

A Spelling Lesson.

A pretty dear is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair;
I love a hat with a lily heart,
But barely bear a bear;
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To pare a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake,
To tear away the tares.
All rays raise rhyme, time raises all;
And through the whole, the whole years
And writ in writing "right" may write
It "wright" and still be wrong;
For "wright" and "rite" are neither "right"
And don't to write belong.
Beer often brings a bier to many,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.
The person lies who says he lies
When he is but feeling;
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm,
A bough don't bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all,
No earthly power reigns o'er it.
A dyer dyes always then dyes;
The dye he's always dying;
Until, upon his dying bed,
He thinks no more of dying.
The son of Mars mars many a sun;
All days must have their days;
'Tis meet that men should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.
The springs spring forth in spring, and
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.
I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.
—Educational Gazette.

Not Keeping the Golden Rule.

Willy's lips stuck out as if a bumblebee had stung them. Think of it! When his dearest own mamma was softly putting him to bed and talking to him so sweetly about the naughty things he had been doing all day!
"When you spoke so to Robbie did you think it was keeping the Golden Rule?" said mamma, sadly.
"He says just that way to me always," cried Willy, excitedly; "and he's a-bound to break all my things, and he deserves to have his broke back again."
"But the Golden Rule, Willy!" said mamma. "My boy mustn't break that, if Robbie does break playthings."
Willy didn't say "Don't care," but old Don't care sat on his lips as large as life.
Mamma went away at last, and left him. She sat down by the window and tried to think up some plan to make Willy a better boy.
Next morning Willy came down to breakfast, when he got ready. Nobody called him. They had hot buckwheats and honey for breakfast, and usually mamma called him so as to have them nice; but this time she said, "He wouldn't trouble himself to call us. Never mind him."
When he did get down everything was cold.
"Why didn't somebody put 'em in the warming oven, Katy?" he asked in angry surprise. "You wouldn't like it, I guess, to have old fried griddles stone cold."
"Deed, and I shouldn't thin," said Katy, "but a body can't be always doing to other folks as ye'd like them to do to yerself."
This was Willy's own idee, but it wasn't pleasant to take with cold griddles.
"Where's papa and mamma?" he asked after a while.
"Gone for a ride," said Katy.
"Without me, cried Willy, choking.
"Sure yis," said Katy, cheerfully. "They said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for you. You never wait for anybody."
He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not if the cakes had been red hot. Mamma gone, mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that! He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in the closet, and cried an hour or less.
After a long time he came out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels.
"Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase.
"I want one in my button-hole," said Willy, wistfully, eying the creamy, fragrant buds.
"Yes," said mamma, sweetly, "it would be pretty!" and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment.
Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then carelessly. It didn't seem that anybody was displeased with him. Only nobody cared for him. O, the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day, "I wonder what my little Willy would like?"
After dinner mamma sat down and read, "What will he do with it?" Willy knew what he would do with it, could he only get hold of it. He would take that book and pitch it "clear 'way

down to the bottommost place in the well." Read and eat caramels!
Why, almost always mamma read to him. And who ever heard of mamma keeping nice things to eat alone?
All at once mamma heard a great sob. She laid down her book and looked at Willy, sorrowfully.
"Does he want to come and sit in mamma's lap a minute?" she said gently.
Bounce! It was only Willy, but people who aren't used to boys might have thought it was a cannon-ball struck them, or something.
"Oh, mamma!" cried Willy, squeezing her tight. "I wish I was your mother, and you were my little boy."
"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she was almost crying. "What for?"
"Oh, because I'd stop showing you how horrid it is not keeping the Golden Rule!"
Mamma took the hint, and gave him some candy, with two of her best kisses.
"Oh, mamma!" sobbed Willy on her neck, "wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—Home Mission Monthly.

Bob's Decision.

