

## Aim High.

Aim high, my boy, and strive to climb  
The heights where heroes stand,  
Whose purpores were all sublime  
And aspirations grand.

Each hero's life a lesson is,  
And, if you read it well,  
It gives you help and strength, and this  
Is what it has to tell:

Be true. Be earnest for the right  
In every time and place;  
Toward high endeavor's beacon light  
Set steadfastly your face.

Be brave of heart: if sore defeat  
O'er take you in the way,  
Then with fresh zeal and courage meet  
The foe another day.

The great men of the world are those  
Who swerved not left nor right  
When base, ignoble men opposed,  
But kept the goal in sight.

Though baffled, beaten for a time,  
From each defeat we gain  
A strength that makes the strife sublime,  
And takes away its pain.

Be brave, be steadfast, and be true;  
And ever, as you climb,  
Keep God's clear beacon light in view.  
And win, in his good time.

—Selected.

## The Hero.

"Reuben! Reuben!"  
No answer.

"Reuben, my son, it is time to get up." But Reuben did not want to hear. Nor did he feel like getting up. It was very cold. He drew the bed-clothes closer about his head, and turned over for another nap. Meanwhile his feeble old mother made the kitchen fire, pumped the water for the kettle, and went out in the ice and snow to feed the half-frozen chickens. "Dolly ought to have been milked an hour ago," she thought. "I wonder what ails Reuben. He gets up later and later every morning."

About an hour afterward, Reuben came slowly down the stairs to breakfast. He looked somewhat ashamed of himself. But he replied in a sullen tone, when his mother spoke about the late hour for milking: "I think we could do without a cow! It is a great bother to milk her morning and night."

"I wish that I could attend to her; but I cannot do everything," said the mother, with a sigh.

If Reuben had looked up just then his heart might have reproached him at the sight of his mother's weary and care-worn face. She was a widow, and he was her only son. He intended to be a good son, but he did not go the right way to work. He spent many hours in reading about boys who had done remarkable things, such as run away from home, and come back years afterward, with fortunes to surprise their friends and enable their mothers to live like queens! "That is what I want to do for my mother," he said. But instead of doing it he sat and dreamed.

One day he took up a pamphlet that was lying on the school-master's table. In it he saw a story called "The Hero."

"Hello!" he cried. "What is this about? I want to be a hero."

The story was somewhat like this: A few years ago the traveler might have seen a charming little village—now, alas! no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around, wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of their burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and the cows were gone; but so also was his only son, a bright boy of six or seven years old. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looked up he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"O my son, my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father! When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed. But the boy said:

"O no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero!"

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something.

"I wonder now if that is true," he thought: "A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time. There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero!"—*New York Observer.*

## The Broken Latch.

Putting off! putting off! That is Willie's great fault. He has just come home from school crying. What is the matter? He put off buying a slate-pencil, went to school without one, and so lost his place in the arithmetic class. Poor Willie, when will he learn to do things in the right time? Hark! I will tell you a story.

Farmer Jones had just such a habit. One day the latch of his yard gate was found broken. When he went out he took care to pull it after him; but other people did not; and as for the wind, it blew the gate open whenever it was strong enough; and so the hens were always getting out, and the sheep and lambs were always getting in, and it took a good deal of time to drive the lambs out and keep the chickens in.

The farmer's wife often asked him to have the latch mended. When he got time, he said; and the children might as well be driving the sheep and hens in and out as to be doing nothing, he said. So the latch did not get mended.

One day a fine pig got out of the sty and seeing the gate open, ran into the field and took to the woods; and Farmer Jones, who was tying up a horse in the stable, left the horse to run after it. Mrs. Jones, who was ironing some clothes in the kitchen, left her work and ran after her husband; and the daughter, who was stirring broth over the fire, left the broth and ran after her mother.

The farmer's sons and his man Tim all joined in the chase; and away they all went—men, women, and children—pell mell to the woods after the pig. But Tim, making more haste than good speed sprained his ankle in jumping over a fence; and then the farmer and his sons had to give up the chase of the pig to carry his man back to the house, and of course Mrs. Jones and her girls had to go with them to help bind up the wound.

When they got back to the house, they found the broth boiled over and the dinner spoiled; and that two shirts which had been hung to dry near the fire were scorched and burned.

Farmer Jones scolded his wife and girl for being so careless as not to take away the shirts and broth from the fire before they left the kitchen. But he himself had been quite as careless; for on going to the stable, he found the horse which he had left loose had kicked a fine young colt, and had broken the colt's leg.

Poor Tim was kept in the house two weeks by the hurt on his ankle; and as it was the haying season just then, the loss to the farmer was great.

So Farmer Jones lost two weeks' work from his man, a fine colt, a fat pig, and his two best shirts, to say nothing of the loss of his dinner—all for the want of a latch that would have cost tenpence.

