

AN OLD MOTTO

BY MARY JOANNA FORTER. House-cleaning time, with its many duties, had come to the home on Linden Hill.

Mrs. Marshall found her hands full with the care of her five lively children and the accumulation of spring work.

"I'll help you, mamma," said Daisy, the eldest. With the fullness of life she felt herself equal to anything that she might attempt.

"That's a good daughter," Mrs. Marshall replied. "If you will arrange the books on the shelves this morning, I will consider that a very great help indeed."

"What can I do?" asked Harry, the boy of nine. Mrs. Marshall smiled.

"It seems that I'm not to lack assistance," said Harry. "W. Harry, if you will go upstairs into the spare room and loosen the tacks in the carpet, that will be your share in the housework."

Harry said no more, but after breakfast and prayer he went over and Mr. Marshall had set off for his business in the city, the boy immediately found the tack-lifter and proceeded to the task assigned him.

It was rather a tedious one for a boy of his age, especially as he had no company while doing it; but he worked earnestly and faithfully, and in due course of time received his mother's praise and her hearty thanks.

"Now run off and play for a while," she said, "you'll have your lessons to learn this afternoon, and I don't want to keep you working all day long."

Harry bounded off and much enjoyed the remainder of the morning.

How was it with Daisy, who had been first with the offer of help? She went to the sitting-room quite as promptly as her brother went upstairs, but most unfortunately the first book that she took up happened to be a volume of fairy tales. She opened it, just for a glance at her favorite story, began to read, and then forgot everything out of the enchanting book for at least two hours.

She was finally interrupted by the appearance of the window of Jennie Morris, her intimate friend.

"Good morning, Daisy! What a reader you are! I really believe that I've been standing here for at least five minutes, trying to attract your attention, but I don't think I would get in the house and read on such a charming day as this. Come out into the meadow with me and gather violets. They are so thick that you can't put your foot down without treading on them."

This recalled to Daisy a consciousness of real things. Daisy looked around on the piles of books needing to be put in place. "No matter," she thought, "I'll attend to them after a while. I'll go out with Jennie for a few minutes. I can work faster after getting a bit of fresh air. I've often heard mother say so, and, of course, she knows."

Ah, Daisy, Daisy, did your mother ever tell you to neglect your duty for the sake of a bit of fresh air? Just answer that question, if you please.

But this troublesome thought of duty did not come to Daisy at that moment. She thought only of going out with Jennie to gather the beautiful flowers.

"How lovely they are!" the girls repeatedly exclaimed, as they picked one after another of the exquisite violets.

When she might have been with her aunt in the kitchen, or better still, have gone with her for a walk through the fields after ward. Supper time saw the task completed, but it had been very hard to do in the afternoon what might have been easily done in the morning.

In the evening the grown folks and the elder children played "Proverbs," and what do you think was the first one selected? Daisy had to find it out, and it proved to be, "Duty before Pleasure."

"I really believe that they meant it for a reproof," she thought. But no, they did not. They were only amusing themselves with a game—Christian Intelligence.

From Nine to Eighteen.

BY HELEN STRONG THOMPSON. Springtime, Tom.

"What shall be done with our boys from nine to eighteen?" Not a surprising question for one who expects to find time to rear boys and do anything else.

For six or seven years, as the child frolics in the nursery and on the playground with his sisters, in picturesque jackets and short trousers, it is comparatively easy to get along with him.

Then, too, he keeps your heart in your mouth as he responds to your call from a roof, or slides down the banisters.

While his sisters are behaving like ladies, with dolls and toys, he grows rude and noisy every day. His childish beauty is usurped by a weather-beaten, freckled face, seldom clean perhaps, and surmounted by a head of hair that always "needs cutting," or has just been "cut too short."

His wits and ankles will make unskillfully written and unskillfully executed bills. His voice grows harsh, and manners ungainly. He will brag of "kicking big boys," yet blush like a peech when asked to sit down with a guest. I never see him with a pound, a little and kick, he is miserable.

What can be done with him? Send him to school, and there's the long vacation. Give him the barn to play in, and he may break his neck from the hayrack, or set his eye on fire learning to smoke. He can't fish and hunt all the time, neither make garden nor pile wood all day.

The more robust, energetic and active the boy becomes, the more annoying to all about him. He is in his sister's way. It puzzles his father, busy with money-making, to manage him. He is angry at the antics and follies of which he himself once was guilty, and is both ashamed and proud of him.

Maybe he is unwittingly taught to deceive, by constant scolding and fear of punishment, and thus afraid to acknowledge when he has transgressed, because there is no patient forgiveness and loving "God help you, my boy," awaiting his confession.

