

Mother's Boys.

I know there are stains on my carpet,
The trace of small muddy boots;
I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotted with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household most truly
Is immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your room unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bed-sides
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you can go out in your carriage,
And shine in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm found of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you.

No! Keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure—
But leave me my four noble boys!

—Lutheran Evangelist.

What Jim found in His Pocket.

It was a great day for Jim Hagen when he went to be boy of all-work at the Mitchells' for it was the first time in his life that Jim had ever slept in a clean bed, or spent twelve hours without getting a cuff from somebody.

He was fast growing up into a wicked man, and seemed likely to end his days in the penitentiary, when God gave him a chance to do better.

Mr. Mitchell was crossing Fib's Alley one day, hunting up some poor people he was trying to help, when he saw Jim fighting a boy bigger than himself to make him give a child back a nickel he had grabbed.

Mr. Mitchell went into the fight himself, drove off the bully, gave the robbing child her nickel and another, and then turned his attention to Jim. For several days he inquired all around the neighborhood about Jim, and everything he heard drew him to the boy.

Not that Jim was anybody's good boy; he could not find that he was either honest or truthful, but he was brave and kind, and had a sort of dogged faithfulness to what was given him to do.

"The image of the Maker is not rubbed entirely out from that boy," said Mr. Mitchell to his wife; "let's give him a trial."

But the first thing they did was to give him a bath, which Jim did not like any more than a young rooster would; then he was fitted out in some odd garments of Carter's, and felt himself a dude, in spite of the fact that the three garments had belonged to three different suits, and were somewhat ragged about the knees. He was promised better clothes if he behaved well enough to keep his place. The first time that he put his hand down into the pocket of his new-old trousers he felt something round and hard at the bottom. He had never owned a quarter in his life, but he knew the feel of it in a minute; and having learned to be shy, he said nothing to the lady, who was turning him around to see if the clothes were respectable.

But the first minute he had to himself he tied that quarter up in an old dirty rag, and swung it by a string around his neck, under the new-fashioned shirt they had put on him.

"When they miss this piece of money and come axin' for it, I won't know nothin' 'tall about it," said Jim to the self he had brought with him from Fib's Alley. "Pockets don't tell no tales."

I have said that Jim was a brave boy; he had stood up against oaths and threats and blows, and cold and fatigue, but there was one force that had never been tried on him, and that he did not know anything about, and that was loving kindness. God and his servants were getting ready for that experiment now.

There were many things in the Mitchell's house that surprised and delighted Jim, but the thing he had the most hankering after was a highly ornamental pistol, in one of the young gentleman's drawers. The pistol ought not to have been there, but some young men don't cut their wisdom teeth very early, and there it was bright and tempting.

Jim took a look at it every day, and presently began to handle, and cock and aim it, and at last it went off in his right hand, shattering one of the fingers of his left.

Poor Jim! The finger had to be cut off, and now he had his first taste of anguish.

Mrs. Mitchell sat by his couch, not only during the dreadful operation, but only during the long days of pain and nervousness, but straight through the night, for fear he might sleep and tear the bandages from his poor hand.

When the first daylight came in the

window, Jim awoke and saw her sweet face pale with sleepless watching; a big lump seemed to rise in his throat; he fumbled at the neck of his shirt until he managed to tear out the quarter, wrapped in its dirty rag.

"If I had a known how good you was to me, I never would a-took it," he said, putting it in the lady's hand and bursting into tears.

Mrs. Mitchell's tears fell, too. "My boy," she said, "if I tell you One who loves you far better than I do, and who has done unspeakably more for you than I ever could, will you not feel that way about him, too—that you never will grieve him, because he is so good?"

And then she spoke to Jim of the Saviour who had died for him, and of the love that was now seeking him. And so, by this loving-kindness of hers, Jim learned to know the "Love divine all love excellin'."—Morning Star.

Effie's Visitor.

"Has anybody been here to-day?" mother, while I was gone?

Effie had been away all day, since breakfast; and now daylight had faded out of the sky, and the moon's "silver sickle" was hanging above their heads.

"Let me see," said mother, putting on her thinking cap. "Yes, I have had one visitor."

"Oh! have you, mother? Who was it?"

"She did not tell me her name," said mother, with a quizzical little smile.

"Did not tell you her name? How very queer! Where did she come from?"

"She did not say."

"What did she come to our house for?"

"Ah! for several reasons. For one thing, she cured my headache; she brought me a letter from a dear friend; she gave me a new book to read; she put a red rose on my table; she finished a piece of sewing for me, and gave me some sweet new thoughts."

"What a strange visitor!" murmured Effie. "Was that all?"

"No; she wanted me to do many things for her. She asked me to make broth for a sick girl, to write two letters offering to help two people, to pay a visit, to make a pudding, and several other things."

