

The Manly Boy.

It isn't the boy that doubles his fists
And thrusts them under another's nose,
Baring his sleeves from his rigid wrists,
Ready to rain vindictive blows,
Whose tongue is ready with jibe and jeer
To stir up strife whenever he can,
Breathing menace and wailing 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 lamp-post standing near,
Tho' he smoke 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 noblest 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 to 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 well, you 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 homage with all their clan,
They know very well you will one day make
A manly, Christian gentleman.

—Christian Standard.

A Little Peacemaker.

'You upset it on purpose, and I will
never play with you again, Margerie
Ellis?'

The two little girls had been playing
paper dolls out on the front veranda all
the morning, and making them dresses
too, for bits of bright-colored paper and
lace were lying about in little piles,
with stones from the gravel walk on
them to keep them from blowing away.
A box, filled with ready-made dresses
and hats, the children used as a store,
and brought the mamma and daughters
there every now and then for new
clothes.

Edith was just deciding between a
blue dress and a brown for her favorite,
Miss Marcella,—who was soon to be
married to Mr. Thomas Twist, a rosy-
cheeked paper doll with a red cravat,
—when an unusually strong breeze
took that young lady right out of her
hands, and carried her away down the
path to the sweet shrub-bush. Margerie
jumped up quickly to help Edith in
the chase after Miss Marcella, when,
in her haste, she overturned the box-
store,—to the great delight of the
frolicsome breeze, but not to Edith's
delight, for she cried out:

'Margerie, see what you've done!
What made you?'

'Oh! I didn't mean to, Edith,—why
I believe you think I did, you look so
cross!'

'You did do it on purpose, and you're
glad 'cause my dear Miss Marcella blew
down the walk!'

This was too much for Margerie, and
she cried out: 'I hate your old Miss
Marcella, and the doll she's going to
marry, and all her clothes, and every-
thing about her!'

What Edith would have said in reply
I do not know, for just then they were
stopped by a strange little girl at the
gate.

'Who's that girl, Margerie? She's
talking to us.'

The little girl at the gate was Edna
Herbert, who was visiting her aunt,
several doors farther up the street.

That morning Aunt Lucy had given
her the text, "Blessed are the peace-
makers, for they shall be called the
children of God." But she had gone
away without explaining it to Edna.

'Can peacemakers mean dressmakers,
I wonder,' thought Edna. 'Oh, no! I
guess it means the other kind of peace-
—not to quarrel. I'll be a peace-
maker to-day,' and she started down
the street to join her aunt at the store.

At Margerie's gate she heard the words
the angry children were saying, and
quick as a flash she thought, 'A peace-
maker will stop quarrelling,—and then
even quicker came another thought:
'But I don't know those girls, and what
would they think of me?'

It was already too late, however, for
they had seen her, and that she was
looking at them, so she called out,
'Can't I be a peacemaker?'

'A what? called back Margerie.

Edna had come up to the veranda
by this time. 'A peacemaker,' she
said again, 'Is that other girl your best
friend?'

'Why, yes,—no—she was—I don't
know,' said Margerie.

'Oh! then don't quarrel with her,—
and let me help you pick up your
things. Look! there's a pink dress
blown up into that cedar-tree; it couldn't
wait till December to be made a
Christmas tree!'

All three children laughed at this,
and then began a chase after the
scattered dresses and other valuables.
When all had been found and put
back into the box again, the eyes of
the children fairly sparkled with fun,
and Margerie's mother, coming out,
saw three happy little girls, all laugh-
ing and talking at once.

'What little girl is this, Margerie?'

'I don't know,' said Margerie, and
she laughed at the thought. 'She
heard Edith and me quarreling, mamma,
and she came in to be a piece-bag—or
something.'

'Peace maker,' laughed Edna; 'I am
Mrs. Herbert's niece,—turning to
Mrs. Ellis,—'I am only visiting here.'
Margerie's mother kissed Edna's
upturned face, saying: 'It is plain to
be seen that you are one of Christ's
little ones.'

And Edna said to herself as she
walked home a little later: 'Margerie's
mother said I was one of Christ's little
ones, which really is just the same
thing as being called the "children of
God."—Sunday School Times.

Tommy's Difficult Place.

Tommy stood still in the street con-
sidering. He had come to a difficult
place in his life. He was errand boy
in general in the great shop where he
worked, and as a rule, nobody could
have been found more willing and
prompt to do errands than he. To-day
he was troubled. In his hand were
several pieces of money, and with them
he was expected to buy several bottles
of a certain kind of beer of which the
workmen in his room were very fond.

Tommy had known this for some days,
and that they drank too much of it.
In truth, Tommy's opinion was that a
single drop was too much. But he was
a new boy, and they were grown men,
and of course he said nothing. He had
been for hammers, and saws, and nails,
and once, for a man's dinner, and had
been prompt and willing, but this was
a new errand.

