

My Little Boy's Pledge.

BY A. R. PHILLIPS.

Three things there are I'll never do:
I'll never drink, nor smoke, nor chew.
I ne'er will form an appetite
For whisky, beer, cigar, or pipe,
No alcohol or nicotine
Around my person shall be seen.

And three things more I will beware:
I'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear.
I'll speak the truth to every one;
What is not mine I'll let alone;
My lips, I pledge, shall ever be
From naughty oaths and by-words free.
Now these six things I will forbear:
I'll never drink,

Nor smoke,
Nor chew,
Nor lie,
Nor steal,
Nor swear.

A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy throng came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them rode a little lad,
Who listened to another
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous deris on;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys still;
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who can doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother.

—George Cooper.

What Saved Jack Alcott.

"Dolly, Jack Alcott's going to the bad."

Little Mrs. Haywood, lying on the couch in front of the blazing wood fire studying her husband's handsome profile, had just arrived at the highly satisfactory conclusion that her Will was the finest looking man she had ever seen. At these words, however, the happy smile on her face died quickly away as she answered:

"I'm afraid you are right, Will."

And then the silence fell again.

Jack Alcott, the subject of that brief conversation, was a handsome, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky scapegrace endowed with a deeply affectionate nature with nothing whereon to expend itself. Had the mother lived it might have been different, for the sight of her distress and suffering over his reckless life would have proved a restraint. Poverty also would have been a blessing, but deprived of these two safeguards the young fellow seemed bent on going blithely and with no uncertain steps on toward that goal designated in popular parlance as "the bad."

Finally Mr. Haywood spoke again.

"Can't we do something, Dolly? Jack's much too fine a fellow to go to waste like that!"

"I wish we could, but he comes so seldom now. Can't you speak to him, dear?"

"I know Jack better than you do, Dolly, and speaking would not be of the slightest use. He would lend me an ear, so to speak, might even pull up for awhile just to please me, but that's all it would amount to. Things have to go deeper than that with Jack to make an impression."

"Well, I think he's a hard-hearted, ungrateful fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Haywood, wrathfully, at the sight of her husband's anxious face.

"When he knows how much you care for him and how his conduct must grieve you. It's a disgrace for such a man as he might be to be what he is!"

"Of course it is," answered her husband, "and I'm going to trust you to think of some plan, Dolly, by which he may become what God intended he should be. If he only had some sweet, good woman like you to love him there would be some hope. But what right has any good woman to venture on the experiment of trusting herself to such a man as he is now, for all he is so lovable? But I must go, dear. I'm sorry to leave you feeling so miserably, but I will be back in two hours."

Then he stooped and kissed her and went away, and Dorothea lay looking at the dancing flames, with a happy flush on her sweet face, thinking of "poor Jack Alcott."

Not five minutes had passed when a tap on the library door was followed by the subject of her meditation, who entered smiling and handsome. She did not reproach him with his long absence, but simply looked glad to see him and held out her hand with a word of warm welcome.

"Will was obliged to go out," so

you are doubly welcome," she said, "for I have such a wretched cold that I need company."

But she was not to have it after all, for at that moment a maid entered with a note, at which on opening Dorothea first laughed, then looked as though she wanted to cry.

"What is it?" asked Jack, and she handed it to him.

"Bobs teacher," it said

"Bobs awful fond of you an' no mistake an' ef yer ever wants ter see him agin yer'd beter come rite off Bobs askin' fur yer an' askin' fur yer hes that terrible sick."

I'm his brothur Sam.

"O Jack, what shall I do?" and there was no doubt about the crying now.

"What does it mean?" he asked, full of sympathy at her evident distress.

"Bob is in my class at the mission, and though I have only had him for a few Sundays, I have grown really fond of him. I think I never saw quite such a little heathen as he was, but he is very lovable. He was not out last Sunday and I intended to go and see him, but this cold has kept me in. O, I wonder if I might not go to-night?"

"Certainly not. It would be your death in such air."

"But fancy the poor little fellow wantin' me! It breaks my heart to think that he will be wondering why I do not come. If Will would only come home!"

"Why, I will go and explain it gladly, if you will tell me where the little scamp is to be found."

"He and his brother have a tiny room at the top of a tenement house. O, how good you are!" and she seized a bit of paper and wrote off the address.

"First time I have ever been accused of that," he said dryly, as he took the paper and went off, promising to come back and report.

Jack Alcott experienced a rather peculiar sensation as he climbed the fourth flight of stairs in a tumble-down tenement, knocked at a certain door and, in response to a rough boyish voice, entered. Directly before him, on a miserable apology for a bed lay an evidently dying child, who, with eyes bright with fever, was looking beyond him as he crossed the room to the still open door.

"Didn't she come?" he asked pitifully, when he found that Jack was unaccompanied.

"She couldn't, Bob, she was sick herself," and Jack Alcott felt a strange lump rising in his throat as he saw the big tears rush into the blue eyes.

The other boy, presumably Sam, turned suddenly away, muttering between his teeth: "He's been a-waitin' and a-waitin' for her!"

"Poor little chap," said Jack, seating himself on the miserable bed.

