

Little Boy Blue.

BY EUGENE FIELD

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy
Blue

Kissed them and put them there.
"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, trundling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue.
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

At, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long
years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Why Tommy Was Glad.

Rattle, bustle, bang, racket, dis-
order, dust, confusion!
That was the state of things in the
early summer getting ready for the
fitting to the lakeside.
Putting away in closets, cupboards
and drawers—that was the school books,
the Sunday clothes and the best china
and silver.

Pulling out and packing in trunks
and boxes—that was the tennis and
croquet, the outing suite, the fishing
tackle, and all the other things which
make a boy stand on his head for joy.
Tommy did his best to help, really
helping more than he hindered. This
may be one reason for his being quite
as happy as he expected to be, when
one morning he, with his elder brother
George, started out for their first fish-
ing.

There was only one trouble about it.
The fresh air put such a spring into
Tommy's limbs that he simply could
not keep quiet enough to fish. At last
George said:

"See here, Tom, I want to fish and
you're too much of a jumping-jack to
have about. You go round that side
of the point and you may thrash the
water and skip stones and dig for crabs
and whittle and whoop and dance like
an Indian all that you want to."

Tommy went and was noisy to his
heart's content, until, hearing a little
chattering in a tree, he lay down and
gazed up. What was that on the big
branch just above his head?

A little gray head poked itself out,
and two shining beads of black eyes
looked sharply around as if their owner
might be saying: "I wonder if the coast
is clear."

Mr. Gray Squirrel seemed to think
that it was, for he bounded out of his
hole and ran down the trunk of the
tree to the ground. Followed by—oh,
delight! Tom clapped his hand to his
mouth to keep in a laugh and a shout
—four baby squirrels about the size of
an ear of pop-corn, and their tails not
yet grown fuzzy.

How Tom had to hold himself to
keep from screaming with laughter as
the cunning things frolicked! How
they skipped and gambolled, tearing
after each other, jumping over sticks
and rushing up tree-trunks!

Tommy stole away to call his brother,
and both enjoyed the fun. Just as they
were ready to go home, Tommy turned
suddenly to look at a hole at the root
of the squirrel tree.

"Oh, I'm so glad! so glad!" he ex-
claimed.

"What about?" asked George.
"Just before we left here last fall I
was nutting one day, and I found this
hole full of nuts. I was just going to
take them because I had had real bad
luck. Then I remembered that papa
had told us that squirrels hide their
nuts so to eat in winter. I thought it
would be a shame to steal from such a
little bit of a fellow, so I didn't. Now
see all these shells left here."

"Yes," said George. "It's been a hard
winter, and if you had taken them I
dare say that family of squirrels wouldn't
be capering in the sunshine to-day."

"I'm glad," said Tommy, again.
"I guess," said George, "it's good not
to do a mean thing, even to a squirrel."

—The Youth's Companion.

Paint Around the Farm.

One of the most useful things about
the farm is a pot of paint. At this
time of the year a good deal of repair
work on buildings can be done by your-
self or hands, and in connection there-
with, painting also. The easiest way
is to buy a pot of paint at the store,
and the best place to use it is where it
is needed. The tin roof, and the gutters,
and valleys, and water tables, of the
house and barn roof, porch, or out-
building roof, all likely need paint.
Tin should be painted once every two
years at the least, and for bare tin or
rusty tin red lead is the best. Buy it
dry, and mix only enough for the job,

as it quickly settles to the bottom of
the pot and gets hard. On top of this
put a coat of iron paint or Venetian
red paint, mixed in oil. First clean off
the tin. Putty holes in roof or open
places windows and over doors, to keep
out cold and wet.

A rusty milk pan, too far gone for
milk, may have bottom painted and
puttied, inside and out, and will do for
carrying cold water, feed, etc., just as
well as a new one.

