

Vacation Time.

The grammar and the spellers,
The pencils and the slates,
The books that hold the fractions
And the books that tell the dates;
The crayons and the blackboards,
And the maps upon the wall,
Must all be glad together;
For they won't be used till fall.

They've had to work like beavers
To help the children learn;
And if they want a little rest,
It surely is their turn;
They shut their leaves with pleasure,
The dear old lesson-books,
And the crayons and the blackboards
Put on delighted looks.

So, children, just remember,
When you are gone away,
Your poor old slates and pencils
Are keeping holiday.
The grammar and the spellers
Are as proud as proud can be.
When the boys forsake the schoolroom,
And the teacher turns the key.
—Harper's Young People.

How the Children Entertained the Bishop.

The children were all standing around the minister's chair, and he was trying with their assistance to read the Bishop's letter. It didn't matter that some of them couldn't read even yet. They were all, down to Dummy Dee, the baby, trying to help the minister find out whether the Bishop was coming to see them Tuesday or Thursday. This was Tuesday.

There were six children and the minister was their father. They had just moved to a new diocese, and had never seen the Bishop, so he had written that he would call, on his way through the town, and spend a day or two with them, and he was to come either Tuesday or Thursday.

The mother of the family was in the next room washing dishes. By and by she, too, came and looked over her husband's shoulder.

'Why, it's Thursday, just as plain as any writing I ever saw,' she exclaimed at once. 'So we can go out this afternoon and call on old Mrs. Smithers just as we intended to, in Mr. Jones' buggy.'

'I don't know, I hope you are right, I never saw worse writing,' said the minister, frowning, and trying another pair of spectacles.

But they finally decided it was Thursday, so directly after luncheon they started, and after solemnly promising they would not get into mischief, and would play in the front yard all the time, under the eye of a friendly neighbor who promised to watch them from her front window—where she placidly slumbered all the afternoon—the six children were left in a desolate room on the fence, loudly wishing that Mr. Jones' buggy was large enough to take them all out to see old Mrs. Smithers.

After the three o'clock train came in, a tall man, carrying a valise, came walking briskly up the street until he reached the minister's gate, where he stopped and looked in.

Teddy, Dick and Harlow were playing soldiers, and they were all officers but Harlow, who beat the drum, which was nicer. Polly, Molly and Dummy Dee were reviewing the troops from the front porch. Polly was Queen Victoria, with a kitchen apron train, and the brass saucepan for a crown, on her head: from this depended several shingle curls, which hung gracefully around her rosy face, but a satel carriage was rendered quite imperative the saucepan crown being many sizes too large, and prone to fall off if jiggled.

Molly loyally elected to be Mrs. Cleveland, and her costume was a buff holland window shade—which came off the roller just in time—pinned to the bottom of her dress, and on her head was jauntily poised her mother's red sweeping cap.

Dummy Dee represented the whole in fantle Cleveland family, for he's smart enough to be a dozen president's babies, they all agreed, and Dummy Dee sucked his thumb and didn't care.

'Does the Rev. Frank Thurston live here?' said a voice from the gate.

Polly, holding on her saucepan crown turned carefully in that direction.

'Not now,' she answered, with much dignity. 'He does when he's home, but he's gone to the country with mother.'

'Ah, then he did not get my letter?'—'Oh it's the Bishop,' they cried with one voice. At once the troops broke ranks, and with the queen and Mrs. Cleveland, they swept forward to greet him, leaving Dummy Dee alone in the rear. 'Come in,' they said. 'We didn't expect you so soon.'

'But there's water upstairs in the spare room,' said Ted, 'cause I took it up.'

'And mother aired the bed, and put on the best white sheets, that weren't darned this morning, beginning to get ready for you,' put in Molly.

'I am going to loan my pillow, while you are here, 'cause there aren't enough to go round when we have company,

and I sleep on the sofa pillow,' said Molly, her red sweeping cap bobbing up and down earnestly.

The Bishop felt himself borne along by the current, and after he had made a brief toilet in the spare room, descended to the sitting room, where he found the children without their finery, very clean and distinctly soapy, sitting in six chairs ready to entertain their guest.

'We didn't expect you until Thursday, because papa couldn't read your writing; he said he never read worse,' remarked Molly, placidly.

'O Molly,' said Polly, much distressed, 'think he thought the writing looked pretty, but he didn't have the right spectacles.'

'I brought him six pairs,' said Molly stoutly.

But the Bishop laughed and laughed, and when he met the twelve eyes regarding him with solemn wonder, he laughed all the more.

'Father and mother have gone out to kill two birds with one stone,' said Harlow. 'Old Mrs. Smithers, and a chicken that they are going to buy for your supper is the other, and mother is going to bake a frosted cake big enough for us, too. We always like to have the Bishop come,' he added feelingly.

'Have you any children of your own?' asked Polly.

The Bishop shook his head. 'Not of my very own,' he confessed, 'but I am great friends with some children, who sometimes like me to tell them stories.'

With one consent they drew nearer, and Dummy Dee climbed into his lap.

'Do it now, please,' urged Ted.

