

The Manly Man.

It isn't the boy that doubles his fists
And thrusts them under another's nose,
Baring the sleeves from his rigid wrists
Ready to rain vindictive blows;
Whose tongue is ready with gibe and jeer
To stir up strife whenever he can,
Breathing menace and waking fear,
Who grows to be a manly man.

It isn't the boy who takes his mug
Of the horrible liquid labeled beer,
Then hangs himself by a silly hug
To the liveliest lamppost standing near.
Tho' he smokes the vilest cigarette,
And lord it over a black-and-tan,
Or a gallant horse, I can tell him yet,
He's far from being a manly man.

It isn't loose speech nor dress that is loud;
It isn't the cut of the coat he may wear;
A clown with ease attracts a crowd,
And wins a senseless shout and stare;
He may sport the heaviest watch and chain,
With collar and necktie lead the van,
And flourish the nobbiest hat and cane—
These never make a manly man.

Will he think he has come to man's estate,
When he feels the down on his feeble chin?
Will he think that vices make him great,
That only the weak are afraid of sin?
Some day to his foolish heart he will own
He might have followed a wiser plan—
One that will help, and one alone,
A boy to be a manly man.

I know you, my manly boy,
I know who followed the Golden Rule;
I know what makes you a household joy,
A priceless treasure with all at school.
I know what comfort wise hearts take
Who do you homage with all their clan,
They know very well you will one day
Make
A manly Christian gentleman.

Mrs. Emmet's Boy.

Tom Banker was not good-looking
—no one ever dreamed of calling him
that, the red-headed, freckled-faced
awkward boy. But it was not because
of his bad looks that he was expelled
from the Rye street school; it was be-
cause of his bad behaviour. 'More
than any mortal could endure,' that
was what his teacher said, and the
other teachers seconded his opinion.
And so Tom was told that he need
never come to the school again, and,
furthermore, that he could 'go where
you belong.'

Only one in the school seemed to
care where Tom went, and that one
was a lovely Christian woman, and a
teacher in the Rye street school. She
started early the following Sabbath,
so as to see Tom Banker. Tom an-
swered her knock at the cabin door,
and looked very surly upon seeing who
his caller was. He had his fishing
tackle in his hands, and his face look-
ed so white and savage that Mrs.
Emmet felt troubled. However, he
had sufficient politeness to ask his
visitor in. 'It's a regular pig-pen,
though, not fit for any lady,' he apolo-
gized.

'Not fit for a gentleman either,
then, is it?' she asked smilingly.
'No ma'am; and gentlemen don't
want to come in, either.'

'Your dear mother was a lady, Tom,
and a Christian to her last breath. I
believe she hoped and trusted her boy
would be a gentleman.'

The white face of Tom grew a shade
whiter, but he answered firmly, 'He
never will be never; he couldn't you
know, 'b'ed tied down to that,' and he
pointed to the open door, leading into
a closet room, where a man, his father,
lay sleeping the inebriate's heavy
sleep. 'Taint just polite to leave you,'
he added, 'but I must. I've an en-
gagement, and I guess you won't want
to stay here with that,' and again he
waved his hand toward his father.

'Tom, where are you going?'
'Goin' fishin' on Sunday,' he laugh-
ed. 'Goin' where I belong, as they
told me to, an' I s'pose that means to
the devil.'

'Tom, dear boy, you must not,' and
a gentle hand was laid upon his arm.
'You must turn about and walk the
other way, so that some day your
waiting mother can clasp her beloved
boy to her heart again.'

Tom was moved.
'I'd try to walk that way,' 'cause I
do want to see mother,' he said, chok-
ingly, 'but if I should try I'd never
get there, 'cause you see I'd be for-
ever stumbling over that.'

Mrs. Emmet's face paled, then she
looked into Tom's distressed face and
said, 'Tom, dear boy, I have a secret
to tell you. I have a stumbling-block
like that in my own home, but in spite
of that I shall climb up into heaven.'

