

A Story of an Apple.

Little Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob
Were walking one day when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter:
"Tis mine."
Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"
Said Bobby: "Now, let us divide in four
parts
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy; "I'll have it
myself."
Said Peter: "I want it, I say."
Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it
all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he
fought,
This sad and distressing to tell!
And Archy held on with his might and his
main,
Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then, down a green little hill
That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it
rolled,
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled
down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
That apple was seen no more!
"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and
Tom,
"We'd kept it and cut it in four."
—Independent.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Up among the Vermont hills live
two children who do not like to get up
early. So their mother said one day,
"I will give you a cent apiece every
morning you are down promptly to
breakfast."

It was queer how that cent cleared
the sticks out of the children's eyes,
took the sleepy gaps out of their
mouths, the stretchiness out of their
limbs, so that instead of turning over
to go to sleep again, Ruby and Buzz
would give one good jump out of bed
into the middle of the floor; then
they were wide awake and the day
was fairly begun.

In this way the children had each
earned six cents. Ruby went about
rattling her pennies in her apron
pocket, but Buzz, although he had a
nice pocket in his new trousers, put
his money in a box in the bureau
drawer.

"To-morrow will be Sunday,"
said Buzz Saturday night as they went
to bed. "I don't think we ought to
take a cent for getting up early on
Sunday morning."

"Oh, I do," said Ruby. "And
that will be seven cents I shall have
then."

"But I do not think it would be
right to earn a cent, in such a way,
on Sunday," said Buzz.

"This is not doing real work and
earning money on Sunday," said Ruby;
"this is only getting up, and we have
got to do it any way and I mean to
have a cent for it and that will be
seven cents in the morning," and
Ruby took her money out of her
pocket and piled it in a pile on the
table.

"Getting up early for a cent on
Sunday would be working to get the
cent," said Buzz stoutly. "And I
am going to do it without any pay on
Sunday." "Cause I think that is the
way to do."

"Well, I think it is the way to get
a cent for it if you can," said Ruby;
"let us ask mother."

The children plead the case before
their mother.

"Why do you think it is right to
take a cent on Sunday, Ruby?" she
asked.

"Cause I want it, and I will have
more if I do," said Ruby; "we are
paid for getting up—and we do get
up on Sunday just as we do on other
mornings, and we ought to be paid
for it just the same."

"Now, Buzz, why do you think it
is not right?" asked the mother.

"Cause getting up is work for
us—it is not work for you or papa,
but it is work for us, and you pay us
because it is, and I don't want to
work for money on Sunday—and then
—and then—here Buzz hesitated.

"What is it, my boy?" asked the
mother.

"And then," the little fellow went
on, "there is something in me,
down here"—and Buzz laid his brown,
chubby hand over his heart—"that
feels queer when I do what I think
isn't right—not a pain, you know, but
a queer feeling. I had 'most rather
have a bee sting me."

"But, if you do not take the money
you will not have as many cents as
Ruby has. Will you like to hear her
counting them over—always having
more than you?" asked the mother.

"No, I shan't like that. I don't
like to hear her count her money any
way. Ruby needn't count it so much.

But I shall not take a cent on Sun-
day."

"And I shall take a cent every
Sunday—just as soon as mother will
give it to me," said Ruby.

The mother said they should decide
for themselves. So Ruby took her
money each Sunday and she had a
quiet conscience, nor did any, even in
their secret thoughts, accuse her of
doing wrong.

Buzz went without the Sunday
cent, and he too had a quiet consci-
ence.

But it was at this point of difference
that the children's natures began to
diverge.

Ruby had more money, and more
"good times;" but Buzz had a more
tender love for the right because he
had made a sacrifice for it, and this
made his heart strong to do right
things even when they went a little
against the grain.—Wide Awake.

WILLIE UNDERSTOOD.

He is a six-year-old, ragged boy,
who comes sometimes in the evenings
to our Boys' Temperance Rooms.
We never asked him to sign the
pledge—we thought he was too little.
But whenever a visitor would ask
those who were temperance boys to
raise their hands, his was always
lifted.

One of our ladies called upon his
mother. During the conversation the
woman said:

"My husband does not drink any
more."

"He used to?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When did he leave off?"

"The first of January."

"How did it happen?"

"Willie refused to go for the beer."

He told his father he was a temper-
ance boy now, and he could not go
for it without breaking his promise,
and he made such a time about it the
father gave it up."

When I heard this, I knew that
Willie had understood every word we
said to him. And I have written
about him here to encourage any
little one whose parents touch any-
thing that intoxicates. Just ask the
Saviour to help you and then try to
persuade those you love to give up
the drink.

