

# When I'm a Man.

if I can,



ne look so old and wise. some gold-framed glasses, too, Campbell, of my eves as good as new. E.I., a great Igo down town each day the paper all the way, in the back. ve very bushy hair,

arewski. such a scare ! y Pills comp he middle of my head s round bald spot instead. nently cured h

am grown to be a man mpbell, the well. good one, if I can. of Fortune Brid smoke, nor drink, or swear, ith severe pains the honest, kind and fair, er two years. became aware thave some boys like me, was simply a s we what a good pa I'll be ! and did not hesi my children lots of fun, Kidney Pills, whem peanuts by the ton. ermanently cure says, though, that if I p an statement: "] good when I'm a man, wo years with p Some morn begin now, right away, evere that I cou agood boy every day, . I started tak ma grown man I am quite, I one box so Measier to do right. have been per to know, though, just for fun. a was when he begun.)

FIDANL S.

s at 8.45 o'clock

TO

FEAPOT.

-Francis P. Carson.

The Truants.

trips a week from were several children on the and in the morning they had STO ndies, a little school life which May 31st. the vill leave St Joh Portland and Bo VEDNESDAY, hem enjøy play the better when me came.

bright morning, when the sunnd dew made nature gleam and ve Boston every 1 Y and FRIDA leas if for very joy, Lulu, a girl d Portland at 6 p eve, proposed to Larry, a boy of ade at Eastport ews, Calais and s he same age, that they stay out ved daily up to 5 ool and enjoy a holiday.

. E. LAECHLE won't be let,' answered Larry ly, as he gazed over at the green asture lot and the placid river

at can't we hide at school time VER PLATI ave a morning full of fun instead

noon, and we might as well set letters, ourselves.'

mischiefmaker.

cool,' but how am I to do it? Here I am, covered with sweat and with hay carefully unwind them, and spin little column, 'The best mamma in the fuls of fine sugar, and spread over the ready for distribution. seed and nearly choked ; keep cool, eh? Hetty a dress !' h'm '! And Larry's tone was fiery,

indeed. 'Just as if you couldn't bear a little making me a dress, grandpa ?' discomfort for the sake of a holiday? I'll never plan anything for you again!' And now Lulu was indignant.

planning !'

drew near together and began a whisp- wings.

weary time. They did not enjoy it, taught us, that when we lie down in but it was better than sitting silent or our graves, we are to rise again, quarrelling.

their dismay they heard Mr. Henry spotless robe of Christ' righteousness !' say to Israel. 'Here, boy, go up to the haymow and bring me that new bottle of lamp black. You told me you left but Hetty never forgot the story of it up there in one of the ledges, did you ing.-E. P.A.in Central Presbyterian. not?

'Yes, sir!' and Israel commenced the ascent of the ladder.

The truants exchanged frightened glances. Larry whispered 'Here's a fix !' and metioned to Lulu to lie down as quickly as possible. The girl was not slow to obey, and she was at once covered with hay, but bef re Larry could conceal himself, Israel had reached the mow, and was gazing with astonishment at the guilty boy.

What in wonder !' cried the farm ] lad. 'Why, Larry, what are you doing here? We thought you were in school !

'Its-not-very-very-late, is it ?' stam mered the culprit, his face as red as scarlet, both from heat of place and from shame.

'Late ! I should think it was ! What are you hiding here for, ch? At this juncture Lulu was obliged to cough, which led to her discovery, ·Moses!' cried Israel, as he uncovered her from the hay. 'Another one !' he that dewy sunny morning, but added. 'Come up here after lamp ew it was wrong. 'I would like black, but found something better le said, 'but it would be bad. Never lid see such red faces in my life !' and the great boy was delighted ooh; Larry, you are a boy of no

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

'Oh, yes, it's easy to say, 'keep out a winged creature that we call a take her away. So write God at the slowly about an hour. Beat the whites

'No,' said grandpa ; 'and there was

another thing they didn't know, little Hetty; when they went to sleep in 'I hope you won't, Lulu. Such their silken graves, they didn't know £50,000 ?' 'No,' with a shudder, 'not But now the two in desperate case bodies, and come to light again with £50,000.' And so they went on until add enough flour to make a good bat-

ered game, just to while away the clothed with a more radiant garment

A half hour passed, and then to than any loom could spin, even the Grandpa had forgotten little Hetty, and was gazing far away into the sky, the silk worm and its beautiful mean-

Don't Give Up the Ship.