Ten years have rolled away. Mrs.
Emmet's 'stumbling block' was long
ago removed, having first squandered
all his property in riotous living. We
find his widow, on Christmas eve, in a
little back room on the third floor of a
city tenement. Her room is comfort-
ably furnished, that is, it has a com-
mon carpet, a couple of chairs, and a
bed, but it seems bare and forlorn to
its occupant, who sits near one window
with her weary face pressed close to
the cold glass, against which snow-
flakes are falling thick and fast. Tears

are gathering in her gentle eyes. She
clasps her hands together in a passion-
ate way, as if suddenly tried beyond
human endurance, and said aloud,
'Christmas eve! Christmas eve! I
can hardly believe, it is all so strange
and desolate. No home! no friends!
No fruit to gather after all my seed-
sowing!'

She arose then, saying 'Well, God
knows how best to lead his own. I
will not brood over my troubles.' But
her tears fell hot and fast all the
same; and then a quick, manly step
was heard outside, and a rap at the
door. A young man, with fine, earnest
face, crowned with auburn hair, greet-
ed her thus:

'I told the little landlady I was
your boy, so she said I could come
right up.'

'My boy! Mine!' Mrs. Emmet said,
in a dazed way.

'Yes, your boy; that's what you
used to call me. You'll not disown
me now I hope.' He stepped within
the room smilingly, and took the
widow's hands within his own.

'Is it Tom? Can it be my Tom?'
'Yes, yours forevermore, although
there is someone else holding some
claim to me.'

He kissed her faded cheek, as he
spoke, with a kiss borne of a loving,
grateful heart.

'I owe all I am and all I possess
in life to you. I tremble to think where
I would have been had you not come
to me in my need, and led me back
into that old Rye street school, where
you taught me how to climb up toward
heaven. God bless you for it! That's
what I say, and that's what my wife,
Mary, says. She's waiting now, in the
dearest little home you ever saw, to
give 'our mother'—for my wife is an
orphan as well as myself, the warmest
welcome mortal ever received.'

'O my boy! my boy!' Mrs. Emmet
was both laughing and crying, and
Tom answered, 'Yes, yes! your boy!
Say it as often as you like; it's like
the melody of sweetest music to me,
and those words have haunted me
through all of the past busy, climbing
years. We'll have the merriest Christ-
mas, mortals ever had. And why
shouldn't we? for you have found
'your boy,' and I have found 'my
mother.'

At the seed sown in the old Rye
street school had borne fruit at last.—
Baptist Weekly.

A Respectful Boy.

An exchange gives the following in-
stance of a lad's politeness. Such
thoughtfulness for others, by young
people, is a most winning trait of
character:

An old man entered a railroad car,
and was looking for a seat, when a boy,
ten or twelve years of age, rose up and
said:

'Take my seat, sir.'

The offer was accepted, and the in-
firm old man sat down.

'Why did you give me your seat?'
he inquired of the boy.

'Because you are old, sir, and I am
a boy,' was the reply.

A hundred years ago there would
have been little need to record as re-
markable a similar incident. Among
things that are good or hopeful in a
rising generation there is one great
change for the worse, manifest to
everybody—a declining reverence to-
ward age and toward God. 'Thou
shalt rise up before the hoary head,
and honor the face of the old man, and
fear thy God: I am the Lord.'

Child-Life in India.

A baby in India is not rocked in a
cradle, but in a swing. The houses
are very small and have no furniture,
except perhaps a cot and a chair for
the man of the house. Many, how-
ever, have not even that. The family
sit on the bare floor and sleep on
mats. This would hardly do for the
baby. So, when the mother wishes to
lay it down, she takes one of her long
cloths that she wears instead of a dress,
and ties the two ends together over a
small rafter in the low room of the
house, and puts the baby into the fold
of the cloth. This makes a nice swing.

Most women in South India are
poor and have to work all day; and
many have to take their babies with
them to the fields. When they do that,
they make the same kind of a swing
by tying a cloth to the branch of a tree
by the roadside. Then the baby is
left for several hours, while the
mother goes off to her work. Very
often the light wind moves the branch,
and that swings the child, so that it
sleeps quietly, reminding us of the
lullaby:—

'Rock-a-by baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will
fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and
all.'

