

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

—Seven Days.

What Harry Missed.

There certainly was a mischievous sparkle in grandmother's eyes, as she added the last few words to a note she was writing, folded it up, and put it in an envelope. In spite of her gray hair and feeble steps, grandmother enjoyed a little mischief now and then quite as well as any of her grandchildren.

"Harry," she said, going to the door and addressing a boy who was stretched luxuriously in a hammock swung across the shady porch, "will you take this note down to the apothecary's for me? I forgot to send it by Zed when he went to the store."

"O grandma!" and Harry's face wrinkled up into a perfect snarl of frowns. "Need I go now? It's so warm."

"You won't find it very warm riding on your bicycle on the shady side of the street," grandmother answered.

"Can't Zed go when he comes back? I'm just so comfortably!"

"What's Zed wanted for?" asked a cheery voice, and the flushed, good-humored face of the chore-boy looked around the end of the porch. "Here's the basket of things, Mrs. Lindsay," he added, as he put down a well-filled basket on the steps and wiped his perspiring face. "Did you want me for anything, ma'am?" he asked.

"I was asking Harry if he would not go down to the apothecary's for me, but he doesn't seem inclined," Mrs. Lindsay answered.

"I'll go for you," Zed offered promptly. "I'll cool off walking down."

"Well, Zed, I will let you go if you will be so kind," grandmother said after a moment's pause. "Be sure and do all the errand, Zed?" she called after him as he reached the gate.

"Yes'm," Zed answered, with a bewildered look on his round, freckled face. Didn't he always do all that he was told to? That caution sounded as if he had been remiss in something.

He understood it twenty minutes later, when, after the clerk had put up the package of spices, he stepped around behind the soda fountain, which Zed had been watching rather wistfully, thinking how refreshing a draught of cool soda would be, and wondering what "Ice-cream Soda" meant.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Why, I don't want any soda!" stammered Zed. "That is, I'd like some well enough; but I haven't got any money."

"That's all right," answered the clerk. "The order in this letter is to give the bearer a glass of ice-cream soda, so I suppose you won't object?"

A broad smile illumined Zed's face, as he remembered Mrs. Lindsay's injunction to do all the errand. She had meant this treat for him, since Harry had declined to do her errand.

"Strawberry!" he said, as promptly as if he had been used to ordering ice-cream soda every day of his life.

Wasn't it good, though, that tall glass of sparkling soda, with that delicious, ice cold lump of strawberry cream floating in it? Zed breathed a sigh of perfect content, as he sat back in his chair and leisurely dipped out the refreshing mixture with a dainty long-handled spoon.

Zed was glad that the bowl of the spoon was so small, because then the cream would last so much longer.

When he went home, grandmother was sitting on the porch with her knitting, while Harry still rolled about in the hammock, having some pangs of conscience in regard to his disobedience, though grandma uttered never a word of reproach.

"Here's your package, ma'am," Zed said, "and that ice-cream soda was prime. I'm ever so much obliged for it." And he beamed all over at the remembrance of his unexpected treat.

"What!" shouted Harry, sitting upright in the hammock. "Has Jenkins got his ice-cream soda in, and did Zed have some, grandma?"

"Yes," grandma answered placidly,

picking up a stitch in her knitting that Harry's exclamation had made her drop. "Part of my order was that the bearer should have some ice-cream soda."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" groaned Harry. "I'd have gone in a minute, grandma, if I had known that."

"Yes, I have no doubt you would," grandma answered tranquilly; "but I thought that the boy who was willing to do my errand for the sake of being obliging deserved the treat."

"Oh, to think what I missed!" Harry mourned as he fell back in the hammock; and I am afraid he regretted the lost ice-cream soda more than the fact that he had grumbled about doing an errand for dear, patient grandmother, who was always devising pleasures for him.

After that, when he was inclined to grumble over an errand, he remembered what he had missed that day by his unwillingness, and went at once but he never found ice-cream soda waiting for him at the end of his journey, as Zed did that afternoon.

That was something he had missed.

—Sunday School Times.

Be Courteous, Boys.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father who, had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down." —Anon.

A Sermon for the Little Folks.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—John 13:17.

I. "These things;" that is, your duties, wherever you are:

1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and servants.

2. At school, respect to teachers, and faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship, and give your hearts to the Saviour.

4. On the street, good manners, kindness, minding your own business.

II. How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask: "What will you give me?"

2. But from love. So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will (which is only another name for duty). This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties you will become more skillful. So you improve in reading, writing, and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

III. Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin, can make you happy.

But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. That is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is.

Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in doing it for love to God and man. Then you will be happy every day on earth, and forever happy in heaven.—Kind Words.

The Whistling Plow-Boy.

Mr. Kilpin was going to preach at a little meeting. The weather, although it was very boisterous, did not stop him. He traveled on horseback; and, as he trotted on, the storm increased almost to a hurricane. He felt weary and cold and wet, and sincerely wished himself at home by his comfortable fireside. Forgetting for a moment the grand object of his ride, he felt somewhat soiled; but he soon had some-

thing to sweeten him. His attention was drawn to sounds of singing and whistling. Soon a poor boy made his appearance, looking as merry as possible, although his whole strength was required to hold up against the tempest, which beat full in his face.

A conversation then took place, somewhat as follows:—

"Well, my boy, you appear all alive this morning, and singing gaily."

"To be sure I be. What should hinder me?"

"I should have thought this rain and hail might have lowered your tone a little, my lad."

