

A Useful Girl.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes.
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden hies.
Now she is washing the dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging cloths in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!
Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl,
Stepping around so briskly,
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture
With many a ringing laugh.
Coming whenever you call her,
Running whenever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

A Little Man.

He was only ten years old—the little
man of whom I want to tell you. A
boy does not need to be very old to be
a manly boy.

You must not think he was goody-
goody; not at all, for there was not a
boy on his street who loved to romp
and play better than he did, or could
run faster or fly a kite higher. Yet
there was always something in his face
and manner that told you he was
above doing anything mean.

Still he had a quick temper which
would sometimes get the better of him.
Whenever this happened, however, he
was ready to confess that he had done
wrong, and that was one mark of
maturity. Besides, he was learning
by degrees to control his temper.

But one evening, as he was going
home from school, he gave way to a
spasm of anger that caused him a good
deal of trouble. He had just put on
a nice new suit that morning, and was
especially careful not to get it soiled.
One of his school-mates, Burt Corson
by name, was a very rough boy, and
had scarcely a friend in the ward.

When he noticed Luther Weston's
new suit, he began to make fun of him
calling him 'proud,' 'stuck up,' and so
on.

But Luther kept his temper, and
did not reply. At last Burt stole up
behind him and suddenly thrust a
stout stick between his feet in such a
way as to trip him and send him
sprawling into the mud in the gutter
by the side of the walk. This was too
much for Luther to bear with patience.

He leaped to his feet, took a hasty
glance at his bespattered suit, and
then rushed upon Burt with a cry of
anger.

'I'll teach you!' he muttered. 'If
you have no sense, I'll have to beat
some into you, that's all!'

Before Burt knew what was coming
his stick was jerked out of his hand,
and he was receiving one stinging
blow after another over his back and
head. He howled with pain and rage,
but still the blows rained fast upon
him. Then he was flung to the ground
with Luther on top of him, driving at
him with his fist, till the young rowdy
began to cry.

'You did just right,' said Tom Miner,
a boy of twelve, after the fight was
over. And so said the rest of the
boys. Only you didn't give him half
as much as he deserved. He needed
a lesson—such a mean insulting boy as
he is!'

Luther walked on toward home
looking very crestfallen and ashamed.
What had he done? Got into a fight
just like a rowdy! So his thoughts
ran. By-and-by he said to Tom, who
was walking by his side.

'I'm not sure I did right after all,
Tom. It wasn't manly to fight. I
might have done some other way.'

'But after he had thrown you down
in the mud? Just look at your new
suit! Of course, I don't believe in
fighting either, as a rule, but this time
it was just the thing to do, precisely.'

'Well, I'll think about it till mor-
ning. Good evening, Tom.'

Luther's parents were greatly sur-
prised when they saw his muddy
clothes, and still, more surprised when
they heard the story of his fight with
Burt Corson.

'Do you think it was right to fight,
Luther?' asked his mother.

'What else was I to do?' asked
Luther, his eyes filling with tears.

'You might have let your teacher
punish Burt. That would have been
better than to fight him yourself,' said
Luther's father.

'The boy looked down at the floor
awhile, 'I guess I did wrong,' he ad-
mitted at length.

The next morning when he started
to school, he met Tom Miner at the
front gate.

'Tom,' he began presently, as they
walked along, 'I'm sure I did wrong
yesterday to fight Burt Corson. And
so I guess I'll have to tell him I'm
sorry. I think I ought to—what do
you call it when you're sorry?'

'Apologize,' prompted Tom. 'But
you're not going to apologize to Burt
Corson are you?' 'Yes, I think I ought
to.'

'Pshaw! Luther, don't be a baby!
He ought to apologize to you, for
he began the quarrel by tripping you.'
'Well, maybe he ought to, but if he
doesn't, that won't excuse me for not
doing what's right. If I ought to say
I'm sorry, I ought to say it whether
he says he's sorry or not. Don't you
see?'

'But he's such a small-minded boy.
He'll just make fun of you. He won't
have sense enough to treat you decent-
ly if you do apologize.' Tom meant
that Burt wouldn't have enough man-
liness to accept an apology.

'That makes no difference,' declared
Luther. There's Burt now, just com-
ing up the alley. Let's wait and see
him.

When Burt saw the boys he hesitat-
ed, thinking perhaps that he was about
to receive another thrashing; but
Luther called to him kindly, 'Come
here, Burt, I want you a minute.'

