

Be in Time.

Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all—
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust in you—
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart—
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work and soonest done—
This is how the goal is attained,
This is how the prize is gained—
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late—
Be in time.
Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan and rule
With some noble end in view,
Ever steady, earnest, true—
Be in time.

Listen then to wisdom's call;
Knowledge now is free to all—
Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive;
Treasure for the future live;
For the work they have to do;
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

Was It Luck?

BY NED GWEN.

There was a frantic cry of "Whoa!" "whoa!" and the driver of "No. 7" put down the brake and the car came to a stand still just as a run-away horse dragging but a fragment of a carriage dashed past. Men, women and children ran in various directions, some of them trying to keep out of the horse's track, and others, more venturesome, making ineffectual attempts to seize the dangling bridle.

Mr. Lord was unfolding "The Bee," which always reached him about the time he started "down town," when the commotion outside attracted his attention.

"Look out for your 'old basket'!" and a slight kick completely overturned it. In their haste and excitement, a colored woman and two boys had actually collided; at the same time, finding a street car an unyielding back-ground.

Herbert Atkinson, nearly tumbling into the basket of freshly laundered clothes, which the woman in her fright had dropped, indignantly applied the force necessary to scatter the immaculate linen upon the dusty street.

With a fierce scowl and muttered oath, he immediately sprang upon the car. Other vehicles standing near, completely blocked the passage, and while trouble was imminent (for the drivers were loud in expostulation), Mr. Lord gave his attention to the scene just under his window.

"Excuse me, madam," said the other boy, lifting his hat, which he was in the act of placing on his head, after picking himself up from the pavement, where he for a moment had fallen.

When, during the scramble for safety, both the woman and Herbert had "brought up" against him.

"Yer didn't do it, honey, yer no wayster blame," was the answer.

As she reached for her basket, she groaned, and George Graham exclaimed: "Are you hurt?" and while she with one hand was tightly holding the bruised and sprained wrist, he was very carefully gathering up the now soiled garments, brushing, shaking and folding.

When the car started, everything had been arranged, and the manly lad was walking away with the washer-woman's load.

Mr. Lord returned to his paper, first looking at his own advertisement, which read something like this:

"Wanted, at this office, an honest and gentlemanly boy, about sixteen years of age, who has a home in the city. None but an apt scholar, and one well-recommended need apply. Call at twelve o'clock to-day."

Mr. Lord's experience in advertising was such that he congratulated himself on the short notice he had given, trusting that the right boy would be on hand, and he not pained as he would be if obliged to turn away many applicants for the place.

A little before noon, his wife came in for a chat, leaving their little Annie with him for an hour, as was her custom when out at this time.

"Papa's little Rest has come, has she?" as he took the child in his lap. It was one of his happy hours, he often said, when he gave himself up to a frolic with his little girl.

"O, Pa, Dinah has hurt her hand and tumbled down in the street. It was something about a horse and a car,—anyway, mamma has packed a basket of food for her and taken her home. It was no matter 'bout the tumbled clothes, mamma told her."

"Yes, dear, but who is Dinah?" seeing that the child was too much interested to think of anything else just then.

"O, she helps Mary wash, and some-

times takes the clothes home with her." "Pa, there is the very boy who brought the basket for her, coming here," as she looked from the window.

"It is twelve o'clock, darling, and I must attend to a little business. You may stay here with me."

"John," through a speaking tube, "you may send up the boys in the order in which they come."

"Good morning!" and a youth politely removed his hat, as he responded to the pleasant greeting.

A prepossessing face and evidently a well-informed boy of sixteen, bright and active, with a letter from a well-known man, which read something like this: "James Armstrong is the son of an old friend of mine. He is a fine scholar. Please give him a place and oblige," etc.

"Well, James, I like your looks, and I do not doubt your ability, but I noticed the stump of a cigar in your fingers as you came in, and your clothes are filled with the odor of tobacco. How long have you smoked?"

"Two years or more," he answered, looking resentfully at the gentleman, though he had the grace to blush.

"My boy, do you know you are sowing seeds of misery?"

"It rests me to smoke."

"Rests you? Ah poor child, I might preach you a long sermon, tell of the blighted lives, ruined nerves, and empty pockets, but I forbear. My lad, learn a lesson, throw it away before it is too late. I'll excuse you now."

The boy went out in a swaggering, indifferent way, muttering something about "taking away a man's liberty."

