

**Always Growing.**  
What do you do in the ground, little seed,  
Under the rain and snow,  
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,  
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?  
"Why, do you not know?"  
I grow.

What do you do in the nest, little bird,  
When the bough swings to and fro?  
How do you pass the time away  
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?  
"What! do you not know?"  
I grow.

What do you do in the pond, little fish,  
With scales that glisten so?  
In and out of the watergrasses,  
Never at rest, I see you pass.  
"Why, do you not know?"  
I grow.

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,  
With chubby cheeks all a glow?  
What do you do when your toys are put  
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut,  
"O! do you not know?"  
I grow.

Always growing! by night or day,  
No idle moments allowed;  
Whether at work or cheerful play,  
Let us all be able to say:  
"In the goodness of God,  
We grow!" —Selected

**Will's Lost Umbrella.**  
"O, mother, I've done a dreadful thing," said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.  
"What have you done, Elsie?"  
"I've lost Will's silk umbrella."  
"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"  
"I took it down town with me this morning—it sprinkled a little you know—and I must have left it some where, for when I was coming home I missed it."  
"And did you go back?"  
"Yes, I went to every store I had been in, but couldn't find it."  
"Did Will say you might take it?"  
"No he never lets me, because he always said I would lose it. I wanted to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."  
"I am very sorry," said mother gravely. "It is the first nice one Will has ever had, and I don't know when he will have another."  
"No," said Elsie in great distress, "I'd do anything to give him another if I could. But I can't and he'll be terribly angry with me."  
"I am afraid he will," said mother, really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking his umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more inquiries before we tell Will."  
The inquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands and was never more heard of.  
"You had better tell Will at once, Elsie," said mother.  
"I wish you would tell him, mother!"  
And mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.  
"I don't think it was anything to make a great fuss over," said Will, the same evening, flinging down a book he had been reading.  
"What do you mean, dear?"  
"The story about a boy who lost a great prize because of another boy having burnt up some papers without knowing that they were the notes for his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do but get over it the best way he could?"  
"But if you try to put yourself in his place, you will see that it required a great deal of Christian forbearance to forgive at once the boy who did the mischief."  
"Ho! a boy who amounted to anything would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."  
"And a really manly, true-hearted boy, would take pleasure in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him," said mother more seriously.  
"Of course," agreed Will.  
"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of that kind, a real boy, not in a story book, can bear a little injury unintentionally done him."  
"What do you mean now, mother?"  
"Poor little Elsie is feeling very bad because of something she knows which will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of true brotherly kindness in the matter."  
"What has she done?" asked Will.  
"She has lost your silk umbrella."  
A quick color flew to Will's cheek.  
"I know this is a very annoying thing," went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think dear, it would be a grand thing for you to sur-

prise her by speaking kindly about it, by forgiving her fully and free?"  
"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.  
"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge and she knows it."  
Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the hall, and Will rose from the piazza steps on which he had been sitting, walked quickly round the corner of the house and out of sight.  
He felt as angry as Elsie said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given him by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxidized silver handle, and its slender proportions when encased in its silken cover. It had been a small joke with his sister that he only took it out when he was sure that it wouldn't rain.  
It was gone, and he knew that it would be a great relief to his vexation to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his highly prized property. He could, in fancy, see exactly how she would shrink before him, and how the tears would come to her blue eyes, just as she deserved, he declared to himself.  
And then came a thought of the boy in the book who had won the victory over a sense of his injury very like to this which was possessing him. This was putting him in his place sure enough.  
Will walked for an hour under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts came to him through the gathering shadows of the twilight. What a short-lived satisfaction would be in the bitter words which rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart!  
What lasting sweetness in lifting from the burdens of the fear of his severe fault-finding!  
"I'll wait till some day I want it and then I'll ask her where it is, and when she tries to tell me I'll kiss her and laugh," he said, as at length he turned toward the house.  
"But no, I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it till she knows I know."  
"Elsie!" he called at the steps.  
"What is it, Will?"  
Mother raised her head in anxious attention.  
"Bring my umbrella, please."  
"O, Will," came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly towards him.  
He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her with a laugh.  
"Yes, you'd have a hard time bringing, wouldn't you? I know all about it you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about, these few days, you better set your mind to rest."  
"O, Will, aren't you mad with me?"  
"Not a bit."  
"You dear, dear brother! I thought you'd never forgive me."  
It was, as we knew it would be, a long time before Will had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of his hard-fought battle with himself, a satisfaction to be tasted with every remembrance of his victory.—New York Observer.

