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CAULAY

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erickton, N. B.

If I Were a Girl.

EX LINNIE HAWLEY DRAKE.

If I were a girl, a true-hearted girl,
Just budding to fair womanhood,
There's many a thing that I would not do,
And numberless things that I would.
I never would frown, with my mouth drawn
down,
For the creases will come there and stay;
But sing like the lark, should the day be
dark—
Keep a glow in my heart, any way!

If I were a girl, a bright, winsome girl,
Just leaving my childhood behind,
I would be so neat, from head to my feet,
That never a fault could one find.
So helpful to mother, so gentle to brother,
I'd have things so cheery and sweet,
That the streets and their glare could never
compare
With the charms of the home so replete.

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl,
With father overburdened with care,
I would walk at his side with sweet, tender
pride,
With ever a kiss and a prayer.
Not a secret I'd keep that could lead to de-
ceit,
Not a thought should I blush to share;
Not a friend my parents should disapprove
I would trust such a girl anywhere!
—Exchange.

Boys Wanted.

Wanted—a boy. How often we
These very common words may see!
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun.
But the men to-day can do
Morrow the boys will be doing, too;
For the time is coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has to pay—
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life, and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun;
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brains will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do,
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy.
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.
—Chicago Post.

Gerty's Pistle.

"I don't know what it means,
mamma; I never saw such a horrid
word before," complained Gerty, with
an impatient little stamp of her foot.
"I don't mean a pistol to shoot with."
"Daughter, run to the big dictionary,"
mamma was just going to say; and then
she thought of something better. "Run
to mamma's writing-desk, and bring
me the bundle of papers you will find
tied with a pink ribbon."

In a little while the wondering
maiden came back with the package in
her hands. It was large, and the knot
was stubborn, and she could hardly
wait until mamma got it unfasted to
know what she could mean by sending
her after a bundle of old letters just
when she had been talking about her
Sunday-school lesson.

"Do you know whom this is from?"
mamma asked, as she took a square
envelope addressed with violet ink
from the package, and held it up
where her daughter could see it.

"That is one of Aunt May's letters.
She always uses pink ink."

"Yes; or, at least, a very hard kind
of ink to read, especially when it's
written both ways across the page."

"Why don't she take another page,
mamma?" inquired Gerty, as she
looked curiously at the closely written
sheet. "Is she poor?"

"No; not so poor, dear, as thoughtless.
She can't see to write it, and I suppose
she doesn't read it over after it has
been written, and so does not think
how hard it may be for others to read."

"Why, I thought you said Aunt
May was a pretty writer. You were
fishing, one day, that I would try to
write as well as she does."

"It isn't the handwriting; that
would be plain enough if either writing
were alone, but the second spoils the
first, and is spoiled itself by being
written over the first."

"There, that's one of papa's letters;
know that!" exclaimed Gerty, as her
mother stopped talking and drew forth
another letter, addressed in a bold but
somewhat sprawling hand. "You can
read that, can't you, mamma? for you
do read every word over and over
again."

"Yes, dear, I can read that; for I
have been reading them so long that
no one else could read what your
mother writes, I'm sure I should know
that it was."

"But I can't read a word of it, mam-
ma; it isn't near as smooth as Aunt
May's, though, of course, I think pa-
pa's letters are nicer. What makes
papa write such funny little curlicues
at the end of all his words?"

"Oh, that's the n or the r or what-
ever letter finishes the word. They
don't look much like the n's and r's in
our copy-book, dear; but then busi-
ness papas, who have so many letters

to write, are liable to get in a dreadful
hurry, and dash off little crooked
marks that are easier to make than
letters, because they know that the
people who are to read the letters will
understand from the rest of the letter."

"Oho! You needn't think I don't
know that little scamp!" Gerty cried,
as a smaller piece of paper, folded very
crookedly, fell from the envelope mam-
ma was just putting away. "That's
one of my scribbling when I couldn't
do anything but print."

"I wouldn't call it scribbling, dear.
I remember that papa called it a very
nice little letter when he read it down
at the office."

"I tried to make it nice, mamma;
but it doesn't look so very nice now."
"That is what makes it nice, dear—
because you did try. It was your best
then; and one's best, however imper-
fect it may be to them, is accepted as
perfect."

