

Lost, A Boy.

He went from the old home hearthstone  
Only two years ago,  
A laughing, nattering fellow  
It would do you good to know;  
Since then we have not seen him,  
And we say, with a nameless pain,  
The boy that we knew and loved so  
We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him  
Comes home to us to-day,  
But this is not the dear fellow  
We kissed and sent away.  
Tall as the man he calls father,  
With a man's look in his face,  
Is he who takes by the hearthstone  
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music  
Wherever the lost boy went;  
This man has a smile most winsome,  
His eyes have a gleam most true;  
We know he is thinking and planning  
His way in the world of men,  
And we cannot help but love him,  
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow  
Who comes to take his place,  
With hints of the vanishing boyhood  
In his earnest, thoughtful face;  
And yet comes back the longing  
For the boy we must henceforth miss,  
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone  
Forever with a kiss.

—Exchange.

Gifts of the Animals.

'I have a new game for you,' said Aunt Bella to the children one rainy day. 'You must sit in a row upon your little benches, and I will ask you questions. That does not sound very amusing, does it? But you will grow interested after a while, and the one who answers the most questions shall order lunch for the party. I shall begin at once, and not waste time. Polly, have you anything that the animals gave you?'

'Yes,' said Polly, promptly. 'I've got a scratch right on my arm that my pussy gave me when I wouldn't let her drink my milk.' And she rolled up the sleeve of her apron to show it. They all laughed, and then Polly cried.

Then they kissed her, and Aunt Bella said:—

'No one laughed at the scratch, Polly; and you shall have another question. Try to think of something nice, something that you like to have, that an animal gave you.'

'Not a single fwing,' said Polly.

'Think, Polly,' said Aunt Bella. 'What have you got on your feet?'

'Shoes and stockings. My yamb's wool stockings and my brown kid shoes,' said Polly, kicking her feet.

'Well, Polly, the little, white lambs gave you the wool off their backs for the stockings, and the pretty kids gave their skins for the shoes.'

'Oh!' cried Polly. 'I never thought of that! So they did. Then she laughed, and the others felt they might, too; and Aunt Bella continued:—

'Now the rest must answer in their turn, only they must not tell of the same gifts Polly has told of. What have the quadrupeds or birds or fish or insects given you, Tom?'

'Well,' said Tom, with his hands in his pockets, 'the tailor said my suit was "strictly all wool," so the sheep must have given me that, and my hat, too; and oh, an alligator gave me my shoes,—alligator skin, they are. And I've got a knife in my pocket that a shell-fish gave me—the handle for it, at least, because it's mother-of-pearl, and that is the lining of a shell and—I guess that's all I remember just now.'

'Now, Tilley,' said Aunt Bella.

'Oh, said Tilley, 'I am under obligations to the silkworms for my dress; for it is made of Japanese silk. And a tortoise gave me my hairpin. And in my pocket I have something a little blind mole gave me,—a mole-skin purse. I suppose some animal with horns gave me these little red buttons, for I think they are bone.'

'An animal gave them to you,' said Aunt Bella, 'but in a very curious way. Those buttons are made of bullock's blood. There is a great factory in some part of the country where they take all the blood that is gathered from the places where they slaughter beef, and turn it into something like bone, of which they make buttons and buckles and combs and breast-pins and lots of things. You may know them by their red color. Very few people guess what it is.'

'Now, Fanny?'

'A seal gave me my cap and muff and collar,' said Fanny; and the feathers in my hat an ostrich gave me. Oh, I have a little snake-skin pocket-book!'

'And you, Lilly?' asked Aunt Bella.

'Oh, a monkey gave me my cape and muff,' said Lilly; and a kid gave me my gloves.

'Now, I am going to ask you all to look about the room, and see what creatures have helped to furnish it.'

'Of course, sheep have, for there is wool in the carpet,' said Fanny; 'and silk-worms for the curtains have silk in them.'

'Oh, and horses,' said Tom; 'for there is a horse-hair sofa.'

