

## A Spring Chorus.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground  
When March called, "Ho there! ho!"  
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,  
Such whispering to and fro!  
And, "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop  
asked;  
"Tis time to start, you know."  
"Almost, my dear," the Willow replied,  
"I'll follow as soon as you go."  
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
Of laughter soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under the  
ground,—  
Yes, millions beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus  
said,  
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."  
"And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,  
"My silver and gold I'll bring."  
"And ere they are dullest," another spoke,  
"My Hyacinth bells shall ring."  
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"  
And sweet grew the hour of spring.  
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
Of laughter soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under the  
ground,—  
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

O the pretty, brave things! through the  
coldest days,  
Imprisoned in walls of brown,  
They never lost heart, though the blast  
shrieked loud,  
And the sleet and the hail came down;  
But patiently each wrought her beautiful  
dress  
Or fashioned her beautiful crown,  
And now they are coming to brighten the  
world,  
Still shadowed by winter's frown;  
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"  
In a chorus, soft and low,  
The millions of flowers hid under the  
ground,—  
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.  
—Harper's Young People.

## The Secret Society.

BY MISS CARRIE M. GILBERT.

Aunt Jessie had come for a visit.  
As the carriage drove up, Joe beat  
his drum, Jamie tooted his tin horn,  
and little Prue blew frantically on an  
old mouth organ, while to their inex-  
pressible delight the fire engine and  
hose company just then flew by to a  
fire.

"Didn't you have a glorious recep-  
tion, Aunt Jessie?" cried Joe.  
"Didn't it seem most like Fourth of  
July, though?" exclaimed Jamie.

"Yes, indeed," said Aunt Jessie,  
stopping to kiss sweet little Prue for  
the third or fourth time, "and now  
what shall we do while I am here? I  
shall stay a whole week."

"O tell us, you know something,"  
the boys chorused.  
"Something new," added Joe.  
"How would you like to have a  
secret society?"

"Oh, oh, a real secret society like  
the Masons and Odd Fellows! How  
splendid!" cried Joe.  
"Will we have a password and a  
grip?" asked Jamie with his eyes very  
wide.

"Me too, had grip, Aunt Jessie,"  
cried little Prue.  
"Oh, she means La Grippe," ex-  
plained Joe and they all laughed.

"Let's lock the door and begin now,"  
suggested Joe.  
That evening at the tea table, Aunt  
Jessie announced that a secret society  
with a secret purpose had been formed  
and that in a week papa and mamma  
might have an opportunity to guess  
this purpose.

"And if you guess right, we'll tell  
you the password and grip too," said  
Joe and Jamie.

Then the most wonderful things be-  
gan to happen in that house!  
The first morning mamma went into  
the sitting-room to find some bats, or  
balls, or blocks to put away, but she  
could not find one, until she looked in  
the closet where they were all lying in  
beautiful rows.

She looked under chairs and tables  
for a cap, or a coat, or a handkerchief,  
but not one could she find. Then she  
went to her stocking basket and there  
was every stocking neatly mended!

Then she went out doors to weed  
the flower bed under the south win-  
dow, and not a weed could she find!  
And she really had to go in the house  
and read the last new book until Aunt  
Jessie and the children came back  
from their drive.

The next night papa came home to  
find the yard neatly raked. He spoke  
about it at the tea table and mamma  
asked him if he had seen any brownies  
about. Said she, "I have not seen  
them yet, but I am sure they are here."  
They both looked very grave, but  
Jamie and Joe were obliged to eat  
fast to keep from laughing.

"Do you suppose she really thinks  
it's brownies?" whispered Jamie to  
Aunt Jessie.

The next morning mamma rose  
early and went softly down stairs to see  
that the table was set properly and  
there it was already in beautiful order  
and a bowl of roses in the centre.

She peeped out and was almost sure  
that she saw two brownies on the  
porch sweeping up a litter of rose  
leaves.

Then the match boxes were sudden-

ly all full, papa's slippers appeared  
each night at just the right time in the  
right place, and little Prue's broken  
doll disappeared mysteriously and came  
back with a new head.

When Saturday night came what  
fun they had guessing!

Papa guessed they were a society  
for the prevention of cruelty to Sibe-  
rian exiles.

Mamma guessed, "The suppression  
of anarchy."

Then papa guessed they were mis-  
sionaries to Mexico.

Then mamma said, "I wonder if  
they can be the brownies?"

Then it all came out and each one  
had to own his part and they confessed  
that the password was "Help  
mamma."

But the best of all was when mam-  
ma kissed them and called them her  
brave little knights.

And papa said, "If you'll let me in  
I'll join in Aunt Jessie's place, only I  
can't darn stockings."—Free Baptist.