**Mending With Pins.**  
"Oh, that's nothing," said a young woman, "I'll put a pin in. I can't stop to mend it now."  
It was a hole in her pocket that Helen Russell mended that morning with a pin. Several days passed and she forgot the circumstances.  
"Pinning it up" was one of Helen's favourite makeshifts.  
"I hate to mend," she would say, "and, after all, pins will do. They have to do, anyway."  
Even holes in her stockings were caught together in this fashion, and a button off her glove was replaced by the same shiftless expedient. It was not that she lacked time to use needle and thread, but simply that she had fallen into a lazy habit.  
Helen Russell was a school-teacher, and a few days after pinning up the hole in her pocket she went to the town treasurer and drew sixty dollars, her earnings for ten weeks' teaching. She put the money into her purse, and the purse into her pocket.  
Then she made a few calls and went to the post-office. As she was descending the steps of the post-office, she caught her foot in the trimming of her skirt, which had ripped and had been fastened with a pin; she tripped and fell heavily on the stones.  
Her wrist was broken by the fall. A pin, which fastened her glove in default of a button, was plunged into the palm of her hand and inflicted a painful wound.  
She was taken home in a carriage and her injuries were dressed. A few hours afterward she thought of her money and felt in her pocket for her purse. It was gone. The pins which

had repaired the hole in the pocket were likewise gone; so there was no doubt as to the way in which the purse had disappeared.  
Searching and advertising proved of no avail. She had saved a few stitches at the expense of ten weeks' wages, a broken wrist, and sundry painful bruises.  
"Twas all my own fault," she said, penitently; "I'll never mend with pins again."

**Stealing a Child.**  
A remarkably intelligent elephant, working on a new bridge in Ceylon, says Murray's Magazine, had a young one to whom she was perfectly devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable. Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her, and escaped into the forest.  
One night, about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for bears in a jungle at some distance. As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim gray light an elephant with her calf making their way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees; and, when the elephants had passed, the native insisted that the older one was their old friend.  
When they reached the camp, they found that the trunk had indeed returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if she were exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed, or stolen during her absence.  
Her good temper and usual docility returned at once; and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to steal a child.

**Things I Have Learned.**  
That to wash irons in dish-water after washing skillies, will make them smooth and prevent rusting.  
That if you fold your clothes as you take them from the line they will iron much more easily.  
That your copper wash-boiler, if well rubbed with a cloth dipped in coal oil, will be clean and bright.  
That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner sweeping cross-wise of the width.  
That if you want to keep your house free of moths, never put down your carpet till the house is thoroughly dry.  
That in making up unbleached muslin, allow one inch to the yard for shrinkage.  
That one part suet to two parts lard rendered together, is much better for frying purposes than all lard.  
That to have good coffee your coffee-pot must be bright and clean inside.  
That to stir a little flour in when making mush will prevent it breaking to pieces frying.—Household.

The following is the entire list of wedding anniversaries—1st anniversary, iron; 5th ditto, wooden; 10th ditto, tin; 15th ditto, crystal; 20th ditto, china; 25th ditto, silver; 30th ditto, cotton; 35th ditto, linen; 40th ditto, woolen; 45th ditto, silk; 50th ditto, golden; 75th ditto, diamond.

**Puzzles, Enigmas, Young Folks' Column.**  
Conducted by G. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

**PUZZLERS' PASTIME.**  
If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again.

**The Mystery Solved.—No. 10.**  
No. 48.—  
1. Matt. 3: 5. 6. John Baptist.  
2. " 3: 7. " "  
3. Acts 8: 27. Conduce.  
No. 49.—Felspar.  
No. 50.—Saturday.  
No. 51.—Christmas.  
No. 52.—  
How doth the little crocodile Improve his shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale.  
How cheerfully he seems to grin, How neatly spread his claws; And welcomes little fishes in With gently smiling jaws.  
No. 53.—"In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you."  
**The Mystery.—No. 13.**  
No. 65.—DROP-VOWEL PUZZLES. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)  
"B-h-l-d h-w-g-d-and h-w pl-s-n-t

t-s-f-r-br-th-r-n-c-dw-l-l-g-th-r-n-n-t-y."

