

We'll Soon Be Men.

A swarm of boys in summer,
Like a hive of bees in June,
With eager voices humming,
But not in rhythmic tune;
For some were loud and angry,
And others fierce and low,
And threats of grim defiance
Were tossed to and fro.

And as I passed the corner,
To the eager, surging group,
From every quarter, swiftly
Came comrades in a troop;
The leader's whistle sounded,
Like the call of Roderick Dhu,
And the fellows leaped to answer it,
Like soldiers tried and true.

I did not learn the trouble
That was vexing every breast,
But I heard an earnest orator,
Who comforted the rest;
And, as I went my way, I said
His fiery words again,
With thoughtful hope and loving prayer:
"Now, boys, we'll soon be men!"

Yes, flashing eyes of boyhood,
And boyhood's beardless cheek,
The kingdom you are coming to,
It is not far to seek.
For the hastening years are bringing
The unborn future nigh;
The land we love is waiting you
To serve her by and by.

And oft when greed of evil hearts,
And sordid lusts of gold,
Send shame and grief to loyal souls
As the piteous tale is told,
Our courage springs to bear the ill,
In hopes of days to be,
When they who vote and they who rule
Shall worthily be free.

Yes, in the busy school-room now,
And on the thronging street,
And in the field and on the farm,
With joyous look we greet
The eager, bright, truth-telling boys,
Who mean such grand things when,
God helping them, they reach the line
When boys—how soon!—are men.

—Congregationalist.

Jennie's Happy Year.

"I remember," said the doctor's wife, "the day that Jennie Marshall first came to school. There were but ten of us, and we were like other girls. Our fathers paid our way through school, and we thought we never could endure it when it leaked out that Mrs. Vance was going to take a charity scholar, a poor clergyman's orphan for teaching."

"Betty Kenneth declared she would never see her; she would pass her as though she were the blank wall," which we thought a fine revenge on the girl for being poor. We all resolved to do the same.

"But when the day came, Mrs. Vance led in a thin little cripple, with an appealing face and hump upon her back."

"This is Jennie Marshall," she said. There was a moment's pause, and then Betty marched straight up and kissed her, and we all followed her. Mrs. Vance looked surprised and pleased, but she soon led the new scholar out, and then we stared at each other.

"I can't make war on cripples," said the roughest girl in the class.

"Betty's face was red, and she spoke vehemently. 'I know what we will do! She thinks of her deformity all of the time; I see it in her face. We must make her forget it. Do you hear, girls? It is a little thing for us to do—make her forget it!'"

"If a teacher told us to do this, we should probably have disobeyed her; but Betty was the wildest among us. We were ready to follow her."

"We all went to work. We took Jennie into all our clubs we told her all our secrets. Not a word or a look ever touched on her deformity, or hinted that there was any difference between us."

"If she had been a whining, priggish girl, our good intentions might have been thrown away; but she was an affectionate little soul, ready to laugh at all our jokes. I fancy she was little used to jokes or fun. People had kept that terrible hump in her mind always, as though that was to be the chief thing in life for her."

"She was not clever at her books, but Betty found out that she could embroider exquisitely. Then we asked Mrs. Vance to offer a prize for needlework with the others, and Jennie, of course, took it."

"She had a voice fine and tender as a lark's, and Betty always contrived that people who could understand it should hear her sing. I have seen old men come to her with their eyes wet with tears, and thank her for her songs. Even when we had tableaux, she contrived that Jennie's lovely, sad face should be seen among the others."

"What was the end of it? O, it was not like a story or a play, with some great blessing coming in at the close. It was a severe winter and several of the girls had heavy colds, two of them pneumonia. Jennie was not so strong enough to fight against it. She was the only one who died."

"Yes, her poor little story came to a sudden end. We all saw her on that last day. Betty even whispered to her a great secret. 'You can tell the other girls when you are well,' she said, nodding."

"Jennie laughed; but she looked at each of us as we kissed her in a queer, steady way."

"I never was so happy in my life, girls," she whispered, "as here with you. Never. I wish I could stay—"

"That was all; but when we looked at her dead face the next day, there was a quiet smile on it."

"Betty's little effort had made the last year of the tired child's life peaceful and bright, and I thought that she surely had carried some of its happiness up with her to the home where her deformity could not follow her."

Selected.

Being Obliging.

One day when little Arthur was making mud pies in the front yard, he heard some one call him. It was his Aunt Jane, who was standing on the front porch with a letter in her hand.

"Run across the street and put this letter in the box, Arthur, please," she said.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur, who did not like to be disturbed.

So Aunt Jane went across the street herself and mailed the letter.

Not long after this, Arthur's mother asked him to take a spool of silk to Aunt Jane who was upstairs.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur again.

His mother said nothing, but when she went upstairs herself with the silk she had a little talk with Aunt Jane about Arthur. An hour later Arthur ran to Aunt Jane with a broken whip.