Burt came out to the street, keeping
a sharp eye on Luther, as if ready to
defend himself should an attack be
made on him. His coarse, curly face
betrayed a mean spirit, and for a mo-
ment Luther's moral courage almost
failed him. But he soon gained the
victory over himself.

'Burt, I'm sorry for the way I beat
you yesterday,' he said, in brave, man-
ly tones. 'I know it was wrong and I
apologize.'

A sneer curled the rough boy's lips.
'You sorry, air ye?' he scoffed. 'He,
he, he! Well, yer orter be—such a
lammin' as ye gave me; and he turned
on his heel and hurried away.'

'There! didn't I tell you he would
not treat you decently. I'd never
apologize to such as he,' muttered Tom
Miner.

'Never mind Tom,' said Luther,
manfully struggling with his feelings.
'I've done right and I'm glad of it. If
Burt doesn't do right that rests with
him.'

Don't you think Luther was a real
little man? Such boys are scarce, I
have no doubt, but you will find one
sometimes, and he is always respected.
Even Burt Corson was heard to say
some days later:

'Luther Weston's purty much of a
boy, ain't he?'—The Presbyterian.

Charley's Dam.

From the time that he came into the
world Charley Hurlburt was a 'water
baby.' Given a basin of water, a tin
can full of sand, and a few stones, he
would amuse himself for hours making
miniature dams and bridges. His
mother called him her 'little engineer'

as she watched his persevering fingers.
So it happened that, as he grew older,
he chose for their summer home a
quiet village among the mountains,
through which ran a shallow brook,
that the proclivities of her boy might
have full scope.

The stream was just back of their
barn, dancing and rippling over the
stones with a merry song of welcome
to its new playfellow; for Charley had
taken to the water immediately after
breakfast on the day following his
arrival, and, when his mother came to
join him an hour later, she found him
bare-legged, with trousers rolled above
his knees, paddling far down the bed
of the brook.

'Hullo, mumsy!' was his shout
when he saw her. 'I've found a bully
place for a dam. Come on in, and
help me build it!'

Nothing loath, the young mother
followed his example. Leaving shoes
and stockings on the banks she kilted
up her skirts, and waded down to
where he had begun to lay the founda-
tions of the dam. Her stronger hands
filled in the chinks with mud and sand,
packing them firmly, while Charley
brought the stones and placed them in
position.

All day they worked like beavers,
pausing only when the noon hour came
to sit on the bank and eat their lun-
cheon.

As the sun was setting, and they
heard in the distance the lowing of the
cows at milking time, the last stone
was laid, the last handful of dirt was
mortared in. The two builders re-
tired a little, to gaze proudly at their
work, which looked solid as a wall of
masonry.

'Isn't the brook mad, mumsy? It
laughed the boy, as he watched the
water chafe against the barrier. 'You
can't break it down, old fellow! When
mumsy and I build, we build to stay.'

That night the rains descended and
the floods came. Mrs. Hurlburt awoke
very early in the morning to hear the
rain pouring in torrents on the roof of
the piazza. Going to the window she
saw that the village street was flooded;

and on the surface of the water floated
pieces of wood, handrails and planks.
Into the adjoining room she flew;
and, rousing her sleeping boy, she
cried:—

'Charley, Charley, get up! The
footbridge is down, the street's afloat,
and it's all the work of that horrid
dam!'

Huddling on their clothes, they
crept downstairs, wrapping their rub-
ber coats around them as they went,
and stopping only to take the long-
handled spade and hoe from behind
the kitchen door. A look in at the
barn confirmed their fears. Poor
Brindle, the old farm horse, stood
ankle deep in water; and his whinny
of reproach seemed to ask, 'Who
dammed the brook up yesterday?'

The ducks were swimming over the
floor; but the hens still clung to their
perches, and clucked to each other in
dismay.
As the authors of the mischief came
round the rear corner of the barn, they
saw the brook dashing over the dam, a
small cataract, and the meadows over-
flowed. Down the stream, pell-mell,
helter-skelter, through water and mire
and mud, they raced rather than ran,
till they reached the scene of yester-
day's labor. Balancing themselves on
the edge of the bank, wielding shovel
and hoe, they pushed with might and
main until they had dislodged the firm-
ly wedged stones, and an outlet was
made for the angry waters. For an
hour they worked till every vestige of
the dam was destroyed.

