

"OTHER SHEEP."

Pagan, Papist, Protestant! What is that to thee or me? Make not Heaven's mercy scant By thy pampered bigotry.

Who made thee the judge to be Of thy brother's destiny? Deem not that thy biblicoth Holds the key of life and death.

Oh, that secret, sullen sign! Call it not decree divine: For a letter, more or less, Measures not God's tenderness.

"Other sheep I have," said One Who was more than Mary's son; Eyes as blind as thine shall see His amazing clemency.

When it claims the judgment throne, What is creed but crabs' cant? God will surely know His own—Pagan, Papist, Protestant.

Patty's Presumption.

By Louise T. Brooks. "Hullo!" A white little face turned wearily, and a gleam of interest shot into the tired eyes as they caught sight of Patty outside the window.

"Hullo!" she said, returning Patty's vigorous greeting in a weak little voice. "See, I have brought you some flowers," continued Patty, holding up her hands full of buttercups and daisies.

"They're lots prettier in the woods and meadows," Patty said thoughtfully, "I wish you could see them." "I wish I could," said Patience, her face full of longing.

"Just then the matron entered, giving Patty such a fright that she nearly fell off the window ledge, but the matron only smiled when she saw her, and stopped to look at the flowers.

"Her name is Patty," explained Patience, "and she lives next door. She feels so sorry for me because I'm lame, that she saved me those flowers. She says if they had a carriage she would take me to the woods, too."

"Well, I don't know about that; if they had a carriage, they would be like all the rest of the folks—never thought for any one but themselves. I often think that if the people who have carriages would remember the sick in the hospitals, how many weary days would be brightened."

"Patty," called a shrill voice, "piss away to come home and take care of the baby."

And she slid down to the ground, pondering the matron's words. Patty lived so near the hospital that she caught many glimpses of the suffering ones.

on his salver, and followed by Patty herself. "Miss Patty Hawkins," he announced, throwing open the door.

"Mrs. Muchmore raised her languid eyes, and then sat up in surprise. "Ah, Miss Hawkins, are you well?" "Yes'm, so as to be about," answered Patty, remembering the oft-repeated phrase of an old woman who visited her mother.

"I do not think I quite understand you," faltered Mrs. Muchmore. "I do not know who Patience is."

"Why, she's the little girl over to the rental!" "And Patty, forgetting that she must hold her head very still on account of her hat, which was much too large, nodded toward the building.

"I have been to call on Mrs. Muchmore," answered Patty, eagerly, "and she asked me to come again."

"She didn't laugh at all," cried Patty, "but she started to cry, and she's going to take Patience to ride."

"True to her word, Mrs. Muchmore called for Patience the next day, and it seemed to her, as she sat by the child's side, that she looked at the trees, the fields, and the river for the first time, for she saw them through the eyes of the little invalid, whose pleasure was too deep for words.

"It's most like heaven," she said once, in answer to a question from her mother, "to see the sun and the sky and anything so beautiful before. I got hurt when I was a little; but now, I don't mind it so much now, because I can sit in a chair by the window. It is hard to stay in bed all the time."

"That was only the beginning of many drives for Patience and before the summer was over she went for a week to Mrs. Muchmore's cottage at the lake, and Patty was invited to go with her and help her with the baby."

"I wish every boy could have heard them," she said, "for they were mother and son. There was a sermon in those few words, I thought. I wish every boy could have heard them."

"You boys are all of you here to help mother down the hill of life. You don't all do it, though; more's the pity. Some of you make it harder for her. You do things that trouble her; she is anxious about you and then she has to pick her way through places a thousand times rougher than walking down a steep hill.

"Now, boys, if you would help the dear mother down the hill of life, and make the path smooth for her, do the things she wishes you to do. And if you are all right as regards bad habits, perhaps you are not as thoughtful of the 'little things' that make up life as you might be. Be as polite in waiting upon your mother as you are in waiting upon other boys' mothers. Don't speak in rough tones to her. Be always gentle when you

speak to her, and careful to remember what she wishes you to be particular to do at different times and in different places.

"It is so nice to have a boy to help a mother down the hill," Mrs. Muchmore said, and she began to cry, and she was weeping and worn with life's hark work, and age begins to come, it is a great satisfaction and source of gratitude to know that a strong, upright boy is coming up to help a mother down.

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Peeping Frogs.

"Can you tell me," asked one of my neighbors the other morning, "what it is that makes all the peeping in the meadows at this time of the year?"

"Yes," I answered; "it is Hyla Pickeringi—Pickering's hyla."

"This did not much enlighten him, as I knew it would not, so I went on to say that the 'peepers' are called by name in the books, but are more generally known as frogs—very small tree frogs. Though everyone hears them, comparatively few people ever see them; or rather, when they do see them in the woods or along the road-side later in the season, they take them from their tiny size to be young frogs of the common sort. If they would pick one of them up, however, they would find each of its toes furnished with a small disk at the end, by means of which the creature is enabled to climb trees.

