

The Glories of Sweet Corn.

"Mong'vay't'bles de tu'nip hex a'p'ow'ful
lot ob fren's;
De happiness of hund'eds on de 'common
'tatah'pends;
De carrot er a han'some root, but, sho' ez
yo'er bawn.
Dar's nuffin at dis time ob yeah ter ekil
sugah cawn!

Chorus—O, sweet cawn, O, sugah cawn!
Wa't' mo' kin yo' dosiah?
Jis' bile hit wid de shucks on,
Er roast hit by de fish!

De best er red an' ful ob juice—de pa'nip
makes good stew;
De reddish relishes wid bread—ternsattah
sax dux, too;

De green cowcumbah 'll cut yo' off, in
chill'hood or in priase—
But sugah cawn 'll make yo' fat. Hi!
golly, hit's serblime!

De cabbage an' de summah squash, de
string bean an' de pea,
All fin' de table, col' or hot, 'twixt brekfus-
tins an' tea;
But cl'ar de bo'd ob all sich truck—de cawn
er wa't' I take;
Hit knocks de 'licement out ob eben pud'n,
pis er cake!

Work and Win.

The sweetest cherries, mind you, 'al,
Grow highest on the tree;
And would you win the fairest fruit,
One thing I'll say to thee:
It falls not at the clicking gay
Of an idler's peef—
You'll have to climb the rugged tree,
And gather for yourself.

Tis vain to wait the fruit to fall,
Or pelt the tree with stones—
You'll have to struggle bravely up,
And risk some broken bones;
You only waste your time below,
And get indifferent pay—
If you would reach the ripest fruit,
Just throw your fears away.

Tis so with everything in life
That's worth the owning, lad—
With learning, wealth and character—
The best, the good and great have had;
They come not at the nod and heft
Of any idle hand—
Tis only those who bravely toil,
May have them at command.

If, then, you want the ripest fruit,
Just labor till you win;
But mind thee, boy, while up you climb,
Keep heart and hand from sin;
The best and grandest guerdon, lad,
If bought with wicked wage,
No peace or comfort yields at last,
But curses on your age.

—Christian Observer.

Fred's Security.

The neatly written placard hung in
Mr. Martin's store window day after
day, until people began to wonder why
it was that he could not get a boy,
when the place in a thriving drug-
store was such a desirable one, and
other opportunities for a boy to find
work in Riverdale were few.

A great many boys had applied for
the place, but the trouble was that Mr.
Martin demanded such unexceptional
references and security, that he could
not find a boy that suited him among
the many candidates for the position.
Fred Mallory had seen the placard in
the window, and, as he was very anx-
ious to get steady employment so that
he could be of real assistance to his
mother, he lost no time in applying
for the position.

"Mr. Martin, I would like very
much to have a place to work," he
said, as he entered the store and met
the proprietor's keen grave eyes fixed
inquiringly upon him.

"And I want a boy very much; so
perhaps we may be able to strike a
bargain," Mr. Martin answered, en-
couragingly.

Fred felt as if he were quite sure of
the place, until Mr. Martin asked him
who would become his security.

"Security?" asked Fred inquiringly.
"I don't know just what you mean,
sir."

"Do you know any one who would
be willing to deposit a certain sum of
money with me, as security of your
honesty?" Mr. Martin repeated.

Fred's face fell, and his bright ex-
pression changed to one of disappoint-
ment.

He could bring good reference as to
his industry and honesty from every
one for whom he had ever worked,
but there was no one that he could ask
to become his security.

"No, sir; I can't give any security,
if that is what it is," he answered.
"Couldn't you try me without that,
Mr. Martin?"

The gentleman shook his head:

"No; I could get plenty of boys with
good enough references, but when any
one has faith enough in their honesty
to become their security, then I feel
perfectly safe in trusting them in my
store. It is a good place for a boy,
and is a good business to learn, and if
you can get security I shall be glad to
take you, but I cannot do it without."

He took up his paper again, and Fred
sadly left the store, knowing that there
was no hope of his obtaining the situa-
tion, anxious as he was for the employ-
ment, for there was no one that he
knew of, whom he could ask such a
favor.

