

MISCELLANEOUS

WINGED SEEDS.

Oh, gold-green wings, and bronze green wings,
And rose-tinted wings, that down the breeze
Come sailing from the maple trees!
Your showering things, your shimmering things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The shade of lovely leaves to spread?
Or shining angels, that had birth
When kindly words were said?

Oh, downy dandelion-wings,
Wild-floating wings, like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, elfin things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The light of laughing flowers to spread?
Oh, flitting fairies, that had birth
When merry words were said?
—*Helen Gray Cone, in St. Nicholas for June.*

SHE PREFERRED THE CASH.

'Mabel,' said Billikins; as he sat before the fire one evening at home, reading a newspaper, 'here's a man who says content is better than government bonds. I wish you'd read it. I believe it would do you some good.'

'The man's a fool,' said the wife, as she went on putting a patch on Tommy's pantloons.

'No, indeed, my dear. It's one of the most sensible articles I've read in a great time. Glance it over and see for yourself. The man reasons like a philosopher and—'

'Philosopher fiddlesticks! I'm married to one of them and I have my opinion of the whole tribe from what I know of him. I never saw a philosopher in my life who could build a fire that would heat up a cookstove, or put on a child's shoes without getting mad over it. Don't talk to me about philosophy. I'm sick of the word.'

'But contentment is wealth, and—'
'I don't care a straw if it is. I prefer the greenbacks when the division is made and my share handed over. You may have all the content you can stand under, if you'll let me have the cash.'

'Nonsense, Mabel. Won't you listen to reason?'

'You can't reason bread and meat into the house, or clothes to wear, nor you can't pay rent with it. It takes money to go to market.'

'Yes, I could, Mabel. It has all been done and a great deal more besides. All the comforts we enjoy have been acquired by means of reason. That sublime faculty marks the distinction between the brute and man. Without reason he would still be living in holes in the ground and gnawing bones for a living. Now all people cannot be rich but—'

Yes, they could, if they did not waste half their income in billiards, beer, cigars and tobacco, and squander a good share of the remainder in other things there ain't no sense in. If I was a man I'd show you how to manage so you wouldn't need to jump and turn white every time the bell rings for fear somebody with a bill, and—'

'There you go again. How many times have I told you a woman can't understand anything about business? But here's something you can understand, and it will show you that money is only a vexation anyway; but—'

'All I've got to say then, is, that I am nearly dead for the want of more vexation, and—'

'If you want wealth, you can—'
'I do, Stephen, and I want it bad or at least enough to make a decent appearance when I get a chance to put my foot outside the house, which is seldom, and—'

'Won't you never stop, Mabel? I declare you can out talk an Indian with his coat off! If silence is gold, as they say it is, you couldn't raise enough to buy a feather, if pillows were selling at a nickle apiece,' said Billikins with a vinegar smile.

'And if impudence was brass, as the papers make it out to be, you could furnish enough to make guns enough for the whole navy, and leave enough over to—what's that you say?'

'I was merely going to whisper, my love that if gab was gunshot you could load 'em to the muzzle and have enough left to sink ever ship and not make any extra charge, either, my dear. But mercy on us! There's the bell! Go to the door, Mabel, won't you, please? That's a good girl; it might be Worry after the rent again, and I'm not quite ready to see him yet. Hang the man! Why can't he be contented and let me alone for a bit? I'm going to run away.'

'It's not contentment he's after

Stevy, dear. He's like me; he wants the cash,' said the tease with a ringing laugh, as she went to the door and ushered in company which fortunately put a stop to further discussion.

