

THE HOME.

Too Late.

What silence we keep, year after year With those who are most near to us and dear. We live beside each other day by day And speak of myriad things, and seldom say The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go— These close, familiar friends who loved us; And, sitting in the shadow they have left, AOne with loneliness and sore bereft We think with vain regret of some fond word That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we express Now seems beside the vast, sweet-unexpressed, And slight the deeds we did to those undone, And small the service spent to treasures won, And undeserved the praise for words and deed That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be Full visioned only when the ministry Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place Of some dear presence is but empty space. What recollections we can then Give consolation for the might have been?

Non a Perry, in Independent.

Wanted, Sensible Women.

Specialized education does not necessarily create companionable nor even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they all are not. A girl may be a Greek scholar, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, yet be wanting in all personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy, and noble self-control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance; while a good all-round education is likely to prove more serviceable in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The woman of whom we are most proud in our own history, were not remarkable for special intellectual acquirements—no much as for general character and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshaves and Elizabeth Fry, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible, and the good they did lives after them and will never die. And taking one of the, at least, partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latin and her book-fulness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Grey? or is it her modesty, her

gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion?—in a word, is it her education or her character?—the intellectual philosopher or the sweet and lovely and noble woman?—The Fortnightly Review.

Artistic Culture for Boys.

Now that vacation is over, and our boys and girls through the streets on their way to and from school, it is only natural for us mothers to think of the accomplishments of the girls.

Any music go on with the drawing also so much loved, while May ought to practice harder than ever now that Monsieur Pizzicato has returned from abroad with whole portfolios of new ideas, as well as music approved by the "Conservatory of Leipzig." Well! so they must. Bless their hearts, every one of them. For what is lovelier than a lovely young girl whose dainty accomplishments are the pride and delight of the fond father, to spending of the satisfaction of mamma, whose quiet sacrifices are perhaps never known.

But there is one member of the family who is apt to be neglected. It is awkward, bashful Jack, or careless Harry, whom everybody snubs and calls rough and rude. Why, I have even heard semi-barbarous people say that boys from twelve to sixteen should be kept in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole till they had reached years of discretion, which, under those trying circumstances, one could hardly expect them to do very soon. Why not try the artistic culture upon them, as well as the girls? Would we not soon see the refining influences blossoming forth in gentleness and good taste?

Under this culture even their outward appearance would improve. No more collars awry, shabby hands, uncombed hair or unblackened boots.

Let Harry, who was punished for drawing pictures on his slate in school hours, feel that he has a right at the right time to draw as Amy does. A little competition will do them both good. And Jack, who has had "twenty lines" to write as punishment for "whistling" over the garden wall while entering the class-room, encourage him to join a "musical union." Let him get a dozen boys together, and go once or twice a week to a "choral society." A winter season will teach him to "read at sight." When he is a young man he will never regret the ability he gained while a boy to sing correctly the song or hymn which will give pleasure to all.

At home or abroad, in society or in church work, this "voice culture" will always be an advantage. If the stammering of a boy sometime call you to an out-of-the-way corner of the house, where bashful Jack, afraid of being laughed at, has strolled-like, hidden himself away, take this as a good sign.

Let May's teacher encourage him in the beautiful study of music. Latin grammar is dry and arithmetic bothersome for boys as well as girls. Give them, then, a pleasant study for recreation. "Music hath charms to soothe a savage," so the poet says. If it really has power to charm the "children of the woods," certainly it ought to add grace and refinement to the boys of our own land. We have been told that when King David was a shepherd boy his sweet songs reached the ears of old King Saul, who sent to have him play upon his "harp of many strings," to drive away the bad spirit which possessed his soul.

Give our boys pleasant work to do as recreation, and they will be happy. Encourage them to play or sing a song now and then for little home festivals. Appointments will surprise them in the least. You will be surprised to see how soon the trying age will disappear. For they, too, will possess the power to charm away the spirit of weariness from the hearts of friends, and add cheerfulness to the homes they love.—J. S. K.

THE FARM.

