

A Naughty School-Girl.

I was a teacher some years ago,
In a little Western town;
I was young, and my upper lip
Was growing its first soft down.
I was a student in college then—
In fact, I am proud to say,
By teaching part of the year I went
Through college and paid my way.

'Twas in my junior year when first
I taught in that town out West,
And of all the schools that ever I knew
That school turned out the best.
I remember my first week of school,
How the grown-up lads did try
To 'haze' the teacher, and many of them
Were older and stronger than I.

But I held my own until I found
A caricature of me
Drawn on the board, and my mustache
Was pictured with lines just three,
On one side one, on the other two!
It was more than I could stand;
I said: 'Whoever drew that may come
And hold out his right hand.'

'Twas a boyish thing to do, I know,
And one that I still regret,
For the prettiest girl of all tossed back
Her glossy curls of jet,
And turned to me her great brown eyes;
Then, rising from her seat,
She came and held out her white hand;
I felt my shame complete.

I took her hand; the blow I gave
Made me her slave for life,
Though it was so light that she did not feel
The touch of my paper knife.
I used that punishment no more,
And ere that term was done,
The friendship of the school I'd gained,
And her promise I had won.

My teaching days are o'er, but now
She teaches school for me;
The school consists of two bright boys
And little maidens three;
And on my desk I always keep
The ivory paper-knife
With which I punished the naughty girl
Whom now I call my wife.

—N. Y. Ledger.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

A True Story.

BY REV. A. MCINTYRE.

In the thriving village of — in the state of —, there lived a family of much respectability and influence. The youngest child was a son called by the pet name of Bennie. At the time of which we write he was a youth, fourteen or fifteen years of age, healthy, active, and intelligent, popular with the boys of the village and something of a leader among them. Bennie was a member of the select school in the village, forward in his books, a good scholar with plans already laid for usefulness. He had no idea of being a drone in the bustling hive of human activity. With all the freshness and zest of his youthful vigor he had determined to carve a place for himself in the busy world. The household of which Bennie was a member attended regularly at the house of God and lived under the wholesome restraint of religious influence. His mother and other members of the family were professing-Christians and he himself a member of the Sabbath school. Bennie could not be called a bad boy, rather the reverse, he was thought to be excellent in his way yet he had some dangerous traits in him that called loudly for control. These were unmistakably manifest at times when he would put at defiance the parental authority. Such were the surroundings of this youth, and with prospects most flattering, when the fatal catastrophe overtook him which brought his young life to an inglorious end.

One Saturday afternoon of a beautiful Autumn day his father, about to be absent from home for a short time, requested the son to take charge of the office. Bennie in company with a young companion had agreed on a hunting excursion that very afternoon. Disregarding his father's command he took the gun and started. The father seeing this took the weapon from him and put it in its place, repeating the order that he must stay in charge of the office during his absence. The son waited until his father was out of sight on his journey; he then took the gun and with his companion started for the woods. They passed along the road eastward from the house up a gentle ascent a short distance and halted at the place where the railroad and carriage road intersect. Here Bennie, standing on the end of a tie, let down the butt of the gun on the ground and placing the muzzle against his side close to the small of his back he leaned upon it and began a wriggling motion. Immediately the gun discharged and lodged the entire contents of a heavy charge of shot in the body close to the spine. The shock was terrible. His companion sounded the alarm and Bennie was immediately brought home. The best surgical skill was secured, and everything possible was done to save his life.

The appalling situation into which one act of disobedience had plunged him filled him with dread. The tender-

est care, the ceaseless watching, the tearful and loving forgiveness of his father, the prayers of loving Christian friends, and especially of his godly pastor, all were of no avail; the cruel shot was the fatal message of death, and after nine days of intense suffering Bennie passed into the land of spirits. But the bodily suffering was not to be compared with his agony of mind. The thought that he was to be cut off so prematurely and his young life blighted by one persistent deed of disobedience would come upon him with powerful force and then his mental anguish no tongue could tell. He left a message for his companions to be warned by his example, and charged his pastor at his funeral to warn all the young people in the most public manner, never to be guilty of a like offence lest the same or a similar end overtake them. The day of his funeral was an occasion not soon to be forgotten for the salutary lesson it taught, as amidst sobs and weeping we laid his body in the silent grave.