The lesson of that night was one
that Charley Hurlburt never forgot.
Forthwith for others became the rule
of his life. Often, in later years, when
about to enter on any undertaking
which promised good for himself, the
memory of 'that horrid dam' would
come to him; and he would say once
more the verse of warning that his
mother wrote for his guidance at the
time:

'Build strong, and build to stay,
But never build in such a way
That what you build can, any day,
Another's work in ruins lay.'

—Sunday School Times.

Eight Lives Saved by a Dog.

Some years ago a vessel was driven
on the beach of Lydd in Kent, Eng-
land. The sea was rolling furiously.
Eight poor fellows were crying for
help; but a boat could not be got off
through the storm to their assistance,
and they were in constant peril, for
any moment the ship was in danger
of sinking. At length a gentleman came
along the beach, accompanied by his
Newfoundland dog. He directed the
animal's attention to the vessel, and
put a short stick in his mouth. The
intelligent and courageous dog at once
understood his meaning, sprang into
the sea, and fought his way through
the angry waves toward the vessel. He
could not, however, get close enough
to deliver that with which he was
charged; but the crew understood
what was meant, and they made fast a
rope to another piece of wood, and
threw it toward him. The noble animal
at once dropped his own piece of
wood, and immediately seized that
which had been thrown to him; and
then, with a degree of strength and
determination scarcely creditable,—for
he was again and again lost under the
waves,—he dragged it through the
surge, and delivered it to his master.

A line of communication was thus
formed with the vessel, and every man
on board was rescued.—Our Dumb
Animals.

Be Ye Thankful.

'I feel so vexed and out of temper
with Ben,' cried Dick, 'that I really
must!'

'Do something in revenge?' inquired
his cousin Cecilia.

'No; just look over my Book of
Thanks.'

'What's that?' said Cecilia, as she
saw him turning over the leaves of a
copybook nearly full of writing in a
round text hand.

'Here it is,' said Dick, then read
aloud:

'May 8. Ben lent me his hat. Here
again: January 4. When I lost my
shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly.
Well, observed the boy, turning down
the leaf, 'Ben is a good boy, after all.'

What do you note down in that
book?' said Cecilia, looking over his
shoulder with some curiosity.

'All the kindnesses that are ever
shown me. You wonder how many
they are. I find a great deal of good
from marking them down. I do not
forget them, as I might do if I trusted
only to my memory, so I hope that I
am not often ungrateful; and when I
am cross or out of temper, I almost
feel good-humored again if I only look
over my book.'

Things to Remember About
Sleeping.

Sunlight is good for everything but
feathers.

The best number of persons to each
bed is—one.

Away with heavy hangings, either
above or below the bed.

Beware of a dusty, musty carpet;
better sweetness and a bare floor.

Do not fail to provide some means
for ventilation during the night.

Keep the head cool while sleeping,
but not by a draught of cold air falling
upon it.

If a folding-bed must be used, con-
trive some way to keep it aired and
wholesome.

Let the pillow be high enough to
bring the head in a natural position—
no more or less.

Thoroughly air the sleeping-room
every day; air the beds and bedding as
often as possible.

A dark, out-of-the-way, unwhole-
some corner is no more fitted for a
sleeping-room than for a parlor.

A feather-bed which has done ser-
vice for a generation or two is hardly
a desirable thing upon which to sleep.

—Good Housekeeping.

Home Hints.

Court plaster should never be ap-
plied to a bruised wound.

Do not slice apples for pies; quarter
core and cut each quarter in two
pieces.

The white of an egg stirred up with
a little sugar and water is good for a
child with an irritable stomach.

If you store away flat irons for a
season rub them over first with a little
sweet oil to keep them from rusting.

The best thing to loosen up salt or
sugar which has become hard packed
in a barrel is a carpenter's 'scratch
awl.'

A little powdered borax in baby's
bath water prevents the skin from
chafing, and it is less liable to 'break
out with the heat.'

If skirts have shrunk too short
lengthen by bias folds, overlapping, or
one bias band stitched or edged with
soutache or mohair braid.

The Doctor's Advice.

Tom met an old friend, who was
formerly a prosperous young lumber-
man up in Northern Minnesota, but
whose bad habits of drinking brought
him to a pretty 'hard up' condition,
although he has since reformed and is
doing better.

'How are you?' asked Tom.

