

Don't You See?

The boy who on the corner stands
With open mouth and listless air,
Who in his pockets thrusts his hands,
And shows no signs of thought or care:
Who idly dreams—who rarely works—
Who needful task or duty shirks;
Though kind in manner he may be,
There's much that's lacking—Don't you see?

The boy who will neglect his book
For game of chance, or bat and ball,
For gun and dog, or rod and hook,
Or for a dance—for one or all—
Will find he's made a grand mistake.
Can games the place of knowledge take?
When on the top round he would be,
He'll find he's lacking—Don't you see?

The boy who smokes a cigarette,
Or drinks with friends a social glass,
Is forming habits to regret,
Whose ill all other ills surpass.
Though solid rock is near at hand,
That boy is building on the sand,
With scoffing mates and boisterous glee,
His course is downward—Don't you see?

The girl who at the window waits
With idle hands and dreamy look;
Who, by her actions, says she hates
The household work of maid or cook!
Who lets her mother work away
While she indulges in a play!
Howe'er refined that girl may be,
There's much that's lacking—Don't you see?

The girl whose recitation show
No earnest work—no careful thought;
Who fails in what she ought to know,
When skillful set of work is brought;
That girl will fail to win the prize—
Will fail while earnest workers rise—
A grand success she'll never see—
There's too much lacking—Don't you see?

When one would build a house to stand,
He builds upon the solid rock
He takes the best as his command;
He piles the granite, block on block
No soft, shale rock shall have a place
In inner or in outer face.
Well-tempered rock shall polished be
For lasting structure—Don't you see?

Build them for time—on solid rock,
Give thought and care; build broad and deep,
Then tempest wild, with rudest shock,
Shall harmlessly around thee sweep.

With knowledge gained, and purpose grand,
The ills of life thou canst command,
From all their power thou shalt be free:
Thy power the greater—Don't you see?
Boston Courier.

A Box of Florida Fruit.

There were so many curiosities in
St. Augustine and the rest of Florida
That Dr. James Munroe, amateur natural-
alist, conchologist and etomologist, had
found the days all too short for his de-
lightful work.

The trip undertaken for his health,
exhausted as he was by his professional
labors, not only accomplished the de-
sired end, but gave him an opportunity
of riding his scientific hobby to his
heart's content.

He was an excellent and successful
physician, but I doubt if his most ex-
traordinary cases awakened the keen
interest which the discovery of a new
specimen gave him. And there was
his friend, Prof. Virchow, of the
Lincoln Institute, so grateful to him
for the rare insects and shells and
skeletons of extinct animals he had
sent him.

In fact, in the pamphlet on which
the professor was engaged, he had
spoken with warm gratitude of Dr.
Munroe as a scientific laborer whose
researches had been invaluable to him.
Grateful to the doctor was this in-
cense, and it spurred him to fresh
efforts.

He spent the winter in Florida, and
spring found him turning his face
homeward. He was strolling through
Jacksonville when he was accosted by
a dealer in many of the specimens
which went to enrich the Lincoln
Institute.

"Hallo, doctor," he cried; "I've
got something at my place you've been
wanting for ever so long."

"What's that, Collins?"

"Come along and see."

"Collins took him to a large tank
back of his warehouse. A large alli-
gator with a young one frisking about
in the water greeted the doctor's de-
lighted eyes.
"There's your baby alligator, doc,"
that you've been honing for ever since
you came to Florida. It's a frisky little
creature, ain't it? and it'll make the
nicest kind of a pet for a year or two.
If you don't want him there's been
three fellows from Boston who do, but
I promised you the first 'gator that
came to hand, and here he is."

"Of course I want him!" and the
doctor gazed ecstatically at the playful
young saurian. "Are you sure, Collins,
you can box him up so that he'll reach
New York alive and safe?"

"Alive and safe!" exclaimed Collins,
laughing. "Why, doctor, I've shipped
hundreds of alligators, big and little,
to the North, and I've never heard
that one of them died on the way.
But look here: let's strike a bargain.
I'm expecting three or four big fellows,
and I'll be glad to get the mother
'gator out of the way. They're ugly

customers when they have young ones,
and I'm afraid she'll fight the
strangers. Come now, take the mother
'gator and I'll let you have them both
at a bargain."

The doctor pondered a moment.
What a boon the alligators would be
to his friend Virchow, who was now
engaged in writing up the habits of
saurians.

"Well, I'll take her, Collins," the
doctor said at last, "if you guarantee
she'll arrive in good condition."

What will a Florida dealer not guar-
antee, when he is making a trade with
a Northern traveler, crazy for the curi-
ous productions of that strange land?
The trade was soon made, for the
doctor was in a hurry.

"I'll have them ready for shipment
this evening," Collins said. "Hallo,
doctor, you're going without giving me
the address."

"I'll be back in a couple of hours,"
the doctor called out. "I start home
tomorrow myself, and I've got to have
a box of fruit packed and shipped to
my family. I'll get home in time to
receive my alligator when it reaches
New York."

