotting paper in a strong solu-
tion of saltpetre, dry it and burn a
piece three inches square on a plate in
the sleeping room, and it will afford
quick relief in asthma.

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits
of turpentine will take paint out of
clothing though it be dry and hard.

Saturate two or three times and then
wash it in soap suds.

A tablespoonful of gum-water stirred
into a pint of starch made in the usual
way will give to white or print shirts a
look of freshness that nothing else can
restore to them after washing.

Sticky paint may be hardened by
applying a thin solution of gum shel-
lac in alcohol. If the paint is a light
color, the shellac should be very thin
so as not to discolor the paint.

Creaking hinges rasp sensitive
nerves, and we have usually resorted
to oil, but the lead pencil remedy is
suggested. Rub the point of a black
lead pencil, softest number, into all the
crevices of the hinge.

Three pints of moisture, filled with
the waste of the body, are given off
every twenty-four hours, and mostly
absorbed by the clothing. Hence the
imperative necessity of airing bed-
clothing and the clothing worn during
the day.

For an ingrowing toenail dip a rag
in a strong solution of tannic acid and
water, and place between the nail and
inflamed part of the toe. Do not pare
the nail around the corners and sides,
but curve in across the centre, which
has a tendency to make the nail grow
forward only.

Little Things.

It is said that the smallest screws in
the world are those used in the pro-
duction of watches. Thus, the fourth
jewel wheel is the next thing to being
invisible, and to the naked eye it looks
like dust. With a glass, however, it
is seen to be a small screw, with 260
threads to the inch, and with a very
fine glass the threads may be seen
quite clearly. These minute screws
are 4-1000th of an inch in diameter,
and the heads are double. It is also
estimated that an ordinary lady's
thimble would hold 100,000 of these
screws. No attempt has ever been
made to count them, the method pur-
sued in determining the number being
to place one hundred of them on a
very delicate balance, and the
number of the whole amount is
determined by the weight of these.

After being cut the screws are harden-
ed and put in frames, about one hun-
dred to the frame, heads up, this be-
ing done very rapidly by sense of
touch instead of by sight; and the
heads are then polished in an auto-
matic machine, ten thousand at a time.
The plate on which the polishing is
performed is covered with oil, and a
grinding compound, and on this the
machine moves them rapidly by re-
versing motion.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 40.)

No. 258.—Friday.

No. 259.—A—chan

B—aca

I—thamar

G—ensis

A—bner

I—shar

L—inus

ABIGAIL.

No. 260.—"And hath raised up an

horn of salvation for us in the house of

his servant David."

No. 261.—I. PH I Z II. HAZY

HUME ALOE

I M L A ZOAR

ZEA L YERR

III. OOZE IV. LAVA

OBIT AMEN

ZION VEIN

ETNA ANNA

V. ETU I

TARS

URAL

ISLE

The Mystery—No. 43.

(Contributions respectfully solicited.)

No. 274.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

I. A vowel; a girl's name; a boy's

name; a verb; a letter.

II. A letter; a useful article; a
station; to assent; a letter.

III. A letter; a useful article; to
put off; a colour; a vowel.

No. 275.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(BY —, East Pubnico, N. S.)

1. Find the name of the land where
Moses died.

2. The chief town of that land.

3. A name by which Christ is called.

4. The mother of King Jehoiachin.

5. The son of Shem.

The first letters of the answers give
the name of the food sent down from
heaven. The last, gives the name of
our daily food.

No. 276.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince William.)

1. Who lost his life because he
wanted to get married?

2. Who had his own monument
erected during his life?

3. What woman killed a man with a
stone?

No. 277.—NAMES OF SEAS. (Phonetic.)

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

1. Bee el aye see kay.

2. Jay aye pea aye en.

3. Bee aye el tea eye see.

4. Enohareteah.

No. 278.—CHARADE.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)

First is a female.

Second is worn by many.

Whole is a fish.

No. 279.—ENIGMA.

(BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.)

In April, but not in March;

In maple, but not in larch;

In ankle, but not in feet;

In party, but not in treat.

My first may be gentle, or rude, or
rough;

My last a companion sweet or gruff;

My whole gives great pleasure to
every child,

When the temper of such is pure and
mild.

No. 280.—WORD SQUARE.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A tree; illegal; a healer; an island;
town in S. America.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, will
please accept thanks for the excellent
batch of puzzles. Carrie says, "I
like the 'Young Folks' Column' very
much, and would like to see the young
folks take a greater interest in it." So
would Uncle Ned like to see the same,
and he trusts that they may again go
to work. He is pleased to have so
many favours this week. At any rate
he is glad to know that he has one con-
stant and regular friend and con-
tributor.

"VAN," Lower Prince William, has
also the puzzle editor's sincere thanks
for the nice puzzles. Write as often
as you can.

MS. from East Pubnico, N. S.—
probably from Louisa Larkin—con-
taining 3 fine puzzles and solutions to
Nos. 249, 250, 252, 254, 256 and 257.

Thank you. Write again. Always
send name and nom-de-plume.

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written wholly by the boy or girl who
sends it. All competitors must be
under 18 years. We will begin with

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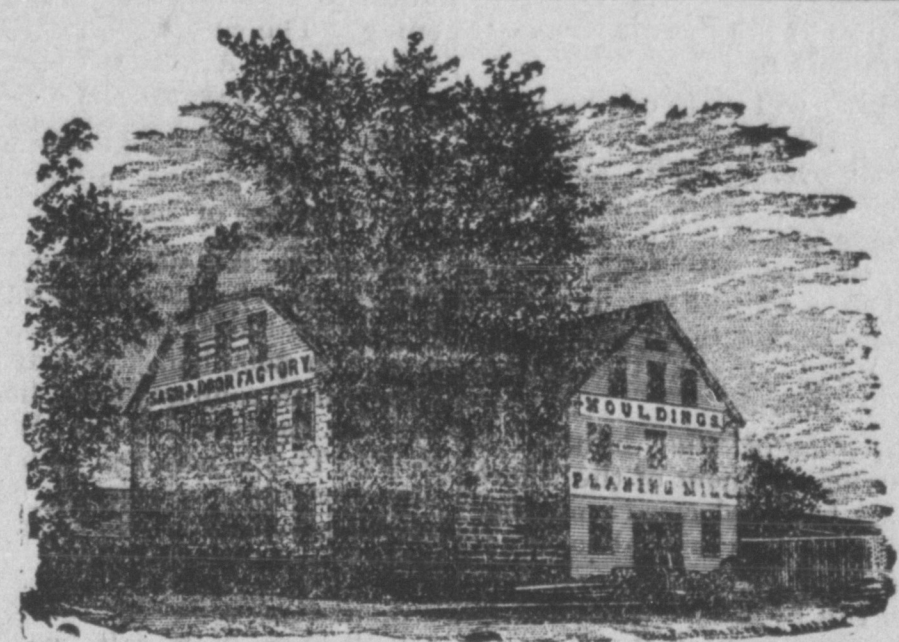
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life of Abraham (not exceeding 500
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paper. They must not exceed 500
words in length, must be written on
one side of the paper only, and con-
tain the name, age, and address of the
writer clearly written on the upper
part of the first page. Use either note
paper, or sheets of foolscap divided in
four, and on no account roll the manu-
script to send it. In judging of the
merits of these, accuracy of detail,
composition, writing and general neat-
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