

## IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,  
When he spoils his neighbor's fame;  
If we would but help the erring,  
Ere we utter words of blame,  
If we would, how many might we  
Turn from sin and shame.  
Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,  
If we would but see the way!  
Ah, the pains that might be lightened,  
Every hour and every day,  
If we would but hear the pleadings  
Of the hearts that go astray!

In each life, however lowly,  
There are deeds of mighty good,  
Still we shrink from souls appealing  
With a timid "if we could."  
But a God who judges all things  
Knows the truth is, "If we would."

## Serial.

## FORTY DOLLARS FOR FOUR TEETH.

## A REAL INCIDENT.

"Elsie!"  
"Yes, papa," and the child dashed away her teases and sprang to the bed where her father lay bandaged and helpless.

That day an explosion had happened in the mill where he worked, and he was badly hurt.

"Water!" he said feebly.

She gave it to him and he went on speaking:

"Where's the money, Elsie?"

"Here, papa," putting her hand on the bosom of her dress.

"That's right. Take good care of it. God only knows when we shall have any more. Poor child!" he added fondly.

"Not a bit of it," she answered gaily. You'll be at home all the time now, and we'll have such a good time together."

Her father gave her a loving smile, and closed his eyes wearily. Elsie began to stroke his hand, and he soon fell into an uneasy slumber.

The two were all in all to each other. They came from England and had been in America but a few months. Elsie was a plain, delicate child of thirteen, but her father called her his dove of comfort, and now she was proving her right to the name. She tended him day and night, with a cheery, skillful patience that made everybody love her.

But the weeks went by, the money was spent, and still he lay on his bed. The wolf was at the door. How could they keep him out?

Then it was that her father said, "Elsie, where are the silver spoons?" "In mamma's little trunk, with the ring and the locket," she answered.

"You must get them out and carry them to Mr. Black."

"Oh papa, no! It's all the silver we have, and mamma thought every thing of them," she cried impulsively.

The sick man made no answer, but he put his hands over his eyes, and soon Elsie saw tears steal slowly through his fingers.

"Papa, dear papa! I didn't mean it. How cruel of me!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about him. "I'll take them this minute, and when you get well and earn money, we'll have them back again."

"When I get well! I wonder when that will be?" he said despairingly.

"Before long—slow and sure, you know," she answered brightly, and in a few minutes she set out on her first visit to the pawnbroker. But it was not her last. Time and again she went, till every possible thing had been carried; and meantime she was learning cheerfully to bear hunger and cold for "poor papa's sake."

He, too, poor man, must see his darling grow hollow-cheeked and big-eyed, with no power to save her. What could they do but lie down together and die?

As Elsie went home from her last visit to the pawnbroker she stopped at a grocery to buy a little coal, and while she waited for other customers, she looked listlessly at the morning paper lying on the counter. As she did so, these words caught her eye:

Wanted—four perfect front teeth, for which I will give forty dollars.

CHAS. DOW, Dentist,  
No 5 K Street.

The poor little face flushed scarlet with a sudden hope. "Perhaps he

would take mine," she thought; "Mother Savage said yesterday she wondered how such a homely child came to have such handsome teeth."

She seemed to herself to be dreaming. "Forty dollars," "Forty dollars," kept saying itself over in her brain, and when the shopman turned to wait on her she was gone. A few minutes after, she stood in the dentist's office.

"Please will you see if my teeth are good enough to buy?" she asked timidly.

The doctor was engaged in a delicate operation, but he stopped to give the teeth a hurried examination.

"How beautiful! They are just what I want. Come to-morrow," he said, going back to his work.

The rest of the day Elsie's father thought her wonderfully gay, but he could not think why, for she said nothing of her plan, about which she began to lose courage when the first excitement of it subsided. Hard things look easier in the morning than they do at night; and as she sat in the twilight, studying herself in a bit of looking-glass, she thought sorrowfully: "I shall be homelier than ever when they are gone; but then how silly of me to care about that. Papa will love me just the same. But it will hurt so to have them out,"

she went on thinking, and every nerve in her body quivered at the prospect. "If it wasn't for the rent, and the medicine for papa, and ever so many other things—I never could beg, never. Yes Elsie Benson, it's got to be done if it kills you!"

The next morning she entered the dentist's office by the mere force of will. Her courage was all gone. Dr. Dow was alone, and said "Good morning," very kindly; but when he saw how she trembled, he put her on the lounge and made her drink something that quieted her. Then he sat down by her, and said, "Now tell me what your name is, and why you want to sell your teeth."

He spoke so gently that at first Elsie could only answer him with tears; but at last he contrived to get all her sad story, and his eyes were wet and his voice husky several times while she was telling it.

