

My Boy Still.

Do you think I've forgotten the day
I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then,
But I think that I loved him best;
For he was our first-born child, John,
And I have not the heart or will
To love him less; whatever may come
He's my boy still.

I remember when he was a little lad,
How he used to climb on my knee,
How proud we were of his beauty,
Of his wit and m'icry.
And I know quite well he's a man now,
With a wild and stubborn will;
But whatever he is to you, John,
He's my boy still.

He was just like sunshine about the house,
In the days of his happy youth;
You know that he said with all his faults
He had courage, and love, and truth.
And though he has wandered far away,
I'd rather you'd say no ill;
He is sure to come back to his mother;
He's my boy still.

I know there was never a kinder heart;
And I can remember today
How often he went with me apart
And knelt at my knee to pray,
And the man will do as the boy did,
Sooner or later he will;
The Bible is warrant for that; so
He's my boy still.

A mother can feel where she can't see,
She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way,
I shall certainly get my wage.
And though he has wandered far away,
And followed his wayward will,
I know wherever, wherever he is,
He's my boy still.

—N. Y. Evangelist.

The Boy That Would Not Lie To The Coast-Guard.

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

I would like to help you, father. If
I could get a chance in Abram Peters'
store, I would take it, yes, I would,"
said John Gordon one evening.

"That's it, Johnny," said his father,
an old soldier, but too feeble for duty.
"A poor man likes to hear his lad
talk that way."

"What's that, father? Hark!"
John Gordon lived in an English
village close by the sea. Was it the
roar of the fierce Atlantic waves they
heard?

"Johnny, perhaps it is the smug-
glers. It is a good night for them to
be out. Don't ye give them any com-
fort."

"I won't help them, father."
What is a smuggler, does some one
ask? It is one who would force goods
into a country without paying the duty
that government imposes on them.

Napoleon the First of France tried to
shut up all continental ports to the
ships of England. He wished to
damage John Bull's trade. To get the
better of the imperious monarch,
English goods would be sent to
Salonica in European Turkey. Then
they would go on horseback through
Hungary to Vienna, and from that
point they would be scattered every-
where. Perhaps a luxury would come
upon the emperor's very table, at
sight of which he might turn up his
nose, knowing it had been brought
from England and then smuggled
round to his very door. England, on
the other hand, has seen French goods
in its shops, that never came directly
across the Channel, but were slyly
slipped round through Smyrna in the
south-east, traveling a year, or through
Archangel in the north-east, traveling
two years! England lost one year
about five millions of dollars on French
goods stealthily pushed into the
country by the bold smugglers. Eng-
land was obliged to keep up an expen-
sive coast-guard to watch for and seize
smugglers. When it adopted free
trade, smuggling ceased to be profit-
able, and the English smugglers went
out of existence. In John Gordon's
day there were smugglers yet at work;
and did the old soldier-father catch
the sound of their footsteps as they
went to their boats, in them to wait
and watch for any arrivals that
might come by water?

"Father, I'll go out and see and
bring you word," said John, knowing
his father was interested in every bit
of news that might enter the house to
break up the monotony of his invalid
life.

And who was it that now entered?
A neighbor coming to share with the
old soldier any bits of news he had?
Judging by the size of the visitor, he
must have carried a big quantity of
neighborly items, for he was a short,
fat man.

"Looks like Abram Peters, the
grocer!" thought John. "Wonder
what he wants!"

When John went into the street, at
first he could see nothing but a light
twinkling back of the village.
"I know what that is," said John.
"The coast-guard is up there, and is
on the watch for smugglers. The
guard will be down soon."

On the hill back of the village was a
row of short towers. Their walls were
thick, and at the entrance-way was a

drawbridge which served when lifted
as a second door. Built in times when
England thought France was coming
over in a hurry to make a seizure,
they were afterwards used by a force
to watch and prevent smuggling.
Carrying ugly cutlasses and grim pistols,
this guard would tramp often across
the sandy beach. John Gordon watch-
ed the light up at one of the coast-
guard towers, and then turned as he
heard a sound close by.

"Ah, here they come!" thought
John.

It was not the coast-guard, though.
These men were in white. Hat,
trousers, and frock were white. No
heavy, echoing shoes, but soft, noise-
less moccasins were on their feet.
They were smugglers.

"Ho, boy! You seen the coast-
guard?" asked one, seizing John
roughly.

"N-o!" said John.

"Tell no fibs," replied his captor.

"I'm telling the truth," said John
stoutly.

"But tell this fib, boy, if the coast-
guard should come: say that you
haven't seen us out. Say you think
we are all in bed."

Here the smuggler pulled John's
ear as if to remind him that he would
better do as they said.

"I shall tell the truth," replied
John.

"What, what!" exclaimed several
of the smugglers.