Let the youth who reads this little story be also warned of the danger in just one act of disobedience. No sin so fatal. Just one transgression was the sin of Eden, the parent of all human misery. He who willfully disobeys a parent will willfully disobey God. He who disregards parental authority will soon set at defiance the laws of the land and incur a penalty that is sure to follow. As the subject of this sketch, he will be overtaken by some terrible disaster, or like Cain (if not seized by the rigors of the law) he will be a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth; or like Judas the betrayer of the Lord, he may be led to lay violent hands on his own life.

"Surely to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."—Religious Herald.

Petting A Panther.

Several years ago a lady lived alone in the woods. She was passionately fond of animals of all kinds. She had been crossed in some love affair in her younger days, and had renounced society and friends and sought the woods for consolation, and after that lived the life of a hermit.

Game and wild animals were plenty in the forests, and hunting-parties occasionally had a chance to see and talk with the strange woman.

On one of these expeditions a party, of which I was a member, was watching for deer, when we heard a scream. We weren't aware that there was a human being within miles of there, and as the cry sounded like a woman's voice we very quickly started in the direction from which the sound came, to see if any one had been unfortunate enough to be attacked by wild beasts.

In about five minutes we came to a log house, the door of which was open, and on looking in we beheld a startling sight. On the floor was an old woman, on her hands and knees, with a broom made of brush in her hand, while on her back was a half-grown panther.

We were within easy range of the brute, and could have killed it easily were it not for the fact that we all had the "buck fever." The panther was making no effort to harm the woman, and we stood with our rifles ready to see what the outcome would be. The old woman made every effort in her power to strike the beast, at the same time talking to it. The panther would turn his head every time a blow was delivered, his tail wagging the while.

He really acted as if he thought he was having heaps of fun at the old lady's expense. When we had watched long enough to discover that the panther meant no harm, we advanced, and told the woman to keep still and we would shoot her unpleasant companion.

She was startled at hearing a voice, but managed to tell us not to shoot, but to drive off the panther. The animal was more scared at seeing us than the old woman was, and jumped off and ran under a bed.

The woman didn't like our intruding on her premises, as her manner indicated, but after we apologized and told her we thought she had been attacked by a wild animal, she softened and asked us in.

Now comes the singular part of the story. Some months prior to that time the woman found the panther, which was then nothing but a kitten, and took it to her house.

She had no pet, and resolved to bring it up and domesticate it. She succeeded, and while the panther seemed to enjoy her company, and never made any effort to run away, it was very mischievous and fond of play. His jumping on her back was one of his pranks.

The woman said he was good company, though he was sometimes very rough in his play, but she wouldn't part with him for all that.

"It frequently happened, she said, that while she was sitting in a chair the panther would come up behind her, and tip her out of the chair. On such occasions the brute would dance around and make manifestations of delight."—Chicago News.

Order.

"Where's my hat?" "Who's seen my knife?" "Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy! When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes, kicked 'em right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

"Who cut those shoe-strings?" You did it to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed where it rolled when you hopped, skipped and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I'd rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place them in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it.

I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah me! I haven't I had to pay for it ten times over. Now set your foot right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can four. He can save an hour per day over the man who flings things helter-skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit. An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter every joint will fit. If he is a turner his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant his books will show neither blots nor errors. An orderly man is usually an economical man and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer, "Be orderly, be accurate."

The Boy as an Escort.

It is a good plan for mother and sister to depend, as it were, on the boy as an escort. Let him help her in and out of the car. Let him have his little purse and pay her fare. Let him carry some of the bundles. He will be delighted to do these things, and feel proud that she can depend on him. A boy likes to be thought manly, and in no better way can he show his manliness than by taking his father's place as an escort of mother or sister. Teach him to lift his hat when meeting a woman with whom he or his family are acquainted, without regard to race, color or position, for a true gentleman will lift his hat as readily to the woman at the fruit-stand with whom he has a speaking acquaintance as he will to the highest in the land. He cares not for her position, it is enough for him that she is a woman. Teach him also to lift his hat when passing a gentleman acquaintance with whom there is a lady, although the latter be a stranger to him.

All parents and members of the family are proud of a courteous boy, and there is no reason why any boy cannot become one if proper attention is paid to his training. If his mind is turned into this channel when young, there will be a great deal he will learn of his own accord by observation.—Boston Budget.

Home Hints.