The devil improves this time to entice the boy to places where he will have a hearty welcome as well as full play for his energies. Perhaps he has books of obscenity and reckless adventure, which he is taught to hide in chest or secret drawer, or out in the barn; or vicious companions and amusements, where no one will remind him that he is "always in the way," but where his boisterous ways and awkward movements pass unrebuked. Thus before he is old enough for college or business temptation has planted seeds for a harvest of misery to astonished friends, who wonder where our "narrow" boy has used to be so good and lovable, has learned so much wickedness.

The divine Father foresaw this when he placed mankind in families, and gave the ungodly lands to the hands of a mother, filling her with love with which he compares his own infinite love. This unfathomable place has God prepared, for a sacred resting place for the dear boys. That heart will not weary by his waywardness or heedlessness or later sins. She understands his incipient manhood, with its undue restlessness, ambitions, thirst for action and irrefragable desire to touch life in manifold ways. She delights also in his rugged growth. She can give wide her undiminished love, and the sweet grace of her womanhood into that secret chamber of holy mysteries where man else but his God can enter. She may teach him with lips like an angel's, the sacred import and possibilities of his physical nature, that his body is the temple of God, and therefore holy.

She, if a wise mother, opens her blinds by day, and lets the bright fire of night; illumines her house; hangs pictures suggestive of beautiful thoughts on her boy's room; goes without dresses if need be, in order to do this, also, to put attractive books and papers upon the tables; convulses music and entertaining games; banishes demons of dullness and apathy; brings in good cheer, home clubs, and every way spreads a net for the boy.

When he takes advantage of his wondrous love and acts the booby, she passes it by in silence, only apologizing to the father and friends for the "boy-ways," knowing that the remembrance of her unpeppable kindness and forbearance will bring him back to her side. Ah, the wise mother can defy the world for her boy, armed with prayer, watchfulness and tenderness, only she must use tact. Of all earthly undertakings, none pays better than the brooding of an awkward or wayward boy.

What shall be done with them? Why, bear with him as none but a mother can. His destiny is in your hands. Take the solemn trust by a brave confidence. Show a steady interest in all his boyish affairs. Win his confidence and then respect it. Go to his bedside at night with a kiss and blessing. Don't mind if the baby and younger children call lustily for

"mamma," your growing boy needs you more, even if eighteen. Tuck him in and chat with him; above all, sometimes kneel in prayer and adore and pray for him. If you do not know how, learn! Never mind if your heart does fly and leap into your mouth. Kneel at his bedside, and though he should pretend to sleep, he will be listening to that memory.

When your boy sees that you are less offended with his rudeness than he is with your want of integrity; that you are not so much angry with him, he will make his mother's great heart of love a sure resting-place, and the problem of "what shall be done with him," will be solved, for he will never go far astray in the years to come, because he cannot forget whose idol and pride he was, when in everyone else's way, and who was patient with him when everyone else blamed.

If the mothers of our homes must fill the positions engaged in politics, or live for public and social demands, God help our boys! Such have lost heart and compass to guide them through the rooks and quicksands which beset the boat from nine to eighteen.—Admiral.

Honest Big-Ears.

BY CHARLES T. LUMMIS. The drolliest citizen of New Mexico is the sober, slow-going burro—the dwarf donkey familiar and dear to all parts of Spanish-America. He is smaller than the tiniest Shetland pony; and though he sells for far less—twelve dollars is a high price for a trained burro—he is really worth far more.

Owl-like and clumsy as he looks, he is one of the most reliable and useful beasts in the world; and our desert Southwest could hardly have got on at all without him. He will carry a crushing load up mountain trails so dizzy that the best horse would be of very little use on them (an Eastern horse, no use whatever), and is wonderfully foot-footed. Moreover, his low-silence has great respect for his moral qualities.

The Pueblo Indians are particularly fond of him. In every adobe-walled courtyard of their quiet villages he is to be seen of an evening, contentedly munching a whip of straw or folding a sleep something after the fashion of a rusty jack-knife whose four blades were not quite shut into the handle. During the years that I lived in a Pueblo town, in one of the comfortable Indian haciendas, and with the Indians for very true friends, I also came to regard Mr. Burro as a very good neighbor, except when he took a notion to sing at night. His voice is not exactly soft—as you may have noticed other burros, and with the Indians for very true friends, I also came to regard Mr. Burro as a very good neighbor, except when he took a notion to sing at night.

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When, after the Indians had come to trust me, I was at last admitted to their story-tellings, I was greatly interested in the strange fairy tales which the old men taught the boys, of a winter's night. The fox, the coyote (or prairie dog), the bear, the wolf, the eagle and other beasts and birds figured in no end of stories; but there seemed to be nothing about the burro. This was not entirely strange, because—like the horse, and cow, and dog, and cat, the burro was brought to America by the brave Spaniards, and was not native here. Most of the Pueblo fairy stories were made even before that wonderful Conquistador of three hundred and fifty years ago, and therefore tell only of animals that were already here.

