

## A Letter to Santa Klaus.

BY AUNT EVE.

Dear Santa Klaus, please bring to me  
A brand new set of toys;  
I hope you know I mean to be  
The very best of boys.  
I creep about just like a mouse,  
To try to make no noise.  
And mamma says I speak so low  
She scarcely hears my voice.

I don't know why my sister, Di,  
Should think me such a tease;  
I wish she knew how hard it is  
To not do as you please.  
I've been so quiet for an hour,  
I almost feel afraid;  
Do you suppose this really is  
The way good boys are made?

I'd like to have a pair of wings,  
And to the house-top fly;  
I'd watch you down the chimney go—  
And would you let me try  
To drive that pretty reindeer span  
Across the snowy sky?  
I would not lose a single toy,  
Nor go an inch too high.

Be sure to bring a great big noise  
Inside a little drum;  
I'll take two sticks and beat it out  
The very day you come.  
And, yes, I want a new tin horn,  
A whistle and a top;  
And if they say, "Such horrid noise,"  
I will, that instant, stop.

I saw the queerest thing down stairs—  
I saw my mamma take  
A lot of little empty holes  
And put them in to bake.  
But first she put a piece of dough  
Around each one to dry;  
She says they'll turn to cookies,  
And we'll eat them by and by.

If you will come, I'll give you one.  
For mamma says I may;  
And take you out of doors with me,  
To have the nicest play.  
We'll put your deer in papa's barn,  
And slide down on the hay;  
We'll sing and shout and jump about,  
The liveliest holiday.

## Christmas Hymn.

Hark to the angel voices  
That sound o'er Judah's plain,  
As heaven with earth rejoices,  
And sends her glorious train  
To herald in salvation,  
In simplest form arrayed;  
In lowliest earthly station,  
And in a manger laid.

Behold the King of Glory;  
Who lies so peaceful there;  
While shepherds tell the story  
How one—an Angel fair—  
Had come and stood beside them  
In robes of dazzling white;  
And told them words to guide them  
To this more wondrous sight.

Where Christ, the Lord's anointed,  
Had come His King to be;  
The Christ, by God appointed,  
To set earth's captives free;  
To heal the broken-hearted;  
To give the blind their sight;  
On souls from gladness parted,  
To pour unfading light.

Oh, when on earth shall praise  
To this great King arise,  
Who from darkness raises  
Poor mortals to the skies?  
Shall children nor adore Him,  
And make his praise abound,  
As when they went before Him,  
And strewed with palms the ground.

To David's Son, Hosanna!  
The babes of Judah sang;  
Hosanna! and Hosanna!  
Through all the temple rang;  
From babes and sucklings, Jesus  
Said God would perfect praise;  
And now he hears and sees us,  
As we our voices raise.

Those who have examined "Our Family Physician" like it.

## Toddie's Christmas Present.

It was the night before Christmas, and  
Toddie had been sent to bed early,  
so that he might be dressed and down-  
stairs in good season the next morn-  
ing. Although he was in bed, it was  
quite another thing for him to go to  
sleep.

For weeks Toddie had been filled  
with an intense longing for a beautiful  
new sled, like one he had seen in a  
down town toy shop—a bright red one,  
with shining steel runners, and the  
picture of a reindeer painted on the  
seat. Oh! Toddie did want one so  
very much. He had watched the  
other boys go down hill on their sleds,  
and what glorious times they did have!  
He had ridden down once or twice  
himself, when some larger boy held  
him on his knee.

Toddie had asked his papa to buy  
him a sled, but papa said he was so  
small a boy he might get hurt, and  
that it would be better to wait until he  
was a year older. Toddie was sure he  
would be as careful this year as next,  
and what difference could one little  
year make, anyway?

Toddie then went to mamma and  
told her all about it.  
Mamma said:  
"Of course, papa knows best, but if  
you are a real good boy Santa Claus  
may bring you a sled after all. Who  
knows?"

So Toddie for days had been secretly  
cherishing the hope that good, kind  
Santa Claus might think him large  
enough to manage a sled. Every  
night, before he got into bed, he went  
to the fireplace and whispered up the  
chimney. "Please, good Mr. Santa  
Claus, don't you think I am a big  
enough boy to have a red sled with a  
picture of a reindeer painted on it?  
Please do. Good night."