He had almost forgotten his disap-
pointment a week later, and, instead of
grieving over his failure to obtain a
steady situation, was working very in-
dustriously at any odds and ends of
work he could find to do.

One day he promised to take a load
of apples into market for a neighbor,
and as he was walking beside the stout
little donkey, whistling as cheerily as
any blackbird, he met some boys with
whom he had a slight acquaintance.

"Give us some apples, Fred," called
one of the boys, as he saw the basket
on either side of the donkey laden
with fine, large fruit.

"I can't," answered Fred. "They're
not mine, or I would treat you; but
they're Mrs. Benson's and she told me
not to let anybody disturb them."

"Well, what's the difference? She'll
never know. Give us a few, or we'll
take them ourselves," said another
boy, advancing toward the basket with
an outstretched hand.

"No you won't," answered Fred firmly,
standing before the fruit. "I
promised her that they should not be
disturbed, and I mean to keep my
word as well as I can."

With a boisterous laugh one of the
boys held Fred, notwithstanding his
struggles, while the rest of the party
began to help themselves to the fruit
in spite of his remonstrances.

Fred resisted with all his might, but
he could not free himself from his
captor's strong grasp, and his efforts to
escape earned him some rough blows.

The boys were so eagerly helping
themselves to the fruit that they did
not hear the sound of wheels till a stern
voice called out, "Here, here, boys!
what is all this about, and looking
around the little party saw that Mr.
Martin was close behind them.

Fred saw a chance to regain his
property now that he could ask Mr.
Martin's assistance; and he answered
quickly, "They're taking Mrs. Ben-
son's apples, sir, and I can't stop
them."

"Put those apples back," ordered
the gentleman sternly; and the fright-
ened boys obeyed silently. "Now you
go off about your business and let this
boy alone," he added; "and if I hear
of you molesting him again, I shall
take the matter into my own hands
instead of letting you off so easily as I
have this time."

As the boys went down the road,
glad to escape without any further
reprimand, Mr. Martin turned to
Fred. "Why didn't you let them have
some apples, and then you wouldn't
have been handled so roughly?" he
asked.

"Why they weren't mine, sir," an-
swered Fred, surprised at the question.

"So you believe in defending prop-
erty committed to your care, even at
your own expense, do you?" Mr.
Martin asked.

"Yes, sir," Fred replied, emphatic-
ally.

"That's a good principle—a good
principle," repeated Mr. Martin, "I
am glad you put it into practice;"
and he drove on, leaving Fred to pur-
sue his way to market with the apples.

When the fruit was disposed of at a
price which he knew would be satis-
factory to the owner, Fred started to-
wards home again, and as soon as he
reached a shady place he stopped for
dinner. Jack was munching away at
a mouthful of hay, and Fred was en-
joying the sandwich his mother had
put up for him, when Mr. Martin
came along the road on his way home.
He checked his horse when he reached
Fred.

"You haven't got that security yet,
have you," he asked.

"No sir, I know there is no chance
of my getting it," Fred answered.

"Well I want a boy right away,"
Mr. Martin responded, "and under
the circumstances I think I am quite
willing to take your bruised eye as se-
curity, as I happen to know all about
it. A boy who will defend a trust so
bravely as you did, will be trustworthy
under all circumstances."

To his great delight Fred went the
next morning to the position he had
longed for, and he was so careful to be
faithful in even the smallest matters
committed to his care, that Mr. Martin
never regretted having taken him upon
his own security.—Christian Observer.

About Beavers.

Did the young reader ever see a
beaver? I mean a genuine, living,
wild beaver. The writer has spent
considerable time in studying their
work and ways in their native homes
in the West; and they are most re-
markable among all the rodents for in-
stinct and intelligence. Not even the
honey bee or the ant shows an instinct
so far-reaching in its adaptation to
conditions. He masons in a marvel-
ous degree to an end and purpose.

Beavers live in families like human
beings. The male has one wife, and
the children stay at home till they are
three years old, when they go abroad
seeking companions of their own and

set up housekeeping for themselves.
If by any reason a general break-up of
the "lodge" takes place, the young
beavers go down stream and the old
ones up, as it is easier to build a dam
up stream where the water is shallow-
er, and generally bark from small
trees is more easily obtained. Are
boys and girls always as careful to give
the preference to old age?