The Truth.

The boy who sees his father adul-
terate his goods, and arrange his
best fruit upon the top of the box, is
taught object lessons he doesn't for-
get. The following incidents were re-
cently told:

"Come," said a certain mother to
her little boy, "take this; take this,
it is something good." The child
was evidently suspicious, but after
many earnest assurances on the part
of his mother, he took the medicine,
but it was intensely bitter, and re-
jecting it at once, his young voice
was raised in angry reproaches against
his mother for telling him such a lie.

"No, my dear," said she, "I have
told you no lie. The medicine is
good; it is good to cure you. That
is what I meant."

"Good to cure me?" cried he, with
a look of perfect contempt. "You
cheated me. You know you did."

Yes, he was right! and by that
act she lost the confidence of her boy.

A little girl, hearing her mother
say to the clerk, after she had taken
samples from several pieces of goods,
that she would call in the afternoon
and make some purchases, said:

"Mamma, you said that at all the
other stores." Actual lessons like
these do far more to fix moral char-
acter than all the prefatory preach-
ing and advising possible from Sep-
tember until July. A child cannot
be more certainly corrupted than by
hearing good advice and seeing a bad
exemplification of it. Preaching is
easy; it's the practicing that tells.—
School Journal.

WHY HE NEVER WAS LATE.

"How is it that you are never late
at Sunday-school, Edwin?" I asked.

His Sunday-school began a quarter
before nine in the morning, and I
concluded that many of the children
found it hard to be prompt, as they
came straggling in all through the
opening service; Edwin, never—he
was always in time.

"How is it, Edwin?"

"Oh, I always plan to come," said
Edwin. "I put the polish on my
boots overnight. I find my Bible and
question-book and place them in a
safe corner beforehand. I brush and
put on my Sunday clothes before
breakfast. So after breakfast and
prayers I start in time to get there
before the superintendent rings the
school to order."

"And you don't lag by the way?"

"Never," said Edwin. "It is bet-
ter to be five minutes too early than
one minute too late."

Ah, boys, see how it helps one
along to have a plan.—Selected.

Little Helpers.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"I will be a little helper,"
Lipsa the brook.
On its silvery way it goes,
Never stopping for repose,
Till it turns the busy mill,
In some nook.

"I will be a little helper,"
Smiles the flower.
By the wayside, in the field,
All its beauty is revealed
Unto sad and weary hearts,
Though skies lower.

"I will be a little helper,"
Sings the bird.
And it carols forth a song,
Though the cheerless day be long,
Bringing to some helpless one
Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper,
Child so fair!
And your kindly deeds can make,
For the heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love, and happiness
Everywhere!

Home Hints.

BAKING HAM.—After you have
boiled a ham, it improves it much
to skin it, sprinkle with pepper, and
bake in a brisk oven for one-half
hour.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—A little
liquid ammonia added to the water
in which flannels are washed, will
prevent them from becoming yellow
and shrinking. To preserve their
softness, wash them in tepid water,
rinse in water of the same tempera-
ture, and dry rapidly at a moderate
heat.

CHOCOLATE FILLING FOR CAKE.—
Half a cup of sweet chocolate grated,
half a cup of sweet milk, the same
of powdered sugar, the yolk of one
egg, and a tablespoonful of extract of
vanilla. Stir the chocolate in the
milk; add the eggs, sugar, and vani-
lla; set it in a vessel of boiling water
and stir until a stiff jelly. When
cold, spread it between the layers of
cake. Used also as a frosting for
cake.—Observer.

OYSTER OMELET.—Add to a half
cup of cream six eggs, beaten very
light; season with pepper and salt,
and pour into a frying-pan with a
tablespoonful of butter; drop in a
dozen large oysters cut in halves, or
chopped fine with parsley, and fry
until a light brown. Double omelet
over and serve immediately.

OATMEAL BLANC-MANGE.—A deli-
cious blanc-mange is made by stirring
two heaping tablespoons of oatmeal
into a little cold water, then stir
with a quart of boiling milk, flavor
and pour into moulds to cool, when
cream or jelly may be eaten with it.

A GOOD DRIVER.

A heavily loaded sleigh was stuck
on a car-track. The street was badly
blocked in consequence, and a crowd
gathered as usual. The horse pulled
well, but could not move the load.
The crowd shouted and offered advice.

"Why don't you whip him?" one
man asked, and at the same time he
lifted a whip and was about to ply it
around the animal's legs. The horse
had become very restless, and pranced
about without pulling effectively.

"Don't you strike that horse!"
the driver shouted. "I've driven this
animal a good many years, and
know just what he can do. I have
never struck him with a whip, and
don't intend to now. If you fellows
will only stop your yelling, the horse
will be all right. He is so frightened
that he don't know what to do."

