

Be Careful What You Sow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash;
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the seeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By-and-by:
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For all the bad will grow, girls!
And the girl who now,
With a careless hand,
Is scattering thistles
Over the land,
Must know that whatever she sows to-day
She must reap the same to-morrow.

What Christie Did.

Christie Evans stood in the hall-door looking down the street rather disconsolately. Grace Dennis was just driving round the corner; she had stopped to see if Christie would not go with her over to Wire Village and try to pick up a class for the mission Sunday school.

"I wish, I could," said Christie, wistfully, "but I can't possibly. We've a house full of boarders, you know, and I'm the only girl we keep."

"I wish I could have gone," thought Christie, as she watched Grace out of sight. "I should just love to have a class. I would try my very best to help them; it must be beautiful to feel that you are helping any one to be better. I wish I wasn't so tied up here at home."

And then all at once Christie turned herself squarely about and went out into the kitchen.

"I'm ashamed of you, Christie Evans, to be fretting because you can't do just what you want to. If you were needed over there at Wire Village I rather guess the way would be made plain for you to go. Instead of that it is as clear as clear can be that you are needed right here in this identical kitchen to wash these dishes, and then there are all those rooms that want sweeping. Now if I was in your place I wouldn't spend any more time lamenting because I couldn't be where I wasn't needed, but I'd do the work that was given me just the very best that I knew how."

Whereupon Christie donned her apron and set about doing the dishes. "You here?" said Miss Tompkins, coming out into the kitchen on an errand. "I saw Grace Dennis drive up, and thought perhaps she had come to take you to ride."

"So she did," answered Christie, cheerfully; "but you see I'm so indispensable to the welfare of this household that I can't get away very often. If I could have my choice of course I'd choose a higher 'spear' of action, as Miss Kent tells about, but I didn't, so I must make the best of it. I'll try to do my out-and-out best where I am, and maybe I'll rise some time."

Miss Tompkins went back up stairs without the dust pan she had come for.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if I've got any 'spear' at all. I don't believe I've ever done my out-and-out best where I have or not. I wish I had, though. I wonder if it is too late to begin now. I declare I'll see what I can do today. I'll go down and spend the day with brother Joseph. I can find chances enough to make myself useful there if I don't find my sphere. I don't believe, with those five coming boys, that Martha ever sees the bottom of her mending-basket; but I'll look for it today. I'm afraid she don't care much about my coming. I guess I'm apt to be sort of cranky and fault-finding; but I'll do my out-and-out best this time, as Christie says."

Christie had had a tableful of dishes, but she was quick and soon had them out of the way.

"Now for the sweeping," she said, and up stairs she went. The first room she took was Will Adams'. "I wonder what ails that fellow?" she thought as she worked. "He doesn't look as he did when he first came here; he's losing that good, innocent look he had. I wish that I knew how to help him. There, this looks better, but I believe I'll just run down and pick a few pinks to put on his stand. Perhaps he won't care anything about it, but seems to me it will look sort of cheery, and show that some one thought of him."

So down Christie went for the flowers, and then on to the next

room, singing as cheerfully as though this was the way she preferred to spend the morning.

Mrs. Ashton, in her own room at the end of the hall, stood deliberating. There on the table lay her book open at a very interesting place. She would very much prefer to sit down comfortably and finish it, but she had promised to go to see a poor family in Willow Lane; they were very poor, and two of the children were sick.

"But I don't feel one bit like going; why won't it do just as well if I wait until afternoon?" she thought, picking up her book and preparing to sit down. Just then, through the open door, came the words of Christie's song—

"Work, for the night is coming.
When man's work is done."

Mrs. Ashton dropped her book. "I declare," she said, with a little laugh, "that actually seemed like a warning. Evidently my conscience is not quite clear. I'll go now, as I knew all the time I ought."

