YOUNG FOLKS.

The "Blades O' Grass" Fairies.

It was a happy life that the little fairies, "Blades o' Grass" led down in the cool damp earth.

Their first recollection was of pushing up through the ground and receiving a dazzling flood of sunshine full in their little faces. Then they felt soft breezes laden with all kinds of sweet odors fan their brows. Mornings they proudly counted the glistening dewdrops which sparkle like brilliants upon their garments, and at night they fell asleep in the silvery moonbeams. Then there were the evenings, when they heard the frogs over in the pool calling in their hoarse voices, and the plaintive notes of the robin and the thrush from the great trees, and when they watched with delight the nightly revels of the fireflies as they danced back and forth above their heads in wild and fantastic fashion.

Oh yes! the fairies, "Blades o' Grass" were very happy, very proud of their new summer frocks of a delicate green hue, and very glad they were alive. The mother used often to talk to her children and tell them of all the wonderful things they would see and hear before summer would die and they would creep back into the earth, and wait for the winter to spread her warm white mantle over them.

"If you enjoy life now, my dears," she said, one day, "how much more happiness will you possess when later you have risen higher in the world and can look out abroad over the land. You will see so many things. You will see boats going up and down the river yonder, filled with people who sing and bring music out of strange instruments. You will see a wilderness of flowers in the gardens over there across the way—roses, honeysuckles, nasturtiums and sweet peas. You will see most beautiful butterflies and dragon flies and great moths fluttering about. Then up at the cottage on the hill above us you will see people lounging about reading, talking and writing. They swing in gayly colored hammocks and the ladies wear beautiful gowns, though none are as beautiful as your own. And most wonderful sight of all you will see a huge bridge over the river and a great monster rush across it with an angry snort and snarl. And at night this terrific monster has an eye of fire which you may see gleaming a long, long way off.

"Make haste and grow my children, so that you may see all these remarkable and beautiful sights."

And the little green fairies nodded their heads and drank in the dew eagerly and held up their faces to be kissed anew by the sun, that they might grow the faster.

One day they were conscious that they had neighbors. These neighbors had come silently and mysteriously. They also had pushed up from the soil, and were growing very fast, much faster than the "Blades o' Grass." The mother fairly tried to hold her own ground for herself and her children against these new comers, but they elbowed their way in a most violent and impudent fashion.

"Make way for us," they cried roughly. "You needn't give yourself such airs and act as if you owned the earth. We're just as good as you are. We may not be quite so slim or wear quite such dainty clothing, but we're here to stay, and don't you forget it either," and like many human beings they nudged and poked and jostled and grew taller and ranker and quite overcame their smaller and weaker neighbors.

The "Nettles," for so were the new comers called, were a very course and crusty lot, and boldly declared that they proposed to "run out" the "Blades o' Grass."

"We'll show you that we're just as good as you," they continually cried, and flaunted their heads over the poor little delicate fairies, who grew more feeble and sickly.

"Oh, what shall I do?" moaned the poor mother fairy as she saw her children slowly wasting away. "How can I save the lives of my darlings?" But the "Nettles" only laughed derisively and pushed their roots deeper in the soil and held up their heads more defiantly than ever.

But one day a lark alighted on a branch of the birch tree under whose shade the "Nettles" and the "Blades 'o Grass" were struggling for mastery. He sang of hope and faith, and as he poured forth his message, the faint and weary, heat-sick mother felt new life. She listened eagerly as the lark sang in jubilant strain The "Nettles" cried "Oh, how we wish that bird would stop its tiresome noise!" but the "Blades o' Grass" whispered "Oh,, if he would but sing for ever!"

But at last the lark finished his song with these words: "Hope on! Help is nigh, help is nigh."

Then he flew heavenward.

The mother fairy watched him disappear and for a moment felt very lonely, but, remembering his parting words, embraced her little ones and said: "Be brave, my darlings, help is nigh."

Early the next morning, ere the dew had ceased to sparkle, there came a sound of footsteps on the stone walk. Then a shadow bent over the grass. The "Blades o' Grass" looked up and saw two faces, one the face of a little child, laughing, crowned with soft, yellow hair and with eyes as blue as the sky. The other face was older, with gentle eyes and an expression of pity.

"Oh, papa," they heard a sweet, little voice say, "see the nasty weeds spoiling the poor grass. What a shame!"

