

That Brother of Mine.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,
And closes the doors with a slam,
And before he has taken his hat off,
Calls out for "some bread and some jam?"

Who is it that whistles so loudly,
As he works at some tangle of twine
That will send his kite up into cloudland?
Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.

Who is it that, when I am weary,
Has always a hole in his coat,
A button to sew on in a hurry,
A sail to be made for a boat?

Who is it that keeps in his basket
His marbles and long fishing line,
And expects undisturbed there to find
them?

No one else but that brother of mine.

Who is it that tiptoes about softly,
Whenever I'm sick or in pain—
And is every minute forgetting,
And whistling some head-splitting strain
Who is it that when he is trying
To be just as still as he can,
Is always most terribly noisy?
My brother, of course—he's the man.

A Father's Lesson.

"If more fathers would take a course
with their sons, similar to the one my
father took with me," observed one of
the leading business men of Boston,
"the boys might think it hard at the
time, but they'd thank them in after
life."

"What sort of a course?" we asked.
"Well, I was a young fellow of
twenty-two, just out of college; and I
felt myself of considerable importance.
I knew my father was well off, and my
head was full of foolish notions of hav-
ing a pleasant time and spending lots of
money. Later on, I expected father to
start me in business, after I'd swell-
ed' around awhile at the clubs, and
with fine horse-flesh.

"Like a wise man, father at once saw
through my folly, and resolved to pre-
vent my self-destruction, if possible.
"If the boy's got the right stuff in
him, let him prove it." I heard father
say to mother one day. "I worked
hard for my money, and I don't intend
to let Ned squander it, and ruin him-
self besides."

"That very day, father came along
and handed me fifty dollars, remark-
ing: 'Ned, take that money, spend it
as you choose, but understand this,
it's the last dollar of my money you
an have until you can prove yourself
capable of earning money and taking
care of it on your own account.'"

"I took the money in a sort of dazed
manner, and stammered out: 'I—why
—I—I want to go into business.'"

"Business!" exclaimed father con-
temptuously. "What do you know
about managing the mercantile busi-
ness? Get a clerkship and learn the
alphabet before you talk to me of busi-
ness." And father left me to ponder
on his words. And that fifty dollars
was the last money my father ever
gave me, till at his death I received my
part of the property.

"I became hard and bitter then,
thought my father was a stingy old
fog, and resolved to prove to him
that I could live without his money.
He had roused my pride—just what he
intended, I suppose.

"For three days I looked about for
a place to make lots of money. I
found no such chance, and at length I
accepted a clerkship in a large retail
store at four hundred dollars a year.
"Another bit of father's 'stinginess'
at this time, was demanding two dol-
lars a week for my board through that
first year.

"At the end of my first year, I had
laid aside two hundred dollars, and the
next year, my salary being raised a
hundred, I had five hundred dollars
laid by.

"One hundred cents meant more to
me in those days than one hundred
dollars had previously.

"At the end of four years' clerking
I went to my father with fifteen hun-
dred dollars of my own, and asked
him if he was willing to help me enter
business. Even then he would only
let me hire the money, two thousand
dollars, at six per cent. interest.

"To-day I am called a successful busi-
ness man. And I have my father to
thank for it. Those lessons in self-
denial, self-respect, and independence,
which he gave me, put the manhood
into me.

"Years afterward, father told me it
cost him the hardest struggle of his
life to be so hard with his boy. But
he felt it was the only course to make
a man of me. Many a time we've
laughed over that two-dollar board-
bill."

Do not delay your renewal Send by
next mail if possible.

He Stood The Test.

The "blue line" street car stopped
at the corner, says a writer in *Youth's
Companion*, and an anxious-looking
young woman put a small boy inside.
"Now, Bob," she said, as she hur-
ried out to the platform again, "don't
lose that note I gave you; don't take
it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, look-
ing wistfully after his mother as the
conductor pulled the strap, the driver
unscrewed the break, and the horses
shaking their bells, trotted off with the
car.

"What's your name, Bob?" asked a
mischievous-looking young man sitting
beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he an-
swered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your
pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the
round face ought to have shamed the
boy's tormentor, but he only said
again, "Let me see it?"

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen
Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare
the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive
look at the belled horses, but shook
his head.

"Here, Bob, I'll give you this
peach if you'll pull that note half way
out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of
the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this
whole bag of peaches if you will just
show me the corner of your note,"
said the tempter. The child turned
away, as if he did not wish to hear any
more, but the young man opened the
bag and held it just where he could see
and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the
sweet little face; I believe Bob was
afraid to trust himself, and when a
man left his seat on the other end to
get off the car, the little boy slid
quickly down, left the temptation
behind, and climbed into the vacant
place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands
began almost unconsciously to clap,
and then everybody clapped and ap-
plauded until it might have alarmed
Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not
slipped her arm around him and said,
with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all con-
gratulate her upon having a little man
strong enough to resist temptation and
wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message
ever reached Bob's mother, but no
matter, the note got to his grand-
mother without ever coming out of his
pocket.

