

Not That Kind of a Boy.

It isn't the boy that doubles his fists,
And thrusts them under another's nose
Baring his sleeves from his rigid wrists,
Ready to rain vindictive blows;
Whose tongue is ready with jibe and jeer
To stir up strife whenever he can,
Breathing menace and waking fear
Who grows to be a manly man.

It isn't the boy who takes his mug
Of the horrible liquid labeled beer,
Then hangs himself by a silly hug
To the liveliest lamp-post standing near,
Who smokes the vilest cigarette,
And lords it over a black-and-tan,
Or a gallant horse, I can tell him yet
He's too far from being a manly man.

It isn't loose speech, nor dress that is loud,
It isn't the cut of a coat he may wear;
A clown with a crowd attracts a crowd,
And wins a senseless shout and stare;
He may sport the heaviest watch and
chain,
With collar and necktie and lead the van,
And flourish the not-bist hat and cane—
These never make a manly man.

Will he think he has come to man's estate
When he feels the down of his feeble chin?
Will he think that voices made him great,
That only the weak are afraid to sin?
Some day to his foolish heart he will own
He might have followed a wiser plan—
One that will help, and one alone,
A boy to be a manly man.

I know you well, my manly boy,
I know who followed the Golden Rule;
I know that it makes a household joy,
A priceless treasure with all at school.
I know what comfort wise hearts take,
Who do homage with all their clan,
They know very well you will one day
make
A manly, Christian gentleman.
—Philadelphia Standard.

Helen's Birthday Party.

Eleven little girls had been invited
To Helen's eleventh birthday party.
She invited the eleven girls who had
asked her to their birthday parties.

The morning of the party dawned
bright and clear, and sure am I that
no happier little girl in all the land
could be found than Helen as she
skipped from room to room helping
her mamma arrange flowers and ever-
greens.

The cook said to Helen: 'Miss Helen
chile, I expects you'll hab five birth-
day presents from dem rich little girls
what's comin' to your party this after-
noon. No cheap trash gifts from dem.'

True enough, for before twelve
o'clock eleven beautiful presents had
been sent to Helen from her invited
guests.

Two pretty fans had been sent to
her, a gold orange spoon, an inlaid
workbox, a silver and pearl fruit-knife,
necklace of dull gold beads, ruby ring,
three interesting story books, and a
silver bonbon box.

The girls had been invited to come
at four o'clock; from 'four to seven,'
had been written on the invitations.

At three o'clock, just as Helen was
going up to her room to change her
dress, the door-bell rang. Helen
opened the door.

'How do you do?' asked the most
forlorn-looking little creature. Her
dress—which had been made for a
much larger girl—was wrinkled, soiled
and ragged, her straw hat bent and
torn, and her shoes were three or four
sizes too large for her.

'I guess you don't remember me,'
said the girl. 'I am Vicie Donald.
Mother named me after Queen Victo-
ria, but the most of folks calls me
Vicie or Vicie.'

'Yes. I do remember seeing you,'
said Helen, 'but I did not know your
name. You live down by the woolen
mills.'

'That's where we live, but we talk
of moving way off. I tell you what I
come here for: I heard that you was
going to have a birthday party to-day,
and that you was going to have lots of
the splindest presents there ever
was. So I said to myself: 'Vicie
Donald, you can give her the beauti-
fulest present of them all.' So I
brought you this. A lady that board-
ed near our house gave it to me last
summer. I ain't never used it at all.
I just guess I haven't! I have kept it
all rolled up in these three papers for
fear I might get something on it, for
you see it is the beautifulest thing I
have ever had, that's one reason why I
want to give it to you, and the other
reason is—because every time you
see me you bow or smile to me. None
of the other girls ever do that.'

So saying, Vicie carefully unrolled
the papers, and handed Helen a small
white handkerchief with a wide border
of yellow and green roses. The hand-
kerchief may have cost five cents.

'I do not think I ought to accept of
this,' said Helen, 'because it is the
nicest thing you have; and—because I
only invited the eleven little girls who
had invited me to their birthday par-
ties.' Helen would not hurt Vicie's
feelings by telling her that it had
never come into her mind to invite her
to the party.

'Oh, I didn't expect to be asked to
your party. I ain't coming, you know;

only you seem so good and nice when
you always bow and smile to me. 'Other
girls who are rich like you, and have
everything, don't seem to care for the
likes of me; but you do, so please take
this present from me, won't you?'

Helen was very tender hearted. Be-
fore her stood a very poor little girl
really begging her to accept as a birth-
day present the very prettiest thing
she had—her one priceless treasure.
And she saw that it would hurt her
feelings if she did not accept it. So
she said, while taking the handker-
chief: 'Vicie, I will accept this pres-
ent, and I thank you very much.
Would you like to come to my party?'

