

What Can we Do?

O, what can little children do to make the great world glad, For pain and sin are every-where, and many a life is sad?— Our hearts must bloom with charity when- ever sorrow lowers: For how could summer days be sweet without the little flowers?

O, what can little children do to make the dark world bright? For many a soul in shadow sits, and long, to see the light?— O, we must lift our lamps of love, and let them gleam, afar; For how should night be beautiful with- out each little star?

O, what can little children do to bring some comfort sweet, For weary roads where men must climb with toiling way-worn feet? Our lives must ripple clear and fresh, that thirsty souls may sing; Could robin pipe so merrily without the little spring?

All this may little children do, the sadden- ed world to bless, For God sends forth all loving souls to deeds of tenderness. That this poor earth may bloom and sing like His dear home above; But all the work would fail and cease without the children's love.

—Selected.

Habits of Observation.

Every boy should cultivate the faculty of observation. If he does so designedly, it will not be long before he will do so unconsciously. It is better to learn a thing by observation than by experience, especially if it is something to our detriment. I would prefer to know which is the toad-stool and which is the mushroom by observation rather than by experiment, for the latter might cost me my life. There is hardly a vocation in which observation is not of great service, and in many it is absolutely essential. It adds to the proficiency of the chemist, the naturalist, the mining expert, and the frontiersman. Observation quick- ens experiment. It leads to inference, to deduction, to classification, and thus theories are formulated and sciences established.

An observing boy will become an observing man, and, as a boy and man, he will have an advantage over those who have not cultivated the faculty. He knows a thousand things that the unobservant boy does not know. He does not get the knowl- edge from books or from others, but acquires it for himself through his eyes and ears, and properly appreciates it for that reason. A child may know more than a philosopher about mat- ters that may not have come under the observation of the philosopher. A little girl entered the study of Mezerai, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel," he said. "I don't need any," was her reply. And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes, and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Galileo noticed the swaying of a chandelier in a cathedral, and it sug- gested the pendulum to him. To another inventor the power of steam and its application was suggested by the kettle on the stove. A poor monk discovered gun-powder, and an opti- cian's boy the magnifying lens.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist, "Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose. "I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do-nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellets of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more material."

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much. Boys, be observant. Cultivate the acuity. Hear sharply, look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. Open your eyes wider when you stroll through the meadow or along the brook. There are ten thousand inter- esting things to be seen, noted, won- dered at, explained. Animals, birds,

plants and insects, with their habits, intelligence and peculiarities, will com- mand your admiration. You may not become great men through your ob- servations, like Newton, Linnaeus, Franklin or Sir Humphrey Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser, and quite probably much better men.

Fred's Broken Record.

"Fred! I think I left my spectacles upstairs," said grandpa, after he had searched the sitting-room for his ac- customed helpers. "Oh, dear?" began Fred, who always thought it a great nuisance to go up and down stairs, unless he wanted something for himself and couldn't get any one to go; but before he had finished his grumbling sentence, little Lillie had deposited her lapful of patchwork on the sofa, and with a cheery "I'll get them, grandpa," was on her way upstairs.

"Fred, you forgot to put your tools away," mamma said, a little later. "Oh, dear! it's such a bother to put everything away," fretted Fred. "Can't I leave them where they are till tomorrow, for I will want to use them again?"

"No: I want them put away at once," said mamma, in such a decided tone, that Fred knew she required in- stant obedience. "Oh, dear! I never can learn this long lesson!" he grumbled that evening, when he sat down to prepare his recitations for the next day. "It's such a lot of work to translate all these sentences."

Dr. Morton had dropped in for a little chat with Fred's father, and he looked up as he heard the impatient exclamation. "What do you think I've been doing to-day, Fred?"

"What, sir?" asked Fred, glad of a diversion from his books. "Breaking a little girl's arm."

"Don't you mean mending it, doctor?" asked Fred, thinking that the doctor made a mistake. "No: I broke it," answered the doctor. "Some time ago, this little girl broke her arm, and it was very badly set, and has been so stiff ever since that she could not use it as she wanted to. She makes lace very cleverly, and her earnings have been a great help in the family; but, since her arm was hurt, she has not been able to work at all. We held a con- sultation at the hospital to-day, and decided that the only way to help the child would be to break her arm again and reset it."

"I think I'd rather never be able to do anything than have that done," ex- claimed Fred. "Why, that's unfortunate," re- marked the doctor. "I've been thinking that there is a bone about you that ought to be broken very soon, if you expect to become an active man. I've been meaning to mention it to you for some time."