"That's so, my boy," said the other, "that won't do. We can't have our lawn overrun by those coarse, villainous nettles. I'll have them out of that in a hurry."

The little green fairies nearly fainted from joy. They tried to speak to express their gratitude, but could only sway and bend towards the speaker. Then they saw a strong white hand grasp the haughty "Nettles" and give them a sharp tug. The weeds resisted and tried to sting the enemy, but the friend of the "Blades o' Grass" was determined and skilful, and presently the noxious "Nettles" were flung upon the stone flagging to speedily wither and die in the hot sun.

Then this unknown friend dropped some fine seed into the hole left by the removal of the "Nettles," gently patted the earth over it and said, "There, little grasses, you will soon have pleasanter neighbors and I'll see that you are not plagued by any more weeds."

And as the "Blades o' Grass" rustled with delight and happiness and smiled up into the face of their preserver, the lark, who had come back from heaven, lifted his little head and rippled forth a melody—a hymn of thankgiving, in which the little green fairies joined with all the voiceless energy of their bruised but happy little hearts.

Taking It Coolly.

The skip of an Admiral, who was the Duke of Wellington's near connection, was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship, which was also lost and himself was drowned. Lord Charle mmunicated the disaster to his father, who merely exclaimed, with Spartan coldness and brevity, "That's the second ship he has lost." The twin anecdote, so to call it, had reference to Lord Charles himself. Being ordered with his regiment abroad he felt much concern at bidding farewell to his aged father, whom he might never see again. On his making the announcement, the Duke, who had been reading damped his emotion by saying shortly, "Good-bye, Charlie, good-bye!" and taking a last look before leaving the room, the son was mortified to see that the father seemed to be as intent on his reading as ever.—[The Fortnightly Review.

The Song of the Exiles.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Psalm cxxxvii.

The only man who can fully appreciate the power and pathos of this psalm, is the man who is an exile from the land of his fathers, from the home of his sunny youth. The exiles in Babylon knew better far than their brethren in the home land what Zion was worth. They had loved the courts of Zion in their earlier days, and now exiles in a foreign land, all the splendors of Babylon failed to charm, so by the rivers of Babylon they sat down and wept when they remembered Zion. Nor were these unmanly tears; they were crystal tributes of a love that grew stronger as the days passed on. What these Jewish exiles felt in Babylon more than three thousand years ago many are feeling in Canada to-day. All over this land, so loved of God, there are those whose memory holds no more sacred treasures than the remembrance of Christian fellowships and church associations that the sundering hands of time and space have only made more dear. And often by the rivers and lakes of Canada they sit down, and by the St. Lawrence and the Red river, by Superior, Huron or Ontario, they weep when they remember the Zion of some Scottish city or some peaceful English plain. And these are gracious tears. They bear testimony to the worth of those early religious homes, to the tenderness and constancy of those friendships which, first lit at God's altar, burn with a deathless flame. To such "exiles from home," this little psalm is worth uncounted gold. It provides for the anguish which only exiles feel, the only sufficient solace. It presents to their lips a vow, the very uttering of which makes them brave and strong. "If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem!" And their thoughts fly back to the church with ivy-mantled tower, or to the unadorned meeting-house on the lone hillside. "If I forget thee! Let my right hand forget her cunning." Forget those sacred days! Those happy Sabbaths! The faces of those who lived in a light that was "above the brightness of the sun," with whom we took sweet counsel! Forget those with whom we walked to the house of God, by whose side we sung of a land

Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end.

Forget these! Never! They are graven on the palms of our hands. They are written on the fleshy tender tablets of the heart. But there is more comfort for exiles in Canada from this psalm. The Jews in Babylon were in a strange land, amid strange gods and abounding idolatry. But this is not a strange land; this is God's land as surely as Palestine was, or England is. We are singing the same songs, reading the same Bible, breathing the same prayers. And if we would draw all the strength and comfort from this psalm that it offers the exile we shall rejoice that we are so rich in blessed memories of other days, and so rich in the great hope that yet a little while, and the scattered family from all lands, from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, shall be gathered home, and we shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, with John and Peter and Paul, with Luther and Wesley, and with the great Master himself, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

What Mothers Should do.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concernment, worrying them will never make them tell and patience will probably do its work.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals and not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character and have patience with faults and failings.

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

Find out what their special tastes are and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are repugnant to them.

As your daughters grow up teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cookery; they will thank you for it in later life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flights of fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere.

