

The Clay.

Within their tiny hands my children hold
A ball of yielding clay,
And, as they try some dainty form to mould
I hear them softly say,
"What shall we make? an apple or a vase?
Some marbles, or a fan?"
One little boy, a smile upon his face,
Says, "I shall make a man."

Straightway, with lengthened face, he, at
his task,
Begins and 'neath the hands
Unskilful, weak, and yet too proud to ask
For aid, a form expands,
Crude, and yet not too poor to show the
man
Hid in the maker's thought,
How different yet if some skilled artisan
The ball of clay had wrought.

To-day within my hands my children lie,
I shape them as I will,
And seek to raid from Him that is on high,
That He may with His skill
Teach my weak, willing hands to rightly
mould
The clay that I have sought.
That in true forms of beauty may unfold
The Maker's highest thought
—Transcript.

Hist!

"There, now you've done it!" and
Tom Reynolds gave his little sister a
quick push which sent her crying to
her mother, while he stopped to gather
up the type which she had accidentally
overturned.

"I didn't mean to do it," sobbed
Bessie from the shelter of her mother's
arms, while Mrs. Reynolds added re-
proachfully, "How could you be so un-
kind, my son?"

Already ashamed of his rash violence
the boy said, half apologetically, "Of
course I needn't have got mad, but I'd
had such a time sorting over that type
and she came along so suddenly. I'm
awful sorry, sis," he continued, "and
I'll give you my new pencil if you'll
stop crying."

Accepting his offer, Bessie's tears
soon ceased to flow, and after she and
her mother had left the room, Uncle
Will looking up from his newspaper,
said, sympathetically, "That hasty
temper causes you considerable trou-
ble, doesn't it, Tom?"

"It's just awful," responded Tom;
"it's always making me do or say
something to be sorry for. You don't
know anything about it."

"Perhaps I know more than you
think," continued Mr. Wetherby, with
a quiet smile. "When I was about
your age, my temper was as much
worse than yours as you can
imagine."

"It hardly seems possible, uncle.
How do you manage to keep it down?"

"Did you ever notice that when any-
thing aggravating happens to me, I
keep perfectly still for a moment?"

"Yes, but I didn't suppose you were
trying to do so? Do you stop and
count a hundred?"

"No, I just listen."

"And what do you hear?"

"Before I give you my answer, I
will tell you something that lies back
of it, and which will perhaps impress
it more firmly upon you."

"One day when I was about as old
as you, I was out in the yard setting
a trap for some pigeons, and just as
a regular beauty was stepping in and
I was about to pull the string, my pet
spaniel came running up, and jumping
upon me twined the cord from my
hand. It was just a moment too soon,
and as the startled bird flew swiftly
away, I felt angry enough to kill the
innocent cause of my disappointment."

He was still frowning around me, and
in my passion I seized a large stone
and raised my arm to hurl it with all
my strength. But just then a sharp
half-whispered "Hist!" attracted my
attention, and pausing, with my hand
still upraised, I turned to see our old
gardener standing near in listening
attitude.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, half startled
by his manner and expression.

"Don't you hear something?" he
said.

"Can't you hear something, 'Don't
do it! Don't do it!' he continued.

"Oh, I know what you mean now,"
I said, hardly knowing whether to
smile or to be vexed at his little ruse;
but by this time my anger had abated,
and stooping involuntarily to caress
the little animal which was really so
dear to me, I thought how easily I
might have taken his life, and I said
repentantly, "I'm glad you stopped me,
Martin, and I wish you'd remind me
whenever you see I'm so mad that I
hardly know what I'm doing."

"All right, Master Will," he return-
ed, "if you'll only stop a bit when
you're angry and listen to what con-
science says."

"The old man was faithful to his
promise, and over and over again I
heard that warning expression, until
even when he was not near I came to
listen involuntarily for the 'Hist! Hist!'"
and the voice of conscience which was
so sure to follow."

"Please, uncle," said Tom, with a
half smile, as Mr. Wetherby ceased

speaking, "won't you say it to me a
few times and see if I can't get to hear-
ing it for myself? It is such an en-
couragement to think what a success
you have made of it."—Morning Star.

One by One.

"Pile them straight and evenly, my
boy."

"Will's father came and stood near
him as he was piling up some wood."

"But, then I shall have to lay every
one separately," said Will, in a com-
plaining voice.

"That is a good way—one by one."

"One by one! Oh, dear! It takes
so long. I like to take a half-dozen at
a time. Just think of going all through
this great pile, laying the sticks one
by one."

"But one by one, little by little, is
the way most of the great things are
done in this world," said his father.

"It's the way I'm laying this walk,
one brick at a time," said Robert,
Will's older brother, who was working
near by—"one brick, and then another."

"It's the way I'm doing this knitting,"
said grandmother, with a smile, from
her seat on the bench in the shade—
"one stitch, and then another."

