

I Want to be a Man.

[A little boy's response to the hymn, "I Want to be an Angel."]

NEWMAN HALL, L.L.E.

I want to live to be a man
Both good and useful all I can;
To speak the truth be just and brave,
My fellow men to cheer and save.

I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below;
To human toil to take my share,
And thus for angel's work prepare.

I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face;
And follow him in earthly strife
Before I share his heavenly life.

Lord! grant me this to live and serve,
And never from Thy laws to swerve;
Then, after years of service free,
In ripe old age to go to Thee.

But should it be Thy loving will
To call me early, Lord fulfill
In fewer years Thy work of grace.
Each day prepared to see Thy face.

A Gold Medal.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A—. We saw a boy, named Watson, driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him. "I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson. "O, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote: "Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I will drive the cow.'"

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'O no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you: was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule; you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—*The Children's Own.*

What My Little Boy Taught Me.

"Tommy, come to mamma." A sullen little face, with scowling brow and pouting lips, appeared at the door.

"What have you got to do?" "I've got to stay in bed all day."

And with the words, Tommy jerked off his jacket and kicked one boot across the floor.

"What naughty thing have you been doing?" "Spoiling the calla lily."

The words, tone and manner of the little boy of six were so hard and defiant that a vague alarm seized me, and I said, gently:—"Come here, my poor little laddie, and get into mamma's bed. You look very cold."

The downcast eyes were lifted in a strange, glad surprise, and the remaining garments were laid aside softly. Slowly, slowly, and questioningly, the little fellow crept into bed and lay quite still.

"Now, Tommy, tell mamma all about it."

"I only just pinched the littlest leaf. I wanted to see what it was rolled up so tight for. There's ever so many more."

"Yes, Tommy, but no more like this one. All the year you have seen these little rolls unfold into broad, glossy green leaves; but this one, Tommy, was a bud. If you had watched without touching it, you would have seen it grow longer and lighter in color, until some bright morning you would have run down stairs, to shout and clap your hands over the most beautiful flower you ever beheld. It would have looked up lovingly into your face from its heart of gold, and its pure velvet lips would have smiled upon you for letting it live and bloom. I am so sorry you hurt the dear little bud, that now can never be a flower."

"Can't it be mended, mamma?"

"No, dear."

"You mended the cup I broke."

"Yes, darling; a broken china cup may be made whole again, but a sweet little bud, waiting to become a rich, golden flower, pinched and torn by cruel fingers, can never be restored."

"And can not God restore it, mamma?"

The penitence, the pathos, and despair of the child's face were indescribable. I drew the little form to my breast in solemn awe.

"I'm almost as bad as Cain, mamma," he said, sobbing heavily. "How is that dear?"

"I've killed something. But, mamma, I didn't mean too, truly. I didn't know I was hurting the little bud. I'll never touch a plant again—only look at it, mamma, and love it, and wait for the morning when it'll be a great flower."

Precious little teacher! What a lesson for us mothers. In the hurry and worry of this toiling world, are we not in momentary danger, as we walk in the garden of our homes, of pinching, if not killing, something? Think how it would be, if in our haste and heedlessness, we should crush and destroy the bud of tenderness,—so full and bursting in the heart of a child,—and give to society a callous, unfeeling man or woman! Did the good God, whose name is Love, make them so?

And where shall we be found in that great and awful morning, when the Lord of the garden shall demand the full and glorious flower which was to have been developed and perfected from the sweet little bud given into the bosom of father and mother?—*Home Guardian.*

Just For Fun.

Why is chronology like a palm tree?—Because it is full of dates.

A great deal has been written about learning to say No. If you would teach a man to say no, just ask him if he would like to pay that little bill today.

Bad lookout for George.—Mrs. Hayseed (whose son is at college): "George writes that he is taking fencing lessons." Mr. Hayseed: "I'm glad o' that. I'll set him a diggin' post-holes when he gets home."

A man has invented a shoe with a patent spring toe. He probably felt the need of something of the kind five seconds after he kicked a demure-looking hat which protected a well-baked brick on the sidewalk.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to the strength of don't mind, my son John surpasses any body I ever knew."

Domestic: "What will I get for breakfast? There isn't a bit of bread in the house." Mrs. Youngwife: "Dear, dear! That is too bad. I suppose you had better have toast."

"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown. "Oh!" replied Fogg, who had been practicing upon roller skates, I raised it from a slip."

A New York dudine accompanied by a pug, applied at the ticket office of a country railroad station. "Am I required to purchase a dog ticket?" she asked. "O no, you can travel as an ordinary passenger."

Alarmed Pedestrian (picking up a painter at the foot of a ladder):—"My poor man are you hurt much?" Painter—"Only three ribs broken. But I went down with colors flying, didn't I!"

A young lady wishes to know if you can tell anything about a gentleman by the color of his eye. We should not like to risk any positive reply, but will venture to say that something can be determined by the color of his nose.

"Say," said Berkeley to his wife yesterday, at dinner, "You didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you night before last, did you? That's a secret." "A secret? Why, I didn't know it was a secret," she replied, kind of regretfully. "Well, did you tell it? I want to know."

"Why, no, I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."

A wealthy marquis, who died in Paris some time ago, was so parsimonious that, seeing his servant one day with a smart-looking hat, he reprimanded him for his extravagance. "But it is the old hat you gave me; I had it ironed for a franc."—"Indeed," said the marquis, "I did not think it could be restored. Here is the franc you paid—I will take the hat," and he forthwith transferred the renovated *chapeau* to his own head.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 42.)
No. 272.—
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No. 273.—
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WHITTIER. HOLMES.
No. 274.—S I M A R
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The Mystery—No. 45.