Duties of Daily Life.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage or penance.

KILLED BY A ROBBER.

A Policeman of Moncton, N. B. Whose Pluck Cost Him His Life.

A MONCTON, N. B. despatch says:—This town was startled to-night by the murder of one of its policeman by a robber. The store of Wilson & Co., Chatham, was robbed on Friday night. A Moncton man read about it to-day and made up his mind that he had seen suspicious characters in a Moncton house of ill-fame. He got more information, communicated with the police and the latter surrounded the house, Officer Steadman being stationed at the back door. When the house was entered in front by the marshal, Foster, a girl gave the alarm and two men rushed out. Steadman headed them off and caught one. Both commenced firing, but Steadman held his man until another officer got him, then he fell back saying, "My God, I'm murdered." It was found that he was fatally shot in the left breast and also had a bullet in his thigh. The man captured refuses to give his name and is not known in the town. The other man escaped. Steadman is the oldest police officer on the force and was at one time marshal of the town.

The burglar arrested was shot in the leg, supposed to have been done by Steadman in self defence. This prisoner has been identified as one of the gang stealing a ride on a special train between Campbellton and Chatham on Thursday last. The man who escaped is described as middle-aged, dressed in black clothes, dark shirt, black potted necktie, whiskers three weeks or a month's growth.

A Modern Idea.

I see that The Labor party in the United States propose to arm and drill a few thousand men who shall always be ready to resist the Pinkerton staff. I do not blame them, though. What a vista of trouble and bloodshed it opens up! The United States under its present laws has nothing for the "nigger" or the workingmen. We all thoroughly well understand that the "nigger" and the workingmen will ultimately rebel. We may ask what right has the workingman to refuse to quit his employment in the mills of a rich company, or what right has he to resist the employment in his stead of an inferior laborer? It seems to be the fashion to consider that the man who has not money enough to own a mill or factory has no right to live. Take Charles Reade's motto, "Put yourself in his place." A man works in a mill and has worked there for years; he is a mill worker by force and education and experience. He belongs nowhere else. He may have been born in Germany and is a resident of the United States, a naturalized citizen, a believer in the institutions of the country. Arbitrarily and without regard to the market or anything except his employer's strength, he is dismissed. Every other artisan is more or less in the same position. Knowing this, the workingmen have made a combine, a system by no means strange to employers themselves. A lock-out or a strike occurs! What does it mean to this man? His only point of attachment on earth is the place where he earns a living. Must he necessarily accept a slave's wages or be driven out like a tramp? Is it wrong for him to believe that he has a right to live as a human being and a freeman? If he is driven from that town he has no place to go. If he violates the necessary laws of his co-workers he must be an outcast. There are only two courses open to him, suicide or resistance. Can you, then, blame him for resisting? The man who would not resist under these circumstances is not possessed of the virility of a man. How he may fight it out, what may be the result I don't know, and between you and me the greatest sin of the age is that we don't care half as much as we ought to. Because a man is not a capitalist he does not cease to have a right to live. He may be poor, but as long as he is willing to work he has some right to say what he shall be paid for his work. If he has no right to interfere in the price of his labor he is a slave.

A Mistake.

The writer recently attended a county monthly stock sale and was impressed with the carelessness shown by many farmers in preparing their stock for market. Horses were offered and found few bidders that could have been made much more attractive in appearance by a proper use of the brush. It does not pay to be indifferent to the appearance of stock when wishing to sell, and this truth is so self-evident that it seems idle to mention it, but some will not place a true estimate on the influence of surface appearances, especially at a public sale, where anything attractive receives a general murmur of approval from the moment it appears. All other things being equal, the sleek, well-groomed animal will sell 10 per cent. higher than the neglected one. Another fact was apparent. The amount of inferior stock in the country is large, and buyers of the best grades can not fill all their orders. Thoroughbred grades are numerous, but the brood mares and cows in most sections are below the mark. We cannot accomplish all we wish at once, but there is every inducement to the progressive farmer to cull out only the very best for breeding purposes. Then good feeding, good care, and good condition when marketed will lead to satisfactory prices, as many will continue to furnish only scrubs, and thus cannot compete.

Remedy For Plum Rot.

