

A Child's Love.

Baby is sick! The house is in shadow,
A silence of dread is in the air,
There is no mirth in the children's voices,
They have entered the first dark cloud of care.

Alas! for the hopes of the anxious watchers
Their faith is touched with a pained surprise,
Which matches the baby's sad mute wonder,
Whose "What is it for?" is in her eyes.

A sound, half-stifled, comes to the mother,
Who turns a moment from other fears,
And says, "Your cough is no better, Sissie,
To a little daughter of six short years."

Says the child, "Oh, no! it will not be
(And the feeling heart makes the heart to thrill).

"For I have asked Jesus not to trouble
About my cough while Baby is ill;
For Jesus is busy, as you are, mother,
So He must not be teased by my cough,
You see;

I only ask Him to cure dear Baby,
And it does not matter a bit about me."
"Ah, child! with so much of the woman in
you,
You pray the prayer of the loving soul
"Not I, but mine, for the greatest blessing;
Christ, make the one that I care for
whole."

Love finds its way to the great All-Loving
The Baby is cured. And for my part,
I think the selfish world would be better
For taking this love-lesson into its heart.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Baby.

The little tottering baby feet,
With faltering steps and slow,
With pattering echoes soft and sweet
Into my heart they go;
They also go in grimy plays,
In muddy pools and dusty ways,
Then through the house a trackful maze
They wander to and fro.

The baby hands that clasp my neck
With touches dear to me
Are the same hands that smash and wreck
The ink-stand foul to see;
They pound the mirror with a cane,
They rend the manuscript in twain,
Wide-spread destruction they ordain,
In wasteful jubilee.

The dreamy, murmuring baby voice
That coos its little tune,
That makes my listening heart rejoice
Like birds in leafy June,
Can wake at midnight dark and still,
And all the air with howling fill,
That splits the ear with echo's shrill
Like cornets out of tune.

—R. J. Burdette.

Something for Boys.

A few weeks since I saw a touching
and beautiful sight. Driving through
a rugged part of the country my attention
was directed to an elderly lady
trying to pick her way over a rough
hill-side. She came very slowly and
carefully. The hill was quite steep,
and I was pitying her, and thinking if
it would not be well to offer my ser-
vices, when I heard a whistling boy
coming up behind the carriage. He
bounded past, and, running up the hill,
put his arms around the lady and
steadied her steps, saying pleasant
words, I know, for the face beamed in
the warm hood looked beaming and
bright with happiness. As we passed,
I heard her say these words: "It is
so nice to have a boy come and help a
mother down the hill." They passed
on and went into a farm-house at the
foot of the hill; I knew they were
mother and son. There was a sermon
in those few words. I thought, I
wish every boy could have heard them.

You boys are all of you here to help
mother down the hill of life. You
don't all do it, though; more the pity.
Some of you make it harder for her.
You do things that trouble her; she is
anxious about you, and then she has
to pick her way over places a thousand
times rougher than walking down a
steep hill. Perhaps you are getting
into bad habits, and will not obey her
counsel. Her heart is bruised and torn
by your conduct. She knows what the
results of evil doing are: that if a boy
begins habits that he only considers
light as cobwebs in his youth, by and
by they may become iron chains about
him, and when he is a man he will be a
slave to them.

Now, boys, if you would help the
dear mother down the hill of life, and
make the path smooth for her, do the
things she wishes you to do. And if
you are all right as regards bad habits,
perhaps you are not as thoughtful of
the "little things" that make up life
as you might be. Be as polite in
waiting upon your mother as you are
in waiting on other boys' mothers.
Don't speak in rough tones to her. Be
always gentle when you speak to her,
and careful to remember what she
wishes you to be particular to do at
different times and different places.

"It's so nice to have a boy to help a
mother down the hill." Yes, when
weary and worn with life's hard work,
and age begins to come, it is a great
satisfaction and source of gratitude to
know that a strong, upright boy is
coming to help mother down.

And you boys who have gone from
home altogether, you cannot literally
put your arms around mother and
steady her steps, yet you can write her
good, long letters, and tell her you
wish you were in the old home again,
so you could hug her and kiss her as
you did when you were a little fellow
and loved to climb up in her lap. One
of the greatest blessings in the world is
that of having a praying mother. Make
yourselves worthy of the good mothers
God has given you, and take your
mother's God for your God in the
days of your youth.—*Phil. Standard.*

Six Things.

