

Something for Children.

There's enough for you children to do in the house,
To keep you as busy as any old mouse.
There are errands to run,
Little tasks to be done
That will do much to lighten your mother's hard work.
So, children, don't shirk
But do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

There's enough for you children to do all about;
If you try, you will very soon find some work out.
There are chickens to tend,
Little tasks without end
You will find you can do it if you just take a start.
So, children, be smart,
And do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

There's enough for you children to do anywhere,
So hurry around and each do your full share.
And just see how bright
You will feel when at night
You can think you have done what is honest and fair.
So, children, take care
To do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

And, children, whatever you do, do it well:
People always, in looking it over, can tell
If you hurry right through
Whatever you do,
Not caring at all if it's done ill or well;
So whatever you do,
Do the best that you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

—The Young Herald.

How They Were Cured.

"I'll tell you, Daisy, something nicer than playing dominoes," said Kitty, packing them neatly away in the box. "It's helping each other improve."

"How!" asked Daisy, settling back into her chair for a "good listen," as she said when a story was in order.

"Well, just this way. We'll each get a little blank book and then write down each other's faults; then trade books, you see."

"Splendid!" cried Daisy, skipping out of her chair, and clapping her hands, "and we'll have it for a 'scribble' and not tell anybody."

Daisy lived next door to Kitty and they were almost constantly together during their waking hours, and aside from occasional little "spats," which never lasted but a moment or two, they were the most peaceable of playmates, and it gave one pleasure to see them together.

The programme was changed completely now. Instead of playing in their usual happy and contented way they fell to studying one another critically, and making laborious entries in the little books.

A coolness and a feeling of unfriendliness, such as they had never before experienced, gradually came between them. The day at length arrived when the books were to reveal to each her faults. Daisy came over, and with many misgivings the books silently changed hands, and they sat down to read.

For a long time the ticking of the clock and the purring of the kitten in the window were the only sounds in the room. Then a little book came flying across the floor, turning many somersaults before it collapsed utterly, and an angry voice exclaimed:

"You are just as mean as you can be to write such things about me!" and Kitty's tears began to flow.

"Well, you're a hateful old thing, and I shan't never come to see you again. So there!" and Daisy flounced out of the house in high dudgeon, too angry and hurt to even think of her hat.

Kitty threw herself on the sofa, and here her mother found her, bundled into a dejected little heap in one corner of it, crying bitterly.

"Why, Kitty! what is the matter, and where is Daisy?"

"Gone home; we've fit," sobbed Kitty.

"Impossible! How did it happen?" exclaimed her mother, sitting down beside her; and by a few adroitly-put questions she learned the trouble, and picking up the book off the floor, she read the following:

KITTY'S FAULTS.

Don't bite your nails so much.
Don't feel so big in your white hat.
Don't leave your clothes on the floor.
Don't sit on your foot, it's unproper.
Don't be mad when Freddie Blake gives me gum drops.
Don't carry my doll by the leg.
Don't blow on my bird when he sings too loud.
Button up your own shoes, I do.

DAISY'S FAULTS.

Don't throw your bonnet on a chair.
Don't get mad when I dress the kitten up in your doll's best things.
Put your hand over your mouth when you gape.

Don't act so silly in Sunday-school. You make me sick.

Don't think you are so smart sometimes before the boys.

Don't open your mouth so wide when you laugh.

With difficulty Kitty's mother suppressed a laugh that threatened to burst forth, and said:

"We cannot expect to keep our friends if we criticise them in this way. We find it hard to bear when told our faults in the kindest and gentlest manner. Our enemies are ever ready to enlighten us on that score, and even then it does not wound us when a friend takes us in hand. It takes any amount of tact, my dear, and instead of searching out the faults it's better to find out the good qualities; then you'll always be at peace with them and yourself also. Now you had better write a note to Daisy at once and make up. You can't afford to lose her friendship, nor she yours."

Kitty dried her eyes and sat down to write.

When she opened the gate to carry the note to Daisy she spied the little girl coming out of her own, evidently on the same errand.

They hurried toward each other holding a note at arm's length before them, with a look at once timid and questioning; then a smile of forgiveness beamed from both faces, and feeling that the trial was at an end, they sat sociably down on the edge of the sidewalk and read their respective notes. Daisy's to Kitty ran:

"My Dear Kitty I am not mad no more and hope these few lines will find you the same."

"Yours sincerely, DAISY."

And Kitty's:

"Dear Daisy I am sorry we tried to improve. Come over mamma is going to make caramels. p. s. and get your hat."

Yours respectable, KITTY."

"We won't ever do it again, will we, Kitty?"

"Never! Mamma says we must use 'tacks' when we tell faults."

"Tacks! How!" asked Daisy wonderingly.

