

The Dying Year.
BY MRS. OHMAN.
The year is dying! Watch it go;
Its breath how faint! Its pulse how slow!
Ah! now, in winding sheet of snow
It peacefully lies.
Heeds not the contrite thoughts we know,
Regretful sighs.
List! merry chimes the midnight cheer,
The past receives the lifeless year:
Entombs its joy, its wrong, its fear,
Its acts unkind;
Yet footprints deep, and memories clear
Are left behind.
The wasted hour—forever past!
The baneful seed—forever cast!
The scornful word shall ever last!
Each noble deed—
How great and high! How rich and vast
Shall be its need.

Tillie's New Year Plans.
Mamma, said Tillie, I've been making some plans for the new year, and if I keep well, I think there will be lots of nice times for me.
Well, little daughter, I certainly hope you will keep well, said mamma; but what are some of these plans which seem to please you so?
Tillie was a good little girl, with a very bright face and pretty, lady-like manners, but she had one fault which children are very apt to have, and before long we shall find what it was. She was an only child, and so was a pet with her parents, grandparents and uncles and aunts, but she had a wise, Christian mother, who never spoiled her little girl because she was the only one she had.
Tillie's face was full of smiles as she replied to her mamma's question about her New Year plans.
You know, she began, Uncle Ben gives me a big, round piece of silver money every little while, and I mean to keep all the money he gives me until I have enough to buy me a sled. It won't take long; then I can have elegant times coasting. You'd let me coast on the little hill back of the house wouldn't you?
Mamma said, Oh, yes, I think so.
And then, Tillie went on, I know I shall have some books at Christmas, because they always come for me, and every Wednesday afternoon I'm just going to read and read as long as I can see. Won't that be nice?
Mamma said, Yes dear; but she spoke so quietly that Tillie noticed it. Still the next moment she went on:—
Auntie Sue sent me a lot of oranges, and Auntie Nellie sent me two lovely boxes of candy last New Year's day, and the year before too, so I'm almost sure they will this New Year; then I always have plenty of other candy at Christmas, and so, while I'm reading or playing with my dolls, I'm going to have as much candy in my pocket as you'll let me eat, and have some oranges all nicely peeled and quartered close by. I think a fine story to read, or a nice dolly to play with, and something sweet and delicious to put in your mouth, is just jolly! Don't you, mamma?
Yes, dear, mamma said again; but this time her voice sounded almost sad. This made affectionate Tillie feel troubled at once, and going close to her mother's chair she asked,—
Mamma, I haven't said anything wrong, have I?
Oh, no, Tillie, was the quick reply; not exactly wrong, only I couldn't help thinking while you were telling your New Year plans, that perhaps Jesus wouldn't feel quite pleased to hear them.
Why not, mamma?
Let's see, mamma began; who was it you were going to take coasting on your sled?
Me, answered Tillie, half laughing.
And who was to have all the oranges and candy?
Me, answered Tillie again, half conscious she was not speaking quite correctly.
And who was it you resolved should enjoy the fine books and gay dollies?
Me, said Tillie, a little more faintly.
Whom did Jesus live for when He was on earth? Can you tell that, Tillie dear?
He lived for others, replied Tillie.
Oh, I know, mamma, she added, quickly, you mean that I don't think of any one but myself in my plans—that I am selfish. Isn't that it?
Yes, Tillie, that is just it. I want my dear little girl, as she grows older, to be Christ-like, and Christ, you must remember, went about doing good.
Just then a lady called, so her mother said no more, and Tillie ran out to play. But it was cold and cheerless outside; beside, there were new thoughts working in Tillie's mind, and she felt like sitting down still for a while.
When her mother came into the sitting room, Tillie said,—
If I should read to Auntie Tillman an hour every Wednesday afternoon when the new year comes, don't you think that would be going about doing good?