The chief guide at Lauterbrunnen in
Switzerland gives to each Alpine
climber before he sets forth on his
perilous journey an alpen-stock and a
half-dozen words of warning.

May we not give to our boy and girl
friends a few practical hints to use on
their upward journey?

Six things which a boy ought to
know:

First—that a quiet voice, courtesy
and kind acts are as essential to the
part in the world of a gentleman as of
a gentlewoman.

Second—That roughness, blustering
and even foolhardiness are not manli-
ness. The most firm and courageous
men have usually been the most
gentle.

Third—That muscular strength is
not health.

Fourth—That a brain crammed only
with facts is not necessarily a wise
one.

Fifth—That the labor impossible to
the boy of fourteen will be easy to the
man of twenty.

Sixth—That the best capital for a
boy is not money, but a love of work,
simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his
friends and his God.

Six things which a girl ought to
know:

First—That drawing tones, langu-
ishing eyes, or an affected manner will
never deceive any one into the belief
that she has a gentle nature.

Second—That while the best un-
guents, depilatories, and cosmetics
may fail in affecting her beauty, every
secret thought and hidden emotion
will leave an indelible mark upon her
face which he that runs may read.

Third—That the true gentlewoman,
like every other jewel of great price,
never thrusts herself into view.
Neither her clothes, her voice, nor her
manner challenge public notice.

Fourth—That the girl with whom
young men romp and flirt is not the
one whom they choose when they wish
to marry.

Fifth—That as God has prepared
woman and sent her into the world to
be a wife and mother, she should look
forward to those conditions of life, not
with silly and vulgar jests, but with
reverent, earnest effort to fit herself
for them.

Sixth—That the "old maid" may
find for herself a work and position as
noble as that of any other woman.

These hints may help both boys and
girls to reach surer standing-ground on
the heights of life.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

Dot's Welcome.

Dot Hunt was as sweet a child as
you ever saw. She was beautiful, too,
and everybody loved her because she
was lovely. She was an only child of
a wealthy widow and her home was
one of elegance and culture. There
never was a kinder or more generous
child or one more compassionate. If
while driving in the grand carriage
beside her mamma, she saw a child
grieved or injured, she was not happy
until something was done to comfort
or help it. If a beggar child came to
the door she turned beggar, too, beg-
ging Ann, the cook, to feed the
hungry.

But Dot was only five years old. I
tell you this so that you will not won-
der at what I am about to relate.
Dot went to church for the first
time one bright summer day. She was
a perfect blossom in her snowy white
dress, with a bunch of rosebuds fasten-
ed in the broad sash.

At the church door stood a plainly
dressed woman with a very sad face
and beside her a little girl of perhaps
ten years of age, the latter wearing a
calico dress and a very common look-
ing straw hat. People were going into
the church very fast but no one seemed
to notice the sad looking woman and
her daughter. Presently a sunshiny
voice broke the icy coldness of the
church goers; it was Dot's.

"Isn't you doin' to church?" asked
Dot of the little girl.

"It isn't our church; we're stran-
gers. We don't know where to go,"
answered the girl.

"It's God's church," Dot said rever-
ently. "Come with mamma an' me;
there's lots of room in God's church."

The weary mother looked into Mrs.
Hunt's face questioningly and although

the latter's face flushed, she seconded
her little daughter's hearty invitation.

"Yes, do come with us, please,"
she said, "we will be glad to have
you." And presently, seated side by
side in "God's church" were the
children of wealth and poverty. There
had been a number of witnesses to the
pretty scene and more than one face
flushed with shame as the minister,
during his reading, gave this passage:
"I was a stranger and ye took me in."

Was it Jesus looking through that
sad woman's eyes? Jesus looking
through her little daughter's eyes?
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto
the least of these, ye have done it
unto me."

And after the service more than one
richly dressed lady shook hands kindly
with the "strangers" and made them
welcome.

Dot never knew how forlorn, how
homesick, how desolate those two
strangers had been before her gentle
welcome reached their souls, but her
first Sunday at church had taught
some "children of older growth" a
lesson sadly needed.

And lo! how great a tree grows from
a little acorn. The "strangers" who
had come to the city from a bereaved
home, from which death had taken
beloved ones and money had taken
wings, found friends and pleasant and
profitable employment. How far a
little candle throws its beams!—*Ernest
Gilmore in Morning Star.*

Young Man, You Will Do.

