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It Doesn't Cost Money.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,  
To have a good time on the earth;  
The best of its pleasures are free unto  
those  
Who know how to value their worth.  
The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,  
The loveliest flowers grow wild,  
The finest of drinks gushes out of the  
spring—  
All free to man, woman and child.  
No money can purchase, no artist can  
paint  
Such pictures as nature supplies  
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint  
Who use to advantage their eyes.  
Kind words and glad looks and smiles  
cherry and brave  
Cost nothing—no, nothing at all,  
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could  
save  
Can make no such pleasures befall.  
To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure  
air,  
Honest toil the enjoyment of health,  
Sweet slumber refreshing—these pleasures  
we share  
Without any portion of wealth.  
Communion with friends that are tried,  
true and strong,  
To love and be loved for love's sake—  
In fact all that makes a life happy and  
long  
Are free to whoever will take.  
It doesn't cost money to have a good time,  
And that is the reason, alas!  
Why many who might have enjoyment  
sublime  
Their lives in such misery pass.  
It doesn't cost money to have a good time;  
The world's best enjoyments are free;  
But those who find pleasure in folly and  
crime  
Will not with these true words agree.  
—W. C. Dodge.

The Boy to be Trusted.

"Take these letters to the post-  
office."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Get a postal order to this address,"  
indicating one of the letters, "and en-  
close it in it."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Carry these papers over to Mr.  
Hill's office."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Stop at Mr. Grant's, in the Jeffer-  
son block, and ask him to step around  
to see me."  
"Anything else?" as the lawyer paused  
in his directions.  
"Be lively about it."  
No need to tell Jim to be lively.  
He had within a week been raised from  
his position as a newsboy to the dig-  
nity of office-boy to Mr. Lane, the  
lawyer. A proud and happy boy was  
Jim, as he dressed himself in the new  
clothes which Mr. Lane had given him  
as an advance on his wages.  
"Clean all over," he said, surveying  
himself with an air of great satisfac-  
tion. "Clean from top to toe. And  
I'm going to keep clean, too, now I  
have a chance. No more rushin'  
'round the street, and settin' 'round  
on curbstones. No more sleepin' in alley-  
ways. No more goin' barefoot and  
wearin' rags. Clean all over. And"  
—Jim's face grew sober as he stood  
reflecting—"I'm goin' to keep clean  
inside as well as outside. He's given  
me a chance, and I'm goin' to show  
him I'm worth it. Yes, I am."  
With a jump and a whoop, Jim  
sprang into his new life, full of new  
resolutions. Mr. Lane had met him  
limping forlornly on the street, over-  
burdened with an armful of news-  
papers, while still weak as the result  
of a long illness, he having just been  
discharged from the hospital. The  
young lawyer was struck with pity at  
the sight of the appealing eyes and  
sound of the quavering voice, which  
seemed full of a wordless craving for  
help which no hand seemed ready to  
give. "Seems to me you are not fit  
for such work," he said kindly, as he  
bought a paper.  
"I'll be stronger soon, I guess," said  
Jim, as he gave the change.  
"He doesn't look as if he had much  
chance of that," said the lawyer, look-  
ing after him as he staggered wearily  
on. "Here!"  
Jim turned at the sound of the voice  
which had spoken kindly to him.  
"Can't you find something easier to  
do than this? No; of course you can't,  
poor little scallawag." This in a lower  
tone, as Jim approached. "If you'll  
come around to my office, I'll give you  
some work," he said, as Jim, from his  
weakness, leaned heavily against a  
lamp-post. "Can't you sweep out an  
office and set things in order and go  
errands,—when you feel better?" he  
asked.  
"Yes; I know I could," said Jim, in  
a flush of hopefulness.  
"Take this, then. Go out to the  
park and lie around in the sunshine  
for a couple of days. Then come and  
see me, and we'll fix it."  
"It's taking things on trust, I know,"  
said Mr. Lane to himself. "But  
what's the world good for, if you can't  
take a few things on trust? Better to  
be fooled a few times than not do it."