'What about?' asked the Bishop.

At this Dummy Dee took his thumb out of his mouth with a pop, like a cork out of a bottle. 'Mudder Gouthe,' he said in a solemn voice, and immediately put it in again.

'There was an old woman lived under the sun,
Who went out shooing without any gun.

She shot a wild goose instead of a duck,
And said, 'Oh! my eye, what very good luck!'

responded the Bishop, promptly. And Dummy Dee, perfectly satisfied, curled up against his shoulder and went sound asleep.

'About the dog, please,' said Harlow next.

'Do you know what will make a pug dog's tail uncurl?' asked the Bishop.

'Does damp weather do it like it does mother's front hair?' asked Dick.

'No,' said the Bishop, laughing.

'But I was visiting, not long ago, where the lady had a very fat pug dog with a tightly curled tail. She asked me if I would like to see it uncurl. I said I certainly should, so she told me then that the pug was not always a good dog, that he sometimes ran off and got into bad company, and thus caused much trouble. All the time she was talking thus, the curl was disappearing from his tail, and at last it lay quite flat and drooping on the floor. 'But,' said the lady then, 'he quite often, almost always, in fact, is a dear little fellow, very intelligent. He is a good watch dog, and obeys me beautifully,' and when she had finished his tail was all bunched up again.'

'We had a dog once,' said Ted, 'who barked at people when he thought father wasn't around. One night the vestrymen came out and Mac didn't see father, so he barked at the biggest vestryman. They were all in a row on the walk—it was slick from a sleet storm—so father ran around in front of the frontmost man, to try to get at Mac, but his feet slipped and he fell against the frontmost man, and he against the next, till they all fell down like ten-pins—'

'There comes father and mother,' called out Molly who was nearest the window, and instantly the Bishop found himself deserted by all but Dummy Dee, still sound asleep on his shoulder. Through the open window came the sound of many voices.

'I choose to tell,' 'No, let's all tell.' Then a composite shriek smote the air:

'He's here! the Bishop's here! Presently, b's like this drifted in:

'He's real nice, if he can't write.'

'But how he can laugh! when we told him about his writing, and old Mrs. Smithers, and the chicken for his supper, he laughed the greatest lot!'

'And mother's hair not curling when it rains.'

'He makes be-youthful poetry; it put Dummy Dee to sleep, just like father's sermons. He's holding Dummy Dee now.'

'Oh hurry, mother, and make the frosted cake; he's expecting it, I told him; and don't forget to make it big.'

'Are you sick, or scared at anything, mother? Did Mr. Jones' horse and buggy cut up? You look kind of pale. We've been awful good children; you ask the Bishop?—The Living Church

Hunting Four-leafed Clovers.

Down back of grandpa's barn was a great green field of clover; and one bright summer day it was full of—what do you think? Waving leaves and pretty pink blossoms and bouncing yellow bumblebees? Yes: so it was. But that wasn't quite all. Both Alice and Kathie and Tommy and Ruth were all down there, hunting for four-leafed clovers. And, oh, dear me! what a buzzing they did make, to be sure!

'I'm going to find the first one!' declared Alice, decidedly.

'No, you're not,' exclaimed Kathie, 'cause I am!'

And then Ruth laughed, and said: 'No, you're not, 'cause I am!'

And Beth! Well, she said just the very same thing; while Tommy, oh, he hunted and didn't say anything!

But the sun was hot, and the four-leafed clovers seemed to play hide and seek; and the children couldn't find a single one of them,—that is, all the while that they stayed there and hunted, which was just five minutes by grandpa's big gold watch. And then all the little girls gave up the search, and went and sat down under a shady old oak tree, to get rested and cool again, if they ever could.

And the one little boy that was left there all alone pulled his big saddle hat a way down over his hot little face, and went to work with a will. Here and there and everywhere Tommy hunted, until grandpa's watch had ticked and ticked nearly five whole minutes more. And then he shouted: 'For what, do you think? Tommy had found one, and two, and three four-leafed clovers, all in one little spot! And how he did smile as he picked them!'

'Tommy's always lucky!' said Beth, discontentedly.

'Always!' echoed Kathie.

'And that's the reason why he always finds everything!' exclaimed Alice.

'Course it is!' said Ruth.

But what do you think grandpa said! 'It's because Tommy has perseverance, my dears!'

And I know that grandpa was right. —Youth's Companion.

Bad Company.

A young lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

'I know, papa,' she said, 'that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus; but you can be quite sure they will do me no harm. I can't help that, but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least.'

'My child,' said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, 'my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a coal. Will you be kind enough to fetch me one?'

'Do you want a live coal, papa?'

'No, one that is dead—burned out.'

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

'Didn't it burn you, my child?' asked the father.

'Why, no, papa. How could it? It's dead!'

'Of course it couldn't, but look at your hand, Florence.'

'O papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them.'

'Wait a moment, Flossie; here is a lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: 'Companionship with the wicked and the world may not necessarily burn you and destroy you, but it will certainly soil you.' Remember all your lifetime what the apostle says, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'—Pacific Methodist.

