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**VBERRY** 

# RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

at the Little Shoes Said.

dusty lit le shoes ing by the bed ; denly began to talk s is what they said :

nst as tired as we can be, been 'most everywhere ; vour lit le master restslly is not fair.

dhis tath and sweetly sleeps sheets both cool and clean, re are left to stand outside; o 'ty u think it mean ?

carried him f om morn till night ite forgot, that's plain ; re we watch and wait and wait norning c me again.

the irritat ivelong summer day, les the sto is what we d like to docarry bi away. prompt rel he could never go to bed; prevents N tay up all the night, res Diarrho hed and co ered o'er with dust ed ! 'twould serve him right '' Cholen lic, Summ holera Infa Caution in Little Things-Sore Mou

nd all bow ced housekeeper many little f young an that once learned are learned er, but a lack of the knowledge of ly and speed will always prove inconvenient ther remed ubject one to considerable loss. peginner in the domestic realm IN USE, ained frequently that the milk

Wray writes from as follows: "D Wild Strawbern y I know of f and Bowel D I have used it past seventee loccasion tog ese troubles. t always worked

at 6 p. m.

tport with stee

and St Stephen

CHLER, Agen

LATED

quietly remarked that the milk and refuse eft on the doorstep too long, in cool, but muggy, weather, and it stood altogether too long on itchen table after being taken in. S. S. extremely simple things that, it seem, would occur to any one, ek from his young lady was surprised that **CON** s necessary to be so prompt in ng with milk. As she still had the steamen St John for Ea ble at times, however, it remained DAY and FE n intelligent servant to give her a ed lesson. clock (standar DAY mornin

spoil.

'Well, now, do tell me what I am doing wrong !' exclaimed the younger woman. 'My bread does spoil, and I've tried in vain to find out the reason.'

'In the first place,' the neighbor replied, 'your tin is not perfectly dry. Any moisture will produce a musty, moldly taste in a very little while ; and, then. your bread is not cool enough to put away. I see you have wrapped it cautiously about with a portion of an old table-cloth, an excellent thing to

do after the loaveshave cooled. I have seen cooks wrap bread up in that way while warm, where it ' as to be eaten immediately ; but it is not the correct

en he'll tramp, and tramp, and tramp way to shut the steam in with a cloth. Let the bread cool, have the tin chest thoroughly dried and well aired, then wrap up the loaves in the soft cleth. and it will keep moist and perfectly sweet. Don't use the cloth long without washing it. I have often eaten bread that tasted of a cloth that needed -Our Little Men and Women washing. Bread is unavoidably greasy on the outside, and no taste sooner communicates itself to a linen cloth than the one adhering to whatever is are for the young and inexbaked in a pan.'

> 'Such little things, and yet so important !' exclaimed the younger woman.

'My dear, these little things are what make up the cssentials in housekeeping,' was the reply. 'They are the minor details, often omitted in the and it tried her not a little cook books, and yet our sagacious old when she spoke of it a few times Dinah, a colored cook. who, if she was milkman, he said, pleasantly, not the person of the household, was with decision, that she was the vastly mistaken, used to toss her head customer on his route who ever and say : 'De pepper an' de salt dat's the milk he furnished unsatisin de shakers is only a sign dat means An aunt who visited in the common sense, an' dat in de han's ob a pusson dat knows, seasons de entire supply ob de fam'bly.'

Dinah was right The common s'pose chicky was a good deal in the

'My dear, I'm afraid your bread will now, as we separate for the night, you 'I'm afraid she didn't get it deep ay think of more giants to overcome, enough for a lasting peace. But I say, nd stones for next Sunday. But re- Rob, we might be a little better-tem. member, there will be no giants to pered without hurting ourselves. I'll conquer if you will exercise to all men try it, if you will." charity, which is love.'--Chris. Ob-

Burying the Hatchet.

Rob, with a box in his arms and a spade over his shoulder, had slipped quietly around the house and into the garden. He hoped Dot would not discover him until her unfortunate chicken, which lay in the box covered with roses and clover-blossoms, was safely buried.

server.

The chicken, during its brief life, had not been a source of unmixed joy to any one but Dot; for it was a motherless chick that she had found and brought into the house, and as soon as it was strong enough to run about it followed her everywhere with its ceaseless 'Chirp ! chirp ' in a way that was very inconvenient. It was constantly under foot, endangering its own neck and making people uncomfortable but, as Dot's pet, it was tolerated by everybody but the cat. Tabby failed to see any reason for treating it with

respect ; and so one day she pounced up n it, and choked it out of existence. Dot had covered her favorite with

tears and flowers; and Rob, at his mother's suggestion, had tried to spare the small maiden the grief of witness ing the burial. But the attempt was vain. A shrill voice called, 'Rob. what are you doing?' And in a moment Dot's inquisitive eyes were taking in the whole scene. Fortunately, she found it so interesting as to lighten in some degree its mournfulness.

'I'm glad you're making it in such a pretty place, 'Robby,' she said. 'I

'Agreed,' said Rob.