But at last wrinkled old Patricio told me a story of the burro; and here it is, just as he told it—except that I have turned it into English from the strange language which he spoke.

One on a time Booc-roo-deh was sent by his master to a town far beyond the Eagle Feather Mountain. It was the time when all must work in their fields, so the man could not go himself, but he said to the burro:

"Burro-friend, in Shum-nac is one who owns me so many cheeses of the milk of the goat, and since I cannot leave my garden, go thou and ask for what is mine. And bring them to me with care, for they are worth much."

So Booc-roo-deh started, carrying upon his back a large bag of wool, and three cheeses. Three he travelled, going over the mountain, and came at once to Shum-nac.

"But how shall I give so many cheeses to a four-footed who comes without a man's name, and whose address is unknown?" For either he will eat them or drop them by the way."

"You should not think that, Man-friend," answered the burro aloud—for you must know that, in those days all animals could talk like people.

"Only tie the cheeses very carefully in a bag upon my back, and I will carry them."

So the man did; and Booc-roo-deh started for home slowly, for he was heavy with the load. He walked till night, and then lay down and slept under his burden, for there was no one to help him off with it.

In the morning he went on until he came into the pine woods of the mountains, where the path was very narrow. Before long a coyote came running up beside him, speaking very politely and saying:

"And he said aloud: 'Thank you, Coyote-friend, but I will carry them on my back.' 'At least, give me one cheese to eat,' said the coyote. 'For my family is very hungry, and there is nothing in the house since two days. Your master will not miss one cheese.' 'I am sorry for your family,' answered Booc-roo-deh, 'and if these were mine, you could have one. But as they are not, you will have to ask my master,' and he kept walking on.

"Then you are very foolish, for he would never know; and if you would give me one, I would go along and help you take off the saddle, so you could rest sometimes; but because you are so stupid, good-bye."

Saying this the coyote went off; but when he was hidden by the trees he turned and ran ahead and waited in a bush. Soon Booc-roo-deh came along, groaning with weariness, and the coyote, coming behind him, very quietly, cut the bag with his teeth, took out a cheese, and ran away.

Big Ears kept going home, not knowing what had been done; but when his master had taken off the load and counted his cheeses, he was very angry. 'Where is the other? I told you to be very careful, and here is a cheese missing.' Booc-roo-deh rubbed his ear with his foot, to think. 'Oh,' he said, 'I think it was 'Too-woh-deh' who did it, for he came to me asking for cheese, and I saw no one else; but I will catch him.'

'Go, then, and bring him, or you shall pay me for this cheese.' So Big Ears set out on the back of the mountains, looking this way and that way. At last he found the house of the coyote; and falling down in front of it, he shut his eyes and opened his mouth as in a little while the old coyote-woman came to the door, and seeing this, she called loudly:

'Old man! Come out! For here is a Big-Ears dead at our door, and now we will have meat enough.' At this the coyote came out, very glad, sharpening his knife to cut up the meat, but his wife stopped him, saying:

'You never think of me! You know I like the best. Get it for me, this very now!'

'It is well,' answered the coyote, 'I will get it first'; and he started to crawl into the open mouth to get the liver. But at that Big Ears shut his mouth suddenly, and the coyote, broken down by the noise, and jumping up, went running home with him.

'Ho!' said the master. 'This is indeed the thief, for his breath still smells of cheese! You have done well; so go to the fields, eat and rest.'

So he killed the coyote, and gave very much pay to Honest Big-Ears. And it is because of this thing that the coyote and burro are enemies to this day and the coyote is afraid.

Dying on his Feet. 'That man is just dying on his feet.' How often the phrase is used with regard to persons brought to death's door by overwork, and consequent nervous prostration and debility. They cannot afford time to rest (so they will tell you) and gradually they reach the stage where their friends speak of them in the past tense. For all who have reached a stage of this kind, the health from any cause, there is a sure specific in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the great nerve and brain invigorator, blood and flesh builder, and a perfect stomach tonic and aid to digestion.

A LAME BACK, or a kink in the neck, is quickly removed by a free application of Dr. Manning's German Remedy, the universal pain cure. All druggists sell it.

Chief Justice Jeremiah Black, of Pennsylvania, in reviewing a case which came up from the court of his old friend Judge Moses Conant, remarked: "surely Moses must have been wandering in the wilderness when he made his decision," and sent the case back to the lower court. Judge Hampton, on his second trial, took occasion to remark that the lawyer would have to submit to the higher authority, yet he still thought he was right, "in spite of the lamentations of Jeremiah."

