

No Place For Boys.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay, If he always is told to get out of the way? He cannot sit here, and he must not stand there. The cushions that cover that fine rocking-chair Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired; And a boy has no business to ever be tired. The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom On the floor of the darkened and delicate room Are not made to walk on, at least not by boys: The house is no place, any way, for their noise. Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if there feet, Sent out of our houses, sent into the street, Should step round the corner and pause at the door Where other boys' feet have paused often before? Should pass through the gate-way of glittering light, Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice, And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys?" Ah! what if they should? What if your boy or mine Should cross over the threshold that marks out the line 'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin, And leave all his innocent boyhood within? Oh! what if they should, because you and I, While the days and the months and the years hurry by, Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys To make round our hearthstones a place for the boys? There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere; And if our own homes are too daintily fair For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet, They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street, 'Mid the giddings of sin and the glitter of vice; And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price, For the getting of gain that our life-time employs, If we fall in providing a place for the boys. A place for the boys—dear mothers, I pray, As cares settle down round our short earthly way Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds To show we remember their pleasures and needs, Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life, And worn with besitements and tolling and strife, Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—place in their innermost shrine; And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys That we kept a small corner, a place for the boys.

—Selected.

The Flood in Mad River.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Yes," said Skipper Jackson, "it's comin', sure, and worse than it is now! Look out, boys! Take a lesson from it! It all starts in a drop." "What?" said Ned Prince. "What?" asked Harry Peaslee. But the Skipper did not seem to hear them. He was looking at a shabbily-dressed man coming down the street. It was "Toper Trefether," the village drunkard. "Yes," murmured the Skipper, "that man proves it. Time was when he took his first sip." "Why, what are you talking about, Skipper Jackson?" asked Ned Prince. "Oh!" said the Skipper, waking up out of his dream-like mood, "I was thinking of this: this freshet in the Mad River valley all begins in one little drop tumblin' out of the sky, and poor 'Toper Trefether,' or Tom Trefether, as we boys called him, did not begin as a drunkard, but the awful flood of intemperance a-sweepin' him away, started in a drop slippin' over his lips. Look out, boys!" The Skipper walked off. "Say, Harry!" asked Ned, "do you think he means me?" "I can't say what the old fisherman was thinking of, but I know he shall not mean me. I am going to keep clear of that evil Toper Trefether is feeling the effects of." "Puritan!" muttered Ned. It chanced that five minutes before this, Ned Prince stopped Harry Peaslee opposite Sprout's grocery and urged Harry to go in and take a glass of beer with him. Harry declined. The Skipper came along just then and made the remark we have recorded. He doubtless noticed the halt of the boys before the grocery door, and drew his own inference from it. Harry moved up street. Ned, muttering something about Skipper Jackson's "insulting remark," went into Sprout's grocery. Meantime, the freshet current that had been swelling

and rushing all along the line of Mad River Valley, continued to swell and rush, growing bigger, racing faster, and what an angry stream it now was! At intervals, the wreck of a swept-away barn would come floating past the village, or it might be a boat detached from its moorings, or the runaway craft might be a raft of logs, or perhaps a house upset and, crazy-looking, would sadly, somberly float by. Ned Prince and several young men from the grocery that had almost tipped them over with its beer, ran down toward a mass of logs caught on the bank, and tried to raft the logs toward that drifting house. All the young men except Ned had sense enough to discover how foolhardy would be the attempt, and they came back to the bank.

"Come on!" shouted Ned, still upon the logs. "Don't be cowards!" He persisted in his attempt to push the logs off into deep water. He lost his balance, fluttered on the logs like a bird wounded in the wings, and then down into the angry current he went! "Help-p-p!" was the pitiful cry rising from his lips. Ned's companions were helpless with fright. They seemed to be paralyzed. But hark!

The sound of hurrying feet they caught. "Hold on!" shouted a brave voice. "Coming, Ned!"

It was Harry Peaslee—resolute, clear-headed, cool Harry.

Ned had grasped a log and was trying to cling to it. The log unluckily rolled over, and down again went Ned!

But Harry was running swiftly along the neighboring logs, and then stooping low, reached out waiting hands.

They did not wait but a second apparently, for up came Ned, and waiting hands became helping hands. Harry seized Ned by the collar, and so held him until help could come, and then Ned was safely transferred to the bank.

What a white, awe-struck face he had! He was sober enough to say "Thank you!" and then went shivering home, leaning on the arm of faithful Harry. He made this very significant remark to Harry as the boys parted at Ned's door: "S-s-sy, Harry!" Then he paused. He was chilled and chattered in his speech.

"I'm g-g-going to turn over a n-n-new leaf, and—" "Now, Ned, don't try to make a long speech, but go in and warm yourself. You mean you will sign the pledge?"

"Y-y-es-s!" "I'll bring one to-morrow." Harry brought it; Ned signed it; Ned kept it.

