

GOOD ENOUGH.

Dear boys, I want to give you
A motto safe and good;
"I will make your lives successful
If you heed it as you should.
A very simple motto,
Obey it in the letter—
Don't say a thing is "good enough"
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,
Or at your daily work,
Don't be a half-way dabbler—
Don't slip and slide and shirk,
And think it doesn't matter
That such talk is "trash" and "stuff"—
For until your task is perfect
It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school room,
Make every lesson tell;
No matter what you mean to be
Build your foundation well.
Every knotty point and problem
That you bravely master now
Will increase your skill to labor
With the pen or with the plow.

If you sweep a store or stable,
Be sure you go behind
Every box and bale and counter;
It will pay, you'll always find,
To be careful, patient, thorough,
Though the work be hard and rough;
And when you've done your very best,
Twill then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto,
If you ever mean to work
To any station higher
Than a stable boy or clerk.

It will make you no man's debtor;
Then never say "It's good enough"
Till it can be no better.

Golden Days.

Amy's Endeavor.

"Now, Amy," and as Mr. Rothe spoke he unfurled his boat and stepped in it, "if anything should happen that I can't get back tonight, you will have to see to the light."

"All right, father," was the answer: "I can do that well enough."

Then the wind caught the loosened sail, and the little craft sped away from the rock of an island from which lifted the tall light house, the flash-light of whose lantern gave warning of the dangerous Carling reefs, while six miles down the coast another light-house marked the entrance to Fairview Harbor. A lonely place for a home, that speck of an island out in the Atlantic, five miles from the nearest shore. But thirteen-year-old Amy Rothe, whose father was the light-house-keeper, had lived there so long that she hardly remembered any other home; and, gayly waving her hand to her father, she turned and ran up the path to the weather-worn house at the foot of the tower, where Lucy, her sister, two years younger, was confined indoors with a sprained ankle.

For a week Mrs. Rothe had been at Fairview with a sick sister; and it was to bring her home, as well as to obtain some needed supplies, that Mr. Rothe had gone that morning, intending to return the same afternoon. But, with the uncertainty of late autumn weather, almost before he had reached the land the wind suddenly changed and freshened, and before he could be ready to start back it had increased almost to a gale.

"They'll not be back to-night," said Lucy, as she looked out the window at the ominous sky, and the reach of tossing water, whose great waves were breaking in foaming fury on the stretch of reefs just outside.

"No," responded Amy, "father would never think of starting out in the face of such a wind, and with a sea running as high as this."

Now and then it had happened that Mr. Rothe had been deained from home over night. This however, was the first time that Amy and Lucy had ever been left entirely to themselves; but, though disappointed and somewhat lonely, they were in no way afraid, and, when the early darkness began to gather, Amy crossed the foot-bridge that connected the house with the tower, and, climbing the long, spiral stair, kindled the light that she had watched and helped her father care for, till he often said that she understood it almost as well as himself, and set revolving the warning signal. Then, with a long look over the wide, angry ocean, and a hope that no harm might befall any of the ships upon it, she ran down to the warm, bright kitchen, and mindful of her responsibility, when bed-time came, curled herself in a rocking-chair by a window, where she could keep watch that all was well.

Amy intended to keep awake all night; but, though she did sleep a little it was lightly and in broken snatches, and from one of these she started with a cry of dismay, "O Lucy, the light has at pped!"

"Has it?" was Lucy's comment from the adjoining room. "Dear me, and father away, too! That's too bad."

"It hasn't been long," said Amy, "for I looked out only a few minutes ago, and it was all right."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Lucy, sitting up in bed, as Amy hastily drew on her shoes and lit a hand lantern.

"I am going to try and turn it myself."

"Why, Amy Rothe! you never can do it, it turns so hard, and I can't go up to help. Father wouldn't expect you to. Besides," as she drew aside the curtain and looked out, "look what a fog there is. I don't believe any one can see the light; and, if they can't, it doesn't make any difference whether it flashes or not."

