

In the Looking-Glass.

This world is like a looking-glass;
And if you want to see
People frown at you as you pass,
And use you slightly;
If you want quarrels, snubs and foes,
Put on a fretful face,
How! at the world—you'll find it shows
The very same grimace.

This world is like a looking-glass—
And if you wish to be
On pleasant terms with all who pass,
Smile on them pleasantly:
Be helpful, generous and true,
And very soon you'll find
Each face reflecting back to you
An image bright as a kind.
—Priscilla Leonard, in Churchman.

A Little Man.

He was only ten years old—the little
man of whom I want to tell you. A
boy does not need to be very old to be
a manly boy.

You must not think he was goody-
goody; not at all, for there was not a
boy on his street who loved to romp
and play better than he did, or who
could run faster or fly a kite higher.
Yet there was always something in his
face and manner that told you he was
above doing anything mean.

Still he had a quick temper, which
would sometimes get the better of him.
Whenever this happened, however, he
was ready to confess that he had done
wrong, and that was one mark of manli-
ness. Besides, he was learning by
degrees to control his temper.

But one evening as he was going
home from school, he gave way to a
spasm of anger that caused him a good
deal of trouble. He had just put on a
nice new suit that morning, and was
especially careful not to get it soiled.
One of his school-mates, Burt Corson
by name, was a very rough boy, and
had scarcely a friend in the ward.
When he noticed Luther Weston's new
suit, he began to make fun of him,
calling him 'proud,' 'stuck up,' and so
on.

But Luther kept his temper, and did
not reply. At last Burt stole up be-
hind him, and suddenly thrust a stout
stick between his feet in such a way
to trip him and send him sprawling
into the mud in the gutter, by the side
of the walk. This was too much for
Luther to bear with patience.

'I'll teach you,' he muttered. 'If you
have no sense, I'll have to beat some
into you, that's all!'

Before Burt knew what was coming,
his stick was jerked out of his hand,
and he was receiving one stinging blow
after another over his back and head.
He howled with pain and rage, but still
the blows rained fast upon him. Then
he was flung to the ground with Luther
on top of him, driving at him with his
fist, till the young rowdy begged for
mercy.

'You did just right,' said Tom Miner,
a boy of twelve, after the fight was
over. And so said the rest of the boys.
'Only you didn't give him half as much
as he deserved. He needed a lesson—
such a mean, insulting boy as he is!'
'I'm not sure I did right after all,
Tom. It wasn't manly to fight. I
might have done some other way.'

'But after he had thrown you down
in the mud? Just look at your new
suit! Of course, I didn't believe in
fighting either, as a rule, but this time
it was just the thing to do precisely.'

'Well, I'll think about it till morn-
ing. Good evening, Tom.'

Luther's parents were greatly sur-
prised when they saw his muddy clothes
and more surprised when they heard
the story of his fight with Burt Corson.

'Do you think it was right to fight
Luther?' asked his mother.

'What else was I to do?' asked
Luther, his eyes filling with tears.

'You might have left your teacher
to punish Burt. That would have been
better than to fight him yourself,' said
Luther's father.

'I guess I did wrong,' he admitted
at length.
'The next morning when he started to
school, he met Tom Miner at the front
gate.

'Tom,' he began presently as they
walked along, 'I'm sure I did wrong
yesterday to fight Burt Corson. And
so I guess I'll have to tell him I'm
sorry. I think I ought—what do you
call it when you're sorry?'

'Apologise,' prompted Tom. 'But
you're not going to apologise to Burt
Corson are you?'

'Yes; I think I ought to.'

'Pshaw! Luther, don't be a baby!
He ought to apologise to you, for he
began the quarrel by tripping you.'

'Well, maybe he ought to, but if he
doesn't that won't excuse me for not
doing what's right. If I ought to say
I'm sorry, I ought to say it whether he
says he is sorry or not. Don't you
see?'

'But he's such a mean, small-minded
boy. He'll just make fun of you. He
won't have sense enough to treat you
decently if you do apologise.' Tom
meant that Burt wouldn't have enough
manliness to accept an apology.

'That makes no difference,' declared

Luther. 'There's Burt now, just com-
ing up the alley. Let's wait and see
him.'

When Burt saw the boys, he hesi-
tated, thinking perhaps that he was
about to receive another thrashing;
but Luther called to him kindly, 'Come
here, Burt, I want you a minute.'

