

Only One Mother.

You have only one mother, my boy,  
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,  
Or cause it to ache  
Till ready to break—  
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will  
Stick to you through good and through ill  
And love you although  
The world is your foe—  
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray  
That in the good path you may stay,  
Who for you won't spare  
Self-sacrifice rare—  
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make  
A home ever sweet for your sake,  
Who toils day and night  
For you with delight—  
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss  
When she has departed from this,  
So love and revere  
That mother while here,  
Sometime you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother—just one.  
Remember that always, my son;  
None can or will do  
What she has for you.  
What have you for her ever done?  
—B. C. Dodge.

The Lonely Dug-out in the Mountain.

Old Ben was a trapper. It seemed to him as if he had been a trapper always, as if ever since childhood he had been going out into the woods and visiting traps, traps, traps. He had a home in a frontier settlement, a wife and three children there, but he was generally away from home, off in field and forest, hunting for the wild creatures whose furs would bring him food for himself and family.

"Father, let me go with you," said his youngest child Bob, one spring.

Old Ben looked into the face of the boy now ten years old. "It is a lonely life, Bob. You will be tired of it and wish yourself at home."

"Let me go this once, father."

Old Ben consented, and into the wilderness went father and son. They made their headquarters, for a while, in a lonely dug-out on the side of a mountain. Down through a gully, a little way below the dug-out, swept a mountain-stream.

"What is the name of this stream, father?" asked Bob.

"I call it Traitor Stream, Bob, for there is no telling when it will be true to you. Let a storm get under-way up on the mountain, and how the water will pour down through this gully! I know it, I know it!"

Here the old trapper shook his head. "I have been caught down in the gully, and I call the stream a traitor, Bob."

"Tell me about it, father."

"No; I don't like to think about it; how the flood caught me, and would have smothered me. No; we will have supper."

The sun was going down behind the mountain, when the trapper started a small fire in front of the dug-out, and there, by his little camp-fire, the trapper and his boy had their supper.

"We will turn in soon, Bob," said his father, and he looked toward the dug-out, just a roomy hole in the side of the mountain, its roof propped by pine-trunks, and its front wall consisting of logs laid one upon the other. Space in this wall was left for a doorway.

"I am most ready, father," said Bob, who was looking into a book.

"I s'pose your marm wanted you to read out of it," said the trapper, rather impatiently. He always spoke of his wife as "marm."

"Yes, father."

"What good will it do? Now read the verse your eye is on!"

Bob slowly read, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"Do you s'pose God cares that much for trappers, Bob? Your marm needn't think that, though she is a good woman and means right; but, dear me, what does God care for folks?"

After he had said this, Old Ben was sorry for the remark.

"I ought to let folks have their way," he silently mused, "if it does 'em any good."

The next day he was still more sorry. He was obliged to leave Bob in the solitary dug-out, and take a long tramp to some distant traps.

"Sorry to go!" said Old Ben. "You take care of yourself. I would have you with me, but it is too far off."

Old Ben noticed that Bob did not seem to mourn at all over the prospect of a lonely day. The reason for the boy's contentment he was stating to himself: "Father don't know I have any traps down in the gully. While he is away I shall have a good chance to look at them. It will surprise him when he comes back."

"I don't like this rain which has set in during the night, Bob. It don't rain much, though, just now, and I

shall be back this afternoon. Goodby!"

Off went the trapper amid the rain dripping down out of the solitary, silent skies. When he moved into the shadowy woods, somehow his thoughts went back to his boy. He recalled his hasty comment on Bob's verse read from the Psalms, the evening before, and was sorry he had not kept his thoughts to himself. His greatest regret should have been that he had the thoughts at all. However, as he moved from trap to trap, in the excitement of seeking and finding, and in the regret of disappointment, he forgot about the Bible and Bob also.

"Hark!" he suddenly said. "Is that thunder?"

He listened, and heard the roll of thunder among the mountain-tops. He noticed, too, that the wind moaned fearfully amid the forest trees. The rain was falling more and more heavily. He had been absent from the dug-out several hours, and finally said, "I must go back to Bob. Storm is too bad. Makes an awful noise."

"And Bob? He was watching the water rush down the gully. The stream was not tardy to catch up reinforcements from the storm, and hourly grew in size and violence."

"My trap?" exclaimed Bob, who had been sitting in the doorway of the dug-out, watching the swelling of Traitor Stream. "If the water keeps on rising, my trap will be swept away."

