

The Right Kind of a Boy.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toll dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

—Exchange.

A Queer Fellow.

'That Harry Dent's a queer chap!' said Dick Carrow.

'What makes you say that! You're always saying it. I think he's no end of fun. Who's better center-rush? Who's better catcher? Who plays fairer?' cried Harry Miller, who seemed to see some underlying insult in being called queer.

'Now say, don't get huffy. Who said he wasn't all that, and more too? But he isn't like you, nor me, nor Sam, nor Tom, nor any of the boys. That's what I mean by queer.'

These boys were on their way to school, and just at this point in their conversation turned a corner and met the subject of these remarks, helping an old woman, with a basket of marketing, from the street-car. In a few minutes he joined them.

'Who was that old woman, Dent?' asked Dick.

'I don't know her name. I often meet her on the car,' he answered.

'Well, she looked at you as if you might be her grandson, or she wished you were.'

'Oh! I often help her with her basket and she does seem to like it.'

'Queer fellow,' muttered Dick, just loud enough to be heard by Harry.

When they reached the school, little Alma Brown, a kindergarten scholar, was at the gate, crying as if her heart would break. Harry was the first to see her, and before the other boys had time to wonder what was the matter with 'that kid,' he had found the cause of her sorrow, and bright smiles were shining through her tears.

Her griefs, real or imaginary had disappeared, and she laid her little hand confidently in Harry's and went skipping up the walk. 'You say he isn't queer!' exclaimed Dick in a smothered voice, as he threw his strangled books over his shoulder and ran for the base-ball grounds.

Soon the bell rang, and school was in working order. Harry and Dick were in the same classes. Harry was slower in mathematics than Dick, who found this study easy; while Latin verbs were easy for Harry, and often too much for Dick.

No help was allowed in arithmetic; but I am afraid slates, and slips of paper containing solutions, were often exchanged. With problems Dick seldom had any difficulty, and to day as he passed Harry's desk he saw, as he often had seen before, that he was in the depths of despair over a difficult problem. He took his seat and wrote out the solution. His seat was back of Harry's so he leaned over and dropped the paper on his slate.

Harry looked around, frowned, and shook his head, and tore the paper into bits, never looking at it. Dick looked at him questioningly.

When recess came, base-ball came with it. A match was to be played with a neighboring school in one week. Nine must be picked, and practice begin. Who should be catcher? Harry was specially good as a catcher; and his friends were determined he should have that place. Sam Smith wanted it too, and was determined to have it. He was ready to fight over it, when Harry exclaimed:

'Oh boys! I won't be catcher; I move that Sam be elected, for he's best at that, and I'll do in 'most any place.' So it was finally amicably settled.

As Dick passed Harry he whispered in his ear. 'Well, you're a queer one!' Harry blushed but said nothing, and was soon the gayest of the crowd.

Dick Carrow, if he had only known it, was a queer fellow himself, but in most respects he was, as he thought he was, much like other boys. The strange thing about him was, that he hated churches and 'such things'. 'Nothing but cant,' he would say, repeating the words of his Uncle Ben.

Poor fellow! he had been brought up by this irreligious uncle, and had grown up with great respect for justice and honesty, and as great contempt for all things religious. He had very seldom been to church. Like his uncle, he hadn't any faith in its professors, and had often proved to his own satisfaction that they professed one thing and acted another.

He often noticed that Harry, the last-quarter of an hour before school was dismissed, took a small book out

of an inside pocket and read with great interest. Dick's curiosity was aroused. What was it, anyhow? He determined to find out. One day, going home from school, he ran and caught up with him, determined to find out what it was.

'Say, Dent,' he began, 'been reading anything lately?'

'No,' he replied, 'I haven't had time.'

'Thought maybe you had taken to reading poetry,' Dick continued. 'I see you reading a little book in school with gilt edges. That little book you carry in your pocket. What is it? Do you like it?'

'Yes, indeed, I love it!' exclaimed Harry. 'I couldn't live without it.' With that he took out the book. It was a pocket edition of the New Testament.

Dick took it, and in a minute realized what it was. They had just reached their place of parting, so he handed it back saying, 'Hump!' As he turned the corner he called back.

'I say, but you are a queer fellow!' That afternoon a down-town book store was visited by Dick Carrow. He asked for a small pocket edition of the New Testament; paid for it and pocketed it in a guilty manner, glancing quickly around to see if anybody was looking.

The next Sunday Dick was at church. Sunday after Sunday he came and took a back seat.

One evening he went to see Dr. Barrow, the minister, and told him he had decided to become a Christian. Dr. Barrow was much surprised for he had had some experience with Dick's uncle, and heard that the boy was a yet more impossible case.

'My young friend,' said the doctor, 'this gives me great pleasure. I have noticed you lately at service, and am glad you have decided to take this step.' Then he talked to him and satisfied himself that the boy understood what he was doing.

'You see, I didn't use to believe there was anything in it but just cant,' said Dick.

'Well, my boy, what caused you to change your mind? I understand you have only recently seen these things in their true light?'