"I shall tell the truth."

"What, not fib for ten pounds of
nice sugar as Abram Peters ever sold
in his store?"

"You haven't any to give."

Here the answer was a chuckle in
part. The rest of it was the remark,
"We shall see, we shall see! We are
not out-to-night for nothing."

"I shall tell the truth, whether
you give me any sugar or not, and I
don't want it if it is smuggled."

A growl was made by more than one
mad smuggler. It seemed as if John
might find matters very ugly.

Just then there was a shout from
an advancing party.

"They're coming! Run!" called
out the leader of the smugglers, and
away they went, leaving John to his
friends. The coast-guard came up.

John's house was near by, and from
it, aroused by the noise, issued John's
father. He was alone. His caller
had preceded him. All of the coast-
guard were running after the smug-
glers.

"Well, boy, had a tussle with those
smuggling chaps?" asked John's
father.

"I'll answer for him," said the
caller, now coming forward. "I left
you, neighbor, to come out and see
what the noise was. I got ahead of
you, and I got near enough to John to
hear something of the talk between
him and the smugglers. I heard them
try to buy him. I heard them talk
about sugar, and about Abram Peters
—and—"

Here the speaker flamed out indig-
nantly, hotly: "I would like to know
where they get their sugar. However,
let me say, I want in my store a boy
that can't be bought with sugar, or
frightened by smugglers. I want John
in my store."

The speaker was Abram Peters, and
under him John found profitable and
permanent employment. A praise-
worthy wish had been gratified—a
boy's wish to help his father.—Z.
Herald.

Afraid of a Shadow.

[Margaret J. Preston, in the *Chris-
tian Intelligencer*, gives the following
incident, as told by a Scotch clergy-
man whom she heard recently in Tor-
quay, in England.]

I was sitting in my study one Satur-
day evening, when a message came to
me that one of the godliest among the
shepherds who tended their flocks
upon the slopes of our highland hills
was dying, and wanted to see a minis-
ter. Without loss of time I crossed
the wide heath to his comfortable little
cottage. When I entered the low
room, I found the old shepherd prop-
ed up with pillows, and breathing
with such difficulty that it was appar-
ent that he was near his end.

"Jean," he said to his wife, "gie
the minister a stool and leave us for a
bit, for I wad see the minister alone."
As soon as the door closed, he turn-
ed the most pathetic pair of grey eyes
upon me, I had ever looked into, and
said in a voice shaken with emotion,
"Minister, I'm dying, and I'm afraid."

I began at once to repeat the strong-
est promises with which God's word
furnishes us; but in the midst of them
he stopped me.

"I ken them a', he said, mournful-
ly. "I ken them a'; but somehow
they dinna give me comfort."

"Do you not believe them?"

"Wi' a' my heart," he replied, earn-
estly.

"Where, then, is there any room
for fear, with such a saving faith?"

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid,
I'm afraid."

I took up the well-worn Bible which
lay on his bed, and turned to the
Psalm which I have read to you today.
"You remember the twenty-third
Psalm?" I began.

"Remember it?" he said, vehe-
mently. "I kened it long afore ye
was born; ye need na' read it; I've
conned it a thousand times on the hill-
side."

"But there is one verse which you
have not taken in."

He turned upon me with a half re-
proachful and even stern look. "Did
I na' tell ye I kened it every word
long afore ye was born?"

I slowly repeated the verse,
"Though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death I will fear no evil
for thou art with me." You have
been a shepherd all your life, and you
have watched the heavy shadows pass
over the valleys and over the hills,
hiding for a little while the light of
the sun. Did these shadows ever
frighten you?

"Frighten me," he said, quickly.

"Na, na; David Donaldson has
Covenanters' blood in his veins;
neither shadows nor substance could
weel frighten him."

"But did these shadows never make
you believe that you would not see the
sun again; and that it was gone fore-
ever?"

"Na, na; I could na' be sic a simple-
ton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what
you are doing now."

He looked at me with incredulous
eyes.

"Yes," I continued, "the shadow
of death is over you, and it hides for a
little the Sun of Righteousness, who
shines all the same behind it; but it is
only a shadow, remember—that's what
the Psalmist calls it; a shadow that will
pass, and when it has passed, before
you will be the everlasting hills in
their unclouded glory."

The old shepherd covered his face
with his trembling hands, and for a
few minutes maintained an unbroken
silence, then letting them fall straight
before him on the coverlet, he said, as
if ausing to himself, "Aweel, aweel;
I have conned that verse a thousand
times among the heather, and I never
understood it so afore—afraid of a
shadow, afraid of a shadow!" Then
turning upon me a face now bright
with an almost supernatural radiance,
he exclaimed, lifting his hands rever-
ently to heaven, "Aye, aye; I see it
a' now. Death is only a shadow—
shadow—with Christ behind it—a
shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm
afraid nae mair."—Illustrated Chris-
tian Weekly.