Fred turned pale. He was not at all fond of bearing pain. "Where is the bone?" he asked, with a frightened tremor in his voice. "Will you have to break it?"

"No: I can't very well break it for you," answered the doctor. "You can break it yourself better than any one can do it for you. It is called the lazy one."

"Oh, is that what you mean?" And he was so relieved that he smiled at the doctor's words. "Yes, my boy, that is the bone I mean; and it is a bone you ought to break very soon, if you ever expect to be of any use in this world. It will take a pretty determined effort to break it, for it's one of the toughest bones I know anything about; but you can break it if you make the effort. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir, I will," promised Fred, manfully, his face flushed with morti- fication at the thought that he had earned a reputation for laziness. Selected.

Little Scotch Granite.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delight- ed when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scot- land and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him re- markably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten, if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whisp- ered." "More than once?" asked the teacher. "Yes, sir," answered Willie. "As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie. "Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school. "Well I did," said Willie; "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to bor- row a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"O, we all do it," said Burt, red- dening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I have not," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"O, we don't call them lies," mut- tered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night, if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely. In a short time, the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in play time; but, according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks, the boys answered "nine," "eight," oftener than they used to. Yet the school-room seemed to have grown quieter. Some- times when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preach- ed to them or told tales; but, some- how, it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nick-name him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the close of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry; for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was Gen. — the great hero.

"The sign of his rank was hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscienti- ously 'perfect' in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Granite!" shouted the forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—The British Evangelist.

Two Foxes.

There is an old story of two foxes who were so lovingly attached to each other that they could not quarrel. One day, however, they made up their minds that life would be less monoton- ous if they could only have a differ- ence, so they resolved to dispute about a piece of meat which one of them was about to eat.

"I want that!" cried the other. "Very well, dear Fox," said the first, meekly, "take it." "O no, dear Fox," said the other, penitently, "I wouldn't take it away from you for worlds."

Thereupon they concluded that quarrelling was an impossibility, and resolved never to attempt it again. Dick and Dora are twins, and quite inseparable companions. One day, however, a little cloud rose and black- ened upon their horizon.

"What's the matter?" called Dick, finding Dora sulking in a corner. "Nothing!" was the dignified an- swer. "O, come now, I know there is. Was it because I was playing with Tom Rogers when you come out in the shed?"

"No, it wasn't that," owned Dora, her eyes filling with angry tears, "but you needn't have told me not to touch your things." "I didn't mean it that way," protested honest Dick. "Truly, I didn't. I just meant, 'Don't joggle till I get that knot tied.'"

"In future," began Dora, with the air of a queen determined not to be pacified, "if you want me to play with you"—here she paused, and a roguish light rippled over her face—"you just mention it, and I'll be there!" And the quarrel of the two little foxes was adjourned.—Selected.

BABY'S SLEEPING TIME.—I wonder if all mothers know that baby likes to be turned over after he has slept for an hour or two on one side? When he stretches and wriggles, and finally, perhaps, cries out, he needs turning on his other side, or almost on his back, and he soon relapses into

another sound nap without further effort. The pillow also should some- times be turned. The one or two-year old who wakes up in the night and sits up in bed, rubbing his little fists into his sleepy eyes, feels hot and uncom- fortable. Try turning the pillow. If he is like some children the writer knows of he will wait for the sound of the turning pillow, and then drop back into renewed sleep. Remember also to keep a child's clothes smooth under him. Drawing down the rumpled night clothes and smoothing the cover has much to do with quieting the restless tossings of the little sleeper.

BABY LOVER.

Puzzles, Young Charades, Enigmas, \* \* \* do. do. do. \* \* \*

Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLERS' PASTIME. Let us, then, be up and doing With a heart for any fate, Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 51. No. 334.—Abraham.

No. 335.—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

No. 336.—1. Fable, able. 2. Black, lack. 3. Block, lock. 4. Whip, hip. 5. Skate, kate.

No. 387.—R O A R O G R E A R A N R E N T

No. 338.—Christmas. No. 339.—994 yrs, 70 dys.

No. 340.—(1) Lev. 11: 16, etc. (2) Psa. 102: 7. (3) Deut. 32: 11, etc. (4) Gen. 2: 11, etc. (5) Psa. 55: 6, etc.

The Mystery.—No. 2. [N. B.—DEAR FRIENDS, We earnestly solicit your patronage and aid in carrying on the work of this COLUMN. Both young and old are invited to correspond. Send puzzles, solutions, &c., and address to the one who has the conducting of the department as given above.]

No. 5.—BLANKS. (BY MABEL GILMORE, Williamsburg.) [N. B.—Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently.]

