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Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John, Then forgetting his work, his cap went on, And he was off to the garden swing, And left her the water and wood to bring.
"I love you, mother," said a rosy N. B., "I love you better than tongue can tell." Then she teased and pouted full half a day, Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.
"I love you, mother," said little Fan, "To-day I'll help you all I can; How glad I am school doesn't keep!" So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.
Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom.
And swept the floor and tidied the room; Busy and happy all day was she, Helpful and happy as child could be.
"I love you, mother," again they said— Three little children going to bed. How do you think the mother guessed Which of these little ones loved her best? —Selected.

Grandfather's Inventory.

"Run away, Dick! I'm taking an inventory. I can't be bothered now." When Grandfather Morris used a certain tone, people were apt to obey him, but this time his small namesake only came nearer.
"What is an 'inventory,' grandpa?" asked the boy.
"Every year before the first of January, I go over my books, the record at the store, my bank stock, rents and all. I have the capital and profit on one side, and the expense and loss on the other. Then I balance my accounts, and know just what I am worth," answered the old gentleman.
"Oh, I believe I'll do that too," said his small grandson, who tried to imitate his grandfather in every possible way.
"Very well," said Mr. Morris. "Here's a little book. What can you enter on the credit page?"
"I have four dollars in the bank, and my pony and dog," answered Dick. "Yes, and grandma, and little sister, and papa and mamma. You'll put in big letters."
"Very good," said the old gentleman, much pleased. "Anything more?"
"Yes I'll write down my eyes, and ears, and my legs, anyway."
"Yes, they are to your credit," said Mr. Morris, eyeing his small grandson with satisfaction.
"But, grandpa, don't we have to invest on the credit side?"
"Yes, sir. Mine brings me seven per cent, and more. Your bank money draws interest, and your other belongings pay you in comfort. Now run away, my boy."
"One thing more, grandpa," said the little fellow, laying his head against the old gentleman's shoulder. "What are you going to do with your money?"
Mr. Morris looked at the boy sharply from under his heavy eyebrows, but the questioner was evidently innocent of any personal designs.
"Well, my boy, I'll tell you. After making my family comfortable, I'm going to leave the rest to charity—that is, for poor people, or to a school, or the church.
"Oh, grandpa, I'm so glad! Then you won't mind helping Steve Bartlow, even if you are not dead. That's why I came. Mary said you wasn't to be disturbed, but I told her I had particular business which could not wait. He's in trouble. You see he's in the college, but even the preps and the primes in our room make fun of him, and call him 'Old Patchy.' The patches on his pants are awful plain. His coat is too short to hide them, you know. Well, some of the boys thought they would play a trick on him, so they went to his room, and took his stove down and put it on the shed roof. Then they found they had had all their hard work for nothing, for he hadn't had a fire this winter, and it's been awful cold. We all went to the chapel, even us primes, and I heard Dr. Williams tell about it. Steve was at work. He said some good man ought to put up a building for poor boys, so they could have warm, comfortable homes and plenty to eat without it costing too much. So I thought I'd ask you to do it right away, 'cause Steve is so good to us little fellows."
"You seem to think grandpa is made of money," said the old gentleman much amused.
"Oh, grandpa, do take some of the money you're going to leave when you're dead," begged Dick. "I'm afraid Steve and lots of nice boys will freeze waiting for you to die. Why, he only has mush he makes on a little oil stove, and molasses is what he eats on it. If you'd build a home for boys, you could see all about it yourself, and you'd have more folks to love you. Grandpa, could you look down from heaven, and see whether folks used your dead money as you wanted?"
"I'll see about it, my son. Now run away; I must get this work done before day after to-morrow."
Dick turned away much disappointed.

