

**The "Sweetest Spot."**

The sweetest spot in the house to me  
Is the spot which holds my treasure wee.  
What is the treasure? Come and see—  
Only a blue-eyed baby.  
Only a bundle of dimples and love,  
Dropped in my arms from somewhere  
above;  
A white-winged, cooing, and nestling  
dove,  
Or, a bundle of mischief, maybe.

Now creeping here, now creeping there,  
Calling me hither and everywhere;  
Playing with sunbeams on the floor,  
Cooing—"a-zooing!" over and o'er;  
Climbing up and clambering down,  
Bumping and bruising his tiny crown;  
Sticking his toes through the dainty  
socks,  
Soiling and tearing his dainty frocks;  
Falling and crying and catching his  
breath,  
Till mamma is frightened almost to  
death;  
Laughing and shouting in frolic and play,  
Having a world of his nonsense to say;  
Showing the dimples in cheek and chin,  
Where frolic and mischief peep out and in;  
Asking for kisses and getting them, too,  
On cheek and on chin and on eyes so blue,  
Ready for play when the sunbeams rise,  
Ready for sleep with the twilight skies;  
And the sweetest spot in the house, you  
see,  
Is the spot which holds my treasure wee,  
My blue-eyed baby, my bundle of love,  
My white-winged, cooing and nestling  
dove;  
And long may he find his haven of rest  
In his mother's arms, on his mother's  
breast.

—*"Home Life in Song."*

**Jennie's Happy Year.**

"I remember," said the doctor's  
wife, "the day that Jennie Marshall  
first came to school. There were but  
ten of us, and we were like other girls.  
Our father paid our way through  
school; and we thought we never could  
endure it when it leaked out that Mrs.  
Vance was going to take a charity  
scholar, a poor clergyman's orphan, to  
prepare for teaching."

"Betty Kenneth declared she would  
never see her; she would pass her as  
though she were the blank wall,"  
which we thought a fine revenge on the  
girl for being poor. We all resolved  
to do the same.

"But, when the day came, Mrs.  
Vance led in a thin little cripple, with  
an appealing face and hump upon her  
back.

"This is Jennie Marshall," she said.  
There was a moment's pause, and then  
Betty marched straight up and kissed  
her, and we all followed her. Mrs.  
Vance looked surprised and pleased;  
but she soon led the new scholar out,  
and then we stared at each other.

"I can't make war on cripples," said  
the roughest girl in the class.

"Betty's face was red, and she  
spoke vehemently. I know what we  
will do! She thinks of her deformity  
all the time; I see it in her face. We  
must make her forget it. Do you  
hear, girls? It is a little thing for us  
to do to make her forget it!"

"If a teacher told us to do this, we  
should probably have disobeyed her;  
but Betty was the wildest among us.  
We were ready to follow her.

"We all went to work. We took  
Jennie into all our clubs; we told her  
all our secrets. Not a word or a look  
ever touched on her deformity or  
hinted that there was any difference  
between us.

"If she had been a whining, priggish  
girl, our good intentions might  
have been thrown away; but she was  
an affectionate little soul, ready to  
laugh at all our jokes. I fancy she  
was little used to jokes or fun. People  
had kept that terrible hump in her  
mind always, as though that was to be  
the chief thing in life for her.

"She was not clever at her books,  
but Betty found out that she could  
embroider exquisitely. Then we asked  
Mrs. Vance to offer a prize for needle-  
work with the others, and Jennie of  
course took it.

"She had a voice fine and tender as  
a lark's, and Betty always contrived  
that people who could understand it  
should hear her sing. I have seen old  
men come to her with their eyes wet  
with tears, and thank her for her songs.  
Even when we had tableaux, we con-  
trived that Jennie's lovely, sad face  
should be seen among the others.

"What was the end of it? Oh, it  
was not like a story or a play, with  
some great blessing coming in at the  
close. It was a severe winter; and  
several of the girls had heavy colds,  
two of them pneumonia. Jennie was  
one. She was not strong enough to  
fight against it. She was the only one  
who died.

"Yes, her poor little story came to  
a sudden end. We all saw her on that  
last day. Betty even whispered to her  
a secret. 'You can tell the other  
girls when you are well,' she said,  
nodding.

