

A Short Sermon.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say.
Each day and every day
Do what is right!

Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true!

True things in great and small;
Then, though the stars should fall,
Sun, stars, and moon, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs as you see and know,
Do not of thistles grow;
And though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never never t
On the limbs of thorns were set;
So if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to you
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day,
Then peace shall glid your way,
Though the sky should fall.

—Alice Cary.

Ted's Surprise Party.

"Yes," said the good doctor, looking kindly at the pale boy on the lounge, "he is doing all right now, but he should be out of this raw spring weather by another week. He can't fully make up what he has lost till his lungs are baked, so to speak. So, my dear madam, I advise you to get him to Georgia as soon as possible. Too bad, but he'll come back strong and well, I think, by June, perhaps earlier. Good bye, my lad—for a little," and giving him a hearty grasp of the hand he left the room.

Mamma went out, too, and had a final talk; and in a few days the whole family—mamma, papa and Ted—were off and soon settled in a quiet little Georgia town, a famous health resort. Papa, indeed, had to return in a few days to his business, and Ted and his mother were left to do the best they could without him.

Near the end of May mamma wrote: "Teddie is gaining, but I am sure he cannot go home for some weeks yet, and he is so disappointed about 'Memorial birthday,' as he calls it. You promised him a grand celebration on his 'tenth,' you know, and now he says it can only be just presents! The day is not observed here, of course, but I am going to arrange for a little private celebration. We can go to the cemetery ourselves, and lay flowers on the graves of the brave boys buried there, even if they did wear the 'gray,' and, perhaps, some sorrowful hearts may be comforted by our sympathy."

In reply, papa wrote: "Your idea for celebrating Ted's Memorial birthday is excellent. Go ahead and do the best you can, and I will see what I can do to help along; but please don't tell him this."

Late on the evening of the 29th a big box arrived from Chicago, addressed to "Master Ted Masters," which was found to contain the most beautiful flowers—of course, from the hot-houses—which made Teddie speechless with delight, although there had already arrived, by mamma's orders, flowers in great variety from the florists in town.

"See, mamma!" he exclaimed at last, "we shall have some of our very own dear flowers to put on the graves, and, oh, can't I make up one bouquet to give to Chloe to-morrow? She is so good to me, and she cried when I told her what we were going to do. 'My boy was killed saving his old master,' she said, 'though he wanted to run away and join our soldiers.'"

The morning dawned bright and beautiful, but very hot, too, in sunny Georgia. So the first part of the celebration was to be held in the big reception room. All the girls and boys in the hotel, and some from outside, had been invited "for an hour."

Mamma had arranged a little programme, as follows:

Music—Piano and violin duett, by Hattie Doone and Freddie Hunt. Recitations, by Walter Gray and Grace Sweet.

Song, by Carrie Pierce and Julia Mears.

Tableaux—Scene, Camp-fire. Boys in blue and boys in gray exchanging tokens of kindly remembrance at the close of the war.

Piano recital, by Miss Clara Boutelle, followed by "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

In the last song everybody joined, from the colored servants in the hall to the ladies and gentlemen in the balconies and parlors.

Lunch followed, and Ted was surprised, indeed, to find himself in "the seat of honor," and before him a big plum cake, with his name, age and "Memorial Birthday" prettily traced in the snow-white frosting. This was from the host and hostess, and made

by the willing hands of Aunt Chloe, the lettering being done by the daughter of the house.

Of course every guest had a slice of the cake, and every servant, too, and a fine piece was saved to send to papa. About five o'clock a carriage arrived to take Ted and his mother to the cemetery, and Mrs. Masters was surprised to find that several other carriages were in waiting for the people of the hotel—"on Teddie's account," a lady explained in a whisper.

Arrived at the "quiet city" a gentleman, a former colonel in the Southern army, gave his arm to Mrs. Masters and led the way to the graves. They were followed by a colored porter with a big basket of flowers, and Ted, who at each "stopping place" lifted a bouquet or wreath, and gently placed it upon the mound. As the last one was reached, the last offering made, and they were about to retrace their steps, a strain of martial music greeted their ears, and a band, playing "The Soldiers' Requiem," entered the grounds and proceeded to a stand which had been erected for them, but so skillfully concealed by bushes that it had not been noticed by the strangers.

Following the band was a procession of the men of the town, with the Mayor and his council at their head.

