

Little Ones.
Little feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God;
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad.
Youthful hearts may be the temples
For the Spirit's dwelling place;
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

"Little ones," though frail and earth-born,
Heirs of blessedness may be;
For the Saviour whispers gently,
"Suffer such to come to me."

And in that eternal kingdom,
Mid the grand triumphal throng,
Children's voices sweet may mingle
In the glorious choral song.

—Jostiah Bliss

Work For Little Hands.
Thee's always work in plenty for little
Hands to do,
Something waiting every day, that none
May try but you;
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps
That you can take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the
Blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's services in this
Busy world of ours;
We need them as we need the birds and
Need the summer flowers;
And their help at task and toiling, the
Church of God may claim,
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy
Name.

—Selected.

Ben's Reward for Disobedience.
BY MYRA SPAFFORD.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and
Bessie, dressed in furs to her very
toes, grasping the handle of her new
shovel, sat on her new sled, all ready
to start.

Papa and mamma and Aunt Emma
were going to church, and from there to
grandma's to dinner; but Bessie
was going to grandma's this minute.
No church for her, if you please. It
was hard enough for Bessie to sit still
on Sundays; she was sure she could
not do it on Thursdays.

Mamma came out when they were
ready to start to tuck the afghan about
Bessie's feet and to give a last charge
to Ben.

Now, Ben, be sure you don't tip her
over in the snow.

No, ma'am, said Ben, I won't, and
he twinkled his eyes at Bessie.

Ben was the chore boy at Mr.
Monroe's, and he and Bessie were ex-
cellent friends.

Now they were off in the frosty air.
What fun it was!

Bessie's merry laugh rang out as
they passed one group of boys after
another, who made haste to get out of
the way of the flying sleigh.

Suddenly her laugh changed to an
exclamation of dismay. They had
turned into one of the narrow cross
streets, at the farther end of which
was grandma's back gate. The soft,
newly-fallen snow was piled high on
either side, making almost a wall be-
tween them and the fences. And
coming straight toward them with fiery
eyes and foaming nostrils was a run-
away horse!

From street doors and windows
people saw their peril, screamed and
motioned and waved their arms, and
shouted directions which Ben could
not hear. But he knew what he was
going to do, and almost as soon as he
knew he did it.

With one skillful plunge the new sled
and its owner were overturned together
in the great snow banks at the left,
Bessie sinking in out of sight, but Ben
was at her side in an instant, and had
plowed his way through the bank with
her in his arms almost before she had
had time to gasp for breath.

—And the danger was over! The
prancing horse had pranced on!
Bessie shook herself like a little
Newfoundland dog, and said:
"What for did you that, Ben?"

For Bessie was such a wee little
goose, she did not understand how
narrow her escape had been.

For fun, said Ben, as he righted the
sled, and set the small maiden on it to
finish her journey.

And to her grave retaking What
will mamma say? the only answer he
made was a laugh.

What a Thanksgiving dinner was
that to which Ben sat down, some
hours afterward! Had not Grandma
Monroe stood at the back gate and
seen the whole thing?

When she had gotten over her
trembling, it seemed as though she
would never have done piling the
dainties on Ben's plate.

Think what a Thanksgiving we
should have had but for him! He
would say occasionally, with lips that
quivered.

Beside Ben's plate lay a shining gold
piece. It is a Thanksgiving reward for
disobedience! Papa Monroe had said,
trying to laugh as he laid it on the
table.

Then, in answer to Bessie's aston-
ished gaze, as he lifted her in his
arms, You never heard the like in

your life, did you darling? It is a
virtue that isn't needed very often;
but it is a great thing to know just
exactly when to disobey. If Ben had not
disobeyed mamma this morning, and
dumped you into the snow, we don't
like to think what might have been.—
The Pansy.

A Tragedy

There is something pathetic in the
life of every man confined within
prison walls, and this pathos grows
more intense when all the free outside
world is glad with the joy that comes
in the Christmas time. Remorse must
weigh heavily on convicts at this time.
Forgetfulness of all the past would be
a blessed boon to many of them, but
memory is keenest then, and we do
not know with what heartaches they
recall the time when they, too, were
free and happy.

The warden of a State prison tells
the following pathetic incident of a
life-convict:

"I was passing out of the prison
yard one bitter cold Christmas morn-
ing. Just outside the gate, and
crouching close to the high stone wall,
I saw a thinly-clad little girl of about
twelve years, her face and hands blue
with cold. She put out one of her
thin hands to detain me as I passed.

"If you please, sir," she said, and
stopped, fingering nervously at the
fringe of her old shawl and timidly
glancing down.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well, if you please, sir, I'd like to
know if I can go inside and see my—
my father. He's in there, and I've
brung him something for Christmas. It
ain't much, and I didn't s'pose you'd
mind any if he had it. His name is
Mister John H—y."

