

The Tone of Voice.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and
smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner
self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,—
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.
—*Youth's Companion.*

NO.

"You're starting, my boy, on life's journey
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But, if you're tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

"In courage, my boy, lies your safety
When you the long journey begin;
Your trust in a heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin;
Temptations will go on increasing
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But, if you'd be true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

"Be careful in choosing companions,
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted
The taste of the wine-cup to know,
With firmness, with patience, with kind-
ness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!"

Telling the Truth.

I just wish I could help you under-
stand this morning the meaning of that
one big word, character. When a man
says he will pay a debt next week and
does it, when he is county treasurer
and no one is afraid that he will run
away with the money, and when he is
a good neighbor and does well his part
in the church work, people say that
man has character. But if nobody
trusts him and he doesn't obey God, he
has not character.

You know when a workman is going
to put up a building he must first lay
a foundation, and character is like a
building; it must have a founda-
tion. One of the stones that must
be put into the foundation is
truth telling, or what my boy calls
"trullies," and it must be put in at the
bottom or by and by the building will
topple over.

I heard a story about a boy who was
brought to school by his father. The
father said to the teacher: "I don't
know whether you can possibly get
along with my boy or not, he is full of
mischief."

"Well," said the teacher, "does he
tell the truth? Can I trust him when
he tells me anything?"

"O yes," said the father, "he will
tell the truth even if it is against him-
self and he knows he will be punished."
"Then I shall get along with him,"
answered the teacher, "and I know he
will make a reliable man."

You know that at school if one boy
rolls up his sleeves and another boy
runs, the boy who runs away is some-
times called a coward, though there is
often a chance to wonder which is the
bigger coward of the two. But the
biggest coward of all is the boy or girl
who has done wrong and then tells a
lie for fear of what will happen if the
real truth is known.

Did you ever play with a wooden
ball at the end of a long rubber string,
which you held in your hand? You
throw it out and catch it in your hand
as it bounds back; but sometime when
you throw it, it has it bounded back, and
instead of catching it in your hand it
hit you in the mouth? How it hurt!
Well, a lie is like that wooden ball; it
always bounds back and is sure to hit
where it will hurt. Sometimes it
bounds back just as soon as it is told.
Perhaps you remember being sent out
into the woods to cut something, and
then what was done with it? To be
sure, it doesn't always bound back
right on the spot, because people
haven't found out about it, but by and
by it is sure to come back and hurt
you.

I think boys and girls often say
what isn't true without meaning it,
like the boy who came downstairs one
morning and said: "Why there were
more than fifty cats out under my win-
dow making music last night." When

questioned about it he said: "Well,
there were lots of cats; anyway there
was our cat and another cat." And
did you ever hear somebody say: "I
thought I should die a-laughing,"
when you knew they hadn't even need-
ed a doctor?

Some people at a breakfast table one
morning agreed to say nothing that
was not true. Pretty soon one of
them asked another: "Why were you
late to breakfast?" Oh, I couldn't—
she began, and then remembered and
added: "Well, to tell the truth, I
was lazy and didn't hurry." Before
long one of them said of another:
"She is the homeliest girl in town." Then
she thought she had not spoken
the truth and she added: "Well,
she's rather plain-looking anyway."

But these unintentional wrong
stories are bad and a man over in En-
gland has told what they are like. Have
you ever been down-town walking
along the street when something fell
on your face, and when you rubbed it
there was a black streak? You knew
that it was soot from those big chim-
neys and it made everything smutty
that it touched. Well, this English-
man says that even a slight accidental
falsehood is "an ugly soot" from the
smoke of the pit.

Don't talk about little lies and big
lies; the littlest lie is big and ugly and
black; and a wrong story can be told
with the eye or the hand just by a
smile.

We do not need to tell everything
we know. Nobody beside your moth-
er has a right to ask you if you have a
hole in your stocking. So there are a
great many things you do not need to
tell, but when you say anything at all
tell the truth.

Begin every day then by asking
Jesus to help you and keep your
tongue and make it true.—Sel.

He Dared to Tell the Truth.

A boy went to live with a man who
was accounted a hard master. He
never kept his boys,—they ran away
or gave notice they meant to quit: so
he was half his time without or in
search of a boy. The work was not
very hard, opening and sweeping out
the shop, chopping wood, going errands
and helping round. At last Sam
Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's
a good boy," said his mother. "I
should like to see a boy nowadays that
had a spark of goodness in him,"
growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man
who has no confidence in you, because,
do your best, you are likely to have
little credit for it. However, Sam
thought he would try. The wages
were good and his mother wanted him
to go. Sam had been there but three
days, before, in sawing a cross-grained
stick of wood, he broke the saw. He
was a little frightened. He knew he
was careful, and he knew he was a
pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of
his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in
his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it,"
said another boy who was in the wood-
house with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it,
and accidents will happen to the best
of folks," said Sam, looking with a
very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances,"
said the other boy. "I never saw any-
thing like him. That Bill might have
stayed, only he jumped into a hen's
nest and broke her eggs. He doesn't
tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspect-
ing, and suspecting, and suspecting,
and laid everything out of the way to
Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not,
till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the
eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, he was afraid,
Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better own up at
once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to
preach than to practice," said the boy.
"I'd run away before I'd tell him."

