

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

As a general rule, people who flagrantly pretend to anything are the reverse of that which they pretend to. A man who sets up for a saint is sure to be a sinner; and a man who boasts that he is a sinner; is sure to have some feeble, maudlin, snivelling bit of saintship about him which is enough to make him a humbug.

Spare moments are like the the gold-dust of time. Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the gardens of the soul.

It can be no duty to write his heart upon his forehead, and to give all the inquisitive and malicious world a survey of those thoughts which is the prerogative of God only to know.

Grand, swelling sentiments of liberty I am sure I do not despise. They warm the heart, they enlarge and liberalize our minds, they animate our courage in a time of conflict.

If reproof is sometimes to be used, it ought to be grave, kind and sober, representing the ill or unbecomingness of the fault, rather than the hasty rating of the child for it.

Till a man can judge whether they be truths or no, his understanding is but little improved; and the men of much reading are greatly learned, but may be little knowing.

It is queer; but not the less true, that people are generally quite as vain, or even more so, of their deficiencies as of their amiable gifts.

Every man living shall assuredly meet with an hour of temptation, which shall more especially try what mettle his heart is made of.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill, requires only our silence which costs us nothing.

The good hate evil, but not evil people; the evil abhor both good and good people.

Prayer is the outlet of the saints' sorrow, and the inlet of their supports and comforts. (Flavel.)

What God wants is not services but service. A Christian life is the best argument for Christ. (Rev. J. E. Johnson.)

While reason is puzzling herself about the mystery, faith is turning it into her daily bread, and feeding on it thankfully in her heart of hearts. [F. D. Huntington.]

God is the whole life of our soul. All the powers of the mind do not find their aim till they find God. In him the heart finds its happiness, the reason its truth, the will its true freedom. (Luthardt.)

Hardships are not curses. They are the very forces which try men—prove them so that the world can know what they are worth. Hardships are blessings to many a man. Without them success would never be attained in any praiseworthy undertaking. The power of the elements proves the metal. Don't be afraid of hard work, or hard knocks, or anything else that is hard. Do right, always seeking to turn every obstacle in your path into a stepping-stone to success and you will be sure to rise to honor and usefulness. (Religious Telescope.)

And so must a large amount of work be done by the worker in the walks of every-day life, for by its aid the scientist finds opportune facts and suggestive illustrations calculated to greatly assist him in his investigations and in the prosecution of his studies. We think, however, there is no man so hard to be convinced that he has anything to learn as the untutored and unthinking ignoramus; he thinks he knows it all, and has it bottled and sealed up in his cast-iron case of conceit. The thoughtful man and trained thinker is much more modest and elastic.

FACTS ABOUT RICE.—The finest rice is known as Dutch rice, and comes from Amsterdam. It is grown in Java and milled and polished in Amsterdam by some peculiar process which American millers are very anxious to learn. The Dutch rice has more perfect grains, a better lustre, and is less broken than rice milled in this country. Many attempts have been made to learn the Dutch process, but they guard it with jealous care and allow no one in their mills. It is suspected that they use oil, as the rice when confined in a bag for some time gives the cloth a soft greasy feeling.

Recently the State departments sent out a circular to consular officers requesting information concerning the preparation of rice. The consuls had no better luck than other people. They recently reported that the manufacturers declined to divulge the secret, saying that it was of the utmost value to them to preserve it, and that they would not furnish the method to their own government. The Dutch rice is worth one quarter of a cent more per pound than other rice simply because of its fine appearance, but when cooked it is no better than other rice.

American millers are secretive about their own processes of milling, and decline to allow strangers to go through their work. The grain comes from the threshing mill as rough rice or paddy, and requires grinding to free it from the hulls. It is first screened to get rid of the sand, and is then passed between a pair of heavy stones, five feet across, to remove the outer husk. Thence it goes into large wooden mortars, the iron shod pestles to which weigh from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds each, and is pounded for two hours, when it is ready for screening. Some mills clean the rice by means of wire cards, without pounding. Finally the rice is screened into flour, broken rice, middling rice and prime rice. The prime rice passes into the polishing or brushing screen, which is a vertical cylinder, laid up and down with shreds of sheepskin, and made to revolve within a wire screen. This cleans off the flour and gives a polish to the grain.

The best rice produced in this country is grown in South Carolina. The Chinese consume a great deal of rice, and are said to use only the best quality. The majority of New York families serve boiled rice as a sort of a paste, with the grains all merged together. In the South, where its cooking is properly understood, it is served with every grain clean and distinct. It is said that the rice should be put into salted water which is boiling hot. In five minutes the water should be drained off, and the covered pot left for twenty minutes longer on the coals.

GOVERNING THE LITTLE ONES.