"If I had my way about things, I'd
have things done in one big lump."

"I don't think I'd like that," said
Robert. "I like to see things grow
under my hand."

"When we think how many things
are made up of one small thing added
to another," said father, "it gives a
great deal of dignity to little things."

Look at the leaves on the trees—how
they wave in the soft wind, every new
movement giving them a new gleam in
the sunshine."

"I don't think I'd fancy a tree with
just one big leaf to it," said Robert,
"or a lawn with one big blade of grass
to it."

"Water is made up of drops, land of
grains of sand or earth, and the sun-
shine of separate rays," said father.

"Sure enough: there are plenty of
littles," said Will, who was becoming
interested in the discussion. "But,
the while coming back to his voice,
"there's so much tug, tug, to it. At
school it's day after day, and day
after day. And it's one figure after
another on your slate, one line after
another in your lesson."

"Well," said Robert, "what would
there be for us to do if it wasn't one
thing and then another? Would you
like to get through, and then have
nothing more to do?"

"Ho!" said Will; "I really didn't
think of that. No, I don't think it
would suit me to be all through with
everything."

"I think," said father, "it is well for
us sometimes to remember how few of
the great things in the world are done
by just one person or through a single
great effort. They come of the united
force of a dozen or a hundred or thou-
sands of men, and from all these
through the adding of one day's effort
to another. So now, having preached
my little sermon, we will go to dinner."

"And after I've finished this wood
pile we'll have our game of ball," said
Will.

"That will be one pitch after another,"
said his father.

"One bite and then another," said
Robert, with a smile at his brother, as
they were at the table.

"Yes," said Will, laughing. "I
shouldn't like to take it all in a lump."

—SIDNEY DAYNE, in New York Ob-
server

Was He Truthful?

Roger was deeply interested in his
arithmetic. He had begun working as
soon as he came home, not even stop-
ping to make a visit to the pantry.
His pencil seemed to be running a race
with the sewing machine, which kept
up a busy hum.

Suddenly something snapped, and the
machine stopped.

"There! I've broken my needle, and
it is the last one I have in the house.
Roger, can't you run to the store and
get me one? I would like to finish
this stitching to-day."

"Oh, mamma, must you have it? I
haven't a single minute to spare," said
Roger.

"I can work on something else, if
you haven't time to go," replied his
mother.

Roger's pencil worked on noisily for
a few minutes, when some one knock-
ed.

"Is Roger home?" said an eager voice.

"Oh, say; the bows and arrows have
come. Can't you go down and see
them?"

Roger threw down his pencil, seized
his hat, and was off.

He did not return until tea-time.

"Now for arithmetic," he said, when
the table was cleared, and the lamp
the placed upon it with the daily
paper.

"Hallo! here's the new magazine."

"Please, uncle," said Tom, with a
half smile, as Mr. Wetherby ceased

speaking, "won't you say it to me a
few times and see if I can't get to hear-
ing it for myself? It is such an en-
couragement to think what a success
you have made of it."—Morning Star.

But, somehow, the story was very
long or else one story led on to anoth-
er; for, when Roger at last tossed the
book aside, he found the evening al-
most gone.

He glanced at the clock, rapidly
counted the leaves. "Oh, dear! I
can't do half as much as I planned,"
he said; "I am so tired I can't think."

The next day the teacher was sur-
prised that Roger had done so little;
and, when she asked the reason, he
said he had done all he had time for.

Was this truthful? Was it right?
—Christian Observer.

Advice to Girls.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A loud, weak, affected, whining,
harsh or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation—such
phrases as 'awfully this,' 'beastly that,'
'hands of time,' 'don't you know,'
'hate for dislike,' etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance,
surprise and joy, such as 'bother!'
'gracious!' 'how jolly!'

Yawning when listening to any one.

Talking on family matters, even to
bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrument-
al piece of music you cannot execute
with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod with the
head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-
toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around you,
and seeming pleased with them and all
they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices
quite naturally, as if of no account to
yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the
opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage, a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts
connected with them, thus avoiding
giving offence through not recognizing
or bowing to people, or saying to
them what had best be left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience
to prosy talkers, and smiling at the
twitold tale or joke.—Christian
Observer.

A Girl's Unselfishness.

It was through the influence of a
girl's unselfishness that Vassar College
was founded.

It has been said—and if true, it is a
beautiful story—that a niece of Mr.
Vassar was slowly dying, that he loved
her, and spent much time in her sick
room. As he paced up and down be-
fore her fading eyes, she did not talk
to him about herself, but the substance
of her conversation was, "Uncle
Matthew, when I am gone, do some-
thing for women!"

Over and over again the sweet re-
frain sounded in his ears; "Uncle
Matthew, Uncle Matthew! do some-
thing for women!"

If she had wailed, "Why don't you
do something to save me?" Vassar
College, which has done so much for
the women of the country, might never
have existed.

