

Be Careful.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken
And the sunshine flash,
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know.
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow,
And the girl who sows good seed to-day,
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by,
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day,
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now!
And not the briars and weeds now!
Then when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home;
For the seeds we sow in our life to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit forever.
—Indian Witness.

Bert Ryder's Victory.

Bert Ryder had a very long face on that January afternoon. Indeed it was a very unamiable face, that was quite unlike the merry, rosy cheeked, bright eyed fellow whom all the boys liked, and who carried it. It is a fact that Bert had a good deal of common sense for his dozen years; he had a knack of taking good naturedly everything as it came, and instead of fretting and frowning, two things that would never do him a particle of good, he managed to keep quite well satisfied to let things come as they would, and make the best of them.

That is a pretty good introduction to a pretty good boy, and as you may want to judge the fix that he was in, you will want to know also if there was anything about the day that was upsetting. That could not be, for it was on Monday, and Sunday having gone just before it, and that being from change of occupation a day of rest, he felt bright and well, and no doubt fresher than he would be later in the week, after some days of school work. Bert was a conscientious scholar; he was working hard to get into the high school, for his father had promised him a good silver watch with a hunting case when he entered the first grade in the high school, and he was to have his initials B. R., engraved on each side of the case; and that was incentive enough to urge any boy to study.

On Saturday the skating had been lovely; the owner of the pond said he thought the ice must be twenty inches thick; so of course there were no air holes nor thin places which would make it dangerous. A little danger adds spice to the fun of some boys; but Bert had a mother who was not very strong, and she was rather nervous about having her boy go upon the pond unless the ice was solid; and on no account would Mr. Ryder allow Bert to worry his mother.

But everything showed that there was an absence of all danger, and he expected to have jolly fun in the afternoon and evening. But when the morning came it was very cloudy, and there was every sign of snow.

Bert stood by the sitting room window looking out.

"Bother the old snow! I hate it; wish there would never fall another flake," he said.

Bob, the big collie dog, who was asleep on the rug before the open fire, hearing his master's voice, awoke, stretched out one leg, then another, scratched his side, shook his body, and then trotted over to the window. But Bert was too cross to pet him, and, giving him a push with his foot, he said, "Get out, Bob!"

Bob did not know what to make of such treatment. He stood on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on the window-sill, and made a funny noise that nobody can describe, and he rolled up his yellow eyes in a pleading way; but the only response he received was the gruff command "Go lie down, sir!" So he slunk away and crawled under the table, and his dog brain ought to have been full of wonder at the fickleness of boys.

The snow began to fall, first in small specks, then in big white flakes that fell on top of each other as if they had come to stay; and something very like tears came into Bert's watching eyes, although he would have been truly sorry to have it known.

At that moment his father came in from the dining room, rubbing his hands to remove any possible specks. "Bert," said he, "the kindling wood is all out, and you will have to chop some. You know the woodhouse is full of wood; enough to last for a year. I thought the lock might be a little

stiff with ice; so I have brought in a couple of long boards for you to cut up. I have only six minutes in which to catch the train. You will be careful, my son, with the axe."

Mr. Ryder was drawing on his overcoat and gloves while he was talking, so he did not listen for Bert to answer, but he gave him a hurried kiss as he ran out of the door and the gate, for he had heard the whistle of the express train at the valley station.

Bert's heart was very heavy all that day in school; everything that he studied seemed to be marked all over with boards and an axe, and even his geography lesson, which described some of the beauties of the Niagara, at which place he had read in a paper only that morning the ice bridge over the falls was more beautiful than it had ever been known to be, could not interest him, because his afternoon's fun was to be spoiled by splitting kindlings for Jane.

Jane was a great nuisance anyway; she used far too much wood, a great deal more than she needed to use, and papa ought to tell her so. When he was a man, he would be glad he would never have to chop wood, nor do a lot of other horrid things. But then he remembered how, the other evening, papa had spent an hour chopping, because Hal and Jim had come over to play checkers, and he did not want to interrupt them. This thought softened his anger somewhat, but he was cross yet.

And when he was in the cellar at half past two he felt still worse; the boards looked as if they were at least ten feet in length, the axe was dull, and worse yet, he did not want to chop anyway.