Why, I think it would be a beautiful thing to do! and mamma's voice was so bright and cheery it made Tillie feel glad just to hear it.
And then, Tillie went on, if I should let Sadie Wells have my sled some times to coast, wouldn't that be kind too?
Yes, it would be kind, Tillie, mamma replied; but really, don't you think it would be almost a duty, also, for a little girl who has so many things to enjoy as you have, to try and make life a little pleasanter for Sadie, who is a dear good child, but so poor her mother couldn't think of buying her a sled? And she has no kind uncles to make her presents now and then.
Yes, mamma, it is a duty, Tillie said promptly, and I'm going to try not to be a selfish girl next year, but to see if I can't be generous and think of some one else beside just me. I began to feel mean this afternoon when I had to keep answering me to everything you asked, and—I suppose an orange and a bit of candy sometimes, would taste just as sweet to Sadie Wells and her little sister as they do to me.
Just exactly as sweet! mamma replied.
It was only a day or two before Christmas, and then one short week and a new year had dawned. The first Wednesday afternoon of the new year, Tillie went to Auntie Tillman's, a poor old woman who was nearly blind, and read to her for an hour. When she came back her face was all aglow.
O mamma! she exclaimed, you never saw a more pleased old lady than Auntie Tillman was when I told her what I meant to do; she almost cried it made her so happy. Why I think it is perfectly delightful to go about doing good! You didn't tell me, mamma, how glad it would make me feel.
No; I thought best to let you find that out for yourself, and I didn't want a single selfish thought to influence you in the matter. Besides, you have only just begun. There may be days when it won't seem as pleasant or as easy to go to Auntie Tillman's little room to read an hour; but now you've begun, I hope you will keep on.
Tillie said she surely meant to. And she did keep on. Every Wednesday afternoon when it was pleasant she read to the good old lady, who never tired of hearing the sweet voice; and Tillie did not tire either of the pleasure she found in the useful service. Auntie Tillman said it seemed like putting new life into her, having something so nice to look forward to every week.
Sadie Wells and her little sister think Tillie is the kindest, most generous girl that ever lived.
At the end of that happy year when Tillie had tried to think of others beside herself, her mother noticed that in laying her plans for another year they were all about what she hoped and meant to do to make others happy.
Oh, I wish, said Tillie, that everybody in the world would only try and see how lovely it is to strive to be Christ-like and to go about, as they can, doing good.—Herald.

In a Minute.
"Don't fret, I'll be there in a minute." But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready for the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.
In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, on its grand journey around the sun, 1,080. Pretty quick travelling, you say. Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which just now reflected from that mirror. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.
In a minute, over all the world, about eighty new-born infants, have each raised a wail of protest, as if against thrusting existence upon them; while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.
In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.
In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a street car 32 rods; the fastest trotting horse 148 rods, and an average pedestrian has got over 16 rods.
Each minute, night and day, by the official reports, the United States collects \$639 and spends \$461. The interest on the public debt was \$96 a minute last year, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time. The telephone is used 595 times, the telegraph 136 times. Of tobacco,

925 pounds are raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes.
But I am afraid that you will forget that we are talking about a minute, sixty seconds of time. No? Well, then, every minute 600 pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig 61 tons of anthracite coal and 200 tons of bituminous coal, while of pig-iron we turn out 12 tons, and of steel rails 3 tons. In this minute you have kept me waiting, 15 kegs of nails have been made, 12 bales of cotton have been taken from the fields, and 36 bushels of grain have gone into 149 gallons of spirits, while \$66 of gold have been dug from the earth. In the same time the United States mints turned out coin to the value of \$121, and 42 acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.—Cleveland Press.

A Little Girl With Two Faces.
I heard a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who had two faces. When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbours, she looks so bright and sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. With a nice white dress on, and perhaps a blue sash, and pretty little shoes, she expects her mother's friends will say: "What a little darling! or, What a sweet face, let me kiss it! And so she always has a nice smile on her face, and when she is spoken to she says: "Yes, ma'am, No, ma'am, when she ought, and Thank you, very sweetly when anything is given her.
But, do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all like the same little girl. If she cannot have what she would like, or do just as she wishes, she will pout and scream and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her then.
So you see this little girl has two faces; one she uses in company, and puts it on just like her best dress; and the other she wears when she is at home alone with her mother.
I also know a little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would most like to resemble.