'To tell the truth,' said Dick, 'I've been watching a boy who came to our school about a year ago. He was what I called queer. He grew queerer and queerer to me; he wasn't like the others. The best catcher, and good fun any time. Oh, no! he wasn't different from the rest of us in those things! But you couldn't tempt him to cheat, for I tried it. He wasn't goody goody, he wasn't girlish or soft, but he wasn't ashamed to help anybody that needed help; and he wouldn't quarrel. I saw him reading a book, and found it was a Bible. He said he couldn't live without it. So I said to myself, 'Maybe that's what makes him so queer!' I got a little one like his, and read it through. I saw it was the truth, and that that was what made him so different. He had another life in him that we boys didn't have.'—The Advance.

Patty.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Patty, who lived in a village in Connecticut. She lived with her grandmother, old Mrs. Mill, who earned her living by weaving. In the garret of her funny little brown house, the roof of which ran up to such a high peak that one might have thought it was a steeple, she had a loom of that sort on which bedquilts are woven. She could weave them in strips and checks and plaids, red, white, or blue; and she also wove stuff of which people made cloaks and petticoats. Old-fashioned neighbors bought of her; and Mr. Stellwagon, at the store, took a number every fall. But fashions change; and it became easy to get to the city, and young housekeepers bought pretty quilts there. And, as for the cloaks and petticoats of old Mrs. Mill's homespun, no one wanted any. So the good old lady made much less money, and was very sorry that this was so; for she wanted to give Patty many nice and comfortable things, and to have something left, if she should live to be too old to work any longer.

Having no grown person in the house, Mrs. Mill naturally talked of her trouble to Patty; and Patty, having a wise little head of her own, set herself to thinking what might be done.

'There are other things, grandma,' she said.

'Yes, for other folks but I've been a weaver all my life, and I'm too old to change my trade.'

'I'm not too old to learn one, am I, grandma?' asked Patty.

'Bless me, child!' said grandma. 'You must get an education, and not talk of trades yet.'

So Patty did not talk. But she thought all the more, and one day she thought out something that she put in practice on Saturday.

Patty could knit very nicely, and there was always a pile of odds and ends of worsted in the attic; and early in the morning she went up stairs with her crochet-needle, and sat down on her little stool beside the pile of scraps.

At dinner-time she came downstairs, carrying in her hands two knitted dolls. They were knitted so that they had flesh-colored faces, little bodies like meal-bags, one red, and one blue, round, sausage-like arms, cream-colored hands, and black feet. Eyes, nose, and mouth were marked in worsted; and they looked very funny.

'Are they pretty, grandma?' asked Patty.

'Well,' said the old lady, 'I cannot say they have many claims to beauty. But I think they would be nice for babies, who break everything.'

'Just what I mean them for,' said Patty.

'We haven't any such,' said grandma. 'But other people have,' said Patty. 'They are all stuffed with bits of wool; and a baby could not hurt herself, whatever she did. This afternoon I shall knit a pair of boy-dolls.'

At tea-time two little fellows in yellow and green jackets, with fat legs and black boots and the same sort of faces and hands the girl-dolls had, were finished.

They were something like Brownies in their figures, and their eyes were quite as round, and their mouths as much curled up at the corners.

Grandma Mill had a good laugh at them, but she had no idea what reason she had to laugh. It was only an amusing idea of Patty's to her.

On Monday morning, when she started for school, Patty took the four knitted dolls with her, and stopped at the store. Mr. Stellwagon was a very good-natured man. When Patty asked him if he would try to sell them for her, he answered, 'I'll try, Patty Mill. I'll try. I don't know whether any one will buy them, but I'll fix them so they'll be seen. I think they are cute, myself.'

'They'll like them,' said Patty, and thanked him and went to school. On her way home Mr. Stellwagon called her.

'Patty Mill,' he said, 'your dolls are all sold. Squire Creamer's lady bought one for her baby, and the minister's wife bought one for hers; and the doctor took one home in the gig for his grand daughter, and Mrs. Parsons has the fourth. I set a quarter for the price, and it took. I think you've started a new business, and I'm coming up to-night to talk to you and your grandma about it. Here is the dollar. After this I'll charge a commission,—so much on each doll I sell. But this first dollar you must have for luck.'

How grandma stared when Mr. Stellwagon came that evening, and ordered a hundred dolls!

I am not sure that these were the first worsted dolls that were sold in shops, but they were the first ever sold in that town. They took the mothers' fancies, and were sold very rapidly. Patty and grandma sat upstairs and worked together, and the dolls lay in big clothes-baskets. Shop-keepers in other towns ordered them, and peddlers who drove their wagons about the country. But knitting is slow work; and finally Grandma Mill bought a little weaving-frame on which she could make dolls' bodies and limbs, while Patty knit the faces. In time they needed two or three girls to sew; and, after some years, a small factory arose just outside of the village, where all sorts of worsted things were made, not forgetting plenty of dolls.