ed, not quite sure that his grandfather was going to see about it. He hoped Steve could have a better home at once. He did not know how hard it was for his grandfather to part with his dollars. The good old gentleman was waiting for the cold hand of death to loosen his grasp, and then he hoped to bless mankind with what he no longer needed.
"Dead money," muttered the old man. "Pretty good, after all. A man's money seems to die, or stop growth with him. Why not make folks love me when I can feel it? And boys may freeze waiting for me to die? I hope they will wait for some years."
Then he turned to his ledger, but in the row of dollars and cents he seemed to see other entries—"a long life," "a loving wife," "good children," "bright, loving grandchildren," "eye sight and hearing," "the hope of a life beyond."
"If I reckon like Dick, I have a good deal to give account for. This little college does need help," he thought.
The old gentleman sat thinking it over some time, then he said aloud: "I believe it is a foolish plan to leave your good deeds for the other people to do. They don't always carry out one's wishes. I believe, my boy, I'll take your advice."
To think was to come to a decision, and that meant action with Grandfather Morris. Opposite the college building was a large frame house for sale. The last day of the year this became the property of Mr. Morris, and I must confess he made a close bargain. The deed was made to the college trustees in Richard's name. This the boy found under his plate New Year's morning, and when his grandfather explained, he was almost wild with delight.
"I have sent for Steve to come to dinner," Mr. Morris said. "To-morrow we will furnish what rooms are needed, and will find some good woman to take charge of the new home."
"Steve's mother is a widow, and a very worthy woman, I hear," said Richard's mother.
"That might do. I want to make this a good comfortable home for young men who are deserving. Yet we will find some way so the boys can help themselves," said grandpa.
That was the beginning of the 'Morris endowment,' which in time made a fine institution out of a struggling little college. The old man lived to know that many blessed his name, and that his money was well invested.
"Richard," he said, just before his death, "If I had not given my money while it was live money, charity would not have gotten much, for that bank failure nearly ruined me. I can't leave my children and grandchildren the wealth I expected."
"You have a blessed memory grandpa," said the young man. "The New Year's gift you gave me ten years ago has done more good than if you had left me a fortune."
"God blessed that gift and opened other hearts. Do good while you have a chance, my boy," said the old gentleman.—Mid-Continent.

Feats of Memory.
There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse 40,000 words whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician, about sixty years ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without a mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Æneid," and could remember the first line and the last line on every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind. One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination toward one particular achievement without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggar-man at Stirling, known about fifty years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart, inasmuch that if a sentence was read to him he could name the book, chapter, and verse, or if book, chapter and verse were named he could give the exact words. A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied: "There is no such verse. The chapter has only eighty nine verses." Gassendi had acquired by heart 6,000 Latin verses, and in order to give his memory

exercise he was in the habit daily of reciting 600 verses from different languages.—Exchange.

The Care of the Young.
Nothing of greater importance can challenge the attention of parents and ministers of the Gospel, at the present day, than the care of the young. To attain success in it, parents and ministers must work together. There is little hope without this. The minister may do his best, but if the home is deficient, he will fail. If there is not an avowed consistent religious life in the home, the children will not follow the minister, but the parent instead. Example outstrips precept, though the teaching be the very Gospel of God. If children grow up to beavers to the Church and to take no interest in spiritual things, in the majority of cases we shall find the cause of it in the home. What is the conversation, what the dominant atmosphere there? Is it religious or worldly? Would the child or youth venture to speak on religious subjects if so inclined? The themes of the newspapers, the doings of society, the party, the entertainment, the dancing and day school, the fashions, and so on, these are discussed freely. Indeed, every side of human nature often gets attention—but the religious. On this what silence, what careful reserve! And if a dear child, touched by the Spirit of God in the catechetical or Sunday school class, does timidly venture a word, how often that cold blighting expression "You are not fit" is the response. It is not always so. Alas! that it is ever so. In many homes, it would be impossible to find out from any religious conversation and godly living that the children had immortal souls for which Christ died. The body is cared for, so is the mind; but the soul, that which needs most care, is treated often with indifference or total neglect. The first place for a parent to be faithful to God and to his own is in the home. That secured, all else will follow. It is here parents and the ministers of Christ must work in unison, if our homes are to be saved.

FROM A GIRL'S ESSAY ON "BOYS."
Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there has been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble they wear out everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.—Oak and Ivy Leaf.

HARRY and Frank had questioned their father in regard to the price of a little sister. They would be willing to give almost anything if they could have one. One morning Harry was heard shouting, "Papa, what is that noise?" Papa, rushing up from the library, replied: "That is your little sister; she came last night." "Oh, you don't suppose God has sent one of those crying ones, do you?" Frank, now awake, here broke in: "Tell her to walk right in, papa; I love her." And then turning to Harry, he said: "She will stop crying when she sees us two brothers."

Sorrow for sin only because it exposes to punishment, is not true repentance. He that sorrows after a godly sort, would not sin, though escape from the consequences were possible, for the heart is changed, he is renewed in the spirit of his mind; he loves God and his service, and has lost his relish for the pleasures of sin.—G. Walker.

FOR NOSE-BLEED.—Grasp firmly the nose with the finger and thumb of the right hand for fully ten or fifteen minutes, completely stopping the movement of air through the nose. It will stop the bleeding, which will not return. This is the advice of an eminent surgeon.