Friends After A Fight.
A fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a fight over a bone, or some other trifling matter. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, over they went into the water.
The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so with poor Bruce. He struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.
Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, has reached the land, and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should he do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port.
It was curious to see the dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glances said plainly as words: "We will never quarrel any more."

One Step At A Time.
I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain, which towered up from the foot of the Vispach valley to a height of ten thousand feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, "It will require but one step at a time!"
Before sunset I stood on the summit, enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Professor Tyndall was the first man to discover.
By taking one step at a time, every boy who would master a difficult study every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in mind.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 50.
No. 267.
1. a 2 c 3. a
tub tar art
auger canoe atlas
ben roe tan
r e s
No. 268.—Gen. 26:5, 6. No. 269.—Capernaum.
No. 270.—SYZYGY
YVETOT
ZEALOT
YTLOMR
GOOMLY
YTTRYA
—The Mystery—No. 53—
We extend to you all a hearty New Year's greeting; and hope that this New Year may be the most happy and prosperous of your life.
Look to Jesus!
Let your motto be *Onward and Upward!*
Happy New Year to All!
—O—
No. 285.—HALF SQUARE.
(BY L. F. BARNES, Bath.)
— — — — — A man's name.
— — — — — ACROSS.
— — — — — A snare.
— — — — — Two-thirds of a verb.
— — — — — A letter from Susie.
— — — — — HAPPY NEW YEAR.
No. 286.—ENIGMA.
(BY SORETTA GOOD, Good Corner.)
In tin, not in iron;
In evil, not in good;
In hat, not in bonnet;
In knit, not in sew;
In head, not in foot;
In little, not in big;
In ten, not in nine;
In long, not in short;
In three, not in four.
Whole, a useful article.
No. 287.—TRANSPPOSITION.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
"Leapsure rea elik popisp preads,
Uoy sixee het lwore, het loomb is daeh."
No. 288.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY "FANSY," Fredericton Junction.)
o o 1. A letter. 2. To sew. 3.
o o o o 4. A woman's name. 4. To wear. 5. A vowel.
o o o 2. A letter. What every o one does. A common noun.
A number. A letter.
No. 289.—DROP LETTER.
(BY "GERANIUM," Central Hampstead.)
"Bt f e ogv nt e ter tepse, nihr il or evny shr ogv yu tepse."
No. 290.—DIAMONDS.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)
1. A letter; edict; to soothe; called; carpet; truly; a letter.
2. A letter; a game; a table cover; a kind of oil; band; a pronoun; a vowel.
—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—
—O—
WE WISH ONE AND ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.
For a thoroughly good Extract of Lemon, try the "Royal."
Just why so many people suffer pain when a remedy of known and certain effect like Hagyard's Yellow Oil may be had at every drug store, is not very clear. This peerless pain soothing remedy is a prompt, and pleasant cure for sore throat, croup, colds, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Price 25 cents.
Colds are frequently the result of derangements of the stomach and of a low condition of the system generally. As a corrective and strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.
Must not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.
A FRIEND'S FACE.
A FRIEND'S face often looks sour and glum from the effects of misery-making biliousness or liver complaint. If we tell him to use Burdock Blood Bitters and he does it, the face soon brightens with returning health and happiness. B. B. B. never fails.

Professional Cards.
G. H. COBURN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.
D. M'LEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
J. A. & W. VANWART
BARRISTERS, &c.
Offices—Opposite City Hall,
Fredericton, N. B.

DR. FOWLER'S
"EXT. OF"
"WILD"
STRAWBERRY
CURES
HOLERA
MORBUS
COLIC
AND
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
CHILDREN AND INFANTS.

M. McLEOD,
MANUFACTURER
—AND—
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.
(No. 36 Dock Street.)
McLeod's Absolutely Pure Flavoring
Extracts;
Extracts Jamaica Ginger;
Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summer
Complaint, Cholera, etc.;
McLeod's Quinine Wine;
Tonic Cough Cure;
Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc.
McLeod's True Fruit Syrups,
Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color
ing or other foreign ingredients.
Strawberry, Raspberry,
Lemon, Lime Juice,
Special Blend and Imperial.
IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend
are my own specialties which I can highly
recommend—being of combinations of the
flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics
with that of our own Matchless Straw-
berry.
Ask your dealer for McLeod's
Brands of
EXTRACTS AND SYRUPS.