POUND CAKE PUDDING.—Rub together one cup of sugar and half a cup of butter; add one cup of milk and the yolks of three eggs well beaten, sift in one teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed with it. Add the whites of the eggs last, beaten to a stiff froth. Put in a buttered mold and steam an hour and a half. Serve with sauce.

CHOW-CHOW.—Two quarts cucumbers, two of green tomatoes, two of onions, two of cabbage or cauliflower. Soak in a weak brine over night. Cook each separately until tender. For the paste: One gallon vinegar, one large cup of flour, one pound of mustard, and one-half pound of sugar. Stir the paste until it boils, then pour it over the vegetables. This pickle will last for a year.

APPLE JELLY.—Take any good juicy apples; cut them, skin, core and all, in slices into a preserving pan containing sufficient water to cover them; then put them on the fire and boil them until they are reduced to a mash. Then strain the water from them, through a hair sieve, into a basin or

pan; then filter it through a flannel bag. Measure the liquid, and for every pint of it allow one pound of granulated sugar, of which make a syrup and boil it to the ball. Then mix the juice with it and boil until it jellies; stir it with a wooden spatula from the bottom, to prevent scorching; when it is boiled enough may be known by its adhering to the spatula, or a little may be dropped on a cold plate; if it soon sets it is done. Take off the scum which rises on top. This jelly may be colored with vegetable colors—violet, green, orange, prepared cochineal or carmine.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 43.)

No. 275.—Burns.

No. 276.—

I.	II.
CHILD	PALM
HOSEA	ALOE
ISLAM	LOVE
LEAVE	MEEK
DAMES	

III.

JONAH
OLIVE
NIGER
AVERS
HERSE

No. 277.—DEVIL

i v a i
v i v
i g d e
L L I R D

The Mystery.—No. 46.

No. 279.—SQUARE WORDS.

(BY LOTTIE R. STEEVES, ST. JOHN.)

I. 1. An instrument of music. 2. A species of indigo plant. 3. Mellow. 4. Urgent prayer or entreaty.

II.

A Scripture proper name; a scout; a word expressing assent.

No. 280.—ANAGRAMS.—ONE

WORD EACH.

(BY ED. Y. F. C.)

1. If a long M. 3. Mr. Line.
2. R. E. Germans. 4. More P's.
5. Rat, pig, man.

No. 281.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY L. R. STEEVES, ST. JOHN.)

1. Where is "advertise" mentioned in the Bible?
2. What king of Israel's 70 sons were slain?
(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

Our Mystic Corps.

L. R. STEEVES, St. John, has charmed the puzzle editor by coming to his assistance with a number of choice puzzles. Thank you kindly, Lottie. Reader, go thou and do likewise! Help us along. Do not neglect the voting contest.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q.—What is "Antinomianism?"

STUDENT.

A.—The Antinomians are a sect who maintain that, under the gospel dispensation, the moral law is of no use or obligation. It originated with John Agricola about the year 1538.

Constipation

Is a universal and most troublesome disorder. It causes Headache, Mental Depression, impairs the Sight and Hearing, destroys the Appetite, and, when long continued, causes Enlargement of the Liver, Inflammation of the Bowels, and Piles. Constipation is speedily cured by Ayer's Pills.

For a number of months I was troubled with Constipation, in consequence of which I suffered from Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and a disordered liver. My eyes also troubled me. I was compelled to wear a shade over them, and, at times, was unable to bear exposure to the light. I was entirely

CURED BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this medicine to be the best cathartic ever made.—James Eccles, Poland, Ohio.

I suffered from Constipation, and, consequently, from Headache, Indigestion, and Piles, for years. Ayer's Pills, which I took at the suggestion of a friend, have given me effectual relief. I commenced taking this remedy two months ago, and am now free from Constipation, the removal of which has caused my other troubles to disappear, and greatly improved my general health.—W. Keeler, Amherst, Mass.

I suffered from Constipation, which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me, completely.—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

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196 196 WILEY'S DRUG STORE, Queen Street.

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100 lbs. Slug Shop;
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Case Cond's Fluid;
100 lbs. Chloride Lime.

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June 15, 1887.



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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.....	8.30
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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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.

APPLE PARERS.

JUST RECEIVED—5 doz. "Rocking Table" Apple Parers—with push off. 2 doz. "Little Star" Parer, Corer and Slicer—with push off.

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