

The Dead Babe.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
'Oh God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended Thee,
That Thou shouldst take away from me
My little son?'

'Upon the thousand useless lives—
Upon the guilt that vanishing thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why shouldst Thou take my little son?
Why shouldst Thou vent Thy wrath upon
This innocent?'

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead
Before mine eyes the vision spread
Of things that might have been:
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there:
A shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—a little child—
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In these two messages I read
A wisdom manifold;
And though my arms be childless now,
I am content—to Him I bow
Who knoweth best.

—Eugene Field.

It Doesn't Pay.

'Hurrah! Hurrah!
'Out of the way—
'See her scot! Whiz z z.'

A dozen or more of the pupils of a
country school stood at the roadside to
watch the speeding downhill of a new
set of bobs. It was by all agreed to be
the finest craft on the coasting hill.

'O, what you going down there for?'
There was a little stir in the small
crowd, then two of its number took a
tumble down the steep bank at the
roadside, followed by the question
above, in a tone of mock surprise. The
unfortunates were Jack Kent and his
little sister. For himself he did not at
all mind the plunge into the deep
snowdrift, but poor little Polly was
cold. Her hood came off—her mittens
were lost in the snow, and she cried as
at length her brother contrived to pull
her to the top of the bank. Jack ceased
his care of the little one to turn fiercely
on one of his companions who had been
laughing at the disaster.

'You did that, George Banks,' he
said in a loud and angry voice, making
towards him with clenched fists. 'You
jostled back against me—and you did
it on purpose. I wouldn't have cared
if it had been just me, but you reached
your foot and upset my balance just as
I was trying to keep Polly from going
over. Before I'd be such a coward!'

George backed a little at the advance,
knowing well the strength of Jack's
fists in many a friendly wrestle. Then he
braced himself.

'Come on.'

For a moment Jack stood with flash-
ing eyes and flaming color. Then he
turned abruptly.

'Here, Polly—don't you want to get
warm—poor little girlie?'

Seizing her in his arms, although she
was no light weight for a boy of his age,
he rushed down the hill with her, never
stopping until he had deposited her by
the schoolroom stove. When next
seen by those who cared to follow his
impetuous movements, he was giving
good help in the vigorous storming of
a snow fort. Going home from school,
Jack was joined by his best chum.

'I wish you would tell me,' said the
latter, 'how you ever managed to keep
from knocking George Banks higher
than a kite this morning. He deserved
it, if a fellow ever did. He's always
playing some mean trick or other.'

'I know it,' said Jack, his face flash-
ing again at thought of little Polly's
wrongs.

'Why didn't you let into him?'

'Well, said Jack, contemplatively,
'it was just because I thought it wouldn't
pay.'

'Wouldn't pay—?'

'No, not a bit. You see, went on
Jack, laughing, 'I was hopping mad—
more because of his mean way of laugh-
ing than for what he had done. He
would have got mad, too, and it would
have been a fight. He or I, or both of
us, would have got some bad knocks,
maybe. My head would have ached
for it all day. I should have got into
trouble at school. When I went home
there would be trouble there, and
mother would have looked sorry. Now,
the fun of letting out my mad against
George wouldn't pay for all that.'

'But,' said the other, gazing at him
in amazement, 'how can you think of
that just at the time? I always think
I will, when it isn't just the time, and
then when I get mad it all goes to the
winds.'

'It's tough, said Jack, setting his lips
together. 'It's—just—awfully—tough.
But it came to me this way. Once I
had a cold and a toothache and a
swelled face—no end of a bad time. I
couldn't study, I couldn't read, except
what I could get by a peep out of one
eye. So I could only take in little bits
at a time, and this was one of the bits.'

'If we give way to our passion we

gratify ourselves for the present in
order to make our future miserable. Well,
I thought it all out. I had plenty
of time for thinking, you see—never
did so much of it in my life before.
And I made up my mind I'd try it. I
knew it would be tough, but we boys
like to tackle tough things, you know,
and why shouldn't it be that kind of a
thing?'

The other boy gave a sideways nod to
his head as if agreeing that there was a
great deal in that.

'Tough, I should say! I had to work
it off some way,' went on Jack, laugh-
ing. 'By the time I had grabbed Polly
and landed her by the fire, I hadn't
enough breath left for a fight. And by
the time our side got the better of the
garrison I had about forgotten all about
George and his meanness.'