"Please mend this, Aunt Jane," he cried.

"No, I don't want to," said Aunt Jane, without looking up from her sewing.

Arthur seemed surprised for a moment, then hung his head and turned away.

When supper was over, Arthur carried his book of fairy tales to his mamma.

"Please read me a story, mamma," he said.

"No, I don't want to," said his mother, who was knitting.

Arthur's lip quivered, and his eyes were full of tears as he sat down on a cushion in a corner to look at the pictures in the book.

But he forgot his troubles when his papa came in.

"O papa!" he said, running to him; "please make me a whistle."

"No, I don't want to," said his papa.

This was too much for Arthur, and he burst into tears. But no one comforted him, and the nurse came and took him off to bed.

While she undressed him she told him that no one could love a little boy who never wanted to do favors, and if he were not ready to oblige others he must not expect others to oblige him.

The next morning Aunt Jane came out again with a letter. As soon as Arthur saw her he left his mud cakes and ran to her.

"Let me put the letter in the box, Aunt Jane," he said.

Aunt Jane smiled and kissed him as she gave him the letter. She saw that Arthur had learned a good lesson, and hence again refused to do a favor.

Kind Words.

The First Match.

A few days ago a gentleman, who is now something over sixty years of age, said to me: "I well remember the time when I first saw a match. I was then a boy, and was working in the barn with my father, when a young man, the son of a neighbor, came in with a box in his hand and said he could now light a fire without borrowing coals or striking a spark with the flint. Opening the box he took out one of the matches, which was three or four inches long and had a yellow-looking substance on one end. This end he dipped into a small bottle which came in the box with the matches and contained sulphuric acid. When the match was put into the acid it instantly burst into a blaze. Although young Grant had paid fourteen shillings (\$1.75) for his box, which held but fifty matches, he was quite ready to use up one or more of the costly fire makers in showing father how the wonderful invention worked. But father, having a wholesome fear of fire, and looking with some suspicion on any new departure from established ways, begged Grant, if he would fool with that stuff, to go outside, for he didn't want his barn burned down, adding, 'It may be fun to see that go off, but it ain't going to do any body any good to have fire made as easy as that!'" The old gentleman was mistaken. His son has lived to see the time when fire can be made much more easily, and it does people good by saving time and temper, while the

number of fires from the use of matches is comparatively few. Five hundred "parlor" matches can be bought for five cents; between forty and fifty million matches are made every day in the United States, and still the country is not yet destroyed by fire, in spite of the ease with which we can make fire.

Choosing an Occupation.

A boy is too apt to be influenced in his life work by some accident or petty motive. His father and grandfather have been successful physicians, or manufacturers, or butchers, and it seems natural and right for him to follow in their footsteps. Or his intimate friend at college is going to study law, and he must do the same.

Sometimes a pious father or mother cherishes a fond hope that the boy will devote his life to preaching the Gospel, and, rather than disappoint them, he does it, with no fitness or real zeal for the work.

In each case the lad's life is a failure for the want of a little deliberation and careful examination of his natural abilities.

Don't be in a hurry, boys. Do not let an accident decide for you. Do not choose an occupation because it is more "genteel" than others. It is the man who gives character and dignity to his occupation, not his clothes.

Do not think, because you are rated dull at school, that there is no honorable place for you in the world. There are talents and powers that do not deal with books. God sends no man into the world without providing an occupation for him in which he may earn respect. You have yours.

But take care that the work is that for which the tool is fitted. The mere fact that the work seems pleasant and attractive to you does not prove that it is fitted for your faculties. You may be ambitious, but you cannot climb a ladder without feet and hands.

Selected.

A Kind-Hearted Cat.

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal is responsible for the following:

"A Lewiston physician, who keeps his horse in a stable not far from Lisbon Street, relates the following true story of an occurrence of the past fortnight: Two families were growing up in the stable, one canine, the other feline. The cat's family were a trifle the older, but not old enough to open their eyes. Everything was fortunate in both families until, the other morning, there was a dead dog on the stable floor, and three whining pups shivering in the straw. The next day, they attracted the attention of the cat. She was seen to walk into the stall when the whining came, and to approach the bed on the straw. She surveyed, apparently in a thoughtful way, the desolate family. They seemed to strike her favorably. She lifted one by the nape of the neck and bore it home, and returned for another, and then the last. She evidently couldn't, in her motherly heart, refuse a bed and board to the suffering; and the mixed-up family is said to be now rapidly approaching a condition of self-help. As a proof in instinctive mercy, the incident is certainly valuable."

What to Teach Our Boys.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves. When their play is over for the day to wash their face and hands, brush their hair and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to their mother when she comes to sit down. To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters. Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise takes the time of some one or other who has more to do than themselves.

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

To try to find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To cultivate a cheerful temper. To learn to sew on their own buttons.