## Resetting Sins.

Alice Gray leaned over the fire, her  
chin resting in her hands and a pen-  
sive look in her brown eyes. It was  
Sunday, and that morning in church  
she had listened to Mr. Bentley's ser-  
mon with rather a curious interest as  
he spoke of the "sin which doth so  
easily beset us." Now she was quietly  
wondering what could be her own be-  
setting sin.

"I am sure," she said to the fire,  
"it is not ill-temper; and it cannot be  
acting deceitfully, and speaking horrid  
untruths; for I should despise myself  
if I did that. I don't hate anybody,  
or take what does not belong to me,  
and no one can say that I!"

"Alice," called Aunt Mary, gently,  
from her seat in the adjoining room,  
"if you have finished with my pencil  
will you get it for me? I need it for a  
few moments."

"Why, Aunt Mary! did not I re-  
turn it yesterday?" began the girl,  
when catching herself up, she said  
hastily: "Oh, I remember. I was in  
a hurry, so I just slipped it into my  
pocket when I was in Kitty Blake's.  
I will run and get it."

But in a short time Alice walked  
into the room with a face which was  
very long indeed. The gold pencil,  
which she knew her aunt prized highly,  
was gone from her pocket—lost prob-  
ably, on the way to her friend's house.

"O, my child! Why did you not  
give it to me as soon as you had fin-  
ished? You would then have saved  
all this trouble," exclaimed Aunt  
Mary, trying not to be too severe on  
her little niece, who looked rather  
penitent, though she only said, as many  
little girls have said before: "I did  
not think."

While she stood with downcast eyes,  
claspings and unclaspings her fingers,  
her father walked into the room, say-  
ing, with the air of one who expects a  
satisfactory answer: "Alice, did you  
mail my letter yesterday?"

"Oh!" and Alice's heart gave a great  
thump. "Papa, I forgot it!"

Mr. Gray stopped in his complacent  
march up and down, and hastily turned  
to look at her. "My daughter,"  
said he, that letter is an important  
one, which should have gone by all  
means yesterday; bring it to me at  
once." Papa spoke sternly and Alice  
quickly obeyed.

"I see, Alice, that you are not to be  
trusted," said Mr. Gray as he took the  
letter from her trembling hand.

This last bitter thrust was more than  
the little girl could bear, and she  
hastily left the room, while hot tears  
rained down her cheeks; for we are  
never so unhappy as when we have no  
one but ourselves to blame as the cause  
of our trouble.

It was not many days later that  
Alice met with a trial, which cost her  
a great many sighs. A brother trav-  
elling abroad had sent her as a gift a  
beautiful lace handkerchief, which was  
the pride of her heart. This she car-  
ried into the parlor to exhibit to some  
friends, and after the handkerchief  
had been duly admired, it was placed  
on the corner of a table. Of course  
nobody could explain just how it  
came about, but an ink bottle, which  
had been placed on the table, was  
overturned, and the handkerchief was  
ruined.

## What Nerve and Pluck will do.

"Why, my boy, you can't do the  
work I want done."

"Try me, sir, please."

"I can try you; but it stands to  
reason that you are unfitted for such a  
task. You don't seem to comprehend  
the nature of the work."

"Oh, yes I do, sir. It is general  
lifting and helping the porter in heavy  
work."

"That's it; you do understand it.  
Well, if you want to try it, you can  
begin this morning, although I expect  
to see you give out in less than two  
days."

Mancel H—, a lad not weighing  
over ninety pounds, accepted eagerly  
the situation, and went to work. Why  
had he sought this position? Because  
it would pay him three or four dollars  
a week more than he was getting, and  
this would enable him to take better  
care of his crippled brother than he  
had been enabled to do hitherto.  
This was one reason; but there was  
another. Small of frame and appar-  
ently weak in muscle, he had been  
perpetually sneered at by those with  
whom he had been working as "the  
runt," and he had determined to show  
that he was capable of great physical  
exertion.

Weeks went on, and Mancel satis-  
factorily filled his position, and the  
head-porter reported quite favorably  
concerning him to the proprietor of  
the establishment, Mr. Killup. One  
day the latter called him into the  
counting-room, and said to him:

"Don't you get tired, my lad?"

"Oh, yes, sir; very, very tired," re-  
plied Mancel, with that perfect frank-  
ness characteristic of his nature. "But,  
sir, I sleep so soundly that I feel rested  
again, and am fresh and ready for  
the new day's tasks."

"But wouldn't you like some lighter  
work?"

"Indeed, I would, sir, if I could get  
it," with utter frankness again spoke  
the lad, coloring, however at the im-  
plied pleading there was in the reply.

"Well, young man, I discovered by  
a memorandum that you made the  
other day that you can write a good  
hand. I need an entry clerk, and, if  
you would like to, you can take the  
place at the same wages you are now  
getting, with a chance of increase after  
 awhile."

"I cannot tell how grateful I am to  
you, sir, for your kindness."