Pityingly, Mr. Lord saw him depart. The next boy was clean and pure to look at, and handed his recommendation to Mr. Lord in a very self-satisfied way. The gentleman, with the scene of the morning fresh in his mind, even when he read the complimentary words, written by his own minister, could not say "Yes" to such an applicant. He had no doubt of his fine scholarship, and his general appearance was greatly in his favor, but, he said, "Herbert, I came down on car No. 7 this morning and witnessed a little scene that you will recall, I advertised for a gentlemanly lad. I'll excuse you, now."

With hot cheeks he departed.

The next was a boy with a fine face, but not as well grown as the others, and with no recommendation except a note from his mother. Mr. Lord read: "Dear Sir: We are strangers in the city. I know of no one who, with this short notice, can recommend my boy. A mother may be partial in her judgment, but he is a good boy, and you, if you will take the trouble, can learn of his scholarship. Will you please give him a chance to learn a trade that has great attractions for him? We have a 'case' in the house, and he can already 'set type' quite rapidly. His father was a printer. Excuse this long note and oblige. Yours truly, M. A. Graham."

"Well, a mother ought to know," he said to himself, and as his eye took in the air of respectability that pervaded the dress of the boy, he realized that unless supplanted by new, it would soon become very shabby; and he recalled the time when his own mother came to the city with her small children and the disappointments that he, her oldest child, had met with, before he gained a foothold in the seething tide of humanity that surrounded the unsophisticated youth.

"If you can give us a little time, sir, mother will write to our old home, and get the names of parties who will give me a recommendation."

"My boy, I advertised for a gentlemanly lad, and of that I have had indisputable evidence already, and the examination I will now give you will settle the question of scholarship. Everything else I'll take on trust, feeling confident that I shall not be deceived."

That evening Mrs. Atkinson, when discussing affairs with an acquaintance, said:

"I cannot understand the luck of some folks. Herbert went to the editor of 'The Bee' this morning, and was only the second boy there."

"Yes, my boy got there first," interrupted the other, "and he had a letter from one of Mr. Lord's own friends."

"And my boy," broke in the first speaker, "had a recommendation from our minister, and even then Mr. Lord took a shabby little fellow, Herbert says, who doesn't know anybody in town. Such luck!"

Was it luck, boys?

Profanity is a disgusting sin. It is a loud advertisement of coarseness and vulgarity.

There is a great deal of practical wisdom in Napoleon's saying, 'To replace is to conquer.'

Some people are always finding fault with nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for having put roses on thorns.—Alphonse Karr.

Following Feelings.

Sometimes we go right against our feelings. I remember once I went to Cleveland—I had been eighteen years in Chicago—and when I got to Cleveland I found Lake Erie was on the west side of the city. I was completely turned around. The sun rose in the West and set in the East all the time I was there. If I had gone according to my feelings, I would have got right into Lake Erie and been drowned for it; but I didn't go according to my feelings, I went according to knowledge; knowledge is better than feelings.

One time I went across the corner of this country, and I was driving along some roads where I had never been before. When I had got, as I thought, within about five miles of Conway, I began to think, "Now, you are going across ridges to your feelings; hadn't you better have a little knowledge about this thing?" so I reined up at the first house and called.

"Hello, there!" A man came out and when I asked him about the road, I found that instead of going to Conway, I was going right away from it. First I thought the man was wrong, then I thought, "This man has lived here for years, he knows the way better than I do;" so I turned around and drove my horse right against my feelings. Don't mind your feelings, let feelings take care of themselves; what you want is, to obey. When people begin talking about their feelings, bring them right to Scripture.—D. L. Moody.

Two Smart Cats.

I don't like cats, but I want to be just to every creature that God has made. I have lately read some stories about cats that I will tell the boys and girls. A gentleman in Georgia wanted to take a nap, a few weeks ago, and in order that he might have quiet shut his cat in the dining-room and went to the library to lie down. Half an hour after he had done so he was surprised to find his cat purring away at the sofa opposite him—and the door was locked, too.

How did the cat get out of the dining-room through the locked door, and into the library through another locked door? You will say it probably got out of the window of one room and through the window of the other. But it didn't. It climbed up the dining-room chimney, walked across the roof of the house, and came down through the other chimney into the library.

Here is another story where a cat saved a little boy's life. This boy was named Henry Clinch. He was only four years old and lived out in Illinois. The other day the cat ran into the house and made a great racket by jumping up and down, and doing everything to attract attention, until Mr. Clinch concluded to go out to the barn and see what was the matter. The cat took him right out to where little Henry was lying unconscious, a heavy door having fallen on him. The boy would have been suffocated in a short time.