Many hundreds of subscriptions are now
due and are expected.

Only His Mother.

Charlie Holland, at your service. A
well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-
faced boy. You feel sure you will like
him. Everybody who sees him feels
just so.

"His mother must be proud of
him" is a sentence often on people's
lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his
hat politely in answer to a call from
an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I won-
der if I could get you to mail this
letter for me? Are you going near
the post-office?"

"Near enough to be able to serve
you, Mrs. Hampstead," says the
polite voice. "I will do it with
pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged,
Charlie, but I wouldn't want to make
you late at school on that account."

"Oh! no danger at all, Mrs. Hamp-
stead. It will not take two minutes
to dash around the corner to the
office." And, as he receives the letter
his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman
Charlie Holland is," says Mrs. Hamp-
stead to her sister as the window
closes. "Always so obliging, he acts
as though it were a pleasure to him to
do a kindness."

Bend lower and let me whisper a
secret in your ear. It is not five
minutes since that boy's mother said
to him, "Charlie, can't you run up-
stairs and get that letter on my bureau
and mail it for me?" And Charlie,
with three wrinkles on his forehead
and a pucker on each side of the
mouth, said "O mamma! I don't see
how I can. I'm late now; and the
office is half a block out of my way."

And the mother said, well then, she
need not mind, for she did not want
him to be late at school. So he didn't
mind, but left the letter on the bureau,
and went briskly on his way until
stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie
Holland? Was he an untruthful boy?
He did not mean to be. He claimed
himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late, and he felt in a
hurry, and he hated to go upstairs.
Of course, it would not do to refuse
Mrs. Hampstead, and, by making an
extra rush, he could get to school in
time; but the other lady was only his
mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charlie
Holland love his mother, then?

You ask him, with a hint of doubt
about it in your voice, and see how his
eyes will flash, and how he will toss
back his handsome head, and say:

"I guess I do love my mother!
She's the grandest mother a boy ever
had."

Oh! I didn't promise to explain
Charlie's conduct to you: I am only
introducing him; you are to study for
yourselves. Do you know any boy like
him.

A Bee's Eyes.

The directness of the bee's flight is
proverbial. The shortest distance be-
tween any two given points is called a
bee-line. Many observers think that
the immense eyes with which the in-
sect is furnished greatly assist, if they
do not entirely account for, the arrowy
straightness of its passage through the
air.

Every bee has two kinds of eyes,—
the two large, compound ones, looking
like hemispheres, on either side, and
the three simple ones which crown the
top of the head. Each compound eye
is composed of three thousand five
hundred facets,—that is to say, an ob-
ject is reflected three thousand five
hundred times on its surface. Every
one of these facets is the base of an
inverted hexagonal pyramid, whose
apex is fitted to the head. Each pyr-
amid may be termed an eye, for each
has its own iris and optic nerve.

How these insects manage this
marvellous number of eyes is not yet
known. They are immovable, but
mobility is rendered unnecessary be-
cause of the range of vision afforded by
the position and number of the facets.
They have no lids, but are protected
from the dust and injury by rows of
hairs growing along the lines at the
junctions of the facets.

The simple eyes are supposed to
have been given the bee to enable it
to see above its head, when intent
upon gathering honey from the cups
of flowers.

Probably this may be one reason,
but it is likely there are other uses for
them not yet ascertained. A bee flies
much in the same way as a pigeon; that
is to say, it takes an upward spiral
flight into the air, and then darts
straight for the object in view.

Now an experimenter on insect
nature covered a bee's simple eyes with
paint, and sent it into the air. Instead
of darting straight off after rising, it
continued to ascend. Apparently then,
these eyes are used in some measure
to direct the flight.

OLD CLOTHES.—It is a mystery to
many people how the scourers of old
clothes can make them almost as good
as new. Take for instance a shiny
old coat, waistcoat or trousers of
broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal as
follows: The scourer makes a strong,
warm soap suds, and plunges the gar-
ment into it, soaks it up and down,
rubs the dirty places if necessary, puts
it through a second suds, then soaks
it through several waters and hangs it
to dry on the line. When nearly dry
he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour
or two and then presses it. An old
cotton cloth is laid on the outside of
the coat and the iron is passed over
that till the wrinkles are out; but the
iron is removed before the steam ceases
to rise from the goods, else they would
be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate
are removed by laying a wet cloth over
them and passing the iron over that.
If any shiny places are seen they are
treated as the wrinkles are; the iron
is lifted, while the full cloud of steam
rises, and bring the nap up with it.
In this manner we have known the
same coat and pantaloons to be renew-
ed time and again, and have all the
look and feel of new garments. Good
broadcloth and its fellow clothes will
bear many washings and look better
every time because of them.