"Never mind that," said the plain-  
spoken merchant. "Only do your  
duty, and don't get ahead of your  
business, and I will see that you are  
not neglected."

Mancel strove on and, quick in  
figures, he was before many months  
promoted to assistant book-keeper, and  
then to cashier. Years passed, and he  
became one of the managers, and  
eventually one of the proprietors of  
the great mercantile establishment  
which he had entered as assistant  
porter.

Now, this is a true story, and the  
hero of it occupies a high position to-  
day under the Government of the  
United States. The obstacles he over-  
came any poor boy may overcome.  
The promotion he gained any worthy  
lad may gain. The name he made any  
young man of nerve and principle and  
laudable ambition may make. The  
road to success has always rough  
sections in it, but they are never too  
rough to be surmounted by patient  
industry, unflinching determination,  
and ceaseless energy. —Homer L.  
Ward, in *Young Life*.

Our Sundays should be like hills in  
a journey, mounting which now and  
then, we get enlarged views and are  
lifted to a higher range, on which we  
catch the divine sunrise, and whence  
we move on afresh, purer and braver  
for the kiss of the hem of the garment  
of God. —John D. Loxa.

Young  
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Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories  
and other work of interest to the young.

OUR MOTTO: "Onward! Upward!"

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 11.]

No. 58.—"This is no answer, thou  
unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of  
thy cruelty."

No. 59.—James 3:4.

No. 60.—Tailor's. No. 61.—Bread.

No. 62.—Rev. 22:5.

No. 63.—(a) 2 Saml. 19:18. (b)  
2 Saml. 17:7. 2 Chron. 13:17.—  
500,000.

—[The Mystery—No. 14.]—

No. 76.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY "PANSY," *F'ton Junction*.)

(I) A letter; an adj.; an adverb; a

period of time; a vowel.

(II) A vowel; a verb; discipline; a

fish; a letter.

(III) A letter; a workman's tool; to

go astray; a vowel.

(IV) A vowel; a period of time;

common; a verb; a vowel.

—:—:—

No. 77.—WORD-SQUARES.

(BY "PANSY," *F'ton Junction*.)

(I) A bird; yonder; a girl's name;

periods of time.

(II) A piece of furniture; part of a

stove; part of the body; an insect.

(III) A claw; circumference; a  
metal; to loan.

—:—:—

No. 78.—DROP-VOEEL PUZZLE.

(BY ETNA A. MANZER, *Millville*.)

"nd th b -ld-ng -f th -w ll -f -t

w-s -f J-sp-r -nd th -c ty -w-s p-r-

gld l-k -nt -cl -r gl-s."

—:—:—

No. 79.—DIAMOND.

(BY ETNA A. MANZER, *Millville*.)

1. A vowel. 2. Something useful in

school. 3. A woman's name. 4.

Something very much used. 5. A

vowel.

—:—:—

No. 80.—DIAMOND.

(BY CARRIE WADE, *Cross Creek*.)

1. A vowel; a point of time; to de-

stroy; to perform; a letter.

2. A letter; a knot; a medicine; a

point; a vowel.

3. A letter; before; to tramp; a

part of the head; a letter.

—:—:—

No. 81.—ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, *Cross Creek*.)

In ape, not in monkey.

In rat, not in mouse.

In ink, not in pen.

In arm, not in leg.

In rap, not in knock.

In very, not in much.

Whole is young people.

—:—:—

No. 82.—DROP-VOEEL.

(BY CARRIE WADE, *Cross Creek*.)

"T-s th -th-nd-r th-t fr-ghts,

B-t th-l-ghtn-ng th-t sm-t-s."

—:—:—

No. 83.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY "PEARL," *Berwick*.)

"Selyses ragel amy netuver rome

Tub tillet boast oudish epek earn

horse."

—:—:—

No. 84.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY "PEARL," *Berwick*.)

"-h-c-n-e-a-e-u-a-o-b-e-o-k-e-

m-k-t-e-t-e-r-o-s-s-n-h-r-o-s."

—:—:—

(BY L. F. BARNES, *Bath*.)

My 32, 20, 3, 8, 16, 12 is a parent.

My 11, 31, 36, 5 is a child's play-

thing.

My 10, 35, 26 17 is love.

My 37, 33, 25, 15 is fabric.

My 30, 2, 18, 13 is matured.

My 14, 21, 4 is a fruit.

My 7, 27, 9, 1 is to line.

My 29, 6, 31 is a verb.

My 19, 22, 28 is an abbreviation.

My whole is a command.

—:—:—

No. 86.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY L. FRANCES BARNES, *Bath*.)

My 3, 2, 8, 9 is a bird.

My 6, 2, 1 is wooden.

My 4, 5 is a verb.

My whole is what God is.

—:—:—

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

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prize. Thank you for kind expres-  
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