

Ralph's Opinion of Grandmothers.

Grandmothers are very nice folks; They beat all the aunts in creation; They let a chap do as he likes, And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see at all What a poor fellow ever could do For apples and pennies and cakes Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea, And pies a whole row in the cellar; And they're apt, if they know it in time, To make chicken pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then, And makes a great racketing noise, They only look over their spees, And says: "Ah, those boys will be boys!"

"Life is only so short at the best; Let the children be happy to-day." Then they look for awhile at the sky And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on, Grandmothers sing hymns, very low, To themselves, as they rock by the fire, About heaven and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think, Will find a hot tear in his eye, To know what will come at the last; For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray, For a boy needs their prayers every night; Some boys more than others, I s'pose; Such as I need a wonderful sight.

Second Thoughts Best.

'Good-by, dears. I hope you'll have a good time this afternoon.'

It was mother who said it. Nobody ever went away from mother, so the boys declared, without having a good wish as they started.

'But I hope you won't stay late. I mean very late. The days are so long, and it's good to have you come home.'

It was Hetty who said this. 'Poor little Het,' said Frank, as he turned for a farewell smile at the two faces at the window. 'It's too bad this race on the ice came just to-day.'

'Yes, it is,' asserted Rob. 'When she's been shut up in the house so long. And this the first day she could get out.'

'Yes,' said Rob again. 'Look here,' said Frank, stopping short after they were out of reach of the eyes inside the window. 'S'pose we give this up, and give Hetty her frolic.'

'Pshaw,' exclaimed Rob, half angrily. 'All the boys are going to be out and it'll be a regular tip top time. Give it up just to take out a little girl!'

Hetty had had a long illness and was just able to go out. For several days it had been arranged that on this Saturday afternoon she was to be wrapped up and the boys were to take her on a sled over to the house of Uncle Harry, half a mile away.

The little girl had looked forward to it with such delight as those know who have spent many weary weeks in the house.

Then had come the regatta. Of course all the boys in the country around would expect to be there. And equally of course Hetty, being an unselfish little girl, said at once that she would remain at home so that her brothers might go.

'I wouldn't care a bit,' went on Frank to his brother as they walked on, 'if Hetty wasn't so nice about it. If she'd cried and made a fuss, as most girls would, I'd have just told her to shut up. But she didn't.'

Rob remembered, though, the tremble of the lip with which his little sister had insisted that the boys should not give up their sport for her sake, so he didn't make any reply except to quicken his steps, which had slowed as Frank had hesitated.

'You don't mean,' said Rob, presently, 'that you'd really go back now?'

'I will if you will,' said Frank, stopping short. 'I don't mean but what I want to see the regatta—awfully—but—'

'Well, that's just my fix,' said Rob, stepping on with a resolute face. 'I want to see it awfully—and I'm going to see it. Hurry up, now.'

With one or two swift runs to vary the fast walking, the mile was soon covered. They were early. It was scarcely past noon, yet there were already numbers of people gathering on the lake-side.

What a gay scene it was. The ice-boats stood decked with bright ribbons which whirled and danced in the breeze. The ice was alive with skaters flying this way and that, while on the bank sleighs and cutters, with merry parties and jingling bells, drove up and down.

But, notwithstanding all, there was a weight at the hearts of our two boys. Rob was by no means inclined to be unkind to his sister. Take them as a family, they were most united in loving care and thought for each other. A large sleigh full of little girls drove by. They were Hetty's friends, and how Rob would have rejoiced in seeing her go among them. But it was inside

the room in which she had been a prisoner for so long probably still looking from the window from which she had waved them a farewell.

Then before him arose a day on which the dear face had lain on a pillow and no one knew whether it would ever be lifted, to gladden those who loved it.

Rob skated up to his brother. 'Say,' he said, 'do you believe mother'd let us bring Hetty down here? We'd scoot her down in no time at all.'

'No,' said Frank, 'I don't believe she would.'

Rob hadn't believed it either. It was simply his way of getting at what he now fully intended doing.

He took another turn around the skating course. It was pleasant to be there—hard to think of turning one's back upon it. He was soon again at Frank's side.

'We've,' he began, 'seen how things are here now. They say the boats won't go for an hour yet, and who wants to wait so long? It's early. What do you say?'

'I say yes,' said Frank. Skates were taken off and the distance home soon left behind.