Burt came out to the street, keeping
a sharp eye on Luther, as if ready to
defend himself should an attack be
made on him. His coarse surly face
betrayed a mean spirit, and for a
moment Luther's moral courage almost
failed him. But he soon gained the
victory over himself.

'Burt, I'm sorry for the way I beat
you yesterday,' he said, in brave, manly
tones. 'I know it was wrong and I
apologise.'

A sneer curled the rough boy's lips.
'Yer sorry, sir ye?' he scoffed. 'He,
he, he! Well, yer orter be—such a
lammin' as ye gave me,' and he turned
on his heel and hurried away.

'There! didn't I tell you he wouldn't
treat you decently. I'd never apologise
to such as he,' muttered Tom Miner.
'Never mind, Tom,' said Luther,
manfully, struggling with his feelings.
'I've done right and I'm glad of it. If
Burt doesn't do right that rests with
him.'

Don't you think Luther was a real
little man! Such boys are scarce. I
have no doubt but you will find one
sometimes, and he is always respect-
ed.

Even Burt Corson was heard to say
some days later:

'Luther Weston's purty much of a
boy, ain't he?'—*The Presbyterian.*

Games for Children.

Ethel and Bessie consider 'Aunt Lu'
a veritable gold mine, as she knows or
invents many new games for them.
The latest one which she taught them
is one which she says she has played at
gown-up parties in the city. She calls
it 'What I had for Supper.'

Aunt Lu—Ethel, what did you have
for supper?

Ethel—I had beefsteak.

Bessie—I had beefsteak and potatoes.

Aunt Lu—I had beefsteak, potatoes
and pickles.

Ethel—I had beefsteak, potatoes,
pickles and bread.

Bessie—I had beefsteak, potatoes,
pickles, bread and hot tomatoes.

So it goes on, each player adding an
article to the list, which must be re-
peated exactly in order every time.
Whenever a player leaves out or mis-
places an article she is 'out,' the player
with the best memory comes off victor.

Another of Aunt Lu's plays is called

'What Do I see?'

Ethel says—I see something that
begins with B.

Then in turn each player guesses,
looking carefully about the room for
articles beginning with the required
letter. In this case Aunt Lu and
Bessie guessed book, basket, button,
banner, bookcase, bible, balloon,
Bessie and board. Then Aunt Lu
noticed the bow of the violin, and came
off victor, it was her turn to give a
letter and she said: I see something
that begins with A. Mamma guessed
the arch of the double doors, which
was right. In this play it is not the
thing to give up, but the players are
expected to guess till the article is dis-
covered.

Mamma's button box furnishes much
entertainment. Horses, cows, dogs,
sheep, kangaroos and a whole menagerie
of animals are found in it and fill many
a play hour.

These little maidens have been much
interested in learning the names of the
various stars and constellations. Not
long ago they called mamma into the
sitting room to see what they
had made. On the floor, done in
buttons, were representations of the
principal constellations now visible.
The big dipper sailed around near the
double doors, and Orion was in his
place near the south windows; the dogs,
the bear, the bull and the seven sisters
were between, and Venus as a large
brass button shone in her glory. It
was a novel play and might be carried
out by making outlines of any familiar
objects, such as animals, houses or
plants. Children will originate many
variations if started at this game.

Another favorite play is with spoils.
They have saved fifty, and with these
they play battle. The spoils are evenly
divided and taken to opposite sides of
the room. They are then placed in
ranks. Sometimes the rule is to make
them touch one another, at other times
not. The big spoils are the com-
manders and stand at regular intervals
a few inches in front of their men, and
silk spoils are drummer boys. A small
marble is ammunition, and with this
each side shoots in turn. Every spool
knocked over is a dead man and is
placed at one side in the dead pile.
Sometimes a spool is knocked over but
turns up on end again. It is then only
wounded and may be returned to the
ranks. At first it is easy to kill the
men but as the play progresses leav-
ing gaps in the ranks it becomes more
difficult and grows quite exciting to

ward the last. The little drummer
boys are hard to kill and therefore very
desirable.

I saw two gray haired ministers
watch their boys play this game, and
they laughed so hard at the bad shots
that the boys dared them to do better.
So down they got on their knees and
were soon as excited as the boys had
been, and made quite as bad shots, to
the amusement of the rest of the grown-
ups and the delight of the boys. It is
a game of which boys do not soon
weary.—*The Housekeeper.*

May's Sunday School Lesson.