"O, I can't tell how," said Kitty, feeling herself in deep water. "I s'pose we'll know when we're grown."

Come, Daisy, there's mamma at the window putting on her apron," and hand in hand they hippity-hopped up the walk as happy as two nice little girls could possibly be. —Advocate.

SPIDERS.

Children are nearly always taught to kill spiders as something dangerous. When the truth is, we have very few, if any, poisonous ones. Spiders never make a direct attack on any one, as they are very shy and run as soon as an enemy appears. They are, too, the first insect to appear in the spring.

Our common house and out door spiders are worth studying.

There is a small brown one who does not seem to weave a web, but just drops a single line down from some high place. Then there is a large one that has a very keen hearing, for it is almost impossible to get near enough to him to see him. He spins a web in a corner always by choice it seems, and it is as large as a corner-bracket, as closely and finely woven as a lady's tissue veil, of a delicate pearl colour.

He sits back in the farthest corner and waits for flies. If he is very hungry he sucks the blood at once, then rolls the body of the edge of his web; for he is a very clean housekeeper, and you seldom see the dead flies left in his house. If not hungry, he wraps the fly up tightly like a mummy in a cord he spins from his body, and lays him to one side till he has an appetite. We picked one of these flies out once and attempted to unloose him, but failed, for he was so tightly bound up we could not get him out without killing him.

There is another kind of spider that lives in the grass; he is called the ground spider. His nest is beautiful. At its opening a web is spread, and from the centre starts a perfect tunnel which leads to his retreat down deep in the grass. Sometimes it is three inches long and always perfectly round. He seizes his prey and runs down into this tunnel and eats him in retirement. Spider do not really eat insects, they only suck the juices from their bodies and throw away the rest.

The most interesting of all our native spiders, though, is the one called the geometrical spider, from the beautiful web he stretches. There is another little spider, very small and delicate, that lives in fences. He builds his home in the cracks, and he, too, makes a tunnel, but it is very small compared to the large ground spiders. Then there is a tiny red spider whose habits I could never learn, as he comes and goes so mysteriously. I could not even find out if he had a home. But suppose he must

have unless he is the tramp among spiders. For some reason—I don't know what—the children always call him "poison." Whether he is or not I cannot say. But he has walked on my hand without harming me.

There are many pretty stories told about spiders. One is that when Robert Bruce, the Scotch king, was hunted by his enemies, he crept into a cave, and a friendly spider wove a web across its mouth, and his enemies seeing it passed by, because they thought he could not have gone in without breaking the web. A poor prisoner in the Bastille, a gloomy French prison, had nothing to amuse him but a spider and a mouse, and when one is shut up alone even such humble friends are welcome.

You may be sure these little creatures are for some purpose or they would never have been created. After this when you are tempted to crush one's life out, think that its life may be just as much to it as yours to you, for even a spider enjoys living, and has its appointed task.

Do Clothes Make a Boy.

Hezekiah Butterworth raises this question in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and settles it in characteristic fashion:

"Do clothes make a boy? No—clothes make clothes. What are clothes? They are an expression of character. A boy who respects himself will dress as decently as he can—simply and cleanly. A boy who respects the worth of life will not dress conspicuously even if he have the means. He is best dressed whose appearance excites no special attention, and causes no critical remarks. Conspicuous dress goes with a light head and a very indefinite purpose in life.

Dress does not make the boy, but it often exhibits him; theatrical dress in society is in bad taste; but every one owes it to others to look as well as he can. Neglected dress shows a want of self-respect, and a lack of self-respect arises as a rule from a sense of cheapness of character. It is often impossible for a poor boy to dress as well as he would wish. But he can always express his well-dressed character by making his clothes neat and tasteful.

Do clothes make a boy? Sometimes. I knew a boy who was made by his clothes. I will tell you. He had a chum at school whose parents were poor, and who was obliged to dress coarsely and plainly. He could have offered his intimate friend better clothes, but that would have wounded the heart that he loved. What should he do? His friend dressed coarsely but neatly. He resolved that he would wear exactly such clothes as his friend could afford, and dress as nearly like him as possible. His parents liked his sense of brotherly kindness, and his true heart. The act was a lesson. It taught him the nobleness of self-sacrifice. As he grew older he seemed to think but little of his own gratification—a true mark of a gentleman. He loved others more than himself. This caused him to be beloved, and when at last the people of his city and State wanted a man for a position of the very highest trust and honor, they selected him.

Clothes make nothing but clothes, as a rule; but they show character, and a ten-dollar suit may be used to express as much character as one that cost fifty-dollars. It is neatness and care and taste that make good clothes; they also make boys—not the tailors. Do you see the principle?