He descended into the gully, looking up occasionally to catch a glimpse of the driving rain, and startled by the reverberations of the thunder amid the cloud-draped mountain-crags.

"Wish father was here!" he exclaimed, steadying his steps by a hardy tree growing out of the side of the gully. The trap was at the foot of this tree. The swollen stream here seemed to give a sudden spring, as if it were a creature, and animated by a savage impulse. It swept away the trap, and then rushed at Bob. He leaped upon a lower branch of the tree he had grasped, and looked triumphantly down upon the flood. His next thought was one of serious anxiety.

"Why," exclaimed Bob, "I did not know the old stream would rise so fast! It must have grown in the night."

Traitor Stream had increased in bulk during the night, for the rain had started in the depth of its dark, silent watches. Since daybreak, the rain had steadily increased, and the water, accumulating up on the slopes of the mountain, was pouring down through this narrow gully.

"I am safe here!" thought Bob, clinging to the tree and looking out on the yellow angry flood. There was room for grave doubt about his safety. The tree was not a high one, and Traitor Stream had a malicious look, and the rain still fell in violent masses.

By-and-by there was a man looking into the door of the dug-out. Then he shouted, "Bob!" No answer.

He rushed amid the rain to the brink of the gully, and looked down. What did he see in a tree? Who was clinging to a branch swayed by the awful flood? Oh, how precious seemed to the trapper that imperilled boy!

He thought of what Bob had read out of the Bible, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord"—he did not dwell on the rest. The trapper seized a rope coiled in the dug-out. He made one end fast to a tree-trunk on the edge of the gully. The other end he fastened about his waist. Then down he went to his work of rescue.

How he ever reached Bob, and how it was he ever brought him out of the horrible water, the trapper could not realize, but as he went, the verse from Bob's Psalm rang in his ears, and he said if God did care for folks, as he himself cared for Bob, would not God help him?

"God must have helped us," said the trapper, in hollow tones, when they once more were in the shelter of the dug-out. "Shift your clothes, Bob, and when you are dry and warm, read that verse from your marm's Psalm—the verse I didn't like."

And as Bob read, the heart of a penitent creature of God's making felt, in the silence and the shadow of the dug-out, for that Fatherly hand caring for us all. It was Old Ben reaching after God. Who reaches in faith will surely find.—The Watchman.

A Dog as a Door-Keeper.

There is a well-known dog in Barcelona. He loves music and goes regularly to the opera of his own accord, sits upstairs and applauds with the rest of his auditors at the end, if the singing is good, by joyous barks, but it is very angry at interruptions in the middle of a piece. If there is no opera one evening, he goes off soberly to the Opera Comique, but is never content with second best when he can have the best. This is a good story, though true, but here is another as true, yet still better:

An Austrian banker lately went to Vienna on business. He arrived in the evening, travelling with a large, handsome dog. The two put up at a hotel, and next morning the gentleman went out, bidding care to be taken that his dog did not stray from the house. The chambermaid went to make up the banker's room. Bruno was very pleased to see her, wagged his huge tail, licked her hand, and made friends thoroughly, until, her business being done, she was about to leave. Not so, Bruno calmly stretched himself full length before the door. He explained, as perfectly as possible, that "he knew his duty." No one should leave his master's room in his absence. When the girl tried to pull the door open sufficiently, he growled, showed his teeth, and finally tried them on her legs.

The woman's screams brought another maid, and yet another, and then in succession all the waiters. Bruno was glad to let them all in, but he allowed no one out. The room became pretty well crowded, and every bell in the house meantime rang, while the walls echoed cries, "Waiter! waiter!" Finally the lady who kept the hotel appeared, and pushed her way irately into the room, asking angrily, as she walked in, what sort of picnic they were all holding here. Bruno let her in, too, but not out again—oh, no! When the lady's husband appeared, she called him loudly, for heaven's sake to keep outside, to send messengers scouring the city for the banker, and meantime, to endeavor to pacify the angry customers downstairs.

That Austrian banker was a welcome man when he arrived.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Steam Shoe-Polishing.

Steam and electricity are doing many things in 1890 which fifty years ago were done much more slowly and not as well by men or by horses. It looks now as if this busy-body, steam, were going to take employment away from the boot-blacks in some places, though even the steam-polisher has to have some one to apply the blacking to the shoe.