Don't you think he was a foolish  
little boy to try to talk to any one  
through the chimney?  
Well, on Christmas Eve Toddie had  
fallen fast asleep and must have slept  
some time, for away went the old  
clock in the hall—ding, ding, ding—  
twelve times; and as the stroke died  
on the air, Toddie heard a rattling  
noise in the chimney.

At first he was a little afraid, but he  
happened to think that it was the  
night before Christmas, and strange  
things often happened on that night.  
He looked at the grate and saw that  
the fire was out, and he heard another  
rattling noise, and presently he saw a  
tiny man hop out, over the dead coals,  
on the fender rail, then to the floor.

The little man looked all around,  
and walked on tiptoe to the bed, but  
he was not tall enough to see Toddie  
distinctly.

Toddie lay very quiet, as though he  
were asleep, but kept one eye open in  
order to watch the elf.  
The little man was only about ten  
inches high, and had a red peaked cap  
on his head, and a red jacket with  
specks of gold sewed on for buttons,  
and red leather boots that came up  
over his knees. In fact, he was all  
red except his eyes, and they were  
black. Toddie could see them shine.

The little man kept walking around,  
looking first in one corner, then in  
another, all the while rubbing his  
hands together and smiling and look-  
ing very much pleased.

Then he made a slight noise that  
sounded like a smothered laugh, and  
then there were more noises in the  
chimney, and out jumped two other  
little men, dressed just like the first.  
They seemed to be very warm, for  
one took off his hat and used it as a  
fan, and the other drew from his  
pocket the cunningest little handker-  
chief and wiped his face with it.

They were so very jolly that they  
could hardly keep from laughing aloud.  
It almost made Toddie laugh to look  
at them.

The small men had hold of a rope,  
at which they pulled very hard. At  
last it began to move, and then came  
something thump, thump, down the  
chimney, and behold, there was the  
very sled Toddie had seen in the toy-  
store. At the back of it were two  
more little men who were pushing  
with all their strength.

Toddie nearly jumped out of bed  
when he saw the sled, but he happened  
to think in time that it might be wiser  
to remain quiet.

The little men went on tugging until  
they got their load in the middle of  
the room, and then away went the  
clock, ding, ding, seven times, and  
Toddie opened his eyes wide, and it was  
bright daylight, and there was no sled  
in the room, no little red men, nothing  
but the burnt out coal in the grate.  
Toddie got out of bed slowly and into  
his clothes, stopping every now and  
then to wipe off his tears, for, try as  
hard as he might to choke them back,  
they would come oozing through.  
Poor Toddie!

At last he was dressed, and went  
downstairs. The back parlor door  
stood partly open, and kittle was  
squeezing through the opening.  
Toddie stopped to pick her up, and  
happened to glance into the room. No  
wonder he dropped poor kittle, for  
there, right in the middle of the floor,  
stood the very same sled he had seen  
the night before in his room, and also  
in the toy-shop.

No wonder, either, that papa and  
mamma laughed at him when they  
came into the room, for Toddie looked  
so bewildered. At last he told mamma  
all that had happened in his room the  
night before, and then mamma said:  
"Boys will dream about the things  
they think of most, and it must have  
been quite pleasant to see the fairy  
workmen in your sleep. It is right,  
though, to tell you that the fathers  
and mothers of good children are the  
real Santa Claus, and that Toddie need  
not whisper has thanks to any one up  
the chimney, but may just give a hug  
and a kiss to his own dear papa and  
mamma."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## Young Folks' Column.

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

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 43.)

No. 286.—S L E I G H S

L E

I G

H S

S L E I G H S

No. 287.—N

B A N

N A I A D

N A P

D

No. 288.—TRANSPOSITION.

No. 289.—M

r A t

h o p e s

w i l l i n g

d i f f e r e n t

M A P L E.

No. 260.—[A Rebus which was not  
published.—Ed. Y. F. C.]

The Mystery.—No. 51.

No. 296.—BIBLE RIDDLES.

1. Where is "dry shod" mentioned

in the Bible?

2. Where is "dresser" found?

"Tiny."

Midland, Kings.

No. 297.—ANAGRAM. (For all.)

CHIMES MARRY RATS.—Ed. Y. F. C.

No. 298.—SQUARE WORD.