He had dropped his chisel and seized
his hat, from force of habit, as soon as
the order came; and was out of doors
before he had time to consider. Then
he remembered who he was. A mem-
ber of the Loyal Legion, wearing the
Greek cross of honor; pledged against
touching beer himself, pledged to use
all honorable ways to keep others from
touching it. Was it "honorable" to
go for it, and bring it to these tempted
men? Wasn't that a sense in which
that was touching it?

'They will get it anyway whether
you bring it or not,' said a voice in
his ear.

'What if they do,' said Conscience
in reply: 'you can't help that; but you
can help carrying it to them.'

'You will lose your place,' said the
voice, 'and the men will swear at you
and cuff you.'

'What of that? said Conscience,
'you didn't promise to keep your
pledge if it was easy, and everyone
treated you well; you promised!'

'So I did, said Tommy; 'O dear! I
ought not to go for that beer. But I
shall get into trouble; what shall I do?'

Then a verse which he had learned
but the night before, seemed to come
quickly and stand beside him. This
was it: "Then they cry unto the Lord
in their trouble, and he bringeth them
out of their distresses."

'I don't see how the Lord can help
me,' said Tommy; 'the boss himself
drinks beer, and he'll take the part of
the men, but I'll try it.'

What a fortunate thing for Tommy
that he did not have to go a mile or
two to find the One who was to help!
There would not have been time for
that. And it was well that he did not
have to kneel down in the street, for that
would have brought a crowd around
him, and made much trouble; all he
had to do was to speak so quietly that
he did not even hear his own voice.

Just a call for help! No explanation
was necessary. Then he turned and
went quickly back to the shop.

'Back already?' said one; 'where's
the beer?'

'I can't get it, sir; I forgot at the
moment; that is, I mean that I did not
know what I ought to do; but I'm a
Loyal Legioner, sir; pledged, you
know, not to touch it or help anyone
else to it; and of course I couldn't.'

For a few seconds the shop reeked
with profanity; then one, older than
the others, said:

'Look here, boys, quit that. I'm no
teetotaler myself, but it would be
better for me if I was. I like the chap's
pluck. I shouldn't want my youngster
to bring beer, and this one needn't if
he isn't a mind to. We'll let him
alone.'

Some of the men growled. One
said: 'I'll not swallow him; but I'll
tell the boss; he said Tommy was to do
our bidding.'

Sure enough; the "boss" happening
to appear at that moment, was ap-
pealed to, and heard the story. He
turned and looked steadily at the

trembling Tommy. 'So that is your
stamp, is it my boy? I guess you'll
do for upstairs; I've been thinking
about it and trying to decide. You
may take off your apron and report up
there.'

Now, "upstairs" a pleasant room
with pleasant men, and the wages
were a dollar a week more. Tommy
had had a trembling hope that he
might be promoted there by spring if
he worked hard all the fall and winter.
As he marched across the long room to
which he was bidding good-bye so soon,
he smiled broadly as he said to him-
self: 'And he bringeth them out of
their distresses.—The Parson.

No Need of Growing Bald.

'You are getting bald.'

'I know it, and am doing all I can
to prevent it.'

'What are you doing?'

'I wash my head with soap and water
every morning, and have tried a dozen
kinds of hair restorative without suc-
cess.'

The physician who was being con-
sulted motioned his patient to a chair,
and after examining his thin locks, said:
'You are drowning your hair, if you
duck your head in cold water every
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stiffish paste. Spread this paste evenly
over the face and neck. Leave it for
a few minutes. Then wash off with
warm water. The face will be cool,
and will no longer look 'shiny.'

Do not put on new undergarments
until they have been thoroughly
washed.

When a person is strangling make
him swallow the white of an egg, but
do not beat it. This will almost cer-
tainly dislodge the obstruction unless
lodged in the trachea.

The wise housekeeper will hoard her
strength and energy by using the light-
est and most convenient of household
appliances—paper bowls for mixing
bread, paper pails—and the lightest
possible furniture that can be easily
moved.

All Sorts.

Make melody when you sing—that
is, if you can—but don't neglect the
words. Some time ago two ladies sat
in a church listening to some music,
the purport of which the choir at least
was supposed to know. When it was
over the two exchanged questioning
glances.

'That was very fine,' one of them
ventured timidly.

'Y—e—s,' returned the other,
'and I suppose it's pretty hard work,
but somehow I've always thought it
could be done so you could kind of
know what they were singing about.'

Druggists say that their sales of
Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all
others. There is no substitute for
Hood's.

'We have all kinds of people in the
world, and we must have all kinds of
churches to put 'em in,' said a gentle-
man who had been enlarging upon the
beauties of sectarianism. An easy way
of disposing of a difficult problem. If
Paul had only thought of this at
Athens, he might have concluded that
there were all kinds of people in
Athens, there must be all kinds of gods
for them to worship.