A gentleman from the West says: "When I went to New York lately a sign in front of a barber-shop, reading, 'Shoes shined by steam while you wait,' attracted my attention, and, wondering what next would be introduced in the line of labor-saving machinery I walked in. On a boot-stand, such as are found in all the hotels, was a row of nickel-plated machines about two feet square. I placed my foot into an opening, my foot resting on an iron stand; the man in attendance turned on the steam, and a set of stiff revolving brushes were set in motion, and in a jiffy my boot was cleaned of the accumulation of mud and dust. I then took out the foot and placed it on a rest, while the operator applied the blacking by hand in the old-fashioned way. I then stuck the foot into another machine just like the first, and in less than a minute my boot shone like ebony, and the shine lasted all day. The whole operation of cleaning and shining was done in less than three minutes. The brushes are on cylinders like those which were used in the hair-brushing machines so popular fifteen or twenty years ago."

A BIG NURSE FOR BABY.—In India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by a voluntary taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby-friend as to insist upon its constant presence. A case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful a nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in him.

Home Hints.

Molasses candy is made by boiling common molasses till a little will harden in water and not be brittle. When it is done take from the fire and stir in one-half teaspoonful of powdered saleratus to one quart of molasses. Cool on buttered plates, and as it cools turn the edges towards the center. Pull with the aid of a hook, and cut in sticks about three inches long and as large as a slender clothes pin.—Household.

Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in warm water two hours, then stir into it one quart of boiling milk. Let it boil fifteen minutes; beat together the yolks of four eggs and one cupful of sugar and add to the pudding. Flavor to suit the taste, and pour in your pudding dish. Beat the whites of the eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a stiff froth, put over your pudding and set in the oven a few minutes.

TO KEEP CAKE FROM BURNING.—For cake that requires three or four hours to bake, line the pan thus: Cut three papers to fit the pan; between two of them spread evenly a paste made of graham and fine flour, having it as thick as pie-crust. On the greased upper side of the second paper lay the third paper, carefully buttered; on this pour the cake. Cover with a cap made of brown paper when you first put the cake in the oven. The cap is made by laying the paper in plaits and fastening them with a pin. The same cap can be used several times.

Puzzles, Enigmas, Young Charades, etc., etc., etc.

Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLERS' PASTIME

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt, Nothing is so hard but search will find it out.

Threads Untangled.—No. 7.

No. 33.—  
"Do unto others as you would  
That they to you should do."

No. 34.—1. "Commit thy works  
unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall  
be established."  
2. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain  
of life, to depart from the snares  
of death."

No. 35.—Cylinder.

No. 36.—"I am the bread of life."

The Mystery.—No. 10.

No. 48.—BIBLE QUERIES.  
(BY E. L. H., Lockport, N. Y.)

1. What prophet 'preached by the  
side of a river?  
2. Who called the Sadducees a generation  
of vipers?  
3. Who is mentioned as Queen of  
Ethiopia?

No. 49.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In fail, not in conquer;  
In lane, not in rum;  
In lane, not in road;  
In spear, not in axe;  
In pan, not in dish;  
In ate, not in food;  
In rap, not in knock.  
Whole is a common mineral.

No. 50.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY MABEL GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

In sun, not in moon;  
In late, not in soon;  
In try, not in do;  
In use, not in make;  
In rain, not in snow;  
In day, not in night;  
In hand, not in feet;  
In young, not in old;  
My whole is a day of the week.

No. 51.—ENIGMA.  
BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.

In can, not in pall;  
In hard, not in soft;  
In her, not in his;  
In this, not in that;  
In some, not in none;  
In three, not in four;  
In man, not in boy;  
In aunt, not in uncle;  
In street, not in road.  
My whole is a merry time.

No. 52.—PI.  
BY ANNIE RICHARDSON, Carleton, N. S.

Who htd het itell idoclece,  
Eimvop shi gnhnia itls;  
Nda urpo eth artwae fo het enil  
No gyere ndgelo cless.  
Owh foeyruhlh eh esmae of ngri,  
Hwo tleayn sdrape shi awcal,  
Dna selomwec tteilh hwaier ni;  
Iwth yegnlt misgulu sjwa.

No. 53.—TRANSPPOSITION.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"Niym afthres oushre rea yman  
inmasoon, fi ti ewre ton os I lowd  
ahve lotd uyo."