"What! such a thing as this stop me from whistling? Do you think I am such a great fool as to mind a drop of rain and a puff of wind? Not I, sure!"

"But it beats straight in your face."

"What of that! Then I'll wipe it away, to be sure." This he did with the coarse, ragged sleeve of his coat. Then he said, "See, my face is all the cleaner for a little wet and a wipe!"

Good Manners.

Be rude to none; rudeness harms no even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed, but injures the exhibitor.

Never urge a person to do anything against his desire, unless you see danger before him.

Always give precedence to elders, visitors, and superiors. Offer them the best seat at the table, the best place by the fire, and the first of everything. Go farther than mere form, and see that they are comfortable and happy.

Be not ostentatious in dress or deportment; nothing can be more vulgar. See that costumes fit the time and occasion.

Never try to outshine, but to please. Do not ask another to do what you would not be glad to do under similar circumstances.

Do not make witticisms at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourself.

Never talk or laugh aloud in public places or upon the streets.

Never press a favor where it seems undesired.

Never treat superiors with servility or inferiors with arrogance. Speak as kindly to a day laborer as to one occupying a high position.

Never needlessly wound the vanity of another or dilate unnecessarily upon disagreeable subjects.

Never intrude ill-health, pains, losses, or misfortunes.

Never omit to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

Never intentionally wound the feelings of a human being.

Never forget that vulgarity has its origin in ignorance or selfishness.

Remember that good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and then translated into behaviour.—Christian Neighbor.

The Little Bootblack.

A hundred years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favor with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposal; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students.

"Keen as a briar," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on step by step just as the song goes,—

"One step and then another,"—

until he became a man,—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.—Sabbath Reading.

SERVICEABLE SUGGESTIONS. — To cure a felon keep the finger in a bag of salt.

Honey in a little water is excellent to smooth and whiten some hands.

To avoid a wrinkled skin use tepid water.

In case of a severe sprain immerse the joint in water hot as can be borne for fifteen minutes.

Boil your drinking water, unless it is known to be absolutely pure.

Don't sleep on the ground floor of the house, if it can be avoided.

MINT TEA.—In an earthen vessel put a handful of the young shoots of mint, pour over them boiling water, cover closely and let it set near the fire for an hour. Other herb teas are made in the same way. Mint tea is useful in allaying nausea and vomiting.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 4.)

No. 15.—
"Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay."

No. 16.—M—iria—M
I—sh—I
R—ache—L
I—saa—C
A—mas—A
M—ilca—H
MIRIAM MILCAH.

No. 17.—1. Amazon. 3. Simpson.
2. Mirimachi. 4. Potomac.

No. 18.—I. STOP II. HOST
TONE OVER
ONCE SERE
PEEP TREE

No. 19.—Transparent.

The Mystery—No. 7.

No. 34.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY B. V. C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, N. S.)
A letter from Manitoba; a picture;
a medicinal bark; the ape-baboon; an
American tree; to move swiftly; a
letter.

No. 35.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(BY "VAN," LOWER PRINCE WM.)
A brother of the primals and finals; a
range of the Himalayas; a place where
Joshua gained a great victory; the
third month of the Jewish year.

Primals and finals name two brothers
mentioned in the New Testament.

No. 36.—HALF-SQUARE.
BY LOUISA LARKIN, EAST PUNBICO, N. S.

o o o o o Worth.
o o o o Like ebony.
o o o o To decay.
o o o o Within.
o o o o A consonant.

No. 37.—SQUARE WORD.
(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)
A title; a belt; a girl's name; the
farmer's hope.

No. 38.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY E. L. GALLAGHER, WILLIAMS BURG.)

In care, but not in help;
"cat," " " "dog";
"red," " " "white";
"low," " " "high";
"in," " " "out";
"toe," " " "heel";
"tin," " " "lead."

Whole a girl's name.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

T. ALBERT FALLIS, Portland, St.
John, N. B., has correctly solved Nos.
20, 21 and 22 in No. 5. Send us
some puzzles, please.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, Stanley,
has our thanks for puzzles. Please
send the answers to your puzzles when
you send, as the puzzle-editor has not
time to solve them. Puzzles 5, 6 and
7 are without solutions.

MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg,
Stanley, has our hearty thanks for the
puzzles sent. Also accept thanks for
the verse enclosed. Puzzles 12 and 13
correctly revealed. We are pleased
to know you received your prize and
liked it. We hope to hear from you
and others often during the year. It
is the young folks' column!

Our Letter Box.

WILLIAMSBURG, Jan. 25, '89.
Dear Uncle Ned:—Many thanks for
the beautiful card I received not long
since. I was very much pleased with
it; and will send you as many puzzles
as I can this year. We have a Post-
office out here now, and I will be able
to send puzzles more regularly than
before. Hoping you are well,
I remain,
MABEL I. GILMORE.

BAND OF KINDNESS.

OUR BAND RECITER.

THE NEST ROBBER.

(FROM MABEL I. GILMORE, WILLIAMS-
BURG.)

Ah! you cruel naughty boy
Would you the dear bird annoy?
Would you steal away the nest
Where the young brood loves to rest?

Would you rob the bird, whose song
Sounds so sweet the whole day long?
Remember God in Heaven above
Looks on each little bird with love.

WHY do we not hear from more of
our young folks concerning the "B. O.
K." and other features of this
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Ladies Jersey Lily Oxford Tie Shoes.
Ladies American Oxford Tie Shoes.
Ladies Oil Pebble Lace Boots.
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.
Boys Long Boots.
Child's Long Boots.
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