A patrolman quieted the crowd,
and in a few minutes the horse calmed
down. Then the driver stroked his
head, and said, in a quiet tone,
"Come, John, it's all right now."
The horse made another effort, and
succeeded in clearing the track.—
Youth's Companion.

THE LESSON OF THE WATER-DROPS.

A little Spanish boy, wearied with
the drudgery of learning, ran away
from school. As the sun grew hot, he
sat down to rest beside a spring that
gushed from a rock. While reclining
in the shade, he noticed that the con-
stant dropping of the water had scoop-
ed a hole in a hard stone beneath.

"If the light drops can, by con-
tinual falling, accomplish so hard a
task," he thought, "surely, by con-
stant effort, I can overcome my un-
willingness to learn." He returned
to school, persevered in his studies,
and became famous in after years as
a great saint and doctor of the
Spanish Church.—St. Isidore, of
Seville.

Farm Hints.

It takes three days of good food
to make up for one of bad food.
There is no loss of feeding cattle
well for the sake of manure alone.

Every day an animal is kept after
being prime there is loss, exclusive of
manure.

Stall-feeding is better for fat-
making than box or yard manage-
ment, irrespective of health.

Immediately when an animal be-
gins to fret for food, immediately
it begins to lose flesh. Never check
the fattening process.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 6.)
No 42.— 1. 2
m 1
p a n n e t
m a d a m l e v e l
n a p t e n
m 1

No. 43.—Waist-coat.

No. 44.—
"We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seed of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way,
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day."

No. 45.—1. John xv. 5.
2. 1 Cor. iii. 21.
3. Gal. v. 1.
4. 1 Tim. i. 7.

No. 46.— F L A G
L A T E
A T O M
G E M S

No. 47.— B—abel
A—theins
A—biel
L—aban
B A A L

No. 48.—"Honesty is the best
policy."

The Mystery.—No. 9.

No. 68.—CHARADE.
My first in many a field doth grow,
Most easy 'tis to guess;
Without it we should come to woe,
To trouble, and distress.

My second in a farmer's barn
You very oft may find,
And when I say 'tis made of yarn
It may come to your mind.

My whole is but my second to,
And used to carry in
My dear and precious first; so you
To guess may now begin.

Kings. "Mina."

No. 69.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
My whole, composed of 10 letters,
is a dear friend to boys and girls.

My 1, 2, 7 is a mineral.
My 2, 3 is an adjective.
My 2, 9, 3, 4 is a relation.

LIZZIE A. KERR.

Stanley, York.

No. 70.—PYRAMID PUZZLE.
* A letter.
* An animal.
* A priest.
* Son of Jehoiada.
* One of David's sons.
Centrals—A prophet.

FAY ROBINSON.

St. John.

No. 71.—PI PUZZLE.

For what titheth eth slotho nam,
dan yone haystet hel silly noe.

Grafton. "SALVATION ARMY."

No. 72.—HALF-SQUARE WORD.

A noted temperance boy of the
Bible; to reform; a narrow neck of
land; used in writing; a boy's nick-
name; a Roman numeral.

Lower Prince Wm., York.

No. 73.—PI PUZZLE.

Outh ash voodsp arth inen arth;
auth tash tedvivi en ni eth ghtni; outh
sosh edrit em, dna alsh ndi thnoing;
I ma psoedrup atht ym utnob allsh
otn sgresstran.

"PARTRIDGE."

Kings.

No. 74.—PI PUZZLE.

Htous stah sola vineg en het dleish
fo hyt noitavlas dan hyt ssenletgen
thha dame em tager.

"MARIANNIE."

Kings.

No. 75.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a boy's name; a flower;
silent; a letter.

GEO. N. BREWER.

San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

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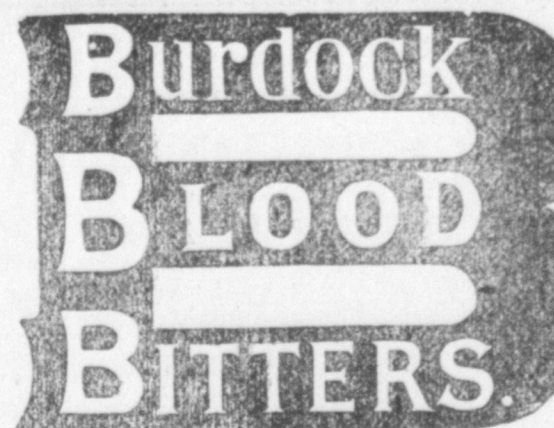
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