Fred was talking to his sister one day. He said :

'Alice, what makes people say Don't give up the ship !' Alice said : "I don't know. That's

what the teacher said to me yesterday when I thought that I could not get my lesson.

'Yes,' said Fred, 'and that's what father said to me. I told him I never could learn to write well. He only said : 'You must not give up the ship, my boy.

"I haven't any ship to give up, said Alice.

And what has a ship to do with my writing ?' said Fred.

'When he is completely buried in | thousand pounds for her.' 'Who gave | the corn and let it stand over the fire } tell stories, or do something to amuse this silken ball, the worm dics-tha her to you? How comes it you have until scalding hot : then add the wellis, he dies as a worm, but in two weeks such a sweet, loving mother, and not a beaten yolks of eggs, the other pint of 'Do keep cool, Larry ! retorted the if you do not destroy this buried life, cross, drunken one like Bob Blue ? 'I cold milk, sugar, butter, and salt. he bursts his silken tomb, and comes s'pose God did.' 'Yes, and God can Pour in a pudding-dish and bake moth. Then, we take his grave clothes, top of your sheet, and put on the credit of the three eggs stiff with three spoonworld, £100,000." Johnnie made the top when the pudding is baked. 'Oh, how strange !' said little Hetty entry. 'What next, Papa ?' 'Well, Brown in the oven the same as any softly. 'They didn't know they were there is Sister Lizzie. Is she worth meringue.

anything to you ? 'Yes, indeed.' 'Then put down : 'The prettiest little sister, £50,000.' Would you change places with poor, blind Tommy for they would leave their ugly worm for £100,000.' 'Put down 'Eyes, of soda, and tablespoonfuls of butter the boy found he owed the Lord quite 'But we know, because God has a sum. 'Now,' said his father, 'for the other side. You complained yesterday because it rained How much are you going to charge God for that disappointment ? 'Nothing,' hanging his head. 'You grumbled when Jimmie Jones got a new kite and you had to fly your old one' 'But my old kite went up higher than his new one.' It was a strange balance sheet, but it made Johnnie ashamed of his grumb-

ling. A good many older children would do well to make out a balance sheet and write under it : 'Bless the | Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.'-Word and Work.

### A Little Boy's Politeness.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. 'May I see you across, ma'am ? 'Thank you, dear. Across the street she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. She drew Pills. 25c. 1900---1901

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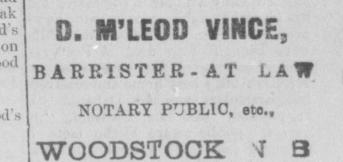
Protessiouxl Cards.

## ATHERTON. DR.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Wonna' drain, and add to the corn, with four Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeos tablespoonfuls of butter, and a cupful St John's Hospital for Women, Tront has resumed practice in Fredericton, N B

> H. F. MCLEOD, B. A BARRISTER,

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which has been cut from the cob (about a pint) in enough water to prevent burning, until tender ; season with salt and plenty of butter, and one cupful of sweet cream. Off the Track. This means disaster and death when

vegetable dishes.

or luncheon.

applied to a fast express train. It is equally serious when it refers to people whose blood is disordered and who consequently have pimples and sores, bad stomachs, deranged kidneys, weak nerves and that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla puts the wheels back on the track by making pure, rich blood and curing these troubles. Constipation is cured by Hood's

Fritters .- Two cupfuls of cold sweet

ter. Drop in spoonfuls in hot butter

and fry brown. Serve for breakfast

Succotash. - Cut a pint of sweet corn

from the cob, and cook in as little

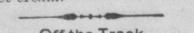
water as possible without burning.