May stood by the window, pouting,
and drumming on the pane.

'I think it's too bad,' she said to
mamma, who sat sewing.

'I would rather you would mind Dot
for a time, while I finish this,' an-
swered mamma, who looked tired.

'But you said you always wanted me
to study my Sunday-school lesson be-
fore Sunday, and now I want to, and
you won't let me, and I don't wonder
why I do not come over. Dot's all
right, playing with her blocks. I
should think you would want me to go
and study, and I don't will be so dis-
appointed, when I said I would come.'

'Well, then, May, go,' said mother
quietly, and turned to her work with-
out another word. May looked at her
to see if she really meant it; for she
could hardly believe she had made
mamma see the thing as she saw it.

And she was not quite sure she had,
when, running by the window, she
noticed mamma had dropped her work
and had taken Dot, who was fretting,
in her arms. But she ran down the
street and gaily trilled by Ida's house,
as she went up the path. The door
opened, and a bright-eyed little girl
stood there smiling, clad in a long
sleeved apron.

'It's you, May,' she said, glancing at
the quarterly May held. 'I am so
sorry to disappoint you, but mamma
asked me to clean the silver this after-
noon, as Maria is away. Just look at
my hands! I knew you would be dis-
appointed, too, but I thought you would
understand why I wanted to help
mamma; you have such a dear one of
your own. So we will have to wait till
next week. And mamma said she would
help me herself to-night, and that will
be pay enough. I must not stay any
longer now. Come in, won't you?'

May declined, and as the door closed
on Ida's bright face, she walked slowly
toward home, rolling her lesson quar-
terly, and thinking very hard. As she
turned into the yard, she heard Dot
crying, and going past the window, she
saw mamma's work still on the floor,
and the baby in her arms.

'Back again so soon?' said mamma,
as May entered. Dot stopped crying
to look at her.

'Yes,' she faltered, putting off her
hat. 'Ida couldn't study just now.'

'Why?' asked mamma.

'Cause she was—helping—her—
mamma, burst out May, and running
to her mother, she buried her head on
her shoulder, while the sobs came fast.

'Oh, is that it?' said mother, com-
fortingly, stroking the yellow hair.

'Well, May, you can do that as well as
Ida. Here is Dot, who still wants
sister; and by-and-by when the sewing
is done, and Dot is asleep, you and I
will study the lesson together.'

May raised her head.

'That's just what Ida and her mam-
ma are going to do,' she said, surprised.

'Is it not a good way when Ida is
too busy to study with you?'

'O mamma,' said May, coloring, 'I
did not mean to be so selfish! You
know I'd rather you would help me
than any one else. And perhaps it was
because I wanted to see Ida more than
it was the lesson.'

'I do not wonder you wanted to see
a little girl like Ida,' said mamma with
a kiss; 'I am glad you did.'—*N. Y. Observer.*

What all Boys Should Know.

Don't be satisfied with your boy's
education, until you are sure that he
can—

Write a good legible hand.

Spell all the words he knows how to
use.

Speak and write good English.

Write a good social letter.

Write a good business letter.

Add a column of figures rapidly.

Make out an ordinary account.

Deduct 16½ per cent. from the face of
it.

Receipt it when paid.

Write an ordinary receipt.

Write an advertisement for the local
paper.

Write a notice or report of a public
meeting.

Write an ordinary promissory note.

Reckon the interest or discount on
it for days, months or years.

Draw an ordinary bank check.

Take it to the proper place in a bank
to get the cash.

Make neat and correct entries in the
day-book and the ledger.

Tell the number of yards of carpet
required for your parlor.

Measure the pile of lumber in your
shed.

Tell the number of bushels of wheat
in your largest bin, and its value at
current rates.

Tell something about the great auth-
ors and statesmen of the present day.

If he can do all this and more, it is
likely he has sufficient education to
enable him to make his own way in the
world. If you have more money and
time to spend upon him, all well and
good; give him higher English, litera-
ture, science, and the various branches
of a liberal or a technical education.

A Boy's Idea of Prayer.

A little lad was keeping his sheep
one Sunday morning. The bells were
ringing for service at the church, and
the people were going over the fields,
when the little fellow began to think
that he, too, would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had
never learnt any prayer. However,
he knelt down and commenced the
alphabet, A, B, C, D, and so on to Z.