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

We are in need of good, original  
puzzles. Please send us some; and,  
at the same time, send us any other  
interesting matter or note-worthy  
events.

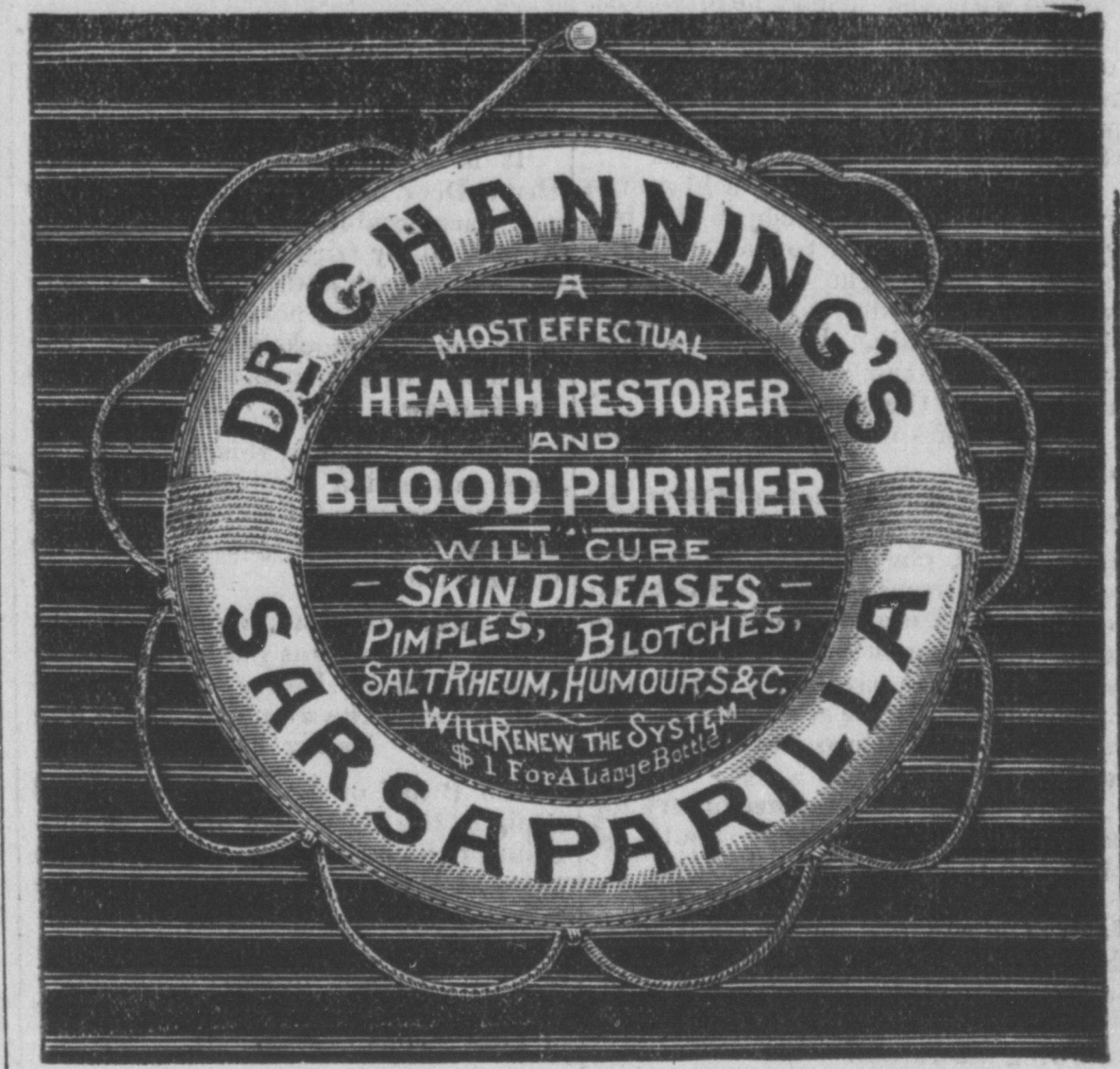
The result of the Prize Bible Story  
will be made known soon. Have your  
dictionaries ready for a Word-Hunt.  
We were glad to see the interest manifested  
in the last Bible Story Competition,  
and shall announce another  
as soon as these stories are examined  
and the result made known.

We hope to hear from a large number  
of our young friends during this  
season. Do not forget the Young  
Folks' Column!

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