The bough does not often break, be-
cause the mother is careful to tie the
swing to a tamarind, or some other tree

hat has very strong boughs. But
sometimes the poor little baby, when
it wakes up alone, cries and wriggles
about a long time before any one takes
any notice of it; and once in a while it
falls out of the swing, and is hurt.

Once a week the family go to the
weekly fair in some village several
miles away. As they are poor, they
walk, and carry the baby by swinging
it in a cloth hanging from a bamboo
stick. The father walks ahead with
one end of the stick on his shoulder,
and the mother comes behind, carrying
the other end, while the baby hangs in
the cloth between them. When they
reach the fair-ground, the mother
spreads her vegetables for sale on a
little mat, and lets the baby roll around
by her side.—*Rev. J. S. Chandler.*

Like Mother.

We have all read and been touched
by the story of the little boy who told
his mother that when he grew up he
was going to marry a lady just like
her. I think the following incident is
equally touching and beautiful:

Little Arthur B—, a three-year
old, child watching his mother at her
household work, and looking up affec-
tionately at her, remarked:

'I hope I'll grow up to be a lady.'

'Why,' said the mother; 'do you
like ladies better than men?'

'Ye-es!' was the answer.

'Well,' said his mother, if you
grow up to be a man perhaps you can
get some nice lady to come and live
with you; that is the way men do.'

He looked up with a very bright
face, and said:

'Well, 'oo come and live with me
when I am a man.'

Home Hints.

To remove stains from table linen,
hold up the soiled part and pour
through it boiling hot water.

MACHINE grease may be removed
from washed goods by dipping the fabric
in cold rain water and soda.

KITCHEN tables may be made as
white as snow if washed with hard
soap and wood ashes. Floors look
best scrubbed with cold water, soap
and wood ashes.

BEEF AND TOMATOES.—Take one
pint of tomatoes, one teaspoonful of
salt, one salt-spoonful of pepper and
one onion cut fine, and one pound of
beef, cut in small pieces. Let all
simmer very slowly until the meat is
tender, add one tablespoonful of
butter and serve.

EGG FRITTERS.—Beat up some eggs
and season them as for a plain omelette;
throw in some slices of bread about
one-third of an inch thick, old bread
will answer; let them soak for a
quarter of an hour; then fry them in
oil or butter as fritters, and when they
become of a yellow color serve, then
very hot; salt and grated cheese
sprinkled over improves them.

ALMOND CAKE.—Take three eggs
with their shells, weigh the same
weight of flour, of fresh butter and
white sugar, beat to a paste three
ounces of sweet almonds, mix them
with the creamed sugar and butter,
add the eggs beaten separately, and
then the flour, a few drops of essence
of bitter almond improves this. Pour
the cake batter into a buttered mould
and bake in a gentle oven.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 31.)

No. 220.—

1. Ahasuerus, Esther 8: 10.
2. Jonadab, Jer. 35: 6.
3. Joshua, Josh. 10: 11.
5. Jeremiah 12: 9.

No. 221.—

1. Jeremiah, Jer. 17: 7.
2. Ezra, Ezra 9: 9.
3. Peter, 1 Peter 5: 7.
4. Hezekiah, 2 Kings 20: 19.
5. Thomas, John 10: 28.
6. Hagar, Gen. 16: 13.
7. Abraham, Gen. 22: 8.
8. Hannah, 1 Sam. 2: 9.

JEPHTHAH.

No. 222.—

We read of the five
burden-bearers here referred to in
Mark ii. 3. When the sick man there
spoken of was healed by the Saviour,
he was relieved by Him of that
'burden' of sickness (well so-called)
which he had brought up to that house.
By the same miracle the four men
who had brought that man up in his
helplessness were relieved of their
burden as well. The burden which
that other man took away with such
joy, and which he could not have
carried at all unless fully delivered
from the previous burden of his sick-
ness, is described in Mark ii. 12.

The Mystery.—No. 34.

No. 235.—PRIZE PYRAMID PUZZLE.
(BY "GREELEY," JOHNSTON.)