The lodges, if not broken up by
man, remain in use for a long series of
years, and are admirably adapted to
convenience and safety. Each lodge
on the bank of a stream has three
openings and sometimes more. The
first entrances open up gradually from
the bottom of the stream to the cham-
ber where the beavers live. By this
entrance they bring in their food,

which consists of short sticks of wood
covered with bark, cut short enough
to be turned or handled any way inside
of the living room. Another entrance,
or way of egress rather, goes straight
down from the chamber to a level with
the bottom of the river, when it turns
squarely and comes out in the bottom
of the stream. Down this hole they
drop the sticks when they have eaten
off the bark and then drag the white
naked pieces of wood out to the bot-
tom to float away. The third entrance
is from beneath also, and is sinuous,
turning in many ways, and serves a
good purpose when besieged by an
enemy. All these entrance ways are
arched over with sticks and plastered
with mud and grass. The bottoms of
these entrance ways are also laid with
short sticks like corduroy.

The lodge, or chamber itself, is a
house from six to eight feet square
laid up against the wall with sticks
like a log cabin. When a stick in the
wall of this cabin rots, it is carefully
removed and another put in its place.

The beaver exercises great diligence
and wisdom in procuring and storing
its food. The thick bark on the trunks
of large trees is not suitable for him
and his family, and so they cut down
the tree for the smaller limbs, on
which the bark is more tender and
nutritious. To nights' work is suffi-
cient to fell a large tree, each family
being left to enjoy the fruits of its own
labor. It is said they promptly kill
all socialists, trouble-breeders, and
those who are too lazy to work.

When a tree on which they are cut-
ting begins to crackle, they desist from
cutting till it begins to fall, when they
plunge into the water one after another
"plunk," "plunk," "plunk," till all
are in, where they wait with the great-
est caution lest the noise of the falling
tree might attract some enemy to the
place, maybe some fool with a gun.

Nor is this all. They know how to
regulate the cutting of a tree so as to
make it fall always in the water. This
is done so as to enable them to trans-
port their short sticks by water to the
lodge. After the stick is cut and is
ready for transportation to the lodge,
Master Beaver places it under his
throat and pushes it before him to the
mouth of the entrance-way to the lodge.

A book might be written on the
beavers' dam. This is, without doubt,
the most ingenious and scientific
structure built by any creature save
man. The object of this dam is to
raise and hold the water so as to cover
the entrance-way to his chamber. This
makes the beaver both comfortable
and safe.

The dam is constructed of sticks,
mud and stones gathered together with
great skill and labor. The breadth at
the base and top of the beavers' dam
is always in exact proportion to its
height and length and the volume of
water to be held. Here in Oregon
and Montana evidence is found where
these dams have been made across
streams from ten to fifteen hundred
feet wide.

The Indians have trained dogs for
catching beavers, and after they have
broken open one of these dams, they
go round with their dogs to the lodges
and kill mercilessly every poor beaver.
—Herald.

Humor For Irish Blunders.

An Irishman, testifying in a police
court, was asked to explain why he
had "shown the white feather" on a
certain occasion. "'Tis better to be a
coward for five minutes than dead all
your life," he replied. Another Irish-
man, while accompanying a fishing
party, had a bad fall down a steep
mountain slope. Picking himself up,
he devoutly exclaimed: "Glory be to
God that I wasn't walking back over
the mountains a dead man!"

The humor of these blunders lies in
the inability of the speakers to regard
life as excluding death, and death as
excluding life. But neither of them is
a nonsensical expression, on the con-
trary each illustrates what an Irish
writer says of Irish blunders, "They
are frequently humorous hyperboles,
and present very

often the most energetic mode of ex-
pressing the speaker's opinion."

An Irish peasant talks of "a strong
weakness," and says that "the water
is dry in the river," and tells you that
"the only way to privint what's past
is to put a stop to it before it happens."
He will confess, "I can always remem-
ber things in advance," or, "There I sat
expecting every moment would be my
next," and describe drops of rain as
varying in size "from a shilling to
eighteen pence."

