

The Honest Old Toad.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,
A funny old fellow is he;
Living under the stone by the side of the road,
Neath the shade of the old willow-tree.
He is dressed all in brown from his toes to his crown,
Save his vest that is silvery white;
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,
And walks in the cool, dewy night.
"Raup, yaup!" says the frog,
From his home in the bog,
But the toad he says never a word;
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,
And he sleeps as sound as a top.
But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,
He comes out with a skip, jump and hop.
He changes his dress only once, I confess—
Every spring; and his old, worn-out coat,
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.
"K-ruk, k-ruk!" says the frog,
From his home in the bog,
But the toad he says never a word:
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

—Selected.

The Boy Who Became a Sculptor.

In a little Italian village there once lived a jolly stone cutter named Pisano. He was poor, of course, or he would not have been a stone cutter; but he was full of good humor, and everybody liked him.

There was one little boy especially who loved old Pisano, and whom Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man who was unkind to little Antonio. Antonio was a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have him near him during his working hours.

While Pisano worked at stone cutting, little Antonio played at it, and amused himself with making clay figures, drawing and cutting into shape the small pieces of rock which lay about the yard. The old grandfather soon saw that the pale faced little fellow at his side was wonderfully skillful at such things.

As the boy grew older he began to help in the shop during the day, while in the evening his grandfather told him stories or sang to him. All these things were of great value to him, for, without his knowing it, they were improving his taste and awakening his imagination.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, a man of great wealth and rare understanding in matters of art, had a palace near to his house, and at certain times entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks, and Antonio sometimes did work there for a day or two when some great feast was given.

At one time, when Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner young Antonio was at work among the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head servant came in just before the dinner hour in great trouble. The man who had been at work upon the large ornament for the table set word that he had spoiled the piece. What was to be done? The poor fellow whose business it was to put the table in order was at his wits' end.

While every one was wondering what would be best to do, the little boy came forward and said—
"If you will let me try I think I can make something that will do."
"You!" cried the servant; "and who are you?"
"I am Antonio Canova, the grandson of Pisano," answered the pale-faced little fellow.
"And, pray, what can you do?"
"I can make something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you will let me try."
The servant, not knowing what else to do to Antonio that he might try. Calling for a large quantity of butter, the boy quickly moulded a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen said was beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head servant placed carefully upon the table.

At the dinner that day there were many of the most noted men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen and lovers of art—and among them were many skilled critics of art work. When these people came to the table their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot the purpose for which they had entered the dining-room. They saw there something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be—namely, work of a genius.

They looked at the lion long and carefully, and then began praising it,

and asking Faliero to tell them what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in butter, that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero knew as little as they, and he had in his turn to ask the chief servant. When the company learned that the lion was the work of a boy, Faliero called the boy into the dining-room, and the dinner became a sort of feast in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise the lad. There were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to the village, and nothing could please them more than to aid in giving him an education. Signor Faliero himself declared that he would pay the lad's expenses and place him under the instructions of the best masters.

The boy, whose highest wish had been to become a stonecutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace having at his command everything that money could buy, and being daily instructed by the best masters in Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his life. He was still the same simple, earnest and faithful boy. He worked as hard to gain knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a good stonecutter. Antonio Canova's course from the day on which he moulded butter into a lion was steadily upward, and when he died he was not only one of the greatest sculptors of his own time, but one of the greatest of all time.—*Harper's Fourth Reader.*

Faithful.

Two boys were at work rigging a small sail boat. It lay in an inlet on the New Jersey coast, and had been hired from them for the season by a stranger from New York.

"Come along, Bob!" said one of the boys. "It's all right now. We'll be too late to see the ball match, if we don't start at once."

Bob had taken down some of the old ropes, and had rigged the boats with new ones. The halyards he had not yet examined.

"They're all right," urged his companion, trying them,—"strong enough to last for years."

"No; I'll put in new halyards. I promised to make a thorough job of it."

"Then you'll miss the game. I'm off!"

Tom ran across the field; Bob hesitated as he looked after him. It was a sharp disappointment to miss the game. The old halyards were worn, but they were still stout.

"They'll stand this summer well enough!" muttered Bob.

Then, with a quick, decisive movement, he cut them and proceeded to put in new ropes. "I'll make the job thorough," he said.

That very evening the New York gentleman took a party of his friends out for a sail, among them several persons whose lives were especially valuable to the community, and whose death would have been a calamity. When they were a mile from land a fierce squall struck the boat. The boat was carrying too much sail for such a wind.