'An elephant helped,' said Tilley. 'Oh, yes, and a camel, not exactly in furnishing, but as to pretty things. The portfolio on the desk is made of camel's skin, and the paper-knife is ivory; and ivory is made from an elephant's tusks.'

'Oh,' said Tom, 'we've forgotten the big black bear who gave us that rug,—though he lies there, head and claws and all,—and the little white goat that gave us that small rug.'

'Oh,' laughed Fanny, 'the roosters! What did the rooster give us? I know, Does any one else?'

'The feather duster, of course,' said Tilley; 'and a peacock gave us his tail for that screen.'

'A deer took off his head and antlers so that we could have that rack that holds grandpa's rifle,' said Tom. 'For my part, I cannot see another thing that the birds and beast and insects and reptiles gave us.'

'I do,' said Aunt Bella. 'I see something that really and truly belongs to a duck. I do not suppose she intended to give it to us. I know she did not, in fact. But here it is.'

'A duck!' cried all the children, looking about. 'Where is anything a duck gave us?'

'Under Polly's head,' said Aunt Bella.

'That little cushion?' queried Tom. 'I thought that was silk.'

'There is eider-down inside of it,' said Aunt Bella. 'When the eider-duck makes her nest, she lines it with down from her own breast. The down-birds know that, and come in the night and steal it. The poor little duck is very sorry to find it gone; but she pulls out more down, and makes the feather bed over again for the duck babies who are to come out of her big, green eggs. And once more the hunters come and steal it. But she will have the ducklings comfortable, and she pulls all the down from her breast this time. They let her keep that; and the poor little duck, with her breast bare and bleeding, is still glad that her babies are warm.'

'Oh, poor little mamma duck!' said Polly, crying. 'Take back the poor duck's feathers!'

'Don't cry, Polly,' said Aunt Bella. 'All her feathers grew again, no doubt; and she has made lots of nests for lots of little ducks since then.'

And then, as they were all ready for lunch, they had it,—cocoa and jam tarts and tongue sandwiches, and plenty of buns and plain cake.—*New York Ledger.*

A Cheap Price.

'Hey, Dick, Dick Morris!' called Tom Folger from across the street. 'Don't you want to go out to Cousin Jim's with me? Father says I can have the horse this afternoon.'

Of course Dick wanted to go. What boy would decline a five mile drive on a superb September afternoon, especially when there was a prospective good time at the end of it?

'I've never been out to your Cousin Jim's; where does he live?' asked Dick as they started.

'On the plankroad, about a mile beyond the tollgate.'

'Then I must be getting some to ride; four cents each way; isn't it?'

'Yes, and it's too much for such a little way. I'll tell you what, let's run the toll-gate; it will be prime fun.'

Dick hesitated a little, but Tom was the older and leading spirit of the two, and when they drew up at the little white house, in front of which was raised the long wooden bar, Tom drew out a ten-dollar bill that he had taken from his father's desk before starting, because, as he told Dick, it looked large to have the money to show, and assured the man in charge that they had nothing less. 'But we are coming back this way in two or three hours, and we may get the bill broken by that time; at any rate we will settle with you then.' The old keeper looked a little doubtful, but small change happened to be low that afternoon, and he decided to trust the word of the two bright, pleasant-faced lads.

'It wouldn't do to run past now,' chuckled Tom, 'because we must go back this way, but just wait till then!'

An enjoyable afternoon followed, what the boys called the best kind of a time, and dusk was gathering when the old toll-gate keeper, looking up the road, saw again the gray horse and boyish drivers. Very leisurely they trotted along, and the old man took a step or two nearer so as to be ready for them as they came opposite. Tom, who was driving made a motion as if to stop, and put his fingers to his vest pocket, when Dick struck the nervous gray with his whip, and away they went before the old man had time to drop the gate, the swift-falling hoofs and derisive laughter growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Once at home a half-conscious feeling kept Dick silent in regard to the exploit. Tom, however, was troubled with no such scruples, and not long after when in at Dick's one evening, he

referred to the 'good joke' they played on the old toll-gate keeper.