THE CARE OF LAMPS.—Of all misunderstood things in daily life the use of the kerosene lamp probably stands at the head. First, a lamp is bought and fitted for use, and filled day after day, and after a longer or shorter period does not give as good light as it used to. Then come complaints to the oil man or grocer about the quality of the oil, when a little reason and judgment used would remedy the fault and remove the cause of complaint. If persons using a lamp would remember that it is a machine combining the furnace and pump and endeavor to learn the principles of using oil, much trouble would be saved for while no one expects to use a large machine without learning how to work it, any one can use a lamp. Now the wick is the pump to bring oil from the font to the blaze, and as there is always more or less dust and dirt in the oil the wick soon becomes clogged up and can not pump oil fast enough for a good light, so a complaint is made when a new wick would have removed the cause. Then, as we burn oil out, the lightest parts burn and leave the heavy oil, and as it is filled day by day, the oil gradually gets so heavy that the draft is not strong enough to pump it up; and then the oil should be all turned out of the lamp and it refilled with fresh oil. Then the burner after a time gets gummed up, and the even flow of oil is disturbed and causes a smoky uneven light that is very vexatious. When the wick needs cutting, some scrape it off; others cut it so uneven that it makes a pointy blaze which so provokes one that he wants to condemn it. The burner is provided with a great number of small holes to provide air, to the end that perfect combustion may take place and not to collect dust and dirt until they are all closed up and a smoky, bad-smelling light is the result. Now in using kerosene, if we fill the lamp up with white oil every day, and once a week empty out the oil in the lamp and use a new wick, cut even and true, once a week or two weeks, and be sure the lamp burner is clean, and a clear, polished chimney used, we will find that the kerosene lamp is a cheap and great luxury, and not a necessary nuisance. A little care daily in using lamps, makes all the difference between luxury and nuisance.

WHAT IS SUCCESS.

As we labor for the overthrow of this great evil there come moments when we ask ourselves, "What comes from all our striving for God and home? Are we succeeding? Is not our labor in vain? The saloon strides on, crushing hearts and homes, rambling defenseless childhood and hoary age, and destroying the supports of our progress as a Nation." He who works only for success, may have reason to feel faint-hearted. They who labor because they love God, because their influence must be cast for the right, never despair. They reap success from each passing moment. No deed for God falls short of its aim. "My word shall not return unto me void." The man we try to save may be lost but our effort goes to swell the sum total of influences which are bringing the world nearer to God. In each noble attempt to help others build nobler lives our own takes on more of Christ-likeness. Success is doing our part so well that God will say to us "Well done thou good and faithful servant." No one thinks of saying Christianity is a failure; God is a failure; because men still sin, because in many places the Devil holds sway. Claim success, Brother, if you are in harmony with God on this prohibition question, though you stand alone.

PROFESSOR:—How could anyone write such flat verses? **Popular Author:**—I don't agree with you, sir; and I ought to say that the words are mine. **Professor:**—Oh, I beg your pardon! I mean they are so horribly bungled by the woman reading them. Who is she? **Popular Author:**—She is my wife sir.

NICE YOUNG MAN:—(lecturing to a Sunday-school): Now is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask any questions? Well, little boy, I see your hand; you needn't snap your fingers. What question would you like to ask? **Small Boy:**—How much longer is this jawin' goin to last?

HE (at the ball):—I'm going to propose, Miss Edith—She (interrupting):—Oh, my, Mr. Jenkins, so sudden and in such a stange place! He (desperately):—I am going to propose that we stay here when the rest go to supper, because—because—I've left my purse at home.

How to PUBLISH A BOOK.—Nothing can be done without money nowadays. A young author without a name but with a meritorious manuscript, will, in the case of a majority of publishing houses, receive in answer to his request to publish, a proposition to do so provided the author will forward from three to five hundred dollars, according to the size of the book, the condition offered being that the publishing house will then put the book on the market and account to the author for seventy-five per cent. of the wholesale price of the book. Some publishing houses will accept the five hundred dollar check of the author and agree, in consideration, to return the same when the book reaches an edition, say of two thousand, after which a copyright or royalty will be allowed the author, somewhat larger than if the author invested in the work. In either case the demand is that the author shall also become a publisher, using the regular publishing firms as agents.

THE OTHER FELLOW FEELS IT.—The dentist tackled the molar, and for a few minutes people in the vicinity imagined that an amateur concert rehearsed was being perpetrated in the neighborhood. Then their was a final prolonged shriek of agony, and the smiling dentist brandished aloft a tooth as big as a salt cellar.

As soon as Murphy was able to take his departure he handed the dentist a five dollar bill, remarking, however, at the same time:

I thought you pulled teeth without pain?