"Jennie laughed; but she looked at  
each of us, as we kissed her, in a  
queer, steady way.

"I never was so happy in my life,  
girls," she whispered, "as here with

you. Never. I wish I could stay!"  
"That was all; but, when we looked  
at her dead face the next day, there  
was a quiet smile on it.  
"Betty's little effort had made the  
last year of the tired child's life peace-  
ful and bright, and I thought that she  
surely had carried some of its happi-  
ness up with her to the home where  
her deformity could not follow her."—  
*Youth's Companion.*

**A True Story.**

About seventy years ago, there lived  
in the eastern part of Pennsylvania a  
little boy named Abram H—. Like  
boys nowadays, Abram liked to  
see all the sights; and so one beautiful  
autumn day his father took him to the  
neighboring village to see the soldiers  
drill, as it was the annual "training  
day." Nearly everybody in those days  
drank whiskey, even the children  
being taught to drink it; and in almost  
every cellar a big barrel of the awful  
stuff was kept. On these "training  
days" there was a good deal of drink-  
ing, many of the men going home  
drunk. Little Abram saw these  
drunken men the day he went to the  
training; and when he got home he  
said to his mother, after telling her of  
the things he had seen: "Ma, I am  
never going to drink a single drop of  
whiskey nor use a bit of tobacco as long  
as I live."

His mother said: "I am glad to  
hear you say that. You shall be my  
little temperance boy." This was the  
first temperance speech he made.  
Don't you think it was a good one?

About ten years after this, Abram,  
now a boy of seventeen, left his home  
and went on foot over the mountains  
to Pittsburgh, a journey of two hundred  
miles. Here he hired out to a sign  
painter, and began to learn the busi-  
ness.

It was the custom in the shop for  
the workmen to send one of their ap-  
prentice boys every day for a quart of  
whiskey, which they brought in an old  
stone jug. Of course, when Abram  
began working in the shop as an ap-  
prentice boy, the men sent him after  
the whiskey. He went two or three  
times, and then made up his mind  
that he would not go again, as he felt  
that it was not right.

The next day, while Mr. Jones, the  
owner of the shop, was at dinner, one  
of the men handed a shilling to Abram,  
and ordered him to go for the whiskey,  
which he refused to do, saying that it  
was not right, and he would bring no  
whiskey for them to drink. This  
made the man very angry, and while  
he was talking very loud, and threaten-  
ing to whip Abram unless he went,  
Mr. Jones, the proprietor, came in,  
and asked what the trouble was.  
Abram said: "Mr. Jones, I came into  
your shop to learn to paint signs, not  
to help make men drunkards. I am  
willing to do all the honorable work I  
can, but I will not carry whiskey for  
these men to drink. If I can't stay  
here unless I do this, why, then, I will  
leave."

Mr. Jones said nothing for a mo-  
ment; then, seizing the whiskey jug,  
he smashed it to pieces on the hard  
floor, and exclaimed: "The last drop  
of liquor has come into this shop that  
ever shall with my consent. This boy  
has preached me a temperance sermon  
that I shall never forget; and I shall  
never touch another drop of liquor."

This was Abram's second tem-  
perance speech, and what a brave, noble  
speech it was! Now, I want to tell  
you something curious that happened  
fifty years later.

Abram learned the painting business  
and became a fine workman. After  
this, he moved to Ohio, where he lives  
now, respected by all who know him.  
About a year ago, Abram, or as we  
will now call him, Mr. H—, now an  
old man of seventy-two, went with his  
wife to visit a son in Pittsburgh. One  
day, while there, he went to a  
"Murphy" temperance meeting, which  
was held in one of the largest churches.  
After speeches had been made by a  
number of gentlemen, an old man,  
with long white hair and beard, went  
to the platform, and said:

"I have been a temperance man  
ever since I was a young man; and I  
was led into being one by the brave  
stand taken by a boy who was learning  
the painter's trade in my shop fifty  
years ago." The old gentleman then  
went on and told of the scene in his  
shop, which I have just told you.

While he was speaking, Mr. H—  
asked a gentleman, sitting by his side,  
who the speaker was. "That," said  
the man, "is Mr. Jones an old citizen  
of Pittsburgh."