"Don't forget to come back,"
Collins called after him anxiously. He
knew too well that the doctor was the
most absent-minded of men, and would
forget his own head if it could be de-
tached from his shoulders. It was
therefore a great relief to him, when
about noon, the doctor's bald head was
popped into his office.

"I'm in the greatest possible hurry,"
Collins, he panted, "for I'm off in a
couple of hours. There's the address,"
pitching a card on the desk. "Good-
bye; see you next winter, if I live."

Dr. Munroe's handsome house on
Dash street, New York, was one
morning a scene of delightful anticipa-
tion. A telegram had been received
from him—"Will be at home by noon
train. Was detained a day at St.
Augustine. Shipped large box of
fruit."

And the box of fruit had just been
received—a tremendous box, which
took several men to drag into the base-
ment, for it could not be carried up the
staircase. And in the basement the
family assembled, waiting for John,
the carriage driver, who had gone for
an axe.

"Oh, there's barrels upon barrels of
fruit in there!" cried ten-year-old
Mamie, clapping her hands and dan-
cing round the box. "Charlie, what
did they bore all those holes in the box
for?"

"To keep the fruit from spoiling,"
goosey, answered Charlie, who was
seventeen, and given to lordling it
over his sisters.

"I dare say there's mangoes and
sapodillos and guavas in there," said
Ella, a rather sentimental young miss.

"Papa said he would send us speci-
mens of every species of Florida
fruit. What a delicious fruity odor,"
sniffing the air. "I can close my eyes,
and fancy myself under intense blue
skies, and reclining amidst the beauti-
ful orange groves of that lovely land."

"Mighty musky groves," Charlie
answered. "Smells as if a skunk was
somewhere round. Well, John, you've
been long enough after that hatchet.
Get to opening it, will you?"

And Norah, you help him to pry off the lid."

"Now, look here, children," cried
Mrs. Munroe, a fat, comely dame who
bustled in, "don't snatch the fruit
when the box is opened. There's
enough and to spare for all. It's just
like your father to go and send a great
box of fruit that will spoil on our
hands."

"And I'm thinkin' it's spoiled
already, ma'am," Norah said, pulling
at the lid. "It smells like—Och, Mary
mother blessed saints!" and with a
loud screech she fell backwards as
the lid came off, and a black monster,
lifting its frightful snout in the air for
a second, lurched heavily over the side
of the box.

Screaming in every variety of key,
the Munroe family fled to the only
door which would give them egress.

But between poor Norah and the
door the hideous monster lay. There
was a small window which opened on
the sidewalk, the grating of which had
been removed that morning for some
repairs. Scrambling up with difficulty,
Norah tried to push herself through.
But the window was small and Norah
was stout, and she stuck.

"Help, help!" she shouted. "Och,
Mister Murphy," as a policeman ran
to see what caused the uproar, "pull
me out, darlint, fur the fiery dragon
is ather me. Och, he's ate up all av
em, pore crathurs. Pull me hard."

And Mister Murphy pulled with such
vim that he not only dislodged her,
but brought her full weight upon him,
and together they sprawled on the
ground.

He was up in a minute and peering
through the window.

"It's a big alligator, bejabbers he
exclaimed. "I've seed 'em in Florida.
Keep back!"—to the crowd who were

pushing their way to the window.
"He'll get after ye in a hurry." And
they scattered yelling.

"What in thunder is all this?" and
Dr. Munroe, valise in hand, stood in
the midst of them. "What are you
crowding about my premises for?
What is this row about?"

"O doctor, darlint!" Norah shouted
to the astonished man, "the dragon
has swallowed the mistress up. I
heard her screech; and the poor
child—all gone; all eat up. O Holy
Peter, comfort him!"

Dr. Munroe rushed to the window
and looked through.

"How did the alligators get there?"
he cried; and then into his dazed mind
a solution of the mystery crept. In
his hurry he had given Collins the
wrong card.

"Are any of them hurt?" he groan-
ed, as he sprang up the steps. His
first glance at his demoralized house-
hold did not reassure him. His wife
lay panting on the lounge. Ella was
tapping her heels on the floor and
laughing and crying hysterically.
Charles as white as a sheet, was going
from one to the other with smelling
salts. Only little Mamie seemed to be
herself.

"Oh, papa," she cried, catching
sight of her father, "we thought the
box had fruit, but it didn't. A great,
horrid, black thing came out, and we
all run."

"You've done me up now, James,"
said his wife reproachfully, with your
vile reptiles and things. What did
you mean by sending them here?"

The doctor tried to explain, and Ella
ceased her tattoo on the floor to listen.
Suddenly there was a loud pistol shot.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Munroe,
clutching her husband wildly, "is that
the alligator?"

"It's the policeman shooting the
alligator, I presume," he answered,
grimly. "I saw him fixing his pistol,
but Norah gave me such a fright I
didn't stop to see about it. Well,
Virchow will have to do without it,
unless he chooses to stuff the skin. I
hope the idiot hasn't shot the young
one," and he hurried down to see about
his pet.