"Yes, it does," answered Amy, resolutely. "I know I couldn't keep it going all night, as father had to once; but it's past two, and maybe I can do it from now till morning. At any rate, I'm going to try." And, throwing a shawl around her, she hurried away.

The east wind was still blowing strong, and came raw and chill in her face as she stepped out into it, and the narrow bridge was wet and slippery with the rain-like mist. Amy was not timid by nature, but to be out alone in the night, with the drifting fog making everything around her weird and unreal, gave her an uncomfortable sensation. Even the familiar light-house tower seemed strange, the shadow the lantern cast on the wall beside her was distorted and grotesque, the stairs she had so often climbed wound above her into a mysterious darkness, and it was a relief to find herself beside the great light that in a way seemed both protection and company.

Not long before, while on a visit to Fairview, Amy had attended and become greatly interested in a newly organized Christian Endeavor Soc. ety. One meeting in particular, with the topic, "Ye are the light of the world," had made a deep impression on her mind, not only because of the great beacon whose rays she had nightly watched kindle for years, but because in her own heart there had lately grown the desire that the little light of her own life might shine in God's service. But how could it in her narrow, shut-away world? she had more than once questioned looking out on the path of light shining across the darkened water. She could be, she tried to be, faithful in her lessons, helpful, dutiful and loving in her home; but what else could she do? There was no Christian Endeavor Society to help in; no children to teach; no poor or sick to visit; no opportunity, in short, for any of those beautiful, noble ways that bless and help the world. But here a change had been committed to her, and on her and her alone depended whether the signal it gave should be a false or true one.

Amy had hoped that she might be able to start again the machinery which kept the lantern of radiant prisms revolving; but she soon found that, whatever the trouble, it was beyond her power to remedy. "I can endeavor, I must endeavor," she said to herself, as she turned to the hand apparatus provided for such emergencies. This was simple enough of operation; but, as Lucy had predicted, with her slight strength and unaccustomed muscles, it soon became painfully wearisome. To Amy, watching the clock Mr. Rothe kept in the tower, it seemed that never did time creep so slowly. Her arms ached, her face was wet with exertion, and her eyes were so heavy with sleep that it was almost impossible to keep them open. As four o'clock struck, and the daylight still so far off, poor little Amy, tired out and discouraged, threw herself down on the pallet her father had for the nights he watched beside his light, with the mental protest that there was no use trying any longer, she had done all she could.

"Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine," came the words to her mind like the flash of her own beacon. God would know if no one else did; the faithfulness, not the result, was her part. "Dear Lord," she prayed, "I am so weak of myself, give me strength, help me to endeavor." Then the tired arms bent to their task again; and as the surf thundered on the reef below, and the warning light flashed on above, more than once went up the voiceless petition.

At last the tardy morning came; and, extinguishing the light, Amy crept down to find in her own bed the sleep and rest she so longed for.

The same night a steamer with a hundred souls on board was slowly creeping through the fog and darkness. "Four o'clock," said the captain, looking at his watch; "and, I could know just where we were, I would feel a good deal safer than I do now."

Almost as he spoke a sudden gust of wind parted and lifted the dense fog-curtain, and showed him the clear and steady beam of a light-house. "The Fairview light!" he exclaimed to the man at the wheel. "Head her for it! We'll put in there, and wait for day-light."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply; and slowly the good ship turned her course. When flash, flash, came the signal ray, and the captain cried, "Turn her, turn her back again! It's the flash light at Carling reef." And then, as the good ship turned once more, and the fog closed dense and white around them again, the captain, thinking of the lives in his care and the cruel rocks on which more than one vessel had found its doom, cried, "Great God! what if we had not seen our mistake!"

So the gallant ship, with her precious freightage, safely went her way; nor passenger nor captain ever knew or dreamed of the tired young arms to which they owed their lives and safety. Nor did Amy, longing often for wider opportunities, ever know or dream of the results that hung on her fidelity to that night's duty. But, though that was never hers, she had a gladness beyond her father's warm commendation,—the gladness of heart which springs from the knowledge that one has endeavored well.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Farm Hints.