A young man was recently gradu-
ated from a scientific school. His
home had been a religious one. He
was a member of a Christian Church,
had pious parents, brother and sisters;
his family was one in Christ. On
graduating he determined upon a
Western life among the mines. Full
of courage and hope, he started out on
his long journey to strike out for him-
self in a new world. The home prayers
followed him. As he went he fell into
company of older men. They liked
him for his frank manners and his
manly independence. As they journeyed
together they stopped for a Sabbath in
a border town. On the morning of
the Sabbath one of his fellow-travellers
said to him, "Come, let us be off for a
drive and see the sights." "No," said
the young man, "I am going to
keep the Sabbath, and I promised my
mother to keep on in that way." His
road acquaintance looked at him for a
moment, and then slapping him on the
shoulder, said, "Right, my boy. I
began in that way. I wish I had kept
on. Young man, you will do. Stick
to your bringing up and your mother's
words and you will win." The boy
went to church, all honour to him in
that far-away place, and among such
men. His companions had their drive,
but the boy gained their confidence,
won their respect by his manly avowal
of good obligations. Already success
is smiling upon that young man. There
is no lack of places for him.

A Word to Boys.

If we are to have drunkards in the
future, some of them are to come from
the boys of whom I am now writing,
and I ask you if you want to become
one of them? No, of course you don't!
Well, I have a plan that is just as sure
to save you from such a fate as the sun
is to rise to-morrow. It never failed,
it never will fail, and it is worth know-
ing.

Never touch liquor in any form.
That is the plan and it is worth putting
into practice. I know you don't drink
now, and it seems to you as if you
never would. But your temptation
will come, and it will probably come
this way. You will find yourself
sometime with a number of companions
and they will have a bottle of wine on
the table. They will drink and offer
it to you. They will regard it as a
manly practice, and very likely they
will look upon you as a milkop if you
don't indulge with them.

Then what will you do? Will you
say, "No, no! none of that stuff for
me!" or will you take the glass, with
your common sense protesting and
your conscience making the whole
draught bitter, and then go off with a
hot head and skulking soul that at
once begins to make apologies for it-
self and will keep doing so all its life?
Boys, do not become drunkards.

Home Hints.

TO REMOVE A WART cover the skin
around the wart with lard, apply over
the surface of the growth one or two
drops of strong hydrochloric or nitric
acid; then keep the part covered up
until the scab separates.

WEAK EYES should be strengthened
by bathing them five or ten minutes at
a time in full basins of sea water,
which allow the hands to lave the
closed eyes, the water welling over
them gently without shock. No one
has any idea of the relief to overtired
eyes till they have tried this method.

BREAD AND MILK POULTICE.—Sim-
mer old bread in milk until soft
enough to smash smoothly. Crackers
may be used instead of bread if neces-
sary.

Young
Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.
Devoted to Puzzles, Letters, Solutions
Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 44.]

No. 260.—"He lives long that lives
well, and time misspent is not lived,
but lost."

No. 261.—Eccles. 2:5.

No. 262.—
Get what you can and what you get
hold,
It is the miser that turns all his lead
into gold.

No. 263.—

O

ARC

BACCA

ORCHARD

PLAIN

ORE

D

No. 264.—Snap-dragon.

No. 265.—
"The very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their
course."

No. 266.—Pine apple.

[The Mystery.—No. 47.]

No. 279.—ENIGMA.

In ape, not in monkey;
In pen, not in ink;
In pepper, not in salt;
In lake, not in river;
In seven, not in six;
In short, not in long.
My whole is something we all like.

No. 280.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A letter; a number; a bird; an
adverb; a letter.
2. A vowel; a knot; down; ever;
a letter.
3. A letter; a useful article; a claw;
a useful article; a letter.

No. 281.—DROP-VOVVEL.

Th-n-s-d-j-s-nt-th-m-t-t-l-ttl-
h-l-m-th--nd-th-n-g-nt-h-m-
th-t-s-t-m--3 by CARRIE WADE.

No. 282.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY E. HICKS.)
E-e-y-l-u-h-s-s-l-e-l-n-n-
No. 283.—HALF SQUARE.

(BY E. HICKS.)
A happy season.
A flower.
To knock senseless.
A number.
Two letters from her.
A letter.

[The Mystery Solved in three weeks.]

[The Mystical Circle.]

What has happened the friends of The
Mystical Circle?
THE N. B. story from H. B. S.
Merritt, [Kewick, just received and
will be looked into.

UNCLE NED.