A TRUE INCIDENT.
Does any boy know what it is to want a wheel, and want it, and WANT it, until the want grows from smaller letters into capitals? I suspect there are many such.
When at length Bob Thurston's desire was gratified, he was happier than can be told. Learn to ride? Bless you, he didn't have to learn! Boys take to the wheel naturally. A boy who can stand on his head, or dance on the beams in a barn doesn't find much difficulty in balancing on a bicycle. Then Bob had had more than one ride on the other boys' wheels. So he was quite ready to begin when he had a wheel of his own.
"I shan't need my life insured, either," he comforted his mother, who felt a little anxious.
The precious machine came on a Tuesday, and there were four days before Sunday. The novelty wear off in four days? No, indeed!
The Thurstons lived about a quarter of a mile from church, and Bob suddenly felt as if he couldn't walk. He approached the subject with the wisdom of a lawyer, in a way to disarm objections—so he intended.
"There's the Olmsteads driving by. Wonder what makes 'em always drive to church. They live only two houses beyond us. Do you think it's right, papa?"
"Certainly; what a queer question! You know old Mrs. Olmstead is lame, and couldn't possibly walk."
"What is the boy up to?" thought Mr. Thurston. Pretty soon he knew.
"I thought—papa—maybe I might ride my wheel to church; 'would be just the same as going in a carriage," Bob considered that a clincher.
Mr. Thurston was a wise man. He liked to make his boy see the reasons, instead of giving him a sharp, irritating "No!"
Just then, two or three young men wheeled past the house.
"Look there," said Mr. Thurston. "Do you think those fellows are going to church?"
"No, sir," Bob was forced to confess.
"Now, Bob, it's this way. When old Mrs. Olmstead drives by, everybody knows she is bound for church, going early, too, so she can get her lame foot propped up comfortably before many get there. But when a wheelman goes by, everybody doesn't know he is bound for church; in fact, the supposition is against that. I like to please you, however, and I tell you what I'll do. If you'll hang a placard on your back with the words on it, 'I am on my way to church,' in large letters so all can read, I'll say 'Yes,' and you may ride the wheel. But until it is more common to go to the service in that way, I shall feel obliged to make such a condition. See?"
Bob did see, and looked rueful. Much as he wished to ride, and brave as he certainly was, he couldn't decide to show his colors by a placard on his back.
"I think I'll wait, papa, until it becomes the custom."
"That's the better way, my boy. When it is the custom to go to church on the wheel, there'll be no 'appearance of evil.' But in this case, it is hardly wise for a lad like you to be a pioneer."—Zion's Herald.

Don't Be Too Certain.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting to your word. Never make a positive statement without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, remove them by examination before speaking confidently. Don't be too certain.

"John, where is the hammer?"
"It is in the corn house."
"No, it is not there; I have looked there."
"Well, it is there; I saw it not half an hour ago."
"If you saw it there, it must be there of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."
John goes to the barn, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "O, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."
"Well, don't be certain another time."
"Yes, papa, but I did really think I saw it, or I should not have said so."
"But you said positively that you did see it, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit your self to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do you will find the habit growing upon you, and by and by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain."
John wandered off to the house, trying to convince himself that he was in the right after all.
His father had given him a pretty snow shovel the winter before, and John had taken great delight in shoveling the snow during winter.
It was now the middle of April. The sun shone warm, and the birds sang gayly in the trees; John shouldered his pretty shovel and was marching off with it.
"What are you going to do with your snow shovel, John?" said his grandmother.
"I'm going to put it away in the barn for the summer, so that it needn't get broke."

"It seems to me better not put it away just yet; we may have more snow soon."
"O, no; we shall not have any more snow till next winter, I'm sure of that. Don't you see how warm it is! The lilacs have all budded, the peas have come up, and the robins and martins are flying about; I know it won't snow any more."
"Well, perhaps it will not," said his grandmother, "but don't be too certain; it looks like a storm now."

"Don't be too certain." The words rang in John's ears; but he carried on his shovel and stowed it carefully away in the barn.
The next morning what was his amazement to see the ground white with snow, and the storm violently beating against his chamber window! It continued to snow all day long, and the next morning it lay in great drifts around the house.
He was too certain.—Good Words.

Boys Vs. Time.

An amusing incident took place not long ago in an important lawsuit at Clay Centre. A twelve-year old boy was on the stand, and testified that he had spent just ten minutes in getting a bucket of water for his mother. The question of time was a vital one, and the opposing attorneys tried to rattle the boy. Finally, one of them pulled out his watch, and proposed to test whether or not the boy knew when ten minutes had elapsed. The opposing attorneys, on the boy's side of the case, strenuously objected to this test; for it is well known that nothing is harder than to sit still and gauge the passing of time. The judge ordered the test to be made, however; and, after the court-room clock had been stopped and every chance removed for the boy to play a sneak, the trial commenced. The stillness in the room became oppressive. Every watch was drawn; and the eyes of the multitude rested upon the youngster, who chewed gum, swung his foot against the round of his chair, and gazed peacefully out over the benches, as though the proceedings had mighty little interest for him.
Two, four, six minutes passed, and still he made no sign. Then the attorneys commenced to worry him. Isn't time about up? asked one of them. Nope, sententiously responded the boy, as he changed the cross in his knees. Seven and eight minutes passed. Haven't you got that water pumped yet? said the attorney, in a tone which was intended to convey the belief that ten minutes had more than passed. Reckon not, again replied the boy; and his own attorneys began to chuckle. Nine minutes passed, and tick, tick, tick, when the seconds toward the ten-minute mark, and up to exactly three seconds before the limit, when the boy drawled out, I think I've got the water drawn. The people burst into applause; and, after the trial, when the boy was asked to explain how he hit off the time so correctly, he replied, Oh, I just sorter knowed, that's all.—Kansas City Times.

A Chum Lost.