'What joke?' asked Dick's sister Floy.

'Why, when we ran the toll-gate; didn't Dick tell you?' and he gaily recounted the story, adding with a laugh, 'You ought to have seen the old man with his mouth and eyes both open as he stood looking after us.'

Dick's father had paused in his reading to listen.

'Did you tell your father of this?' he asked when Tom had finished.

'Why yes.'

'And what did he say?'

'O, he laughed, that was all.'

'Well,' said Mr. Morris, gravely, 'I think that you sold yourselves pretty cheap. Dick, I supposed that my son rated his word and honor at a higher price than eight cents. I certainly hope that he will in the future.'

Dick hung his head in the light of his father's words. The act seemed so pitifully small that he wondered how he ever could have thought it funny. And Tom, though he laughed it off, soon made an excuse for leaving.

'I do not think I care to have Tom as an especial friend of Dick's,' said Mr. Morris to his wife that night when they were left alone. 'A boy whose sense of honor and honesty is no higher, is not a boy whose influence and companionship I desire for mine.'

Twelve years had gone by, and Dick and Tom, grown to be young men, were each holding a position of trust and responsibility. It was another September morning and the Morris family had gathered for breakfast. Mrs. Morris was glancing over the morning paper that had just been brought in, when she gave a startled exclamation.

'What is it?' asked Dick, who had just entered.

'Why, Tom Folger has disappeared and an examination shows him to be a defaulter to a large amount. Dick's boy friend who used to be here so much. Such a bright and pleasant boy; I am so sorry and so surprised!'

'I am sorry,' answered her husband, 'but I am not surprised. Do you remember the little incident of Tom and Dick running the toll-gate? After that I checked their intimacy, and from that day to this I have been afraid for Tom. I saw in that act that he lacked a high sense of honesty, and when he said that his father laughed at it, I also saw that his home training and influence were never going to make it higher. And when a boy has a low perception of truth and honor, and puts but a light value on his word, there is grave reason to fear for his future.'—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Story of the Boy Disciple.

I think I would like to have about twenty quarts of blackberries,' announced Dora one morning at the breakfast table, in her most house-keeping voice.

What for? demanded John, who hated picking blackberries for any purpose other than to put them black and soft into his own mouth. He liked them so ripe that they dropped off the bush as soon as they were touched. He said he did not want to pick them, but only gave them a gentle hint.

Then, propounded his father, why are boys like unripe blackberries.

Because they need more than a gentle hint, answered John, sagely. I would like to stand by and see Dora pick her own twenty quarts of blackberries.

I think you would have the hardest time of it, said his father, idleness is the toughest kind of work for an energetic boy.

Was he that? Energetic? John could work a month on the remembrance of such praise.

Do you want them to-day? he asked eagerly.

This very morning, for jam.

I know where to go: up in the sprouts. They are thick there.

That's why I asked you to whistle when you went after the cows, laughed Dora; if your mouth was full of whistle, I knew it couldn't be full of blackberries, and I want those blackberries.

John needs a trainer like the ancient Egyptian, said his father; he trained the lion to hunt and leave the prey unharmed; he himself would return to his master, and the trained cat would fetch the unwounded bird from the chickens of the Nile.

Hurrah for the lion and the cat! said John. And the Christian boy, said his father.

John's face flushed deep red, and how his heart did beat! Did his father know that he was trying to be a Christian boy?

Not that it is wrong for you to eat blackberries as you pick them, his father added, fearing the boy was hurt and ashamed; but it would be a grand thing for a boy to learn to deny himself for the sake of his Master, as did the lion and the cat, for theirs,

John remembered Dora's pie that he had stolen; he was afraid he never did deny himself.

But blackberries don't count, he said, aloud. I wish I knew some real thing to deny myself in.

His father laughed as he pushed his chair back from the table.

You will find something if you live long enough, he said.

But I'd rather be told, said John.

