

The Fireside.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar.
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall,
I can guess her
By her dresser,
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general cleanliness,
Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.
—Good Housekeeping.

SIGNING THE FARM AWAY.

Fine old farm, for a hundred years
Kept in the family name;
Cornfields rich with golden ears
Sifted as the harvest came;
Crowded barn and crowded bin,
And still the loads kept coming in—
Rolling in for a hundred years;
And the fourth in the family line appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;
Cider—forty barrels, they say—
Sure in season to come from the mill,
And they tasted round Thanksgiving Day!
To be dickered as they worked, and they
Drank as they ate.
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great misadventure
To be found "without a barrel on tap."

But, while the seasons crept along,
And passions into habits grew,
Their appetites became so strong
As ever a drunkard knew,
And they labored less, and they squandered more.
Chiefly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff, one winter day,
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father, shattered and scented with rum;
The mother, sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
In debt for the bed she was lying in;
O, I saw the wrecked household around her stand,
And the justice lifted her trembling hand,
Helping her, as in her pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept! And the flood of tears
Sweet down her cheeks ran;
And the father, already bowed with years,
Bowed lower with despair!
Drink! Drink! It had ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below.
And forced them, poor and old and gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.

O, many scenes have I met in life,
And many a call to pray;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's wife,
Signing the farm away!
Home, once richest in all the town,
Home, in the fatal cup poured down,
Worse than fire or flood's dismay—
Drunkard's signing the farm away!
—Congregationalist.

FELIX.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Felix, my boy, can you carry this book over to Mr. Gay's for me?"

"'Course I can, grandfather."
"I wish you would do it at once then. I borrowed it and have kept it longer than I intended. Wait, though, until I wrap it up. It is a handsome binding, you see, and I should be very sorry if it were to receive any injury."

Felix took the book and went out, his grandfather thinking it not necessary to give him any further caution.

But, two hours later the old gentleman, set out on his accustomed afternoon walk. As he strolled along a pleasant shaded path he observed a little group of boys stooping over something on the grounds and going near saw that they were intently interested in the motion of two beetles.

"See them tug!" said one.
"What do they do it for anyway?" asked another.

"Why, they use that ball of earth to lay their eggs in."

"I don't believe it," said Felix.
"It's so, for my father told me," said the other.

"Yes, it's so," said grandfather with a smile, touching Felix's cheek with the end of his cane.

The boys sprang up in surprise at seeing him bending over them.

"Why, grandfather, is this you?" asked Felix.

"Yes. Did you see Mr. Gray?"
"Well—not yet sir. I—just waited a few minutes to run a race with the boys, and then we saw these beetles—and—"

"But where is the book?"
"Oh, that's all safe, sir. I hid it right behind this tree."

He ran towards it and his grandfather, following him, saw Rover, his little dog, very busy at something.

"Get out of the way, Rover," cried Felix. "Here 'tis. Oh!"

His face fell in blank dismay as he raised the book. The dog had torn off the wrapping and had then gnawed off a corner of the costly volume, of course entirely ruining its appearance.

"What a mean, mischievous dog!" exclaimed Felix, ready to cry with regret and confusion.

"What a careless, unreliable boy! we might perhaps say," said grandfather. "How could you be so negligent, Felix, when I trusted you with it and told you to be careful?"

"I'm sorry—" faltered Felix.

"But your sorrow will never help the matter, you see. Nothing which you can do will help it. All the loss must fall on others."

Grandfather took a newspaper from his pocket and again wrapped up the book.

"Now take it to Mr. Gay," he said. "Tell him exactly what has happened, and say to him that the loss shall be made good as far as I can make it so."

Felix hung back.
"Grandfather, I cannot bear to tell him," he said.

"I know it is hard, my boy. I send you not to punish you, but to try to give you a lesson which you may remember."

Felix thought it the hardest lesson which could have been set him, but cowardice was not one of his faults, and in a few moments he stood before Mr. Gray, bravely told his error, and showed the sad result, adding very earnestly:

"I only wish it had been something of mine that had been spoiled, sir. I guess grandfather's right when he says no one can ever do a wrong thing without its hurting some one else."

"Yes," said the gentleman, looking regretfully at the mischief.

"Your grandfather is right,"
"Can't I pay for it, sir?" asked Felix eagerly.

"I'll save up every cent of money, and after awhile I'll have enough."