Minard's Liniment is the
best.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.
Gents.—My daughter had a severe
cold and injured her spine so she could
not walk, and suffered very much. I
procured in our family physician; he pro-
nounced it inflammation of the spine
and recommended MINARD'S LINI-
MENT to be used freely. 3 bottles
cured her. I have used your
MINARD'S LINIMENT for a broken
breast; it reduced the inflammation
and cured me in 10 days.

Mrs. N. SILVER.

Hantsport.

SANDWICH.
SIRS.—For five years I suffered
from lumbago and could get no
relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow
Oil, and must say I find no better
remedy for it.

JOHN DESHERDAN,
Sandwich, Ont.

THE SUPERIORITY of the "Royal
Flavoring Extracts" is purity and
strength.

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a
snake that her glossy black hair turned
white as snow. It was soon returned
to its original color by Hall's Hair
Renewer.

A lady in Syracuse writes: "For
about seven years before taking
Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Dis-
covery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered
from a complaint very prevalent with
our sex. I was unable to walk any
distance, or stand on my feet for more
than a few minutes at a time, without
feeling exhausted; but now, I am
thankful to say, I can walk two miles
without feeling the least inconveni-
ence. For female complaints it has
no equal."

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

D. M'LEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. A. & W. VANWART
BARRISTERS, &c.
Offices—Opposite City Hall,
Fredericton, N. B.

G. C. VANWART, M. D.,
LATE OF
MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL,
London, Eng., and
ROTUNDA HOSPITAL,
Dublin, Ireland.

Office and Residence—Queen
St., Opposite City Hall.

DR. FOWLER'S

EXT. OF
WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES

HOLERA
cholera morbus
COLIC and
CRAMPS

DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE
SICK
HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-
dent to a bilious state of the system, such as
Business, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after
eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
remarkable success has been shown in curing
Even if they only cured

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
and preventing this annoying complaint, while
they also correct all disorders of the stomach,
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.
Even if they only cured

Ache they would be almost priceless to those
who suffer from this distressing complaint,
but fortunately their goodness does not end
here, and those who once try them will find
these little pills valuable in so many ways that
they will not be willing to do without them.
But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where
we make our great boast. Our pills cure it
while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small
and very easy to take. One or two pills make
a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do
not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action
cleanse all who use them. In vials at 25 cents
five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail
to CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Btl. Small Dose. Small

LOOK HERE.

If you are sick get Gates' Family Medi-
cines, they are the oldest and most reliable
preparations before the public. Their Life
of Man Bitters have made more cures of
chronic diseases than all others combined.
As a proof of this see certificates from
those who have used them in all parts of
the country. They will make a well person
feel better.

Beware of imitations, get the genuine.
Sold everywhere at 50 cents per bottle \$5.50
per dozen

HARDWARE

Just received—
11 CASES General Hardware;
4 dozen Horse Pikes.
And for sale by
K. CHESTNUT & SONS.

NEW GOODS

Gentleman's Department,
27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Brace
French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bag,
Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Marine Shirt
and Drawers.

IN STOCK—
ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS
the latest style and the "Derby"
(Paper, Turn-Down) and THE
SWELL, Paper, Standing
COLLARS

MANCHESTER
ROBERTSON
& ALLISON.

John, F. B.

NEW GOODS

JAMES R. HOWIE,
PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I BEG to inform my numerous patrons
that I have just opened out a very
large and well-selected stock of NEW
SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English
Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine
Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light
and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all
latest designs and patterns in Fancy
Trousers from which I am prepared to
make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according
to the latest New York Spring and Sum-
mer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire
satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

My stock of Men's 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
hirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Braces, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and
well selected assortment of Fancy Ties and
Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English
and American designs.

Rubber Clothing a specialty

June 20.

192 Queen St., Fredericton.

June 20.

Just Received!

3 Gross Scott's Emulsion.

5 "Diamond Dyes.

—AT—

John M. Wiley's,

Opposite Normal School.

JUST STORED.

Canvassed Ham,

CANVASSED BACON,

SPICES, COFFEES,

etc., etc.

We are offering very low prices

to dealers on Pure Spices.

TIMOTHY & CLOVER SEED

at lowest rates. Good quality.

A.F. Randolph & Son

DO YOU WANT A WEDDING

PRESENT?—Toronto Silver Plate

Co. make most reliable goods. A fine

stock cheap at

J. G. McNALLY'S.

LOWER PRICES—700 Oak and Oak

Seat Chairs, Rattan Rockers, Oak and

Walnut Chamber Suites, Sic-bon-ds and

Secretaries just received. Greatly reduced

prices, at

J. G. McN