Great injustice is often done by the enforcement of set rules when the child is in certain moods and conditions of mind and body. My heart has ached sometimes to observe the conscientious cruelty (that's the word) of the parental powers that be, in enforcing a command by repeated punishments, when the increasing excitement of the parent diverted her own object by producing in the little one such a frantic irritation that it was for the time really incapable of obedience. I think most mothers possess a fine intuitive sense, sharpened by affection, which will tell them what to do in difficult cases if they will hold their mind's equilibrium long enough to listen to this inner voice. I know it is hard to be always cool and patient, when every minute of the long, bright day, with its leafy and blossoming enticements is exacted by the work, as is often the case. It has been nine months at a time, and I have learned by experience that even love is not unerring when it demands obedience without due reflection. To illustrate, my little daughter of 6 is difficult to govern because of an inherent nervous excitability which only my calmest moods can hold in check. It is argued by some that we should not try to reason with young children, or even compromise. It is only thus that I can reach her in some cases, and I am often forced to strategy to gain my point. When a wee child I would take her in my lap when punishment failed, and the prospect of a story quieted her immediately. By a careful adjustment of my tale to the case her baby heart was touched and subdued, and she was conquered without further trouble.

I speak of this to show the value of illustration in teaching them. A principle or idea that they cannot otherwise perceive the force of, can thus be made clear and impressive to their minds. The childish appetite for stories is strong and many beautiful lessons can thus be conveyed. I know how a weary mother covets rest when the story hour comes, but I have found that we must save a little freshness and genial feeling for them. It is their right, and far more our duty than the fashioning of elaborate little suits or the cooking of dainties. I have been pruning this overgrown tree called work, and by lopping off a branch here and there, and trimming the heavy foliage, found that I not only did not rob the tree but that bits of blue sky became visible and gleams of deepest sunshine filtered through.

A DESIRE FOR CHANGE.—At best, life is monotonous, and the natural desire for change of scene inherent in the human mind needs to be provided for like other instinctive likes and dislikes. There are instances where energies are crushed, capacities deadened and lives despoiled of happiness by a monotonous existence, relieved by no shifting of scene no change of place, no respite from the dull routine of hard and perhaps distasteful labor. Happily this need is becoming recognized more fully, and generous efforts are being made to meet it for those who need it most and have the least power to secure it for themselves. There is, however, another and quite an opposite danger which many persons fall into. Perceiving the need of change they forget that there is also a certainty of sameness in the ordinary course of a lifetime. Because this becomes painful after a time they suppose it to be in itself an unmixed evil and strive as far as possible to banish it. They come to rely on change for their happiness, they go from place to place and from scene to scene, ever trying some new thing to tempt an already palled and satiated

appetite. They do not understand that it is only through monotony that change comes to have any value—that novelty, like money, is only good when it has been earned. Constant variety becomes at length wearisome, and the only resource for the surfeited pleasure-seeker is in turning resolute to the salutary sameness of a life of duty.

CARRYING THE CONVERSATION.—To men who know the girls, they would be a revelation. Men's girls—those who among the sterner sex have the reputation for superlative brightness—are rarely entertaining among women. I have seen a girl who is renowned as a wit sit through a lunch party without making half a dozen remarks, and looking bored to death. Some of them say they don't understand how to entertain a girl, others make no secret of the fact that they have no intention of wasting their sweetness on the desert air. On the other hand girls who, on the approach of a man, grow heavy as the air before a thunder-storm, perform prodigies of wit when left alone with their own sex. Such a girl is the rock upon which women addicted to the lunch-giving habit build their hopes. She is all things to all women. She wades in and rescues sinking conversations, she quenches smoldering fights, she spurs on an incipient friendship, she tracks the copy joke to its lair and drags it to the light, she can even smile at jests which take their rise from the decline and fall of her own flirtations. Under her fostering hands and those of the hostess and the funny girls, conversation waxes fast and furious. It is great fun to listen to scraps of it when the party is at full blast.

HIS FIRST MARRIAGE FEE.—It was the first wedding. The groom was new, so was the bride, and the Congregational clergyman had committed matrimony on y in his imagination. Finally, however, it was all over; the twain were one flesh and the little wife was weeping in the arms of the mother. The groom slipped up to the nervous minister, and as that gentleman was about to pass out into the night pressed a coin into his hand.

A \$20 gold piece, thought the young preacher. His heart beat faster now than when he was officiating at the wedding. He needed the money so much. Indeed, he often wished his meagre salary was only half its size, he had such a difficulty in collecting it. And now to receive \$20 all at once. Why, it—Then it occurred to him that it was customary for the minister to make the bride a present of his first marriage fee. The good man sighed as he removed his thin overcoat and returned to the room where the guests were offering their congratulations to the newly wedded couple.

I forgot something, said he as he approached the bride. This is the first marriage fee I have ever received. It is yours. It should be kept as a reminder of this occasion. The young bride stretched out her hand and the coin rang as it touched her marriage ring. The guests looked up; the unconscious wife did not close her hand upon the 50 cent piece that lay there and all saw it. The minister was glad it was his first marriage, the guests tried to appear as if they did not see the half dollar and the reporter quietly smiled and thought perhaps the young husband was saving up to buy the divorce.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.
Inordinate demands should meet with sturdy denial.
A man may lose his goods for want of demanding them.
Better one's house be too little one day than too big all the year round.
Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine; but lost time is gone forever.
What sort of morality is that which gets offended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?

