

'A Little Lad.'

John vi. 8.

do not even know his name, his lineage, or his age, yet he lives in deathless fame from the Gospel page.

people round the Master pressed, the sick, the poor, the sad—stands distinct from all the rest, a little fisher lad.

cannot guess what prompts his thought that those five loaves he brings: the fish he may himself have caught, he carries on his strings.

waits with patient, upraised head, the hungry crowd he sees; the fish are here, the barley bread, and yet what use are these?

all he has his Lord may take and then it must be well—the Master took, and blessed, and broke, and wrought his miracle.

child heart so sure and swift the perfect way to choose, happy hands that bore the gift The Master designed to use!

the lad amid the throng, No more of him we know, if his life were short or long, Nor what is joy or woe.

in one recorded place The veil is backward cast, let that innocent boyish face Smile on us from the past.

to an age of noisy claims One lesson here is given: the fair deeds live, the actors' names Are only known in heaven.

—Sel.

Ears to Hear.

I believe listening is a lost art. I'm afraid not one of this family has any ears,' remarked Grandfather Locke, at the breakfast table.

Three pairs of small hands went up as if their owners' ears were still in their heads; their owners were the youngest children. The elder two laughed, and waited for Grandfather to explain. He was such a dear, old grandfather that he always did explain his funny speeches, and even when they were what the boys call 'sally,' having a sharp reproof covered up in a joke or anecdote, they wanted the explanation. A grandfather who brought candies and kittens in his pockets, who hired boats and carriages for the young people was a welcome visitor.

Mother was the first one to make a guess at the meaning of this remark about ears. 'It looks that way, certainly, when I ask for the cream, and Harry hands me the butter,' she said.

'Exactly, and there were five other examples of mind-deafness.'

'Five? Who were the deaf ones?'

'Your good husband, my son, was the first. You asked him to order strawberries, on his way to the station and when he went out of the door he said, "How many cherries do you want?" Harry was the second, with the butter instead of the cream. Sara asked Alec if he knew what time the Millers' picnic party would start, and he said roughly, "I never said I'd take anyone to the picnic," showing he had only listened to one word. Lily went into the hall and brought you her hat, after you had just asked her to show you the hole in her jacket sleeve. Bert asked Sara if she knew where Harper's was, and she said she did not, but in two seconds after she said, "What's that you were saying about St. Nicholas?"—showing she had answered without even listening to a word. And I asked Bert to bring me the morning paper off the veranda, and he went out, picked it up, and put it on the side-board. Now isn't that enough to make a sensible man believe you are all either deaf, or crazy, or horribly rude?'

'It's a truly terrible record,' said the mother. 'I really did not realize that we were like that.'

'I've been in this house just one week,' said Grandfather, 'and I see you all only at meal times, and I assure you, not a single meal is finished without something of this kind being said and done. And this careless inattention when others are speaking leads to contradictions, frowns, and little quarrels, because those who will not listen declare that such and such things were not said. The Bible says: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and that certainly means, "let him listen." I am certain that habits of this kind will lead you all into trouble, some day. You are certainly not deaf, none of our family ever had that affliction, so it is just rudeness, and I'll take it as a favor to me if you have cured yourselves of it by my next visit.'

'We really will try, Grandfather, why we must seem half crazy,' said the mother, looking around the table at her careless family, while her pretty brow was puckered into perplexed wrinkles.

The next morning, when Grandfather returned from the post-office, he heard walls and saw a commotion in the hallway.

'Harry got his feet all stuck with tacks,' explained Lily.

'But how on earth did he find tacks in the front hall?'

'Grandfather, it was because he had no ears to hear,' said Mother Locke, who was sitting on the lower step, holding Harry on her lap and pulling tacks from his bare feet. 'He begged to run barefoot to-day, and I told him to keep out of the front hall, because Ann had been putting down new oil-cloth, and she might have left some stray tacks. Of course he did not listen, and of course Ann had dropped a dozen or two of tacks, and that's the why of it.'

'Perhaps you'll listen next time, sir,' said Grandfather, putting a chocolate-cream close to Harry's fearful eyes.

'I thought she said keep out of the hall till Ann's done; didn't hear tacks, and Ann was done and gone, murmured Harry, munching the candy.

'Ears to hear! Wonder where we could buy some?' said grandfather.

The next evening—or no, it was the very same evening—grandfather heard this dialogue, between Alec and Bert:

Alec—You were told to keep out of the Mostyn's yard; it's mean, poison mean, to go into people's yards when they're away.

Bert—Nobody told me any such thing. The Mostyn's always want me in there to play, and there's been a man in there to-day. He hollered to me to come over to the lawn-swing.

Alec—You're away off; the lawn-swing has been fresh painted.

Bert—Oh, so it has.

Alec went on his way, and it was not anywhere near Bert's way, or this funny thing would not have happened. As soon as the elder brother was gone, Bert looked over at the swing, and to be sure it was all a bright red. He was through the 'I spy' hole in the hedge in a minute, and had sprung into the swing, and for two minutes enjoyed it.