Having had an experience of twenty-three years with plum rot I will give your readers the benefit of my observations. Upon close examination I found after losing several crops that the mischief was done by ash ants. Upon learning this I cast about for a remedy. In two and one-half gallons of water I put one ounce powdered white hellebore root and stirring the mixture every day. I let it stand in the sun until the hellebore rotted the water. We then sprayed the trees with the mixture which soon became very tiresome and unproductive work. We next tried sprinkling table salt within a radius of three feet around each tree except one. This proved a success and it either destroyed or drove off the little animals who did the mischief, viz., the little ash ants, who stay in the ground at night. No doubt many of your patrons have noticed these little pests going up and down the trunks of the trees, never suspecting the harm they were doing. There are seven different tribes of ants. I use salt for all these plagues. Spraying in my judgment, injures the fruit and damages the foliage.—

Nothing Hunts out Corns

Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all other concerns of life sink into insignificance. Tight boots and Putnam's Corn Extractor (the great and only sure cure for corns) may go together, and comfort will be their partner: but don't fail to use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Frauds, cheap, poisonous and dangerous substitutes, are in the market. Beware of them. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Off For the Labrador.

Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Prof. W. M. Reid, J. D. Scomberger, Lyle Vincent and W. D. Vincent, arrived by the Halifax last night. They are some of the party who go to Labrador in the schooner Evelina in the interests of the World's Fair to secure an Esquimaux village with some fifty inhabitants and all appurtenances thereto belonging. The schooner left Cunningham & Curren's wharf today on her mission.

A Recorder reporter was talking to-day to Capt. Wm. McConnell, of Port Hilford, Guysboro, who is in charge of the vessel. An interesting incident was mentioned (and although it sounds like a "puff" of a patent medicine it is worth noting.) "Do you see that man over there," said a friend, "that is Capt. McConnell, who is going after Esquimaux. I have known him for years, and he was that bad with asthma that he had sometimes to be held up on board his vessel. You see him"—(he was piling wood in a cord measure to take on board)—"he is a well man; and he attributes it to some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he took, two after each meal."

Out of curiosity, the reporter secured an introduction to the captain, and after some talk about the expedition, remarked: "Is that correct, Captain, about your recovery from asthma, and that you attribute it to these pills?"

"Well, I don't know anything else. I recovered after taking them."

"And haven't been troubled since?"

"No. Of course we will see what this winter may bring forth; I haven't said anything about it."

"But last winter?"

"I began taking them in December, and found the change brought about in my condition, which Dr. Parker, of Halifax, said was about as bad as it could be."

It isn't often that a patent medicine gets such a big boom in the incidence of news-gathering, as is furnished in the above; but it is all set down just as it transpired, incidentally.

The whole Labrador party consists of Messrs Tabor and Vincent, Prof. Reid, of Harvard College; Mr. Lyle Vincent, St. Louis; Dr. Baur, Philadelphia, a distinguished naturalist; Prof. Gillette, New Haven Conn., and Hon. W. F. Ryder, Quebec. They expect to return with about 50 Esquimaux, with dogs, komaticks, kayacks and a general collection of curiosities from Esquimaux land. The schooner is a handsome model, 95 tons, and is a fast sailer. John Silver & Co. furnished the supplies.

Men on pension rolls live to be very old. The pension roll beats the baker's roll as a staff of life.

"You want a job in my store, hey? Have you any recommendation from your last employer, my boy?" "Nuthin' in writin'. But he says he very glad to part with me."—[Chicago Tribune.

The little things of life—how often we overlook them.—A few drops of oil—a small thing—but the neglect of it may cost a farmer a great many dollars. Rogers' peerless machine oil can be bought everywhere, and is always reliable.

Nine times in ten the man who volunteers the information that he is sober is not to be believed.

"WARNING," ask your Druggist for GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM, take no substitute.

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A.P. 618.

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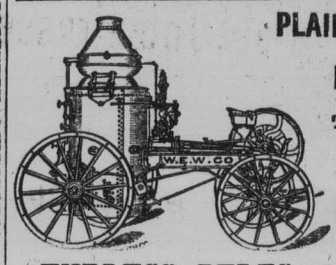

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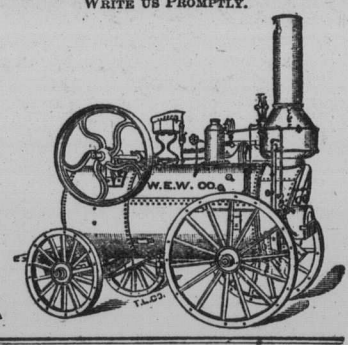

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