Mr. Gray laid his hand kindly on the boy's head.

"Never mind that. It is a loss which no one could make up to me, for the book was a gift of a dear friend who is now dead. But, my boy, if you are given to careless and negligent ways in your boyhood you will be sure to work far greater mischief to yourself and others than the spoiling of a book. Let me tell you of something that happened to me when I was a boy."

He sat down and motioned Felix to a chair.

"When I was not many years older than you are my father died and I had to stop going to school for a while and go to work. I got a situation in a large business house and often had valuable parcels placed under my care."

"It is a pity that I had not a deeper sense of the need of being faithful in the performance of all duties whether great or small, to the very letter. I was careless to an extent which led my mother often to warn me that I should come to serious harm if I did not mend my ways. I paid little heed to her cautions, feeling quite satisfied with myself in view of the fact that no one could bring a shade of reproach against my honesty or my truthfulness."

"One day I was given a parcel to carry to the bank."

"Be careful," they said. "It contains seven hundred dollars."

"I had a secure inside pocket and had little fear of any loss. As I took my way towards the bank I saw an excited crowd gathered about one of the principal newspaper offices. It was during the darkest days of the war and I soon learned that some stirring news was being received."

"Of course I had no business to stop. The news would have been as well reported without any supervision of mine. But I looked at my watch and saw that I had nearly an hour to spare, so I threw myself into the crowd and joined my voice with the enthusiastic cheers which rose higher and wilder as each particular of one of Grant's earliest victories was given out. Time and prudence were lost sight of, until the last item was learned."

"Then I rushed to the bank to be faced by the forbidding looking card: 'Bank Closed.'

"I had not been specially told to deposit that day, but of course it was understood that I should. It would have been the right thing for me to carry it back and have it placed in the safe, but I was ashamed of having it known that I had loitered, so I committed a second unfaithful act to conceal the first, always a dangerous thing to do. The only way to make amends for a fault is to confess it at once."

"I carried home the money and hid it in the safest place I knew of. You may be sure it was a heavy weight on my mind and as night settled down it grew heavier and heavier. I resolved not to sleep but lay awake listening and starting in alarm at every sound."

"At length I was sure I heard mysterious noises, but something seemed to hold me down so that I could not move. The sounds increased—surely people were in the house. I could hear them moving—hear them in the room in which I had hidden the money. Finally with a desperate effort I sprang up to find myself in the grasp of a fireman. My room was full of suffocating smoke—the house was on fire. I had fallen into a heavy, uneasy sleep and would have been strangled by the smoke if I had not been found just in time."

"And the money?" asked Felix in great excitement.

"I fought against my rescuer with all my might, declaring I would get it if I died for it. But the stout fellow dragged me down stairs and out just before the roof fell in."

"What did you do then, sir?"

"What could I do but go to my

employers and tell them what mischief my criminal carelessness had worked for them?"

Felix drew a long breath and shook his head soberly.

"It was as dreadful as my having to tell you about the book, wasn't it?"

"A little worse, I think," said the gentleman with a smile. "I hope you will never have such a burthen to carry as that one I bound upon myself through my own folly. It weighed me down all through the young years of my life for it took me long to pay the debt. It is not for me to say the lesson was too severe a one—it was chosen for me in Infinite wisdom, but I have always felt a strong desire that others should profit by it."

"I will try to, sir," said Felix very earnestly, as he got up to take his leave.

"Do so, Felix. And try to bear in mind the promise to those who are faithful in a few things."—Standard.

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

A gentleman who had been at a missionary collection was met the next day by a man of opposite habits, who began to chaff him with the folly of sending out such sums abroad, when there was so much to be done at home. The gentleman calmly replied: "I will give you five pounds for our poor at home if you will give the same." "Oh, I didn't mean that," said the objector; "but if you must go from home, why so far? Think of the poor in Ireland." "I will give you five pounds for the poor in Ireland," said the gentleman, "if you will do the same." "No, I didn't mean that, either," said the man.

HOME HINTS.

Nurses in sick rooms should not sit or stand too near the patient, and above all things they should avoid talking when leaning over a sick person.

A lady offers the following cure for warts: Rub the warts with lemon juice three or four times a day, and you will not have a single wart left within a month.

Lamp chimneys can be washed easily by holding them over the nose of the tea-kettle when the kettle is boiling furiously. This will make them beautifully clear. Of course they must be wiped with a clean cloth.