—The largest barn in the world is probably that of the Union Cattle Company, of Chicago, near Omaha. It covers five acres and costs \$125,000, and accommodates three thousand, seven hundred and fifty head of cattle.—Ex.

—BEE KEEPING FOR WOMEN.—One who has been very successful in the business says that apiculture is a most healthful, instructive, and pleasing occupation, and highly remunerative if managed judiciously. There are many ladies who are anxiously looking for some opening by which they can gain pecuniary independence. To all such bee-keeping offers special inducements and advantages. The capital required is small. The fear of winged insects does not deter, or hinder in any way, the use of gloves and veil, one can be thoroughly protected.

—FARM HOMES.—In discussing this subject one of the speakers at a Farmers' Institute in Missouri pertinently said that the privilege of the farmer was to make his home as pleasant and comfortable as possible. He should supply the house with all the conveniences and labor-saving appliances. The grounds should be kept neat and all unsightly objects removed or hidden. A warm, cheerful and well-lighted room, with a table covered with books and papers, tends to keep the children at home. A farmer clear of debt and possessed of a clear conscience, a comfortable home and a happy wife and children, is the happiest man on earth.

—CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.—One great enemy of house plants is dust, says a floral authority. Whether the plants are at the windows or not, a clean and clear, concrete some means of covering them at sweeping time. A curtain of some light material can be suspended, and kept from touching the plants by the aid of thin sticks placed in some of the larger pots. Don't remove the cover till all the dust has settled. Some persons use newspapers, which, although better than no cover at all, yet is only a slightly proceeding.

—THE BEST HAY.—Farmers often differ on this question. The Cultivator pertinently remarks that some authorities wisely recommend a mixture of clover, timothy, and red-top, but still their advice by giving reasons that these three contain the elements of nutrition in better proportion than either alone. So far as food elements are concerned good clover hay contains more and in better proportions than either of the others. It improves them, but they only improve it by way of change, and in making the clover easier to cure. If clover has not been allowed to heat or to get wet it is first-class hay alone. But heating makes it dusty, and this dust shows the destruction of many of its most valuable nutritive qualities.

—COPPER AS A FERTILIZER.—It is stated that a British experimenter last year

proved a valuable fertilizer for many crops. An increase of 400 pounds in the potato yield of an eighth of an acre resulted from treatment with 14 pounds of copper. If given as good a crop of turnips did guano and best-sifted bones, and nearly doubled the yield of hay. Good results were also obtained with onions, beans, mangel wurzel.

—BIRDS AS CROP PROTECTORS.—Mr. A. R. Whitney, an extensive Illinois orchardist, finds great profit in befriending birds, even crows and owls, for crop protection. Of the latter he has "a couple of coveys or flocks which make their homes in two separate groves," and he says he would as soon have a tramp steal \$10 from his pocket as one of them. He says they are great destroyers of mice, rats, blind moles, etc. They do this to such an extent that it is not uncommon to find, in spring, under the evergreen, a half bushel of balls of fur, bones, etc., that these owls have ejected from their mouths after appropriating parts desired for food. This, he adds, shows the great number of pests destroyed by these farm friends during the winter.

TEMPERANCE

What Unmakes the Man.

BY REV. J. M. VAN BURN.

Boys, did you ever see a drunken man? It is seldom one is seen on the street in the day time. It is now, as it was in the times when the Bible was written. It says: "They that get drunk are drunk in the night." It is curious sight to see a drunken man. If he can walk, he stumbles carefully; and every step he takes he steadies himself up. It is difficult for him to keep his balance. If he loses this he falls down. His legs are weak, they totter and can hardly support him. His head topples as if he had a load in his hat; his arms have lost their strength, but if he can get by a fence he holds on to it.

In the cities, where he can find nothing to hold on to, he usually falls down. Thousands are picked up in Brooklyn and New York by the police every year. They are called gutter drunks, because when they fall they usually land in the gutter; this is caused by the slope of the sidewalk in that direction. They stagger that way, and when they come to the curbstone they pitch over it. Sometimes they fall on their faces and are terribly bruised. These are the poor men. If a man is rich, has money, they who sell the liquor order a carriage and he is taken home, instead of being taken by the police to the lock up. But what a sad sight when he is brought in!