And, to this day, when clouds aris in the Lincoln household, some one is sure to ask, 'Isn't it about time to drag the axe into the garden ?--Kate W Hamilton, in Christian Uplook.

#### How Self Was Blown Away.

'I'm tired of everything, mamma Do tell me what to do,' said Beth Lincoln, coming into the room where her mother was sitting.

'Why not play basket-ball with me 'With you, mamma? I didn't know ou could play basket-ball.'

'Why not? I have balls in the basket, and I am going to weave the yarn in and out. over this ball,' said Mrs. Lincoln, smiling, and holding up a wooden ball, over which she stretched the heel of Madge's little stocking.

'Oh, that kind ! I don't call that play,' said Beth.

'You and your friend Nellie had a nice time yesterday playing you were a sewing society; and why may I not play that my real work is playbasket-ball, for instance? I will toss a ball to you.'

Beth caught the ball and said, as she came close to her mother :

'But mamma, without joking, what can I do? I am tired of everything and everybody. Please tell me what I can do?

'Is my daughter really tired of herself?' asked Mrs. Lincoln, with a slight emphasis on 'herself.'

'Why, yes. Didn't I say so, mamma?' 'How would it do to stop trying to please self, of which you are so tired ?

'Mamma, what do you mean ?' Just then dear little Madge came toddling into the room, and said, wistfully; 'I haven't any one to play with.' Mrs. Lincoln gave Beth a meaning look and said : 'How would it do for my big girl to get away from self and amuse my little Mrs. Lincoln was called from the room, and she found two happy children when she returned half an hour half a pint of grape or orange juice; later. What were they doing ? Beth pour over the dry ingredients and mix was blowing soup bubbles, and Madge was trying to catch them. Mrs. Lincoln stood a moment in silence, thinking.

#### A Word with Boys.

Boys seldom realize the value of the evening hours. If profitably employed, the spare hours at the command of every boy and girl would render them intelligent and equip them for a life of usefulness. If these spare hours are wasted, the opportunity for securing an equipment for life may never return. Increasing years mean increasing duties and exacting demandsupon one's time. 'The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on street corners wastes, in the course of a year, three hundred and sixty-five hours, which, if applied to study, would acquaint him with the rudiments of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for cigars, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals in the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by a lounge on the corner, or a cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that, as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.'-Lutheran Observer.

#### English Plum-Pudding.

Seed first one pound of raisins, when preparing to make an English plum

# Another 10 Heard From.

Recently we published a list of TEN of ur students under one roof in the C. P.R. offices. St. John. Now comes the Imperial Oil Company, with another TEN, as

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NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.,

you please, ma'am, she said, 'you he milk close to the salad dressing e refrigerator, and, of course, the ness was catchin'

that possible?' asked the young

Why, for certain, ma'am,' replied girl. 'You never must put any-ALL sour near the milk ; it's always to 'turn' on the least excuse; either lemon juice, vinegar, on les, if put too near, up gets the al Blend Tea, Blend Tea on and resents it, gettin' sour for

have bought ill receive . here was but little trouble with ree of charge. milk after a while. town to buy

& Sons n't fit to eat. It occurred to the tmorland

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pregnated through and through with unsavory odor of keresene. It was N. B. nd that a careless clerk had allowed arrel of the crackers to stand over ht in the vicinity of an oil hogshead. is needless to add that the entire rel of crisp wafers was a dead loss. A man given to make scientific exments sniffed warily on entering mother's kitchen. "There's noththere that can be spoiled,' the lady med. 'Last night at dinner we

rocer a little while ago which were

sense that comes of experience becomes the pepper and salt that both seasons she'd have been a big hen pretty soon; and preserves whatever is properly cooked, and enjoyed when it is eaten. **Christian Work**.

#### The Shirleys' Giants.

It was growing quite dark in the pleasant sitting-room as the children assembled for their usual Sunday stories. 'I wonder,' said mamma, as she lit the student's lamp, 'how many of you have killed a giant to-day.' 'Why, Mamma Shirley,' exclaimed friends.

the little chorus, 'did not David kill the only one?

'No, children, there are giants today more formidable and harder to reasoning. conquer than Goliath. Yes I see them every day,' she continued, on seeing the enquiring look in Rob's eyes.' 'The next one you see,' he remarked. call me and I'll slay him.'

Mrs. Shirley smiled knowingly Why, you had a fine opportunity a few moments ago.' Rob looked puzme one declared. one night, that zled, while his mother continued : 'You soup tasted of kerosene-oil and wanted to go upstairs, but giant Fear stood in the door and would not let sewife that the soup-kettle was you out. Harry selected a smooth in a closet under the sink, which stone called Bravery, and soon vanalways neat, but that a kerosenejuished him."

can was also kept in a far corner of 'Oh !' said Rob, very much disapcloset. She had had misgivings pointed. 'I thought you meant real re than once as to the propriety of ive giants.'

ping the can where it was. On 'These giants I speak of are harder aking of it to her husband, he said: to overcome than a live one would be. ver keep a can of kerosene oil in Just the other day I saw a small boy closet, especially one where any seated on an inverted basket weeping d of cooking utensils are kept ! Let bitterly. The immense giant Indolence can stand where the strong fumes was standing over him, and every time evaporate as soon as possible. The he reached for a weed-his task was to ar is the best place.' It would weed the flower-bed-Indolence would ting where you put them. Come out 1y is it done. The other day his mism that common sense would teach strike him on the hand with his club, , but some do not think of it. We exclaiming, 'You can never do it alone a package of crackers sent back to Your brothers should come and help

you.' Now, had he turned his basket over he would have found the stone Industry, and soon have rid himself of Indolence and his twin brother Idleness.'