"Oh, that is perfect! I didn't know
that you had saved Miss Wilson's let-
ter to me, mamma. Wasn't it real
kind of her to print every word of it,
because she knew I couldn't read writ-
ing? and it is printed just like the
printing in the book—as smooth, I
mean."

"Yes, that is what you will be able
to do one of these days, when you are
as old as Miss Wilson, if you are
patient enough to keep trying to do
the things you can't do so well now,
and to understand the things you can't
understand now. Let us put the epis-
tles away now."

"Pistles, mamma? What in the
world are you talking about? Why,
that's the word that I was bothering
about; but, I declare, I had forgotten
there was such a word, I was so inter-
ested in the letters. You must be
getting things mixed, as you tell me I
do sometimes."

"Not in the least, daughter. I might
say it of you, though—a little girl who
becomes so much interested in epistles
that she forgets there is such a bother-
some word as 'epistle.'"

"Interested in 'pistles'? Why mam-
ma, we haven't said a word about any-
thing but these letters."

"And letters are epistles; didn't you
know that?"

"Are they, really?"

"That's what they used to call them
in the days when Paul wrote epistles
to all the churches."

"Why, there must be letters in the
Bible."

"Yes."

"But—Oh, yes! I know what I was
going to say. What I was bothering
about when you sent me for these let-
ters, was how there could be such a
thing as a live 'pistle. I wondered if
it meant some kind of an animal. But
now I can't understand it any better.
How can a letter be alive?"

"That only means, dear, that we who
are living are letters from Christ to
those who do not know Him, telling
of His love and goodness. Wouldn't
you like to be such a sweet letter to
some one? Wouldn't you like to feel
that Jesus had written some precious
truth in your heart that would show so
plainly in your life that it would com-
fort another, and make life easier to
live?"

"Yes, mamma," Gerty answered with
wet eyelashes, "I would."

"And what kind of an epistle would
you want it to be, dear—how written,
I mean? Would you want to trust it
as Aunt May's is written?"

"Not all criss-cross and around the
corners, because you can't sometimes
quite make out whether she wants
samples of your dresses or a recipe
for cake, she writes one thing over an-
other so."

"Then I think my girlie will have to
be careful about writing one thing over
another. Pleasant ways at one time,
and frowns and angry words at another
might leave it very uncertain to her
playmates what Christ had written
about loving one another and being
unselfish; don't you think so, deary?"

"I'm afraid so," Gerty said, looking
downward.

"Nor in a hurry, like papa, I guess.
Jesus wants us to be honest, and that
means being thorough and painstaking
in our lessons and errands, and what-
ever others trust us to do. If we are
in too big a hurry to do things in this
way, do you think the epistle would
read, 'Faithfulness to little duties?'"

"I guess it would read, 'Slothful in
business,' mamma; do you know that
was my text the other day? But I
didn't see how I could possibly write
a 'pistle like Miss Wilson's if I should
try ever so hard. My fingers would
shake, and a little bit of ink would get
spilt."

"Oh! it's the 'try ever-so-hard' kind
of epistles that are best," mamma said.
"They please Him as well, and those
who read them see that we are trying,
and that encourages them to try more
than if we were simply perfect without
trying."

"Then I mean to be one of the hard-
trying 'pistles, if I can't be one of the

smoothest; and I know if I try I can
write the 'Golden Rule,' and 'One is
your Master, even Christ, and all ye
are brethren,' so that every one can
read them."—REV. J. F. COWAN, in
Golden Rule.

A Grandmother's Rules.

Somebody's grandmother has be-
queathed to her descendants these ad-
mirable rules of conduct:

One is—

Always look at the person you speak
to. When you are addressed, look
straight at the person who speaks to
you. Do not forget this.

Another is—

Speak your words plainly; do not
mutter nor mumble. If words are
worth saying they are worth pronounc-
ing distinctly and clearly.

A third is—

Do not say disagreeable things. If
you have nothing pleasant to say, keep
silent.

A fourth is—and, O children, re-
member it all your lives—
Think three times before you speak
once.