In our greatest suffering, even in
mortal sickness, it is possible to
remember other sufferers and other
needs. No one can tell what may be
the value of a last impression made
by one who is about to leave loving
friends forever.

As the conservatory is the sunny,
fragrant bower of the rich home, so
the sick room can be the beloved re-
treat of the household. Even terrible
pain may be divinely unselfish.

Christ's last thought upon "the cross
was for other people."

Do Women Know?

That cane-seated chair-bottoms that
have become sagged may be made as
tight as ever by washing them with
hot soap suds and leaving to dry in
open-air.

That embroidery should always be
ironed on the wrong side, on a soft
surface, such as heavy flannel or felt-
ing with a clean white cloth over it,
and should be ironed till thoroughly
dry. In this way the design will be
beautifully brought out.

That flies do not like the odor of
clover, and that a bunch of these bloss-
oms left drying in a room will effectually
expel them.

That traces of mud may be removed
from black dresses by rubbing the
stains with raw potato.

That covers of lard-pails may be
utilized by placing them under pots
and saucers when the stove is too
hot.

That pine tar burned in a sick room
is an excellent disinfectant; it also in-
duces sleep.

That soaking canned goods in iced
water for an hour before heating them
will remove any tinny taste that may
be noticed.

That a thin piece of salt pork bound
on to a wound caused by stepping on a
nail or carpet tack will remove the in-
flammation almost immediately and
prevent serious consequences.

All Sorts.

Out of every 1,000 births in England
twelve are twins and forty-five illegiti-
mate.

Don't physic and physic to cure
indigestion. K. D. C. is not a physic.

It cleanses and strengthens the stom-
ach without weakening and destroying
the tissues. Try K. D. C.

When the vote of the jury in Ger-
many stands 6 to 6 the prisoner is
acquitted.

It is not what one says, but every-
body who knows it praises Johnson's
Anodyne Liniment.

Five thousand words are daily sent
over the cable connecting Australia
with Europe.

All men covet perfect health but
but very few have it, because of the
wide-spread prevalence of dyspepsia.
K. D. C. is the cure for dyspepsia.
Try it!

A Missouri thief, with more temerity
than sense, stole a bee-hive. If he
wasn't stung by remorse he was by
the bees.

Very Superior for catarrh and bron-
chitis, is the verdict for Johnson's
Anodyne Liniment.

Among Queen Victoria's most cher-
ished possessions are three bracelets.
In these are mounted thirty-three
miniatures of her grandchildren, taken
in infancy or early youth.

"For sixty years," says a Baptist
deacon, "I have known of Johnson's
Anodyne Liniment."

From a 'scientific toy' the telephone
has become one of the greatest busi-
ness implements of the age. The an-
nual report of the American Bell Tele-
phone Company shows that that cor-
poration rented last year 522,720 tele-
phones, an increase of over 40,000 in
one year.

There is no claim made for Ayer's
Sarsaparilla which cannot be endorsed
by scores of testimonials. This fact
plainly proves that the blood is the
source of most disorders and that
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of
blood-purifiers. Try it this month.

An interesting innovation in the
post card system is soon to be adopted
by the French Government. The post
cards are to be used in the form of
cheque books, with stubs. The sender
of the card can make memoranda of
its contents on the stub, and can have
this stamped at the post office before
the card is detached, so that a verified
record of the correspondence can be
kept.

Don't waste time, money, and
health, trying every new medicine you
may see advertised in the papers. If
the cause of your trouble is in the
blood, liver, stomach, or kidneys, take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla at once, and be
sure of a cure. Take no other.

Alfred Mace, son of Jem Mace, the
once famous pugilist, is an evangelist.
He has been preaching for twenty
years. He came to America four years
ago, having previous to that time done
missionary work in England. He is a
strongly built man, not unlike his
father in personal appearance, and is
said to be an eloquent preacher.

Rheumatism racks the system like
a thumb-screw. It retreats before the
power of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which
purifies the blood.

Beware of indulgence in deception.
The habit is destructive of the very
power to be truthful.

No matter where faith steps, it
always finds solid rock.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cures Headache and Dyspep-
sia.

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Artizans, mechanics and laboring
men are liable to sudden accidents and
injuries, as well as painful cords, stiff
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EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

DEAR SIRS,—Your Bardeock Blood
Bitters excels all other medi-
cines that I ever used. I took it for
biliousness and it has cured me alto-
gether.

WM. WRIGHT, Wallaceburg, Ont.

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sumptive Syrup will not cure, but none
so bad that it will not give relief. For
coughs, colds and all affections of the
throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific
which has never been known to fail.
It promotes a free and easy expectora-
tion, thereby removing the phlegm,
and gives the diseased parts a chance
to heal.

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50 doz. Yankee Blade.
10 doz. Hand Hammer Axes.
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For sale wholesale and retail.
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