No. 66.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. (BY ANNIE MCAFEE, Norton.)  
In garb, not in dress;  
In ick, not in water;  
In tree, not in bush;  
In hair, not in fur;  
In fade, not in thrive;  
In fat, not in lean;  
In some, not in many.  
My whole is a large animal.

No. 67.—TRANSPPOSITIONS. (BY "FANSY," F'ton Junction.)  
1. "Od odgo ot meth atth yllepdstuf seu yuo."  
2. "Eth dlor si ym dhpheh, I shlal tno twna."  
(N. B. Where are the above found?)  
No. 68.—BIBLE QUESTIONS. (BY GRACE E. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.)  
1. Where are the words, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates?"  
2. Where are the words "grease" and "forged?"  
3. Where are the following found in one verse: "wheat, barley, flour, parched corn, beans, and lentils?"  
4. Where is, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee?"  
5. Where—"Deal with thy servant according unto thy mercy?"  
No. 69.—CHARADE. BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.  
My first is sugary; my second is a man's name; my whole is a flower.

No. 70.—CURTAILMENTS. (BY VAX, Lower Prince William.)  
Curtail—  
1. Something used in winter and have to quibble.  
2. A prefix, meaning chief, and have part of a circle.  
3. To become one and have one.  
4. A Jewish dish and have to bathe.  
The initials of these words give an apostle's name.  
—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—  
—The Mystical Circle.—  
REMEMBER that there will be two nice prizes in the Word-Hunt Contest. Send in your lists.  
CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our hearty thanks for the nice puzzles. Nos. 43, 50 and 51 correctly solved.  
"FANSY," F'ton Junction, will also accept our thanks for the choice puzzles. Nos. 48 (1, 2), 50 and 53 correctly revealed.  
ANNIE MCAFEE, Norton, will also accept our sincere thanks for the puzzles.  
ANNIE R. Carleton, correctly answers No. 10, except Nos. 48 (1) and 49. Come again.  
WESLEY CLARK, Woodstock, correctly answers all in No. 10. Write often and send some puzzles.

A B C OUR LETTER BOX. X Y Z

F'TON JUNCTION, Mar. 7th, 1890.  
DEAR UNCLE NED,—I should like to join your list of puzzlers, as you are trying to interest little boys and girls. I send you some Bible Questions, and have answered some.  
Your new niece.  
"FANSY."  
WOODSTOCK, March 10th '90.  
DEAR UNCLE NED,—Noticing some puzzles in your Y. F. C., I thought I would try and compete with the others in answering them. Below are my answer to puzzles in Mystery No. 10. Wishing you and your Column every success,  
I remain, your nephew,  
WESLEY CLARK.