Have you something to do that you
find hard and would prefer not to do?
Then listen to a wise old grand-
mother. Do the hard thing first and
get it over with. If you have done
wrong, go and confess it. If your les-
son is tough, master it. If the garden
is to be weeded, weed it first and play
afterward. Do the thing you don't
like to do first, and then, with a clear
conscience, try the rest.

What Boys Should Do.

Horace Mann says: You are made
to be kind, boys; generous, magnani-
mous. If there is a boy in school who
has a club foot, don't let him know you
ever saw it. If there is a boy with
ragged clothes, don't talk about rags
within his hearing. If there is a lame
boy, assign him some part of the game
that doesn't require running. If there
is a hungry one, give him part of your
dinner. If there is a dull one, help
him to get his lessons. If there is a
bright one, be not envious of him; for
if one boy is proud of his talents, and
another is envious of them, there are
two great wrongs, and no more talent
than before. If a larger or a stronger
boy has injured you and is sorry for it,
forgive him. All the school will show
by their countenance how much better
it is than to have a great fuss.
And remember who said: "Love your
enemies," and bless them which curse
you."

Home Hints.

CORN CAKE.—Two cups indian meal
one cup flour, one egg, one teaspoon
baking powder, and milk enough to
make thin batter. Bake twenty
minutes.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups indian
meal, one cup wheat flour, one cup of
molasses, two cups water, one teaspoon
soda, little salt. Steam three hours.

INDIAN CORN CAKE.—Three eggs,
one-half cup butter, one small cup
brown sugar, one teaspoon soda dis-
solved in one cup of milk two tea-
spoons cream tartar, one cup of Indian
meal, two cups of flour mixed togeth-
er.

CORN CAKE.—Two cups corn meal,
into this sift two cups flour with three
teaspoons baking powder; rub into this
piece of butter the size of an egg; then
add two eggs well beaten and mix with
milk to a thin batter; a small teacup
of sugar may be added if liked sweet.

CORN CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One
and one-half cups of corn meal, one
and one-half cups flour, one and one-
half cups thick milk, into which stir
one level teaspoon soda, one table-
spoon sugar, one-half cup melted but-
ter; mix together and bake in a quick
oven.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Four
cups corn meal, two cups rye meal or
graham flour, one cup of molasses, two
teaspoonsful baking soda; mix with
cold water to a thick batter, pour into
a tin kettle, cover tight, then set into
a pot of boiling water, cover and let
boil four hours; when taken from the
kettle, put it in a moderate oven for
five minutes.

SPANISH CREAM.—About a quarter
of a box of gelatine, 1 pint of cold
sweet milk; stir till dissolved over a
hot fire; 3 eggs (separate the yolks
from whites); beat the yolks with two-
thirds of a cup of sugar, then stir into
the gelatine and milk. Place over the
fire and let remain until of the consis-
tency of boiled custard. Then remove
and stir in the whites previously beat-
en to a stiff froth, and flavor. Pour
into moulds. Serve cold with cream
and sugar.

FRENCH ROLLS.—One pint milk, one
small cup yeast, flour enough to make
a stiff batter; raise over night; in the
morning add one egg, one tablespoon
butter, and flour enough to make it
stiff to roll; mix it well and let it rise,
then knead again, roll out, cut with a

tin and fold over; put them in a pan
and cover very close, set them in a
warm place until they are very light.
Bake quickly and you will have de-
licious rolls.

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing;
dash water into them; remove cinders,
etc., with the round point of a lead
pencil.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK,

—ST. JOHN, N. B.

—Devoted to

Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: ON UP

—The Mystery Solved.—No. 31.—

No. 162.—Louis, Percy, Ida, Eddie,
Nellie.

No. 163.—Apple.

No. 164.—sat

No. 165.—1. "Remember now thy

Creator in the days of thy youth."

2. "The wicked flee when no man
pursueth, but the righteous are bold
as a lion."

3. "Come unto me all ye that labor
and are heavy laden, and I will give
you rest."

4. "Your heavenly Father knoweth
that ye have need of all these things."

5. "Herein is my Father glorified,
that ye bear much fruit."

No. 166.—(1) "The wicked shall be
turned into hell, and all the nations
that forget God."

(2) "Make a joyful noise unto the
Lord all ye lands."