"If your gaff gives way we are gone!" said a physician in the party, in a low voice.

"It all depends on the halyards. They are new. But there's a terrific strain on them."

Every eye in the boat was upon the short, knotted ropes. They creaked ominously; but they bore the strain, and in a short time the boat was driven up on the beach. Bob's stout bits of new rope had saved the lives of all on board.

Many years ago a poor German emigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting room of an Eastern station. A lady passing to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak with her. The story was soon told. Her husband had been buried at sea. She was going to Iowa, and "it was hard to enter a strange world alone with her babies."

The stranger had but one instant. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand. "Alone?" she said; "why, Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone."

Ten years afterward the woman said—"That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child, I knew Christ and loved Him. I had forgotten Him. That chance word brought me back to Him. It kept me strong and happy through all my troubles."

Bob's faithfulness in doing a "thorough job," and the good lady's kindness to a wayfarer, would have been comparatively little to the credit could they have foreseen the momentous consequences of their actions. Who would not be particular about a rope

if he knew beyond a question that human lives would hang upon it with in twenty-four hours? The truly faithful souls are those who do their duty, as those two did, no matter how remote and uncertain in its results.—*Young's Companion.*

BUSY.

Are any of you grumblers, little ones? Do you ever sigh or fret? Let me tell you what to do to make yourselves happy: go and work. You think that is very hard. You will find, if you try, that it is a very happy thing.

Let us take one of our "make-believe" walks and see if we meet any workers. If we find that they are very unhappy, then we may think that work is not a good thing.

"Busy! busy! busy!" Listen to what the bees are buzzing about our ears. You know what workers they are. God meant them to work, and they do so.

"Chirp! chirp! chatter! chatter!" Well, little birds, you seem to have nothing to do but to hop and fly about.

"Indeed," answered the little birds, "we have a great deal to do—more than you. You can buy your food; we have to find ours and carry it home. You can buy your homes, but every bird has to make his own house and hunt things with which to build. We have a great deal to do, and we are glad of it." And away they fly, singing, "Water, water, where are you running so fast?"

"Oh I have work to do," gurgles the water. "I must turn that wheel at the mill, and then I must carry these logs and other things; and after that go to the sea."

I think our walk will make us feel sure that God means everyone and everything to work.

It is almost impossible for a child who is well and strong to do nothing; but all doing is not working. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Little folks who have no work to do generally do a great deal of mischief. Children who have proper work to do are the happiest. How do people make silver shine? By hard rubbing. So good, honest work makes bright, shining faces. Don't you know that a top spins when it is busy spinning?

God's holy word says, "Work with your own hands." He has work for us all. Do not leave your work undone: it will hurt you and grieve God.

Just For Fun.

What birds never fly?—Weather-cocks.

Why is there nothing like leather?—Because it is the sole support of man.

Why is it dangerous to be out in the spring?—Because the grass has blades, the flowers pistils, and the leaves shoot.

What is the difference between a looker-on at the auction mart and a mariner?—One sees the sales and the other sails the sea.

Why are eyes like friends separated in distant climes?—Because they correspond but never meet.

"That's what I call hush-money," remarked the daddy, when he put down the cash for a bottle of paregoric to take home for use in the infantile portion of the family.

"Oh you have come first at last; you were always behind, before," was the queer greeting a school master gave to the first boy at school.

"Mr. Jones, this is the thirteenth time I have presented this bill." Is that so? Thirteen is an unlucky number. Call again to-morrow.

A small boy was sent to the country to board a short time ago. He promised his mother that he would write a good long letter, describing his trip and boarding place, &c. A week went by and his poor mother was nearly distracted when she got the following interesting letter from him: "I am here, and I swapped my watch for a pup, and he is the boss pup; and I went in swimmin' fourteen times yesterday, and a feller stole my pocket-book, and want some more money; and I shall bring the pup home."

Home Hints.

If quilts are folded or rolled tightly after washing, then beaten with a rolling-pin or potato-masher, [it lightens up the cotton and makes them soft and new.

Up to the fifteenth year most people require ten hours sleep, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six or eight hours are necessary.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cold your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach nor sit between the sick and a fire, because the heat attracts the vapor.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out of it.

White zephyr articles, if but slightly soiled, are readily cleansed by rubbing with dry flour and hanging out of doors on a clear, breezy day.