"You are a dear, brave child," he said when she was finished. "Now I am going with you to see your father."

"But you'll take the teeth first, won't you?" she asked imploringly. I shall never have courage to come again."

"Never mind that. We'll see if there isn't some better way out of this trouble," he answered.

So, hand in hand, they went back to the sick man; but I cannot tell you how happy and proud he was when the doctor told him about Elsie, or how gratefully he fell in with the plan of going to a nice hospital, where he soon got well enough to work in the doctor's handsome grounds; while Elsie, in her place as nurse to the doctor's baby rolled it over the gravel walks.

So, though Elsie kept her teeth, they saved both her and her father from poverty and distress."

Observer.

CROSS CHRISTIANS.

"What a fine thing it is to feel good-natured."

This was said to me by a brave, loving, overburdened young wife and mother. The quivering lip and moistened eye with which it was accompanied told the story of the struggle despite the smile that shone through the mist.

When I threw my arms around her and said, "You dear little woman, your poor nerves are just worn out; you must rest." The shower came, and as soon as it held up, she said, "I'm afraid I'm cross all the time."

Her only remedy was rest.

But it is a fine thing to feel good-natured. There is no denying the fact that there is much to cross us in this wrangling world. Leaving out the common causes of troublesome children and incompetent servants, the lesser annoyances are legion.

The omissions and commissions, the derelictions and peccadilloes of our dearest friends and constant companions are a fruitful source of discipline,

according to the use we make of them. We submit to a great sorrow, but do we consider from whose hand these petty terrors proceed?

Sometimes we begin the day with an unaccountable degree of irritability, and if we were frank we would say, as did the candid little three-year old, "I don't want to be good; I'm going to be bad to-day." We feel confessedly cross. We may search out the cause. Our diet, in quantity, may have affected the system just to put the heart out of tune. Then must the soul be doubly on guard, for there will be need of watching and fighting quite as much as praying.

"What becomes of all the amiable young ladies?" asked a querulous bachelor, "mothers and wives are so ill tempered." Cross parents are in danger of garnering an unsightly crop by and by, when the reaping comes. Better scatter seeds of kindness.

"I never suspected myself of bad temper till I had a half-grown, headstrong boy to contend with," is the confession of another parent. There it is; the cares and crosses of life choke out our better impulses, and we are surly instead of sunny. Thus we fail to adorn the doctrine and to recommend the religion of the One altogether lovely.

Is grace at fault? No; it is all sufficient even for this. We do not forget the great natural differences of temperament and constitution. "Grace grafted on a crab stalk is not often productive of luscious fruit."

Yes we must grow in grace and graciousness, despite the difficulties, God helping us. We have no right to be crabbed. We must esteem it a sin to exhibit crossness, laying out weaknesses of body and mind, our causes controllable and uncontrollable at the feet of Him who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Can we not be kind and pleasant for Christ's sake? It is the genial, sweet-tempered Christian that is attractive and influential. It is the wisdom of sunny-heartedness that winneth souls and turneth many to righteousness.—*American Messenger.*

WHAT A MOTHER DID.

Some one, who had noticed the influence of wives in promoting the good or evil fortunes of their husbands, said, "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich." We doubt not that a similar observation of the influence of mothers upon their sons would justify the remark, "A man must ask his mother's leave to be great."

Years ago a family of four—a father, a mother and two sons—dwelt in a house, situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor.

A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk, and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing. Corn-bread, milk, and bean porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house and helped the boys do theirs on the farm.

Once in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house." Yet every Sabbath the mother and her sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D.D., L.L.D., President of Union College.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part there all the honor lies."

but then a man who has and accepts his mother's aid is more likely to "act well" his part than one who has it not, or having refuses to accept it.

INSTINCT OF IMITATION.—"Children are what their mothers are." Have you never walked through the dirty, dismal part of a city, and heard little lips utter oaths and profane words in their childish way? Dear children, are they alone to blame? Who is to blame? Little ones have sharp eyes.

A lady was speaking in a light, playful way to a motherless one, of something in her father's looks. The child mistook her manner for jesting and "making fun." The little face grew sadder and sadder soon she covered it, crept under the table, gave way to violent tears, and nothing could pacify her, for her father was as dear to her as her life.

"My teacher does so," said a child illustrating the habit. When the teacher was informed of the scholar's remark, he was not aware of his conduct in this respect, and was glad to correct the foolish, nervous habit.

Have you never seen children of different schools "playing school" together, and each one wants every thing done just as "my teacher" does it? Who of us cannot remember the words and ways of our teacher? Parents, teachers, are we not eyes and ears to the little ones around us? Each reader may make the application of the truth.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The height of the human figure is six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face from the highest part of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is the seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eye-brows meet, and the second the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance between the extremities of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Smiles.

