

The Years.

"But the years will not stay,"
With a buoyancy tempered by grace,
And a pace
That is joyous and free,
Nor is heavy with tears,
Go the years,
When the best of the life is to be.
But they go with a rush too intent to be
kind,
With the winter before and the summer be-
hind!

The years do not hasten in youth;
Of a truth
They appear to delay,
And creep gently along
To a song.
But ah! how they speed on their way
When they all are departed, excepting the
last
And the shadows of death cover those that
are past!

Are you rich in the years of bright gold
Yet untold
Do they leisurely go
Like a dream that is fair,
Or a prayer?
Oh, be wise; use them well! You shall
know
How the years, growing shorter with good
can increase,
And a life at the end be transfigured with
peace.

Does the thought that so few years remain
Give you pain?
Oh be glad that your quest
Brings you into the light,
From the night,
And the worker at last has his rest!
In the homeland above are no sorrows, no
fears,
And the life they live there is not measured by
years.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Earning His Salt.

"You don't earn your salt, that's
what you don't! You're just a trouble
an' expense."

Miss Hannah Smith shut the milk-
room door with a slam, and Sammy,
her orphan nephew, took up the pail
of milk and went to feed the calf. He
walked down through the garden very
slowly, and the pail seemed very heavy
judging from the dejected way in
which he carried it, or perhaps, it was
his heart which was so heavy, after
all.

He did seem to be so unfortunate;
he had just broken the blue and white
bowl from which his supper of bread
and milk had just been eaten. Of
course he had not meant to break it
and was truly sorry; but it had vexed
his aunt all the same, and brought
down upon him sharp words of con-
demnation which he had so often
heard:

"You don't earn your salt!"

And he had worked so hard that
day, it was hot and sultry after a rainy
morning, and he had churned and
weeded the garden beds—such long
beds they were, too; and raked the
door-yard, and hunted out a stolen
hen's nest, and picked some currents,
and fed the chickens over and over
again, and the calf and the pig—why,
it made him tired just to think over
all he had done! And it was Satur-
day, too—a holiday for most boys; but
for poor Sammy there had been no
time to play, or even to go fishing up
the creek with 'the boys,' or even to
look between the covers of a story-
book which one of them had lent him;
and so the day had gone, and after all
he had not earned his salt.

He had reached the bars of Spot's
pasture, and the pretty creature had
just put her eager nose in the pail,
when one of the Lawrence boys came
skipping along the lane.

"Hey, Bert! Come over an' see Spot
drink."

"All right! Can't stop but a minute,
though, for I've got an errand for Miss
Smith; but my grashus! ain't Spot
growing into a beauty?"

"Yes, that she is; she's the biggest
eater you ever seen! But say, Bert,
is salt very dear stuff?"

"Salt! why, I don't know; I guess
not, though, for everybody has got
lots of it. Why, Sam, you don't feed
much of it to Spot yet, do you?"

"Oh, no. I was just wonderin' about
it, that's all."

"Well, ask your Aunt Hanner; she'll
be sure to know—but, my sake! I
musn't stand here, for the baby's sick
an' ma wants help."

Bert sped on to the house, and Sam
lingered so long over the bars that his
aunt had some excuse for the sharp-
ness with which she called:

"Sammy! Sam, Sammee! where be
you a-stayin' to?"

And as soon as he made his appear-
ance she said:

"I want to know if you've come at
last? I didn't know but you'd fell in
the pail of milk an' drowned yourself."

Here, I've got to go straight over to
Miss Lawrence's cause her baby's sick,
and she's scart nigh to death, as she
always is, if the least thing's the mat-
ter, an' I want to look up the house an'
take the key, so you'll have to come
in an' go to bed."

Poor Sam! It was only a little after
sunset, and it was getting so pleasant

and cool out of doors, and he knew
just how hot and stuffy it was in his
little room under the eaves.

"Oh, Aunt Hanner! please, mayn't
I go with you?"

"You! why, what airly use do you
think you'd be to the baby?"

"None, of course; but—but you'll be
so awful lonesome a comin' back all
alone!"

"Stuff an' nonsense! I don't mean
to stay over an hour; an' I don't like
to leave the house all stark alone with
all that money in it neither; not that
there's any real danger, for there ain't
no prowlers around now-a-days, an' if
there was, they'd never think of lookin'
where I keep my money hid. I was a
fool for tellin' you, I s'pose."