Cook one pint of nice shell beans

of milk and cream mixed together

season with salt. Serve in individual

Creamed .-- Cook fresh sweet corn



ning full of study ?' cried Lulu, of National B the best Blend ry's face was full of longing and when you have mubled. How he aid want to is you will n Teapot free of i that lovely morning out of

tabrook & St. and Westmo

t house in town

g at all, only funny.' And the S WAN est and fastes over published. of D L.

tingly said, 'Well, I'll do it, if R. Moody, as 's possible enough, we'll just hide key. life-story of hay-mow till Uncle Henry and gh unselfish s boy, Israel, go down in the lot to low-man.

ln't it ?'

kand then we'll come out and have ith the authoriz d the family. exclaimed the daring Lulu. zed, authentic b he two managed to secrete themistrated. Large

es in the mow, but the plan did 1000 more nd women. further itself according to their ie; a harvest i es. The school bell rang at nine, at paid, credit ust before that time Mr. Henry out to the barn and bade Israel nion Comp out the carryall and give it a

t job is done.'

were sure.

I. 82, Chicago.

ral CO

in its l im-

out, alas, before the tools were put ay, Mr. Henry again appeared and ST RISKS to town after dinner, and as it is

am, I will spend the morning clean-N, N. 8 gand oiling the best harmess. Bring the harness, then run down to the then for a chair, and I'll sit right <sup>re</sup> in the great barn door to work.' Now, what can we do ? whispered

Now they could soon come down,

try, 'this stuffy old haymow, I can acely bear it here !'

can't bear it either, it's horrid an to be fixed this way ! I'd rather in the school room !' and by a strong It Lub suppressed a couch that

at the discomfiture of the children. returned Lulu, 'it wouldn't be The two uncomfortable, guilty-feeling youngsters begged Israel not to tell

oice was full of vehenient exof them, but he stoutly said he should tell as soon as he went down, so there my's desires and his companion's was nothing for the pair to do but to dings prevailed over the clamor descend to the floor and be confronted this conscience and at length he by Mr. Henry. Down they went and with shame of face admitted their

fault and were taken by Mr. Henry to the school room. The good governess was bidden to have them study some extra lessons, and they were deprived

of the usual afternoon ride. Besides this they were openly disgraced before the family.

Thus 'the way of transgressors was hard.'-Chris. Intelligencer.

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# The First Silk Dress.

'See, grandpa,' said little Hetty, ing. The truants heard this this is the first silk dress I ever had r with dismay, for they knew that in my life ; I'm just as proud as anywork would be done in front of the thing.'

and so they would be kept in 'Indeed "' said grandpa, smiling over ing till it was finished. Nearly an the rim of his specs, 'I should think passed by and the children grew it was for the maker of the dress to my with waiting; but at length feel proud; not the wearer.' rejoiced to hear Israel say, 'Well

'Oh, mamma made it,' said Hetty. 'No, you are mistaken,' answered grandpa, 'mamma only sewed it to-

gether. It had to be woven first.' Then the weaver made it,' said

Hetty, looking down thoughtfully at to the chore boy, 'Israel, I intend | the shining folds.

'No,' said grandpa, shaking his head, 'the weaver didn't make it; it had to be spun first.'

'So the spinner made it?' cried Hetty.

'Not one spinner, but hundreds of thousands of little spinners ; they spun these threads for their own shrouds.' 'Their shrouds !' exclaimed Hetty ;

'a thing to be buried in ? Grandpa, what do you mean ?

'Do you know who the spinners were, Hetty ?'