"My neighbor seemed glad to learn these facts. Some old man had assured him that the 'peeper' was a big bug! He knew all about it—had gone into the meadows and caught this piece of natural history reminded me of an excellent woman, a school-teacher, who once tried to convince me that all this peeping of the early spring was the work of turtles. I expressed my disbelief, and even went so far as to say that I doubted whether turtles had any peeping at all. At this point she was fully prepared. 'But it says in the Bible,' 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land,'—she answered; and, when I suggested that the writer of Solomon's Song probably meant the turtle dove, she was at once indignantly my questioner of the other morning told me that he had often tried to see one of the 'peepers' in the act, but had never succeeded. It is not the easiest thing in the world, as the common saying is, but it can be done with a moderate expenditure of patience. You must be ready to stand still a long time. The cry will perhaps come up from your very feet, and yet no frog be anywhere in sight. If so, you must turn over the stones one by one, and sooner or later you will uncover the musician. The little fellow puffs out his throat, as toads and most of the larger frogs do while singing, and certainly makes a good deal of noise for a creature of his size. He is fully absorbed, and evidently enjoys his own music, and his own peeping. Spring would hardly be spring if the hylas did not peep.—The Congregationist.

"My customers say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood purifier in the market," says Wm. Lock, of McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Little Marie—"O Edith, there's a hole in your stocking as big as a silver dollar." Edith—"Why, Marie, how you exaggerate!" Marie—"Well, it's as big as ninety cents, anyway."

There are two times when we need to be careful in using an unusual gland upon our lips. One is when we speak of those we dislike, for we are in imminent danger of doing them injustice. The other is when we speak of our intimate friends, for in an unguarded moment we may say in great danger of betraying their confidence.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economic.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to the Mutual Relief Society of Nova Scotia. The varied denunciations we receive from irate writers for standing between them and the readers whom they regard as their legitimate prey, they would see renewed reason to pardon some mistakes.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

The great tunnel under the St. Clair River at Port Huron, Mich., is nearly completed. Of the original 6,800 feet, less than 600 now remains to be completed, and the present rate of progress is 28 feet per day. The approach will occupy some time, but the company expect to run their trains through it in November. The tunnel is built for one track only, but the intention was, if it proved a success, to build another near it so trains could run both ways at the same time. Official orders have already been given to begin work on the second tunnel.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or speding, permanently and every economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite SKIN Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful and unfailing efficacy.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become so simple. For Consumption, Scrophulous, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda. It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful Flesh Producer. SCOTT'S EMULSION is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO. FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., AND ANNAPOLIS, N. S. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ST. JOHN LINE. Commencing MONDAY, MAY 5, one of the Palace Steamers of this Line leaves St. John

FOR BOSTON DIRECT. Every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, directly after the arrival of express trains from Halifax, returning, leaves Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning.

THE Mutual Relief Society OF NOVA SCOTIA. HOME OFFICE, YARMOUTH. President—A. C. ROBBINS. Secretary—W. Y. BROWN. Manager & Treasurer—THOS. B. CHERRY.

EVERYBODY'S MUSIC. Among the abundant treasures of our Institute, we have this day received from the Boston Music Store, a large stock of new music. Please select in time your autumnal music books.

THE Mutual Relief Society of Nova Scotia. Gentlemen, I have this day received from Wm. S. Robbins, your agent, \$100.00, the amount in full settled on my late husband's life. The proceeds afforded by your Society to the widow and orphan cannot be too highly appreciated. Thanking you for your promptness, I am, very truly yours, SARAH JANE HICKS.

THOMAS L. HAY, DEALER IN HIDES AND CALF SKINS, AND SHEEP SKINS, STORE ROOMS—15 SIDNEY STREET, Where Hides and Skins of all kinds will be bought and sold. Residence—41 Paddock St., St. John.

DYSPEPTICURE The Specific for Dyspepsia. Thousands of bottles of DYSPEPTICURE have been sold during the past few years without any advertisement whatever. It is now well known in nearly every part of the Maritime Provinces, and many orders have been filled for Quebec, Mass., and Maine. DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion, but positively cures Indigestion and Chronic Dyspepsia; its quality of CURING the disease explains its large and spreading sale without having been brought to the notice of the public.

DYSPEPTICURE may now be obtained from all Druggists. Price per bottle, 35 cents and \$1.00 (the latter four times size of former). An important pamphlet on DYSPEPTICURE promptly mailed, free, to any address. CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, New Brunswick.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '90. Summer Arrangement. '90. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 30th JUNE, 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: Trains will leave Saint John.

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OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston. SLEIGH ROBES. A full stock on hand and prices low. C. & E. EVERETT, Furriers, 11 King Street.

PATENT EAR MUFFS. Five gross just received of these new articles, which will be found invaluable to ladies or gentlemen whose ears are exposed to the cold weather. Sent anywhere in Canada on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. C. & E. EVERETT, 11 King St., St. John.

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AUG. 27 FOR DYSPEPTICURE Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Is an effective remedy, and is a constant sufferer and liver complaint, every case, only aggravated by an apothecary's Sarsaparilla. I did so at a cost of \$5. Since then my family medicine becomes a stranger to believe it to be the best—F. P. McNulty, Hackett Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY Ayer's Sarsaparilla. And all disorders originating from the blood, such as boils, blotches, salt-rheum, skin sores, and the like, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

EDUCATION. Superficial schooling those who do not know through ones. I what I would like the general subject education, and want to send it to you, you would like can do with a per send me ten cent show you.

ACADIA COLLEGE. The next session THURSDAY, Sept. 21, to be Applications may be sent to the President, Wolfville, N. S.

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ACADIA SEMINARY. THIS SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES opens on the 22nd DAY, SEPT. 2. Three or four years of study given upon graduation in English and French literature, Vocal Music, French and Italian, and Drawing, and the well-arranged, well-furnished building in all particulars calculated to secure the highest quality of instruction. Miss M. E. GRAY, Principal, Wolfville, July 26th, 1890.

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