'Oh, my, no!' cried Vicie, looking
down at her dress and shoes; 'I can't
go to no parties.'

'Well, Vicie, I must go upstairs now
and get ready, for the girls will soon
be here. But, but, Vicie, if you have
a—dress that isn't all torn, and comb
your hair, and have your face and
hands very, very clean, you may come
to my party if you would like to. I
will ask my mamma, but I am quite
sure she will be willing for you to
come.'

Vicie stood speechless for a few
moments. Then she said: 'If I come,
I won't come in the house; I'll just
stand on the porch here and look in
through the window and see you play
plays. You won't mind that, will you?
And Vicie ran like a deer down the
street toward her home.

A few minutes after the clock
struck four that afternoon, twelve
prettily dressed little girls were play-
ing 'hide and seek' in Helen's beauti-
ful home. Suddenly one of the girls
named Mary, cried out: 'There's that
Donald girl looking in through the
window!'

'Oh, listen, girls,' said Helen, in a
low tone. 'I want to tell you about
that poor little girl.' Then Helen
told them that Vicie had brought her
a present, and she showed it to them.
She also told them how sorry she had
felt for her, and that she told her she
could come. 'Now, girls, all who are
in favor of having Vicie come into our
party, raise your right hand.'

'Twenty four hands were at once
raised high over twelve heads. And
in less time than it takes me to tell it,
Vicie Donald stood in the center of
the parlor, the twelve girls formed in
a ring around her, and all singing:
'Oats, peas, beans and barley grows.'

And I must say, to the credit of
all the girls, that they acted as if they
didn't notice Vicie's calico dress, but
they did see to it that Vicie Donald had
the most delightful afternoon she had
ever had in all the ten years of her
life. They saw that she had the but-
ton the very first one when they play-
ed, 'Button, button, who has got the
button?' And when they 'went to
Jerusalem,' they made sure that Vicie
had a seat.

At six o'clock, when the tea-room
door was thrown open, Vicie stepped
up to Helen while glancing at the tea-
table, saying: 'I'll go home now.
Ain't it been beautiful?'

'No no, Vicie, you are not going
home until after you have had tea.'
So saying, Helen put her arm around
Vicie, and going toward the tea-room
she sang out merrily: 'Please all come
to tea, please all come to tea, with
Vicie and me, Vicie and me.'

What a happy, happy time the girls
had round that tea-table—a table
loaded with sandwiches, cakes of many
kinds, ice cream, jellies and fruit.

When they were about to leave the
tea-room, Vicie, who had scarcely
spoken while they were eating, for she
was very hungry, but had laughed
heartily when the other girls had
laughed, said: 'I'll never forget this
birthday party and this splendent tea
if I live to be as old as my namesake,
Queen Victoria. And—and I'll never
forget in all my live-long life, how
good all you girls have treated such a
poor little girl as I am. I am 'bliged
to you all. Good by.' So saying,
Vicie started homeward with oh, such a
happy, happy heart as she had never
known before.

'Mamma,' said Helen that night,
after the girls had gone home, 'I have
had a lovely party. And the girls all
said, and I say it, too, that the very
best part of it all was Vicie Donald.'

I wonder if children who have just
read this story, or have had it read to
them, can tell why the best part of
Helen's birthday party was Vicie
Donald.—Chris. Intelligencer.

Only a Dog, But a Hero.

'Yes, boys, Romeo deserves to live
in history, as he certainly will in the
hearts of at least one family in John-
stown.'

'Why? Who is Romeo? Oh, tell us
about it. Don't wheet a fellow's curi-
osity so sharp,' cried Fred, who, being
his uncle's namesake, had special pri-
vileges.

Uncle Fred had just returned from
the Conemaugh valley, 'bringing
stories enough to tell for a year,' Frank

'Only they all make me cry,' wailed
Mamie.

'That's because you're a girl,' ex-
plained little Bert, the smallest and
in his own opinion the bravest of the
family.

'Now, Uncle Fred, begin,' whis-
pered Mamie, laying her head over on
her uncle's rosy shoulder.

'Well, one night about six o'clock,
I was walking down Main Street look-
ing for a supper, and a supper wasn't
easy to find, even when you had money
to pay for it. I noticed a crowd of
men and women in the next block, and
when I reached them, I saw the at-
traction was a beautiful water spaniel.
'Come here, Romeo, my noble old
dog,' said one old woman.'

'If it ain't a dog story!' exclaimed
Fred, in parenthesis.