Shall The Boys Help Mother?

Eugene Ames wanted to go to college, but had little means and had also a mother to care for. He felt he could not spend time to earn money by teaching, so he proposed that he and his mother should rent a house in the college town and take roomers, and he would help in the housework. This plan was carried out through all his college course. The mother was delicate in strength, and was a woman of a classical education. Eugene prepared breakfast while his mother read to him his lesson in Latin, French, or German, and the result was that Eugene was one of the best in the language classes, having an educated ear as well as an eye. After breakfast he did the hard part of the work—bringing coal, carrying ashes, making beds, sweeping, etc. Saturday he did the family washing, while the mother sat by giving her suggestions, and reading to him his lessons in history, chemistry, or philosophy. When Eugene had graduated, he was offered a position in the college as an assistant instructor in chemistry, with a salary of \$50 a month the first year, \$75 a month the second year, and \$100 a month the third year; and during this time he was also taking a post-graduate course and giving such help as was needed to his mother at home. To-day with a prospect of a professorship before him, a man well known in the scientific world, he never regrets that he has guarded, protected, loved, and helped his mother.

I could take you to-day to a home where a man, who as a boy was a mother-helper, now as a husband is a helper of his wife. Soon after marriage the wife, with the common idea of a wife's duties, began to pick up and hang up after her husband. But this was not in accordance with the young husband's education, so he gently said to her: "My dear, this is very nice just now, to be waited on by you; but it is not right. The time will come when you will not have the leisure, and then it will be a burden. I have always waited on myself, and am just as able now as before, and I think it my place to wait on you." Sometimes

the young wife felt a little hurt when she saw her husband pick up misplaced articles, thinking it was intended as a reflection upon her housekeeping; but she soon learned that it was only the natural result of the home-training in helping mother; and now, when children fill the household with their merry prattle and their sweet untidiness, she is often encouraged and upborne by the silent thoughtfulness of the husband, whose own belongings are never left for her to put away, and whose watchful eye sees so many little things he can do to help her. His example and helpfulness in the family are making an impress upon the little son, whose highest happiness is to help mother. And in the business world this helpful husband is respected as a man of probity, of good judgment, of practical wisdom, a strong man in the Church and in business, and one of the pillars of the community in which he lives.

I have thought it best to answer the question which forms the title of this article, not by the exposition of a theory, but by a recital of facts, which, to my mind, form the strongest answer to the query, "Shall the boys help mother?"—Congregationalist.

Bertie's Escape.

A TRUE STORY.

"Bertie, boy, want to ride down to the cars with papa?"

It was a beautiful summer morning. Bertie's eyes sparkled, and his tongue ran merrily as a little brook all the while his mamma was dressing him.

She put on his pretty blue plaid dress and white coat, and the little straw hat trimmed with blue ribbon, with the drooping feather just shading his white forehead. How pretty he looked, with his rosy cheeks, and shining eyes, blue as the summer sky!

Papa took him in his arms, and lifted him into the carryall. Joe, the hired man, went too, to drive home; for Bertie's father was going to Boston for the day.

Little thought mamma, as she kissed her darling good-by, and stood in the porch, in the sweet summer air and sunshine, watching them down the road,—little thought she what peril the next hour would bring.

How Bertie enjoyed that ride! He chattered like a monkey, and was as full of glee as the singing birds.

Bay Charlie picked up his ears, and trotted faster as they approached the station; but they were in good season, and the train was not as yet in sight.

"Good-by, Bertie! Be a good boy, and mind mamma," said papa, with a kiss, and sprang out, never thinking but that Joe would, as usual, turn directly around and drive home.

But Joe wanted to do an errand of speak to some one he knew, and, intending to be away only a moment, threw the reins over the dasher, and left little Bertie sitting in the carriage. The horse was gentle, and used to stand without tying.

But the train came in sight, with a sharp whistle. The horse was frightened, and feeling no hand on the rein, started into a run, bearing down directly toward the track.

Poor little Bertie! The engine was close at hand, sweeping on in its terrible power; and in another instant where would the frail little life be? Who could save him?

But help was near. The angel of deliverance came swiftly, not on silver wings or clad in white, cloud-like garments, but booted and coated, with quick foot and strong arm and heroic heart.

A young man, hastening to catch the train, saw the child's danger, and, giving not an instant's thought to his own imperilled life, redoubled his speed, sprang into the carriage on his knees, and, grasping the reins with a vigorous hand, succeeded, on the very verge of the track, in turning the horse one side.

Then quickly, as if the deed of generous purpose and high courage were an everyday affair, he went on his way to his daily business; and the little child was given back to his mother's arms, not a hair of his golden head harmed.—Children's Hour.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer has restored gray hair to its original color and prevented baldness in thousands of cases. It will do so to you.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes:—"I am requested by several friends to order at other parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of Rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, — St. John, N. B.