'It's a good way,' said his friend.
'But I don't know whether I could do
it.'

Some helpful words from the mother
whom he did not like to make look sorry
came to Jack's mind. They were about
the greatness of him who ruleth his
spirit. But he was a boy and did not
say them. Perhaps his example had
said it better. —N. Y. Observer.

A Prince of the Blood.

'Say, Martin, stop that, now! How's
a fellow going to drink with Niagara
Falls coming down on him?'

Louis Ray, or 'Rufus,' as the boys
called him, rose up angrily, with a face
as red as his head.

'All right,' said Martin Stone, laugh-
ing. 'Go ahead and drink; I'll pump
easy for you.'

Louis bent over again, and put his
thirsty lips to the spout. This time
his tormentor moved the pump handle
about as fast as the hour hand of a
watch, and about three drops trickled
out.

'Pump, will you?' cried Louis.
'Oh yes! I will,' roared the other,
and that instant Louis was spluttering
in a perfect rush of the bright water,
while the group of boys exploded with
laughter.

This was too much for Louis's fiery
temper, and he sprang at Martin, shak-
ing his wet head like a Newfoundland
dog, and grappling him fiercely. But
after all it was a friendly tussle. Louis
had far too much sense to take the
rough joke seriously, and by the time
he and Martin had rolled about on the
grass awhile, each trying to get the
other under; by the time they had
thumped one another a time or two, in
boyish fashion, the bell rang, and they
all went back into the schoolroom as
good friends as ever.

But something had happened in that
sham battle, unknown to anybody ex-
cept Battle, the pug, and even he did
not know much about it. Martin's bag
strap gave way in the scuffle, his books
tumbled out on the ground, and a
closely written sheet of paper, caught
by a breeze in search of a playfellow,
began to play hopscotch over the grass.

Battle gave chase at first, but soon
came to the conclusion that the thing
had no wings, and went back to bark
his interest and applause at the wrest-
ling match. Away went the paper,
across the school's tennis court, through
the iron fence railings out into the
road, there to be trampled deep into an
early grave by a great drove of cattle
passing that way.

Meantime the school routine went
on, and presently the teacher said:
'Put up your books, boys; I am going
to let you decide now who shall get
the English prize for the quarter.'

Martin and Louis—as some of you
know—got the same mark on examina-
tion, so I gave them each a composi-
tion to write last night, and I am now
going to read them to the English class,
without the name, of course, and let
the class award the prize.'

There was great excitement among
the boys, much shuffling of feet, em-
barrassed coughing, conscious grinning,
while Louis got his paper ready and
stood waiting to march up to the desk
with Martin.

But where was Martin's paper? You
and I know that it was being trampled
under dusty hoofs, but Martin was
perfectly sure that it was in his algebra.
No, 'Well, then, in his History of the
United States; and so he went through
every book in his desk, of course with-
out finding it, while Major Price's
brow grew darker every minute.

Now the major, having received a
military education, thought careless-
ness a much more serious matter than
stupidity, and perhaps he was right.
At any rate he was patient with dull-
ness, but carelessness always met with
prompt punishment.

'Well, well,' he said, shortly, where
are the papers?'

'I have lost mine, sir,' said poor
Martin, wishing that boys were allowed
to cry like girls.

'Then there will be less trouble
about awarding the prize,' said the
angry teacher, 'Louis, where is yours?'

There was an instant of silence in the
schoolroom; everybody in the class
held his breath. Louis turned red and

then, with a quiet air of determination,
he tore his paper slowly across the
middle, and said in a respectful tone:
'I have none to hand in, sir.'

Instantly the class broke into irre-
pressible applause.

'Silence!' thundered the major, and
Louis braced himself against the desk
behind him. These boys were toler-
ably afraid of the major, and if he took
this as an indication of insubordina-
tion he would be severe. For some
reason the teacher did not speak for a
minute, and then he said in a tone
they had never heard him use before:

'Boys, I would rather see a gener-
ous thing like that among you than to
have a prince of the blood in my school!
That is what I call loving your neigh-
bor as yourself, and you know who
gave us that command and set us the
great example.'