And he soon turned on his heel, and
left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy didn't feel very com-
fortable or happy. He shut up the
woodhouse, walked out in the gar-
den, and went up to his little chamber
under the eaves. He wished to tell
Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the
house, the boy heard him. He got up,
crept downstairs, and met Mr. Jones
in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I
broke your saw, and I thought I'd
come and tell you before you saw it
in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me
for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should
think morning would be time enough
to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid
if I put it off, I might be tempted to
lie about it. I am sorry I broke it but
I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from
head to foot, then, stretching out his
hand, "There Sam," he said heartily,

"give me your hand, shake hands, I'll
trust you, Sam. That's right, that's
right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear.
I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the
mettle in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never
were better friends after that than Sam
and he. Sam thinks justice had not
been done Mr. Jones. If the boy's
had treated him honestly and "above
board," he would have been a good
man to deal with. It was their con-
duct which soured and made him sus-
picious. I do not know how that is. I
only know that Sam Fisher finds in
Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful
friend.—*Scotch Tract.*

Wanted—a Strong Boy.

So read a sign in a store window, as
we passed by the other morning. At
noon it was gone, presumably because
the boy had come. The placard, how-
ever, had done more than accomplish
its direct object. It set us thinking.

"Wanted—a strong boy;"—in how
many places that legend might be
truthfully displayed! The world wants
boys that are strong, first of all, in
body. A stomach fed chiefly on cake
and peanuts, and a nervous system
undermined by the deadly cigarette,
make a poor basis for stout, fleet limbs
and steady arms. Other things being
equal, a merchant or lawyer wants a
boy who can pull a strong oar, make
his home run on the ball field, and
keep his wind in a half-mile run.

Other things being equal—what other
things? Certain ones that are the real
measures of strength, whether in boys
or men. Has he grit? Can he stick
to a thing? Is he quick to take in a
situation, ready in an emergency,
bright-witted where others blunder?

Is he equal to responsibility? Can he
be left with a given task with a cer-
tainty that he can be literally left with
it, and his employer find it fully done
in due season, without a second of in-
tervening anxiety or oversight? These
are some of the elements of
strength that make up the model
"strong boy" who is universally want-
ed to day.

But is this all? We think not. If
we were gauging the real power of a
boy for such a position as has been de-
scribed, we should wish to know some-
thing more than the size of his biceps
and the tenacity of his grip on a given
bit of work. We should want to know
about the strength of his love for that
father and mother who have sacrificed
so much for his advancement. We
should look for some indication of a
tie binding him to the house of God as
a regular, thoughtful attendant. We
should enquire as to the connecting
links in his life between his daily con-
duct and the Word of God. Has he
come into an earnest, loyal relation to
Jesus Christ, as his Saviour and Mas-
ter? Is he strong in the Lord and in
the power of His might?

Yes, there is a great demand for
strong boys. Satan wants them, that
he may rob them of their present and
prospective vigour. Christ wants
them, that through their youthful
robustness the weak places in his army
may be reinforced. The Church of
to-day, as well as commercial cor-
porations, may well hang out the sign in
unmistakable characters, and keep it
displayed—"Wanted—strong boys!"

FOR UNFERMENTED COMMUNION

WINE.—"The fruit of the vine" is one
thing, and the stuff that they call
grocers' wine is quite another thing.
Villainous compounds and poisonous
decoctions which burn out the system,
destroy the stomach in a halfdozen
years, is hardly what was in the cup
when Christ drank of it, and gave to
his disciples.—*Christian Enquirer.*

BREER OR BREAD.—The two causes
which are credited with awakening
the German people to the necessity of
the temperance reform are, first the
conviction that beer drinking is weak-
ening the moral and physical qualities
of the nation, and second, the neces-
sity of turning the material into bread.
Statistics show that Germany devotes
about a quarter of her productive en-
ergy to the liquor traffic and that the
"demand for bread can only be
met by the denial of beer."

Messenger and Visitor.
The saddest words that lips can say
Are those that utter not at all;
And our most bitter tears are they
That must not fall.

In An Emergency.

These notes, by Prof. Wilder, of
Cornell University, are so tersely put
that every one who reads them should
be willing to take the time that is
necessary to learn them by heart:

Remove matter from the ear with
tepid water; never put a hard instru-
ment into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress above
the wound; if a vein is cut, compress
below.