So, to-day, Jim had been more than  
a week acting as Mr. Lane's office-  
boy. He started off at a brisk pace  
with his letters and papers, proud of  
every chance which now came to him  
of showing how lively and how faithful  
he could be in the performance of his  
new duties.  
"I ain't never goin' to turn one way  
nor another till I get my stuff to where  
it's to go," said Jim, as he tucked the  
papers securely under his arm and took  
a firm grasp of the dozen or more let-  
ters. "Important, I reckon," he went  
on, with a glance of great respect at  
the business-like envelopes. "Money  
in 'em, like as not. And I've heard  
say there's stuff wrote in letters some-  
times as is more important'n if you  
was sendin' money in 'em. You  
wouldn't think so, but that's what  
they says. And, if anybody's likely to  
write important things, it's Mr.  
Lane."  
Straightening himself with the im-  
portance of having to do with such  
importance, Jim turned up a stairway  
and delivered his papers to Mr. Hill.  
The message to Mr. Grant was duly  
given, when the boy turned in the  
direction of the post-office, which was  
some little distance further on.  
"What's all the crowd? somebody  
run over, or somethin'?"  
Jim stood for a moment after round-  
ing a corner and coming face to face  
with a scene of confusion common  
enough on city streets. Men and boys  
were running from different directions  
toward a certain point, and in a very  
few moments several hundred people  
had collected.  
Jim paused for a moment. He  
could easily keep along on the other  
side and accomplish his errand without  
delay. A feeling in his heart told him  
this was the thing to do, for a boy who  
stops to ascertain the why and the  
wherefore of every street commotion  
will have little time for anything else.  
But he turned a little, allowing him-  
self to mingle in the crowd.  
"It's only a couple of bootblacks,"  
he heard some one say, "got knocked  
down and run over."  
It was close upon where a number  
of Jim's comrades used to gather for  
work. What if it should be any of  
them? More willingly he moved with  
the crowd, until he found himself un-  
able to choose which way he should  
move.  
"Make way!" Some members of  
the police force were clearing the  
way for the approach of an ambulance.  
Jim was hustled rudely to one side,  
and the package of letters thrown from  
his hand.  
With a cry of dismay, he stopped to  
gather them; but the pressure grew  
heavier as he was desperately snatch-  
ing them from under the crowding,  
trampling feet.  
"Out of the way, you young simple-  
ton! Do you want to have the life  
trodden out of you?"  
He was forcibly raised to his feet  
and pressed far to one side. Counting  
his letters, he found that two of them  
were missing. But it was no use try-  
ing to fight his way to where he had  
lost them. He was obliged to wait  
until the crowd dispersed; and, when  
with a despairing heart he made his  
way to the place, no letters were there.  
Poor Jim mailed the recovered ones,  
and then began wondering if he should  
ever go back to the office.  
"What'll I say if he asks me? If I  
tell him, he'll think I'm a good-for-  
nought, and like as not he'll turn me  
off. Course he will. If I tell him I  
mailed 'em all, p'raps he'll never find  
it out. Yes, I'll go back. If he does  
find it out, he can't do no worse'n lick  
me, and that won't make me feel half  
so bad as the losin' 'em."  
Jim went back and gave his best  
attention to the performance of his  
duties. But it was a long and heavy  
day. Mr. Lane had a pleasant, trust-  
ful way with people with whom he  
came into contact, increased by a pity  
and liking for Jim which led him to  
treat him with a kindness entirely new  
to the little street Arab. Jim could  
easily have borne harsh usage, but this  
was too much for him. Every pleas-  
ant word spoken to him seemed to  
deal directly to his sense of right, so  
often in the cruel fight for existence  
which had been ordered for him dulled  
and smothered, but now awakened  
into new life.  
As night came on, Jim sat on a box  
in the hall-way outside the office, and  
did a little very earnest thinking.  
"I can't stand it no longer,—no, I  
can't," he said to himself, with a for-  
lorn look through the open door at the  
pleasant rooms in which he was al-  
ready beginning to feel a proud sense  
of part ownership. "He thinkin' me  
a decent, honest sort of a boy, as isn't  
the kind to do mean, underhand things,  
and me losin' his letters and never  
telling him. P'raps them letters was  
important. Yes, lawyers' letters al-  
ways is. I'd rather be turned off any  
day'n be goin' round here and him  
lookin' at me as he does."

Jim gave himself no time to change  
his mind, but the next moment was  
standing before Mr. Lane, who chanced  
to be alone in the office. The eyes  
which Jim lifted were very troubled  
ones, but, full of honest purpose to  
acknowledge his fault, did not sink  
before the keen, inquiring ones which  
met them.  
"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Lane,  
as Jim hesitated, scarcely knowing  
how to begin.  
"Them letters," he stammered, the  
color growing deeper on his already  
flushed face. "You thought I mailed  
'em all, but I didn't. I lost two of 'em.  
I'm sorry, and I'll go away and I'll  
bring back the clothes you give me."  
Mr. Lane looked gravely at the  
small figure standing in such utter  
self-abasement before him. Every-  
thing about it—the thin face with its  
appealing eyes, the stooping shoulders,  
and the air of general dejection—  
seemed to unite in telling the story  
of how hard life had been on him, and  
how heroic was his truth-telling, which  
might result in the casting away of the  
only good fortune which had ever  
come to him.  
The gravity melted into a smile.  
"I like a boy I can trust," said Mr.  
Lane.  
"Yes," said Jim, with a despairing  
sigh.  
"You thought you could trust me  
to take care of them letters,—and  
now you know you can't."  
"Now I know I can trust you to tell  
the truth; you needn't go, Jim. I want  
you to stay as long as you can do the  
square and honest thing. If you hadn't  
told me, though, I should have let you  
go to-night; for I knew you had lost  
the letters. Some one picked them  
up and brought them to me."—*New  
York Observer.*

Home Hints.

