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Character Cross Road.

Badend and Goodend are rival towns,
As wide as the world asunder;
And yet they're as close, in a certain way,
As the lid to the eye that's under.
Close as the feet to the way they tread,
Or the deed to the thought behind it,
Close as the breath to the "No" we said,
Or the cup to the wine that lined it.

For the roads that end in these rival towns
In their far-away beginning
Stand side by side, and they each invite,
With a goal that seems worth winning;
Love and light on the road to the right,
And gold and fame on the other;
The "sight of the eyes" and the "heart's
delight,"
Or this world laid down for another.

Some say that there isn't a sign to show
The place where these two roads sever;
That it's only a chance which way men go,
And chance sets the seal forever;
That there's no more trail, for the eye to
see,
Than the trail of the fish in the river;
That it's chance what the way and the end
will be,
And chance will destroy or deliver.

But others have said that a guide-post
stands
As a sign of the road's dividing,
And to right and to left two pointing hands
Are stretched for the stranger's guiding.
So fair and white is the hand to the right,
That we know it as the mother's,
Which laid on our head when we knelt at
night,
And prayed for ourselves and others.

But the hand to the left seems to be our
own,
Stretched out to the things forbidden,
While the selfish fingers seem stiffer grown
Since the days when they first were
children.
And some have said they could see the
stain,
On that hand so cold and elfish,
Of the self of the world, from the sin of
Cain
To the latest sin that's selfish.

But the wisest man, 'tis agreed, can't say
Where our road will diverge for another;
He can only turn in his heart, and pray
To the wiser Elder Brother,
And remember the eyes never closed in
sleep,
And the tears that for human loss flowed,
And plead with the wisest our feet to keep
When they come to the character cross-
road.
—Sunday-School Times.

Meddling with Trust Funds.

"Well, I am glad I am not in her shoes at any rate," said Gertrude Holland, as she parted from a bevy of school girls at her father's door. "It is dreadful, but I am glad we found her out before things had gone on any longer," responded Irene Malsey, lingering for a few words more upon the all-absorbing subject. "If it had not been for our suspicions no one would have been the wiser, for every thing would have been covered up by the end of the term," Gertrude replied.

"It might have been, perhaps," assented Irene, shaking her head dubiously; "but when people begin to meddle with trust funds there is no telling where the thing is going to end. I could not help pitying Sara, too. She has always been such a good kind of a girl, and she must feel the disgrace dreadfully."

"Well, I have not a mite of sympathy for her. I can't respect anybody who will stoop to do a mean thing, and nothing could be lower than stealing," returned Gertrude, in a sharp voice.

"O, she did not mean to steal, Gertrude! It is not quite so bad as that. She expected to pay back all she used, but of course she should not have meddled with what was entrusted to her," said Irene, soberly.

"I should think not," exclaimed Gertrude, irritably. "She is a thief in the eyes of the world, and you know it too, Irene," she added, as she pushed the door open and walked into the hall.

"What new trouble has clouded your sunny face to-day, my dear?" asked Aunt Margaret, as she flushed, angry girl entered the living room.

"It is just this Aunt, Sara Brewster has proven herself a thief, a real genuine thief, and after going with us girls and being trusted like one of ourselves, too, answered Gertrude, spitefully.

"I am very sorry your trust has been betrayed, and sorry, too, for poor Sara. Tell me all about it, Gertrude. Perhaps, after all, it is not so bad as it seems."

"If any person can find an excuse for the wrong-doer, you are the one, Aunt, but really there are no extenuating circumstances in this case," Gertrude answered confidently. "You know Sara is treasurer of our Literary Society."

"Yes, I have heard you speak of it. Has she run away with your money?" asked Aunt Margaret, laying down her knitting and turning her eyes full upon the face of her agitated niece.

of it. Trust funds, too, and that is worse than stealing it boldly out of a rich man's safe. She has betrayed our confidence, and we can never trust her again, never!" asserted Gertrude decidedly.

"Tell me all about it," urged Aunt Margaret.

"There is very little to tell, Aunt," Gertrude began. "Irene and I have suspected her for some time, simply because she was getting so many new things, and you know the Brewsters have had hard enough work to get along, without buying whole sets of valuable books and other things they could very well do without. When the Society met this evening we appointed an audit committee to go over the books and count the money in the treasury. There were only three dollars to be found, and in confusion Sara was compelled to state that she had borrowed thirteen dollars for the purpose of purchasing a set of books which were offered for half price."

"She certainly should have consulted the Society before touching a dollar of the money," said Aunt Margaret, gravely. "Had she made no provisions for refunding the money?"