Mr. H— said: "Tell them that  
the boy he tells of is in the house."

The gentleman sprang up, and, in-  
terrupting the speaker, said: "The  
boy who led you into being a temper-  
ance man is here by my side."

Such a scene of excitement as then  
took place was hardly ever witnessed  
in a church. Mr. H— was almost  
carried up the long aisle to the plat-

form, and was there introduced as  
"that boy."

Then he had to tell the story over  
again; and also told of the first tem-  
perance speech he ever made—the one  
I told you of his making to his mother  
when a little boy about six years old.  
After he got through, Mr. Jones  
greeted him very warmly, and said  
with tears in his eyes: "It was your  
noble stand against bringing whiskey  
for the workmen that day, that, with  
the blessing of God, saved me from  
being a drunkard, and everything I  
am I owe to those noble words."—*St.  
Louis Observer.*

**Sifting Boys.**

Speaking, in the *Golden Rule*, of  
young people who improve, and of  
young people who waste their oppor-  
tunities, President Gates, of Iowa  
College, says:

Not long ago I was looking over one  
of the great saw-mills on the Mississippi  
river in company with the superintend-  
ent of the mill. As we came to one  
room he said: "I want you to notice  
the boys in this room, and I will tell  
you about them afterward." There  
were some half-dozen boys at work on  
saws, with various machines, some  
broadening the points of the teeth,  
some sharpening them, some cutting  
the slots deeper. There was one lad  
standing leaning against a bench, ap-  
parently trying to do nothing and suc-  
ceeding. After we had passed out of  
the room the superintendent said to  
me: "That room is my sieve. The  
fine boys go through that sieve to  
higher uses and higher pay. The  
coarse boys remain in the sieve, and  
are thrown out as refuse, so far as this  
mill is concerned." Then he explained  
what he meant. "I pick up a boy  
who wants to work in the mill, and  
give him the job of keeping the men  
in all parts of the mill and yard sup-  
plied with drinking water. That is  
the lowest position, and draws the  
least pay, for the reason, of course,  
that there is the least head-work re-  
quired. Then I say to that boy:  
"When you have nothing else to do,  
go into this room, and then I shall  
know where to find you when I want  
you." But there is a much more im-  
portant reason why I send him there.  
In a business like this, hands are con-  
stantly changing. A good deal of the  
work, as you will see by watching the  
machines and those that manipulate  
them, requires a high degree of atten-  
tion, energy, and good judgment. In  
the close competition of modern busi-  
ness life, whether this great mill runs  
at a margin of profit or loss will some-  
times depend upon the one man who  
runs the gang-saw. Consequently, I  
must be looking out for the best men  
to put into these responsible positions  
which draw the largest pay. Now I  
put the water boy into this room where  
there are several kinds of work being  
done. There are pieces of broken saws  
lying about and some of the tools that  
are used on them. I watch that boy.  
If he goes to handling those broken  
saws, looking them over, trying them,  
practicing on them with the tools  
there, busies himself watching the  
other boys at their machines, asks  
questions about how the work is done,  
and is constantly occupied in some  
way or another in his leisure moments,  
why that is the kind of boy that is  
very soon promoted to work on the  
machines, and is pushed ahead just  
as rapidly as opportunity offers. He soon  
goes to a better position and better  
pay, and I get a new water-boy. He  
has gone through the sieve. But there  
is another kind of boy. When he has  
time off duty, he occupies himself in  
that room doing nothing. He stares  
listlessly about, leans up against the  
benches, crosses one leg over the other  
puts in a good deal of time whistling,  
stares about out of the window, evi-  
dently wishing he were out there,  
watches the clock to see how soon he  
can quit work. If he talks with the  
boys who are at work, it is not to ask  
questions, but to bother them with  
some nonsense or other. I often do  
all I can to help such a boy. I push  
the tools around under his nose. I ask  
him questions about them. I talk with  
him about his future prospects. I do  
all that I can to crowd him into some  
sort of decent physical or intellectual  
energy. If the boy has any wake-up  
in him, well and good. If he has not,  
he is simply refuse matter. I don't  
want such a boy in this mill, even as a  
water-boy."