'Yes, Romeo is a dog,' replied Uncle
Fred, but he bore his honors in a way
to shame some men, who, more by
accident than he, have become famous.
Another woman said with a sigh, 'Ah,
Romeo, it's a pity Johnstown hadn't
more such as you; there wouldn't be
so many people dead here now.'

'I soon learned what was meant.
When the South Fork Reservoir gave
way, and the flood came upon the
town, Mrs. Kress, Romeo's mistress,
fled to her sister's house, taking Romeo
with her. Still the waters came sweep-
ing down, rushing right through the
parlors, and driving them all upstairs;
then rising to the ceiling and upper
floors, so they soon had to go out upon
the roof.

'Suddenly a big wave rushed over
them, carrying Mrs. Kress swiftly
away down the stream. She was
quickly drawn under by the current,
and, as she disappeared, Romeo plung-
ed in. When her dress came to the
surface he grasped it in his teeth, and
pushed her toward a small frame house
which still resisted the waters. His
noble effort proved successful, and his
mistress, dragged on the light frame
felt quite secure; but it was only for a
moment. Another wave of the widen-
ing, deepening current struck the
weak building, its walls yielded with
a crash, and woman and dog were again
upon the flood.

'The noble brute swam by his mis-
tress' side, keeping her head above
water while she was borne upon the
current. For over half an hour this
battle with the waves went on. Fin-
ally the dog succeeded in bringing his
precious charge to Alma Hall, where
she was taken out of the water, and
carried to the roof for safety. There
her strength failed and she fainted.
Then for the first time Romeo 'lost
his head,' as Bert here would say. He
thought his mistress dead. He howled
frantically, and nothing comforted
him until she opened her eyes and put
out her hand to him. Then he lay
down by her side and went to sleep.'

'He must have been a tired doggie,'
said May wiping her eyes.

'That's so,' said Frank. 'Swimming
is hard work.' Frank was just taking
his first lessons in swimming.

'Uncle Fred, what did you mean by
saying Romeo would put some folks to
shame?'

'Mamie never gets the whole of a
story till she gets the moral,' and
Fred's interest was evident.

'You boys need to get the moral,'
answered Uncle Fred. 'I mean,
Mamie, that Romeo did not get proud
by being praised. He looked very
happy, and it's all right to enjoy being
appreciated, but he didn't swagger,
and try to boss the other dogs.' Frank
nuzzled Bert, who changed the drift
of the story by wondering 'if Romeo
got any of the things sent to the John-
stown sufferers.' And all agreed that
he deserved lasting fame, for loyalty,
faithfulness, presence of mind and
modesty though he was 'only a dog.'

He Was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through
a pretty, shady street, where some
boys were playing at base ball. Among
their number was a little lame fellow,
seemingly about twelve years old—a
pale, sickly-looking child, supported
on two crutches, and who evidently
found much difficulty in walking, even
with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the
game, for he did not seem to see how
much his infirmity would be in his own
way, and how much it would hinder
the progress of such an active sport as
base ball.

His companions, very good natured-
ly, tried to persuade him to stand one
side, and let another take his place;
and I was glad to notice that none of
them hinted that he would be in the
way, but that they all objected for fear
he would hurt himself.

'Why, Jimmy,' said one, 'you can't
run, you know.'

'O, hush!' said another—the tallest
in the party, 'never mind, I'll run for
him,' and he took his place by Jim-
my's side, prepared to act. 'If you
were like him,' he said, aside to the
other boys, 'you wouldn't want to be
told of it all this time.'

As I passed on I thought to myself
that there was a true gentleman.

What the Spider Told.

'I was spinning a web in the rose
vine,' said the spider, 'and the little
girl was sewing patchwork on the door-
step. Her thread knotted and her
needle broke, and her eyes were full
of tears. 'I can't do it,' she cried. 'I
can't! I can't!'

'Then her mother came, and bade
her look at me. How every time I
spun a nice, silky thread, and tried to
fasten it from one branch to another,
the wind blew and tore it away.'

'This happened many times, but at
last I made one that did not break,
and fastened it close, and spun other
threads to join it. Then the mother
smiled.'

'What a patient spider!' she said.
'The little girl smiled too, and took
up her work. And when the sun went
down there was a beautiful web in the
rose vine and a square of beautiful
patchwork on the step.'—Babyland.

All Sorts.

The largest and oldest chain bridge
in the world is said to be at King
Tunk, in China, where it forms a per-
fect road from the top of one moun-
tain to the top of another.

Are you all tired out, do you have
that tired feeling or sick headache?
You can be relieved of all these by
taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cholly Chumpleigh: 'Yes, gloves
are worn in bed at night to make the
hands soft.' Miss Coldeal: 'Indeed!
Do you wear nightgowns, Mr. Chump-
leigh?'

