

November 17, 1886.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

7

BE POLITE.

Hearts like doors will open with ease,
To two very little keys;
But don't forget the two are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."
Be polite boys; don't forget it.
In your wandering day by day,
When you work and when you study,
In your home and at your play.

Be polite, boys, to each other—
Do not quickly take offence—
Curb your temper—you'll be thankful
For this habit seasons hence;
Be respectful to the aged,
And this one thing bear in mind;
Never taunt the wretched outcast,
Be he helpless lame or blind.

Be polite, boys, to your parents.
Never let them fail to hear
From their sons the best of language
In the home you should hold dear;
To your brothers and your sisters
Speak in accents kind and true—
Be polite, 'twill serve you better
Than a princely gift can do.

—N. Y. Ledger.

The Fireside.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

"Well, I used to think no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to have managed it, and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveller who was inspecting one of the great cotton-mills in the west coast of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well might he say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piecer"—had fixed a small book to the frame of the spinning-jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"Ay, he's just a wonder, yonder laddie," answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We call him 'Busy Davie' here, for he's aye reading in like any minister; but he does his work well for a that."

"And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than him.

"Is warrant he does that," replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. "There's no a quicker chiel than Davie! the hall mill."

And then the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about "Busy Davie" for the time being.

But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveler caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognized.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Busy Davie," holding in one hand the big oat-meal "bannock" that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched. The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his shoulder at the book, saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger.

"The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the wagons often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our supply of water ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never-ending plain, with parched tongues and bloodshot eyes, silent and despairing."

At the thought of these difficulties, which he himself was one day to meet and overcome as few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into the look of indomitable firmness which was its habitual expression in after life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows:

"In several of the places where we camped our chief food was a species of large frog, called by the natives 'matle-metto,' which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking that we could easily find it, even in the dark."

Here the boy turned over a leaf, and came suddenly upon a startling picture of a man lying prostrate on the ground, with a lion's fore-paw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

"How would you like to travel

through a country like that, my lad?" asked the explorer. "It would be rough work, wouldn't it?"

"I would like weel to gang there, for a that," answered the boy, "for there's muckle to be done there yet."

"There is indeed, and it's just fellows of your sort that we need to do it," said the traveller, clapping him on the shoulder. "If you ever do go to Africa, I'll be bound it will take more than a lion in your way to stop you."

The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty-eight years later, when that boy did actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion, which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilized world with the fame of Dr. David Livingstone.—*Harper's Young People.*

BOUND IN HONOR.

"There is Jeanie Paul. She has been visiting at Lulu Hardy's," said Constance Stacy to Eleanor Ames. "Now we shall find out whether Lulu's father is as stern as he looks, and why Mrs. Hardy always has such a sad, woe-begone face."

The two girls joined Jeanie, who greeted them very pleasantly. They walked on together, and presently Miss Constance, bent on gaining information, inquired after Lulu.

"Lulu is well, and sent her love to all the girls," said Jeanie.

"And did you enjoy yourself in Arlington?" asked Eleanor.

"Very much indeed. Lulu's home is lovely, and she is so very thoughtful of her friends. It seems as though she can not do enough for a guest."

"Isn't her father awfully queer and cross?" pursued Constance. "He frowns so in church, and never seems to be enjoying himself. I cannot imagine how you dared to stay in the house with him."

Jeanie's face was quite a study; her dark eyes almost flashed as she turned to Constance, saying:

"Mr. Hardy is a kind, good man, and Lulu's father besides; but if he were what you seem to fancy, do you suppose I would tell you? I could not be so mean. Mother has always told me that what I see or hear in a friend's house is sacred, and that to chatter things which a friend might not wish to have known would be unworthy of a lady."

At the corner the girls separated, Constance and Eleanor looking rather ashamed, and Jeanie walking down her own street with a very stately step, holding her head high. That she should be supposed capable of tale-telling was a great annoyance to her, for her mother had trained her to be honorable.

Children dear, may I whisper to you that we are sometimes bound in honor not to gossip about persons or occurrences, even when nobody has forbidden us to speak?

Should you happen to be sitting, you little Susie, or you Walter, as quiet as a mouse in a corner of the parlor with your book, and mamma coming in with a friend holds a conversation not meant for your ears, you should either get up and go away, or, if you cannot go away, you should forget all about what has been said. Above all, never go around looking wise, and dropping mysterious hints, which curious people may take up as pegs to hang their questions on.