A gentleman, happening to pass on the
other side of the hedge, heard the lad's
voice, and looking through the bushes
saw the little fellow kneeling with
folded hands and closed eyes, saying
the A, B, C's.

'What are you doing, my little man?'

asked the gentleman, kindly.

The little lad looked up. 'Please,

sir, I was praying.'

'But what are you saying your
letters for?'

'Why, I don't know any prayer,
only I felt in my heart that I wanted
God to take care of me and help me
to take care of the sheep, so I thought
if I said all I knew, he would put it
together and spell all that I wanted.'

'Bless your heart, my little man.

He will! He will! When the heart
speaks right, the lips can't say wrong.'

The prayer that goes to heaven must
come from the heart.—*German Town*

Guide.

All Sorts.

Mamma, said Mabel, if people eat
up all the toadstools, what will the
toads do when they want to sit down?

If you would always be healthy,
keep your blood pure with Hood's
Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Pur-
ifier.

Doctor: I must forbid you all mental
work. Poet: But, doctor, you will let
me write on my poems! Doctor: Of
course.

The entering wedge of a fatal com-
plaint is often a slight cold, which a
dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
might have cured at the commence-
ment. Therefore, it is advisable to
have this prompt and sure remedy
always at hand to meet an emergency.

Mr. McSwart (getting ready for
church)—Lobelia, what's the matter
with this necktie of mine? I can't find
anyway to fasten the thing on. Mrs.
McSwart—Oh! Oh! Oh! Put that
dowe, Bill! That's my new hat.

That the blood should perform its
vital functions, it is absolutely neces-
sary it should not only be pure but rich
in life-giving elements. These results
are best effected by the use of that
well-known standard blood-purifier,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Old Gentleman (putting a few ques-
tions): Now, boys,—ah,—can you tell
me what commandment Adam broke
when he took the forbidden fruit?

Small Scholar (like a shot): Please,
sir, th' warn't no commandments then,
sir!

The Truth Ought to be Known.

Rev. T. Dunlop, Alliston, Ont.:
Your K. D. C. has done all it claims to
do. Two members of my family have
been wonderfully helped, though, so
far, they have used but one package.
This is the first testimonial I have
given to any remedy, but the truth
ought to be known.

Old men and women, young men and
maiden should test our wonderful
remedies. They prevent indigestion
and cure dyspepsia. Samples free to
any address, K. D. C. Co., Ltd.,
New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State
street, Boston, Mass.

Everybody has heard of the finger-
post, which, after some important
directions concerning the road, bore
the useful postscript, 'If you cannot
read, inquire at the blacksmith's shop.'

But this was no worse than the one
not long ago taken from an English
road, which said, 'When this post is
under water, the bridge at—cannot
be passed.'

The little girl had been fibbing.

Discipline was necessary, and her

father, a prominent politician, took
her into the nursery, gave her a lec-
ture on the sin of lying and scrubbed
her mouth out thoroughly with soap
and water.

Now, Winifred, he said, with fatherly
firmness, as he wiped away her tears,
you will never do the like again, will
you, dear?

No, papa, answered Winifred, check-
ing a sob. Have y—you soaped
your mouth out since the 'lection,
papa?—*Chicago Tribune.*

The rising orator of the backwoods
of Canada was lately addressing an as-
sembly of fellow-patriots. In the
course of his speech his patriotism was
bubbling over. His eloquence was a
surprise to even himself, for this is
what he stated: The British lion,
whether it is roaming the deserts of
Africa or climbing the forests of
America, will not draw in its horns or
retire into its shell.—*Detroit News.*

Far away there in the sunshine are
my highest aspirations. I cannot reach
them; but I can look up and see their
beauty, believe in them, and try to
follow where they lead.

Ability for stupendous toil is lodged
in every human spirit, a grand gift from
the God of Nature; but only the per-
severing worker knows what this latent
power is able to achieve.

Happiness is nothing but that in-
ward, sweet delight that will arise from
the harmonious agreement between our
will and God's will.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache
loss of appetite, furred tongue, and
general indisposition. These symptoms
if neglected, develop into acute disease.
It is a trite saying that an 'ounce of
prevention is worth a pound of cure,'
and a little attention at this point may
save months of sickness and large
doctor's bills. For this complaint take
from two to three of Parmelee's Pills
on going to bed, and one or two for
three nights in succession, and a cure
will be effected.

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