

To the Boys.

Aim high, my boy, and strive to climb
The heights where heroes stand;
Whose purposes 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; be true; if sure defeat
Overtake 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.

EDEN E. REXFORD.

The Boy Who Saved a King.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago, a little boy was born in a palace in Berlin, and, though he was afterwards known as Frederick the Great, his childhood and youth were made very unhappy by the cruelty of his father. Sometimes while eating his dinner the unnatural father would hurl plates at his son's head, and often he would kick him to the floor, and then drag him round the room by the hair. Once, while the boy-prince was practicing on a flute, the old king snatched the instrument from him and snapped it in two across the astonished child's shoulders. His life was so miserable that he once attempted to run away, but before he had gone far he was captured and cast into prison; and, more cruel than all, from a window in his cell he was compelled to watch the execution of the dear young friend who had assisted him to make his escape.

At the age of twenty-eight, the old king having died, Frederick himself became King of Prussia. Heretofore his time had been spent in studying the language and literature of France; but now his books were laid aside for the sword, and he busied himself in building up his own kingdom. He was a very frugal, industrious king, not caring for fine garments; and it is said that he was actually buried in his valet's shirt, as he did not possess a presentable one of his own.

He was a great admirer of Washington, and, to show his esteem, sent him a Prussian sword of honour with the inscription,—

"From the oldest general to the greatest."

It was this famous king whose life was once saved by a little boy he had befriended. During the Seven Years' War, the Prussian troops were one winter stationed in Dresden; and it was here, while pacing back and forth on the terrace along the river bank, that the king met a wretched looking little boy. The child was very ragged, and carried a box almost as big as himself.

"Oh, sir, wouldn't you like to see my marionettes?" asked the boy, in his simple fashion.

"Are they in that box?" inquired the king.

"Yes; and they can perform very nicely. You ought to see them dance. Shall I show them to you, sir?" repeated the child, eagerly.

The king shook his head, but gently laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked why he was so anxious to earn a few pennies.

"I wished to earn enough money to buy a flute," was the child's answer.

"Are you so very anxious to become a musician?" inquired the king. Such a beseeching look came into the little upturned face that the king's heart was deeply touched. Perhaps he remembered his own broken flute, for he said,—

"Well, my boy, if you are industrious and will prove that you really wish to learn, you shall have a flute and a teacher, too."

Little Antonia seized the royal hand in his own brown paws, and kissed it over and over again, and then an appointment was made for him to come to the palace the next day to arrange for his lessons. The boy was taken in charge by the Court Capellmeister, and studied so well that he was soon able to play before the king.

The little fellow became strongly attached to his benefactor, and longed for a chance to give proof of his devotion. Strangely enough, the desired opportunity came sooner than was expected.

One evening little Antonia noticed a deal of whispering among the servants of the palace. Afraid that something

was wrong, he rose long before it was light next morning, and hid himself in a dark corner in the kitchen. At last, through a crack, he saw one of the cooks go by with a folded paper in his hand. Straining his eyes to see what it was, he caught a glimpse of a fine white powder just as it was sifted into a pot of chocolate, ready to be carried to the king.

Rushing from his dark corner, the little fellow ran as fast as he could to the king's apartment, and, forgetting his manners, cried out: "Oh, sir! forgive me for coming in so roughly, but mind what I say, and do not drink your chocolate this morning. I saw the cook put poison in it."

Then he calmed himself and told his story to the astonished king. Just as he had finished speaking, the servant entered with the king's breakfast. At almost the same moment came one of his generals to hold a council with his Majesty. The king greeted him quietly, as if no plot against his life had been planned. Presently the servant poured out a cup of chocolate and offered it to the king. Frederick eyed him so keenly that the man turned pale and began to tremble.

"What all this?" asked his master, in a quiet voice. "Are you ill?"

"No, your Majesty, but I—I—"

"Possibly, if you drink a cup of this warm chocolate, it may do you good," said the king, kindly.

Throwing himself at the king's feet, the man cried out in terror, "Have mercy on me, O noble king!"

"Wretch! this cup is poisoned, and you know it," exclaimed Frederick, in wrath.