A tablespoonful of paraffine or turpen-  
tine boiled with clothes will add to  
their whiteness.  
Corks which have been steeped in  
vaseline are said to be an excellent sub-  
stitute for glass stoppers.  
To keep meat from spoiling take a  
quart of best vinegar, two ounces of  
lump sugar, two ounces of salt. Boil  
these together for a few minutes, and  
when cold brush over the meat that  
you are afraid of becoming tainted.  
Should it have acquired a taint, rub  
the meat thoroughly with a teaspoon-  
ful of salicylic acid, and then wash off  
in cold water.  
If your cellar is damp only with the  
dampness of a sunless place, put a peck  
of lime in it in an open box. This will  
absorb the moisture from the air, and  
make the cellar available for keeping  
cabbages in without fear of mastication.  
Do not fill lamps to the top, and do  
not burn them until they are entirely  
empty, for fear of an explosion. Do  
not keep them on the chimney place  
or in a very warm place, lest the gas  
expand with heat and cause explosion.  
Beeswax and salt will make rusty  
flatirons as clean and as smooth as  
glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and  
keep it for that purpose. When the  
irons are hot, rub them first with the  
wax rag, then scour them with a paper  
or cloth sprinkled with salt.  
The skin of a boiled egg is the best  
remedy for a boil. Carefully peel it  
off, wet, and apply to the boil; it draws  
out the matter and relieves soreness.  
To be always amiable, contented and  
loving in the home, where there is no  
motive for assuming virtues that do  
not exist, is to give the most conclu-  
sive proof of true Christian character.

**Young  
Peoples' Column.**

Edited by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement,  
N. B.  
Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories,  
and other work of interest to the young.

OUR MOTTO: *Onward! Upward!*

**The Mystery Solved.—No. 31.**

No. 178.—Psa. 25:4.  
No. 179.—Shibboleth.  
No. 180.—  
"And what can we children offer,  
Who dwell in Christian land,  
Is there no work for the Master,  
In reach of each little hand?"  
No. 181.—H  
T E N  
H E L E N  
N E T  
N  
No. 182.—Manchester.  
No. 183.—(1) Jer. 2:22. Mal. 3:2.  
(2) Isa. 33:20 and 54:2.  
Twice.  
(3) Matt. 23:37.  
(4) Gen. 2:11.  
No. 184.—Archelaus.

**The Mystery—No. 34.**

No. 195.—QUERIES.  
(BY EDWIN, Cornhill.)

1. Who, mentioned in the Bible,  
was born before his father, died before  
his mother, and slept the first night  
with his grandmother?  
2. What walks on four legs in the  
morning, two at noon, and three at  
night?  
3. What word by mispronunciation  
caused forty-two thousand persons to  
be slain?

No. 196.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY "VIOLET," Blissville.)

In cat, not in dog;  
In hog, not in pig;  
In hen, not in fly;  
In fence, not in stump;  
In cock, not in hawk;  
In draw, not in mark.  
My whole is a town in the U. S.

No. 197.—ENIGMA.  
(BY "VIOLET," Blissville.)

In hen, not in pig;  
In cat, not in kitten;  
In paper, not in ink;  
In boar, not in mink.  
My whole is a river in South America.

No. 198.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter, impulse, sorrow, a num-  
ber, a letter.  
2. A letter, an adjective, comfort,  
ever, a letter.  
3. A vowel, a useful article, billows,  
a useful article, a letter.

No. 199.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In pen, not in ink;  
In ape, not in monkey;  
In sheep, not in calf;  
In ear, not in hand;  
In rap, not in knock.  
Whole is a useful article.

No. 200.—TRANSPPOSITION.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"Het kicrdw lashl ese to dan eb  
reigvde he lashl hangs hitw sih eteht  
dan lent waya het sedere fo eth  
kicviede salih repish."

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

**The Mystical Circle.**

"EDWIN," Cornhill, has thanks for  
puzzles. Nos. 173 and 177 correctly  
solved.  
CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our  
thanks for a nice batch of puzzles.  
Please write on one side of paper only.  
"VIOLET," Blissville, has thanks for  
nice puzzle and kind words. Come  
often.

UNCLE NED.  
OUR LETTER BOX.