"O, yes! She has several music scholars, and she expects to return it this week, when Mary Harris would finish her term."

"Then you won't lose it," interrupted Aunt Margaret, with a sense of relief. "No, I suppose not; but that is not the question," urged Gertrude. "It is the principle of the transaction to which we object—meddling with trust funds."

"She made a very grave mistake, certainly," admitted Aunt Margaret, looking very serious.

"She will pay it back this evening, and there will be no fuss about it, of course; but she need never expect to associate with the girls of the class again. We're all agreed on that subject."

"You are sure you never meddled with trust funds—never used them for other purposes than those designed by the lender, then, Gertrude?"

"Indeed, I am, Aunt. That is one point upon which I cannot be mistaken. I am perfectly honest, no matter how many other faults I may possess," returned Gertrude impatiently.

"Was it perfectly honest in you to so slight your work this morning that it took the whole of your mother's resting hour to sweep the corners and dust the parlor, that had passed through your hands, which are trust funds from you Heavenly Father? Was it perfectly honest for you to refuse to read the paper to your father last night when he requested you to do so, simply because you wished to finish an interesting story? Was it not a species of theft to deny him the pleasure he had a right to ask? Last Sunday I observed that you closed your lips very tightly during the singing service, and yet you hold in trust a delightful voice that should have been in tune with Jesus all day long."

"I can't sing with that cracked voice, crooked-mouthed Phoebe Reed, and Mr. Arnot had no business bringing her into the choir."

"But your voice is a trust fund Gertrude, and it was the principle of the thing to which I am taking exception. You did not use it according to the direction of the Master."

Gertrude's face flushed hotly, but she did not venture to remonstrate, and her aunt went on:

"Another fund intrusted to your care is your tongue, and that little untamable member that has been the cause of so much trouble and suffering in the world. You profess to be a follower of Jesus, and yet we read in his Word, 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.' I need not remind you that in your treatment of poor Sara you have failed to carry out the teachings of this precept."

"I am ashamed of myself, Aunt, and I will do all in my power to restore the girls' confidence in Sara. She meant no harm, and I am sure she has suffered enough to atone for her folly already, without our adding to her punishment."

"If you had suspicions about the use to which she was putting the trust funds, would it not have been more in accordance with the spirit of your Master to have gone to her quietly, and told her of her danger, than to have compelled her to submit to public exposure, as you did?"

"I am certain we acted in a very unchristian manner, Aunt, and I am afraid it will be hard to gain Sara's confidence again. I did not really know that I was such a defaulter."

"Remember, my dear, you are not your own; you are bought with a price—the precious blood of Jesus—and you hold everything you possess in

trust. Your hands, your feet, your lips, your heart, your will, your strength, your all belongs to him whose you are, and whom you serve. See to it that you do not misapply the gifts that are only lent you for a little season."

Then, opening her Bible, Aunt Margaret read in a low, sweet voice, "And be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

Jack Barker and what Became of Him

Jack's father was dead and his mother took in washing. It was December and some of Jack's schoolmates had a long double sled and Jack had often wished for a ride on it. One night some of the boys were out sliding on the sled in front of Jack's house, because there was a steep hill there. Pretty soon there was a great, great shriek, and Jack ran to see what was the matter. He found that one of the boy's legs was broken. After that Jack's mother was afraid to have Jack slide. One day Jack's mother came to him and said: "There is a lady who wants me to come to her house and do her washing, and while I am gone I do not want you to slide, do you hear?" asked his mother. "Yes'm," answered Jack. Then he told his mother good-bye, and she started.

Jack wandered out to the front gate. He saw the boys out sliding. "Come out and have a slide," said one of the boys whose name was Tom. Jack slowly opened the gate and said: "All right," though his conscience pricked him when he jumped on the sled. He waited till the other boys got on, and said: "Are you sure that we won't tumble out and get hurt?" "Of course not," said one of the boys. So they started. But the boy in front looked behind him and did not steer the sled in the right place, and they were going right to the place where the boy had broken his leg. They were just at the top of the bank; some of the boys noticed the danger they were in and shouted, but it was too late. Jack met with nothing worse than a broken arm. One day he said: "Mother, I do not think I will disobey you again." And he never did.

Praying and Doing.

"Bless the poor children who haven't got any beds tonight," prayed a little boy, just before he lay down in his nice, warm cot on a cold, windy night.

As he rose from his knees his mother said: "You have just asked God to bless the poor children: what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I would give them some." "But you have no cakes; what, then, are you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy all the things I want, and have some over, I will give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy all you want and perhaps never will have; what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I will give them some bread."