WOOD'S HARBOUR, July 11th, '92.
MR. C. E. BLACK, Dear Sir: I received my prize and was much pleased. I thank you very much for it. I like to solve your puzzles, and will try and solve some to-night. I will also send a few new ones. I remain, yours, etc.
J. F. KNOWLES.
CHAT.

J. F. KNOWLES, Wood's Harbour, N. S., correctly solves Nos. 142, 146 and 147. Thank you for three nice puzzles. Will appear shortly.
UNCLE NED.

If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children be sure when they come home from church, a visit or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked and what everybody said and did, and if you find anything in this to censure always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if they pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence, and rather than it should be uninteresting they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will by this course render the spirit of curiosity, which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief which will serve only to make them narrow and mean.

Minard's Liniment, cures Diphtheria.

Edward Linlef, of St. Peters, C. B., says: "That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

SEVEN YEAR'S SUFFERING.

GENTLEMEN,—I have suffered very much from inflammatory rheumatism, which through wrong treatment left ugly running sores on my hands and feet. With these I suffered for seven years, during which time I had neither shoes nor stockings on. I commenced using B. B. B. externally and internally, using the pills also, and I can say now that the sores are entirely cured, and have been for some time. I believe the bitters were the means of saving my life.

Mrs. ANNE BARR, Crewson's Corner, Acton P. O., Ont.

Dollars, which might otherwise be thrown away by resorting to ineffectual medicines, are saved by purchasing that inexpensive specific for bodily pain and remedy for affections of the throat, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which does not deteriorate, and is thorough and pure.

A lady, whose hair came out with every combing, was induced to give Ayer's Hair Vigor a faithful trial. She did so, and not only was the loss of hair checked, but a new and vigorous growth soon succeeded that which had gone.

No. 135.—Sabina.

No. 136.—(1) H (2) S
H E N A T E
H E M A N S T O N E
N A P E N D
N E

(3) H
S E E
H E N R Y
E R E
Y

No. 137.—Boston. No. 138.—Feb. 3: 15.

No. 139.—Rev. 18: 15.

No. 140.—(1) Lev. 11: 30. (2) Ezek. 47: 3. (3) Psa. 109: 83. (4) Hosea 13: 3. (5) Lev. 26: 16. (6) Psa. 63: 11.

No. 141.—Gutta-Percha.

No. 142.—(1) 2 Kings 19: 18. (2) Job 34: 8. (3) 2 Chron. 24: 12.

No. 143.—Niagara. No. 144.—(1) Tuberculosis. (2) Manufactured

No. 145.—Crowbar.

No. 146.—I
A N T
I N D I A
T I N
A

No. 147.—"The May Queen."

—The Mystery.—No. 29.—

No. 153.—SQUARE-WORD.

... An animal.
... Comfort.
... Inquires.
... Ease.

No. 154.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Summer, not in Fall;
In tiny, not in small;
In loiter, not in stay;
In moment, not in day;
In robin, not in bird;
In listen, not in heard;
Whole a poet's name.

No. 155.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter.
A small house.
A girl's name.
A colour.
A letter.

No. 156.—DROP-VOYEL PUZZLE.

Tr-th-s-s-mp-s-bl- t-b-s-l-d
b-n-t-r-d-t-ch-s-th-s-nb-m.
4 BY "MYSTERY."

Lower Brighton.

No. 157.—DROP-LETTERS.

(1)

l-s-e-r-t-e-u-e-n-l-e-r-o-h-y
h-l-s-e-o.

(2)

n-y-a-h-r-h-u-e-a-e-a-y-a-s-o-s.

(3)

o-m-i-l-u-h-n-b-d-n.

(4)

I-m-e-k-n-l-w-y-n-e-r.

(5)

e-a-r-u-h-a-a-b-o-h-l-u-h-e.

(6)

e-t-e-a-u-l-o-n-d-n-h-s-m-u-h.

BY J. E. DELONG.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

OUR LETTER BOX.

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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 cleansing 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 vegetable, they are the best

Family

medicine, for old and young. Ayer's Pills are indispensable to soldiers, sailors, campers, miners, and travelers, and are everywhere recommended by the medical fraternity. Dr. J. W. Hayes, of Lowell, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Pills are the most effective I have used 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, Publisher "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 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 already 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
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is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure 2 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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If you are sick get Gates Family Medicine, they are the oldest and most reliable preparations before the public. Their Life of Man Bitters have made more cures of chronic diseases than all others combined. As a proof of this see certificates from those who have used them in all parts of the country. They will make a well person feel better. Beware of imitations, get the genuine. Sold everywhere at 50 cents per bottle \$5.50 per dozen

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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 CLOTHES, consisting of English Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Flannel Cords and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trouserings 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.

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My stock of Men's 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.

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