It was months before the nerves of
the family recovered their tone.

"I'm all in a tremble," Norah would
say at every new smash of crockery
from her awkward hands. "I dreme
about the monster, and when the rale
box av fruit did come from the insti-
tute, I couldn't eat one. On my word,
they choked me."

"But it was a box of Florida fruit
after all, Norah," Charlie said, laugh-
ing—"not of the luscious kind, but no
country but Florida can grow such
monsters."—The Household.

Helping the Minister.

Wallace is seven years old. Ever
since he was three he has been a Sab-
bath school boy. He loves Sabbath
school, but till lately he had not liked
going to Church.

It was so much pleasanter, he
thought, to stay at home, as he was
sometimes allowed, with mamma, who
was an invalid, and listen to her stories
from the Bible and Our Little Ones.

One day last spring a great change
came into Wallace's life; his papa, a
machinist, was suddenly killed.

When the next Sabbath came,
Wallace asked: "Mayn't I come home
after Sabbath School, and stay with
you?"

But this lonely, heart-broken
mamma had the courage to say: "No,
my son. Remember, papa will not be
there today; and when the minister
looks from his pulpit and sees his
empty seat it may trouble him. I
think he will like to see you in papa's
place."

So that morning, at the close of
Sabbath school, the little man went at
once upstairs and took the seat his
father had occupied from week to
week, with rare exceptions, for years
back.

After service he hurried home to tell
his mother: "I guess I helped him a
little; 'cause he came and spoke to
me."

Since then, every Sabbath, Wallace
feels that he has a place to fill in the
Church.

When sometimes the usher brings
strangers to that pew the little boy by
the door, standing up, makes his
slender figure very small that they
may pass in, but never gives up
"papa's seat" to anyone.

Not only the pastor but many of us,
while our hearts ache with pity, feel
confident that such a boy with such a
mother will some day take his good
father's place in the Church and in the
world.

Boys!—Treat mother as politely as
if she were a strange lady.

Be as kind and helpful to your
sisters as to other boys' sisters.

Don't grumble or refuse to do some
errand which must be done, and which
otherwise takes the time of some who
has more to do.

Have your mother and sisters for
your best friends.
Find some amusement for the even-
ing that all the family can join in,
large and small.
Be a gentleman at home.
Cultivate a cheerful temper.
If you do anything wrong, take your
mother into your confidence.
Never lie about anything you have
done.—Sel.

Young
Peoples' Column.

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 40.]

No. 233.—1.—Utah. 2. Square.

No. 234.—Yang-tse-kiang.

No. 235.—

"If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the laborer great or small,
Do it well, or not at all."

No. 236.—Pas. 66: 18. No. 237.—
Jas. 5: 2.

[The Mystery No. 43.]

No. 250.—PI PUZZLES.

(BY S. M. LONDON, Good Corner.)

"Samn flies a obko of thyorsi,
Het valsee tfeohre rea ydas,
Eth tleres rmiesce loyces oidjen,
Hte ltiet si sogd aspiar."

No. 251.—DIAMOND.

(BY "EDWIN," Cornhill.)

A letter; a verb; a boy's name;
extremity; a consonant.

No. 252.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY F. L. BARNES, Bath.)

In garden, not in flower;

In under not in over;

In Annie, not in John;

In desk, not in chair;

In Caesar, not in Brutus;

In love, not in hate;

In slate, not in pen;

In Venice, not in Rome;

In lift, not in drop;

In apple, not in fig;

In river, not in lake;

Whole is a river in Spain.

No. 253.—PI.

(BY R. B. S. MERRITHW, Keswick)

Revist ot peke teh lndoeq lreu,
Dna natre roynelssowlewtia hlosco.

No. 254.—DROP LETTER.

T-e-f-a-o-t-e-l-r-s-a-f-u-t-i-o-l-f.

—H. B. S. MERRITHW.

No. 256.—PUZZLE.

(BY "EDWIN," Cornhill.)

Three persons bought a quantity of
sugar weighing 51 lbs and wish to part
it equally between them. They have
no weights but a 4 lb weight and a 7
lb weight. How can they divide it?

No. 255.—DROP-VOWEL.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

n-m-n-m-y-l-d-h-r-s-t-h-p-n-ds

br-nk

B-t-tw-nty-m-n-c-n-n-r-m-k-h-m

dr-nk.

No. 257.—DROP-VOWEL.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

Th-s-r-v-n-t-s-n-t-gr-t-r-th-n-th

l-rd. One of our Lord's sayings; and

where is it found?

No. 258.—CHARADE.

My first brings joy;

My second may bring sorrow;

My whole comes but once a year

And may be yours to-morrow.

EMILY HICKS.

No. 259.—ENIGMA.

Name of a people;

Before;

Comes from a tree;

One;

To stitch.

The initials and finals will spell the

shortest verse in the Bible.

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