The field machinery, such as plows,
harrows, cultivators, etc., might be the
better for a coat of paint. There's hardly
any wear out to things kept repaired
and painted. Tubs and buckets at
house or barn, should be kept painted
on the outside. Green looks well;
while any color will answer for the
garden tools, providing it is red. Red
wears better than green under exposure
to the weather. A song tells us about
the "Wearing of the Green," but green
is a notoriously bad color for wear.
Pretty though.

The good wife will probably want
her garden trellis, etc., painted. Green
looks best on these.

Don't waste time whitewashing
where paint is much cheaper—I mean
for fences and these small buildings.
Don't whitewash ceilings or walls in
the house, except in the cellar, because
paint is cheaper and better. Paper is
also cheap, but not so sanitary as paint,
nor so easily applied.

Paint the porch floor, to keep it from
warping, splintering and rotting. Lead
color, drab, and buff or ochre
color is good. All outside paint should
be mixed only with raw linseed oil and
a little Japan to dry it. Never add
turpentine or varnish to outside paint
nor kerosene oil, benzine, etc. Poor
economy to use poor paint.—Country
Gentleman.

The Disappearance and Recovery of the Queen.

A gentleman who is very fond of
every living thing, who watches animals
carefully that he may learn their ways,
tells a very interesting story of some
ants in Central Park. He saw a pro-
cession of ants going across the path.
This gentleman watched, and knowing
the ways of ants, knew that they were
emigrating to a new colony because the
old city was over-crowded. He watched
the ants closely, to decide which was
the queen. At last he discovered her
attended by a guard of honor. Quickly
and carefully he lifted the queen, and
held her in his hand. She was missed
at once, and there was the greatest ex-
citement. The guard of honor were
seized by the others and held under
arrest. Ants started out in every
direction to look for the queen. The
ants from the old city were notified,
and came to assist in the search. They
looked everywhere, and returned again
and again to learn if there was any
news. At last the gentleman put the
queen down on the path some distance
away from the point at which he had
captured her. She was discovered by
one of the scouts, who hurried back to
the point where the ants had assembled
and told of the discovery. A guard of
honor hurried to the queen, and actu-
ally carried her back to her subjects,
who received her with demonstrations
of joy. The new colony had established
the new home under a bench. A hole
under one of the legs of the bench led
to it. With the guard of honor carry-
ing the queen, the procession reformed
and began its march, and soon dis-
appeared from sight. The gentleman
moistened some lumps of sugar and
put them on the path. Some two or three
ants appeared, found the sugar, and
immediately reported at the new
colony. When they returned, a num-
ber of helpers came with them, and the
sugar was all carried, grain by grain, to
the new home. Doubtless they thought
they had found a most wonderful land
to settle in when food was provided in
such quantities near at hand.

A Temperance Psalm.

A modern alphabetical Psalm on the
virtues of total abstinence is furnished
by Dr. Cyrus Edson to a recent *North
American Review*. It is one of the
best essays of its kind in print.

A stands for Alcohol; deathlike its
grip.
B for Beginner, who takes just one
sip.

C for Companion, who urges him on.
D for the Demon of drink that is
born.

E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
F stands for friends who so loudly
insist.

G for the Gullt he afterwards feels.
H for the Horror that hangs at his
heels.

I his Intention to drink not at all.
J stands for Jeering that follows
his fall.

K for a Knowledge that he is a slave.
L stands for Liquors his appetite
crave.

M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard
to say.

O for the Orgies that then come to
pass.

P is for Pride that he drowns in his
gliaas.

Q for the Quarrels that nightly
abound.

R stands for Ruin that hovers
around.

S stands for Sights that his vision
bedims.

T for the Trembling that seizes his
limbs.

U for his Usefulness sunk in the
slums.

V for the Vagrant he quickly be-
comes.

W for Waning of life that's soon
done.

X for his eXit regretted by none.
Youths of this nation, such weak-
ness is crime.

Z for the Zealously turn from the tempter in
time!