"She cried because she could not come to you and she has sent me to tell you how sorry she is."

"I wanted to see her awful! I wanted to ask her something." Then, after a moment, looking up into Jack's face as the young man took the dry, hot little hand between his cool ones, he said: "But I s'pect you could tell me. You're good, too, like she is."

"The Dickens I am!" thought Jack.

"You're not like me that has stole lots an' lots of times an' done all sorts of bad," he went on in a thin, feeble voice. "But I was a-tryin'—tell her I was a-tryin'—but it was awful hard when yer hungry mostly an' ain't had nothin' all day. But I wished I'd stayed hungry an' not stole!"

"But what I want ter ask yer is do yer s'pose I'll let me in? She said He was sorry fur me, and do yer think He knows I was a-tryin' an' may be'd let me in up there that she told me about, where no person ain't never hungry anymore, and where yer don't want to steal, nor nothin'?"

"Say, do yer think He will?" and the little hand clutched Jack's with feverish strength and the eyes looked almost in agony into his.

O Jack! Jack! What can you say to comfort this poor, penitent little sinner? Which of you two, think you, has the better chance of an entrance into the heavenly mansion? Which has made the most of his many opportunities?

The clasp of the boy's hand tightens and the eyes still question pitifully. Answer he must.

"Yes, Bob, yes!" said Jack, almost with sobs. "He will let you in, He surely will if you ask him!"

"Than I will; y-u-r'e good like her, an' yer know fur sure!"

The thin, hot hands were folded, the blue eyes closed, and Jack Alcott, watching in the dim light of one poor candle, saw the lips move. The eyes were opened again, and a radiant smile fairly glorified the little face.

"I've asked Him, an' He's going ter let me in! He surely is!"

"Tell her," he went on presently, the voice growing faint and weak now,

"tell her that you wor werry good ter me, and tell her I wor a-tryin' like she tol' me, an' that I've asked Him an' He's goin' ter let me in."

A moment's pause, then, "Yer'll kinder look after Sam, won't yer?"

"Yes, Bob, I'll look after Sam, I promise you I will," and with great tears in his handsome eyes, the first which had come to bless them since he was a boy, Jack Alcott leaned over and kissed the white forehead. The blue eyes opened once more with a look of deep gratitude as the lips murmured:

"Yer good, werry good, ter me;" then a deep drawn breath, and Bob had been "let in."

Jack Alcott did not go back to report to Dorothea that night; he sent this note:

Little Bob is gone. He left you this message: "Tell her I wor a-tryin' as she tol' me, an' that I've asked Him an' He's goin' ter let me in." I shall see to everything here, so do not worry.

Dorothea read the note, and, with her eyes full of tears, passed it to her husband.

"Dolly," he said as he laid it down, "I think our question for Jack is answered."

Yes, things had gone deep with Jack Alcott at last. Ever present was that pitiful little voice. "You're good; you're not like me that's stole lots an' lots of times an' done allsorts of bad."

Sitting in his dark room one night with Sam, who, worn out by his grief, was asleep on the sofa beside him, Jack finally faced the great question of life.

Poor little Bob with his baby sins! Ah, yes! he had been "let in." But with opportunities so basely misused, what hope was there for one like himself? Get thee behind him, Satan, with your vile temptation to limit the power of God! Get down on your knees, Jack Alcott, and there beg for mercy.

Listen: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "For a little moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee; saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

Ah, you may well tremble, Satan, and slink away, for he is on his knees and your wretched reign in that soul is over forever!

It began to be noised abroad soon after the pitiful funeral that Jack Alcott had thrown up his pretence of business and was working night and day down in the slums among newsboys, bootblacks and worse, and that a shadow called Sam was ever beside him as his right-hand man.—*Congregationalist*.

Duty First.

It was in September, the height of the "busy season," and a sixteen-year old boy had obtained a position as assistant entry clerk, his duty being to aid in charging and shipping goods. But a week had he been at his post. Saturday came, and it was the first he had ever worked. It came to him like a shock, particularly as his "nine," for which he pitched, was to play a "crack" team from an adjoining town. Membership of this club he had not thought of giving up. After dinner his employer was told of his desire to leave work about two o'clock.

"Well, my boy, there are those bills to be charged."

He hadn't thought of them, and his heart sank. His club would be beaten, and all on account of his absence. So he mustered up courage.

"But, sir, I promised the boys I'd be there; and they'll be beaten, sure, if I don't pitch."

The response came quickly: "You can go, but don't let it occur again."

That night, at supper, flushed with victory,—for they had won a close game,—this boy told his father of the conversation and the result, adding, "He's a bully man, father."

After a few moments' thought this wise, and sometimes severe, parent said: "My son, had I a clerk in your position who made such a request, involving work left undone he was paid to perform, I should have told him to get out and take up baseball as a means of livelihood. You are paid \$6 for a week's work, and before the first week is finished you shirk your duty. Leave your club or abandon your position at once."

The boy thought his father harsh, but he was only just; and when, on Monday morning, he learned that his "bully" employer had taken his place and done what he had left undone, the implied and merited rebuke cut him. Manfully he apologized for his "short-sightedness," and never again in the many following years did he allow any personal preference to interfere with his plain duty. Wherever neglect is, trouble will follow shortly.—*Christian Union*.