JUST RECEIVED.
FRUIT & GROCERIES.
Black Basket Raisins, Delbert Raisins, Valencia Layer Raisins, London Layer Raisins, Valencia Raisins, Nuts, and Bologny Sausages, Ham, Chicken and Tongue Sausage, Cured Hams, Sugar Cured Peas, Currants, Oranges, Cape Cod Cranberries, Malaga, California and Salem Grapes, Lemons, Bananas, Lard, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, etc., etc. PRICES LOW—Consistent with class of goods, at **W. E. VANWART'S.**

DYSPEPTICURE
THE SPECIFIC FOR
DYSPEPSIA
Dyspeptique aids
Digestion.
Dyspeptique cures
Indigestion.
The most serious and
long-standing cases of
Chronic Dyspepsia
positively cured
by
Dyspeptique
Price per bottle 35cts and 40c
(large bottles four times size of small)
Prepared by
Charles K. Short, St. John, N.B.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Hides, Leather, Oil!
WILLIAM PETERS,
LEATHER Manufacturer, and dealer
in Hides and Leather, Cod Oil, Neat
Foot Oil and Finishing Oil.
Tanners' and Curriers' Tools
and Findings.
Lace Leather and Larragin Leather,
specially.
Hides, Leather bought and sold on
commission.
140 Union Street, - St. John, N. B.
J. C. McNALLY
Calls attention to his new stock of
House Furnishing Goods—late impor-
tations and recent manufactures; pro-
mising to show his patrons the largest
and best assorted stock he has yet
offered. Foreign Goods, having been
personally selected, after twenty-six
years experience in the best markets
of the world, will be found fine value
and well suited to the wants of the
trade.
256 packages have been received
containing English, French and Bohe-
mian China, Decorated Porcelain and
Ivory Wares, all white, decorated and
printed granite, jet, cream colour and
common wares. Table Glassware,
Library, Hall, Parlour and Banquet
Lamps—all from celebrated makers;
7 packages Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s
flat and hollow wares; 1 case Thomas
Ellin & Co.'s celebrated Table Cutlery,
5 cases Bohemian Fancy Glassware, 5
cases Silk Plush Fancy Goods and Toys.
Fredericton, Oct. 28th, 1890.
NEW GOODS
—AT—
WM. JENNINGS,
MERCHANT TAYLOR.
Montagnae, Melton,
Nap and Worsted
Overcoatings.
Fancy Suitings,
Trowserings,
and Vestings.
WM. JENNINGS,
Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley

Mr B Lawrence
WILL BE AT
Wiley's Drug Store,
—ON—
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
and Saturday, Oct. 8th,
9th, 10th and 11th.
For the purpose of consultation,
and fitting difficult and unusual cases
of defective sight with
B. Lawrence & Co.'s
SPECTACLES
—AND—
—EYEGLASSES,
The most perfect aids to vision known.
No charge for consultation.
In Store:
Pure Lard in tins.
Spices of all kinds.
New Raisins.
Lemon and Citron Peels.
Essences, Coconut.
Pickles, Canned Goods, etc.
TO ARRIVE:
A Car of Bright Sugar.
Currant in bbls. and cases.
With a full supply of Heavy Groceries.
FOR SALE LOW.
A. F. Randolph & Son!
December 3, 1890.
READY-MIXED PAINTS.
14 CASES Ready-Mixed Paints in
one and two pound cans,
quarts, half-gallon and gallon tin cans.
12 gallons Light Oil Finish.
12 gallons Light Oak Varnish.
Just received and for sale low, by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Favorable known to the public since
1850, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm
and other bells; also Chimes and Peals.
Meneely & Co., West Troy, N. Y.
BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY
Bells for Churches, Chimes, School
Fire Alarms of Pure Copper and Tin.
Fully warranted, catalogue sent free
VANOUZEN & TIF, Cincinnati, O.