There are a good many things that all of us can know, but not one of them is stranger than for old eyes to see what a boy can do if he wants to try. If Bert had had any choice, he would have left the boards intact, but that was impossible, so he laid one against an old log, and commenced. With every whack a big piece of wood was broken off, then another crack broke another piece, and the pile was growing. Working with a will was working with a purpose, and in little more than a half hour the two boards were all broken up.

Just then some one knocked on the cellar window.

"Hello, Bert; what are you doing?" "Not present but imperfect tense, Sam; not doing, but done," was Bert's cheery answer.

"Coming up?"

"Yes, right away, old man."

And when he appeared, Sam said, "Say, Bert, the snow is just swept off the pond; not five minutes ago the old gray nag was hauled off; going skating?"

"Guess so. I must see mother a minute; you hold on."

"Finished, my dear boy?" Mrs. Ryder asked.

"Yes, mammy; it was no work at all, only it seemed big because I was so cross."

"It is only twenty minutes after three now. Jane has hurried to make you some molasses cake with chocolate icing. I told her to have a big piece ready for you, as you would be sure to have one of the boys to help you eat it. Who is waiting for you?"

"Sam Sloot, mother."

"I am glad that it is he; when you come back I will tell you something about his uncomfortable home."

"Hurrah, for the best mother in the world!" shouted Bert, as he tossed up his cap.

And to his surprise his mother tossed up her handkerchief, as she said, "And hurrah every time for the boy who gains a victory over himself!"

Every Friday evening Bert is glad to see any of the boys—you must come some time, and he will tell this incident better than it is told here.—Chris. at Home.

What Nerve and Pluck Will Do.

"Why, my boy, you can't do the work I want done."

"Try me, sir, please."

"I can try you, but it stands to reason that you are unfitted for such a task. You don't seem to comprehend the nature of the work."

"Oh, yes, I do, sir. It is general lifting and helping the porter in heavy work."

"That's just it; you do understand it. Well, if you want to try it, you can begin this morning, though I shall expect to see you give out in less than two days."

Mancel H—, a lad not weighing over ninety pounds, accepted eagerly the situation, and went to work. Why had he sought this position? Because it would pay him three or four dollars a week more than he was getting, and this would enable him to take better care of his crippled brother than he had been able to do hitherto. This was one reason. But there was another. Small of frame and apparently weak in muscle, he

had been perpetually sneered at by those with whom he had been working, as "the runty," and had determined to show that he was capable of great physical exertion.

Weeks went on, and Mancel satisfactorily filled his position, and the head porter reported quite favorably concerning him to the proprietor of the establishment, Mr. Killup. One day the latter called upon him into the counting room, and said to him: "Don't you get tired, my lad?"

"Oh, yes, sir, very, very tired," replied Mancel, with that perfect frankness characteristic of his nature. "But, sir, I sleep so soundly that I feel rested again, and am fresh and ready for a new day's tasks."

"But wouldn't you like some lighter work?"

"Indeed I would, sir, if I could get it," with utter frankness again spoke the lad, coloring, however, at the implied pleading there was in the reply.

"Well, young man, I discovered by a memorandum that you made the other day that you could write a good hand. I need an entry clerk; and, if you would like to you can take the place at the same wages you are now getting, with a chance of increase after awhile."

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you, sir, for your kindness."

"Never mind that," said the plain spoken merchant; "only do your duty, and do not get ahead of your business, and I will see that you are not neglected."

Mancel strove on; and quick in figures he was before many months promoted to assistant book-keeper, and then to cashier. Years passed, and he became one of the managers, and eventually one of the proprietors of the great mercantile establishment which he had entered as an assistant porter.

Now this isn't so strange a story in this country, where merit and industry are recognized and rewarded as in no other on the face of the earth; but it is a true story, and the hero of it occupies a high position to-day under the government of the United States. The obstacles he overcame any poor boy may overcome. The promotion he gained any worthy lad may gain. The name he made any young man of nerve and principle and laudible ambition may make. The road to success has always rough sections in it but they are never too rough to be surmounted by patient industry, unflinching determination and ceaseless energy.—S. S. Evangelist.

Home Hints.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—A pint and a half of Graham flour, a half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a half pint of white flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two eggs well beaten, one pint of milk. Bake half an hour.