"Why, Aunt Hanner? you know I'd
never touch it!"

"Of course you wouldn't; you're hon-
est, or you wouldn't be Benjamin's
boy. But, as I was sayin' I ought to
have gone in to the bank this forenoon
but it was so hot an' I had so much to
do. I must go sure on Monday, an'
you be a good boy an' go straight to
bed, an' mebbe I'll let you go along.
I've got to buy you another pair of
shoes, I s'pose. How glad I shall be
if you ever do git big enough an' cap-
able enough to earn you salt."

Sam hung up his hat in the entry
and went into the kitchen where his
aunt was busy putting things in order
for the night and fastening down the
windows, but suddenly she said:

"I do s'pose it ain't cooled off a mite
up in your room yet, Sammy, so if
you want to you can set here by this
window a spell, if you'll promise not
to go out of it, an' be sart'n' sure to
put it down an' turn the catch down
over the top before you go to bed."

Sam gratefully promised, and his
aunt knowing that she could trust him,
locked the door, put the key in her
pocket and departed, for in spite of
her stern and abrupt manners she had
the experience and ready tact which
made her a blessing to her suffering
neighbors.

The lonely boy watched her out of sight
up the lane, and thought wistfully how
the Lawrence boys would be out playing
'wolf' and 'hop-scotch' all through the
long twilight, and wished he might be
with them; but then with a little thrill
of pleasure he thought of the promised
new shoes, and there was the story-
book—surely he might read a few
minutes; so he ran up stairs after it,
and settled himself close by the win-
dow to catch the last remnant of day-
light; but he had read scarcely more
than two pages when the window was
suddenly darkened by the figure of a
man.

Sam was startled; and, still more
dismayed when he saw that instead of
one of the neighbors, it was a man he
had never before seen.

"Well, young chap, improvin' your
mind, be ye? That's a good idea; but
couldn't you just get me a drink of
water or milk, or—or ask somebody
else to do it?"

"There ain't nobody else; but I can
get you some water. I don't hardly
dare disturb the milk."

"Ah, I see, afraid! Old lady's a
terror, is she? Locks you up alone in
the house when she's away."

"Well, I was jest going to bed, you
know, an'—"

"Mannerly folks don't go to bed
when they've got callers, said the man
sitting down in the window. "Come,
I'm dying for the water, boy?"

Sam hardly knew what to do. The
water pail was out in the shed, and he
could not put the window down with
the man sitting there; but while he
hesitated the visitor swung himself in.

"Now, my young friend, never mind
the water, but give me that money."

I'll take care of it, an' save the old
woman goin' to the bank."

The boy's knees shook under him at
this fierce demand, but he said brave-
ly:

"I ain't got no money to give you!"

"Likely not; but you know where
her money is. I heard every word
she said. Few words an' quick work
is my motto, so you jest git it an' I'll
be off an' you can go to your peaceful
rest. She keeps it in some out-of-the-
way place, I know; a nice hidin'-spot—
now, where is it?"

Poor little Sam! How he wished
he could say truthfully that he didn't
know where. What should he do? He
must keep the secret—that was
certain! But what would this dread-
ful man do to him? Oh! if his
aunt had only gone to the bank that
day. She never kept much money in
the house, but this was the price of a
piece of land that one of the neighbors
had bought of her.

"I can't tell you," said the boy at
last.

"Well, then, show me, that'll be all
the better!"

"I can't do that, neither! Oh, do
please go away!"

"I will soon as I git my hands on
that money—double quick, too!" An'
now if you don't git it in a hurry, I'll
take means to make you!" and taking

Sam's arm in a grip that made him
wince, he continued: "Now, lead off
lively, an' no false scent, neither, you
mind!"

But the child refused to take one
step.

"You won't hey? I didn't want to
shoot you, but—"

Poor Sam shuddered with terror
and gasped out:

"Oh, mister, don't! please don't! I
can't get you the money, but I'll get
the milk right straight off!"

"Who cares for milk now? It's the
greenbacks I want, d'ye hear? Now
git 'em, or you'll suffer!"

"I can't! I can't, not if you do kill
me! Oh! ain't you got no little boys
at home that you wouldn't want hurt,
so you can be sorry for me?"