'Pretty well, thank you; but I have
just seen a doctor to have him examine
my throat.'

'What's the matter?'

'Well, the doctor couldn't give me
any encouragement. At least he
could not find what I want to find?'

'I asked him to look down my
throat for the sawmill and farm that
had gone down there in drink.'

'No; but he advised me if I ever got
another mill to run it by water.'

Sunbeam League.

An English exchange has started
among its child readers a Home Sun-
beam League with the following rules
for the members:

My endeavor shall be to help the
Home Sunbeam League—

1. By beginning each day with a
kind action.
2. By saying nothing when I feel
angry.
3. By always expressing sorrow for
rudeness.
4. By helpful acts for helping sake.
5. By gentleness to those who need
it most.
6. By treating rich and poor with
equal courtesy.
7. Tidiness, kind replies, and prompt
obedience to parents.
8. By scorning to tell or act a lie.
9. By shunning every form of cruel-
ty.
10. By constant cheerfulness.

An unusual thing at Cleveland, Ohio
is the holding by the United States
grand jury that Scriptural quotations
may be libellous. H. A. Busby, of
Means, Harrison county, Ohio, was in-
dicted for writing letters and postal
cards to David Handley, of Cleveland.

On the envelope of the letters were
the quotations: 'Owe no man any-
thing.' 'Let us walk honestly' and
'Many years thou shalt be troubled.'

He was indicted on four counts on the
ground that the language used was
libellous and calculated to injure the
character of Mr. Handley.

All Sorts.

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla,
once fairly tried, becomes the favorite
spring medicine, speaks volumes for
its excellence and merit.

Teacher: 'What is the meaning of
the word "excavate"?' Scholar: 'To
hollow out.' Teacher: 'Give me a
sentence in which the word is properly
used?' Scholar: 'The small boy ex-
cavates when he cuts his finger.'

Most coughs may be cured in a few
hours or at any rate in a few days, by
the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
With such a prompt and sure remedy
as this on hand, there is no need of

prolonging the agony for weeks and
months. Keep this remedy in your
house.

A new story is told of a tiny girl who
spoke very scornfully of babies. 'Don't
speak that way!' said her mother: 'it
isn't very long since you were a baby,
yourself.' 'I know it,' she said, look-
ing what she felt; 'and I'm ashamed
enough of it!'

Health and happiness are relative
conditions at any rate, there can be
little happiness without health. To
give the body its full measure of
strength and energy, the blood should
be kept pure and vigorous, by the use
of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A good baby story is of a neighbor
meeting a little one on the street, and
saying, 'Good-morning, my little dear.
I never can tell you and your sister
apart. Which of the twins are you?'
And the little dear made answer, 'I'm
the one what's out walkin'.'

Good Results Observed.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, Thorburn, N. S.:
'I have in several cases observed the
good results of your remedy for dys-
pepsia in my congregation. I have no
hesitation in recommending it as a use-
ful remedy.'

Prominent men throughout our land
witness to the merits of this great
remedy. GREAT because it cures.
Free sample K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New
Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street,
Boston, Mass.

A rustic deacon had to announce
that Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A.,
would preach at the chapel. What he
did announce was: 'The Rev. Hugh
Price Hughes' Ma will preach.' He
added, with that love of amplification
which is habitual in his class, 'We
hope the old lady will give us a good
discourse.'

'Boys,' said a teacher in a Sunday-
school, 'can any of you quote a verse
from Scripture to prove that it is
wrong for a man to have two wives?'

He paused, and after a moment or two
a bright boy raised his hand.

'Well, Thomas,' said the teacher,
encouragingly.

Thomas stood up and said: 'No man
can serve two masters.'

The question ended there.

Teacher—What season do you like
best?

Boy—Summer.

So do I. And why do you love sum-
mer?

'Cause there ain't any school.

There is danger in neglecting a cold.
Many who have died of consumption
dated their troubles from exposure,
followed by a cold which settled on
their lungs, and in a short time were
beyond the skill of the best physician.

Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consump-
tive Syrup, before it was too late,
their lives would have been spared.
This medicine has no equal for curing
coughs, colds and all affections of the
throat and lungs.

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and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the
latest designs and patterns in Fancy
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mer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire
satisfaction.

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cannot be excelled. It consists of Fard
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make, in all the novelties and Staple Styles
for Spring Wear. White and Rep-
sirts, 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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