FARM HINTS.

Feed the morning meal to your fowls warm. Scald the meal, boil or mash the potatoes or turnips, and mix these for the early day's feed.

Boiled potatoes with a little bran over them or a head of cabbage placed within reach of the flock, or a liver cooked and rubbed up fine or put through a sausage mill and then mixed with mill feed, are all good to keep chickens in good health and make the hens lay at this season of the year.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 69.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "STRABO," QUEENS.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 | 1 | 6 |
| 4 | 9 | 5 |
| 3 | 7 | 8 |

Place the nine digits in the square so that they will count fifteen each way.

No. 70.—ENIGMA.
(FROM "POPPY," WOODSTOCK.)

In dog, not in cat;
Not in mouse, but in rat;
In new, not in old;
In silver, not in gold;
In rye, and in wheat;
In cold, not in heat.

My whole is the name of a prophet long dead,
Who was fed on pulse instead of bread.

No. 71.—BURIED BIBLE ANIMALS.
(FROM "JOE," KINGS.)

1. He drinks wine often.
2. I met her as she was going home.
3. They were all ambushed in the woods.
4. The boys will not go at all.

No. 72.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(FROM JESSIE E. SHARP, KINGS.)

I a — h — r — s — o — h — r — n,
— — — h — l — l — o — t — e
v — l — o — s.

No. 73.—PI PUZZLE.
(FROM "BLAINE," QUEENS.)

Oir teshe gintsh ewer oden, tath teh spitiurer odush eb delufell, a enbo fo mih lshal on eb korneb.

No. 74.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)

Bt th Lrd sd nt SmL, Lk nt n th cntnue, r n th hgt f h str; bes — h rlad hm: fr th Lrd nt s n th sth: fr mn lth n th twrd pprnc, bt th Lrd lth n th tht.

No. 75.—BIBLE QUERIES.
(FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.)

1. Where are the words: "Boys and girls playing in the streets?"
2. Where is "gnat" mentioned?

No. 76.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(FROM HARRY M'DONALD, SUSSEX.)
f i ae ti yu att tig, n y blee o, o sal e blee, i l el yu o hael thus.

No. 77.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "FLO," JACKSONTOWN.)

My whole, consisting of 16 letters, is one of the titles applied to Christ.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 1 is to practice topography.
My 10, 12, 9 is to open.
My 14, 15, 16 is an atom.
My 11, 13, 3 is a reward.
My 2, 9, 1, 10, 5 is to tease.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 9.)

No. 46.—Prov. ix. 13.
No. 47.—Psalms xxxiii. 12.
No. 48.—"Abstain from all appearance of evil."—1 Thess. v. 22.
No. 49.—Lily-of-the-valley.
No. 50.—Eternity.—Isaiah lvii. 15.
No. 51.—M—minal.
O—nyx.
S—tem.
E—difice.
S—eer.
MOSES.

No. 52.—(1) Eva. (2) Ruth. (3) Lot.

CHAT.

This week we are pleased to enroll more new names, and glad to hear from some old contributors. Dear young friends, be not weary in well doing. All puzzles, &c., will be thankfully received. Remember the "Prize Competition." Of this we will say more next issue.

L. R. STEEVES, St. John, sends correct solutions to Nos. 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44 and (3) of 45. Come anon. Solutions to issue No. 9 correct.

"POPPY," Woodstock, sends us a puzzle which we publish this issue. Thanks. She also sends correct answers to Nos. 40, 42, 43, 44 and 45. Come again, and bring some more puzzles.

"JOE," Greenwich, Kings, comes to us with some puzzles and correct solutions to Nos. 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44. Thank you. Write again.

"STRABO," Central Hampstead, Queens, has visited our Column again after a long absence, and brings a fine batch of puzzles and correct answers to Nos. 33, 34, 36 and 37. Thank you, "Strabo." Do not remain so long silent!

IDA M. BURNETT, Kings, sends some excellent puzzles. Thanks, Ida. Nos. 40, 42, 43 and 44 correctly answered. Come often.

AGGIE M. BURNETT, Kings, has sent right answers to Nos. 40, 42, 43, 44. Write again.