What to Teach Boys.

A Philosopher has said that true education to boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men.

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true, genuine in intention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart; and counterfeit in life. Above all things teach boys that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.—Parish Visitor.

A Big Blot.

One day, when Aunt Clara was out of the room, Charlie and Frank tipped over a bottle of ink which stood on her desk.

'Don't tell her!' whispered Charley. 'We'll shut the door and run away and she'll never know who did it.'

'Oh, we ought to tell her,' urged Frank, 'and say that we are sorry.'

'No, don't tell it; it's ever so much easier not to,' whispered Charley, and ran away.

'I'm going to tell her this very minute, before it gets any harder, said brave little Frank.

When he had found auntie and told her she hastened to her room and wiped up the ink, and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spot that it had made on the carpet. 'I am so glad that you told me at once,' she said; 'for if the ink had dried in it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now I don't know that it will show at all.'

'It is just like God forgiving us, isn't it, auntie?' said Frank, thoughtfully. 'If we tell him about our sins right away, and say that we are sorry and ask him to forgive us, he does, and then our hearts are clean again.'

—Sunday-school Visitor.

The Girl's Wardrobe.

It is a truth, and a sad one, that the girl with the least money is apt to be the most extravagant. The very wealthy girl may not have to care for her own wardrobe, yet each piece belonging to it is made to do full service, and in many instances, if she has a wise mother, the girl herself must superintend the work of the maid.

It is said of the daughters of Queen Victoria that each one of them was taught not only to sew well, but to mend and darn with great neatness, and to make over those gowns which were counted worth it.

The girl whose wardrobe is not large makes her first mistake in buying cheap material of a color that is the fancy of the moment. Instead, when only one new gown may be had during the season, it should be of a fabric that will stand wear, that will endure making over, and of a color of which neither the wearer nor the looker-on will soon grow weary. It is an extravagance to have a gown made in the extreme of the fashion, for the extreme soon goes out, and then you have a failure on your hands.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Burns.

The first thing to be done for a bad burn is to take pains to preserve the skin. Even though it be separated, it should be retained for the protection of the parts beneath. Then the whole affected surface should be painted with a saturated solution of picric acid. Cloths wet with the solution should be laid over the part, and covered with dry cloths or cotton wool, but without the addition of oiled muslin or any other impervious protection. The effect will be to harden the skin, to prevent infection of pus-producing germs, thus avoiding suppuration, to allay pain, to prevent swelling and to promote rapid healing. Picric acid is the latest and best of all known remedies for a burn. If it cannot be obtained, however, over the affected parts with cloths wet in a solution of ichthyol, one part to three of boiled or distilled water.—The Voice.

A Knowing Mouse.

An intelligent little mouse lives behind the desk in the weighing clerk's department at the post-office scales. During the duty hour of one of the clerks, whose dislike of mice is scarcely exceeded by that of a normal-school beauty, that mouse never shows itself, lest it should be the target for a paper-weight or be crushed under the clerk's heel. After a certain hour, when the scales are in charge of a clerk who rather enjoys letting the timid little creature run up inside the leg of his trousers, the mouse fearfully emerges from his dark nook, gathers up the lunch crumbs, and does just about what it pleases until the scales begin to bang.—Philadelphia Record.

How To Breathe.

Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit were universal, there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one-half. An English physician calls attention to this fact, that deep and forced respirations will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather no

matter how thinly one may be clad. He was himself half frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes.

The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood currents by direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly generated heat.—Popular Science News.

All Sorts.

The preacher took for his text, He giveth his beloved sleep. And then he said, as he glanced around, that the way his congregation had worked into the affections of the Lord was truly amazing.

Impure blood is an enemy to health, and may lead to serious disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla conquers this enemy and averts danger.

It has been calculated that, if thirty-two million people should clasp hands, they could reach around the globe. Very likely, but some of them would get their feet very wet.

'What do they do when they install a minister?' asked a small boy. 'Do they put him in a stall, and feed him?' 'N't a bit!' said his father. 'They harness him to a church, and expect him to draw it alone.'

Two lit le girls who had been playing disagreed. The youngest suddenly said, in real mamma tones: 'Birdie, I want you to understand I see just like my muzzer. When I speaks, I see going to be minded. And the quarrel ceased at once.'

My small boy of four had just learned to take a great interest in brass bands, especially the drums, though, unfortunately (for him), we live where they are seldom seen or heard. The other night he was kneeling on my lap, disporting himself in pulling my ears and similar performances, when I chanced to remark, 'Do you know, Jack, there's a funny little bit of a drum there in my ear? It would be hard to describe the surprised and delighted expression of his face as he instantly exclaimed, 'Oh make it go, papa, make it go!'

A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln, sometime before he became President, for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows: 'Yours of the tenth instant received. I am well acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances. First of all he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$50,000. Secondly, he has an office, in which there are a table worth \$1.50, and three chairs worth, say \$1. Last of all, there is a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. Lincoln.' We highly commend Mr. Lincoln's measure of values.

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Halifax Happenings.

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