No. 277.—BIBLE-RIDDLES.

1. What "widow's son" made many valuable things "of bright brass?"
2. Where is the verse "At Parbar westward, four at the causeway and two at Parbar?"
3. How was Jacob Naaman's grandfather?
4. What should happen "where there were a thousand vines at a thousand silverlings?"
5. What very handsome man cut more than seven pounds of hair from his head every year?
6. Find the riddle of a great, long-winged eagle, sitting in the highest branch of a cedar-tree, cropping off the young twigs?
7. Which of the prophets was a herdsman?
8. Who had a present from his mother of two silver idols?
9. In what book beside the Psalms is the word, Selah?
10. Who had horses and linen yarn from Egypt?—*Golden Rule.*

[The above clipping was mailed us at Fredericton. The sender does not send us any name, but we deem it expedient to say that it was sent us by a kind and respected friend to both ourself and the INTELLIGENCER. The sender does not favour us with the solutions to the same—probably not having them at command,—yet we publish them for our young (and old

too) readers to puzzle over. Who will answer them? Perhaps the sender will favour the first correct solutions with a suitable reward?—Ed. Y. F. C.]

The Mystic Fountain.

We are sorry that our esteemed friend, "Philomath," Queens, failed to send the solutions with puzzles. If they were sent us, they must have been lost in filing. We neglected to mention this fact last issue. . . . Let a number of our readers try the "Queries" published above, and send us the result. At the same time please send us some puzzles, &c. All MS. copies, not containing any letter, may be mailed by prepaying with a one cent stamp.

NOW.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccles. xii. 1.

Dear readers, allow me to impress upon your minds once again the importance of that little word "now." Let me give you an illustration whereby I may better be enabled to show you the necessity of acting now, and the awful consequences which may follow your putting off.

A shipmaster once fell in with an ill-fated steamer called the "Central America." The night was closing in, the sea rolling high; but he hailed the crippled steamer, and asked if they needed help. "I am in a sinking condition," cried Captain Herndon. "Had you not better send your passengers on board directly?" said the shipmaster. "Will you not lay by me till morning?" answered Capt. Herndon. "I will try," replied the shipmaster; "but had you not better send your passengers on board now?" "Lay by me till morning," again said, Capt. Herndon. The shipmaster tried to lay by him; but at night such was the heavy roll of the sea he could not keep his position, and he never saw the steamer again. In an hour and a half after the captain said "Lay by me till morning," the vessel with its living freight went down—the captain and crew, and a great majority of passengers, found a grave in the deep.

Now, dear readers, you are out on the broad sea of life. You are in a sinking condition, and Christ is anxious that you should be saved. Do not spurn his offers! Do not until I do this or that—"Lay by me till morning." It may be that ere the morning dawns Christ will require your soul, and, if you are not prepared, you will be lost,—eternally lost. Oh, then seek Him with all your heart now! Accept His blessed invitations! He invites all to come unto Him and be saved. When? NOW! "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Come to Jesus just now.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q.—What were the "Urim and Thummim," referred to in Exodus 28: 30, etc?

BIBLE STUDENT.

A.—What the Urim and Thummim were has not been satisfactorily ascertained. The words mean light and perfection. They were ornaments or appendages belonging to the habit of the Jewish high priest in ancient times, in virtue of which he gave oracular answers to the people.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have eternal life."—John iii. 16.

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 Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition 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, 215 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 offensive 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, 138 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.

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

FOR SALE BY

JOHN M WILEY.
FREDERICTON.
June 15, 1887.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1887. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1887.
ON and after MONDAY, June 13th, 1887, the Trains 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.....	8.50
Accommodation.....	12.55
Day Express.....	18.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

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

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN on approved security, at lowest rates of interest. Apply to J. A. W. VANWART, Barristers. F'ton March 1st, 1887.

STOVES. STOVES.

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.

For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

GUNS. GUNS.

Just received:— 1 CASE Breech Loading Guns; 1 Case Muzzle Loading Guns; 5 kgs Sporting Powder; 2 cases Shells; 1 case Wads. With a full line of Sporting Goods, for sale low, at NEILL'S Hardware Store.

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Oxford & New Glasgow Railway SECTIONS.

- 1st—Birch Hill Road to Pugwash Junction—13 miles.
- 2nd—Pugwash Junction to Pugwash—5 miles.
- 3rd—Pugwash Junction to Wallace Station—7 miles.
- 4th—Wallace Station to Mingo Road—17 miles.

Tenders for Grading, Bridge and Culvert Masonry, Fencing, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Friday, the 18th of November, 1887, for the grading, bridge and culvert masonry, fencing, &c.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway at Wallace, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 10th day of November, 1887, where the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application. No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, and all conditions are complied with.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary, Department of Railways & Canals, Ottawa, 20th October, 1887.

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 18th Nov., for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail, on a proposed Contract for four years, twice per week each way, between

Prince William Station and York Mills.

From the 1st January next.

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses. The mails to leave York Mills Post Office on Tuesday and Friday of each week at 8 o'clock, a. m., or on time to connect at Prince William Station with the morning mail train from St. John.

Returning to leave Prince William Station on the same days, immediately after arrival of day mail train from Bangor, reaching York Mills in forty-five minutes from time of despatch. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Prince William Station and York Mills, and at this office.

S. J. KING, Post Office Inspector, St. John, Oct. 7, 1887.

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