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

OUR MOTTO: ON UP WARD!!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 16.

No. 92.—Planet.

No. 93.—(1) B (2) D
TOE ERA
BOARD DPA IN
ERA AIM
D N

(3) C
TOP
COCO A
POT
A

No. 94.—
The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete
His promise is yea and amen
And never was forfeited yet.

No. 95.—A R R O W
R A I N
R I P
O N
W

No. 96.—(1) "Unto every one
which hath shall be given."
(2) "If God be for us, who can be
against us."

No. 97.—(1) "Let us love one
another."
(2) He that humbleth himself shall
be exalted."

No. 98.—1st Timothy 4: 12.

—The Mystery.—No. 20.—

No. 111.—ENIGMA.

(BY M. R. MCLEOD, F'ton.)

In gage, and also in pledge;
In end, but not in tail;
In nor, but also in or;
In rat, but not in mouse;
In gone, and also in go;
In seat, but not in chair.
Whole a boy's name.

No. 112.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.

(BY J. E. DELONG, Kingston.)

I.

Vdiess tnovelitgnais hytbnieghrou

gueset eh waeltieh sceneryl yb ehet.

II.

Hte siew hlsal hrimiet grylo tub

hmeas hlsal eb hte roptoniom fo osfol.

III.

Trene tno onti het hpta fo hte

kweedi dna og tno ni hte ywa fo vlie

men.

IV.

Het yaw fo hte dkwcie si sa keesnrda

hyet nkwo tno ta wath yhte tlebums.

V.

Eh hlsal edi thtwtuoit tetstunoni;

dan ni het ruasngae fo shi llyho eh

lalsl og tyasra.

VI.

Og ot hte tna htou glsugdra;

snocderi reh yawa nad eb sewi.

No. 113.—ENIGMA.

In saw, and also in wood;

In bad, but not in good;

In live, not in die;

In wheat, not in rye;

In cow, not in calf;

In sing, not in laugh.

The whole will spell a poet's name.

H. D. MCMLUKIN.

No. 114.—ENIGMA.

In mouth, not in ear;

In their, not in hear;

In live, not in die;

In wheat, not in rye;

In cow, not in calf;

In sing, not in laugh.

The whole will spell a poet's name.

H. D. MCMLUKIN.

No. 115.—DROP-LETTER.

T-e-a-h-i-a-l-i-s-e-k-n-t-t-e-i-

h-s-e-e-a-t-u-t-h-t-i-w-v-s-i-l-e-d-

-h-e-r-w-p-a-t-y-n-h-w-y-

CARRIE WADE.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

Minard's Liniment cures

Burns, &c.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gentlemen,—The top of my head

was bald for several years. I used

MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now

have as good a growth of hair as I ever

had.

MRS. ALBERT MCKAY.

Wheatly River, P. E. I.

I have used MINARD'S LINI-

MENT freely on my head and now

have a good head of hair after having

been bald for several years. It is the

only hair restorer I have ever found.

MRS. C. ANDERSON.

Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.

A VOICE FROM SCOTLAND.

DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recom-

mend Haysard's Pectoral Balsam. It

cured my daughter of a cough she had

been troubled with since childhood.

She is now twelve years old.

Mrs. M. FAIRCHILD, Scotland, Ont.

A FORTUNE NEW GOODS

JAMES R. HOWIE,
PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I BEG to inform my numerous patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well-selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the 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, Merino 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.

Seeds.—Seeds.

Wiley's Drug Store,

196 QUEEN STREET.

ALL KINDS

Carden,
Field and
Flower.

JUST RECEIVED.

John M. Wiley,

196 Queen Street, F'ton.



JUST STORED.

Canvassed Ham,

CANVASSED BACON

SPICES, COFFEES,

etc., etc.

We are offering very low prices

to dealers on Pure Spices.

TIMOTHY & CLOVER SEED

at lowest rates. Good quality.

A.F. Randolph & Son

ADVERTISING.

If you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to G. O. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

OIL, OIL.

Per S. S. Historian—
13 CASKS Paint Oil;
1 Cask Pocket Cutlery, 1 Doz. 1
Springs and Shelf Hardware.
Just received and for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY

Favorably known to the public since 1858. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also Chimney and Food.

Meneely & Co., West Troy, N.Y.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY

Bells for Churches, Colleges, Schools, Fire Alarms of Pure Copper and Tin.

Full particulars, catalogue and prices sent on application.

VANDUSEN & TIFT, Cincinnati.

BOARDERS WANTED

MRS. WM. DOWNEY, Proprietress of the EUREKA HOUSE, corner King and Westmorland streets, is prepared to supply good board with large pleasant rooms to Lady Normal School Students. She can also accommodate a few transient at reasonable rates.