

If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah the wrongs that might be righted
If we could but see the way;
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day;
If we could but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride,
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide:
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed - ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could,"
But a God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

Robbie's Victory.

Rob Preston put on his coat and hat and came out of school very slowly, with a perplexed, troubled look on his bright, sunny face. Some of the boys were already outside, and were whispering and laughing about something. Bob evidently knew what it was, but had no wish to join in it: still, instead of hurrying away as he might have done, he lingered irresolutely.

The truth was Robbie was fighting a real battle within himself. There was a new scholar in school, little Annie Hoffman. Her father was a miserable drunkard, and they were poor as poor could be. Her mother had done her best; but poor little Annie was a pitiful sight in her faded, outgrown, ragged garments.

Rob had discovered in some way that a few of the rougher, more thoughtless boys were proposing to make fun for themselves when she came out of school to go home, and all the afternoon his conscience had been pleading earnestly with him.

"You ought to try to stop them," it said.
"But they would not hear a word from a little boy like me," he answered. "Then you must help Annie. The poor little thing will be frightened if they laugh at her." "Then they will laugh at me," said Robbie; and he fairly shivered with dismay at the mere thought of the shout they would give if he showed himself Annie's champion.

"Well, suppose they do laugh," answered conscience, pitilessly; "if you are mamma's little man, oughtn't you to be brave enough to bear that? You were wishing the other day that you could do something brave and good; here is a chance for you. If you can not do this little thing, you would not be very apt to do anything great."

So this afternoon had passed, and now Rob must decide one way or the other; but it seemed to him that he was no nearer a decision than at first. "We'll have some prima fun," he heard Tom Rogers say. "She's the greatest looking object I've seen for her age."

"Hullo there!" he called out, as Annie appeared in the doorway; "is that a rag-bag I see walking round?" The little group around Tom shouted as he spoke, and Rob's face grew crimson with pain for Annie and for himself.

"Don't, please, boys," he said pleadingly; "she isn't to blame, and it will make her feel so bad to be laughed at."

"Oh, run home little Molly Coddle," said Tom, contemptuously; "it will take more than you to stop me."

Rob walked on a few steps. What should he do? Oh, dear, why couldn't he go right home? He could not stop them, they would probably laugh the more if he did anything.

"But Annie will feel as if she had a friend."

"I can't," said Rob, with a little choke; and, boy that he was, his eyes filled with tears as he turned toward the gate.

"O Rob Preston, I'm ashamed of you," said the faithful inward monitor. "How shall you feel when mamma takes your face between her hands to give you a good-night kiss and calls you her little laddie? Will you want to look up into her face? Won't you feel ashamed to think what a coward you have been? Shall you want to tell her about it? O Bobbie, be mamma's brave little laddie."

There was just a minute's hesitation, then Robbie turned and went quickly up to the steps where Annie stood, quivering with fear.

"Come with me, Annie, I'm going your way," he said; and Annie caught hold of his hand instantly.

"I'm so afraid," she almost sobbed.

"I'm never coming again. I didn't want to today, but mother cried and wanted me to."

"I'll tell you," said Robbie, reassuringly; "we will go right to my home and tell my mamma. She always knows just what to do."

So they went bravely down the walk and though the boys tried to laugh, they could not make much of a success of it. Somehow, Robbie's sweet, wistful face touched them.

"He was a plucky little fellow," said one, after the two had gone.

"Yes, and more of a gentleman than any of us, if we are older," said another.

Mamma soothed and comforted little Annie, and sent her home happy, with one of her own Annie's outgrown dresses that just fitted her, and a promise to come and see her mother.

When she had gone, mamma stooped and kissed Robbie.

"My own precious laddie, my little man," she said fondly.

"But I wasn't brave at first. I wanted to run away like a coward; only I thought of you, and how ashamed I should be to have you know about it," said Rob.

"That was right, dear; but remember God sees and knows always. Mamma might not, perhaps; but we cannot hide anything from him. Think of that when you are tempted. We must try very hard not to do anything we are ashamed or sorry to have God know, mustn't we?"