"I should have been much better off," he said to his wife, "if I had taken your advice and mended that latch."

"Yes," said his wife, "the old saying, 'A stitch in time saves nine,' contains it all."

"And that other proverb," he added, "Fast bind, fast find." I shall turn over a new leaf."

Be sure my children, there is always waste and loss in putting off on the future what ought to be done to-day.

## A Practical Joke.

Most squirrels keep two or more stores of food. Wood, the British naturalist, tells of a friend who found one of these reserve stores which a squirrel had provided for an emergency, and the friend, in a moment of thoughtlessness, determined to play a joke on the squirrel. He accordingly replaced the nuts by small, round stones, and carefully concealed all evidences of his visit. One cold day in winter, he passed the spot, and found that the squirrel had called there a short time previously. This he knew by the fact that ten inches of snow had been scratched from the top of the hole, outside of which the stones had been cast by the disappointed animal.

This struck the joker with remorse. He said: "I never felt the folly of practical joking so much in my life. Fancy the poor little fellow, nipped with cold, and scanty food, but foreseeing a long winter, resolved to economize his little hoard as long as possible. Fancy him at last determined to break this—perhaps his last—magazine, and cheerily brushing away the snow, fully confident that a good meal awaited him as the reward of his cold job, and, after all, finding nothing but stones. I never felt more mean and ashamed in my life, and really would have given a guinea to have known that injured squirrel's address. He should have had a fine lot of nuts as would have put him beyond the reach of poverty had he lived to be as old as Methuselah."—*Globe Democrat.*

## "The Three R's."

The origin of this famous saying is found in the "History of Advertising," by Henry Sampson. It originated in a bulletin or handbill issued by a Mr. James Williams, who kept a small store not far from Lancaster, Eng., which reads as follows:

"James Williams, parish clerk, sax-tone, town crier, and bellman, makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, etc., likewise hair and wigs dressed and cut on the shortest notice. N. B.—I keep an evening school, where I teach at humble rates reading, riting and rithmetic, and singing. N. B.—My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teeth, and shoe horses, with the greatest scil. N. B.—Children taught to dance, if agreeable, at 6d. per week, by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron, and coats—boots and shoes cleaned and mended. N. B.—A hat and pr. of stockens to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shroff Tushday. For particulars inquire within, or at the horse shoe and bell, near the church on t'other side the way. N. B.—Look over the dore for the sign of the 3 pigeons. N. B.—I sell good ayle, and sometimes cyder. Lodgings for single men. N. B.—I teaches jography, algebray, and them outlandish Kind of things. A ball on Wednesdays and Fridays."

## Table Etiquette For Children.

Here are a few good rules that can be safely followed:

Give the child a seat that shall be strictly his own.

Teach him to take his seat quietly.

To wait patiently to be served.

To answer promptly.

To say thank you.

If asked to leave the table for a forgotten article or for any purpose to do so at once.

Never to interrupt and never to contradict.

Never to make remarks about the food, such as "I saw that turkey killed, and how he did bleed!" as I once heard a little boy remark at a Thanksgiving dinner.

Teach the child to keep his plate in order.

Not to handle the bread or to drop food on the cloth and floor.

To always say "Excuse me please," to the mother when at home, and to the lady or hostess when visiting, if leaving the table before the rest of the party.

To fold his napkin and to put back his chair or push it close to the table before leaving; and after leaving the table not to return.

I know children who observe every one of these rules, are in no way priggish but are simply well-behaved, delightful companions and they owe it all to their mother's careful training from babyhood.—*Good Housekeeping.*

## Housekeepers Ought to Know.

That to keep your bedding pure and wholesome open up your beds to air the first thing in the morning.

That one part suted to two parts lard rendered together is much better for frying purposes than all lard.

That if you want to keep your house free of moths never put down your carpets till the floor is perfectly dry.

## 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'll find it out."

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 26.)

No. 172.—

1. Germany. 4. Brooklyn.

2. Austria. 5. Florence.

3. France. 6. Ashantee.

No. 173.—Piggin.

No. 174.—I. KING II. JACK

IDEA ACHE

NEAR CHOP

GARB KEPT

No. 175.—Nevada. 176.—Robert.

No. 177.—1. Gideon. Judges 6.

2. Deut. 16:9 Matt 23:24

3. Hosea 4: 13.

No. 178.—"I am the good shepherd and know my sheep."—John 10: 14.

No. 179.—

P

T A R

P A P E R

R E D

R

## The Mystery—No. 29.

No. 191.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

I. A vowel; a useful article; a small vessel; an adjective; a letter.

II. A letter; a weight; a precious stone; a short sleep; a letter.

## No. 192.—DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(BY MABEL L. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

1. The matter of which the philosopher's stone was supposed to have been composed.

2. Lancets.

3. Used in charging firearms.

4. Anglers' baskets.

5. Pretences.

6. Nicely.

The third letters mean to sojourn, the fourth belonging to the sea.