As the music died away the Mayor ascended the little stand, and for an instant there was an impressive silence. There, in a voice low but clear, he called upon a venerable clergyman to offer prayer, and all hearts were touched by its tender allusions, and uplifted by its strong aspirations and hopes.

Then the Mayor made a short address. He wished to express, he said, their gratitude to the lady from the North, who with her little son desired to celebrate his birthday by laying a graceful tribute of love and sympathy upon the graves of our own brave sons, over whose loss we mourn.

"And now," he said in conclusion, "I desire that three salutes be fired, first, in honor of our common country, our common flag; second, for our fallen heroes; third, for the mother and son, and also for the absent father, who arranged with the city council for this part of the celebration, asking as a personal favor that he be allowed to give his only son this 'surprise party' on his tenth birthday."

The salutes which followed were supplemented by a warm, though suppressed murmur of applause from the company, and then they dispersed, led from the iron gates by the band, sweetly playing "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

As Teddie laid his tired, curly head upon his pillow, he said, "Oh mamma, papa is so good! This is the best birthday memorial I ever—"

But what Teddie meant to say you must guess for yourself.—The Examiner.

A Boy Who Worked Up.

One day many years ago a bright boy found employment in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small; but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a long face, and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money; keep your book, and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth, with curiosity, examined the volume. It was a work on astronomy by Dick, and it so fascinated him that he sat up all night studying it. He had never seen anything which so filled him with delight. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens. He began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy.

The next step was to buy a small spy-glass; and night after night he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house, studying the stars. He secured, secondhand, the tube of a larger spy-glass, into which he fitted an eye-piece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object-glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass, which, as you know, is an instrument of considerable size.

Meanwhile he worked faithfully in the shop of the photographer; but his nights brought him rare delight, for he never wearied of tracing out the wonders and marvels of the worlds around us.

With the aid of his large spy-glass he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually roaming the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous. He was invited by the professors in Vanderbilt University to go hither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the

following four years he discovered six comets.

He was next engaged by the Lick Observatory in California. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six-inch refracting telescope, the largest ever made, he discovered eight comets, and last summer astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the Milky Way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in his work in star-photography.

Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, who is Prof. E. E. Barnard of the Lick Observatory, and this is the story of how he worked up.—Chicago Record.

Emie's Visitor.

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

Emie 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."

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

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

"Did not tell 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 Emie. "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, Emie dear; but I am talking in a little parable which I think you can guess when I say 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's."

"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 Emie, laughing. "You just mean to-day, then."

"Yes, to-day."

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

"Friday, of course."

Emie 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.

Mother's Doughnuts.

"I've a little surprise for you, Harold," said the young wife as her husband sat down to the supper-table.

"Is it a pleasant one?" asked Harold, with an anxious look.

"It ought to be," said his wife dubiously, and she uncovered a plate of doughnuts.

"H'm. They don't look much like mother's doughnuts, but then I dare say they'll be good. Only you have not had her experience."

He tasted one and made a wry face.

"Too much lard," he said, "but of course you couldn't be expected to know, Allie. Don't be annoyed, dear, but I dare not eat them. Write and ask mother to send her recipe."

"That is hers, dear."

Impossible. You must have changed the ingredients to get such poor, soggy results. Write and ask her to send you a batch. She'll be delighted."

A week later when Harold sat down to the table the doughnuts, brown and crisp, loomed before him.

"So they came, did they? Ha! I knew she would send them. M-m-m, but they are good, I tell you, Allie,

there isn't another woman in the world that can make doughnuts like mother."

"I guess that's so, Harold," answered his wife. "Those I gave you the other night were hers, and I bought these you are eating at the little bakery around the corner."

Then the front door was slammed shut by a very angry man.

A Russian Baby.

A traveller from Russia says that Russian babies in Siberia are not very attractive. He says that one day he noticed in one of the houses a curious bundle on a shelf, another hung from a peg in the wall, and a third hung by a rope from the rafters; this one the mother was swinging. The traveler discovered that each bundle was a child; the one in the swinging bundle was the youngest.

The traveler looked at the little baby, and found it so dirty that he exclaimed in disgust: "Why do you not wash it!"

The mother looked horror-stricken, and ejaculated: "Wash it! Wash the baby! Why, it would kill it!"