**What Boys Should Learn.**

Not to tease girls or boys smaller  
than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the  
room, put it in the pleasantest place,  
and forget to offer it to mother when  
she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as  
if she were a strange lady who did not  
spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their  
sisters as they expect their sisters to be  
to them.

To make their friends among good  
boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at  
home.

To take their mother into their con-  
fidence if they do anything wrong,  
and, above all, never to lie about any-  
thing they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn  
to smoke, chew, or drink, remember-  
ing that these things cannot be un-  
learned, and that they are terrible  
drawbacks to good men and neces-  
sities to bad ones.

To build a fence scientifically.

To fill the wood-box every night.

To shut doors in summer to keep  
flies out.

To shut doors without slamming.

To shut them in winter to keep the  
cold out.

To do errands promptly and cheer-  
fully.

To get ready to go away without the  
united efforts of mother and sisters.

To be gentle to their little sisters.

To wash dishes and make their beds  
when necessary.

To sew on a button and darn a  
stocking.

To be kind to all animals.

To ride, row, and swim.

To be manly and courageous.

To let cigarettes alone.

To tell the truth.

To observe all these rules, and they  
are sure to be gentlemen.

**Our Men of the Future.**

Boys should not consider it manly  
to use profane language.

They ought not to hold up others to  
ridicule anywhere.

They should not indulge their propen-  
sity of playing tricks.

They ought not to read dangerous  
books and papers.

They ought not to interrupt others  
in their conversation.

Boys ought not to smoke, for it in-  
jures their nervous system.

Boys should not backbite others. It  
is mean to do so.

Boys should have the greatest pos-  
sible horror for intoxicating drink.

Boys should shun evil companions  
as they would demons from below.

Boys should ever bear in mind that  
God's eye is upon them always.

Boys should continually struggle to  
overcome their special bad habits.

Boys, cultivate self-respect, you are  
our men of the future.

**Home Hints.**

THE simplest way to fumigate a  
room is to heat an iron shovel very  
hot, and then pour vinegar upon it  
drop by drop. The steam arising from  
this is a disinfectant. Doors or win-  
dows should be opened that it may  
escape.

ORANGE JELLY.—Dissolve one-  
quarter package of gelatine in one cup  
water, juice of six oranges and two  
lemons, one pound sugar; mix well  
together, and add one pint boiling  
water; when thoroughly mixed pour  
in a mould and let cool.

ANGEL'S FOOD.—Dissolve one  
and one-half boxes gelatine in one quart  
of milk, add well beaten yolks of three  
eggs, one cup sugar, juice of lemon.  
Let all just come to boil; when nearly  
cold stir in whites of three eggs beaten  
stiff; flavor with vanilla; turn into  
moulds. A dish suitable for tea or  
dessert.

FLAXSEED POULTICES.—Pour suffi-  
cient boiling water over the ground  
flaxseed to make it as thick as cream,  
and let the mixture simmer a few  
minutes. Apply as hot as can be  
borne.

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DEAR SIRS.—Last summer my  
younger sisters were taken very badly  
with croup, indeed we were almost in  
despair, having little hope of curing  
them. Finally we applied Hagyard's  
Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it  
cured them perfectly, and they are now  
enjoying the blessing of perfect health.  
ANNE JOHNSTON, Dalhousie, N. B.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suf-  
fer excruciating agony after partaking  
of a hearty dinner. The food partaken  
of is like a ball of lead upon the  
stomach, and instead of being a healthy  
nutriment it becomes a poison to the  
system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable  
Pills are wonderful correctives of such  
troubles. They correct acidity, open  
the secretions and convert the food  
partaken of into healthy nutriment.  
They are just the medicine to take if  
troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

To keep the beard from turning  
gray, and thus prevent the appearance  
of age, use Buckingham's Dye for the  
Whiskers, the best dye made.

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AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS  
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR  
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CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.

CURE  
SICK  
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ACHE  
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 cure  
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

is the cause of so many lives that have been  
made our great boast. Our pills cure  
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  
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and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all  
latest designs and patterns in Fancy  
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My stock of Mens' Furnishing Goods  
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