Don't keep forty hens where only twenty can live.
Don't try over one breed at a time.
Don't expect eggs in return for neglect.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK,
—ST. JOHN, N. E.

Devoted to
Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 5.]

No. 23.—When your neighbour's house is on fire, take care of your own.

No. 24.—Those who cannot have what they like, must learn to like what they have.

No. 25.—Him that nothing will satisfy, let him have nothing.

No. 26.—Moselle.

No. 27.—I. s. J. top tap solid James pin pen d s

No. 28.—Isabel.

—[The Mystery.—No. 6.]—

No. 42.—CHARADE.

My first is tall.
My second is a young man.
My whole is a poet.

CARRIE W.

No. 43.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

I. A letter; a drink; a state in Germany; part of the head; a letter.

II. A letter; a fowl; a boy's name; a useful article; a letter.

CARRIE W.

No. 44.—DROP-WORD.

-s-d-m-s-t-h-g-h-f-r-f-l-h-p-n-th-n-t-h-s-m-th-n-t-g-t-

CARRIE W.

No. 45.—DROP LETTER.

T-e-h-u-h-o-f-o-i-h-e-s-s-i-a-d-h-s-o-n-r-s-n-b-m-n-t-o-n-o-m-n-

CARRIE W.

No. 46.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In minute, but not in second;
In hour, but not in day;
In nice, but not in gay;
In cat, but not in mouse;
In house, but not in barn.

My whole is a man's name mentioned in the Bible.

—[The Mystery Solved in three weeks.]—

The
(Mystical)
Circle.

We are pleased to see a number entering the February Prize Competition. We trust to have many more, as well as more puzzles from those named below. The following have already contributed: Carrie Wade, Cross Creek, our constant friend and well-wisher; Phebe A. Hart, Jacksonville, who, also, sends solutions to Nos. 18, 19, 21 and 22, and Myrtle A. VanWart, Somerville, who, also, sends answers to Nos. 24, 25, 27 (1).

What has befallen all our contributors of former days? Where are the boys in this contest?

UNCLE NED.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

DON'T PRACTICE false economy by buying common Flavoring Extracts. Ask for the "Royal" none other can equal them.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,—In a severe cold which settled in my back and kidneys, causing me many sleepless nights of pain. The first application of MINARD'S LINIMENT so relieved me that I fell into a deep sleep and complete recovery shortly followed.

JOHN S. McLEOD Annapolis.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

The new Egyptian Dream Book is creating quite a stir. Whether you believe in dreams and visions or not it will interest and instruct all who read it, as it contains full interpretations of a complete list of dreams with other attractive features. Sent by return mail on receipt of 3 cent stamp, T. McLEOD & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont. writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

My friend, look here, you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

A FORTUNE

Inherited by few, is pure blood, free from hereditary taint. Catarrh, consumption, rheumatism, Scrofula, and many other maladies born in the blood, can be effectually eradicated only by the use of powerful alteratives. The standard specific for this purpose—the one best known and approved—is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the compound, concentrated extract of Honduras sarsaparilla, and other powerful alteratives.

"I consider that I have been

several hundred dollars' expense by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly urge all who are troubled with lameness or rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure it will do them permanent good, as it has done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Dr. J. W. Shields, of Smithville, Tenn., says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine on earth, and know of many wonderful cures effected by its use."

"For many years I was laid up with Scrofula, no treatment being of any benefit. At length I was recommended to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. I did so, and

about a dozen bottles, was restored to perfect health—weighing 230 pounds—and am now a believer in the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—James Poley, Mine Boss, Brookside Coal Co. (Limited), Victoria, Ky.

"My niece, Sarah A. Loebe, was for years afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood. About 18 months ago she began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles was completely cured."—E. Caffall, F.M., Loebe, Utah.

By Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Cures others, will cure you

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. McLEOD 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.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles attendant on a bilious state of the system, such as Bileux, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their remarkable success has been shown in cures. Even if they only cured

ACHE

is the base of so many ills 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 for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small

DOMINION WIRE BED—best in the world—Reduced to \$4.75. Former price \$6.50

J. G. McNALLY.

CLIFTON HOUSE.

74 Princess & 143 Germain Sts.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

NEW GOODS

JAMES R. HOWIE,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I REG to inform my numerous patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well-selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHES, consisting of English Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suits, Fine Cords and Diagonal Suits, Light and Dark Spring Overcoats, 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 Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

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

Rubber Clothing a specialty

Jas R Howie.

192 Queen St., Fredericton.

June 20.

Wiley's Drug Store.

Whyte's White Liniment,

The best family Liniment in use for

SPRAINS, BRUISES,

SORE THROAT,

RHEUMATISM.

TRY WILEY'S EMULSION OF

COD LIVER OIL.

50 cents. Palatable, Easily Digested, contains Hypophosphites, 50 per cent. finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, Large bottles—good value.

John M. Wiley,

196 Queen Street, F'ron.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for

PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

JUST STORED.

Canvassed Ham,

CANVASSED BACON,

SP