

Vacation Song.

I have closed my book and hidden my slate
And thrown my satchel across the gate,
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the school-room I love the best!

My school-room lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy
bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars:

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the
green.
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced,
As they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the
grasses.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against thy face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream
Which hides itself, like a school-boy's
dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My school-mates there are the birds and
bees,
And the saucy squirrel, less wise than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget.
For wonderful love do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come! oh, come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate,
Of all the school-rooms, in east or west,
The school of nature I love the best.

Manliness.

Max came strutting into the library
no other word would express it—and
slammed the door after him. His
mother looked up from her book, but
said nothing. She hardly knew what
to make of her boy in these days. He
was not so prompt about obeying as he
used to be, and in many little ways
annoyed and grieved her. He had
always been so affectionate, so willing
to do her will; but now all seemed
changed; I say seemed, because, as
you will see, the real Max was still
there.

He went whistling about the room,
with his hands in his pockets, and his
head in the air, but finally brought up
at the table, where he stood drumming
with his fingers.

"Mother," he said, "I am not going to
Aunt Kate's with you, this afternoon."

At one time, Max would have added,
"If you do not object, er, 'If you
would be willing that I should not—'
that is, if he had objected to going at
all, which he would not have thought
of doing.

For a moment, his mother did not
answer; she only looked at him in a
way that, in spite of himself, made
Max's heart give a little regretful
throb, but he would not yield; he held
his head a trifle higher, and looked
out of the window, away from those
questioning eyes.

"Very well, Max," she said at last,
taking up her book again.

Max looked at her for a moment,
opened his lips, shut them again, and
turning, walked out of the room.

"Helen, my dear," said grandma, who
from his seat by the fire, had been a
quiet spectator of all that had passed,
"do not worry; our boy is only laboring
under a wrong impression of the mean-
ing of the word manly. I do not think
that it will last very long," and he
smiled so confidently that the mother's
heart was comforted.

Late that same afternoon when his
mother had gone to Aunt Kate's alone,
Max came again into the library, and
seeing his grandfather standing at the
window, went to his side. He had
been there but a moment when a little
child, on the other side of the way
who had evidently been begging,
slipped on a bit of ice, and fell, her
basket falling from her hand, and its
contents scattering on the snow. She
was not hurt, but, already chilled by
the cold March wind, and unhappy,
she sat, crying, making no attempt to
get up. At that instant, riding fast
down the street, came a gentleman;
Max knew him well, and of all people,
admired him.

As his eyes fell upon the child, he
pulled up his horse suddenly, and the
next instant was on the sidewalk, lift-
ing the little one to her feet. "The
doctor thinks she is hurt," said Max;
"but he needn't bother, for she isn't
one bit."

His grandfather smiled, but said
nothing; he knew the doctor better
than Max did.

Lifting the child to her feet, the
doctor drew out his handkerchief and
wiped the tear-stained little face, talk-
ing to her, as they could see, the while;
then, to Max's unutterable amazement,
set about collecting the broken bits of
bread which he placed in the basket,
and put again into the little hand;
after which he wrote something in his
note-book, and then, lifting his hat,
sprang to his horse and was gone.

Max fairly gasped, and grandpa,
smiling joyously, exclaimed, "There

is a manly man, my boy." He added,
turning to Max, and laying his hands
on his shoulders, "My boy, do not
allow yourself to be persuaded by any-
body that, to be manly, one must be-
come rudely independent. What is
the meaning of the word? It is cour-
ageous, generous, chivalrous, noble,
brave,—what a list! Do you remem-
ber, Max, what was said of your hero,
Sir Launcelot?"

"Thou wert the truest friend to
thy sworn brother that ever bestrid
horse. Most courteous wert thou and
gentle of all that sat in hall among
dame." And above all, my boy, it was
said of him who is the one Pattern for
us all, He was 'subject' unto His
parents."

It was fast growing dusk; grandpa
had returned to his seat by the fire;
Max still stood gazing unseeing out
into the darkening street.

Presently he turned, and going to
the fireside, held out his hand, saying,
and already there was a change in his
very voice: "Thank you, grandpa,
and I will not forget what you have
said to me; now I am going to Aunt
Kate's to walk home with mother."

Grandpa took the proffered hand,
and held it for a moment in a warm
clasp, but he said nothing, only sat
smiling into the dancing fire long after
Max had left the house.