"I'll try; but O mamma, sometimes it is so hard even to do right in little bits of things."

"I know, laddie dear; but remember, we can always have help if we ask for it."—National Baptist.

Obeying Pleasantly.

Little Harry has seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so too—so he came to his aunt and said:

"Aunt Mary, can I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?" His aunt wished to do everything that was proper to please him, but she thought this was very unsafe, so she said:

"No, Harry, my boy; I think that is very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother on one occasion.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right!" shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to the store this morning?" said Harry, one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"O yes, Harry," said his Uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you today, Harry," said his mother; "I want you to go out with me; you shall go to the store another time."

"All right," said Harry, and went on eating.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for any thing, his constant answer was "All right." He never asked, "Why can't I?" or "Why mustn't I?" Harry not only learned to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.—Little Christian.

Joe and Jenny.

Have any of our young readers noticed an odd difference which there is between the generosity of boys and that of girls?

Joe and Jenny, for example, are walking to school and pass a cat which has been hurt, or a bird with a broken wing. In almost every case the girl will stop to pet and care for the hurt creature. She lavishes time and tenderness upon it, while the boy with a shrug runs on and thinks no more of it.

It is Jenny who will bring flowers to the invalid at home; who will hang over her couch trying to be useful; who will gladly sacrifice play or sleep in order to help her.

Joe, as a rule, hates a sick room, shirks the sight of pain, and has little sympathy to give to any misfortune of grief.

But, if Joe and Jenny have each ten dollars to spend, it will usually be the girl who will hoard the pennies, or who will be hard and sharp in driving a bargain, who will be unreasonable in expecting too much for her money from tradesmen.

Yet if you will probe the matter to the bottom you will probably find that naturally Joe is not more liberal than his sister, or that Jenny really is more

affectionate than Joe. But their training has been in some respects different. The boy has been given money and has formed a habit of using it more freely; into the girl's indoor life have been brought leisure and habits of kindness. Each gives of that which previous training makes most easy and natural. The boy, his loosely held money; the girl, her time and sympathy.

The defects in Joe and Jenny would be lessened were their education in some respects the same; if gentler and kinder influence were brought into the boy's daily life and if the girl were early taught the use and abuse of money.

Different Kinds of Boys.

Boys may be classified in various ways—according to age, size, mental and moral traits, social standing, etc. But we have seen no classification more perfect in its way than this one:

"You say," said Mr. Brown to his son Jack, "that Mr. Perkins has a son in your school. How old a boy is he?"

"O, he's only a young kid, papa."

"A young kid! About how old is a 'young kid' now?"

"Bout six or seven."

"What is a boy after he is done being a 'young kid'?"

"O, then he gets to be a 'kid.'"

"What after that?"

"Well, he's a 'kid' until he gets to be about thirteen, and then he's a 'young feller,' if he's pretty big."

"None but good-sized boys can be 'young fellers,' eh?"

"No, sir. Then they stay being 'young fellers' until they're about nineteen, and then they're men."

"Indeed! But how do you class them at the other end of the line? Are they always 'young kids' after they are babies?"

"O no, sir. First they're 'cubs.' They don't get to be 'young kids' until they get out of dresses."

"But when," the father asked, growing more and more curious, "when is a boy supposed to be a 'lad'?"

"We don't have any 'lads' nowadays, sir. We read about 'em in books, but we don't have any. I've often wondered about how old a 'lad' was."

"But you have 'boys,' surely?"

"O yes, sir. They're all boys, of course, until they get to be men. Only these are the different kinds of boys."

A Mile a Meal.

A great deal more work is required to get up a meal in some kitchens than it is in others.

"I have estimated," said a housekeeper recently, "the distances I have to cover three times a day in preparing the three meals. I walk at least a mile in getting things together. The pantry is off in one corner of the house; the refrigerator is built into the ice-house, and it is a journey there and back again; the cellar must be visited once or twice; the dining-room is a good way from the kitchen, and, really, by the time everything is on the table I am too tired to eat."