The man said that the powder would not destroy life, that it was only intended to induce sleep. For answer, the king gave the chocolate to a dog, and in a few minutes pointed it out to the servant—dead.

The devoted boy had saved the life of the king, the man who had been kind to him in his helplessness.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

Rebuking Dishonesty.

The hot sun of a July morning was pouring down upon the backs of the busy berry-pickers. Under the spreading branches of an apple-tree, in the midst of the berry patch, was a long table of rough boards, on which the berries, gathered in wooden boxes, were placed, and from which they were transferred to iron-bound crates by Charlie McIntosh, a boy of fifteen.

He was so busily engaged that he did not notice the approach of Mr. Millard, the owner of the fruit-farm, who stood for sometime silently watching him, as with deft fingers he arranged the quart boxes. A box had fallen short of the full measure, so he evened it full. "I must speak to Bob Sackett," he thought to himself.

"He's not picking fair."

"The boxes are much too full," said Mr. Millard's gruff voice beside him, which so startled Charlie that he nearly let the box fall out of his hand. "You must take out a few of those berries."

Charlie looked up at the stern face of his master.

"Oh, sir, I can't!" he faltered. "It would be dishonest."

Mr. Millard's face flushed. "You dare to speak so to me? Very well, I discharge you immediately. Those who work for me are to do as I say. To-day is Saturday, so I will pay you in full. You can go home. Send Bob Sackett to me at once," he said to a little fellow who had brought his box to the table.

Charlie walked slowly away, while Mr. Millard, after a few hurried words to Bob Sackett, unfurled his ponies, which had been patiently waiting, and drove away. Somehow he did not feel in a very comfortable frame of mind. The macadamized roads over which the light carriage bowled so smoothly, and the brisk gait of the high-stepping ponies, failed to give the usual satisfaction. The sorrowful, yet manly, look of the boy's eyes haunted him, and the clear voice rang again in his ears: "Oh, sir, I can't!"

"Hold on there, Mr. Millard!" shouted Mr. Banks, the grocer, as he drove through the city streets in an absent-minded manner.

Mr. Millard pulled up his horses at the pavement.

"You may send me half a dozen more crates of your raspberries, Mr. Millard. I have never before found them in so good a condition, and the boxes are so well filled. I do not mind telling you now that I was dissatisfied last year. The measure was scant and my customers grumbled. Of course, you were not aware of it," he went on hastily, "and I had some thought of telling you. So far this year I am much pleased, and, if the rest of the berries are in the same good condition, I will raise the price a cent a quart."

"Very well," said Mr. Millard, "I will send them to you; but I must drive on now, for I have pressing business."

He turned the carriage round as he spoke, and gave the loose rein to his ponies, rather to Mr. Banks' surprise, who thought he surely must be going the wrong way.

More swiftly than he came he drove back, but swifter than the wheels flew his thoughts. Mr. Millard was not an intentionally dishonest man, but he had done a dishonest thing that morning. The boy was right, and he was wrong. Once really convinced of wrong, Mr. Millard was a man who would confess his wrong, and right it as far as he could. That the berries had been, according to Mr. Banks' statement, short in before had not been by his orders, and his remarks this morning had not been a forethought.

As he turned down the road toward his home, he saw a boy with downcast head walking slowly along, absorbed in thought. He reined up his horses so suddenly that he nearly threw them on their haunches.

"Hello, Charlie," he called, "hop in here."

The boy looked up as he heard the cheery voice. Past grief, present surprise and joy were all pictured in his face as he obeyed the command. As soon as he was seated, Mr. Millard said: "Charlie, I beg your pardon for what I did this morning. You were right. It was a dishonest thing, although I did not fully intend it to be so. I thank you for your courage in standing up for the right."

Then Mr. Millard briefly told of his encounter with Mr. Banks that morning. In ending he said: "I know you are working very hard to get an education. Because I was wrong, and not because of the bribe of an additional cent a quart by doing right, and because, above all, I appreciate your manliness, I shall give you that extra penny for the rest of the season."

Charlie tried to thank him, but the words stuck in his throat. They were now at the berry patch, and there they found Bob Sackett busily scanning the measure according to his instructions. He did not look overpleased to see Charlie returning in so triumphant a manner.

