

Our Heroes.

There's a hand to the boy who has courage to do what he knows to be right. When he falls in the way of temptation...

Two Little Men.

Tom Clark and his brother Jamie were little men of all work. They did errands for the neighbors, chopped wood for anybody who wanted it done...

going down the step Tom and Jamie happened to walk along. They said 'Good afternoon' to Mr. Ryder, and then spoke to their mother.

Mary's Pride.

Until Mary was nine years old, she had never attended school, but her mother had taught her. She learned very fast and could read quite well...

Stories About Insects.

Many people have a horror of spiders and other insects which by careful observation of the habits of these little creatures might be transformed into a real admiration for them.

Home Hints.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens. Sugar in the water with which meat is basted gives added flavor.

His voice frightened him. There was a noise certainly. Impulse told him to spring out of bed and rush to Fannie's room.

We will give ourselves one week's rest to give the painter's chance to renovate our rooms, and will begin the New Year work.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2nd.

Send for catalog and list of success, full students. S. KERR & SON.

Professional Cards.

DR. ATHERTON. Late Lecturer on surgery. Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

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THE EVANGELIST 18 0 1900

THE EVANGELIST FOR 1900 will be stronger and more helpful than ever as a home paper of religious thought and work. It has among its regular contributors Rev. Henry M. Field D. D., Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst D. D., Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler D. D., Prof. Wm. Adams Brown, Rev. S. M. Hamilton D. D., Prof. John DE WITT D. D., Rev. S. E. Rowster D. D., Rev. Herrick Johnson D. D., Rev. T. S. Hamlin D. D., Rev. Philip S. Moxom D. D., Rev. A. F. Schaffner D. D., Rev. R. S. Holmes D. D., Mr. Robert E. Spear, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Mrs. Zenaide Rigzin, Mrs. J. D. Burrell, Mrs. Susan Teal Perry, Mrs. Julia Keese Collee, Mrs. Cynthia Morgan, St. John.

He Ran Away.

Gerald Lowe was a nice little boy, but he was a coward.

If ever he saw anything to frighten him he ran away.

The boys at school used to mock and sneer, and one day, when Gerald had fled from a horse, which was galloping wildly down the High street, they sang out after him, 'Run away, baby.'

The taunt lingered in his ears. At length he went to his sister Fanny for consolation.

'It's my nerves,' he explained, with his hands behind him, and a red, down-cast face.

'Oh, nonsense, Gerald,' was the quick answer. 'It's your cowardice. I hate having a brother who is afraid.'

Gerald was only ten, and wept a little. Fanny regarded him with contempt in her fine eyes, then walked away.

It was New Year. Gerald's resolve was to be brave.

He wrote it in his diary in large letters—'They shall not say, 'He ran away' once in this year.'

'You'll never keep it,' said Fanny, who was shown the precious document.

'You see, I ask in my prayers, and God has promised me,' said Gerald with some defiance.

Fanny grew grave, and watched day by day.

No opportunity came till Twelfth Night. The two Lowes were staying at a large castle with some friends.

Gerald had to sleep, alas, alas! in the haunted room. He tried to smile when they said good night to him.

He stood in the center of the large gloomy chamber with his teeth chattering.

He got into bed after a little and closed his eyes.

'Ah! what's that noise?' he said aloud, jumping up.

How Would You Like It Yourself?

There was a great commotion in the back yard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat with stones.

'Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with the kitty?' she called.

'She's all dirty, mamma. Somebody shut her up in the coal hole,' he said.

'And is that all?' mamma wanted to know.

'Why, yes,' said Johnny. 'She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her round.'

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went back into the house. Presently Johnny came in crying, and ran to her for help.

He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

'O mamma! mamma!' he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, then turned and sat down again.

'Jane,' she said, quietly, to the nurse, who was sewing near by, 'do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?'

'Nurse looked up, astonished, and Johnny stopped his loud notes to stare.

'Stones, ma'am?' asked Jane.

'Yes,' said mamma, 'to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around.'

Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear, but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

'Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!' he cried in humble tones.

'Poor kitty! I see now just how bad I made her feel.'

Johnny was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—Sunbeam.

What A Monkey Thinks About Whiskey.

In my youth I had a friend who had a monkey. We always to k him out on our chestnut paries. He shook all our chestnuts for us.

One day my friend stopped at a tavern and gave Jack about half a glass

Don't Run Chances by Taking Whiskey or Brandy to Settle the Stomach or Stop a Chill.

Pain Killer in hot water sweetened will do you more good. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c a 50c.