So I do. I didn't feel any pain worth speaking of, replied the dentist as he placed the five dollar bill in his pocket.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.—Gilhooly had another joint discussion with his landlady on the coffee question.

He tasted it, and then stirred it, and kept on stirring it for about half an hour without saying a word.

Finally she spoke up.

Perhaps, Mr. Gilhooly, I didn't put in any sugar?

You didn't put in any coffee.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it we shall advance in it; and the further on we go the more we have to come back. (Barrow.)

Your heart is only a tiny room after all, and if you cram it full of the world, you relegate your Master to the stable outside. (Maclaren.)

All our happiness, as mere men, consists in forgetting ourselves. If we think, we are miserable. (Rev. T. Adams.)

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself. (Luther.)

Bless God for what you have and trust God for what you want. (Mason.)

Fear is but the shadow and always follows on the heel of wrong.

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COMPLIMENTARY PRESS NOTICES.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter." This is the title of a neatly-printed book of some 150 pages, from the facile pen of Herman H. Pitts, of the *Fredericton Reporter*. The story, which savors of the Bad Boy style of fiction, treats of the adventures of Joshua Bangs, from his entry into the office of the *Swampton Era* up the inky ladder of journalistic success till he revels in wealth and domestic felicity, the editor of a thrifty village daily. Mixed up with Joshua, from start to finish, is one Spuds, a practical printer, who divides the honors with him. Mr. Pitts boldly lifts the veil that hides from vulgar gaze the mysterious interior of the sanctum and discloses the manner in which the crank of an opinion mill is turned. Only early familiarity with the secrets of a printing office could have enabled the writer to dress up his characters as naturally as he does; indeed one is almost forced at times to believe that Mr. Pitts, in the earlier chapters, has simply torn a few pages from his own autobiography. If for Bangs we substitute the name Pitts, and transform Swampton into Fredericton, the interest in the tale is heightened and its true inwardness made more plain.—*St. John Daily Star*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," is one of the funny books of the season, and having been written by a New Brunswicker and dealing with the amusing incidents of provincial life is calculated to amuse if not to instruct Canadians. This mythical reporter's extraordinary adventures form a story far better worth the twenty-five cents charged for it than many more pretentious publications. It may be purchased at the book stores or ordered from H. H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Yarmouth Herald*, Nova Scotia.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of "Brother Jonathan Sketches." Brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life, it describes the experience of a Reporter, whose numerous escapes, love affairs, etc., make up an amusing story. Published in pamphlet form, price 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamps. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*St. John Daily Telegraph*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," has just reached us. It is from the pen of the author of—"Bro. Jonathan Sketches."

This little manual is replete with graphic descriptions of 'Joshua' as a Reporter. We may return to it again.—*Victoria Star*, Grand Falls.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of the "Bro. Jonathan Sketches." It graphically describes the trials of "Our Joshua" as the devil in a printing office, and his experiences as a reporter on a weekly and daily paper. It is brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life and will be particularly interesting to those who have been at some time connected with journalism. Joshua's many scrapes in the printing office in company with his friend Spuds are dwelt on at length; his trials as a reporter; his falling in love and leaving home on account of a difficulty with the "boss"; and finally his triumphant return, all form the basis of an interesting story. The book is published in pamphlet form, in readable type, and contains 160 pages. Price, 25 cents; for sale by all Booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamp. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Carleton Sentinel*, Woodstock.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter" is a pleasant companion for a leisure evening or railway journey. The hero certainly managed to get into as many scrapes as the general run of printers' devils and reporters, and to come through on all occasions with quite the usual *sans froid* and *et cetera*. But there is no need we should relate any of these adventures, when 25 cents remitted to Mr. H. H. Pitts, Business Manager of the *Fredericton N. B. Reporter*, will secure the volume.—*Orillio Paster*.

Flattering notices have also been given the work by the *St. Croix Courier*, *Woodstock Press*, *Chatham World*, *Summerside Journal*, *P. E. I. The Watchman*, *Halifax*, *N. S. Watson's Illuminator* and a number of other Provincial and United States papers.

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