You may be sure that the boys
applauded long and loud after that.—
Morning Star.

The Train Boy.

He had done several little errands
for the gentleman in the Pullman car,
and as the man got off he slipped a
dollar into his hand.

I like your looks, Jimmy, he said,
kindly. Now, remember that you can
make yourself whatever you wish. I
don't mean by that that you may be-
come a Vanderbilt if you desire, or the
President of the United States; but I
do mean that you can be something
better yet—a Christian man. Don't
forget that.

It was ten years later before the two
met again. Then Jimmy had just been
made conductor on an important road,
and in one of the passengers he
recognized his old-time friend. The
gentleman had changed but little in
the ten years just passed, but it was
hard to persuade him that the fine-
looking young conductor was the rag-
ged train boy of whom he still retained a
faint remembrance.

But I certainly am he, Jimmy asserted,
energetically, and I've always
wanted to tell you how much your
words and your kindness did for me.
I'd been getting into low company and
sort o' wild and reckless, but your
words just haunted me, and I got to
wondering if that kind of thing paid.

I concluded that I'd rather grow up a
Christian man, as you said, than a
drunken loafer, so I just stopped short
and commenced over in dead earnest.

And that was all the result of a few
sentences, forgotten as soon as uttered,
said the gentleman, thoughtfully. It
just shows what a mighty power for
weal or woe our chance words may be,
and how we ought to guard them.—
Classmate.

Keep Good Company.

Evil communications corrupt good
manners.—1 Cor. xvi. 33.

If you put that in plain language, it
means bad company makes bad boys
and girls. There are two old Spanish
proverbs which I wish you to learn:
first, 'He that goes with wolves learns
to howl,' second, 'He that lies down
with dogs gets up with fleas.'

I read something once that shows the effects
of keeping bad company. The crows
one spring, began to pull up a farmer's
young corn. He loaded his gun and
prepared to give them a warm recep-
tion. The farmer had a sociable parrot,
who, discovering the crows pulling up
the corn, flew over and joined them.

The farmer did not see the parrot.
He fired among the crows; then went
over to the spot; there lay three dead
crows, and his pet parrot, with a broken
leg. When the bird was taken home,
the children asked: 'What hurt our
pretty Poll?' 'Bad company! bad com-
pany!' answered the parrot in a solemn
voice. 'Ay! that it was,' said the
farmer. 'Poll was with those wicked
crows when I fired, and received a shot
intended for them. Remember the
parrot's fate, children; beware of bad
company.' In a few weeks the parrot's
leg was all right again. But it never
forgot its adventure in the corn-field;
and if ever the farmer's children en-
gaged in play with quarrelsome com-
panions, it would say, 'Bad company!'
Children, remember Poll's warning!

What a Boy Did.

Many years ago when Mr. and Mrs.
S. C. Hall, the famous writers, visited
Ireland, a bright boy offered to be their
guide. Returning home Mr. Hall took
a flask from his pocket and offered some
whiskey to the lad. As he refused,
Mr. Hall, to test him, offered him
twenty-five cents, then sixty, then a
dollar, and then five; but the boy,
though his jacket was ragged, remained
firm, and pulling a temperance medal
from his pocket, said: 'For all the
money your honor is worth I would not
break my pledge.' The medal had
been given him by a father on his
dying bed, who used to be a drunkard,
but had become a sober man through
the total abstinence movement. Mr.
Hall threw the flask into the lake be-
side which they stood, and both he and

his wife were ever devoted teetotallers,
working with voice and pen. The
firmness of the boy brought two noble
workers into the ranks.

A Story of Royalty.

It is related that Prince Maximilian
of Bavaria, the father of the empress
of Austria, was once travelling in the
same carriage with a company promoter
who told him that his daughter was a
leader of society in Vienna. 'If you
like,' he said condescendingly, 'I will
give you a line to her; and you will
meet all the best people in Vienna at
her house.'

'Thank you,' the prince
replied modestly; 'but I am going to
stay with a married daughter, and am
not likely to be seeing many people
beyond just her intimate friends.'

'Perhaps I know your daughter!' said
the man interrogatively. 'Perhaps,'
replied the prince. 'Well, what is the
name of her husband?' pursued the
other, unabashed. 'I suppose he has
a name?' 'Yes, his name is the Em-
peror Francis Joseph.' The financial
gentleman had no more to say.