"I'm goingsomewhere, to something; I don't much care what," said Will Adams, as he finished his day's work. "I'm tired and blue, and I don't know what all. I'll go to the theatre with Parks; he isn't a fellow mother would like to have me with, I know, and she would be horrified to think of my going to the theatre; but a fellow must do something besides grind all the time, and Parks makes things lively. I can't do just as I would if I were home all the time, anyway. Mother ought not to expect it."

But somehow Will's supper did not taste good to him that night. It was nice, but something seemed to be the matter with it, and he hurried away from the table much quicker than usual, and ran up stairs to change his collar. He smelt the pinks the minute he opened the door, and, do you know, when he saw them he just sat down on the bed and cried! He was homesick, and they were his mother's favourite flowers; she always had them in her garden, and when he so unexpectedly found them there on his stand, it came over him like a flash how far away from her he was.

"O mother, mother," he sobbed, "I wish I had never left you! I won't go with Parks to-night. I'll keep as near to you in my heart as I can. I wish I hadn't grown away from you so, but I'll get back again if I can. O mother, if I could only see you! It almost seems as if I had, to see the dear old pinks."

"Sarah has been here all day," said Miss Tompkins' brother's wife to him that night. "And you don't know how much she has helped me; she was so good, too; that helped most of all."

"I got twelve to promise to come Sunday," said Grace, stopping at the gate again after tea.

"I'm ever so glad," answered Christie, just as brightly as though her heart didn't ache. "Well, it doesn't matter if I haven't anything to tell of, if I've only done my duty," she thought, as Grace went on. "I've washed dishes, swept and dusted, that's all; but I did the best I could."

But it wasn't all, you know; perhaps it never is, if we are sure to do heartily, as unto the Lord, whatever is plainly given us to do.—Our Youth.

The Toilet of the Fly.

The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking glass, he brushes himself up and waddles his little round head, chuckful of vanity, where he happens to be. Sometimes after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and, little round body all soiled with syrup and butter and cream, he passes out of the dining room and wings his way to the clean white cord along which the morning-glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider who is practising gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expecting to be early at breakfast. It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raking them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clean. Then he pushes the two legs along his body under the wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting upon his hind and middle legs, he raises his two fore legs and begins a vigorous scraping of head and shoulders, using his proboscis every little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were

trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever committed suicide. Some of his motions very much resemble pussy at her toilet. It is plain, even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when he is finished he looks like a new fly, so clean and neat has he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is defiled, but floppy is himself again, and he bids the morning-glories a very good evening.—Church Union.

Two Sides of a Story.

I declare, I believe I'll never speak to Jack Crane again. He's the meanest fellow in school. He cheats in all his lessons, he never plays fair in any game, and he's the biggest tell tale I ever saw.

Harry Crowell said this all in one breath as he flung his books in one chair and himself in another on his return from school.

Are you entirely discouraged in your efforts to make Jack a better boy? asked Mrs. Crowell. Have you tried every way you can think of excepting this?

Why, I don't know, said Harry slowly, as we have exactly—tried at all. He ought to be good himself.

Is that the reason why you other boys shouldn't help him?

I suppose not, but we don't like him. He has never been anything but mean since he came to our school. We don't have any more to do with him than we can help.

Indeed! I should say you were responsible for a good deal of his meanness then. How does he cheat in his lessons?

If we have hard arithmetic lessons he copies the answers out of a key.

What do the rest of you do?

We work our examples together honestly and help each other.

Do you ever ask him to join you?

Of course not, because we don't like him.

In playing games, if there is any dispute, does any one ever side with him?

Not very often.

If you don't tell tales on him, do you ever try very hard to get him out of a scrape?

Don't try at all. Now, mamma, do you suppose if we did all these he would be any better?

Try it and see.

If there is more than one Jack Crane, we advise other schoolmates to try it and see.

Advice To Boys.

Horace Mann gives this bit of advice to boys. "You are made to be kind, boys—generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a fuss. And remember who said, 'Love your enemies,' and 'Bless them which curse you.'"