1. I ate my dinner—the —. 2. He—the angry. 3. He shot the—through the—. 4. We should—industrious like the—. No. 6.—HIDDEN BIBLE TOWNS. (BY "LIZZIE," Nashua, N.H.)

1. He said, "Ye must be born again." 2. "How can a man be born again?" 3. "And thither ye shall bring your burnt offerings." 4. "Are they not on the other side of Jordan?"

No. 7.—DIAMOND PUZZLES. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.) I. A letter; a useful article; a per- fume; a cask; a letter. II. A letter; to strike; a boy's name; a useful article; a letter.

No. 8.—CHARADE. (BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.) My first is a practice; my second is an insect; my whole are inheritors.

No. 9.—BIBLE QUESTIONS. (BY VAN, Lower Prince William.) 1. Who bought a piece of land from his cousin while in prison? 2. What person arose before break of day and went out into a solitary place and prayed?

No. 10.—WORD SQUARE. BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S. Indigo plant; a river; a place in France; an arch look.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle. CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our hearty thanks for her hearty support by the way of excellent puzzles. Your solutions to Nos. 327 and 333 are cor- rect, Carrie. GRACE E. KING, Brooklyn, N. S., again graces our column with her cor- respondence. Thank you for the choice puzzles. Nos. 319, 320, 325 and 326 correctly solved.

McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.

BASE imitations intended to deceive are being foisted on the market; look out for them and do not be put off with any so-called Worm Syrups claiming to be as good. Ask for and get McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP, the original and only genuine. Any child will take it. At all dealers. Price 25 cents.

CYCLOPEDIAS. Below is an interesting comparison of Contents and Price of leading Cyclopedias: Words, Pages, No. of Vols. Appleton's 15,928,000 13,408 10 Johnson's 10,928,310 6,983 8 Britannica 26,006,400 130,000 24 Alden's Manifold 14,080,000 25,000 40 ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA is the BEST for popular use, as well as cheapest. Agents wanted Specimen pages free, also 96 Page Catalogue of popular books. Cyclopedias taken in exchange. Mention this paper when you write. Alden's Ideal Retooling Book Case, price \$6.00 to \$10.00; holds 125 to 150 volumes of the average size. No article of furniture of equal cost will equally adorn a cultured home. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York; 302 Wash. Ave., Chicago; 73 Whitehall St., Atlanta. SEE ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA at the office of this paper, where you can, if you wish, have your order. By thus clubbing your orders with others, the cost of transportation may be partially saved. A liberal reduction in price to early subscribers.

Coughs, Colds, Croup. Allen's Lung Balm was introduced to the public after its merits for the positive cure of such diseases had been fully tested. It excites expectation and causes the Lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus; changes the secretions and purifies the blood; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the diges- tive organs; brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It contains no opium in any form and is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child. There is no real necessity for so many deaths by consumption when Allen's Lung Balm will prevent it if only taken in time. For Consumption, and all diseases that lead to it, such as Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all diseases of the Lungs, ALLEN'S LUNG BALM is the Great Modern Remedy. For Croup and Whooping Cough it is almost a specific. It is an old standard remedy, and sold universally at 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. The 25-cent bottles are put out to answer the constant call for a Good and Low-Priced COUGH CURE. If you have not tried the Balm, call for a 25-cent bottle to test it.

Professional Cards. FOWLER & FRAZER, BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Accounts collected and loans negotiated on good securities. SUSSEX, N. B. GEO. W. FOWLER, LL.B. J. ARTHUR FREEZE. G. H. CO BUN, 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.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY Favorable known to the public since 1836, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells—also Chimes and T-bells. Meneely & Co., West Troy, N.Y.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, P. A. Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent free. VANDU? N. & W. T. Cincinnati, O.

Come and See THE LARGE STOCK OF Boots, Shoes and Overboots FOR WINTER WEAR, AT LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE.

WHYTE'S WHITE LINIMENT. Gents' Plush and Velvetten Slip- pers; Ladies, Gents, and Children's Overboots.

John M. Wiley 196 QUEEN STREET Fredericton, A. LOTTIMER, 210 QUEEN STREET.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, cholera morbus, COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company (Limited.) For YARMOUTH, N. S., and Boston. S. S. ALPHA! Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS at 7.30 p. m., (calling at WESTPORT when clear), Connecting with S. S. YAR- MOUTH for Boston, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer CITY OF ST. JOHN, for Hal- fax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS. CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SONS, Agents.

BURDOCK PILLS SUGAR COATED A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

John M. Wiley 196 QUEEN STREET Fredericton, 1 Gross Whyte's White Liniment