## No. 193.—PI PUZZLE.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

"Kese ey het drol hlew eh amy eb dnouf, lela ye poun mih lihwe eh si rane."

No. 194.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)

My whole, consisting of 15 letters, is a command given by Christ in his sermon on the mount.

My 4, 1, 13 names the first high priest.

My 9, 8 names the first born in Judah.

My 11, 3, 4 was the mother of the murderer.

My 1, 11, 3, 13 was one of Jacob's sons.

My 10, 4, 8 was king Saul's grandfather.

No. 195.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Yarmouth, N. S.

1. Where is the verse: "Therefore, behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal my words every one from his neighbor?"

2. To whom was it said, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without?"

3. Who said to a woman, "Borrow these vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels, borrow not a few?"

4. Where is it said, "Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth?"

5. Where is it written: "He that entereth in by the way of the North gate to worship shall go out by the way of the South; and he that entereth by the way of the South gate shall go forth by the way of the North gate; he shall not return by the way of the gate whereby he came in, but shall go forth over against it?"

No. 196.—PI.

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

On tearg eded rea oned yb serseralf how kas orf taecrytin.

No. 197.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

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

"Ta w sol b sod rm u eis n fo te ad f l ta ht u."

The Mystery solved in three weeks

The Mystical Circle.

"PHILOMATH," Queens, has our sincere thanks for the nice puzzles. All the puzzles in No. 26 correctly solved—one by postal card. You are the first.

GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S. will accept our thanks for the fine lot of puzzles. Glad you received your prize all right, and like it.

"BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, has sent us some choice puzzles, some of which we shall ever keep as reminders. Thanks, dear friend. We are sorry that you cannot give further attention to the work. May the Lord bless you, and cause His sun to shine upon you more abundantly. Solutions to Nos. 161, 162, 164, 168 and 166 (partly). Thanks for kind interest and kindly penned words.

MAX NICKERSON, Clark's Harbour, N. S., sends us the first Word-Hunt List.

Our Letter Box. X Z

Y

CARLETON, N. S., June 26, '89.

DEAR UNCLE NED, I received the prize you sent and like it real well. I thank you very much for it. I would have written before, if I could; but I could not. I send you some puzzles now. Hoping you are well, I remain, your niece,

GRACE E. KING.

June 25th, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED, I shall not send any more solutions or puzzles, as it find it interferes with my daily, secret devotions—communion and fellowship with my Saviour. His blessed Word has long been my chief study, and from its Holy pages I have drunk of the living waters, "The streams whereof maketh glad the city of God."

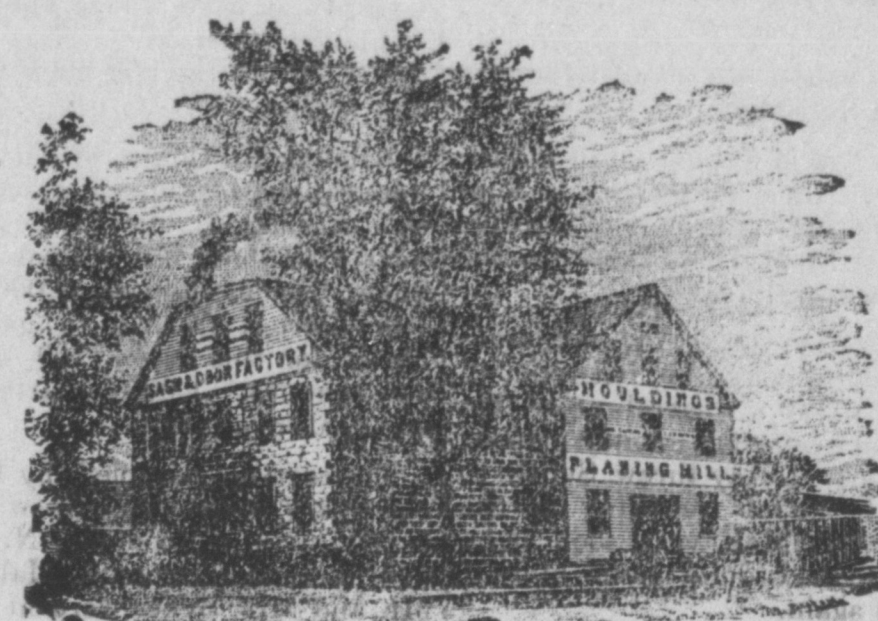
Thanking you for the notice taken of the past. May peace and prosperity attend you here in your efforts to interest the young; and a home with Him, who is the way and the truth and the life. With loving respect,

Yours, etc.,

A BIBLE STUDENT.

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