What a happy country Russia would be for some boys! Never to hear, "Wash your face and hands," nor "Have you brushed your hair?"—The Child's Gem.

A Candle.

J. Hudson Taylor tells of a young Christian who had received Christ as his Saviour, but who said to the missionary that he would wait until he learned more about him before making a public profession.

"Well, said Mr. Taylor, 'I have a question to ask you. When you light a candle do you light it to make the candle more comfortable?'

"Certainly not," said he, 'but in order that it may give more light.'

"When it is half burnt down do you expect that it will first become useful?'

"No, as soon as I light it," was the ready reply.

"Very well," he said, 'go thou and do likewise, begin at once.'—The Colporteur.

A Delicious Gruel.

Boil one tablespoonful of rolled oats in a pint of water, adding more water, if necessary, with a small pinch of salt. When the oatmeal is thoroughly cooked, put through a strainer; to the jelly thus obtained add one-half cupful of sweet cream and the whites of two eggs that have been beaten stiff, as for frosting; sweeten and flavor to taste; if nutmeg or vanilla is used, be careful to flavor delicately.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Home Hints.

Warm water into which a small quantity of turpentine has been poured will clean glass globes, window-panes, and mirrors in a most satisfactory way. A few drops of alcohol in warm water is also good for burnishing glass.

Tea should never be boiled. It should be made in a china or porcelain tea-pot, for the chemicals in it will act upon tin, not only causing the beverage to lose its flavor, but making it injurious to the system.

Coughs and sore throats may be much alleviated by glycerine and lemon juice diluted with water, taken at night. Hot flaxseed tea with lemon juice, sweetened with rock candy, is excellent also.

A little water in butter, when used for frying, will prevent it from burning.

Grease spots in cloth may be taken off by applying a solution of salt in alcohol.

A glass of pure cream or glass of fresh milk, with a salt cracker or crust of fresh bread is a good lunch between meals for a hungry convalescent.

Liniments and ointments should always be applied to the patient with the hand; if applied with cotton or a cloth the good effect obtained from the friction would be lost.—The Voice.

It is not every great man who carries his honors as meekly as the Mayor of Inverness, who rebuked an admiring crowd in the words: "Fens, I'm just a mortal man like yersels. Sir Wilfred Lawson tells the following story: A woman was once pursuing her fugitive cow down a lane, when she called out to some one in front, Man, turn my cow. The man took no notice and allowed the cow to pass. When she came up she said: Man, why did you not turn my cow? He replied: Woman, I am not a man; I am a magistrate.

No matter how large the spot of oil any carpet or wollen stuff can be cleansed by applying buckwheat plentifully, brushing it into a dustpan after a short time, and putting on fresh until the oil has disappeared.—Ram's Horn.

All Sorts.

Tommy: Pa, what's the board of education? Mr. Figs: When I went to school, it was a pine shingle.

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others it will also do for you. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all blood diseases.

Uncle James, what is a pessimist? Oh, he's any sort of an old thing that won't enjoy his ice cream to-day because he is afraid he won't have any to-morrow.

Some people are constantly troubled with pimples and boils, especially about the face and neck. The best remedy is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels all humors through the proper channels, and so makes the skin become soft, healthy, and fair.

Uncle: What are you crying for, Georgie?

Georgie: Teacher caned me because I was the only one—boo-hoo—able to answer a question to-day.

Uncle: What was the question? Georgie (between sobs): Who put the bent pin in the teacher's chair?

If you would have soft, silky, and abundant hair take good care of it. Use for a dressing Ayer's Hair Vigor only, that being the most reliable and scientific article, and without which no toilet is complete. It keeps the scalp clean, cool and healthy.

I should have brung my umbrella, remarked Mrs. Livewayte, a member of the Chicago Literary Society.

Brung? asked Mrs. Laker, in a gentle, corrective tone.

How stupid of me! Of course I meant 'brang.'

A student who secretly dropped a piece of paper, on which the word "Monkey" was written in large letters, in the cap of a professor against whom he had a spite, told the joke to all his classmates. The next day the professor said to the class in bland and polite tones: Gentlemen I have to thank one of your number for the courtesy of dropping his card in my cap yesterday. The student was called Monkey ever after.

If more people would imitate the sea anemone, which shuts up when touched, there would be less quarreling in the world.—Herald of Life.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmenter's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

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