'What's that at the gate?' asked Rob as they drew near.

A sleigh stood before it, inside of which was a delightful mixture of furry wraps and bright faces. Strings of bells pealed out jerky chimes with every movement of the restless horses.

'Hello!' cried voices, mingling with the bells. 'We've come for you. Hurry up. We must get there before the regatta begins.'

It was Uncle Harry's family, and within the house was an equally exciting condition of things. Hetty was being wrapped for the ride. She was to see it all.

'Why, boys. Why are you back so soon?'

'We came to take Hetty out.'

'Now, boys. How her face beamed and shone as she heard it. 'You really gave it up to come for me? Why, you dear, dear brothers—that'll be the very best part of it all.'

It may be easily guessed that it was the best part of it for each one of them. Surely no one on that bright day could be more light-hearted than the boys who had been willing to give up their own pleasure to do a kindness.

'We should have been glad to do it even if it hadn't turned out so,' said Rob, as they talked of it in the evening.

'Yes, dears,' said mother, 'your self-denial was as perfect as if it had not met with such quick reward.'

'Pshaw,' said Frank with a little swagger, walking around the rooms with hands in pockets. 'It wasn't such a big thing to do.'

'Perhaps not,' said mother, 'but you know that in our everyday routine we are not often called on to do big things. It is the small kindnesses, given out of loving self-denial, which make up the sweetness of home life.'

Sydney Dayre.

How to Manage Boys.

A young teacher who has had great success with a class of little "ragamuffins" in the worst quarter of a large city was once asked to tell something of the method by which she had transformed the lawless street urchins into respectable little citizens in so many cases.

'I haven't any method, really,' said the young woman, modestly. 'It is only that I try to make the boys like me, and I say "don't" just as seldom as I possibly can in my work with them. They had learned to lie, steal and fight; but truth, honesty and courtesy were unknown terms.'

So I began to tell them a story every morning about some boy who had done a brave, honest or kind thing, and held him up for their admiration. And after a while I asked them to "save up" good things they had seen or done to tell at these morning talks. Their eagerness about it and pride when I was pleased with their little incident showed me they were being helped.

There was just one boy who seemed to be hopeless. He was apparently indifferent to everything; sat for weeks, during the morning talks, with a stolid expression, and never contributed anything to the conversation. I had begun to feel really discouraged about him, when one morning he raised his hand as soon as it was time for the talk to begin.

'Well, Jim, what is it you have to tell us?' I asked encouragingly.

'Man's hat blew off as I was coming' to school. I ran an' picked it up for him' he jerked out, in evident embarrassment at finding all eyes fastened on him.

'And what did the man say?' I asked, hoping that a 'Thank you' had rewarded his first attempt in the right direction.

'You young scamp, you'd have made off with it if I hadn't kept my eye on you!' said the boy, in the same jerky fashion.

'And what did you do then? I asked in fear and trembling.

'Didn't do nothin' but jest come along to school,' said the boy, soberly. 'I reckon he didn't know no better; probly he hadn't had no sech teachin' as I've got,' and he lapsed into silence with an air of perfect satisfaction.

I think he had a pretty severe rebuff, but he has told a great many pleasant things since that day, so you see he was not disheartened.

Some people would say, I know, that I ought to tell how bad stealing and lying and fighting are; and yet as long as they will listen to me while I say, 'Do be honest, do be truthful, do be kind,' I shall not keep the other things before their minds.'

Whatever may be said for other methods, hers—which she did not even call a method—commends itself.

He Trusted the Boy.

Bishop Clark of Rhode Island recalls a story connected with Bishop Wilmer's visit to Boston in attendance upon the General Convention.

One morning he stepped into a shop in Washington Street, and made a few purchases. Some part of the goods could not be delivered at the moment, it appears; and the purchaser was to call for the bundle in the afternoon.

He was on his way to do so, but, while crossing the Common, met a boy whose looks he fancied; and suddenly it occurred to him that he might save his steps.

'Are you a good boy?' asked the bishop, stopping the boy.

The boy was taken aback. He hesitated, and then answered, 'No.'

'What do you do that is bad?' The boy seemed unable to define his shortcomings.

'Are you honest?' The boy thought he was, on the whole.

'Well, then,' said Bishop Wilmer, 'I am going to trust you with ten dollars to pay a bill for me in Washington Street.'