MOUNTAIN DEW PUDDING.—One pint milk, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, one-half cup rolled cracker crumbs, on teaspoonful extract lemon or vanilla. Bake half an hour. Beat the whites with one cup of sugar, spread over the top, and brown in the oven.

It is frequently asked how much mustard should be given if it is desired to make a patient sick in case of croup or poisoning. A tablespoonful of ground mustard to a tumbler of warm water is the rule. Salt is almost as efficacious as mustard, if the latter is not at hand. If the first tumbler has no effect, give more and tickle the back of the throat with a feather.

PUZZLER'S PASTIME.

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

Devoted to

Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

* * * Onward and Upward. * *

—The Mystery Solved.—No. 13.—

No. 68.—(1) Easter Sunday. (2) Montreal.

No. 69.—Moncton.

No. 70.—Tennysen.

No. 71.—CHARLES EDWIN BLACK.

No. 72.—Evangeline.

No. 73.—"Lady Clare."

No. 74.—Lady of the Lake.

—The Mystery.—No. 17.—

No. 86.—A CROSS.

("INEZ," Westfield Centre.)

The shortest piece is in the longest, and both are miles and miles from here.

—:—

(Original puzzles by T. M. Gayton, Yarmouth, N. S.)

No. 87.—HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. Tell Con Dora wants him.

2. Strive to emulate her more.

3. That was the most Richard ever did.

4.—Strive to obtain knowledge.

No. 88.—VOWEL PUZZLE.

S—r—K—t.

No. 89.—DROP LETTER.

M—R—u—R—t

My whole a poem by Whittier.

No. 90.—DIAMOND.

A letter.

A calm place.

A greenish mineral.

The organ of sight.

A letter.

No. 91.—P1. (One word)

Msnluocaselei

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

THE MYSTICAL CIRCLE.

PRIZE WINNER.

The first correct list of solutions to puzzles in issue of April 12th accompanied by four original puzzles was received from Annie L. Brewer, Nashwaakasis, to whom prize has been forwarded. The second, with five puzzles from F. M. Gayton, Yarmouth, N. S., whose puzzles we publish above.

THAT VOTING CONTEST.

As we announced we now give you another Voting Contest. A handsome prize will be given to those in the majority. The majority determines the vote. We have no answers of our own. Three weeks from this date will be allowed for mailing your answers, which please send on a postal card, or paper the same size enclosed in envelope. These are the questions on which you are to vote:

1. Who is the greatest Canadian statesman living to-day?
2. Which would you prefer a good name or riches?
3. What is the favourite pastime of the age?
4. If you had the means, what country would you prefer to visit?
5. What is the greatest evil of the present day?
6. Who is the greatest living author?
7. Who is the ablest and most noted minister of the gospel in Canada to-day?

—OUR STORY.—

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer Nor moralize with his despair; The man is down, and his great need Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

"Tis time, when the wounds are washed and healed, That the inward motives be revealed. But now, whatever the spirit be, More words are but mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more To him than tomes of saintly lore; Pray, if you must, in your full heart; But give him a lift—give him a start!

The world is full of good advice, Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice. But the generous souls who aid mankind, Are scarce as gold, and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds; A noble life's the best of deeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives 'em a lift when they are down.

—New Orleans Home.

Journal.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.

French Village.

Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

HAVE YOU HEADACHE?

Headache, which is usually a symptom of stomach trouble, constipation or liver complaint can be entirely cured by B. B. B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) because this medicine acts upon and regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economic.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of all coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

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LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident 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 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. 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

ACHE
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 five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen.

12-21 MAY

READY MIXED PAINTS

AND KALSOMINE.

Just received 1 Carload.

595 one pound cans readymixed paints

390 two do do do do do do do

175 one quart do do do do do do

75 half gallon do do do do do do

50 one gallon do do do do do do

175 cans coach colors ready for application.

1 cask ground glue,

10 barrels white kalsomine,

3 barrels pink, blue and gray

1 french ochre

1 golden ochre

1 pumice stone

1 barrel each walnut stain, brown

black

3 cases carriage varnish

5 barrels special oxide

2 ton red, blue, black and brown

paint

2 cases dry colors

3 barrels coach colors in japan and

oil.

The balance of our spring order.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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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, Fin Cordscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trousersings 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.