Of my blushing first a lady wore

A cluster, to my second;

My third of use among the flowers

At once you'll see is reckoned;

My fourth we do, if what we write

Has not been done to please us;

My fifth the merchant likes to make,

When in the store he sees us.

"Tiny."

Midland, Kings.

No. 299.—REBUS.

C

Fines.

—Ed. Y. F. C.

No. 300.—TRANSPOSITION.

"Sing the hark! angels herald,

'King new-born Glory the to,

Peace mercy earth, mild on and;

And sinners God reconciled."

Rise, ye nations, joyful, all

Skies of join the triumph;

Proclaim hosts angelic with

Born in Bethlehem is Christ;

Angels sing hark the herald,

To our King new-born glory."

—Ed. Y. F. C.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

Our Letter Box.

F'ron., Nov. 30th 1887.

UNCLE NED:—I write you from the  
Capital. I have been from home some  
time, hence my not voting in the  
last contest. Could we not introduce  
some new feature in the Y. F. C. for  
the New Year? Allow me to make a  
suggestion. I think we should have  
some regular system for prizes  
to increase, and keep up the  
interest. I would be one of six to  
raise enough to subscribe for a good  
magazine, such as *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, or some other, to be offered  
each month for solutions or for puzzles  
as the case may be; the Ed. to sub-  
scribe for it. We should try to get  
more school teachers, and such like,  
to take an active part in it. Some  
puzzles soon. Your truly.

"VAN."

CASE SETTLEMENT.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Please read every  
word of "Vax's" very interesting  
letter. His suggestion is a good one  
and we hope a number will take action  
upon it. The Y. F. C. Ed. we know  
will do all he can towards such a  
move. Let us arouse, and awaken an  
interest in this work.

Another year is now about closing.  
The cheerful and blessed Christmas  
season is about to dawn upon us once  
more. We would like to know how  
many of our young friends remember  
these blessed events, and strive to  
live in love with Him whose birth we  
at this season commemorate. Perhaps  
since our last greeting, some of our  
young readers have been called away  
to be with Him who, when here upon  
earth, blessed the little children. Kind  
friends write us letters, puzzles, etc.  
We will close by wishing you one and  
all

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

UNCLE NED.

The Mystical Circle.

"TINY," Midland, Kings, has our

heartly thanks for the two nice puzzles.

You have correctly solved the Bible

Riddles (No. 293) in No. 49. Write

again.

"Van," F'ron., will accept thanks

for kindness. Pleased to have the

puzzles soon.

OUR ESSAYS.

(See last issue for rules.)

SUBJECTS.—Those from 15 to 18.—

HOME.

Those under 15.—CHRISTMAS.

THE GUIDING STAR.

As with gladness men of old

Did the guiding star behold;

As with joy they hailed its light,

Leading onward, beaming bright:  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet,  
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare,  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee our heavenly King!

Holy Jesus! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

## QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

What are the Cinque ports?

—History Student.

They were five ports on the southern  
shore of England,—Hastings, Romney,  
Hythe, Dover and Sandwich; to which  
were afterwards added Winchelsea,  
Rye and Seaford.

## Christmas Carol.

BY ELEN E. KEXFORD.

Ring, Christmas bells, ring clear and  
sweet,  
While listening winds for joy repeat,  
In far-off corners of the earth,  
Your message of a Saviour's birth.

Ring out sweet bells, in glad accord,  
On this, the birthday of our Lord;  
Say to the world, on Christmas morn,  
"Rejoice, rejoice; thy King is born!"

Tell of the manger poor and low,  
That cradled, centuries ago,  
The child whom wise men from afar  
Came seeking, guided by a star.

O star that rose o'er Bethlehem's  
height,  
And with strange glory filled the  
night,

Thou shinest still to lead the way  
To Jesus on this Christmas day!

In love and fitting Christmas cheer  
To-day let heart to heart draw near,  
Forgetful of life's care and fret,  
Its discord and its vain regret,

And in this holy Christmas-tide  
Draw nearer to the bleeding side  
Of him who died for us and them  
Who hailed him King at Bethlehem.

"And suddenly there was with the  
angel a multitude of the heavenly host  
praising God, and saying,  
Glory to God in the highest, and on  
earth peace, good will toward men."  
Luke ii. 13, 14.

Show the INTELLIGENCER to your neigh-  
bor. Ask him to subscribe.