GRUEL made after the following directions is a most nutritious and palatable dish for the convalescent: Pour a quart of hot water into a clean earthen or tin vessel over a brisk fire. When it boils stir into it two table-spoonfuls of corn or oat meal mixed smoothly in just water enough to make a thin paste; put a lump of butter in the size of a hickory nut, and stir frequently for half an hour; then add a gill of sweet milk, and when it boils again throw in the upper crust of hard baked bread cut in small pieces; let it boil ten minutes, then add a shake of black pepper, a little salt, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and a little more butter. The yolk of an egg boiled hard and mashed makes an agreeable addition as the appetite improves. In cases of severe illness the butter and spice should be omitted, and, as the strength returns, the ingredients may be varied to suit the demands.

HIS NIGHT-SHIRT POCKET.—The other day an eight year old boy imported his mother for a night-shirt, "just like papa's with a pocket in it. His mother made him one, and the first night he wore it he went to bed in high glee.

In the morning, when his mother took the robe off, she found in one pocket a couple of seed cakes, three matches, a toothpick, a small silver watch, several pieces of cough candy and a boy's pocket handkerchief. When the little fellow was questioned as to the reason for the very varied assortment, he replied:

"Well, I thought if I got hungry in the night time I would need the cakes, and of course I'd need the tooth-pick afterward; if I wanted to see what time it was by my watch I would have to have a match, and I was afraid of coughing, so I put the candy there."

The finest epitaph ever carved upon a stone was a little girl's—Her companion said, "It was easier to be good when she was with us."

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 8.)

No. 39.—Moncton.

No. 40.—(a) 1 Kings 17: 14.
(b) Job 38: 28.

No. 41.—Canada.

No. 42.—1. Aleppo. 3. Hebron.
2. Beyrout. 4. Bagdad.

No. 43.—(a) Psalm 119: 69.

(b) 2 Kings 4: 35.

(c) Jer. 22: 100.

No. 44.—I. W. II. D.

THE TOE

W H A L E D O V E R

E L K E E L

E R

No. 45.—Prov. 27: 5.

No. 46.—Sable, sale.

No. 47.—C R A N E

R A V E N

A V E R T

N E R V E

E N T E R

The Mystery—No. 11.

No. 62.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY GRETA M. WELDON, Boundary Creek.)

1. Where is "volume" mentioned?

2. What king grew proud and God smote him with leprosy and he was cut off?

3. Don't try at all. Now, mamma, do you suppose if we did all these he would be any better?

4. When rye is being sown, I will go home.

No. 63.—HIDDEN CHRISTIAN NAMES.

(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

1. Don't whittle on the floor.

2. Use candor and frankness.

3. I had a quarrel with Grace.

4. When rye is being sown, I will go home.

No. 64.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

A girl's name; costly; a title; an open surface.

No. 65.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"Hewn ew egt ot dneoyt meoh
Emoh ev we varelletd orghuth flies
arh,
Aym ew ehe loemedwe notrhe,
Ehrew ew lahl be idr fo acre.

No. 66.—CHARADE.

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

My first is a woman,
My second, the same;
My whole is a trouble
You can easily name.

No. 67.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY "WINTERGREEN," Belleisle Bay.)

1. Where is "yoke of iron" mentioned?

2. Where are the following mentioned in the same verse, viz., "palmer worm, canker worm, and caterpillar?"

No. 68.—DIAMOND.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince Wm.)

A numeral; a drink; a South American animal; a very large bird; a vowel.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

GRETA M. WELDON, Boundary Creek, has our thanks for Bible Questions. Nos. 39, 40, 42 (1, 2, 4) and 45 correctly revealed.

GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S. has correctly solved Nos. 39, 40, 42, 44 and 45. Come again and often.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, sends solutions to some puzzles previously mailed, and some more puzzles. Accept thanks, please.

Our Letter Box.

BELLEISLE BAY,
Mar. 1st, 1889.

Dear Uncle Ned,—I received the cards all safe, and I thank you very much for them. I would have liked to send a few puzzles, but I have not time to send any today. I will try and send you some next time.

Yours Respectfully,
"WINTERGREEN."

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