"I recognized the name as that of a
life-convict—a man notoriously bad. I
went back into the prison grounds, the
child following me eagerly. Going to
my office, I sent for the convict. He
came, sullen and dejected; in his face
was the look of utter hopelessness the
faces of the prisoners for life so often
wear. The child sprang forward to
meet him, the hot tears streaming over
her white face. He stepped back,
sullen and seemingly angry. No word
of welcome came from his lips for the
ragged, trembling little creature who
stood crying before him, with some-
thing clasped in her hand.

"I—I came to say 'Merry Christ-
mas, father,' she faltered. 'I—I—
thought maybe you'd be glad to see
me. Ain't you any glad, father?'"

"Christmas? Christ?" What would
that man not have given for freedom
of body and soul!

"The convict's head drooped. The
hard look was going out of his face, his
eyes were moistening. His little girl
went on, trembling and tearfully:

"I—I brung you something, father.
It was all I could think of, and all I
could get. I live to the poor house
now." Her trembling fingers began
unwrapping the bit of soft white paper
in her hand, and she held out a short,
shining curl of yellow hair, carefully
tied with a bit of old ribbon. I
wouldn't give this to anybody on
earth but you, father. You used to
truly, really love little Johnnie—
mother said you did—and so—"

The man fell on his knees, with both
hands clasped over his face.
"I did love him," he said, hoarsely.
"I love him still; bad as I am, I love
him still."

"I know it," said the child, going
closer, "and I knowed you'd like this,
now that Johnnie's dead."

"Dead?" cried the man, rocking to
and fro, still on his knees with his
hands over his face. "My little boy!"

"Yes," said the child; "he died in
the poor house only last week, and
there's no one left but me now. But
I ain't goin' to forget you, father; I'm
going to stick right by you, spite of
what folks say, and so one day maybe I
an get you out of here. I'm going
to try. I don't never forget that you
are my father, and so!"

"He put out one arm, drew the child
toward him, and kissed her again and
again. I silently left the room, and
they were alone together for half an
hour. Then the child came out, smil-
ing through her tears.

"Mind," she said, before closing the
door, "I'll never forget you, father—
never."—*Youth's Companion.*

Boys Who Succeed.

Thirty years ago Mr. H—, a nur-
seryman in New York State, left home
for a day or two. It was rainy weather
and not a season for sales, but a cus-
tomer arrived from a distance, tied up
his horse, and went into the kitchen
of a farm-house, where two lads were
cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H— at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, ham-
mering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Maybe not for a
week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and

followed the man out. "The men are
not here, but I can show you the
stock," he said, with such a bright
courteous manner that the stranger,
who was a little irritated, stopped and
followed him through the nursery ex-
actly as he ret and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that
I have had this season, Jim," his
father, greatly pleased, said to him on
his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing
to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward these two boys
were left by their father's failure and
death with but two or three hundred
dollars each. Joe bought an acre or
two near home. He has worked hard,
but is still a poor discontented man.
Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to
Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a
couple of years, and with his wages
bought land at forty cents an acre,
built himself a house, and married.

His herds of cattle are numbered by
the thousand, his land has been cut up
for town lots, and he is ranked as one
of the wealthiest men in the State.

"I might have done like Jim," his
brother said lately, "if I'd thought in
time. There's as good stuff in me as
in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf
of bread as in any I ever made," said his
brother, "but nobody can eat it. There's
not enough yeast in it." The retort,
though disagreeable, was true.

The quick, wide awake energy which
acts as leaven in a character, is partly
natural. But it can be inculcated by
parents and acquired by a boy if he
chooses to keep his eyes open, and to
act promptly and boldly in every
emergency.

Home Hints.

Hartsorn will usually restore colors
that have been taken out by acid.

If the flat-iron is dirty, tie up a
piece of yellow bees-wax in a rag, and
when the iron is almost, but not quite,
hot enough to use, rub it quickly with
the wax, and then with a coarse cloth.

A gentleman who has made a study
of the eye says, for the benefit of the
people who have to earn a livelihood
with the pen: "Never write on white
paper if you can get yellow paper. A
sheet or card of the same shade,
placed on the wall over the desk will
assist in giving the eye rest, and this
will facilitate the work. He has made
this suggestion to many, and in each
case has received the thanks of those
who have been benefited by it. It is
simple and does not require any philo-
sophy to prove it.