A letter; food; register; a Biblical
place; order; a kind of idiom.
The contents name a man mentioned
in the Bible.

No. 236.—FLORAL CHARADES.
(BY EMMA L., EAST PUNICO, N. S.)

1. To conserve with sugar, and a
tut of grass.
2. A domestic animal, and a narrow
piece.
3. A beautiful evergreen, and a
kind of Rhenish wine.
4. A small singing bird, and to in-
cite or arouse.

No. 237.—DIAMOND.

(BY G. N. BREWER, SAN FRANCISCO, CA.)
A letter; an animal; a girl's name;
used for catching fish; a consonant.

No. 238.—TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

(BY "VAN," YORK.)

A vowel; used for mother; Saul's
grandfather; a medley; the first
Jewish month
Perpendicular—a son of David.
Hypothesis—a priest.
Base—the first Jewish month.

No. 239.—LITERARY ENIGMA.

(BY HATTIE E. WANNAMAKE, APOHAQUIL.)

My whole is composed of 79 letters.
My 9, 6, 3, 25, 4, 64, 23, 48, 20, 21,
11, 47, 14, 22, 40, 15, 19, 17, 26, 51,
12, 13, 75 is the title of the poem,
written by Sir Walter Scott, from
which my whole is a quotation; my 8,
30, 44, 24, 36, 76, 18, 27, 39, 28, 32,
41, 2, 51, 10 was the author of 'The
Old Oak Bucket'; my 76, 65, 39, 31,
1, 69, 2, 34, 35 was the author of
'Child Harold'; my 16, 25, 48, 39,
46, 59, 57, 38, 67, 70, 69, 53, 65, 78
was the author of 'Locksley Hall';
my 23, 76, 55, 74, 29, 39, 66, 75, 67,
79, 75, 76, 25, 33, 65, 76, 63, 7, 60 was
the author of a poem entitled 'The
End of the Great Rebellion'; my 70,
50, 72, 42, 54, 67, 43, 46, 47, 49, 71,
66, 52, 52, 65, 39, 67, 75 was an
American Novelist; my 37, 43, 31, 4
was an Italian poet; my 32, 58, 59, 72,
5, 61, 75, 39 was the author of 'Snow
Bound'; my 62, 64, 56, 70, 75, 69, 45,
68, 73, 57, 49 was an eminent clergy-
man in England at the end of the
present century; my 72, 77, 53, 45, 65,
was the author of 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystic Fountain.

Please be kind enough to write us
some encouraging words, and don't
fail to send us some puzzles and an-
swers! The puzzles marked "Prize"
are those to which the prize was award-
ed.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q.—Why do we find the words
'Ecce Homo' generally used under
old paintings of our Saviour when
represented as crowned with thorns?

—ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Ans.—Because these words indicate
the deep humility of the nature Christ
took upon himself. They are Latin
words, literally meaning, 'Behold the
man!' and were used by Pilate to the
Jews when they clamoured for our
Lord's crucifixion.

B. B. B. STOOD THE TEST.

'I tried every known remedy I
could think of for rheumatism, without
giving me any relief, until I tried Bur-
dock Blood Bitters, which remedy I
can highly recommend to all afflicted
as I was.' Henry Smith, Milverton,
Ont.

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard
from those who have realized, by per-
sonal use, the curative powers of Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral. 'I cannot say enough
in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, be-
lieving as I do that, but for its use, I
should long since have died from lung
troubles.'—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe
hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on
by a distressing Cough, which deprived
me of sleep and rest. I had used vari-
ous cough balsams and expectorants,
without obtaining relief. A friend ad-
vised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it
helped me at once. By continued use
this medicine cured my cough, and, I
am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E.
Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
for over a year, and sincerely believe I
should have been in my grave, had it
not been for this medicine. It has cured
me of a dangerous affection of the lungs,
for which I had almost despaired of ever
finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen,
Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life.
Two years ago I took a very severe cold
which settled on my lungs. I consulted
physicians, and took the remedies they
prescribed, but failed to obtain relief
until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pec-
toral. Two bottles of this medicine
completely restored my health.—Lizzie
M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

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196 196

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June 15 1887.



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