"And did you do them for her?"

"I did some of them, and some I left undone. I wish now that I had done them all."

"I would give anything to see her, mother. Will she ever come again?"

"No," said mother, "she cannot come again, because she died at sunset."

"Died, mother? How dreadful! And yet you are smiling. I think you are joking somehow—are you?"

"Not joking exactly, Effie, dear, but I am talking in a little parable which I think you can guess when I tell you that her sister is coming to-morrow at sunrise—her twin sister, so like my visitor that no one could tell them apart, though some of her gifts and some of her desires will be different from to-day's guest."

"You say you don't know her name, mother?"

"I didn't say that. I said she did not tell me her name. But I do know it—it is Thursday."

"Thursday!" cried Effie laughing. "You just mean to-day, then."

"Yes, to-day."

"And your visitor to-morrow will be named—"

"Friday, of course."

Effie was very much amused at the idea of the Thursday visitor and the Friday visitor; but, when she woke up in her little bed the next morning she said softly to herself: "How do you do, Mrs. Friday? I wonder what you have brought me to-day? At any rate, I am going to do all the things you ask me, 'cause you have got to die at sunset, you know."

And, right away, Mistress Friday asked the little girl to get up and dress in time for morning prayers.—Northwestern Advocate.

Calling Bridget.

Christopher Columbus is a handsome black cat which lives in New York city. His mistress is very fond of him, and he is very fond of her. When she takes him on her lap he climbs on her shoulder and rubs his head against her face. He is well taken care of, and always has breakfast before any one else in the house.

Every morning Bridget, the cook, comes downstairs just in time to open the door for the milkman; and as soon as she takes the milk in Christopher gets a saucerful. He is very fond of milk.

One morning the cock was not up as early as usual. When the milkman came he knocked several times. The mistress called to Bridget, and then went down herself to take in the milk. Christopher watched her as she shut the door and set the bottles of milk on the kitchen table. Then he miaowed, and rubbed against her dress, expecting to have some as usual.

But his mistress said: "No; go away. Bridget will feed you when she comes down. I must call her again. She is very lazy this morning."

She went upstairs, and Christopher ran up before her. He went all the way to the top of the house, where Bridget's room was, and finding the door ajar he went in. Bridget was still in bed. The cat jumped up on the pillow, and licked her face until she opened her eyes and saw how late it was getting.

I don't know whether Christopher knew that the other folks in the house would want their breakfast, but at any rate he thought he would wake Bridget up to give him his.

Don't you think he is a very clever cat?—The Examiner.

The Way to Excuse.

A little brown-eyed maid, no taller than the dinner-table, came to her mother with her apron wet all down the front.

"Agnes, Agnes!" exclaimed the vexed mother, "you have been to the water-cooler again when I told you not to go. I shall be obliged to punish you this time."

"No, mudder," said the trembling little voice, "you'll have to 'scuse me this time, 'cause Lila was so sissy she cried for a drink and nobody was there to give it to her but me."

"Well, daughter, as it was for Lila's sake you did it I will excuse you this time, but you must not turn the spigot again, no matter who cries. Will you remember?"

The little one promised, her face all sunshine again, and the mother took her off for a dry apron. But that was only a small part of the mischief, and in the worry and fatigue of mopping up the water that had run over the pantry floor and collected dangerously near the flour barrel, the mother's temper gave way. "I declare, Agnes!" she said, "you are too much bother for anything! Why can't you learn to let things alone?"

Hearing no sound she looked up and she will not soon forget the look of bitter disappointment on the little face.

"Why, mudder," said the baby, "I thought you said you would 'scuse me; I don't call this 'scusing me!'"—The Evangelist.

You Can't Cheat God.

Ned took his cousin Grace along to keep him company while he worked at a job he had to perform.

I don't think you're doing your work very well, she said. It looks to me as if you were slighting it.

That's all right, laughed Ned. What I'm doing now will all be covered up, you know.

But isn't that cheating?

Maybe 'tis, after a fashion, answered Ned. But it isn't like most cheating, you know.

That's not the way to look at it, said Grace. If it's cheating, it's cheating, you know that. You can't excuse it because it isn't the worst kind of cheating.

But the man won't know about it, said Ned.

He may not, said Grace soberly, but God will. You can't cheat God.

Ned stopped work and went to thinking. Presently he said:

You're right. I'm glad you said that, Grace. I'm going to begin over. There shan't be any cheating this time.

Ned undid what he had done and began again—began right—and I know he felt better for it. I hope he will always remember that no one can cheat God.—N. Y. Observer.

Willie Smith's Two Goats.

Willie Smith had two goats. His uncle brought them to him from California. They were Rocky Mountain goats. They were quite strong, and had been trained to harness. Willie's uncle also gave him a little cart and two sets of harness for the goats.