It is not necessary to inquire into
what passed between Max and his
mother on that homeward walk, but I
have a suspicion that Max did the
manly thing in confessing his desert-
ion, and begging to be taken back as
the true knight of his first and most
loving friend. Be that as it may,
grandpa smiled another of his smiles
when the two entered the room, an
hour later, their faces telling more
plainly than many words, of what
that walk had accomplished, and so
thoroughly accomplished that, in all
the years which followed, the impress
never disappeared from Max's life,
but showed in a true manliness which
called forth the love and admiration of
all with whom he came in contact.

The Boys Welcome.

"Let's have some fun with the new
fellow living at Farmer Smith's. He's
as green as grass, and we can have lots
of sport."

"I'm in for that. It does those city
chaps good to take them down; they
think they know so much more than
we. But what shall we do, Jim?"
asked Thomas Watson of James
Mould.

"Oh, we might get him to stir up the
horns in that nest, ride Mr. Buck's
old mule, dive into the deep hole, and
anything else that will give us a chance
to laugh at him. We'll have lots of
fun."

"And what will he have, Jim?"
asked William Cole.

"He must look out for himself, as
we do. But he'll get acquainted with
us and the country," replied James.

"That is, you mean to force your
acquaintance on a stranger, punish
him for coming to the country, and
take pay for your trouble by compell-
ing him to suffer, that you may laugh.
Well, city people may be green, but if
we do that we will be worse, and show
that we are mean."

"There it is again, Will. Half the
fun does not suit you; and you call it
mean. What's the harm in teaching
the new boy a lesson or two?" asked
Thomas.

"Tom, I only oppose fun when it is
wrong. What if he gets stung by
horns, falls off that mule and breaks
an arm or leg? Would that be fun for
us?"

"You always see dreadful things
that don't happen. We want to see
what kind of a fellow he is; if good,
we want him to belong to our crowd;
if bad, we don't care to have him;
that's all."

"But, Tom, we might take an-
other way, pleasanter to him, and more
creditable to us. You propose
teaching him a lesson, yet he may not
need any. He may teach us one in-
stead. Suppose he teach us to be
noble, while we are treating him
meanly; how would we feel? I hate
to do a thing of which I am ashamed,
and for which I must apologize later."

"Will, you are right. I feel that
way, too. But what do you propose?"
asked John Hart.

"Let us treat him as a gentleman;
and then, if he is something else, we
can let him alone, yet feel that we did
what is right. Let us treat him as we
would like others to treat us, if we
came from the city to live."

After further talk, Thomas and
James yielded, and the four agreed on a plan.

The next Saturday morning they
called at Farmer Smith's, and asked
Abram Wilson, the new boy, to go
along for a day of sport. The eyes of
the stranger brightened, but a moment
later the old look came back, and more
sad than before. He replied:

"Boys, I thank you as much as I

can. You're as kind as can be to in-
vite me, but I can't go. Mr. Smith's
away, and he told me to do this work
to-day. I've got to do it."

"Say, fellows, let's help Abe. We
can do it all in two hours, and then
have lots of fun after," said William.
Thomas and James were about de-
clining but the delight that shone in
Abram's face decided them.

"Abe, can you go right after this
done?" asked Thomas; "Will you go
right along?"

"Indeed I will. Mr. Smith said I
must do this work, and then I might
have the rest of the day to myself,"
was the answer.

"Let's do it, fellows; and divide
the work into five parts, and see who'll
get his done first," spoke James.

"Now, fellows, no slighting," said
John, as each started with his work.

It was a steady race to the end.
John beat, with Abram last. Each
gave him a helping hand, and in less
than two hours the work was com-
pleted and fairly well done.

Seldom did five happier boys go on
a trip of pleasure than those who left
Mr. Smith's farm that forenoon. There
was no end to their fun. They went
swimming, fishing, sailing, ate all the
cherries they wanted, dressed and
cooked along the shore the fish they
caught, roasted in the ashes some new
potatoes given them by a jolly farmer,
and at night came to Mr. Smith's
happy and as satisfied as they were
tired.

"Fellows, if ever you treated a
stranger well, you have me," spoke
Abram, as they parted. "The fact is,
I was afraid to come to the country.
Everybody said the boys here are so
rough, and always playing tricks on
strangers. But they didn't know you.
I felt lonely and homesick since I
came here. You see, my father and
mother are dead, my sisters and
brothers work out, so I had to come
here to live. I felt all alone in the
world, but I don't any more. You
seem like brothers now to me. Do
you go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, Abe, we all go to the same
school. Will you go along? Tom and
I'll come for you to-morrow if you say
so."

"Say so? Guess I do. I used to
go in the city, but did not know where
to go here. When'll you come? I'll
be ready."