Curiosity, when it leads you to study carefully God's wonders in stones and flowers, is a good thing. It is a good thing where it sends you to the library to find out everything the cyclopedia can tell you about a subject. When it is only an idle desire to peer into somebody's home-life, it is a very bad thing. In fact, I hardly know of any way in which trouble is so surely made in this queer world of ours as by foolish people who go from one person to another thoughtlessly carrying wicked little bits of gossip.

It Nanny or Lucy tells you that Maggie says you are awkward, or slow, or vain, or any other thing which is uncomplimentary, you are not very likely to feel pleased with Maggie. She should not have spoken unkindly about you, for her part; but if you will blame any one, the needless talkers who carried her comments are worse than she.

The Bible says that "a whisperer separateth chief friends." It was true in the old Bible times, and it is just as true to-day.

A private and confidential note should never be shown to a second pair of eyes.

If you ever have reason to think that a friend does not wish a matter to be repeated, make it your business to be silent.

"By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." This is another bit of wisdom from the best of books. We cannot always control our thoughts, children, but we can control our lips.—*S. S. Times.*

WORTH WINNING.

There was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp on it had not been touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty, and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and so the stamp is as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience; "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and this is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough; and he, you know, desires the truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won the victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and though not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way. The older boy took his hand in a kind fatherly way, and said, "O never mind, Jimmy; don't whine. It is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle. Jimmy tried to join the whistle.

"I can't whistle so nice as you, Charlie," said he; my lips won't pucker up good."

"O that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—*Early Dawn.*

ONLY BELIEVE.

He is able; he is willing; he is ready. Settle these three things in your heart. Go over them again and again, pulling down doubts and looking steadily at the Lamb of God. Believe that he will save you. This you must do.

The woman came saying: "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole." It was this faith that saved her. Not believing that she was made whole before she was, which would be believing what was not true; or believing that she was made whole after she was, which would not be faith making her whole, but healing giving her faith. No, no. It is very simple. Her faith was: If I touch, I shall be made whole. This she had before she felt any change in herself; it was naked trust in Christ; sheer confidence in his virtue and power and love. It led her to touch; it brought the healing. It is this firm trust in the saving mercy which the Saviour is pleased to honor.—*Wm. Arthur.*

Young Folks' Column.
Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

This department open to ALL. Original puzzles and answers solicited. Write contributions on one side of the paper apart from all communications. All letters for this department must be addressed to the editor, as given above. Answers may be sent on postal card, and should be in before the solutions are published.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 43.)
No. 294.—Leap-frog.
No. 295.—Jeremiah xlviii. 16.
No. 296.—Matt. v. 9.
No. 297.—"Be ye holy."
No. 298.—The vowels.
No. 299.—

"I know there are husbands and fathers, And brothers and lovers to save From the fiend who is tempting them onward To fill the inebriate's grave. We cannot stand idle or careless, We must rally bravely around, We will make the rum-drunk surrender, And hail his death flag to the ground."

It is drooping at half mast already; Intemperance is losing the fight, And we're still marching on to the rescue, To battle for temperance and right!"
No. 300.—John xiv. 6.
No. 301.—1 Timothy vi. 8.

The Mystery.

No. 318.—DROP-POWELL PUZZLE.
Blind the lead's hand's not shorted that content; n'thr h's r h't nt t'nt hr.
J. McDUGALL.
Carleton, St. John.

No. 319.—BIBLE QUERIES.

1. Where are the words, "A ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy?"
2. Where does it say that, "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord?"
3. Where is it said that, "Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heaven?"

F. J. McCREA.

Shannon, Queens.

No. 320.—BURIED VIRTUES.

1. Come now, Jo, you ought to begin to do something soon!
2. Death—O, no! rear not thy ghastly head before my vision?
3. On the hill stood the house; on the slope a cedar tree grew, while behind was a long pond.
4. Everyone likes to see, after a storm of great length, rifts in the clouds.
5. Come now, Lo, let you, and I, and Dash have a nice long race.
6. Will, you should not call me "Lo" very often. It is too familiar.

"SALVATION ARMY."

Grafton, Carleton.

No. 321.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
A letter: to help; a flower; a coloring substance; an infidel; to decompose; in hollow.

"AMERICA."

Queens.

No. 322.—HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.
Descendants of Sodom; a scribe; one of Isaac's sons; a pronoun; a letter; a book of the Bible; son of Amittai; a Bible city; father-in-law of Jojada. The central name a great city.

FAY ROBINSON.

St. John.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)
Our Mystic Corps.

HELEN R., St. John, correctly solves all in No. 43. We are very sorry that errors occur in the puzzles from time to time; but, believe me, it is not done purposely. Sometimes they are printers' errors; sometimes errors in construction, either from our hurried transcription of the puzzle or the puzzle-maker's carelessness in writing the puzzle. Do not give up the work. Even though you are engaged in other duties, please drop us a card once in a while.