"Never Sorry."

Not long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday-school what was their idea of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees," one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet-voiced choir-boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class, a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class, answered:—

"A place where—where—you're never sorry!"

The more you drink into the love and spirit of Christ, the more happy, and honorable, and useful you will be.

Never give up while there is hope, but hope not beyond reason.—Wm. Penn.

It does not require great learning to be a Christian, and to be convinced of the truth of the Bible. It requires an honest heart and a willingness to obey God.—A. Barnes.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 41.)

No. 267.—Lauden.

No. 268.—Columbus.

No. 269.—Dryden.

No. 270.—C, cup, calyx, pyx, x.

No. 271.—M

I b e s e a l a c e
m a m a p
b m n e
R o t e d e a R
l i
A
M E R A R I.

The Mystery.—No. 44.
LET EVERYBODY VOTE.

The polls are now open for another of the voting contests. Everybody can vote, and the "poll tax" will be a postal card on which to forward your ballot. The contest will take place under the following regulations:

Your name and address must be placed at top (one of the narrow ends) —nom-de-plume may be placed under the name of a postal card, your ballot plainly written on the postal and numbered to correspond with the questions printed below, and the postal mailed to the puzzle editor of this paper within three weeks from the time you receive this number of the RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Not more than one person may vote on one postal. The questions upon which you are to express your opinion are these:

1. In which of the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada may be found the best opportunities for energetic young men? (Mention only one province.)

2. What is the best disposition of our government's revenue? (Name only one mode.)

3. Are the American girls of to-day as generally useful as those of 50 years ago?

4. What book, aside from the Bible, has done you the most good?

5. What is the greatest obstacle to contend with in farming? (Mention only one.)

6. Of the two men, which will pass down to history as the greater—George Washington or William E. Gladstone?

7. Is cremation a proper method of disposing of the dead?

8. Do we need more legal holidays?

9. Does country or city life develop shrewder boys?

10. What is your wish concerning the "Young Folks' Column." What new feature would you wish introduced?

If there shall be one perfect list of answers, we will give a handsome and useful prize.

"But," I hear some one asking, "what will constitute the perfect list?" "Is it a list of answers which the puzzle editor has made out?" By no means. The "perfect list" will be determined by a plurality of the ballots upon each question. For instance, if a plurality of votes shall answer the first question "New Brunswick," that result will make New Brunswick the answer to that question. After the ballots have all been received and the result of the voting on each question ascertained, that result will constitute the "perfect list." Let all try, both old and young.

Our Mystic Corps.

"PHILOMATH," Queens, sends you a few more objects of amusements," is the enclosure of the above nom-de-plume. We wish others would do likewise. Thank you Philom. Your answers to all of Nos. 39, 40 and 41 are correct. Your working shows plainly that you are indeed a lover of learning. Write again.

A Sluggish Liver

Causes the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine.—Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

IN VIGORATED.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver disorders. I suffered from a Torpid Liver, and Dyspepsia, for eighteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from Headache, was pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health.—Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio.

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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BAKING POWDER
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196 196

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JUST RECEIVED:

200 lbs. Paris Green;
100 lbs. Slug Shop;
100 lbs. Dalmation Insect Powder;
50 lbs. Heliobore;
500 lbs. Copperas;
100 lbs. Carbolic Acid;
Case Cond's Fluid;
100 lbs. Chloride Lime.

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FREDERICTON.
June 15, 1887.

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1887. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887.

On and after MONDAY, June 13th, 1887, the Traffic of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.00
Accommodation..... 11.00
Express for Sussex..... 16.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22.15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22.15 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 Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 5.30
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Accommodation..... 12.55
Day Express..... 18.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
June 26th, 1887.

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MONEY TO LOAN on approved security, at lowest rates of interest. Apply to
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From March 1st, 1887.

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JUST received a full line of cooking, Close, Parlor, Cylinder and Franklin Stoves. Parties in want will do well to look our stock over.

75 Stoves in all including the King of Stoves the Charter Oak which is growing more popular every year it is used. Good Luck or Bad Luck, there is no one so lucky as the one who gets a Charter Oak.

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Just received:—
1 CASE Breech Loading Guns;
1 CASE Muzzle Loading Guns;
5 Cases Sporting Powder;
2 Cases Shot;
1 Case Wads.

With a full line of Sporting Goods, for sale low, at
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