'Isn't Selfishness a giant ?' inquired May.

'Yes, indeed, and what stone must there.' we throw at him ?'

'Why, Generosity, of course,' exclaimed Margaret, who often contended with Selfishness.

way. Mother says so. And, anyway, and that wouldn't have been so nice. But I'll never like Tabby again, not one bit !'

'Oh, see here now, Sis : Tabby didn't know any better !' said Rob. in goodnatured expostulation. 'She's only a cat, and she didn't understand that you'd made a pet of this particular bunch of feathers. Being cross at her won't bring chicky back again. So you'd better bury the hatchet, and be

"What would I bury a hatchet for ? asked Dot, more impressed by that strange advice than by her brother's

Rob laughed.

'That means to stop quarrelling,not to be angry any more. When Indians have been at war with each other and are ready to be friends, they bury a hatchet. That's a sign that they're willing to stop fighting

'Do folks always stop fussing after the hatchet is buried ?' asked Dot.

'Of course : that's what it means.' Dot watched the smoothing of the

ground with thoughtful face, and walked back to the house by Rob's side in unusual silence.

Fred, Rob's senior by two years, came to the door with a sharp call.

Rob, where have you put the axe? 'Nowhere. I haven't had it,' andid not satisfy Fred. 'Yes, you have. and hunt it up !'

the order.

I tell you I haven't had it, and I dont time he stayed so long that his misknow anything about it.'

with it,' persisted Fred ; 'for it isn't fallen upon the slipper; and the little

you aren't sure of,' returned Rob. This sort of jarring was far from un-

'What a beautiful picture !' Beth looked up and saw her mother, ind said :

Aren't the bubbles beautiful, namma ? and isn't Madge a dear ?' 'I have two dears now ; but what

as become of that tired self ?' 'Blown away, mamma, with the ubles,' laughed Beth.- Selected.

#### ----A Dog's Supplications.

'Mike is the name of a little gray silky-haired spaniel, who is a most yournal. cunning and amusing animal, and as

wise as it is possible that a little dog The family had finished dinner when | can be,' says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. 'His mistress has taught him many tricks. He can tell you what he does when the policeman comes, playing dead dog; and he can swered Rob, promptly. But the reply tell his mistress when the telephonebell rings, and is altogether a delight You must have had it if you'd only ful dog. He has been taught to beg take the trouble t, think. You're for things; and his begging looks for always carrying things off and forget- all the world like coaxing, so cunningtress sent him upstairs to get her 'Fred was in a hurry, and decidedly slippers. He came down presently mpatient; and Rob's face flushed at with one, and she sent him back for the other; but again he returned with 'Hunt it up yourself, if you want it: out it. He was sent back, and this

tress went upstairs to see what was 'But you must have done something keeping him.' A heavy satchel had

in the tool-house, and I know I left it dog, after trying in vain to move it. sat on his hind legs, with his his little 'You know a good many things that paws raised in supplication, hoping that he might persuade the satchel to get off the slipper. He probably was common. Fred was inclined to be convinced that his prayer was efficacious

pudding; mix with them a pound of currants and half a pound of minced orange peel; dust over a quarter of a pound of flour. Chop fine one pound of suet; add to it a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, grated, three-quarters of a pound of stale, dry bread-crumbs. Mix all the ingredients together. Beat five eggs, without separating, until light; add to them thoroughly. The mixture should not be wet, but each particle should be moistened. Pack this into small greased kettles or molds. It will fill two three-pound kettles. Put on the covers, stand the molds in the steamer, and steam steadily for ten hours. The easier way is to get the ingredients ready the night before; mix and put them on early in the morning, allowing them to cook all day. Take them from the steamer, remove the lids of the kettles or molds, and allow the puddings to cool; then replace the lids and put the puddings away. They will keep in a cool place for several in Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining months or a year. - Ladies' Home

## Cure for the Blues

He-'There, I'm going to have one of my dreadful headaches, and my medicine all gone - no, here's just one tablet' (swallows it).

She (a little later)-'So your medicine is a charm; your headache is gone.'

He-'It never fails, I tell you.' She-'But that thing you took from your vest-pocket was only a shirt button. I was watching you. He-'Great Caesar! I thought it was hard and tasteless. Oh, dear ! my headache is coming on again.

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.-- H. W. Beecher.

A.F.Randolph & Son The higher we rise, the more isolated we become; all elevations are cold.-DeBouffices.

That which you do in selfishness shall die. That done in love for others lives forever.

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