Time flies fast. Patty is now a full-grown woman, and her husband manages the factory. Most such places have names. This is called 'The Patty.' But very few people know why, or what a little girl's efforts, with the blessing of Heaven, accomplished.—Ladger.

Advertisement Curiosities.

Curiously worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are more common in the English papers, it would seem, than they are in publications on this side. An English periodical offered a prize the other day for the best collection of such announcements, and the following is the result: Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame.

Wanted, experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad.

Lost a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzie.

Wanted by a respectable girl, her passage to New York, willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

For sale—a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin.

A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference.

Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Wanted—an organist and a boy to blow the same.

Wanted a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Wanted for the summer, a cottage for a small family with good drainage.

Lost, near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.

Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.

Wanted, good boys for punching.

To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head piece as good as new.

Home Hints.

Whipped Cream Sauce.—Whip a pint of thick, sweet cream, add the beaten whites of two eggs, sweeten to taste; place pudding in centre of dish, and surround with the sauce, or pile up in centre and surround with moulded blanc-mange or stewed whole fruits.

Remember that when sheets have become worn in the middle they may be given a new lease of existence by sewing the outside selvages together. This will bring the outside to the middle, where it will get the most wear and the thin portions will be on the outside.

Remember that there should be plenty of stout drilling and other bage in the house. They are so useful, large and small, for such a variety of purposes, and they help to keep the rooms tidy by holding articles that might otherwise be scattered here and there. It systematizes things wonderfully to keep each article in the closets in its own particular place and bag.

Remember that if glass globes are much stained by smoke they should be soaked in hot water with a little soda dissolved in it. Then put a teaspoonful of ammonia into a pan of lukewarm water, and with a tolerably hard brush rub the globes till the smoke stains disappear. Rinse in cold water and let them drain until dry, when they will be quite as white and clean as new globes.

The following, it is said, is an admirable cure for damp cellar walls: Boil two ounces of grease with two quarts of tar for nearly twenty minutes in an iron vessel, having pounded glass, 1 pound, and slaked lime, 2 pounds, well dried in an iron pot and sifted through a flour sieve. Add some of the lime to the tar and glass to form a thin paste, only sufficient to cover a square foot at a time about an eighth of an inch thick.

All Sorts.

The leap year business has begun in earnest—a Nebraska man is suing a young woman for a breach of promise.

Cures, absolute, permanent cures have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world and the first place among medicines.

The best paid official in the British service is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who receives \$100,000 a year.

It is not to be wondered at that Ayer's Pills are in such universal demand. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, or any other complaint needing a laxative, these pills are unsurpassed. They are sugar-coated, easy to take, and every dose is effective.

Doctor (to fair patient)—Put out your tongue. (Meantime writes a prescription). There, that will do. Miss Chatterbox—But, doctor, you did not even look at my tongue. Doctor—No, I only wanted to keep you quiet while I wrote the prescription.

Little Dot—Teacher says we needn't all learn to write the same hand. Mamma—That pleases you, doesn't it? Little Dot—Why, no. It's just as hard to learn to write one way as another. Now, if she'd only tell us we needn't all spell the same way, there'd be some comfort in it.

While no physician or pharmacist can conscientiously warrant a cure, the J. C. Ayer Co. guarantee the purity, strength, and medicinal virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It was the only blood-purifier admitted at the great World's Fair in Chicago, 1893.

A five-year old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and, snatching his foot, said, 'You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin, and then you'll see; won't he, mamma?'

A Pleasing Theme.

Rev. Henry Helzinger, Neustadt, Ont.: 'It is a pleasure to me to write a few lines about your dyspepsia medicine K. D. C., and if the English language were as easy to write as the German, I would like to say a good deal more. I used your medicine, and can say it is just what I wanted and needed. My sour stomach and heartburn after eating, and that gas which came from the stomach is gone, and I am able to take cold water again, before I had to take the water hot on account of stomach trouble. I recommend K. D. C. to our people where I can, and to everyone who knows what a weak stomach is.'

'See here,' howled the boss, 'does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?' 'W'y, said the new office boy, 'you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it.'

A tiny child was waiting with her mother at a railway station, and a little distance off was standing a soldier in Highland uniform. The child asked her mother if she might speak to the soldier; and, being questioned as to why she wanted to speak to him, she replied, 'I want to tell him his stockings are coming down!'

If knowing what is duty were followed by doing it, the welfare of society would be secured, and its moral progress would keep pace with its material advancement.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangement are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Professional Cards.

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Physician and Surgeon

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, N. B.

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto, has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

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Money to Loan on Real Estate security
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OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL
Hale Method for Painless Extraction without Extra Charge.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

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Apr. 11, 1896

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Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR

COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup.

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SCOTCH FIRE BRICK AND CLAY.

Just received from Glasgow, two car loads square, side arch and end arch Fire Brick, also Fire Clay. JAMES S. NEILL

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NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs Made-up Scarfs, Pongee, French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags Dressing Gowns, Slaves, Merino Shirt 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.

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