Signal Lights.

I once knew a sweet little girl called
Mary. Her papa was the captain of a
big ship, and sometimes she went with
him to sea.

One day, on one of these trips, she
sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim
clean the signal lamps.

What are you doing? she asked.
I am trimming the signal lamps,
said old Jim.

What are they for? asked Mary.
To keep other ships from running
into us, Miss; if we do not hang out
our lights we might get wrecked.

Mary watched him for some time,
and then she ran away, and seemed to
forget all about the signal lights; but
she did not, as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old
Jim trim the lamps, and after he had
seated her on a coil of rope he turned
to do his work. Just then the wind
carried away one of the cloths, and old
Jim began to swear awfully. Mary
slipped from her place, and ran into
the cabin; but she came back shortly
and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it, and there, printed
in large letters—for Mary was too
young to write—were these words:
Thou shalt not take the name of the
Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord
will not hold him guiltless, that taketh
His name in vain.

What is this, Miss Mary?
It is a signal light, please. I saw
that a bad ship was running against
you, because you did not have your
signal light hung out, so I thought you
had forgotten it, said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept
like a child. At last he said:

You're right, missy; I had forgotten
it. My mother taught me that very
commandment when I was no bigger
than you; and for the future I will
hang out my signal lights, for I might
be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as
you call those oaths.

Old Jim has a large Bible now which
Mary gave him, and on the cover he
has printed, *Signal Lights for souls
bound for Heaven*.

Reverence for Old Folks.

The car was crowded when an old
man, leaning on a cane, entered, grop-
ing along with the aid of his cane for
a seat. He had gone more than half-
way without finding one, when a boy
of about ten years old caught sight of
him and was on his feet in a moment.

Here, sir, he said kindly, take this
seat, sir, if you please.

But what will you do? the old man
asked.

I'll stand, was the smiling answer,
which he did.

Well, bless you, my lad! said the old
man as he sank down in the comfort-
able seat, I'm a thousand times obliged,
and I'm sure when you get lame and
old there'll always be a seat for you.

A Greek historian tells how, in the
pure and early and most virtuous days
of the republic, if an old man entered
the crowded assembly, all ranks rose
to give room and place to him. In the
"Iliad" this respect for the aged is
prominently portrayed.

In company with several young
friends, a boy was hurrying along the
walk of a street. Suddenly he stopped
with a glad exclamation, took off his
hat and bowed, while his face grew
radiant. A country carriage, in which
sat an old-fashioned but smiling old
lady, went rolling swiftly by.

Who's that old lady that you're so
mighty polite to? asked one of the
boys.

That's the best and dearest old lady
in the whole world, was the quick,
proud answer. That's my grandmother.

Many a boy, could he voice his
thoughts, would sing with the poet:

"Who shall guess what I may be?
Who can tell my fortune to me?"

And we can easily answer the ques-
tions when a boy who respects age asks
them.
For bravest and brightest that ever
was sung
May be—and shall be—the lot of the
young.

—The Christian Work.

Best Method of Cleaning Black Dress Goods.

Such goods as serge, chevot, cash-
mere, henrietta, etc., are easily
cleaned. First remove the grease
spots with naphtha, and remember
that this fluid is very explosive when
exposed to either light or fire. Make
a lather of warm soap, using a
good, not strong, soap, and a tea-
spoonful of borax to every two quarts
of water. Into this dip the goods up
and down and wash between the
hands; then wring gently and pat
partly dry; hang in the shade, and
when nearly dry iron on the wrong
side with a moderately warm iron.
Always rinse once in lukewarm water,
and iron until the material is perfectly
dry. Never rub a fabric that is being
renovated on the washboard, nor
wring it tightly, and in using naphtha
remember that it roughens the hands,
and that after using it it is well to
put vaseline on them and to wear old
gloves. Wash alpaca in the same
manner as cashmere, adding a little
gum-arabic to the rinsing water. If
the black goods are of a rusty color,
restore them by sponging with ammonia
and alcohol. Always use a piece of
the same material or one near it to
sponge with.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

A Suspected Insult.

