

THE HOME.

The Little Quaker. Brown-eyed Ruth, the Quaker's daughter, In her dress of simple gray, Walked beside her quiet grandpa...

How they revelled in the sunshine, While 'mid clumps of violets blue, Filling all the air with fragrance, Glistened still the morning dew.

Then outpoked the little maiden, Looking at her dress of gray, "Grandpa, can't you see the reason Why God made the flowers so gay?"

"While we wear the quiet colors That three know we never meet, 'E'en in clover or the daisies, That we trample under feet?"

"Seems to me a Quaker grandpa Should not grow such colors bright," Roughly the brown eyes twinkled, While her grandpa laughed outright.

"True it is, my little daughter, Flowers wear not the Quaker gray; But they neither soil nor labor, For their beautiful array;

"Feeling neither pride nor envy, 'Moog their sister flowers, they know, Well content to be a daisy, Or a tall and queasy rose;

"Keeping still the same old fashions Of their grandmothers of yore; Else how should we know the flowers, If each spring new tints they wore?"

THE YARD.

naturally uppermost, and when that has been ironed, the whole body is smooth enough for comfort and good looks.

When I give a girl instruction about the ironing, I tell her to iron very carefully all the outside garments, but because they are better than the undergarments, but because wrinkles in these offend the eye.

It certainly makes life more pleasant to wear these clothes that meet the eye look as smooth as the texture naturally permits to have them from some source.

As for the undergarments, they are so ironed that as they hang upon the clothes-frames, or lie folded in the drawer, they look clean and smooth, and nobody needs any trouble in their use.

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TEMPERANCE.

This is what the Christian Commonwealth says of the temperance question in Great Britain, and it applies equally to our own country.

The struggle for the drink traffic is altogether too serious for a policy which hangs on to the present political situation, has been seriously damaged, and is a hearing from those whose first and last effort is to keep time with the step of party politics.

Temperance men must look after their own interests. They have been coquetting with party politicians until their cause has been seriously damaged. To pursue this course any longer would be madness in the extreme.

Are our leaders ready to go forward, or must the people take the matter in their own hands? A few weeks longer and this important question will have been decided.

A Generous Fellow. If there is anything a liquor drinker or seller prides himself upon, it is that he is a "generous fellow."

A sprightly fellow jingles his few silver dollars in his pocket, walks up to the bar, turns around, and looks at the waiter.

"Step up to the bar, turn around, and look at the waiter," he says. "Step up to the bar, turn around, and look at the waiter."

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his fellow patriots wish he was in G... but all-o brave and magnanimous... the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A by need to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. It was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings on his pot and urns, and stool, and said: "That boy will be a painter."

So he did; for he was Michael Angelo. A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel, "Right in the midst of it," he said to himself: "Now this is no novel."

I get too much excited over it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte the great German philosopher.

There was a new England boy who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him.

There he read heavy books, like "Lectures on the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balance of the clouds, revealed in the crash and dash of the storm, and tried to feel the greatness of God who made all things. It was J. Mathew Edwards.

Boys and girls entering your teens, you are at the head of it's rapids. You craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitions, passions. You feel them. They almost frighten you sometimes.

Have no anxiety except to aim at the very centre of what is right, at the purposes which are deepest and purest. Kill the nerves of your strongest resolution. Now to yourself and to God, who will help you. Then as you down life's arduous path it will be exhilarating, grand—all true life!

But take care! For your own sake, don't drift in among the rocks and whirlpools without the grip.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no other remedy so safe, so natural, and so effectual. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no other remedy so safe, so natural, and so effectual. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Clinch's Mills, and Gooseberry Cove, and at this office.

J. DEWE, Chief Post Office Inspector. POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. St. John, Oct. 1, 1886.

TO BUILDERS. SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, the 4th day of Nov. 1886, for the erection and completion of a Brick Building to be erected at St. John's, N. B., for the U. B. Educational Society to be used as a Seminary.

Plans and specifications to be seen at the office of Harry H. Mott, Architect, 61 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

HARRY H. MOTT, 61 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

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