You never saw a happier boy than Willie was, when he first mounted his little cart for a drive down the road.

One day Willie's father said, "I declare, I wish I had more men to help me get in the hay. We shall have rain before night."

So Willie said, "Father, I should like to help you. I will harness the two goats, and work as long as the men do."

"Very good," said the farmer, "and I will give you five cents a load."

"You will," said Willie. "Then I know what I shall do with the money. I shall save it, to buy a new pair of skates for next winter."

So Willie harnessed his two goats, and got in twelve loads that afternoon. Can you tell me how much money he earned?—Selected.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.—Canon Farrar.

How to Give Castor Oil to a Child.

Did you ever find it necessary to give a child a dose of castor oil? Did you ever long for a magic power to force the nauseating mixture down the throat of the little, obstinate, squalling, sputtering youngster? Try administering the dose in the form of castor oil biscuit or ginger bread and the difficulties are easily overcome.

Take one-fourth of a pound of flour, two ounces of moist sugar, a small quantity of spice and an ounce and a half of castor oil. Mix all together, roll it out and cut it into 10 cakes. Bake them quickly in a hot oven.

Each cake will contain a good dose of castor oil, pleasantly disguised. One or more of the cakes may be given at a time, according to the age of the child.

By adding ginger and using molasses instead of sugar, castor oil gingernuts may be made and the children will eat them readily without perceiving the taste of the oil.

All Sorts.

This is one of the penalties of prominence, hummed the mosquito, sinking its stiletto into the sleeping victim's long nose.

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring may be the means of keeping you well and hearty all summer.

Sometimes, sighed the man who is wedded to a woman with a mind of her own, I think my wife must take me for a pneumatic tire, the way she is blowing me up all the time.

Henry Ward Beecher once informed a man who came to him complaining of gloomy and despondent feelings, that what he most needed was a good cathartic, meaning, of course, such a medicine as Ayer's Cathartic Pills, every dose being effective.

Mother—Now, Willie, you've been eating mince pies till you made yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor. Willie—I say, if you are sending for the doctor, may I have another mince pie? It won't make any difference, you know.

No small objection which young folks had to the old-time spring-medicines was their nauseousness. In our day, this objection is removed and Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful and popular of blood-purifiers, is as pleasant to the palate as a cordial.

Policeman—(to young boy) Your name.

Patrick Reilly.

What is your father?

Dead.

What was he before he died?

Alive.

Justice.

Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.—It is only justice to say that your K. D. C. has been several times used by members of my family, and always with good results.

These burdens of life, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, headache, and gloomy forebodings, will quickly disappear if you use K. D. C. The Great Cure of the Age for all forms of Indigestion.

Wigwag—What's the matter with Mrs. Grumpy? Mrs. Wigwag—Her head troubles her a good bit. Wigwag—Neuralgia? Mrs. Wigwag—No. Her husband won't buy her a new bonnet.

Professor (visiting a student in his chambers)—How cold it is here! Do you never have a fire? How can you work in this temperature? Student—Ah, professor, when I begin to feel cold, I just think of my exam., and then I perspire all over.

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They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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Ways of Serving Potatoes.

It seems a pity, when there are so many delicious ways of serving potatoes, that they are ever sent to the table in the unappetizing lump form which is most prevalent. Here are a few substitutes for an exchange for the ever lasting "boiled" potatoes:—

Potatoes in Jackets.—Bake as many potatoes as are needed. Cut a small piece from one end and a large one from the other. Remove the inside and run through a sieve. Put on the fire with half an ounce of butter and once ounce of grated cheese for every four potatoes. Add boiling milk, salt and pepper as for mashed potatoes. Fill the skins with this paste, sprinkle tops with grated bread crumbs and cheese and put in the oven to brown.

Potato Souffle.—Boil six good-sized mealy potatoes. Rub through a sieve. Scald a teacup of sweet milk and three teaspoons of butter. Add a little salt and pepper and mix with the potatoes. Beat to a cream. Add one at a time the well beaten yolks of six eggs. Beat the whites to a froth and stir lightly into the mixture. Pour into a well-buttered baking dish and bake for about half an hour in a quick oven.

Potato Balls.—Mash some potatoes with salt, pepper, butter and a little chopped parsley. Roll into balls, dip in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry for a few minutes in hot butter.

Texas Baked Potatoes.—Mash and season with pepper and salt some good Irish potatoes. Mince a large onion fine, mix thoroughly with the potatoes and bake in a brisk oven.

Be careful what you think; for as Wordsworth has said, "Our thoughts are heard in heaven." Satan may suggest impurity, but only when you entertain the thought as a guest does the recording angel write it down against you. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

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