To remove the constipated habit,
the only safe treatment is a course of
Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative
diet. Most other cathartics do more
harm than good, therefore leading
physicians recommend Ayer's Pills,
especially as a family physic.

All virtue lies in individual action,
in inward energy, in self determina-
tion; the best books have most beauty.

Confusion as to the choice of a blood-
purifier is unnecessary. There is but
one best Sarsaparilla, and that is Ayer's.
This important fact was recognized at
the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, being
the only blood-purifier admitted to be
placed on exhibition.

Fond Mother—My boy has a very
active mind, don't you think?

Teacher—Assuredly. I wish you
could hear the little fellow talk when
he gets caught at something, and
tries to make me believe that he didn't
do it.

A High Endorsement.

Rev. Alfred Braham, Chaplain,
Ont.:—"While Rector of St. Mary's
Church, Montreal, I received, in an-
swer to a request several months ago,
a package of K. D. C. I desired it for
the benefit of my wife who had been
troubled with dyspepsia for a number
of years. I am glad to say she is com-
pletely cured by its use, although she
shared the one package among friends.
You may be sure that we constantly
recommend the remedy which has been
so effective in her case, while other
remedies have failed to permanently
cure."

The foregoing should convince the
most skeptical of the wonder working
power of K. D. C.

Molly (patronizingly)—I had such a
splendid time at the dance last night.
Mr. Hyly took me, you know.

Etta (sweetly)—You enjoyed it? How
glad I am, dearie, that I refused to go
with him.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ.
Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures worms
of all kinds in children or adults. No
cathartic is required as it both destroys
and expels the worms.

CONSUMPTION WAS FEARED.
Dear Sirs,—Over three years ago I
was troubled with a nasty cough and
really thought I would go into con-
sumption. A friend advised me to try
Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and one
bottle gave me great relief. After
taking four bottles I can truthfully say
I have never had a cough since.

MARY SHINGLES,
Wallaceburg, Ont.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derange-
ments 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 natural passage of
the body. They are used as a general
family medicine with the best results.

A Wonderful Apple.

On Fred's birthday his aunt Kate
said, "After you have enjoyed all the
rest of your presents, come and see
what I have for you."

So of course he hurried over that
afternoon, and was very curious to
know what surprise was waiting for
him.

Aunt Kate led out to the orchard,
and there, hanging low on a young
tree, was a large, rosy apple. She
lifted him up so he could pluck it from
the bough, and what was his surprise
when he saw his own name, Fred,
shining out in great white letters on
the red apple. How in the world did
those letters get there?

The skin was smooth, so that it could
not have been cut by a knife or painted.

Aunt Kate smiled at the little boy's
wonder, and then told him how, many
weeks before, she had cut the letters
out of thick paper and pasted them
carefully on the young apple.

The warm sunshine of August had
colored the apple skin, but under the
paper it remained white, and so made
a wonderful birthday surprise for her
little nephew Fred.—Youth's Com-
panion.

We are in the world for some pur-
pose—to find Christ and remind men
of him.

BURDOCK
BLOOD
BITTERS

CURES
DYSPEPSIA,
BAD BLOOD,
CONSTIPATION
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS

B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and re-
moves all impurities from the system from a com-
mon purgative to the most scrupulous sore.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently &
thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Professional Cards.

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

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

D. M'LEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

DENTISTRY!
OPERATIVE, MECHANICAL, AND SURGICAL

F. W. Barbour, D. D. S.
OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL
Hale Method for Painless Ex-
traction without Extra
Charge.

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

CLIFTON HOUSE,
74 Princess & 145 Germain Sts.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.
HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

IRON PIPE.
1 car load Plain Iron Pipe, Tarred
Roofing Felt, and more Nails. Just to
hand and for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS

GUNS. GUNS.
Guns, Rifles, Wads, Powder, Shot, Caps
and ammunition of all kinds. We have a
full stock. Call and leave your orders.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS

MONEY TO LOAN.
\$8300.00 To Loan on Real Estate Se-
curity at lowest rates of interest, and
amounts to suit applicants.
Terms Easy.

ARTHUR R. SLIPP,
Barrister & Notary
O. P. City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.
Apr. 17, 1895



Condition
POWDER
KEEPS CHICKENS STRONG
and healthy. It gets your pullets to laying early
it is worth its weight in gold when hens are moult-
ing; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Dia-
rrhoea, Leg-Weakness, Liver Complaint and Gapes.
It is a powerful Food Digestive.
Large Cans are Most Economical to Buy.

NOTHING ON EARTH
WILL
MAKE HENS LAY
LIKE
SHERIDAN'S
CONDITION POWDER
therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use,
with this daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your
hens will be lost when the price for eggs is
very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the
elements needed