It is now fairly established, says a
write in the *Medical Press*, that the
common wart, which is so unsightly
and often so proliferous on the hands
and face, can be easily removed by
small doses of sulphate of magnesia
taken internally. M. Colrat, of Lyons
has drawn attention to this extraor-
dinary fact. Several children treated
with three-grain doses of Epsom salts
morning and evening were promptly
cured. M. Aubert cites the case of a
woman whose face was disfigured by
these excrescences, and who was cured
in a month by a drachm and a half of
magnesia taken daily. Another medi-
cal man reports a case of very large
warts which disappeared in a fortnight
from the daily administration of ten
grains of the salts.

Teacher: Now remember, Robert,
a horse's front legs, as you call them,
are his fore legs. Will you try to—
Bobby: Yes, sir. Teacher: That's a
good boy. Now, before I dismiss you,
tell me again how many legs a horse
has?—Bobby: (promptly) Six? How
do you make that out, Robert?—
Bobby: The two legs what's his hind
legs and the fore legs what's his front
legs is six legs.

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! And it out.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 7.)

No. 34.—M
MAP
MACER
MACACUS
PECAN
RUN
S

No. 35.—J—ose—S
A—lta—I
M—ero—M
E—rat—O
S—wa—N

JAMES. SIMON.—Jno. 7:46.

No. 36.—M E R I T
E B O N
R O T
I N

Two of the best of the

No. 37.—C Z A R
Z O N E
A N N A
R E A P

No. 58.—Carle

The Mystery—No. 10.

No. 54.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY "APPLEBLOSSOM," CARLETON, N. S.)

1. What three celebrated men are
mentioned in one verse of prophecy?
2. How many women are mention-
ed by name in the Bible from the
creation till 2000 years after?

No. 55.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY G. MAYWELDON, BOUNDARY CREEK.)

Transpose a woman's Scripture name,
And have, instead, the cause of pain.

No. 56.—CHARADE.

(BY B. V. C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, N. S.)

First is to rest;
Second, a relation;
Whole is for application.

No. 57.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY L. LARKIN, EAST PUBNICO, N. S.)

o A consonant.
o o Malt liquor.
o o o o A girl's name.
o o Before.
o A letter.

No. 58.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, WILLIAMSBURG.)

1. Where are "cuckoo" and
"plaster" found?
2. Where are "apothecary," "advoca-
cate," and "alleging" found?
3. Where are the words "As a cage
is full of birds, so are their houses full
of deceit?"
4. Where are the words, "Let no
man go beyond and defraud his
brother in any matter?"

No. 59.—PIED COUNTRIES.

(BY B. E. B., SUSSEX.)

1. Natdohsui. 3. Zadratsionl.
2. Holobtsinea. 4. Meligub.
5. Renfca.

No. 60.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, STANLEY.)

Eth tsetaery quonocore si eh how
nocresequ mihfies.

No. 61.—BRIED COUNTRIES.

(BY M. I. GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)

1. He asked the stranger many
questions.
2. Come and see my garden, Mark.
3. It is set in diamonds.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

PRIZES.—As the prize for No. 26 was
not won, we offer the five amateur
papers for the best and most neatly
written Charade.

We will also give a nice prize for the
best and most neatly written Acrostic,
—the winner of the Charade prize not
to get it.

WORD-HUNT PRIZE WINNERS.—The
Word-Hunt Competition did not
arouse the interest we had anticipated
it would, yet there was a fair number
of participants.

The prize winners were as follows:
First.—NANNIE DURKEE, Carleton,
Yarmouth Co., N. S., 250 words.

Second.—LOUISA LARKIN, East
Pubnico, Yarmouth, N. S., 227 words.
They will please acknowledge re-
ceipt of prizes.

All the Lists were very neatly and
carefully executed. Some one or two
did not exactly comply with the rules.
In some lists quite a number of words
had to be thrown out. Following are
the other lists in order:—

Helen S. Briggs, Bloomfield, 218
words.

Alex. Machum, Pollyhurst, 213
words.

Marsden Knowles, Upr. Wood's
Har., 212 words.

Emeline L. Hammond, Lockeport,
192 words.

Gretta Goodspeed, St. John, 192
words.

G. A. Riecker, Belleisle Bay, 165
words.

Ethel J. Kerr, Williamsburg, 148
words.

Carrie Wade, Cross Creek, 142
words.

Lillian Miller, Waterville, C., 123
words.

Hattie M. Steeves, Sussex, 121
words.

Annie L. Brewer, F'ton, 107 words.

Nettie Dennison, Marysville, 101
words.

Will our young friends suggest
something new for the *Column*. We
want to make it interesting and bene-
ficial to all. Remember to aid in the
work. Who will send us some new
features, hints, etc?

GRACE E. KING, Carleton, Yar-
mouth, N. S., has our hearty thanks
for favors. Nos. 20, 22, 23, 25 cor-
rectly solved.

MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg,
will accept our thanks for the nice
puzzles. Come again.

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Misses and Children's American Rub-
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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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