Then grandfather heard a wail, a howl, rather, for Bert's voice is of the largest: 'Oh, my pants, my coat!'

Grandfather looked up from his book, and observed a small, white duck suit richly daubed with scarlet paint, going hurriedly around to the back door.

'Elizabeth, my daughter, here's one of your earless family in trouble!' called grandfather, and hastened to prevent Bert touching anything with his paint-smeared hands. 'My dear, I heard Alec tell him the swing was fresh painted. The boy simply had no ears to hear.'

'I have told you often enough. Bert not to go into Mr. Mostyn's yard unless they invited you. Now you shall be punished for disobedience and trespassing, and spoiling the new paint on that swing. They sent a man to paint it while they were gone, so it would be dry when they returned, and I heard him tell you not to go on the swing,' said the mother, justly angry.

So Bert had no dessert, and was not taken to the circus the next afternoon. Disobedience, trespassing, and rude inattention to other person's speech, are not trifles. Next week Grandfather went home, and the Lockes are really trying to have ears to hear, for they begin to fear that worse things than tacks in their feet and paint on their clothes may come to young people who are deaf in their minds.—The Young Christian.

How Little Millie Found the Calf

One night when Jamie brought the cows home he said there was a little calf down in the pasture with Old Jersey.

'Then,' said Jamie's father, I must go right after supper and bring them both to the barn.'

'Please let me go with you, papa,' cried 3-year-old Millie. 'I want to see the little calf just as soon as I can.'

So after supper Millie and her father went off, hand in hand, down the lane, past the cornfield and the potato patch and the clover field to the blue grass pasture. There, down in a hollow, next to the oat stubble field, was Old Jersey quietly feeding.

'Where is the little calf?' asked Millie.

'I don't know,' said her father. 'We must look and find it.'

So they went into the pasture and looked into all the fence corners and into all the places where the grass grew tall, but no calf could they find.

'Old Jersey must have hidden it, perhaps down in the swamp,' said Millie's father. 'You and I will just drive her back there, and perhaps she will show us where it is.'

So they drove Old Jersey beyond the pasture into the swamp. But Old Jersey only browsed among the bushes, as if to say, 'My little baby is safe, and I am perfectly contented to feed down here if you wish me to.'

It was now fast growing dark, and Millie's father said Old Jersey must be driven to the barn and milked.

'We will bring her back to the pas-

ture in the morning,' he said, 'and by that time I think she will be glad to go and see her baby calf, and we can follow her.'

Millie was disappointed, and she felt, too, that the poor little calf must be left alone all night. She made up her mind to get up very early the next morning, so as to be ready to go with Old Jersey to the pasture. When she went to bed, she thought about the little calf and cried. 'The little bossy is all alone down in the swamp,' she sobbed.

Then her mother came and told her the calf was probably fast asleep now, and they would find it all safe in the morning.

The next morning Millie awoke very early, and before she could open her eyes she said, 'I want to go and find the little calf.'

By the time she was dressed and had had some breakfast her father was ready to go. They went out through the barnyard, and Millie's father opened the gate to let Old Jersey go into the lane. Then Old Jersey walked away very fast, and they walked fast, too, and followed her back to the pasture. But instead of leading them straight to her calf she only mooed a little and then began feeding on some clover that grew down in the hollow next to the oat stubble field.

'Well, daughter,' said Millie's father, 'I will leave you and Old Jersey here while I go and look through the swamp for the little calf. She must be hidden down there somewhere. I think Old Jersey doesn't mean that we shall see her.'

But Millie's father was hardly out of sight when Old Jersey stopped feeding and began to moo. The mooing sounded different from the moos she made when she came into the pasture. At the same moment Millie heard a sound off at the farther end of the stubble field. She looked, and what should she see but a little red and white calf running toward her!

When the calf reached the fence, it ran along to an open place where Old Jersey stood. Old Jersey had gone to that open place to wait as soon as she saw the little calf coming.

It was a happy time for Millie as she watched the little bossy get its breakfast of fresh milk and then lie down by Old Jersey's side to rest.

When Millie's father came in sight, half an hour later, quite discouraged, his little daughter ran to meet him.

'I have seen the little calf, papa!' she cried. 'Old Jersey called her to come just as soon as you had gone. She wasn't afraid to let me see her little calf!'

And then they went, all four, up the lane to the barn, the little red and white calf trotting along by Old Jersey's side and Old Jersey keeping a sharp eye on Millie's father.—George J. Hume in Little Folks.

Nevers—For Boys

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard; but beer, wine and whiskey will do you no good and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures, a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep rather than laugh.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You can not handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen not weaken your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You can not throw mud and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even while lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage, the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly lock it in, if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who

are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy as well as a man is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.—Independent.

A Famous Story Retold.