"No, I ain't; boys ain't worth their
salt, an' I ain't got no home, neither!"

"Oh, dear! I wish Aunt Hanner
would come home!" sobbed poor Sam
in an agony of fear and dread.

"Well, she won't—not for a half-
hour yet. Now quit that sniffin', and
show up that money!"

But Sam's lips were sealed, and his
feet motionless.

"Here, then," said the tramp, "if you're
bound to be dumb, I'll make you so in
earnest!" and in a moment the boy
was firmly gagged.

"Will you get it now, before worse
happens?"

But Sam, though faint with mortal
terror, shook his head decidedly, and
the man, becoming desperate, took
some strong cord from his pocket and
tied Sam's hands behind him and then
to the handle of the door, and proceed-
ed to rummage for himself, assuring
the child that if he failed to find the
money and he still refused to tell, he
should certainly kill him.

Sammy's whole life of twelve years
seemed to pass before him as he stood
there in misery with the cord cutting
into his flesh. Oh, how sweet life
looked to him now—even the homely
duties which that very day he had
grumbled over. And dear Aunt
Hannah! Would she know that he
had died in defense of her beloved
money? Would she be very sorry, he
wondered, and would it be a dreadful
expense to have a funeral and bury
him? Ah, he had never been worth
his salt, but had been a trouble always!
He felt faint and dizzy, but these
words seemed to ring in his ears, and
then he was startled by a slight noise.
Could the ruffian be coming back so
soon? and he had not found the money,
of course! But—no—the sound seemed
to come from outside, and a key grated
in the lock.

Hours after that Sammy came to
himself in a strange room, and his
aunt was on her knees by his bed,
sobbing and kissing his poor, swollen
wrists.

When he became strong enough he
was told the balance of the story. How
Mr. Lawrence had seen a straggler in
the vicinity that evening, and had
heard rumors of late robberies, and
Miss Smith, quite uneasy, had hurried
home as soon as the baby was better,
how Mr. Lawrence had gone with her,
and they had surprised the burglar and
would have captured him but for the
daring leap through a second-story
window, and how Sam had been re-
leased and carried over to Mr. Law-
rence's house, where he and his aunt
and the money were to remain over
Sunday at least. All this he was told,
and also that he was one of the very
best and bravest and dearest boys in
all the world! And Sammy has heard
no allusion to salt since that eventful
night.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

What A Wise Mother Can Do.

She can take ten minutes every day
and read to her children a few words
on astronomy, geology or physiology.
Not dry statistics, which carry no
knowledge to the little minds, but the
names of plants and stars, their places,
and the mythological story connected
with them; stories of the strata of
rocks, with coal and other minerals
buried between clay and stones; how
the hot waters and the cold are deep
down under us, waiting for man until
he needs them and discovers their
hiding places; stories of our own bones
and nerves, muscles and blood; the
course of our food from the mouth to
the stomach; how fresh air invigorates
us, and stimulates dry up the tissues.
It is astonishing how easily little chil-
dren learn the long words and use
them intelligently. All these subjects
and a hundred more are brought before
them every day in a rightly conducted
kindergarten.

A man who looks toward the light
sees no shadow; a man who walks to-
ward the light leaves darkness behind
him. People get in darkness by turn-
ing away from the light. They hide in
obscure corners; they bury them-
selves in nooks where the Sun of
Righteousness cannot reach them;

they close their blinds and shutters,
and wonder that they have no light.
A house may be dark, but it is not the
fault of the sun. A soul may be dark,
but it is not because the Light of the
World does not shed beams abroad.—
Armory.

YOUNG PEOPLES 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. 33.—

No. 172.—1. Leslie. 2. Ida.
No. 173.—1. "I am the Good Shep-
herd and know my sheep and am
known of mine."

2. "I will not leave you comfortless,
I will come to you."

3. "If any man thirst, let him come
unto me and drink."

4. "As the Father hath loved me
so have I loved you."

5. "My yoke is easy and My burden
is light."

No. 174.—Cabinet. No. 175.—Con-
glomeration.

—The Mystery.—No. 36.—

No. 184.—ENIGMA.