It is a fortunate day for a man
when he first discovers the value of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier.
With this medicine, he knows he has
found a remedy upon which he may
rely, and that his life-long malady is a
last conquered. Has cured others,
will cure you.

Dr. L. Brenner says that he has
seen melancholia, more often mania,
and very frequently general paresis,
hastened and precipitated by excessive
use of tobacco. That tobacco really
does cause insanity is evidenced by
the magic effect seen in some cases
after the discontinuance of the drug.

Pulmonary consumption, in its early
stages, may be checked by the use of
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops the
distressing cough, soothes irritation of
the throat and lungs, and induces
much-needed repose. Hundreds have
testified to the remarkable virtues of
this preparation.

There is a janitor in one of our col-
leges whom the boys are very fond of
joking; and, when they said, 'Sam,
what are you going to do when the
devil gets hold of you?' he said, 'Well,
I guess I will do just what I am doing
now,—wait on the students.' [Laugh-
ter.]

Why not Test it Too.

Rev. Wilson McCann, Rector at
Omense: 'I have tested K. D. C.,
and knowing its value can recommend
it to all sufferers from indigestion.'

We claim to hold the largest list of
letters for K. D. C. held by the prop-
rietors of any medicine in Canada.
Its merits prove its greatness. Try it
now. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glas-
gow, N. S., and 127 State street, But-
ton, Mass.

A newcomer in Jacksonville, Flori-
da, asked an old resident how malarial
fever could be distinguished from yel-
low fever. 'As a general thing,' was
the reply, 'you can't tell until you
have it. If you ain't alive it is most
likely yellow fever.'

It is related that Hannah More had a
habit of saying, whenever she was told
anything derogatory to another, 'Come,
we will go and ask if this be true.' The
effect was sometimes ludicrously pain-
ful. The tale-bearer was taken aback,
stammered out a qualification, or beg-
ged that no notice might be taken of
the statement. But the good lady
was inexorable; off she took the scandal-
ous monger to the scandalized to make
inquiry and compare accounts. The
world needs more such Hannahs.

There are cases of consumption so
far advanced that Bickle's Anti Con-
sumptive 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 expecto-
ration, thereby removing the phlegm,
and gives the diseased parts a chance
to heal.

Tell the Deaf.—Mr. J. F. Kellock,
Drugist, Perth, writes: 'A customer
of mine having been cured of deafness
by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil,
wrote to Ireland, telling his friends
there of the cure. In consequence I
received an order to send half a dozen
by express to Wexford, Ireland, this
week.'

Two Boys.

One, the son of a rich merchant, in
a town, was petted and spoiled. He
did not have to work; would go to
school but little; soon learned to spend
money that he did not earn; spent it
freely because he did not know its
value; did not go to Sunday-school or
prayer meeting, and only occasionally
heard a sermon. His companions were
much like himself; spent much time
in games, drinking, gambling; grew up
to be a wicked and vicious young man.

He married a beautiful Christian
woman; took her from a good home of
thrift and plenty. But soon the buoy-
ant spirit was crushed with poverty
and the suffering of herself and her
children, and she died. A fortune had
been spent in idleness, wines, tobacco
and vicious life.

The other boy was brought up on a
farm; in childhood learned to work; his
merry voice often heard in songs and
hymns as he drove the cows to and
from the pasture. He loved to see the
sun rise; to hear the cheerful songs of
birds, and to watch the romp of the
lambs in the meadows in spring time.

He was glad to attend school, applied
himself diligently, grew up an intelli-
gent young man became a Christian;
loved good books and good people; had
no use for wines or cigars, and spent
no time in games or gambling. He has
a wife and happy, glad children in his
home. Thrift and plenty are found on
every side. He has been sought for
by business men; has filled many re-
sponsible positions. He is a prosperous
business man. His voice is heard in the
sanctuary, singing praise on the Sab-
bath. When away from home, he finds
the prayer meeting, the Sunday school.

He is honored and loved by thousands
of people, because he is clean, honest.
He is a man—a manly man—among
men. He now represents a large
wholesale business, and no man in
the employ of that great firm is
more trusted, honored and loved than
this man, who spent his childhood and
early manhood on a farm.

The best place to raise a boy is on
the farm. Farmers' boys, be true.
You are needed and will be called for
soon.

Little Boy: 'Mamma, I wish you
would find out who hypnotized me and
punish 'em severely.' Mamma:
'Wha-at?' Little Boy: 'While you
was out I was pulled right into the
pantry and forced to eat a hull lot of
those cookies you said I mustn't touch.'

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latest designs and patterns in Fancy
Trousers from which I am prepared to
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make, in all the novelties and Staple style
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