Mr. Millard saw the sullen expression on the boy's face, and, after a few earnest words of explanation, he said kindly: "I know it is hard, Bob, to go back to berry-picking. Do your work well, be honest and fair, and perhaps another season you may stand in Charlie's shoes. A boy who can say bravely, 'I can't,' has better things in store for him."—*Advance.*

THINGS THAT LEAD THE YOUNG ASTRAY.—1. Disobedience to God and parents.

2. Prodigality.

3. Bad associates.

4. Novel-reading.

5. Neglect of the Scriptures.

6. Neglect of the Sabbath-school.

7. Roaming at late hours.

8. Desecrating the Sabbath.

9. Inconsiderate marriages.

10. Covetousness.

11. Intemperance.

12. The dance-hall.

FOR THE BOYS.—The best side of a saloon is the outside.

Never tease any one. Teasers never like to be teased.

A distinguished teacher says he can pick out a boy who uses tobacco, by his absolute inability to draw a straight line.

Don't take the easiest chair, put it in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to mother, or some other lady or to some aged or sickly or lame person.

Home Hints.

Inflamed eyes are often relieved by cutting a large potato in two, scooping out the inside and binding over the feverish lids.

For rheumatism try a potato poultice. Boil two potatoes, in the "jackets." When done, mash potatoes, skins and all, spread on a cloth and apply. It has been said to afford great relief.

To clean water bottles, put about a tablespoonful of fine coal ashes in the bottles fill them about one fourth full of water and give a thorough shaking, keeping your hand meanwhile tight over the mouth and you will have no difficulty in getting them entirely clean.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is purely a Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

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PUZZLERS' PASTIME

Perseverance ensures success.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 13.

No. 65.—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

No. 66.—Giraffe.

No. 67.—1. "Do good to them that despitefully use you."
2. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

No. 68.—
1. Psa. 122:2. 2. Psa. 119:70.
3. 2 Saml. 17:28. 4. Psa. 27:10.
5. Psa. 119:124.

No. 69.—Sweet-William.

No. 70.—Pun—g
Arc—h
Unit—e
Lave—r
PAUL.

The Mystery—No. 16.

N. B.—Puzzles, solutions, stories, notes, etc., etc., respectfully solicited.

No. 84.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

(a) A letter; a useful article; a disease; a useful article; a letter.

(b) A letter; a means; a disease; a useful article; a letter.

No. 85.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY GRACE E. KING, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

My whole, consisting of 25 letters, is a command of God.

My 6, 14, 15, 18, 23 is a dwelling place.

My 1, 17, 19, 23 is tardy.

My 25, 1, 7 is in insect.

My 2, 1, 10, 3, 4 is a girl's name.

My 5, 9, 8 is a number.

My 5, 10, 11, 9, 16 is an animal.

My 12, 15, 19 is a dwelling place.

My 13, 15, 21 is to purchase.

My 20, 17, 24, 1 is a large room.

My 22, 2, 1, 4 is part of the foot.

No. 86.—TRANSPPOSITION.
BY JULIA E. BABCOCK, Carleton, St. John.

"Het ord fo othsi si htwi su, eht ogd fo cobaj si rou erfuge."

No. 87.—BIBLE QUERIES.
Where and how many times is (a) "boy" mentioned? (b) "girl?"

ERWIN N. BABCOCK, Carleton, St. John.

No. 88.—HALF SQUARE WORD.
(BY VAN, Lower Prince William.)

A noted Indian tribe. *****
Half a scruple, in weight. *****
A word dear to all. *****
A beverage. *****
A pronoun. *****
A letter. *****

No. 89.—SQUARE WORD.
(BY ANNIE MCAFEE, Norton.)

An article of food; comfort; interrogates; proof.