Red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal thrown into the pot in which onions, cabbages, etc., are being boiled will prevent the unpleasant odor.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked. Salt should not be added to oatmeal until it has boiled at least ten minutes.

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. 34.)

No. 223.—Free Baptist.

No. 224.—1. Preach, reach, each.
2. Truth, Ruth.
3. Scoffer, coffer, offer.

No. 225.—Joshua, 2 Kings 22:5.
Ezekiel 37:9.
1 Saml. 1:11.
Gen. 17:16.
Esther 2.

No. 226.—Ada, Addie, ail.

No. 227.—Alfred Tennyson.

The Mystery—No. 37.

N. B.—Contributions respectfully solicited from young and old.

No. 240.—ENIGMA.

(BY D. PERRY, Haverlock.)

In day, but not in night;
"dark," " " "light;
"violet," " " "blue;
"tinge," " " "hue;
"old," " " "new.

A name often mentioned in the Bible.

No. 241.—DECAPITATIONS.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)

1. Whole names a place. Beheld me twice and leave the name of a river.

2. Beheld a Bible town, and leave a vowel.

No. 242.—PIED TOWNS.

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

1. Remafhtsem. 2. Aitrisniach.
3. Narstraer. 4. Onubnkabn.

No. 243.—HALF-SQUARE.

(BY GARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

***** A plant bearing burrs.
***** Introduces:
***** I. A quadrilateral figure.
***** A kind of small paper.
***** A round body.
***** A court of sessions.
***** A letter.

No. 244.—TRANSPPOSITION.

BY FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.

"Satsureto fo kienuesweds lortip thogin, tub teurishsgous livethede ornf teash."

No. 245.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

I. A letter; a bird; a gem; hickup; a letter.
II. A consonant; a spurious coin; a runner found in ruminants; a water-fowl; an animal; a consonant.
III. A letter; to tittle; a graver; kind of boat; blind zealot; a fruit; a vowel.

The Mystery solved in three weeks

The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, says: I like the Column very much. Thanks. Your nice puzzles are very acceptable. We are glad to see you taking such an interest in the work.

B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S., has again been heard from. Thanks for exchanges. Glad to know that you are conducting another department. Success to you.

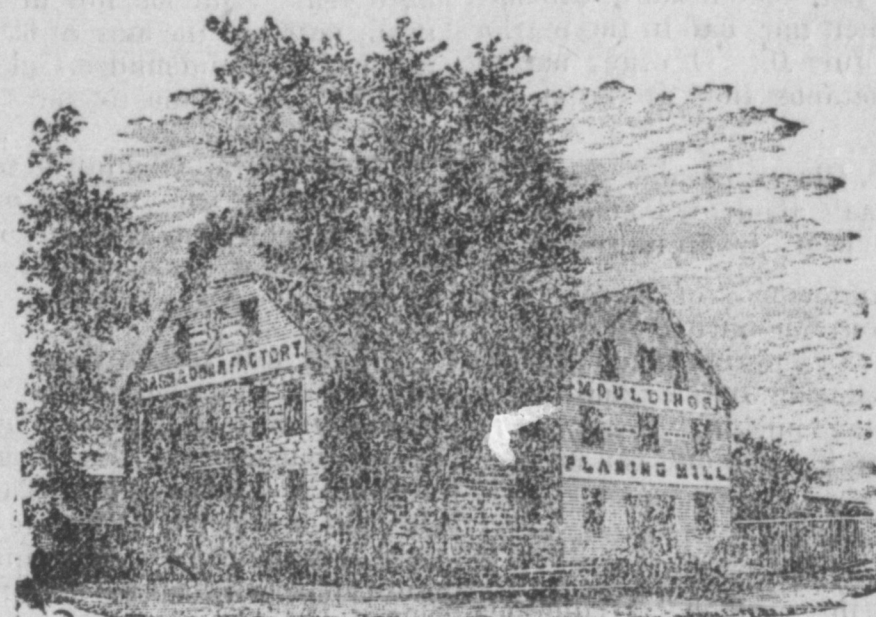
SINCE last writing votes have been received from Fred E. Cox, Kentville, N. S.; Samuel R. McFarlane, Moncton; Ethel S. Kerr, Williamsburg. The result of the Contest in Voting will be announced soon. Look out for a new competition. We wish our readers every success. Please assist the Ed. of the "Young Folks' Column."

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