R. L. BLACK, Kings, has our thanks for the excellent batch of puzzles which he sends us. Nos. 40 to 44 correct.

EMMIE AND IDA, New Jerusalem, Queens, are two new and welcome guests. What a host of young friends the INTELLIGENCER has! We hail them all with gladness. E. and I. have written us pleasant words and correct solutions to Nos. 33, 34, 36, 37 and 38; and also some puzzles. Thank you, kind young friends.

"AMERICA," Hampstead, Queens, has visited us again. He greets us with correct solutions to THE MYSTERY in issues Nos. 7 and 8, and some nice puzzles. Thanks.

HARRY C., Indiantown, St. John, has our thanks for the puzzles sent. Harry, your solutions to THE MYSTERY of Feb. 24th and March 3rd are all correct. Well done!

OUR LETTER BOX.

That Puzzle.

Dear Nephews and Nieces,—"Prairie" gives the following as the solution to her puzzle which appeared in the issue of 24th Feb.: "One, James VI. of Scotland; all the others were princes."—UNCLE NED.

"Poppie's" Blooming Letter.

WOODSTOCK, Feb. 26, '86.
DEAR UNCLE NED,—I want to tell you how much I like the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN. I think it is the nicest thing in the paper. When the INTELLIGENCER comes, I always try to get it first, so I won't have to wait to see the puzzles. I have been trying to guess "The Mystery" ever since it was put in the paper. I hope you will have every success.

I remain, your niece,
"POPPY."

INDIANTOWN, March 8, '86.
DEAR UNCLE NED,—Please accept my efforts. I do enjoy trying to gain the answers, if I can. I thank you for accepting my previous work.

HARRY C.

NEW JERUSALEM, Queens Co., }
Feb. 23rd, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—We are interested in the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN; and we send you some answers to puzzles, and some puzzles.

EMMIE AND IDA.

UNION Baptist Seminary.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A Classical and High School,
Under the direction of the Union Baptist Education Society.
Second Term Began Nov. 4th.

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Teacher of Classics, French and German.
A. B. BOYER, B. A., Teacher of Mathematics and Science.
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Teacher of English, Literature and History.

MISS HOOPER, Graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, Teacher of Elocution and Vocal Culture.
MISS HARTT, Teacher of Instrumental Music.

MISS MCINNIS, Teacher of Vocal Music.
JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A., Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

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AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

No. 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 Warp 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.
All fast colors.

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 it 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.

Boys' Clothing

—FOR—
SPRING, 1886.

WE HAVE opened a thoroughly well assorted Stock of SUITS for CHILDREN, BOYS and YOUTHS, to which we would invite special attention. Having given this department a great deal of attention, we are able this spring to show a larger stock of better styles and patterns than ever before.

Special care has been exercised to obtain good wearing Cloths and neat Styles.

FOR CHILDREN AND BOYS
Of 4 to 12 years of age, we have the best range of Suits ever shown by us, consisting of House and Pants, in several new styles. These are nice fitting, natty garments, and are sure to please.

FOR BOYS OF 10 to 14,
We have a fine range of Knickerbocker Suits, Jacket, Vest and Short Pants, neat patterns, serviceable, well cut.

FOR BOYS AND YOUTHS
Of 12 to 17, our Suits of Jacket, Vest and Long Pants are well assorted, good styles, fine neat patterns of Cloths and good fitting garments.

SPECIAL.—We would suggest an early inspection of the above while the Stock is fresh, and Styles and Sizes unbroken.

A few Sample Jersey and Velvet Suits for Boys of 4 to 8.

MANCHESTER,
ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
mar3

DANIEL & BOYD

Have just received full assortments of the following Goods for the Spring Trade:

Fancy Prints, Plain Cambrics, Ginghams;

Shirtings, at all prices;

White Cottons, Pillow Cottons;

Grey Cottons, Cotton Tweeds;

Canadian Tweeds;

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Paper Collars, Linen Collars;

Hosiery, Gloves;

Ladies' Jerseys,

And a large variety of Smallwares.

LONDON HOUSE,

MARKET SQUARE,

feb 10

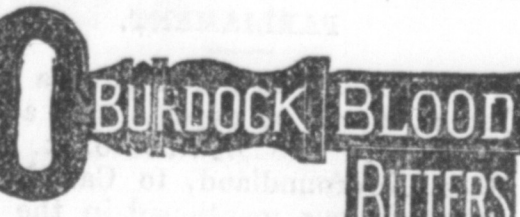
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