BLISSVILLE, N. B., Aug. 4, 91.  
Dear Uncle Ned,—I thought as you  
had so many little friends I would like  
to be one too. As I had not much to  
do I could as well send some puzzles  
as not. Inclosed you will find a couple  
of puzzles. As I heard you did not  
like long letters, I must close for this  
time, if you have no objection.  
I remain your faithful niece,  
"VIOLET."  
P. S.—Good wishes to the Puzzle  
Department.  
"VIOLET."

[Glad you have come. Come again.  
Send more puzzles, letters, etc.—  
UNCLE NED.]

**Minard's Liniment cures  
Colds, etc.**

GROCERS ARE AUTHORIZED to guaran-  
tee that the "Royal" Flavoring Ex-  
tracts will give satisfaction

STICK TO THE RIGHT.

Right actions spring from right  
principles. In cases of diarrhoea,  
dysentery, cramps, colic, summer com-  
plaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right  
remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild  
Strawberry,—an unfailing cure,—made  
on the principle that nature's remedies  
are best. Never travel without it.

Fret not your life away because  
your hair is gray, while young, as you  
can stop all grayness and can beautify  
the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and  
be happy.

If sick headache is misery, what are  
Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will  
positively cure it? People who have  
used them speak frankly of their worth.  
They are small and easy to take.

Some people are constantly troubled  
with boils—no sooner does one heal  
than another makes its appearance.  
A thorough course of Ayer's Sarsapa-  
rilla, the best of blood-purifiers, effectually  
puts an end to this annoyance.  
We recommend a trial.

For the thorough and speedy cure  
of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions  
of the Skin, take Northrop &  
Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs.  
B. Forbes, Detroit, had a running  
sore on her leg for a long time; com-  
menced using Northrop & Lyman's  
Vegetable Discovery, and she is now  
completely cured. Her husband thinks  
there is nothing equal to it for Ague or  
any low Fever.

**Professional Cards.**

**G. H. COBURN, M. D.,**  
**Physician and Surgeon**  
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK  
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THE SPECIFIC FOR  
**DYSPEPSIA**  
Dyspepticure aids  
Digestion.  
Dyspepticure cures  
Indigestion.  
The most serious and  
long-standing cases of  
Chronic Dyspepsia  
positively cured  
by  
**Dyspepticure**  
Price per bottle 50cts and 1.00  
(large bottles four times sized small.)  
Charles H. Short, St. John, N.B.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**DR. FOWLER'S**  
**EXT. OF**  
**WILD**  
**STRAWBERRY**  
**CURES**  
**CHOLERA**  
**cholera morbus**  
**COLIC**  
**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**  
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

**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  
please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents  
five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail  
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

**Small Pil. Small Dose. Small Price**

**Spring Goods,**

**WM. JENNINGS',**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**  
Is now showing SPRING OVER-  
COATINGS in Worsteds and  
Meltons.

**Spring Suitings.**  
Fancy Trowersings in Worsteds and  
Woolens, Plain and Fancy Serges in  
Blacks and Blues.

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—AND—  
**MANUFACTURERS' AGENT:**  
[No. 36 Dock Street.]

McLeod's Absolutely Pure Flavoring  
Extracts;  
Extracts Jamaica Ginger;  
Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summe-  
Complaint, Cholera, etc.;  
McLeod's Quinine Wine;  
Tonic Cough Cure;  
Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc.

**McLeod's True Fruit Syrups,**  
Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color-  
ing or other foreign ingredients,  
Strawberry, Raspberry,  
Lemon, Lime Juice,  
Special Blend and Imperial.

**IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend**  
are my own specialties which I can highly  
recommend—being of combinations of the  
flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics  
with that of our own Matchless Straw-  
berry.

Ask your dealer for McLeod's  
Brands of

**EXTRACTS AND SYRUPS.**

**Livingstone's**  
**LIVER**  
—AND—  
**Blood Purifier**  
JUST RECEIVED AT

**WILEY'S**  
**Drug Store.**  
**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**  
April 29, 1891.

**Bargains. Bargains.**  
—AT—  
**LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE,**  
For TWO WEEKS, commencing  
WEDNESDAY, JULY 22ND,  
AND ENDING  
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5TH.  
In order to REDUCE OUR LARGE STOCK  
in the following lines, we will sell  
our GENTS' LACE BOOTS,  
GENTS' LEATHER LOW  
SHOE (all kinds) and  
MENS' BROGANS,  
at  
**20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT**  
FOR CASH ONLY.  
**A. LOTTIMER.**

**MOSKANE BELL FOUNDRY,**  
Finest Grade of Bells,  
Chimes & Pells for Churches,  
Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc.  
Fully warranted; satisfaction  
guaranteed. Send for price  
and catalogue.  
HENRY MOSKANE & CO.,  
BALTIMORE, Md., U.S.A.  
Mention this paper.

**MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY**  
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1823, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarms  
and other bells; also Chimes and Pells.  
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