A young man whose name was Pythias had done something which the tyrant Dionysius did not like. For this offense he was dragged to prison, and a day was set when he should be put to death. His home was far away, and he wanted very much to see his father and mother and friends before he died.

'Only give me leave to go home and say good-bye to those whom I love,' he said, 'and then I will come back and give up my life.'

The tyrant laughed at him.

'How can I know that you will keep your promise?' he said. 'You only want to cheat me and save yourself.'

Then a young man whose name was Damon spoke and said:

'O king! put me in prison in place of my friend Pythias, and let him go to his own country to put his affairs in order and to bid his friends farewell. I know that he will come back as he promised, for he is a man who has never broken his word. But if he is not here on the day which you have set, then I will die in his stead.'

The tyrant was surprised that anybody should make such an offer. He at last agreed to let Pythias go and gave orders that the young man Damon should be shut up in prison.

Time passed, and by and by the day drew near which had been set for Pythias to die; and he had not come back. The tyrant ordered the jailer to keep close watch upon Damon and not let him escape. He still had faith in the truth and honor of his friend. He said, 'If Pythias does not come back in time, it will not be his fault. It will be because he is hindered against his will.'

At last the day came and then the very hour. Damon was ready to die. His trust in his friend was as firm as ever; and he said that he did not grieve at having to suffer for one whom he loved so much.

Then the jailer came to lead him to his death; but at the same moment Pythias stood in the doorway. He had been delayed by storms and shipwreck, and he had feared that he was too late. He greeted Damon kindly then gave himself into the hands of the jailer. He was happy because he had come in time, even though it was at the last moment.

The tyrant was not so bad but that he could see good in others. He felt that men who loved and trusted each other as did Damon and Pythias, ought not to suffer unjustly. And so he set them both free.

'I would give all my wealth to have one such friend,' he said.

Dictionary Girls

A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosley. A sweet girl—Carrie Mel. A very pleasant girl—Jenny Rosy. A smooth girl—Amelia Racion. A seedy girl—Corra Ander. A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date. A geometrical girl—Polly Gon. Not orthodox—Hetty Rodoxy. One of the best girls—Ella Gant. A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron. A musical girl—Sarah Nade. A profound girl—Mettie Physics. A star girl—Meta Oric. A clinging girl—Jessie Mine. A nervous girl—Hester Ical. A muscular girl—Callie Sthenic. A lively girl—Anna Matton. An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent. A sad girl—Ella G.

A great big girl—Ellie Phant. A warlike girl—Milly Tary. A chemical girl—An Eliza. A girl at the foot—Peggy.—Ex.

The Health Problem

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The Uses Of Salt.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat, or fish will prevent slipping.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.

Salt in a solution inhaled cures cold in the head.

Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow-ware and matting.

Salt in the oven under baking tins prevents their scorching on the bottom.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot, which has fallen on the carpet, will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink, when freshly spilled on a carpet, will help in removing the spot.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

One Bird Helps Another.

One day a Scotch lad caught a thrush, and took it home. No cage was to be had, so the bird was placed in a basket with a lid. While they were all talking about the prisoner, the lad spied a similar bird on an elder-bush; and his father at once noticed that this was the captive's mate. He persuaded the boy to put the basket outside. This was done; and by and by the male bird flew down, and began caressing the prisoner in many pretty ways. Then he attacked the basket-lid furiously, hoping to peck a hole in it big enough for his wife to escape. This so touched the boy's mother, and even the boy, that the latter agreed to let the captive free. Taking the basket back to the spot where the thrush had been caught, the lid was opened; and the bird flew off with a wild scream of joy, its mate joining it in the wood.—London Mail.

WOMEN AS LAWMAKERS.—In the Colorado legislature, the women members are so seldom absent from their places that the recent failure of one of them to appear brought out the following inquiry and the unlooked-for reply.

One of the oldest men in the House mustered up the courage to make inquiries of the other women. 'Where is the Honorable Mrs. Blank? We have been missing her, and we hope she is not ill.'

'Ill? No, indeed,' said one of the Honorable Mrs. Blank's women colleagues. 'She has a new grandson, and she is so proud she has been staying at home a few days just to rock the cradle.'

It is unnecessary to say that the happy grandmother's bills were not attacked during her voluntary desertion from the ranks of the lawmakers.

Grandma's Ignorance.

Little five-year-old Nettie, who had been brought up in the city, was spending a few days in the country. 'Grandma, what are those funny little green things?' she asked, as they were passing through the garden one day. 'Why, those are peas,' was the reply. 'Peas nothing?' exclaimed Nettie. 'I'm s'prized at your ignorance, grandma.'

'Why, dear, what do you mean?' asked the lady. 'I think,' replied Nettie, 'that a woman of your age ought to know that peas come in tin cans.'

Faith in God is recognized by every child of God as a primal duty; but hope in God is not always seen to be a factor in right faith. Yet hope is as truly a duty as is faith; and faith, in order to be at its best, must have its active element of hope.

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lung-bago tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

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