No. 167.—(1) (2)

THE ATE
THERE STOVE
ERA EVE
E E

—The Mystery.—No. 34.—

No. 176.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY M. MCLEOD, Fton.)

In Nan, but not in Ida;
In row, but not in paddle;
In rat, but not in mouse;
In man, but not in boy;
In cat, but not in kitten;
In cane, but not in stick.

Whole is a boy's name.

No. 177.—DROP-LETTER.
-n-i-o-i-n-s-

No. 178.—DROP LETTERS.
(1)

-h-r-a-o-h-n-h-u-e-a-h-a-e-u-
(2)

-h-a-s-o-t-y-m-u-n-a-s-a-l-b-n-e-
(3)

-e-h-s-i-d-e-n-o-w-i-h-a-a-s-i-
C-r-s-J-s-s-
(4)

l-s-e-a-e-h-e-v-n-s-w-o-t-e-o-d
w-e-e-c-m-t-s-a-l-i-d-a-e-i-g
(5)

I-m-o-k-a-l-w-y-i-h-a-t-n-y-
sh-l-f-n-es-f-r-y-u-s-u-s-
(6)

-o-t-o-a-t-e-w-t-m-a-d-a-l-t-t-I
h-v-i-t-e-e-
J. B. DeLONG.

Keep Minard's Liniment in
the house.

FOR INFLAMMATION of the bowels
give "Maud S." Condition Powders.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

GENTLEMEN,—Last summer our
children were very bad with summer
complaint, and the only remedy that
did them any good was Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry. We
used twelve bottles during the warm
weather and would not be without it
at five times the cost.

JAS. HEALEY, New Edinburgh, Ont.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.
Gentlemen,—For years I have been
troubled with scrofulous sores upon
my face. I have spent hundreds of
dollars trying to effect a cure without
any result. I am happy to say one
bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT en-
tirely cured me and I can heartily
recommend it to all as the best
medicine in the world.

RONALD MCINNIS.

Bayfield, Ont.

THE WORST FORM.

DEAR SIR,—About three years ago
I was troubled with dyspepsia in its
worst form, neither food nor medicine
would stay on my stomach, and it
seemed impossible to get relief. Fin-
ally I took one bottle of B. B. B. and
one box of Burdock Pills, and they
cured me completely.

Mrs. S. B. SMITH, Elmsdale, Ont.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, an employee of
U. S. Express Co., says:—Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil cured him of a bad case
of Piles of 8 years standing, having
tried almost every known remedy,
"besides two Buffalo Physicians," with-
out relief; but the Oil cured him; he
thinks "it cannot be recommended too
highly."

Derangement of the liver, with con-
stipation, injures the complexion, in-
duce pimples, sallow skin. Remove
the cause by using Carter's Little Liver
Pills. One is a dose. Try them.

YOUR COUGH

Has not yielded to the various reme-
dies you have been taking. It
troubles you day and night, breaks
your rest and reduces your strength.
Now try Ayer's Cherry Pec-
toral, before the bronchial tubes be-
come enlarged or the delicate tissues
of the lungs sustain fatal injury. As
an anodyne and expectorant, this pre-
paration has no equal. It soothes the
irritated membrane, promotes expec-
toration, and induces repose. The
worst cough

Can Be Cured

by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr.
J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I
use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice,
and pronounce it to be unequalled as a re-
medy for colds and coughs."

"After the gripe—cough. This was my
experience—a hacking, dry cough, with an
incessant tickling in the throat, keeping me
awake nights, and disturbing the household.
I tried a great number of 'cough-cures,' but
they gave me only temporary relief. At last
I concluded to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
and before I had used half a bottle, I had
my first all-night sleep. I continued to im-
prove, and now consider myself cured."—
A. A. Sherman, Coeymans, N. Y.

By Using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, many have been
saved from fatal illness.

E. D. Estabrooks, Canterbury, N. B.,
says: "In the winter of 1889 I was a surveyor
of lumber in Sacramento, Cal. Being con-
siderably exposed, I took a bad cold accom-
panied with a terrible cough. I tried several
remedies, but they failed to cure me, and it
was thought I was going into a decline. On
that ye have need of all these things."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price, \$1; 5 bottles, \$5.

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon

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