If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence; and above all never to lie about anything they have done.—St. Louis Observer.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.—Charlie had gone into the country to spend a part of his summer vacation, and one day, while he was out in the field helping the men with their work, through some accident he received a painful in-

jury. He was carried to the house, and kind friends did all they could to relieve him. But what do you think was the first thing Charlie said? "Don't tell mother." He knew how anxious she would be about him, and wanted to spare her.

That is the kind of boys we want—boys who are thoughtful and considerate of their mothers.

Good Words for Boys.—An English writer says: "A gentleman must be polite, gentle, truthful and honest. And if a boy wishes to become a gentleman, and will rule his life by those four words, he will succeed. But he will find when he begins to try, that those four words, simple as they are, have deep meanings, and it may not be always easy for him to put them into daily practice."

These words are good for girls, too, if they want to become real ladies and not mere shams.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

{ If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try, again. }

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 41.)

No. 262.—Chair.

No. 263.—I. A. APT. APRON. TOM. N. II. A. ART. ARROW. TON. W.

No. 264.—1. Ex. 16:36. 2. Ex. 22:18. 3. Ex. 35:3. 4. Isa. 35:3.

No. 265.—William Shakespeare.

No. 266.—1. Ex. 34:4. 2. Matt. 3:10. 3. Ex. 24:4. 4. 1 John 12:13. 5. Gen. 2:15. 6. Mal. 3:17. 7. Matt. 27:30.

The Mystery—No. 44.

No. 280.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.) In cat, not in mouse; In table, not in house; In window, not in sash; In lock, also in latch; In ki ow, not in see. Whole is a very useful article.

No. 281.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.) 1. Where is "white of egg" found? 2. Where is "Bay horses" mentioned?

No. 282.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg.) "Githr si thgir, nceis ogd si ogdo; Rhigt ni het den tmsu nwi: Ot budto ludwo eb ysidiylao, Ot leftar dlwuo eb nsi."

No. 283.—PIED RIVERS.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.) 1. Abndue. 3. Ubg. 2. Golva. 4. Rula. 5. Vane.

No. 284.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY —, East Pubuco, N. S.) "B-t-e-u-n-d-n-r-b-k-d-h-u-n, n-s-z, y-k-o-n-t-h-t-a-n-r-f-p-r-t-e-r-o."

No. 285.—BOYS' NAMES. (Phonetic.)

(BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.) 1. Jayayeeemee. 3. Ayeelalayean. 2. Jayohhn. 4. Deeyeeekay.

No. 286.—HALF SQUARE.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince William.) Pertaining to a league; a dark and gloomy place; an evil spirit; black; to hasten; an adverb; a letter from London.

No. 287.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.) In faith, not in hope; In gypase, not in soap; In rice, not in wheat; In grain, not in beet; In Christmas, not in winter; In quoin, not in printer; In luck, not in gain; In hurt, not in pain; In pure, not in white; In dark, not in light; In Empire, not in nation.—A useful occupation.

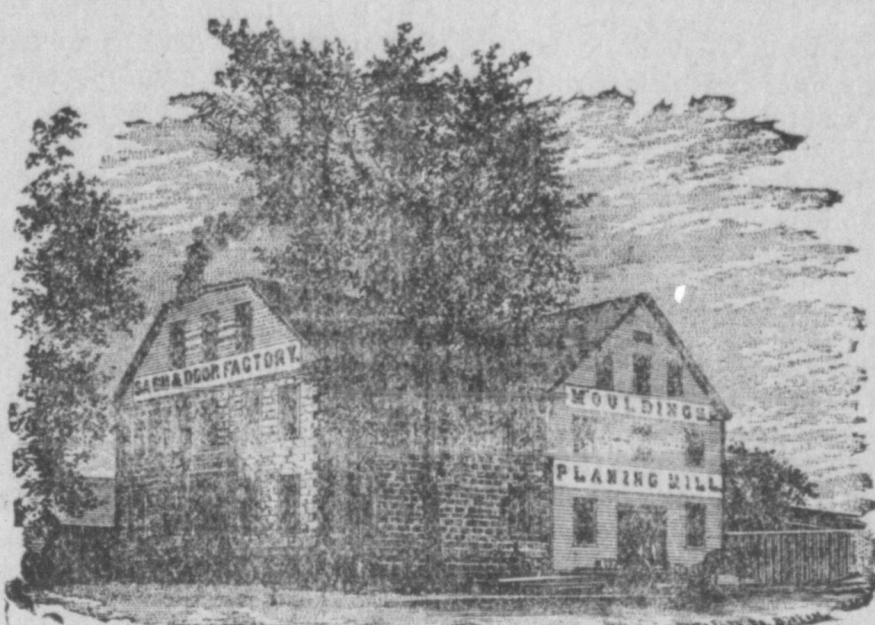
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The Mystical Circle.

It is hoped that our friends will take hold of the Prize offers of the two weeks past. Come now don't be disheartened and backward. We are anxious to hear from many.

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