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You  
think it is a light thing. But it may  
run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia.  
Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia  
is dangerous. Consumption is death  
itself.

The breathing apparatus must be  
kept healthy and clear of all obstruc-  
tions and offensive matter. Otherwise  
there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts,  
head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes  
and lungs, can be delightfully and en-  
tirely cured by the use of Bache's  
German Syrup. If you don't know  
this already, thousands and thousands  
of people can tell you. They have  
been cured by it, and "know how it is,  
themselves." Bottle only 75 cents.  
Ask any druggist.

A clear head is indicative of good  
body and regular habits. When the  
body is languid, and the mind works  
 sluggishly, Ayer's Cathartic Pills will  
assist in the recovery of physical  
buoyancy and mental vigor.

## Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which  
afflict mankind. It is often inherited,  
but may be the result of improper vaccination,  
mercurial poisoning, uncleanness, and  
various other causes. Chronic Sores,  
Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors,  
and, in some cases, Emaciation, and Con-  
sumption, result from a scrofulous con-  
dition of the blood. This disease can be  
cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the  
blood, which caused a derangement of my  
whole system. After taking less than  
four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

## Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it  
necessary to use any medicine whatever.  
I am now in better health, and stronger,  
than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218  
Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores  
for five years; but, after using a few  
bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores  
healed, and I have now good health.—  
Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street,  
Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with  
Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb  
was badly swollen and inflamed, and the  
sores discharged large quantities of offen-  
sive matter. Every remedy failed, until  
I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking  
three bottles of this medicine the sores  
have been entirely healed, and my health  
is fully restored. I am grateful for the  
good this medicine has done me.—Mrs.  
Ann O'Brien, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



This powder never varies. A marvel of  
purity, strength & wholesomeness. More  
economical than the ordinary kinds, and  
cannot be sold in competition with the  
multitude of low test, short weight, alum  
of phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,  
106 Wall Street, N. Y.

1887 1887  
Fall Goods,

JUST RECEIVED.

FALL SUITINGS.

TROWSERINGS,

In STRIPES and CHECKS.

Beaver Melton and Wide Wale  
Diagonal Overcoatings.

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Cor. Queen St. and Wilnot's Alley.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1887. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888.

ON and after MONDAY, November 28th,  
1887, the Trains of this Railway  
will run daily (Sunday excepted), as  
follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.30  
Accommodation..... 11.20  
Express for Sussex..... 16.35  
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18 00  
train to Halifax

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,  
a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be  
attached to the Quebec express, and on  
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleep-  
ing Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 7.00  
Express from Sussex..... 8.35  
Accommodation..... 13.30  
Day Express..... 19.20

All trains are run by Eastern Stand-  
ard Time.

D. POTTINGER,

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.

November 22nd, 1887.

I was given up by the Doctors  
but am nearly Cured by

GATES' MEDICINE.

SPRINGHILL MINES, August 3rd, 1881

MESSRS. C. GATES' SON &amp; CO.:—

Your preparations given to the public as  
a cure for Asthma and Consumption may  
be considered reliable in my experience.  
My neighbors can also say the same of me.  
They had no hope whatever, and advised  
my wife to spend no more money on me,  
thinking it was no use, as I had been given  
up by the doctors; but I thought I would  
try your medicines, and consider it is by  
their use only that I am living and main-  
taining my family by my own work. The  
doctors advised me not to take it, because,  
they said, when the cough stopped I would  
not live 24 hours; but I am alive, thanks  
to GATES' MEDICINE, and am doing  
better than I have been for a great many  
years.

KENNETH MCGILNARY.

The above statement was sworn to as  
correct in every particular, by the above  
named Kenneth McGilnary, before me, at  
Spring Hill, this 4th day of August, 1881.  
R. DRUMMOND, J. P.

SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY

DAVIS, STAPLES &amp; Co.,

FREDERICTON;

R. W. MCCARTY,

ST. JOHN.

And by druggists and dealers throughout  
the Maritime Provinces.

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NEW STYLE FOR FAMILY USE.

THIS is a perfect little gem—a child can  
operate it.  
It will be found invaluable in the kitchen  
as it can be used the year round, in many  
of the processes of cooking.

It chops half pound per minute with  
ease.

"No family should be without it."

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

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on good securities.

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