In our cities, where land is sold by the inch and not by the acre, the kitchen spaces are necessarily small, and it is not uncommon to find every facility for preparing meals within easy reach of each other. The range, the work-table, the pantry, the store-room, the china closet, are all so near together and so near the dining-room that unnecessary steps are saved; and there is such a competition between builders that no point of convenience is overlooked.

In the country, where land is sold by the acre, economy of steps in kitchen architecture is by far too little considered. But if women would plan their own houses with special reference to the individual needs of their families they might save themselves many a weary and unnecessary mile of travel while performing household tasks. Women are entering the lists as architects, and we may hope to see increasing attention given to convenience and compactness in the arrangement of our kitchens.

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Minard's Liniment cures Chronic Coughs and Colds.

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Presto! Change! Gray and faded beads made to assume their original color by applying Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails to satisfy.

NEW WESTMINSTER, HARDANGERFIELD

No. 151.—Victorious.

No. 152.—

"The father himself is speaking
To thee in his love to-day;
I trust that his words will send thee
Triumphantly on thy way."

No. 153.—Pioneer.

No. 154.—HEADACHE
ESQUIRE
AQUERY
DUELS
A I R S
C R Y
H E

No. 155.—1. Romans 12 : 20.

2. 2 Cor. 6 : 2.
3. Prov. 8 : 17.
4. Acts 1 : 19.
5. 1 Saml. 24 : 14.
6. Psa. 148 : 8.

—The Mystery—No. 30—

No. 168.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

I am a Bible name of 11 letters.

My 3, 7, 11 is an article of clothing.

My 8, 2, 10 is a vegetable.

My 1, 4, 2 is a nickname.

My 6, 7, 8 is to happen.

My 9, 4, 5, 11 is an army.

No. 169.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

(a) A letter from Augusta; a crowd; courage; sailor; deserts; premiums; mottoes; musical symbols; a letter.

(b) A letter; a plant; quiet; to perform; a letter.

(c) A letter; a liquor; to go; an animal; a letter.

No. 170.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY LULA FRANCES BARNES, Bath.)

In water, not in tea;

In arm, not in leg;

In tear, not in rend;

In eat, not in drink;

In ride, not in walk;

In pot, not in kettle;

In answer, not in question;

In oil, not in grease;

In long, not in short.

My whole is a useful article.

No. 171.—RHOMBIC.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

Across: A noted Bible woman; a town east of the Jordan; a Bible name; dwelt; oft servant's holidays; relating to a delta; to ruin.

Down: A letter; § of an eel; marsh; a Prussian river; to renovate; vilified; accoutred; to twist together; excites; § of tardy; title; company; a letter.

No. 172.—WORD SQUARE.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

**** A family.

**** The surface.

**** An assortment.

**** Where the sun rises.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our sincere thanks for the nice puzzles.

C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown, correctly solves No. 155.

FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S., has our thanks for the nice batch of puzzles—the prize contest. Are not more going to work?

—BIBLE COMPETITION.—

What shall be the next subject? Shall we assign another character to write about as in the past or will you choose your own subject? We should prefer the latter, for once at any rate, so if all will send a postal card naming the character you would prefer to study and write upon we will offer two more prizes for the best essays on the one chosen by the largest number. Write at once so that there may be no delay. Address all postal cards,

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Minard's Liniment cures Chronic Coughs and Colds.

And all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. See what W. S. Muer, M. D., L. R. C. P. etc., Truro, N. S., says: "After three years' experience I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the very best in the market. Very excellent in Throat affections." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

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My stock of Mens' Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Hard and Soft Hats of English and American make, in all the novelties and Staple Styles for Spring Wear. White and Regatta Shirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Braces, Meino Underwear, Hosiery and well selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English and American designs.

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131 bars best Refined Iron;
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50 bbls. Grand Manan Herring.

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(or any other time) and search in old trunks, closets, etc., for letters dated between 1847 and 1869, and on them you are sure to find old STAMPS, which you can turn into money. I will pay from 1c. to \$7.00 for each stamp of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, used before Confederation. Stamps left on the original envelopes are worth 10 per cent. more. Those cut and used for half their value are good only on the original envelopes to prove it. These are a few of the prices:

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