HOW A LITTLE BOY MADE TROUBLE IN A
STREET CAR.

A North Side man was coming down
town the other afternoon. In the car
was a placard advertising that popular
remedy, Dent's Tooth-ache Gum.
There was a picture representing a
small boy with a badly swollen cheek,
and underneath were the words, "A
swell affair."

A woman accompanied by the two
boys sat opposite this placard, and the
two boys were studying it. A rather
loudly attired woman came into the
car at one of the stops, and as she sank
into the seat and glanced condescend-
ingly about her, one of the boys, read-
ing from the placard, said, quite loudly:
"A swell affair."

The loud woman glanced at him, and
then said to his mother: Madam, that
little boy is altogether too fresh.

He didn't bother you.
He has no manners.

What did he do?
Didn't you hear him?

And they were still trying to
straighten it out when the North Side
man left the car.—*Chicago Record*.

A Boy's Questions.

I took my lad off for a sail on a
Sound steamer a short time ago. Here
is what he asked me in the course of
the day.

Do they call this a Sound steamer
because it makes a noise?

Is that water down there any wetter
than the water in the Atlantic Ocean?

What makes the water wet, anyhow?

How many men could be drowned in
water as deep as that?

If a mamma fish couldn't get any
worms in the water for the little fish,
would she go ashore and dig for them?

Suppose a whale came along and sat
for three days on an oyster so that he
couldn't open his shell, would it suffo-
cate the oyster?

Doesn't the dampness ever give clams
malaria?

Doesn't it hurt to get drowned?

Is that big man with the gold buttons
on his coat the papa of all those men
who do whatever he tells them to?

Life.

Good Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is
better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-
told story is as welcome as a sunbeam
in a sick room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to
yourself. The world is too busy to care
for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you can-
not see any good in this world, keep
it bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains
under a pleasant smile. No one cares
whether you have the earache, head-
ache, or rheumatism.

Learn to attend strictly to your own
business. Very important point.

Learn to greet your friends with a
smile. They carry too many frowns
in their own hearts to be bothered with
any of yours.

All Sorts.

Uncle Bob—What are you going to
be when you become a man, Tommy?

Tommy—I'm going to be a soldier
'cos then I can fight all I want to
without being spanked for it.

Merit in medicine means the power
to cure. The great cures by Hood's
Sarsaparilla prove its unequalled
merit.

Tommy (inquiringly): Mamma, is
this hair-oil in this bottle? Mamma:

No; that's glue. Tommy (nonchal-
antly): That's why I can't get my
hat off.

"Mamma, was that a sugar-plum you
just gave me?" asked little Mabel. "No,
dear, it was one of Dr. Ayer's Pills."
"Please, may I have another?" "Not
now, dear; one of those nice pills is
all you need at present, because every
dose is effective."

I thought Miss M. taught you in
kindergarten not to tell the bad things
about your little friends, I said, as my
little daughter was making some dis-
paraging remarks about a little play-
mate. Yes, she did teach us that,
was the frank reply; but we didn't
learn it hardly at all: we didn't seem
to pay any attention to it.

What causes bad dreams is a ques-
tion that has never been satisfactorily
answered; but, in nine cases out of
ten, frightful dreams are the result of
imperfect digestion, which a few doses
of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually
remedy. Don't delay—try it to-day.

Mrs. Nix: I hope you are not afraid
of work.

Weary Willie (uneasily): I ain't
exactly afraid, mum; but I always feel
fidgety when dere's any'ting like dat
around.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of
acting specifically upon the diseased
organs, stimulating to action the dor-
mant energies of the system, thereby
removing disease. In fact, so great is
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and purify, that diseases of almost
every name and nature are driven from
the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell
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—IN—

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—IS—

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