A pathetic incident is given in the Detroit Free Press. Would that more of us were as good "chums" as Dick! A newsboy sat on the curbstone crying, when a pedestrian halted and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder.
"What's wrong, sonny—lost something?"
"Naw, I ain't. Oh, oh, me chum's dead!"
"Oh, that's too bad! How did he die?"
"Runned over."
"So! Was there an inquest?"
"Inquest nothin'. He just hollered once 'n' rolled over dead; and I wish I was dead, too, along of him."
"Cheer up; you can find another chum."
"You wouldn't talk that way if you knowed Dick. He was the best friend I ever had. There warn't nothin' Dick wouldn't do for me, and now he's d-d-dead and buried. I'm a wishin' I was too."
"Look here," said the man; "go and sell your papers, and take some poor, little ragged boy and be a chum to him. It'll help you, and do him good."
"Pshaw, mister, where is there a boy wot'd go around nights with me and be cold, and hungry, an' outen doors, and sleep on the groun' like Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bite till I'd had enuff. He were a Christian, Dick were."
"Then you can feel that he's all right, if he was such a faithful friend and a good boy."
"Boy? Dick a boy? Dick warn't only a ragged, good for nothing human boy, mister; Dick were a dog"—Evangelist.

Things Worth Trying.

Steaming an old fowl before roasting not adding the stuffing till it goes to the oven, but putting a few sticks of celery inside to flavor it.
Adding a little vinegar to the water in which salt fish is soaked.
A palette knife for scraping kettles.
Three teaspoonfuls of kerosene in the boiler in washing clothes.
For sewer gas, chloride of lime.
For disagreeable odors, a pinch of sulphur on a hot stove.
Covering a dish table with zinc.
Keeping steel knives from rusting by dipping in strong soda water, wiping, rolling in flannel and laying in a dry place.
Simmering rice flour and water together for a cement.
A clam-shell for scraping kettles.
A little copperas water and salt in whitewash.
A cation flannel knife-case stitched into compartment.
To banish rats, chloride of lime.
Sweetening wooden or iron ware by scalding in hot water and hay.
Soaking black calico in salt and water before washing.
Cayenne pepper for ants.—Good Housekeeping.

Teaching Politeness.

A mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six year old son. From being rough, noisy, and discourteous, he had suddenly become one of the gentlest and most considerate little fellows in the world. He was attending the kindergarten, and his mother naturally inferred that the change was somehow due to his teacher's instruction.
Miss Smith teaches you to be polite? she remarked, in a tone of interrogation.
No, said the boy; she never says a word about it.
The mother was puzzled, and all the more when further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had ever given her pupils lessons in good breeding.
Well, then, the mother asked finally, if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?
She doesn't do anything, persisted the boy. She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—anything.
That was all he could tell about it, and his mother began to see through the mystery.—Educational News.

All Sorts.

The best kind of a mechanical genius for the average man to have is genius enough to hire a mechanic to make his small repairs for him, instead of fussing over them himself.
Diseases often lurk in the blood before they openly manifest themselves. Therefore keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Somebody gives the following antithetical advice: Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

A little girl, mourning for her favorite cat, Bathsheba, asked a poet to commemorate its memory in verse, which he did off-hand in this classical bit:

'Bathsheba' to whom none ever said
scat.
No worthier cat
Ever sat on a mat
Or caught a rat.
Requiescat!

Dr. S. C. Webb, Liberty, Miss., says: "I have been using Ayer's Pills for over twenty-five years, and recommend them in cases of chronic diarrhoea, knowing their efficiency from personal experience, they having cured when every other medicine failed."

A mother recently noticed that her little boy had shut and fastened the door on a very wet day, and was compelling his little sister to stay out in the rain. Why, Leslie, she said, open the door, and let Dolly in out of the rain. I can't, mamma, was the answer. We're playing Noah's ark, and Dolly is the sinner.

A certain benedict was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behaviour. "Really this is too bad," cried the irascible old gentleman one day, on hearing of some of his daughter's delinquencies. "If I hear any more complaints, I will disinherit her." There were no more complaints.

Prof. Sylvester, who died not long ago, was the man who, walking by one of the markets of Baltimore and suddenly hitting upon the solution of a mathematical problem, pulled a piece of crayon out of his pocket, and began to cipher on the back flap of a buggy that was standing by the curb. The owner mounted the buggy, and drove off; and Professor Sylvester followed, still working at his problem. The horse began to trot, and Prof. Sylvester still worked at his problem; and he hung on to the buggy, still ciphering, until the pace of the horse became too much for him, and he was forced, somewhat indignantly, to let go.

HEADS THAT ACHE.

Heads that ache can be made bright, clear and free from pain by using BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER, the true natural cure for headache from whatever cause arising. "Headache and pain in the back afflicted me for a long time; but now I am free from them, thanks to the use of one bottle of B. B. B." MISS J. McALLISTER, Almonte, Ont.

Better Than The Klondyke.

Mrs. E. Winkworth, Morrison Street Niagara Falls, Ont., says: "I was attacked by kidney trouble about two years ago, and steadily grew worse until November last, when I became so low that I thought I would live only a short time longer. The doctor here pronounced my case a complication of Bright's disease and dropsy, and said I could not get well. Dr. Macdonald advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills as it was my only chance to get well. I did so and now can truly say that I owe my life to following his advice for I am strong and well to-day. My life has been spared to my three children and I think Doan's Pills are worth their weight in gold."

Tell the Deaf.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other medicines have 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 body.

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