'There must be some story about ship,' Alice said. 'Maybe grandfather would know,

said Fred. 'Let's ask him.' They found their grandfather writ-

ing, in the next room. They did not wish to disturb him. They turned to leave the room.

But grandfather looked up just then He smiled and laid down his pen. 'Did you want something !' he

isked. 'We want to ask you a question, said Alice. 'We want to know why people say, 'Don't give up the ship.' 'We thought maybe there is a story to it,' said Fred.

'Yes, there is,' said their grandfather. 'And I know a little rhyme that tells the story.'

'Could you say it to us?' asked Alice.

'Yes, if I can think of it. Let me see. How does it begin?'

Grandfather leaned his head back in his chair. He shut his eyes for a moment. He was trying to remember. 'Oh, now I remember it !' he said. Then he said to them these little verses :

GRANDFATHER'S RHYME.

When I was but a boy, I heard the people tell How gallant Captain Lawrence So bravely fought and fell

The ships lay close together, I heard the people say, And many guns were roaring Upon that battle day.

A grape-shot struck the captain, He laid him down to die ;

They say the smoke of powder Made dark the sea and sky.

The sailors heard a whisper Upon the captain's lip, The last command of Lawrence

Was, 'Don't give up the ship.'

And ever since that battle The people like to tell How gallant Captain Lawrence So bravely fought and fell.

When disappointment happens, And fear your heart annoys, Be brave, like Captain Lawrence-And don't give up, my boys !

-'Stories of Great Americans for

Little Americans.'

him under the awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish

enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already my arm around so many o' them and taken in thirty cents by renting his tried to bring them all. I managed umbrella to gentlemen, who, like herself, had left their umbrellas at home. 'You're the first old lady,' he said, three more, till all were rolling over with childish candor, 'that I've taken the floor. Mother laughed.

across- and-I didn't think it was the poor,' thought his questioner, 'but I know from his ways that his mother then fetch another. is a lady, and a good woman.' - Chris-

# Home Hints.

tian Herald.

GREEN CORN AND ITS VARIATIONS.

There is no more delicious vegetable than green corn, nor one which is capcook it with the husks on and remove Dan'el Quorm. them before sending to the table. Where this is done, the outer layer should be removed, also the silks, then tie the remaining husks at the ends.

Cook in a kettle of boiling water which has been salted. Roasted Corn-Is an old-time dish

which has lost none of its popularity with campers and picnickers. In making a good fire in the woods, it is wise to select a hollow spot where the ground is much lower than that surrounding it. When there is a glowing bed of coals fasten the ears of corn securely on long-handled forks and roast. Serve with butter and salt immediately.

Escalloped .- Cut fresh-picked corn from the cob, and fill a greased pudding-dish with alternate layers of corn and cracker-crumbs, with bits of butter and salt between each layer, and a little rich milk. Be sure to have it well moistened and cracker-crumbs on top. Bake one hour well covered.

Baked.-This is one of the best dishes made from corn, and is often served cold at picnics. Cut the corn off from the cob with a sharp knife allow a quart of milk, three eggs, a One at a Time.

When I was a little boy, helpin' mother to store away the apples, I put for a step or two. Then one fell out, an' another, an' another, an' two or

'Now, Daniel. says she, 'I'm goin' to polite-I didn't think mamma would teach you a lesson.' So she put my like me to charge you.' 'A child of little hand quite tight around one. 'There,' she said, 'bring that, an'

I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doing ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much all at once. Don't try to put your arms around a year, and don't go troublin' about next week.