The Newsboy.

A business man of Detroit, whose
office is on Woodward Avenue, relates
this singular experience in the *Free
Press*:

"I wanted a ten dollar bill changed,
and as I was alone I stepped to the
door and called a little newsboy whom
I had frequently employed to run on
errands, and told him to carry it to
the nearest store and get it changed.
I then went inside and waited. My
partner came in and ridiculed me for
what I had done.

"You will never see the boy or the
change again," he said.

"I must say his prophecy looked
possible when as hours went by the
boy did not return; still I trusted
him. I could easily believe that he
had been run over or made away with
than that he had stolen the money."

"I did not change my mind when a
week had passed. I did not know
where he lived or who his associates
were, and my newsboy seemed to be
missing. The second week was nearly
gone, when a woman came into my
office one day. She was crying.

"Are you Mr. —?" she asked.

"I am, madam. What can I do for
you?"

"Then she told me that her little
boy was dying; that he had been ill
nearly two weeks, and kept constantly
calling my name. I went with her
and found my missing newsboy. As
soon as he saw me he began to rave.

"I lost it! I lost it!" was the bur-
den of his cry, but I alone knew what
he referred to. He had lost the ten
dollar note, and it had preyed on his
mind, causing brain fever. He died
in my arms, unconscious that I had
trusted him from the very first, and
that I would have done anything to
save his life. I have not a doubt that
he either lost it or had it snatched
from him, and his sensitive nature
kept him from telling the truth, and
he gave his life up in the struggle."

Do Your Best.

There is a fable told about a king's
garden, in which the trees and all the
flowers began to make complaint. The
oak was sad because it did not bear
flowers; the rose-bush was sad because
it could not bear fruit; the vine was

sad because it had to cling to the wall
and could cast no shadow. "I am
not the least use in the world," said
the oak. "I might as well die, since
I yield no fruit," said the rose-bush.
"What good can I do," said the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy,
which held up its glad, fresh face,
while all the rest were sad. And the
king said, "What makes you so glad,
when all the rest pine and are so sad?"

"I thought," said the pansy, "that
you want-d me here, because here
you planted me, and so I made up my
mind that I would try and be the best
little pansy that could be."

Let us all try to do our best in the
little spot where God's hand has placed
us.

ON THE SAME DAY.—"I picked up
a bit of information the other day,"
said a hotel clerk, "that I hadn't
thought of before. A couple of men
were talking in the office, when one
asked on what day of the week
Christmas will be this year. 'Let's
see,' replied the other, 'I was married
on the 1st day of May. That was
Wednesday. Christmas will come on
Wednesday.' That struck me forcibly,
and when I got a little leisure I
gathered up a lot of old calendars and
investigated it. I found that it is true
that the first day of May and Christ-
mas of the same year occur on the
same day of the week."

Silk, of all grades and colors, can be
washed in clear water which is poured
off from grated raw potatoes. Dip the
pieces of silk in this water and wipe
them on both sides with a coarse
towel.

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Enigmas, etc. etc. etc.

Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
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PUZZLERS' PASTIME

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

The Mystery Solved.—No. 4.

No. 16.—"A man may as well ex-
pect to be at ease without wealth, as
happy without virtue."

No. 17.—Bessie.

No. 18.—I. Prov. 10: 21. 2. Ps.
91: 4. 3. Isa. 13, 6.

No. 19.—W H I M
H O S E
I S L E
M E E T

No. 20.—E
I D A
E D I T H
A T E
H

The Mystery—No. 7.

No. 33.—PI PUZZLE.

(BY "GERANIUM," Central Hampstead.)

"Od nout thesro sa uyo owuld
Atht eyth ot ouy sohuld od."

No. 34.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

(BY E. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

I. "Cmi ty ok ut e od, n ty huhs
hl b etbhd."

II. "T-e-e-r-f-h-l-r-i-a-o-n-a-n
f-i-e-o-e-a-t-r-m-h-s-a-e-o-d-a-h."

No. 35.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In cat, not in dog;
In bay, not in gulf;
In line, not in track;
In ink, not in pen;
In ant, not in mouse;
In day, not in hour;
In end, not in top;
In green, not in blue.
Whole is a solid figure.

No. 36.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 16, 8, 6, 11 is a boy's nickname.
My 5, 9, 10, 11 is part of the body.
My 14, 12, 3, 7 is a pet.
My 1, 4 is a pronoun.
My 8, 15, 13, 17 is a weapon.
My 8, 12, 10, 3 is to wander.
My whole was spoken by Christ
himself.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

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

PRIZE BIBLE STORIES have been re-
ceived from the following: Carrie
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Burlington, N. S.; Emma L. Larkin,
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