The First Fork and Spoon.

It is about nine hundred years since
forks were invented. A princess was
married to a prince of Venice. For
the wedding breakfast she provided
herself with a silver fork and gold
spoon. This set the fashion and
wealthy families soon provided them-
selves with like table furniture.

The greatest excitement followed their
introduction; and the Church con-
demned the use of these articles, with-
out which you would not be able to
eat with comfort. It is said that it
was six hundred and thirteen years
later that the fork and spoon entered
England.—The Outlook.

Home Hints.

Plants do not thrive satisfactorily
planted in glazed pots. It is better to
grow a plant in an ordinary pot, and
stand this inside the glazed one.

Two uses for eggs are not generally
known or appreciated. A fresh egg
beaten and thickened with sugar, freely
eaten, will relieve hoarseness, and the
skin of a boiled egg, wet and applied
to a boil will draw out the soreness.

The following is an excellent formula
for camphor wash balls: White soap,
one half pound; spermaceti, one-half
ounce; boiling water sufficient to cover
the soap when shred up finely, and
leave until dissolved. Then beat up,
adding rather more than half an ounce
of finely-powdered camphor, make into
round balls and dry in a dry, cool place
for some weeks.

Sponge Cake.—Two cups of sugar,
two cups flour, eight eggs, one teaspoon
of lemon. Beat well together and
bake in dripping pan.

Tea Cake.—One-half cup of butter,
one-half cup of sweet milk, one tea-
spoon of baking powder, two cups of
flour; flavor with peach. To be eaten
warm.

All Sorts.

The most absent-minded man in the
world has been found in Genesee, N.
Y. He went to his telephone the
other day in one of his abstracted
moments and rang himself up.

A good appetite and refreshing sleep
are essential to health of mind and
body, and these are given by Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

A small boy demanded an explana-
tion of the names applied to the four
classes of the college course. He
listened attentively and sat buried in
thought for some time. At last he
asked anxiously: 'Papa, if you are
James Little, Sr., and I am James
Little, Jr., will my son be James
Little, Sophomore?'

Any tendency to premature baldness
may be promptly checked by the use
of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Don't delay till
the scalp is bare and the hair-roots
destroyed. If you would realize the
best results, begin at once with this
invaluable preparation.

A boy jumped into the water, and
by his quickness and the help of a life-
preserver saved a man from drowning.
To reward him, the man took sixpence
from his pocket, and handed it to his
preserver. The boy looked at it for a
minute, and then exclaimed, 'Well, I
am overpaid for this job at last.'

A young man in Lowell, Mass.,
troubled for years with a constant suc-
cession of boils on his neck, was com-
pletely cured by taking only three
bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Another
result of the treatment was greatly
improved digestion with increased
avoided.

Tommy, how are you coming on at
school? Tommy: 'First-rate, ma.
Mention the names of some of the
domestic animals. The horse, the dog,
the pig. What animal is that which

lives mostly in the house, but often
makes a dreadful noise so that people
cannot sleep? Four-legged animal?
Yes, Tommy (triumphantly): Pismo.

"That Sluggish Feeling."

Rev. D. L. Joselyn, Crystal City,
Man.:—"I found real benefit from
your medicine, K. D. C., in saving me
from that sluggish feeling caused by
my food not properly digesting. I
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and have recommended it favorably
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child through out Canada, who suffer
from any form of Indigestion, should
test its merits.

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and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

An English vicar was standing on a
Monday morning at his gate, when one
of his parishioners arrived with a
basket of potatoes. "What's this?"
asked he. "It's some of our very best
taters, sir. My wife said you should
have some of them, as she heard you
said in the sermon that common taters
didn't agree with you."

A hot-tempered 'Down East' parson
was for some time disturbed by the
members of the choir. Finally, he
found a way of quieting them. After
the long prayer one Sunday he an-
nounced a hymn, as usual, and added,
I hope the entire congregation will
join in singing this grand old hymn;
and I know the choir will, for I heard
them humming it during the prayer.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J.
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failed. They are the best medicine I
have ever used.' In fact so great is the
power of this medicine to cleanse and
purify, that diseases of almost every
name and nature are driven from the
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