No. 90.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A Dutch vessel; a round stone; disgust; always north; a Jewish month; stewed meat; a human faculty; one of the U. S. A.; an edible root; a white negro; a town in Wallachia; a country in Europe. Select proper words not exceeding 6 letters, and the primals will name a British Island; the finals, a town in India.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

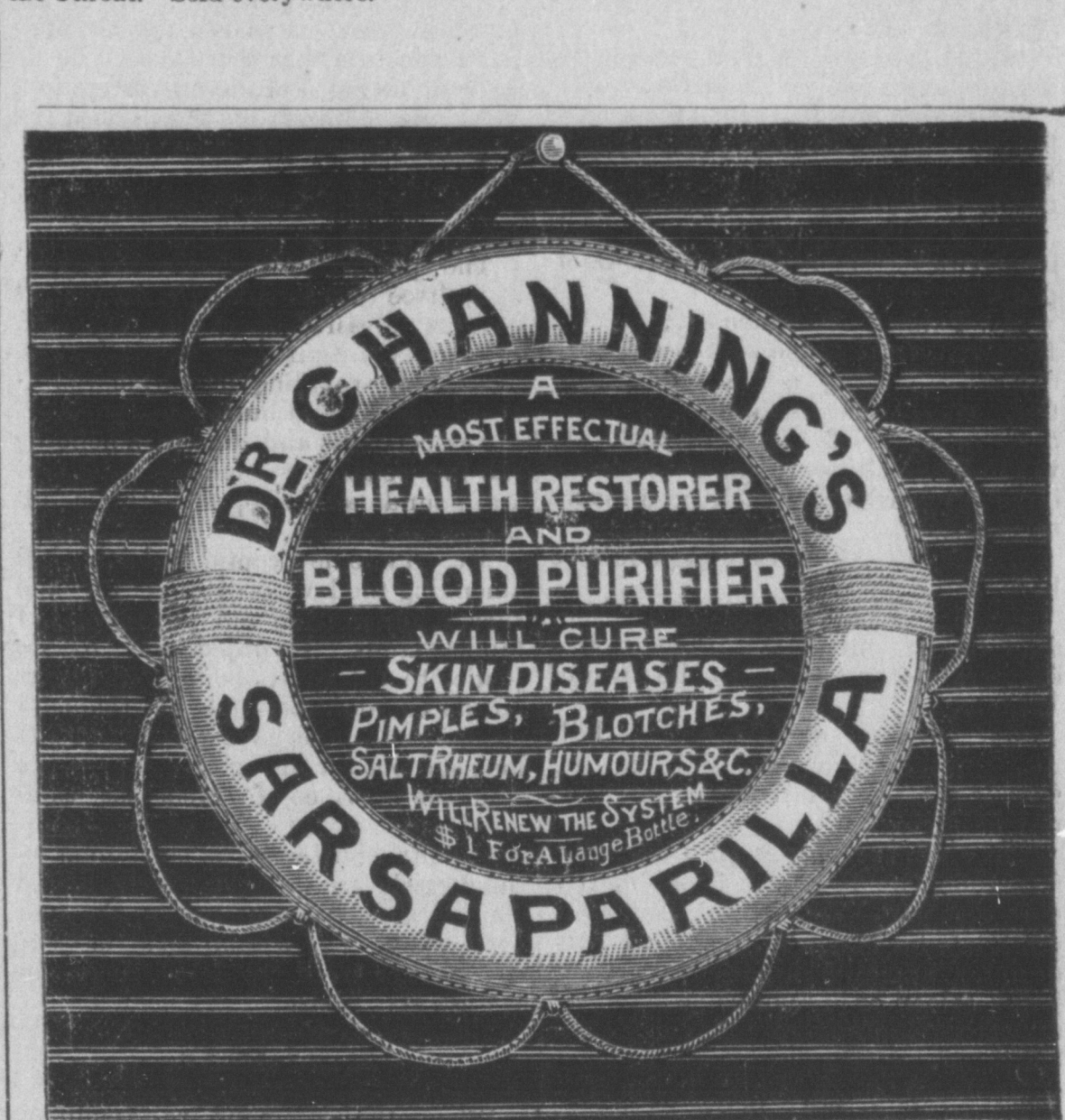
WORD-HUNT LESTES have been received from Wesley Clark, Woodstock and Lucy A. VanWart, Lower Pr. Wm. ... Annie R. Carleton, N. S., correctly solves all in No. 13. ... Carrie Wade, Cross Creek, gratefully acknowledges receipt of prize. Thanks for puzzles. Nos. 66, 67 and 68 answered. ... Grace E. King, Brooklyn, N. S., has thanks for nice puzzles.

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