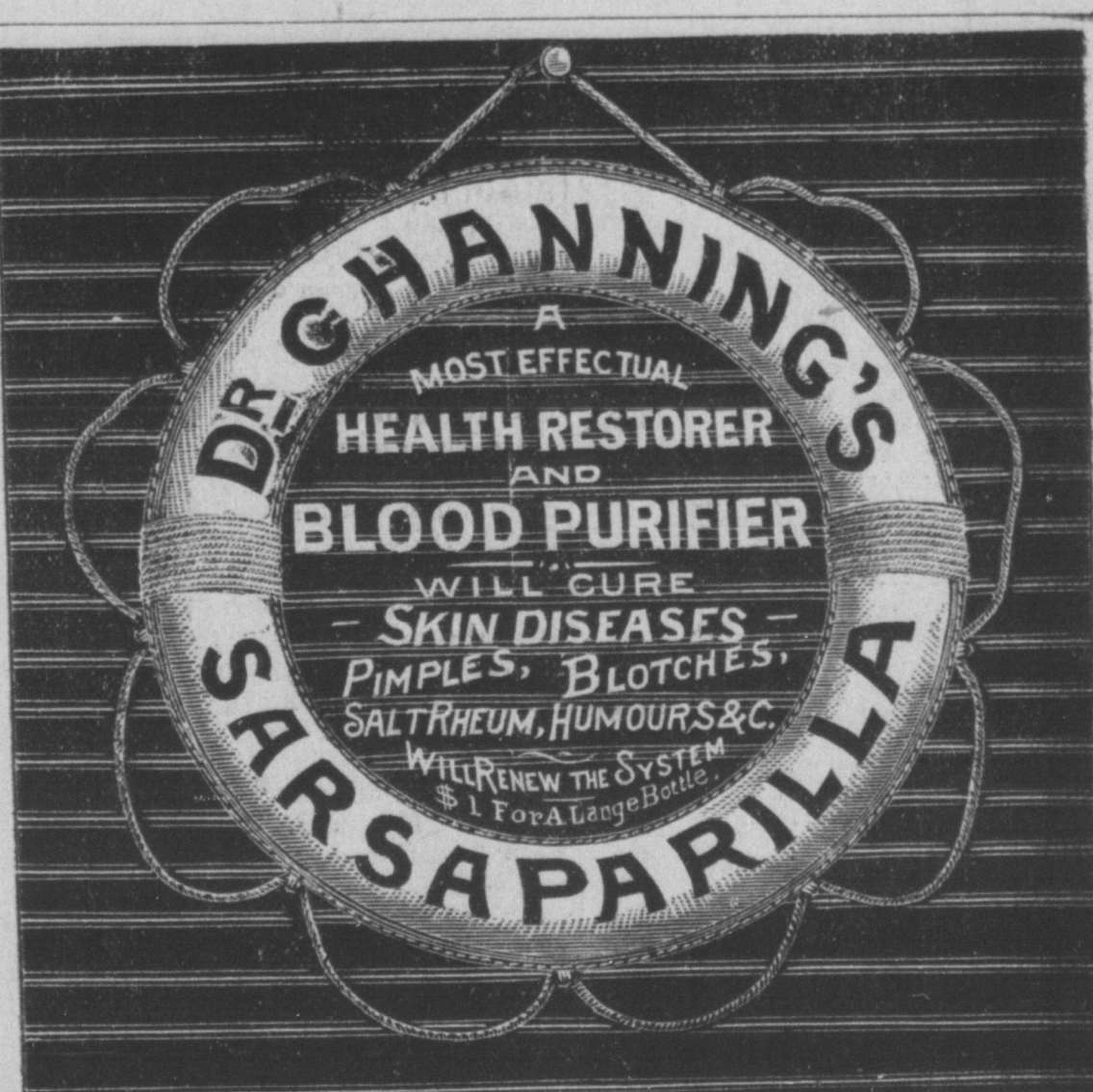
Perfectly charming is what the ladies say about "Lotus of the Nile Perfume."  
Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times went out with pain and wait of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmenter's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

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TWO MEN TESTIFY.  
GENTLEMEN,—One bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil cured me of lumbago after all else failed.  
PETER A. WATSON, Four Falls, N. Y.

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ALLAYS all irritation. By its tonic properties it strengthens the muscles of the Throat and gives tone and vigor to the organs of speech. There is no remedy more effectual for COUGHS, CROUP, HOARSENESS and all affections of the THROAT and LUNGS, than BAIRD'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND. Purely Vegetable. Sold everywhere. 25 Cents.



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**NOTICE OF SALE**  
TO James E. Graham, of Prince William in the County of York, farmer, and Margaret his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:  
NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifth day of October in the year our of Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-four, and made between the said James E. Graham and Margaret his wife of the first part and Alexander Colter of the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York, farmer, since deceased, of the second part, and registered in York County Records, Book X, pages 321, 322, 323 and 324, the eighth day of October, A. D., 1884, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at Phoenix Square, in the City of Fredericton, on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of March next, at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises described in said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:—"All those pieces or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Prince William, County of York, and bounded as follows, to wit, on the north-west by the Pokok road (so called), on the south-west by lands owned by James Brown, and on the south-east and north-east by Crown Land, and containing one hundred acres more or less, being the lands and premises devised to the said James E. Graham by William Duncan, under his last Will and Testament, registered in Book E of the York County Records, pages 556 and 557, and also being the lands and premises devised to the said James E. Graham by William W. Graham, by Indenture dated the 25th November, A. D., 1877, and registered in Book M of the York County Records, pages 618 and 619, together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises, belonging or in any wise appertaining.  
Dated this eighteenth day of February, A. D., 1890.  
**GEORGE J. COLTER,**  
Executor last Will and Testament of late Alexander Colter, deceased.  
**J. A. & W. VANWART,**  
Sols. for Estate.

**NOTICE.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick at the next session thereof for an Act to Incorporate the York County Railway Company with power to construct, equip and operate a line of Railway from a point at or near the City of Fredericton in the County of York in the Province aforesaid to a point within said County of York at or near the Boundary line between the State of Maine and the said County of York and also for other purposes.  
Fredericton, December 13th, A. D., 1889.  
**J. A. & W. VANWART,**  
Solicitors for Applicants.