STRAWBERRY CREAM TART.—Roll good puff paste out very thin and lay it in a tart pan: put in a thick layer of fine strawberries, and plenty of white sugar to sweeten them to taste; put on a thin covering of the paste, and bake quickly. Beat well together half a pint of thick sweet cream, the yolks of two fresh eggs, and a little sugar. When the tart is done cut a neat round hole in the center, into which gently pour the beaten cream. Let it get cold before serving. Properly made, this is delicious.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES WHOLE.—Take equal weights of the largest and finest strawberries and best granulated sugar; lay the fruit in deep dishes, and sprinkle half the sugar

over it; give the dishes a gentle shake, that the sugar may touch the under part of the fruit. The next day make a syrup with the remainder of the sugar and the juice that has been drawn from the strawberries, and boil it until it jellies; then put the strawberries carefully in it, and let them simmer for nearly an hour; then put them gently in the jars and pour the syrup over them, it will not all go in, but the following day the jars will hold it all. Seal carefully.—Selected.

GINGER COOKIES.—One pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger and soda, one egg, a small piece of butter and a little salt. Put on the stove and boil five minutes; when cold stir in flour enough to make a stiff batter. Roll and cut quite thick.

A SPIDER SHORT-CAKE.—Two parts rich buttermilk and one part sour cream, saleratus to foam, salt to taste, and flour to make a stiff batter. Roll out into inch-thick, round cakes, the size of a fry-pan, crease the top with straight lines and bake in spiders over the stove. This is good for a breakfast dish on some of these warm mornings.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.
Edited by C. E. BLACK, —ST. JOHN, N. B.
—Devoted to
Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.
OUR MOTTO: ON UPWARD!!
N. B. "The Mystery Solved." next Week.

HOLIDAY CHAT.
'Tis pleasant, indeed, to have a few days for rest and recreation away from the noise and rush of a busy city. Owing to the puzzle editor's absence for a few days' vacation this week's puzzle list cannot be prepared. I trust that all young folks who can try to avail themselves of a few days in the country, or elsewhere, and in taking those time to enjoy the time. (One thing is not pleasant sure, i. e., trying to write up this short note with one hand and fight mosquitoes with the other.) But then this is a world of conflicts—even though it be with mosquitoes.

Through all, let us try to be happy, and strive to do good to some one. This week, and for the holiday season, we will give you a
WORD-HUNT.
To the person sending us the largest list of words from the words
ALL ENDEAVOURING
on or before the 1st of September we will mail a valuable and handsome book of poems. To the one under 12 years of age, sending the largest list a nice prize will be given.
No letter can be used more than once, unless found often in key-words. All words must be arranged in alphabetical order, and numbered. No foreign words, phrases, idioms, abbreviations or obsolete words allowed. Words spelled the same but of different meanings will be counted but once. Plurals of words not allowed.
None but English words found in Webster or Worcester will be counted. Each competitor must send full name and address on head of list with age. A non de plume may be used for publication. No prize will be given unless 10 or more compete, and no lists counted that do not comply with rules.
All correspondence, etc., will be noted next writing.

Minard's Liniment, cures Diphtheria.
Edward Lincol, of St. Peter's, 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.

THE ONLY REMEDY.
GENTLEMEN.—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for my blood and for pimples, and two bottles made a complete cure of my case. It is the only remedy I could find to help me.
MISS JULIA VIGER, Trenton, Ont.

A CANADIAN FAVORITE.
The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhoea, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

N. McRae, Wybridge writes:—"I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

RAPID RELIEF.
DEAR SIR, I had for years been troubled with dyspepsia and sick headache, and found but little relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which made a perfect cure. It is the best medicine I ever had in my life, and I will never be without it.
HATTIE DAVIS, Clinton, Ont.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Stands at the head of all blood medicines. 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, catarrh, and all other blood diseases.
"There can be no question as to the superiority 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."
—F. 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 Keswick, New Brunswick.
"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of
SCROFULA
Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."
—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewees, Neb.
"When a boy I was troubled with a blood disease which manifested itself in sores on the legs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, 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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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
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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 bane 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 each for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for \$1.
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Beware of imitations, get the genuine. Sold everywhere at 50 cents per bottle \$5.00 per dozen

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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 Fancyp 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 and Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English and American designs.
Rubber Clothing a specialty!

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192 Queen St., Fredericton.
June 20.

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1 TON of Alabastine, sixteen different shades all ready to mix in cold water. No boiling or hot water needed. This is without a doubt an improvement on the old style. Try it.
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12 STEEL SINKS—almost indestructible. Best sink ever made.
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Per S. S. Historian—
13 CASKS Paint Oil;
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Bells for Churches, Chimes, School, Fire Alarms of Pure Copper and Tin. Fully warranted, catalogue sent free.
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