These expressions are "bulls," but
they are also picturesque blunders,
such as could be made only by a
peasantry gifted with wit, metaphor
and ingenuity. "Even the cutters of
turf and drawers of whiskey are
orators," wrote Maria Edgeworth of
the Irish peasants, more than eighty
years ago.—Selected.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

— IF A WEARY TASK YOU FIND IT,
— PERSISTENCE AND NEVER MIND IT. —

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 28.)

No. 185.—a ship
hose
isle
peep

No. 186.—1. Prov. 16:32.
2. " 8:33.

No. 187.—1. Lark. 2. Swan.
3. Pewit. 4. Sparrow.

No. 188.—Cider. No. 189.—Mildred.

No. 190.—1. Abimelech. Judges 9:48
2. Achan. Josh. 7:21-26.

The Mystery—No. 31.

N. B.—Contributions and answers
are respectfully solicited from all our
readers.

No. 205.—CHARADE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

My first is sad and gay;
Worn by many night and day.
My second is grown on India's plain,—
The poor man's food, the merchant's
gain.

My whole a changeable thought,
A mood of mind with danger fraught.

No. 206.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

BY E. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg

I. M-g-t-v-r-o-e-r-g-t.
II. E-t-n-l-m-n-s.

No. 207.—PI PUZZLE (2 Words.)

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

Ceijorevererome.

No. 208.—SQUARE WORDS.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

I. The Saviour; a Bible name;
a student; an edict; a Bible name.
II. A command; an Irish town;
belonging to sheep; a conduit;
a mournful sound.

No. 209.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY L. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

o A letter.
o o o A game of cards.
o o o o Pertaining to a place.
o o o A grain.
o A letter.

No. 210.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince Wm.)

In wagon, but not in cart;
In pie, but not in tart;
In chair, but not in table;
In story, but not in fable;
In gale, but not in storm;
In shape, but not in form;
In storm, but not in rock;
My whole was a deacon from Antioch.

No. 211.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S.)

My whole, consisting of 15 letters,
is a command by God.
My 2, 3, 8, 11, 4 is a fruit.
My 14, 3, 13 is a number.
My 2, 3, 10, 8 is an animal.
My 1, 10, 8 is of a boat.
My 14, 7, 2 is a household article.
My 9, 10, 13 " "
My 15, 12, 10, 14 is a piece of school
furniture.

No. 212.—TRANSPPOSED PROVERBS.

(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

I. "Adeeeehiiimmsstttv."
II. "Adeeeilmmooostttt."

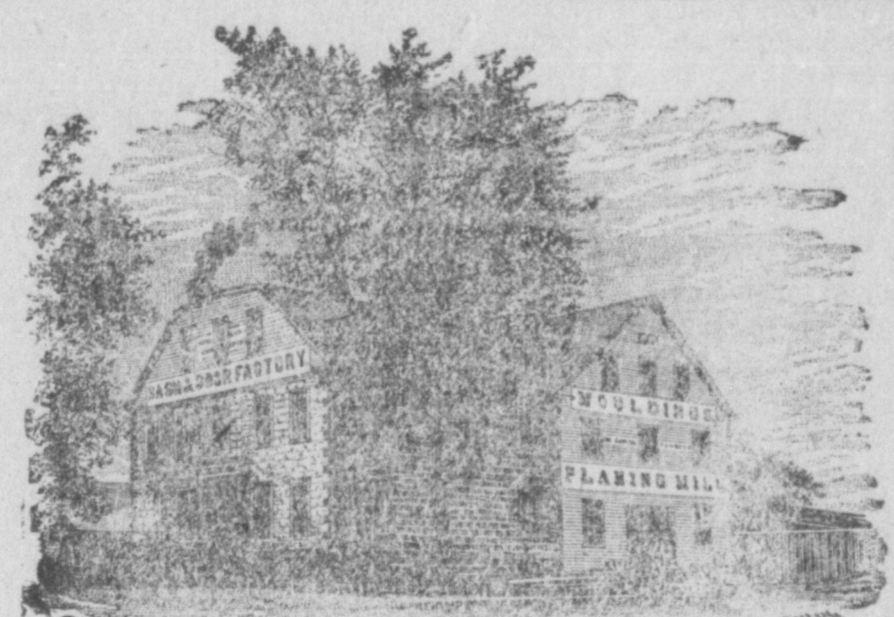
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