Intoxicating liquors make some men crazy and violent, and when they get home they abuse the family. This is kept secret to avoid disgrace; and as these things happen in the night, either people often know nothing of them. A man who lives sober and violent; they curse and live in a fight. A man near me killed another; he is now in state prison for life. This awful business is carried on almost entirely in the night. At midnight it is generally at its full head.

There are all sorts of things to draw

young men to these places; games, and bets on games; company and fun; and the fact that they can go there, and be there, without it being known, all serve to draw young men in. Remember, boys, this night work is bad work. As you value your character, your respectability, your health, your success in life, keep away from such places; have nothing to do with these poisonous drinks. Do you want to know where the prisoners in our state prisons come from? By far the greater portion of their character, and were led into the crimes they have committed, by the schooling they had in such places. Here you see what unmakes the man.—Temperance Banner.

Mamie.

BY MRS. A. C. MORROW.

"Mamma, I'm so hungry!" And little Mamie's pale, pinched face was lifted pitifully to her mother's. And the mother knew by her own gnawing hunger how the little one was suffering, for she herself had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. She rose, went to the wooden cupboard in the corner of the room, took a single cold potato from the shelf, and, paring it, put it into Mamie's hand.

"That is every morsel there is in the house, child; take it and run over to the tavern, and see if you cannot get your father to come home. He will come for you, sometimes, you know."

Mamie hurried away, for she had often been to the old fashioned English country tavern and seen the landlord's wife frying the eggs and bacon, in the spider, over the fire, in the wide fireplace, and she thought how she would dip her potato into the fat after the woman had taken out the bacon.

As she went in, she caught sight of her father in a drunken slumber; but her earnest appeal that he should come home only had roused him from his stupor. So the little one waited for the meal to be served, and then went slyly to the spider, and dipped her potato in the hot gravy.

"Get out, you young wench!" the proprietor's wife said, coming to the fire, and pushing the child rudely aside. "Go and dip your fat in yer own gravy."

The father roused then. "What's all this?" he said. He had been a gentleman. Little seven-year-old Mamie could remember when they lived in a home where there were Brussels carpets and lace curtains. But step by step the drink had brought them down to the one room which had neither carpet nor curtain.

"What's all this?" he repeated angrily, as he saw his little one's lips quiver.

"I told the youngster to go home and dip her fat in her own gravy."

The drunkard straightened himself up. A look came into his eyes that they had never worn since the day, three years before, when the house and furniture had been sold to pay the rum-seller.

"Come, Mamie," he said, catching the tiny young thing in his arm and holding her close. "We will dip our faters in our own gravy."

He was almost sober now. Going out of the door, he met a comrade face to face.

"Hi, Michael! ve're jist the one I'm a-wantin' to see. Here's the dollar I got from ye the day I was dead broke."

"Thank you kindly, Pat," he said, as he would have said it years before, had he met his companion in a London drawing room. "We'll surprise the mother," he added, gleefully, to the child.

The mother—poor woman—was kneeling by her little one, with the tears raining down her face. It was the first time she had prayed since, long ago, she had lipped her baby prayer. Beside her mother's knee. But she smiled out. "O God! give my husband back to me! Give him back to me, and I will love ye and serve you forever." And even while she knelt the door opened, and Mamie flew to her arms.

"O mamma! here's papa, and we've got to me treat and butter and bacon and potatoes, and he's never, never going to drink any more."

And the husband of her youth, the man to whom she had clung though all other friends had been lost to her, knelt beside her, and whispered, "It's true, Mary; so help me God!" And the mightily help was given, and friends gathered about him, and business prospered with him; and one day he led his wife and daughter back to their old home, and installed them there.

As Mamie went gaily skipping from room to room, her father said: "My little daughter is very happy."

Clothes her arms around his neck, and laying her rosy face close to his, she whispered: "Yes, papa; I dip my faters in my own gravy now."—Sunday School Times.

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