"Two o'clock sharp. Sunday-
school's a mile and a half away," re-
plied Tom.

"Will, we got more real good fun
by trying your way than if we'd tried
mine," said James, after they had left
Mr. Smith's.

Lifting the Hat.

Politeness costs nothing, and yet it
does not come without an effort, and
the best time to cultivate it is in
early life. Of one form of politeness,
lifting the hat, Harper's Young People
says:

The lifted hat, for instance, is a
sign of respect from one person to an-
other, a brief way of saying without
words, 'I hold you in honor, and am
glad to do so.' Only a boor keeps his
hat on in the house, where, for one
thing, he does not need its shelter
from wind and weather and where
ladies have their abode. A gentleman
always raises his hat, when he meets
them, to the ladies whom he knows,
and some of the most finished gentle-
men of the old school, not content with
a mere lifting, take their hats off and
stand bareheaded while speaking with
women on the street or at the door of
a house. But how are boys to learn
the easy, graceful lifting of the hat—
the instinctive homage from strength
to weakness, of the gentleman to the
lady? Only by practicing it from baby-
hood on.

"Max lifted his hat to a girl!" ex-
claimed Willie, who had come from a
town where boys of fifteen were not ac-
customed to pay such attentions to
their girl friends.

"Of course," said Max. "Every fel-
low does. What do you take me for?"
"And you bowed to your mother, as
if you had not seen her a half dozen
times to-day."

"Certainly," returned Max. "A fel-
low who didn't know enough to bow
to his mother when he met her,
couldn't go with our fellows, let me
tell you. Why, Will, we all do that."

And Will, who at heart was a
mother-loving lad, and needed only
polish, resolved to copy his cousin.

Do not underrate polish. A diamond
in the rough may possess a value, but
a diamond after the cutter's tool has
brought out its smoothness and beauty
will command a much greater price in
the market.

"I know that Stanley is forgetful of
politeness," apologized a fond mother
for a little son who habitually kept on
his hat in the house, whistled at the
dinner table, interrupted conversation,
and strewed his possessions broadcast
over parlor and sitting room. "But,"
she continued, "boys will be boys. He

will do better when he is older."

Possibly. Yet the doing better
then will be at the cost of much an-
nouncing and sharp usage from the world;
and politeness will never be the second
nature to this boy that it is to one who
is never allowed to omit a courtesy.
—Primitive Methodist.

All Sorts.

Tommy Wing's mother is awful
good and kind to him. Mamma:
What has she done that is so thought-
ful? Let him have measles just the
very day school began.

If you would have an abundance of
dark, glossy hair, if you would have a
clean scalp, free from dandruff and
irritating humors, or if your hair is
faded and gray, and you would have
its natural color restored, use Ayer's
Hair Vigor. It is unquestionably the
best dressing.

Were you ever up before me? asked
a Police Justice.

Shure I don't know, yer anner.
What time does yer anner get up?

To make your business pay, good
health is a prime factor. To secure
good health, the blood should be kept
pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. When the vital fluid is
impure and sluggish, there can be
neither health, strength, nor ambition.

A teacher in a city school received
the following note from the mother of
a boy who had been absent for a day
or two: "Dere mam: please excuse
Willy. He didn't have but one pair
of pants as I kep him home to wash
and mend them, and Mrs. O'boole's
goat come and et them up off the line
and that awt to be eggscuse enuff,
goodness nose. Yours with respect,—
Mrs. B."

A good appetite and refreshing sleep
are essential to health of mind and
body, and these are given by Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

In Vienna a man died recently who
had his heart on the right side and
almost all his internal organs, milt,
liver and intestines, were found to be
opposite to their usual places. Deceased
never felt any inconvenience from this
derangement. He learned of it ac-
cidentally several years ago and offered
to sell his body to the British Museum
for the immediate payment of a good
round sum, but the offer was declined.
The cause of death was consumption.

Prompt Relief.

Rev. Thos. E. Archer, Saltsprings
Island, B. C.: "From the package of
K. D. C. you sent me, a quarter of
which I have used, I can say with truth
that I never tried anything that so
quickly relieved the pains consequent
upon indigestion. I shall always be
pleased to recommend your cure to all
and every person inclined to dys-
pepsia."

If you doubt the great merits of K.
D. C., sent for a free sample. K. D.
C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S.,
and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

A young lady had given a spruce
young man her photograph. He was
enamored with it, and made the re-
mark: "Some day, with your permis-
sion, I shall plead for the possession of
the lovely original. He did not ex-
pect this: Then I shall give you the
negative."