Send a new name with your renewal, if
possible. \$2.50 will pay for both one year.

He Kept Warm at Night.

An active but not very robust New
York city boy was sent by his parents
away up in the North Woods a few
days ago, for the avowed purpose of
building up his health. He was cau-
tioned by his father and by the family
doctor to keep warm at night, the
avoidance of chills being especially
desirable in his case. The other day
a letter came from the boy. He told
his parents that he was "feeling well,
eating like a horse, and having a bully
time." He also added: "And I keep
as warm as toast nights. The other
night I went to bed with all my
clothes on. I wore two shirts, three

pairs of trousers, two coats, my shoes
and overshoes, and a cap."—*Indian-
apolis News.*

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ON TO VICTORY! ON!

—The Mystery Solved, —No 48—

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PRIZE OFFER.—For first correct solu-
tions to following five puzzles a nice
prize.

No. 4.—DIAMOND.

A letter from home; a weight; gath-
ered from flowers; a snare; a letter.

No. 5.—ANAGRAM

O R U I N U S.

No. 6.—DROP-LETTER.

H—O—O—H—N—T—L—T—O—

No. 7.—METHEUS.

Obett luyri nwdk estu mob rwtyn
lies.

No. 8.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead animals, and leave a
drink.

2. Behead a twig, and leave a peti-
tion; again, and leave a beam; again,
and leave the cause.

No. 9.—WORD SQUARE.

Where many of you live; a disease;
naughty; a reward.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

Minard's Liniment cures
Dandruff.

VERY MUCH PLEASED.

SIRS,—I am very much pleased with
the effects of Hagyard's Pectoral Bal-
sam. Our family has been greatly
troubled with severe colds, pains in
the chest, etc., and have been promp-
tly relieved by this valuable medicine
which we willingly recommend.

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In every case unsolicited and
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Parmelee's Pills possess the power
of acting specifically upon the diseased
organs, stimulating to action the dor-
mant energies of the system, thereby
removing disease. In fact, so great is
the power of this medicine to clear
and purify, that diseases of almost
every name and nature are driven from
the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell
P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried
Parmelee's Pills and find them an ex-
cellent medicine, and one that will
sell well."

Unequalled.—Mr. Thos. Burnt, Ty-
endinaga, Ont., writes: "I have to
thank you for recommending Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil for bleeding piles.
I was troubled with them for nearly
fifteen years, and tried almost every-
thing I could hear or think of. Some
of them would give me temporary re-
lief, but none would effect a cure. I
have now been free from the distress-
ing complaint for nearly eighteen
months. I hope you will continue to
recommend it."

YOUR COUGH NEW GOODS

Has not yielded to the various rem-
edies you have been taking. It
troubles you day and night, breaks
your rest and reduces your strength.
Now try **Ayer's Cherry Pec-
toral**, before the bronchial tubes be-
come enlarged or the delicate tissues
of the lungs sustain fatal injury. As
an anodyne and expectorant, this pre-
paration has no equal. It soothes the
irritated membrane, promotes expec-
toration, and induces repose. The
worst cough

Can Be Cured

by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr.
J. C. Gordon, Carroll Co., Va., writes: "I
use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice,
and pronounce it to be unequalled as a rem-
edy for colds and coughs."

"After the gripe—cough. This was my
experience—a hacking, dry cough, with an
incessant tickling in the throat, keeping me
awake nights, and disturbing the household.
I tried a great number of 'cough-cures,' but
they gave me only temporary relief. At last
I concluded to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
and before I had used half a bottle, I had
my first all-night sleep. I continued to im-
prove, and now consider myself cured."—
A. A. Sherman, Coeymans, N. Y.

By Using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, many have been
saved from fatal illness.

E. D. Estabrooks, Canterbury, N. B.,
says: "In the winter of 1889 I was a surveyor
of lumber in Sacramento, Cal. Being con-
siderably exposed, I took a bad cold accom-
panied with a terrible cough. I tried several
remedies, but they failed to cure me, and it
was thought I was going into a decline. On
the advice of a friend, I began to use Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral, and less than half a bottle
completely cured me."

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are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
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they also correct all disorders of the stomach,
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.
Even if they only cure

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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

ACHE

is the name 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
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