With that he gave him the name of the firm and the number of the shop, and added,—

'Bring the receipted bill and the bundle to the Brunswick Hotel as soon as you can, and here is half a dollar to pay you for your trouble.'

The boy trotted away on his errand; and the bishop returned to his hotel, where he told his friends what he had done. They assured him, of course, that he had made a great mistake, and would never see either money or bundle.

In due time, nevertheless, the boy arrived at the hotel with the receipted bill, which, on looking at it, the bishop found to be for ten dollars and a half instead of ten dollars, as he had thought.

'How did you manage it?' he asked the boy. 'I gave you only ten dollars.'

'Oh, I took the half-dollar you gave me for doing the errand. I thought I could trust you as much as that.'

The bishop was much pleased, of course, and told this story at a public meeting in Providence a few days afterward.—*Youth's Companion.*

How Chinese Use Bamboo.

Just go and look at your long, slender bamboo fishing pole, and try to fancy what a house would look like built of that sort of thing. Yet, when a Chinaman wishes to build a house he doesn't hire an architect and look up a contractor, and turn gray over plumbers and decorators; he just merely goes and plants a few bamboo roots. Then he goes on quietly attending to his business and lets them grow. In a few months he has a fine forest of bamboo from forty to eighty feet high, and with stalks ranging from half an inch to eighteen inches in diameter. He digs a trench the shape and size he wishes his house, and proceeds to cut the trees he thinks the proper size, and set them up in this trench, which he fills up. With the slender stalks he makes the rafters and shingles it with bamboo leaves. The windows are delicate lattice work of bamboo, and the furniture is of slender bamboo, bent and curled and plaited. His water-bucket is a good big stalk sawed off just below the joint and made as deep as he needs above it. For a bottle he takes a slender piece and treats it in the same way. If in the confusion of building he mislays his knife, he just takes a good sharp edge of bamboo, and it does just as well for everything, except cutting bamboo, as if it were Sheffield steel. While he is building he keeps off hunger by cutting the little tender shoots just as they peep from the ground, and cooking them like asparagus.—*Watchman.*

The ups and downs of life were painfully shown in the case of a man who was recently buried in the potter's field in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was at one time alderman of the city and superintendent of the poor. He lost \$250,000 in Wall street, outlived all his relatives and friends and was buried by the city.

All Sorts.

'This,' groaned the wretched young father, shifting the wide-awake baby to the other arm and making the turn at the north-west corner of the room for the four hundred and fifty seventh time, 'is one of the hardships that pass in the night.'

Weakness is the symptom, impoverished blood the cause, Hood's Sarsaparilla the cure. It makes the weak strong.

Last Christmas eve Mr. J. went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place with a slip of paper attached, containing this suggestive sentence: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'

Ayer's Hair Vigor tones up the weak hair-roots, stimulates the vessels and tissues which supply the hair with nutrition, strengthens the hair itself, and adds the oil which keeps the shafts soft, lustrous, and silky. The most popular and valuable toilet preparation in the world.

An invitation to dinner in Japan commences as follows: 'I beg pardon for thus insulting you by requesting your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope you will condescend to be present with us at six o'clock.'

There is nothing to prevent anyone concocting a mixture and calling it "sarsaparilla," and there is nothing to prevent anyone spending good money testing the stuff; but prudent people, who wish to be sure of their remedy, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and so get cured.

'Mother,' said a little Scotch lassie, 'dae ye ken what a phenomenon is?'

'Yes, dear, I can tell ye that. Dae ye see thon coo in the field? Weel, that's no phenomenon. Dae ye see thon tree?'

'Weel, that's no phenomenon; but, when you see thon coo climbing up thon tree with its tail forein it, that'll be a phenomenon.'

'Cold Water to a Thirsty Soul.'

Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton, Cal., well known in Canada: 'I have tried K. D. C. and also the Pills, and find them just the thing—vastly better than what the doctor ordered. The very first dose of K. D. C. helped me and now that miserable headache is all gone, also that oppressed feeling that I have suffered from for months. I never mean to be without K. D. C. again; no medicine I have ever taken worked like it; it is like cold water to a thirsty soul. This is the second time I have tried K. D. C. and there is no failure or disappointment.'