If choked, get upon all fours and
cough.

For slight burns, dip the part in
cold water; if the skin is destroyed
cover with varnish.

Smother fire with carpets, etc.; water
will often spread burning oil, and in-
crease danger. Before passing through
smoke, take a full breath, and then
stoop low; but if carbonic acid gas is
suspected, walk erect.

Suck poisoned wounds, unless your
mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or,
better, cut out the part without delay,
hold the wounded part as long as can
be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting
by tickling the throat, or by warm
water and mustard.

YOUNG PEOPLES

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

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

OUR MOTTO: ON UPWARD!!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 32.

No. 168.—Ned.

No. 169.—(1) "Him that cometh
unto me I will in no wise cast out."

(2) "Blessed are the dead that die
in the Lord."

(3) "In due season we shall reap, if
we faint not."

(4) "What I do thou knowest not
now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

(5) "Who when he was reviled, re-
viled not again."

No. 170.—*The Village Blacksmith.*

No. 171.—*Shakespeare.*

The Mystery.—No. 35.

No. 179.—*Pi PIZZLES.*

(1)
Reculya ni aniv hte tne si repads ni
het gthls fo nya rbdli.

(2)
Nda hebldo I inoce kingcyl nad ym
wdrda sl thw em ot ivog eyvre nma
odrocagni sa shi korw lahla eb.

(3)
Uth sbhwo hrenthekae tnaw em
lahst wldet flysew nda shlah eb teiqu
rmoaf rafe of veli.

J. B. DELONG.

Kingsley.

No. 180.—CROSS WORD.

(BY M. B. MCLEOD, F.Ton.)

In Harry, but not in Lee;
In mare, but not in horse;
In Jane, but not in Effie;
In horizon, but not in skyward;
In Otto, but not in Fred;
In canon, but not in rule;
Whole is a river in South America.

No. 181.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

(BY M. E. MCLEOD, F.Ton.)

In jar, but not in cruet;
In paper, but not in book;
In dream, but not in sleep;
In life, but not in kill;
In say, but not in talk;
Whole a boy's name.

No. 182.—DROP-LETTER.

-e-i-i-u -n-e-l-g-n-e-

No. 183.—Pi.

Mc LRvosdeou J

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

(The

Mystical

Circle.)

The second list of words in Word-

Hunt contest has been received from

"Greenie," Stanley. The time for

closing is near at hand. Shall we hear

from more? What about more puzzles?

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 CRITTENDEN,
Baldwin, Ont.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, N. Y., writes:

"I have been afflicted for nearly a
year with that most-to-be-dreaded
disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn
out with pain and want of sleep, and
after trying almost everything recom-
mended, I tried one box of Parmelee's
Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well,
and believe they will cure me. I
would not be without them for any
money."

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.

DEAR SIR.—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.

A stimulant is often needed to

nourish and strengthen the roots and
to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's
Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the
hair.

THE MOST RELIABLE

To correct the constipated
habit, remove sick-head-
ache, relieve dyspepsia, to
purify the blood, cure jaundice, liver
complaint, and biliousness, Ayer's
Pills are unequalled. They are an
excellent after-dinner pill, assisting
the process of digestion, and cleans-
ing and strengthening the alimentary
canal. When taken on the invasion
of a cold or a fever, they effectually
prevent further progress of the disease.
Being sugar-coated and purely vege-
table, they are the best

Family

medicine, for old and young. Ayer's Pills
are indispensable to soldiers, sailors, camp-
ers, miners, and travelers, and are every-
where recommended by the medical
fraternity. Dr. J. W. Hayes, Palouse, W. T.,
writes: "Ayer's Pills are the most evenly bal-
anced in their ingredients, of any I know of."
"For more than twenty years I have used
Ayer's Pills as a corrective for torpidity of
the stomach, liver, and bowels, and to ward
off malarial attacks, and they have always
done perfect work."—E. P. Goodwin, Pub-
lisher "Democrat," St. Landry, La.
"I was master of a sailing vessel for
many years, and never failed to provide a
supply of Ayer's Pills, for the use of both
officers and men. They are a safe and reliable

Cathartic

and always give satisfaction."—Harry
Robinson, 52 E. Pearl St., Fair Haven, Conn.
"For a long time I was a sufferer from
stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, and
having tried a variety of remedies, with
only temporary relief, I began, about three
months ago, the use of Ayer's Pills, and
aloud my health is so much improved that
I gladly testify to the superior merits of this
cathartic."—M. J. Pereira, Oporto, Portugal

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SICK

HEAD

ACHE

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

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
also correct all disorders of the stomach,
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels
even if they only cured.

ACHE they would be almost priceless to those
who suffer from this distressing complaint,
but fortunately their goodness does not end
here, 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 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
five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail
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