Equalized Commendation. Rev. T. Watson, Colborne, Ontario, writes:—"K.D.C. has produced in me a wonderful change, almost from the first time of using. My indigestion is all gone, my general health is much better than it has been for years. K.D.C. has my heartiest and unqualified commendation. I believe it to be all its makers claim it to be." Free samples of this wonderful-working remedy, mailed to any address, K.D.C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Old Aunt Fannie, who "does wash in" lives up in the West End, and has a very fair clientele. The other day she obtained an addition to the number, who, after making all necessary arrangements, asked the old lady for her address. "Ya-as, sir, Colonel, mah 'dress, certainly, Colonel. Well, I lives on M street in the rear of de alley, not far from the hydrant whar de boys play ball, and across from de bureau (crewery).—Washington Post.

The Spring Medicine. "All run down" from the weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not put off taking it. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

BOARDING HOUSE ITEMS.—Did you notice how our new boarder is always looking longingly at me at the dinner table," said the landlady's daughter to her mother. "Yes, I noticed how he winks at you when you are cutting the pie. He is hinting for a big piece."

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER, French Village.

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I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW, Norway, Me.

A SUITABLE EPITAPH.—It is related that a chronic office-seeker died a few years ago, and his friends asked a well-known journalist for an epitaph for his tombstone. The journalist suggested the following, which was not, however, adopted: "Here lies John Jones in the only place for which he never applied!"

Injured Nerves. A Sad Accident. Thrown From Carriage, and Suffered Eight Years.

A Nurse in the Hospital 4 yrs. Eight years ago I was thrown from a carriage, striking on the back of my neck, completely shattering my nervous system. I could not sleep; I was very constipated, and the least thing worried me; my doctor prescribed and patent medicines, but I received no benefit until I used

Skoda's Discovery, The great Blood and Nerve Remedy. Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation and sick headache. 35 cts. Medical Advice Free. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N.S.

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FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACCHACHES, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER INTERNAL PAIN, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic causing the pain to instantly stop.

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ALL INTERNAL PAINS, PAINS IN BOWELS OR STOMACH, CRAMPS, SEASONS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHOEA, OOLIC, FLATULENCE, FAINTING SPELLS are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally a half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water.

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Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Intercolonial Railway. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 11th Sept., 1894, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00; Express for Halifax, 10.00; Express for Boston, 10.00; Express for Point du Chien, Quebec and Montreal, 10.00.

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Boston, 10.00; Express from Montreal, 10.00; Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 10.00.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ON and after THURSDAY, 4th January, 1894, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH.—Express daily at 8.15 a.m., arrive at Annapolis 12.10 p.m. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS.—Express daily at 12.50 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.50 p.m. Passenger and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 a.m.

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*The matter which is usually selected from our guarantee that, to our household, the count down to week do worth several times the paper.

Springtime has come of flowers, Come with the buds, less trees, Come with the sun, Whispers of a breeze, Shine out to meet her, have hidden, Under the ground, late days, Haste to the feast, are bidden, To welcome the yield her our, How shall we render coming? Long reigned the nis away, While in far happy roaming, She who has come day, How shall we show tion? Though earth an should sing, Yet not sufficiently Which we would beloved Spring, Snow-drops and croc before her, Messengers they Blue skies stretched opies o'er her, Swallow and Cuc So with all reverer meet her, Nature uniting in Mountains and vall her, Spring is come a rejoice.

THE F. Now Edna Elizabeth kill yourself clean, mighty nice to get day, I know, but it feel as if you had strength left to en through."

This is what m every housewif say, "Yes, mother d my work in the se taught me years ago old soul, I still think counsel and teachin Yes, it is a sign then, but I still re girls who stood in the sleeves rolled up tucked up in a m down apron, a blue denim apron q from head to foot, and how she did bl came up to the fe struggling with a that would not get if by right and pou so vigorously as a t wain.

The arnie girl or house this spring, morning and poetry have, and there will over the fence and word to live in her the long hard day. Then this girl will death apron, a denim, or denim in- deno to know just keep all that kind o room's," mother wo No, she will not approach. Ah, my difference! but it cap will be replace there will be no hair; it has ceased long long ago, what the poetry, the curling hair, the golden days, the curling days, of dens were never h were never too long morning and poetry day and vanished no light.

Though these ha cleaning remains ju every. Each spring and there is quicky submit. "Now, Lisbeth, y baking this week; the fruit cake and amount of cooking she began to clean a very good plan thing we never did the very early sprig, damp and me warm days of the spring, when all be rejoicing at the weather; when thro windows the air con woody smell of trees, The way of the cr sweet after the lo- mood; and out from come the long-loo meadow lack away light, for we are sure, come when w- fure notes, that grow the more one hears These are the days when one can tes doors, spread the so- deep with bedding, "Ozone" in exchang and fill long lines w- tains, sheets, and all shall come in full of To take the clean r- Then it is just t- porches with all the get out; it is such and retouch it with Through the seido- room at a time w- outdoors we can, the are such cleanser, have learned to n- finding it a good Then when through