K. D. C. brings solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

A Geneva clockmaker has just perfected and patented a speaking watch. It is an application of the phonograph to the old-fashioned repeater, whose springs and hammers have been replaced by a desk of vulcanized India rubber. As the point moves over the surface, it emits articulated sounds, indicating the hour, being an exact reproduction of those produced on a cylinder by the human voice, which can be heard in an adjoining room.

A chestnut tree at Torworth, the residence of the Earl of Ducie, near Bristol, is probably the oldest tree in England. It is 1,000 years old at least, and measure 50 feet in circumference until it branches into three limbs, one of them over ten feet in diameter.

The Cure for Diarrhoea.

DEAR SIRS,—I was suffering very much from Diarrhoea and could get nothing to cure me. A friend told me of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and a few doses completely cured me.

THOS. L. GRAHAM, Melita, Man.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 50 years.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS

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

B.B.D. unblocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common impure to the worst scrofulous sore.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently & thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

D. M'LEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER - AT LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

DENTISTRY!
OPERATIVE, MECHANICAL, AND SURGICAL
F. W. Barbour, D. D. S.
OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL
Hale Method for Painless Extraction without Extra Charge.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

CLIFTON HOUSE,
74 Princess & 143 Germain Sts.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.
HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

IRON PIPE.
1 car load Plain Iron Pipe, Tarred Roofing Felt, and Horse Nails. Just to hand and for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS

MONEY TO LOAN.
\$8300.00 To Loan on Real Estate Security at lowest rates of interest, and amounts to suit applicants.
Terms Easy.
ARTHUR R. SLIPP,
Barrister & Notary
Opp City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.
Apr. 17, h 2 mts

Coffee Pots.
We have just received a lot of Coffee Pots after testing one ourselves in our own family for some months, we are safe in recommending it, and also in saying that there is no better way in the world of making coffee than by steaming it. This process you secure all that is delicious and beneficial and reflect the rank injuries part.

"You can't spell your coffee."
"No eggs are needed to settle it."
"The coffee can't be boiled."
"All the fine aroma is retained."
Ladies try one, to be found at the store of
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

1895.
New Styles

ROOM PAPER
At Prices that will suit
EVERYBODY.
Hall's Book Store

Iron Horse Shoes.
Just received
1 car Bar Iron, 100 kegs Horse Shoes, 100 boxes Steel Horse Nails, 25 kegs Steel Horse Shoes, 2 tons Toe Caulk Steel, 1 cask Borax.
Wholesale and Retail
JAMES S. NEILL

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE
800 ACRES. Land lays well. Well watered. Large amount of hard wood timber; near railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings. Price only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. Good title. Write for free Catalogue.
B. R. C. AFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

NEW GOODS

—IN—
Gentleman's Department
27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK —
ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS the latest styles and the "Derby" (Paper, Turn-Down) and THE SWELL, Paper, Standing COLLARS

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON & ALLISON
ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY one in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers" 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU Spruce St. N. Y.

New Goods.

JAMES R. HOWIE
PRACTICAL TAILOR.

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, Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light 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 Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
My stock of Mens' Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Fard and Soft Hats of English and American make, in all the novelties and Staple styles for Spring Wear. White and Regatta shirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Braces, Merino Underwear, Hosiery, and well selected assortment of Fancy Linen and Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English and American designs.

Rubber Clothing a specialty
Jas. R. Howie
192 Queen St., Fredericton.
June 20.

900. SALARY and Commission to Agents, Men and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to introduce a NEW AND POPULAR STANDARD BOOK Testimony of 19 Centuries to Jesus of Nazareth.

The most remarkable religious book of the age, written by 300 eminent scholars, Non-sectarian. Every Christian wants it. Exclusive territory given. Apply to THE HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., NORWICH, CONN.

WANTED.
Agents to sell our choice and hardy Nursery Stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruit and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory
MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen
Rochester, N. Y.

The Latest Thing
—IN—
CHOICE TEAS
—IS—
"Dragon Blend"

Put up in handsome 3lb canisters. Ask your grocer for it.

Wholesale only by
A. F. Randolph & Son

TACK PULLERS.
For the Ladies.
A patent Tack Puller, a decided improvement. It is superior to the ordinary tack claws. It does better work because it is better adapted to the work. Its work will commend it.
Cheap in price at
R. CHESTNUT & SON

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Trade Names. MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.