The Mystic Fountain.

We would love to see a lot of the familiar names in the solvers list again. Utilize a postal card, and write us again. "The Mystery" contains five choice puzzles this issue. As our COLUMN is open to all, how many will send us solutions to the above? We shall soon announce Christmas prize competition. As we promised last issue, we now reproduce the shortest and simplest number of "Hidden Thoughts."

Hidden Thoughts.

1. CONUNDRUMS.
Why is the eighth letter of the alphabet like the city of Paris?

2. SQUARE REMAINDERS.
Behold and curtail the words having the following meanings, and the remainders will form a square:

1. To afford. 2. A twig. 3. To press.
3. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
1. A part of the face. 2. To incite or instigate. 3. To agree. 4. A fastening. 5. Back part of the head.

4. SQUARE WORD.
The staff of life. Respond. Last part of an ode. A tree of several varieties. Those who color cloths.

5. ANAGRAMS.
a. Ia isn't Homer. b. So credit Annie. c. Not me then Reu.

I must not forget to say that "Hidden Thoughts" offered three cash prizes every week for complete lists of answers: \$5.00, \$2.50 and \$1.00. This department differed somewhat from many of the present day in one important particular—the prizes offered were fairly awarded. More anon.

UNCLE NED.

FOR THE BOYS.

The explorers of Pompeii came to another pillar of stone, in a sort of sentinel's box in the wall. Underneath this crust of stone they found a soldier holding a lance. All the rest of the soldiers got away, and perhaps this one could have got away too, but he was on duty. We think of him watching the burning flakes falling around him, and of all the people running from their houses, but this brave fellow drew himself up, and said, "I can't run away—I'm on duty." And he died rather than desert his post. Boys, be brave and strong for Jesus. Never mind what anybody says, or what anybody does; stick to the post of duty. Think of this Roman soldier, and say, "I can't run away—I'm on duty."

RIDGE'S FOOD
For INFANTS AND INVALIDS
It is without Doubt the Best of The Many Foods now in The Market.
Sold Everywhere in ONE VERY LABEL.

Nursing mothers, reduced by overtaxing of the nervous force or by the drain upon the system induced by prolonged nursing, should at once commence using Ridge's Food as a daily diet. It will give strength to the mother and improve the supply for the little one. Remember, Ridge's Food is made in use for thirty years in England and America, therefore is not an untried preparation. Two sizes. Retail at 35c. and \$1.

Edw. A. Everett,
104 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

BEGS TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO HIS LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

Wall Papers,

Purchased from the Leading Factories in ENGLAND, CANADA, AND THE UNITED STATES.

ALSO TO HIS FINE LINE OF

Window Shades

Including a large assortment of

ROLLER BLINDS,

From the Cheapest up to the Best to be found in our Market.

HE WOULD ALSO REQUEST ALL THOSE DESIROUS OF PURCHASING

PAINTING MATERIAL,

TO GIVE HIM A CALL.

A good Stock of everything required by the PAINTER is constantly kept on hand, including—

PAINTS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, GLASS, PUTTY, WHITING, GLUE,

Etc., Etc.

Country Orders will receive Prompt Attention.

PARKS' COTTON YARNS.

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

Nos. 5's to 10's. WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.

Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American yarn. It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP,

Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted. WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine. WM. PARKS & SON, New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

D. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

A PROMPT AND RELIABLE CURE

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum,

Colic, Diarrhoea,

Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints of Children or Adults.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO, ONT.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Ealing Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terrible fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce's "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alternative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have a yellow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chilliness, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy broodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pierce's LITTLE

pleasant LIVER

urgative PILLS.

ANTI-BILIOUS AND CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure.

You have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrh of the Throat. 50 cents.

HAYWARD'S

YELLOW OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S

WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BE WIDE AWAKE AND

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Three Extra Numbers.

FREE!

The success which has attended our offer of WIDE AWAKE to clubs at reduced prices has been so great that we have decided to give the former wholesale price TO EVERYBODY!

From this date subscription to **WIDE AWAKE** for 1887 will be received at the net price of only \$2.40 (former price \$3.00).

The Publishers of WIDE AWAKE will send the three numbers, Sept., Oct., and Nov., FREE to every new subscriber remitting \$2.40 for the yearly subscription BEFORE Nov. 15th, with a request for the extra numbers. This time will not be extended. The remittance must be sent direct to—

D. LOTHROP & Co., Publishers,