Get the hens ready for laying. Good sheep are always salable. Finish odd jobs of winter work. Good gates instead of poor bars. Give lambs and pigs dry quarters. Good shelter and bedding save feed. Keep the floor of your poultry house perfectly dry.

Allow no water to stand around your fruit trees. The first two days is the critical period in the lamb's life.

Give ewes comfortable quarters during the lambing season. Get your bee-hives and honey boxes ready for the coming season. If you have the right soil and climate try fruit-growing this season.

Put horses in condition for the heavy work they must soon perform. The health of a horse depends largely upon the cleanliness of his skin.

A little more farming in the garden, and more gardening on the farm, will help both.

Sow grass seed early in the spring on the knolls in the pastures and on thin spots in the field.

Keep the hens laying in their places. They have no business making nests in lofts and mangers.

Stock should not be stinted at this critical season between hay and grass, but keep in a thrifty, healthy condition, and also guarded against storms.

Don't Abuse Beasts.

"When I was a boy and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plow with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said: 'There is something wrong here; let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said: 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was; and but for that neighbor we would have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm because he laid down when he couldn't breathe."

"It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because, having a wound on his head, concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly. Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you. Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak."—*The Presbyterian.*

The winter restrains, that the summer may have the needful time to do its work well; for the winter is but the sleep of summer.—*George Macdonald.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

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

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

OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 11.

No. 60.—
J
CUP
CABIN
UBILEE
PILOT
NET
E

No. 61.—1. Handsome. 2. Grasshopper.

No. 62.—1. F
ARE
FRANK
END
K
2. A
APE
APPLE
ELM
E

No. 63.—
W I S H
I D E A
S E A R
H A R D

No. 64.—(1) And the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

(2) My son if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

—The Mystery.—No. 14.—

No. 79.—TRANSPPOSITION.
(BY A. M. BROWN, *Arthurette.*)

1. Transpose strong, and have an island.

2. Transpose entirely, and have rest.

3. Transpose a story, and have delayed.

4. Transpose the last of two, and have a toy.

—of—
No. 80.—ENIGMA.

In iron, not in wood;
In truth, not in lie;
In death, not in life;
In short, not in long.

Whole a Scripture name.
ALANDA M. BROWN.

No. 81.—CHARADE.

My first is the first event of every life;

My second is a division of time;

My whole is something everybody has.

—of—
No. 82.—ENIGMA.

In stool, not in chair;

In cap, not in hood;

In walk, not in stood;

In tail, not in head;

My whole is something without which none can live.

—of—
No. 83.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 4, 2, 1 is used for walking on;

My 5, 6, 7 is what we all have;

My 2, 3, 7 is a beverage;

My whole is a noted minister.

3 BY PHEBE A. HARTT.
Jacksontown.

No. 84.—DROP-LETTER.

e-e-m-n-s-k-i-e-t-i-m-n.

J. B. DELONG.

No. 85.—DROP-LETTER.

B-e-s-d-a-t-e-m-r-i-u-f-r-e-s-a-l-o-t-i-e-c.

J. B. DEL.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—CHAT—

PHEBE A. HARTT, Jacksontown, has thanks for nice puzzles. Nos. 55 to 59, inclusive, correctly answered.

ALANDA M. BROWN, Arthurette, has thanks, also, for nice puzzles. Nos. 53 to 59, inclusive, correctly unravelled.

Another prize contest soon. Prizes in late contest will be mailed at once.

UNCLE NED.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine.

JOHN D. BOUTILLER.
French Village, Jan'y., 1883.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

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Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y. writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at time worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Par-melee's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to such men as Drs. Ayer and Jenner—the latter for the great discovery of vaccination, and the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla—the best of blood-purifiers? Who can estimate how much these discoveries have benefited the race!

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

SAVED

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 Flatburgh, 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 Pety, Mine Boss, Breckinridge Coal Co. (Limited), Victoria, Ky.

"My niece, Sarah A. Losee, 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, P.M., Losee, Utah.

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ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, 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 base of so many lives that here is where we make 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 please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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