"You have no bread—the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they now are—you know what you have that is your own; what are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half my money, I have seven pennies; I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"

A DROP OF INK.—I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott," pouted Walter Brown. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and sometimes swears. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him good."

"Walter," said his mother, "just take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it." He did so.

"O mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes; it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in it and restore its purity," said his mother.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

A SIMPLE and excellent furniture polish.—One part by measure of olive oil and two parts of vinegar. Shake well together and apply with a woollen cloth, after which take a dry woollen cloth and rub vigorously. A housewife who uses this says it is a first rate, reliable furniture polish, always to be depended upon for giving most satisfactory results.

Young Peoples' Column.

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 16.

No. 94.—Crowslip.

No. 95.—"Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam."

No. 96.—Millstream.

No. 97.—Susie.

No. 99.—"He lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived but lost."

No. 99.—
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No. 100.—Overcoat.

The Mystery.—No. 20.

No. 115.—PI PUZZLE.

(BY EDWIN N. BARCOCK, Carleton, St. John.)

"Mt hwne I vabe senir I hlw og eberof uoy tnoi Glaeiel."

No. 116.—ENIGMA.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

In come, but not in go;
In Harry, but not in Joe;
In rabe, but not in mow;
In rain, but not in snow;
In stich, but not in sew;
In paddle, but not in row;
Whole is a girl's name.

No. 117.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(G. A. GRASS, Waas Station.)

In found, not in lost;
In chair, not in table;
In house, not in barn;
In day, not in week;
In green, not in black;
In four, not in five;
In first, not in last;
In cold, not in warm;
In tub, not in pail;
In good, not in bad;
In young, not in old;
Whole is the name of a city.

No. 118.—TRANSPPOSED BLANKS.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

Transpose the following words and fill in the blanks: Lamp, Wolf, Meats, Words:—

- 1. He broke the point of his.....
- 2. Does the river....very swiftly?
- 3. The.....tree got destroyed.
- 4. The.....frightened the horse.

No. 119.—ENIGMA.

In lane, but not in street;
In part, but not in meet;
In dog, but not in cat;
In rug, but not in mat;
In sing, but not in hum;
In pear, and also in plum;
My last is found in health and breath,
My whole has caused much suffering and death.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

FATHERS AND SONS.

FATHERS and sons as well as wives and daughters need a purifying tonic medicine in Spring to prepare the system for the hot season and drive out the seeds of disease accumulated in Winter. B. B. B. has no equal as a spring purifier and costs less than a cent a dose. There is healing virtue in every drop.

Never had a preparation a more appropriate name than Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the capillary glands become enfeebled by disease, age, or neglect, this dressing imparts renewed life to the scalp, so that the hair assumes much of its youthful fullness and beauty.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact so great is the power of the medicine to cleanse and purify that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

THE SINGLE TAX.

The single tax may relieve poverty but as a remedy for painful ailments it cannot compare with Hagar's Yellow Oil the old reliable cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, croup, sore throat, lumbago, colds and inflammatory diseases.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

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SUPERPHOSPHATES.
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DYSPEPTICURE
THE SPECIFIC FOR
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Dyspepticure aids
Digestion.
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Indigestion.
The most serious and
long-standing cases of
Chronic Dyspepsia
positively cured
Dyspepticure.
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SPRING, 1891.

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CARPETS, CURTAINS, WINDOW
SHADES, CROCKERY or SILVER-
PLATED WARE for fitting up
your home this spring? If so
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We are selling a good many lines at greatly reduced prices. Special bargains in Window Shades. Large consignments of new goods arriving almost daily. Have you seen our \$27.00 WALNUT PARLOR SUITES, and BEDROOM SUITES correspondingly low?
Custom work made up to order on short notice.
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Satisfaction guaranteed to every customer.
JAMES G. McNALLY.
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TIMOTHY & CLOVER SEED at lowest rates. Good quality.
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4 CASES Ready-Mixed Paints in one and two pound cans, quarts, half-gallon and gallon tin cans, 12 gallons Light Oil Finish; 12 gallons Light Oak Varnish. Just received and for sale low, by R CHESTNUT & SONS;

MESHANE BELL FOUNDRY.
Finest Grade of Bells,
Chimes & Tials for Churches,
Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc.
Fully warranted, satisfaction
guaranteed. Send for price
and catalogue.
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1838, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm
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DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS.
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
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Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color
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Strawberry, Raspberry,
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are my own specialties which I can highly
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with that of our own Matchless Straw-
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Youths and Boys Overcoats,

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Ready-made Clothing.

10 PER CT. DISCOUNT
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192 Queen Street.

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Canvassed Ham,
CANVASSED BACON,

SPICES, COFFEES,
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