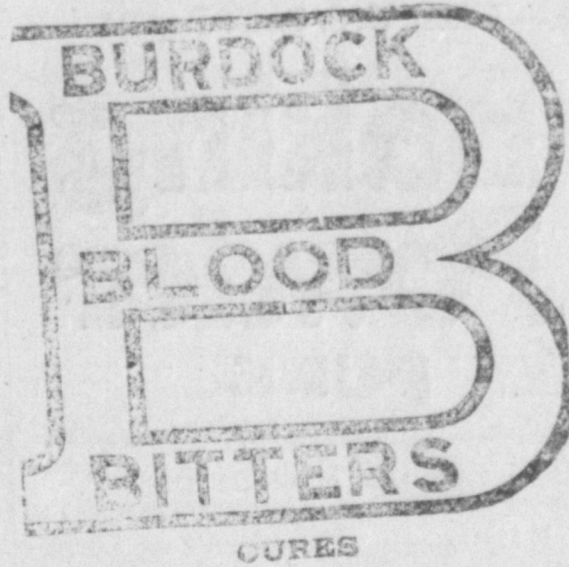
Home Hints.

A simple way to remove grease spots
from wall paper, caused by the head
resting against the wall, is to hold a
piece of clean blotting paper over the
spot and press a moderately warm flat
iron over it. Repeat the operation
until the grease is out.

STRAWBERRY ICE.—Mash two quarts
strawberries with 2 lbs. sugar, let
stand an hour or more, squeeze in a
straining cloth, pressing out all the
juice, add an equal measure of water,
and when half frozen add the beaten
whites of eggs in proportion of 3 eggs
to a quart.

CHLORIDE of lime should be used
quite freely in warm weather as a
disinfectant in water closets, sinks,
drains, and in cellars where cooked
food is not kept. If it is home-
made it is quite inexpensive, and is
nearly as good as that in the market.
Make a brine, using a quart of salt to
a gallon of water, and use it to slake
sufficient stone lime to make a moder-
ately stiff paste.

LIMEWATER should always be kept
in the summer. A teaspoonful added to
bread sponge will prevent souring. A
little in milk or cream will retard
acidity several hours. Milk which
would otherwise "turn" when heat d
will not curdle if a little limewater is
added before it is put over the fire.
Limewater and milk used freely will
correct indigestion. Keep it in jug
or colored bottles.



BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
CURES
DYSPEPSIA,
BAD BLOOD,
CONSTIPATION,
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS

B.B.B. unites all the secretions and remov-
es all impurities from the system from a com-
plicate to the worst chronic sore.

BURDOCK FILLS act gently &
thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bow-

PRESSED VEAL.—Select a bony piece
of veal, boil until very soft, remove the
meat and chop fine, season with salt
and pepper and return it to the broth.
Have sufficient broth to make it quite
moist, bring it to a boil. Then place
a layer of meat in a long narrow tin,
next a layer of hard-boiled eggs; cover
with the rest of the meat and set it
away. When used it slices cold, and
is an attractive relish for tea.

Strawberry Vinegar.

Put two quarts of strawberries into
a stone jar, and pour over them one
quart of cider vinegar. Cover and
stand aside for two days; then drain
off the liquid, without mashing the
berries. Pour it over a quart of fresh
fruit, and stand as before. Do this
once more, the last time straining
through a muslin bag. Now add one
pound of sugar to every pint of this
liquid. Boil slowly five minutes;
skim; let stand fifteen minutes;
bottle and seal.—Selected.

The lives of men who have been
always growing are strewed along their
whole course with the things which
they have learned to do without.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis,
Tightness of the Chest, and all Throat
and Lung Troubles. Summer coughs
are more dangerous than winter coughs.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread
and deepen, that often in a few weeks
a simple cough culminates in tubercu-
lar consumption. Give heed to a
cough, there is always danger in de-
lay, get a bottle of Bickle Anti-Con-
sumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It
is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat
and lung troubles. It is compounded
from several herbs, each one of which
stands at the head of the list as exert-
ing a wonderful influence in curing
consumption and all lung diseases.

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Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts
and Drawers.

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ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS
the latest styles and the "Deris"
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SWELL, Paper, Standing
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SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English
Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine
Cockcrow and Diamond Suitings, Lisle
and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the
latest designs and patterns in Fancy
Trousers from which I am prepared to
make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according
to the latest New York Spring and Sum-
mer fashions, and guarantee to give enti-
satisfaction.

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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 Style
for Spring Wear. White and Regatta
hirts, 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.

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Large amount of hard wood timber; near
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