Doctor (learned looking and speaking slowly): "Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? It is the molar or the incisor?" Jack (short and sharp): "It is on the upper tier, on the larboard side."

A dear little girl has a father who, though he loves her very dearly, is very undemonstrative. One night having followed him about while doing his chores, lending a helping hand, she came running in to her mother, saying, "O ma, pa was so pleased!" "Why, my dear, did he say he was pleased?" "No; but then he spoke so kindly to the old pig!"

JOSH BILLINGS ON HASH.—Hash has been abused more than any other of the legitimate nourishments, and guess it is able to stand it as well as any of the rest of them. The Duke of Wellington used to call hash "What's left over from the fight yesterday." The Baron Rothschild sed on hash. "Hash has no pedigree." Tully, the Roman orator, in one of his polished orashuns, speaks thus beautifully and comprehensively: "Hash has done more to the human race than any other kind of mixt food." Sokrates, the divine philosopher, told us hash. "That it was an end without means." Mark Twain, the inimitable, calls it "Mystery," and Nashby, the konfederate outocrat of the cross roads, informs us that hash "is like faith, the substance of things not seen." Thomas Nast, the irrepressibly man of hidden meanings, in a drawing prepared for the late Vienna expose, represented hash as a hydra-headed monster, in which pork, rooster, striped bass, roast beef, pickled, klams, celery, kold pertatoze, broke napkin rings, orange peel, and bent hair-pins, and menny others kontrabushuns struck in battle array, Thomas Benton forty years ago, in a great political speech, made in Louisville, Ky., declared that hash "was the true circulating medium." George Washington, the guardian of his little ax, in one of his festiff moments, spoke of hash as "The land-lady's best holt. Hash is a great fertilize, and tho' I often hav seen hash that I had mi doubt about, I eat it manfully and still liv."

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NEW YORK SINGER,  
OSBORN A,  
WHITE,  
HOWE,  
NEW HOME,  
NEW AMERICAN,  
AND OTHER  
FIRST CLASS MACHINES  
AT FROM \$10 TO \$20 LESS.  
Than the regular price when sold by Agents.  
Wheeler and Wilson and Singer  
Needles, 25 cents per dozen! At the  
Old Stand, 4 Charlotte St.

Harper's Bazar Patterns, a full  
assortment, every pattern a  
complete suit, only  
25 cents.

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Manufacturer of all of kinds

BRASS & IRON CASTINGS FOR SHIPS  
Steam Fittings, Houses & Mill Stoves  
Cambooses and  
Furnaces  
A general assortment of HARDWARE and  
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MISS ADDIE FITZGERALD,  
Who has lately graduated as a  
VOCALIST,  
under the able tuition of  
Prof. S. Mazurette,  
of Detroit, will continue to give instructions  
in the art of  
VOCAL CULTURE,  
Piano and Organ.  
Address 221 Union Street, near Golden  
N. B. Miss Fitz Gerald is open for an en-  
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HAS OPENED AT  
No. 18 Dock Street,  
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF  
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Which will be sold CHEAP.  
In a thorough manner and at reasonable  
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For Washademoak and Intermediate Points,  
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On the following days, viz:  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY  
AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.  
Returning will leave  
COLE'S ISLAND,  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY  
AT 6.30 O'CLOCK, A. M.  
CARL & VAUGHN,  
Agents, Indiantown,  
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Rev. T. P. Childs, Troy, Ohio has the only  
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Received ex "Annie Currier" —  
250B BLS. above Choice brand Corn  
Meal For sale low.  
BARBOUR BROTHERS,  
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Cure Catarrh, Gleet, Gonorrhea, etc., by  
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Have just received from the principal  
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their spring stock, consisting in part of

156 CASES BLK SOFT WOOL HATS  
65 CASES BLK 8 FT FUR  
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The above Goods were purchased at  
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C. & E. EVERETT  
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1881.

My Stock is now complete; I have recd  
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527 Packages Furniture; 41 cr  
Crockery; 72 packages Lamps, La  
Stock and Table Glassware; 25 pa  
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I am now manufacturing  
Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Cha  
and Mattresses and selling them chea  
600 Chairs received in the "white."

We are finishing them up and can ma  
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TO CARLETON COUNTY READERS.  
I have opened a Branch Store in Conn  
Block, Woodstock, where may be seen t  
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Goods ever opened in the County. Furnit  
suitable for Parlor, Chamber, Dining Ro  
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Opposite City Hall, Fredericton,  
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THE above were the ONLY AWARDS of-  
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Photographs of every Description.  
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I would respectfully invite all my friends  
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gallery, where I shall spare no pains to make  
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