Stranger (at a restaurant):—Beg pardon, sir, but you have spilled soup all over your vest. Fogg: I wish you'd mind your own business. You've been sitting on your lighted cigar for fifteen minutes, and have burned a hole in your coat tail as big as my fist, but you didn't hear me shouting at you.

When a man's wife comes in and sees him razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him: Are you shaving? it is a provoking thing for him to answer, No, I am blacking the stove, but it is human nature so to reply.

'Mamma,' she said, 'I don't like the way this bustle sets,' 'Neither do I,' was the prompt reply. 'And besides, your father is swearing about the rat-trap being lost, so you must really take it off.'

Woman (to tramp):—Would you like another hot biscuit? Tramp:—Yes, you can give me one more if you like; but I am afraid they are awfully indigestible

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure. As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

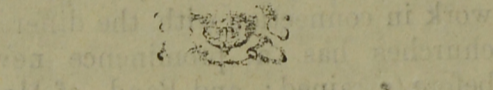
I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

EXCELLENT FOR NEURALGIA.—Yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, three drops of turpentine. Beat the ingredients together and spread it on a piece of old muslin, applying the poultice directly to the part affected.

Young Wife (to husband):—Don't you notice a difference in the milk, dear? Young husband:—Yes, this is much better than we have been getting. Young Wife:—Very much better, I got it of a new man. He said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure, and so I bought enough to last for a week.



Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 12th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, twice per week each way, between Keswick Ridge and Millville from the 1st January next. The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses. The Mails to leave Keswick Ridge on Monday and Thursday of each week at 12 o'clock, noon, reaching Millville at 5.30 o'clock, p. m. Returning, to leave Millville on Tuesday and Friday of each week at 8 o'clock, a. m. reaching Keswick Ridge at 2 o'clock, P. m., on same days. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Keswick Ridge, Millville and Upper Keswick Ridge and at this office.

J. DEWE,
Chief Post Office Inspector
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, Oct. 1st 1886.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 12th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, twice per week each way, between Canterbury and Woods took from the 1st January next. The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle, drawn by one or more horses. The Mails to leave Canterbury on Tuesday and Saturday of each week at 11.30 o'clock a. m. reaching Woodstock at 1.30, p. m. Returning to leave Woodstock on same days as soon as practicable after arrival of day, mail train from McAdam Junction, reaching Canterbury in two hours from time of despatch. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Canterbury and Woodstock and at this office.

J. DEWE,
Chief Post Office Inspector
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, 1st Oct., 1886.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 12th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, twice per week each way, between Canterbury Station and North Lake from the 1st January next. The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses. The Mails to leave North Lake on Monday and Thursday of each week at 6.30 o'clock, a. m., reaching Canterbury Station at 11 o'clock, a. m. Returning to leave Canterbury Station on same days immediately after arrival of day mail train from McAdam Junction reaching North Lake in four hours and thirty minutes after despatch. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Canterbury Station and North Lake and at this office.

J. DEWE,
Chief Post Office Inspector
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, Oct. 1st 1886.

OCTOBER, 27.

FALL GOODS.

Flannels, Blankets
Comfortables,
Jacket Cloths,
Ulster Cloths,
Jersey Jackets,
Fur Shoulder
Capes,
Fur Dolmans
Astrachan Jacetks,
Underwear

A LARGE VARIETY FOR
MEN, BOYS, LADIES & GIRLS

McCalls celebrated New York Bazaar glove-fitting patterns, in every respect the best in the market.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

SOMETHING ALL WANT.

A good fitting suit of clothes is what everyone wants, and there is no reason why they should not have it. Thos. W. Smith is now receiving his fall stock of Cloths, consisting of the very best makes, and the latest designs; and his genial Cutter Mr. James A. Robinson, being ably assisted by Mr. C. E. Collins, a first-class Pressman, is willing to warrant every garment made in this establishment in both fit and workmanship, unsurpassed by any other establishment in the trade. We solicit an inspection of our stock, which will be shown by the affable Messrs. E. McGarrigle and W. J. Crowdon who will be delighted to show the goods, and take orders. With such a genial and competent staff of aids, the subscriber feels assured, that everyone who favors him with a call, will receive every attention, and be kindly treated whether they leave their orders or otherwise. We have always in stock the best and cheapest line of gent's furnishing goods; men's and boys' fur and felt hard and soft hats, very cheap also. The balance of our trunks and valises we are selling regardless of cost, in order to clear them out. The balance of men's and boys' boots and shoes are being cleared out at a sacrifice.

THOS. W. SMITH.

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Queen Street, Fredericton,

NOW IS THE TIME to secure some elegant premiums, absolutely free. Equal in appearance to solid gold. Full particulars & 50 lovely Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. & this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.
400 PER CENT PROFIT to an agent of either sex, selling a grand box of New Goods, sent by return mail for 25c. or 9 three-cent stamps. Costly samples and illus. Novelty Catalog, 3c. and this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.
Private Board.

SEVERAL persons can be accommodated with board at reasonable rates. The rooms are commodious and pleasant, and the situation, convenient.

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Mrs. ROBERT SMITH,
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