My 1st is in mittens, but not in
gloves;

My 2nd is in accidentally, but not in
purpose;

My 3rd is in us, but not in we;

My 4th is in sell, but not in give;

My 5th is in, but not in out;

My 6th is in send, but not in get;

My 7th is in flesh, and also in skin;

My 8th is in sin, and also in evil;

My 9th is in Addie, but not in Lucy;

My 10th is in partially, but not in
wholly;

My 11th is in pen, but not in ink;

My 12th is in Annie, but not in
Agnes;

My whole is a river in the United
States.

Fin. MYRA MCLEOD.

No. 185.—ENIGMA.

My 1st is in march, but not in go;

My 2nd is in audience, and also in
congregation;

My 3rd is in Ella, but not in Maud;

My 4th is in Edna, but not in Frank;

My 5th is in Rilla, but not in Mat-
tie;

My 6th is in Etta, but not in Lou-
Lou;

My 7th is in darling, but not in
sweetheart;

My whole is a girl's name.

Fin. MYRA MCLEOD.

No. 186.—DROP-LETTER.

No. 187.—LOGOGRAPHS.

1. 1050 art one—a large city.

2. 1051 not—a noted post.

3. 550 hares—messengers.

No. 188.—PI.

ShoTastwhalottale.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—
CHAT.

We have, up to the 6th inst., re-
ceived but two lists of words in Word
Hunt Competition. What's the mat-
ter? Our stock of puzzles is exhaust-
ed. Shall we receive any more? Come,
dear young friends! Let us hear from
you!

UNCLE NED.

Minard's Liniment for sale
everywhere.

All Miracles do not occur at
Hamilton.

The whole town of Glamis, Ont.,
knows of a cure, by the application of
MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partial-
ly paralyzed arm, that equals anything
that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON

A CONSIDERATION.

GENTLEMAN.—My brother suffered
from summer complaint and was ex-
tremely weak. We tried many re-
medies but without effect. At last
my aunt advised us to try Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry, and be-
fore he had taken one bottle he was
cured. We consider it saved his life.

MISS ADELAIDE CRITENDEN,
Baldwin, Ont.

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.

DEAR SIRS.—I have used your
Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness
and sick headache and never neglect
to praise it. It brings the flush of
health to one's cheeks, and I recom-
mend it highly.

ANNIE BEACH, Stevensville, Ont.

Free and easy expectoration im-
mediately relieves and frees the throat
and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a
medicine that promotes this is the
best medicine to use for coughs, colds,
inflammation of the lungs and all
affections of the throat and chest. This
is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Con-
sumptive Syrup is a specific for, and
wherever used it has given unbounded
satisfaction. Children like it because
it is pleasant, adults like it because it
relieves and cures the disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Stands at the head of all blood medi-
cines. This position it has secured by
its intrinsic merit, sustained by the
opinion of leading physicians, and by
the certificates of thousands who have
successfully tested its remedial worth.
No other medicine so effectually

CURES

SCROFULA, boils, pimples, rheumatism, ca-
tarrh, and all other blood diseases.

"There can be no question as to the supe-
riority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla over all other
blood-purifiers. If this was not the case,
the demand for it, instead of increasing
yearly, would have ceased long ago, like so
many other blood medicines I could name."
—J. L. Nickerson, Druggist, 75 Chelsea
st., Charlestown, Mass.

"Two years ago I was troubled with salt-
rheum. It was all over my body, and
nothing the doctors did for me was of any
avail. At last I took four bottles of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and was completely cured. I
can sincerely recommend it as a splendid
blood-purifier."—J. S. Burt, Upper Kes-
wick, New Brunswick.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe
case of

SCROFULA

Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsapa-
rilla as being the best blood-purifier within
his experience. It gave her this medicine,
and a complete cure was the result."—
Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewese, Neb.

"When a boy I was troubled with a blood
disease which manifested itself in sores on
the legs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recom-
mended, I took a number of bottles, and was
cured. I have never since that time had a
recurrence of the complaint."—J. C.
Thompson, Lowell, Mass.

"I was cured of Scrofula by the use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—John C. Berry, Deer-
field, Mo.

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Cures others, will cure you

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LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

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SICK
HEAD
ACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-
dent to a bilious state of the system, such as
Dizziness, Nausea, Browses, Distress after
eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
remarkable success has been shown in curing
Even if they only cure

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
and preventing this annoying complaint, while
they also correct all disorders of the stomach,
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.
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