One thing that you find out for yourself is worth ten that you are told, was his father's quick reply.

I suppose you would like the blackberries to-day, said John, an hour after breakfast.

His enthusiasm for picking twenty quarts had died out, and he had begun again to hate the work.

Very much, returned Dora, brightly. She had been afraid his zeal wouldn't last; it was usually rather short-lived. To-morrow will be the picnic, and I want to go; I didn't go last year. To-day is the only day I can do this work.

John's bare toe dug into the rag carpet. Sam Fleet had asked him to go to-day for a ride to Lake Hopatcong on his father's canal boat, and both their fathers had said the boys might go.

But Dora didn't go to the picnic last year—and this might be the last of the blackberries, while we could go next week on the canal boat. But, O, how he did want to go to-day. It was such a splendid day for canal boats—and blackberries.

Then he remembered the lion and the cat. What a shame if a Christian boy couldn't be as self-denying as a lion or a cat!

He had found something to do for his Master, without living very long; and he did it; not like the lion or a cat, but like a Christian boy.—*Morning Star.*

A Boy, Not a Lawyer, Wanted.

A gentleman who owned a farm told a friend one day that he needed a boy to work about his place. The friend expressed a wish that he would find one soon. In a few days the gentleman went again to his friend and said:—

I have just got a boy, and hope he will be a good one.

About a week later he was asked how his boy was getting along. He replied:—

I haven't any boy.

Why, the friend said, you told me last week that you had one.

I thought I had, but I found I was mistaken. When I told him to do anything a certain way he would say, 'Hain't I better do it this way?' or when he was doing one thing and I told him to do another he would reply, 'Hain't I better finish this first?' I want a boy who will do as I tell him, and not a lawyer to instruct me; so I sent him away.

All Sorts.

A seven-year old girl was asked what she thought was a boy's delight. She replied, girls. Her questioner expected her to say pie.

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.

Jamie, called out his mother, sharply, you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindlings.

A hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to chronic bronchitis. No prompt remedy can be found than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effect is immediate and the result permanent.

A collector of bad debts who lives in a New Jersey town drives a horse over which is thrown a sheet bearing the inscription: 'This horse stops only in front of houses whose inmates are bad pay.'

Which is worse, imprisonment for life or a life-long disease, like scrofula for example? The former, certainly, would be preferable were it not that Ayer's Sarsaparilla can always come to the rescue and give the poor sufferer health, strength and happiness.

The ground under the city of San Salvador is full of caverns of unknown depths. A man was digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick the bottom fell out, and he and his pick fell through, nobody knows where.

Every experience of your life, my friend, said the solemn-faced visitor at the jail, is for you to make the right use of it. Utter no complaint, bear your punishment in silence. Take things as you find them. I allude to said the dejected vagabond behind the bars. That's how I got here.

A Clever Dog.

The London *Spectator* tells the following story:

A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to and that the dog was a prisoner. Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and, as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes, delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door mat, which he had rolled for the purpose, and, having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. This same collie, when walking with me, ran on in front and rang the gate-bell of the house to which I was going, so that I had not to wait when I arrived there.

Nearly as Bad.

Telling what we have heard to another's disadvantage is not so bad as starting a slander without provocation; but it is next to it. Slanders do more harm through being repeated by those who just tell what they have heard than being first told by the one who invented them. If a slanderer could find no one to pass along his slanders without being sure as to their truth or falsity, he would have no success in his occupation. Where no word is there the fire goes out; so where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceases. Before we tell anything to another's discredit we should first know (not merely think) it is true, and then we should be sure that good is to come of its repeating. Evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as want of heart.

—Selected.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

The Dinner Bell.

The dinner bell has no charms for a dyspeptic or bilious person. To enjoy your food, avoid dyspepsia and have healthy action of the liver, use Laxa-Liver Pills, small, sure, never gripe. One pill after a too hearty meal removes all ill-effects. They cure indigestion and give good appetite.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: 'I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine.'

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