One day at a time, one hour, one minute-yes, one second-is all the able of being served in a greater variety time we get at once. So our best of way. Many housekeeps prefer to course is to 'do the next thing next.'-

### To Serve With Meats.

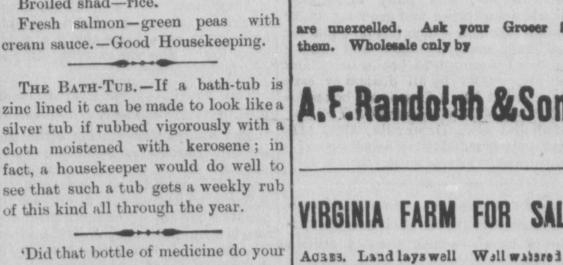
Roast beef-grated horseradish. Roast mutton-currant jelly. Boiled mutton - caper sauce. Roast pork - apple sauce. Roast lamb-mint sauce. Vension or wild duck-black cur ant jelly.

Roast goose-apple sauce. Roast turkey -oyster sauce. Roast chicken-bread sauce. Compote of pigeons - mushroom auce.

Broiled fresh mackeral-sauce of tewed gooseberries.

Broiled bluefish-white cream sauce. Broiled shad-rice. Fresh salmon-green peas with

cream sauce.-Good Housekeeping.



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## FOR SALI VIRGINIA FARM

CION CS. Blouses, w	Ty; I hope Uncle Harry will soon through with the harness !' Larry, with a reproachful look at a companion, answered, 'I didn't but to do this thing, Lulu, and I lew it would be better to go to hool.' You always blame me, Larry, but bat can we do ? I won't stay here ! his horrid old hay is choking me !' You'll have to stay here or let Mr lemry know of our badness,' returned is irritated and perplexed boy. I planned for us to have a nice ine, and see what it has come to ! but I'm not to blame, for I didn't now it would turn out so badly,' and all assumed a martyr-like attitude tat was very provoking to Larry. I have a mill at the second	<ul> <li>fully, 'I don't think I do.'</li> <li>'They were queer, ugly, green worms, about three inches long, with sixteen legs, strong jaws, and a big stomach. Did you never hear of silk worms?'</li> <li>No, the little girl had never heard of them, and she listened eagerly for their story.</li> <li>'They are hatched out of eggs no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, so of course they are very tiny at first. But they have big appetites for such tiny folk. If you go into a room where many of them are feeding, it sounds like the grinding of a rusty machine.</li> <li>'In a month's time they will eat 60,000 times their first day's weight in mulberry leaves, and then their short life is over ; they quit eating then, and begin to spin fine silk threads, in which they wind themselves round and round in queer little oblong balls</li> </ul>	rained he began to cry. 'It is always so. I was going to that picnic, and now I can't.' If a schoolmate had a new plaything he filled the house with the complaint, 'The other boys are al- ways getting things and I don't.' Johnnie's father was an accountant, and when one day Johnnie saw him working on a big sheet of paper, he asked, 'Papa, what is that?' 'A bal- ance sheet.' Johnnie asked if he couldn't make out a balance sheet. So a pen and ink and a big sheet of paper properly ruled were spread out before him. 'What name shall I write at the top?' asked Johnnie.' 'Nobody has deposited any money with me.' 'Hasn't anybody deposited anything with you that is worth money? There is your mother. What would you sell	every pint of corn, and season with salt and pepper. Bake in a greased pudding-dish about an hour, slowly. The oven should be only moderately heated, so that it will not scorch. Stir occasionally at first, but after it thick- ens let it brown. Soup.—Grate carefully one pint of fresh corn, being careful not to get any of the cob in ; add to the corn one pint of water, and cook fifteen minutes. When tender, add one quart of bolling milk (morning's milk preferred), three tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed smooth with one tablespoonful of flour, and a little salt. Let it boil up, then serve with crisp butter wafers. Sweet-Corn Pudding.—Two coffee- cupfuls of the grated pulp of corn, one quart of new milk, the yolks of three ergs two heaping tablespoonfuls of	'No ; as soon as she read the wrapper she got three new diseases.' FEVER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DE- RANGEMENTS are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the cor- rupted mass is thrown out by the nat- ural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results. STREET CAR ACCIDENTMr. Thomas Sabin. says : "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Rail- way. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, when the discoloration and swell- ing was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any	<text></text>
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