WORK AND PLAY.

"Oh why did you call me, mother!
I was sitting beside the stream,
And watching the play of my sailing-boat
As she danced in a bright sunbeam,
And I tossed the pebbles in, one by one,
Till the water grew strong and high—
Then I cheered and cheered, till I almost feared
I should anger old Bessy hard by!

"But, mother, why will you sit and sew
Through the whole long summer-day?
You'll come and look at my sailing-boat
As she rides in her miniature bay?
And when I'm a man, and at sea, mother,
I'll not let you sit and sew,
But build you a ship, where the men, mother,
Shall cheer us wherever we go!

"But I cannot now stay if you won't mother,
For I promised our Harry, at three,
To meet him down by the Squire's walk,
To climb the old chestnut-tree.
And I hear its two by the minister's clock.
And my "top-mast" not yet done;
But half-an-hour will finish that—
So—a kiss! and hurrah for a run!"

And the boy returned to his sailing-boat,
While the mother's eyes grew dim
With tears—to think of the coming years,
When she could not work for him;
And the coat is worn—and the coat is torn
And a ship rides out of the bay;
But mothers must weep till they fall asleep
And work while the children play!

Sunday Magazine.

EDGAR'S VALENTINE.

Or how the Tables were Turned.

BY LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

"What do you think of the plan Morse? Won't it be a capital joke on old hump-back? He is so uppish I'd like to take some of the conceit out of him."

"The plan is all right so far as we boys are concerned, but the joke you intend for Edgar Drake is too contemptibly mean for me to enjoy, or to have any hand in."

"Why? your terms are more forcible than elegant. Are'nt you making a mountain out of a mole hill?"

"No, Trueman, I consider it serious business, when we attempt to ridicule God's unfortunate creatures. Edgar Drake with all his deformity, has an intellect that you or I might envy. Only the other day I overheard Prof. Sydney say to Prof. Stuart, 'That Drake has a massive brain. He will make his mark despite his deformity.' What matter about the casket when it contains a soul like his?"

"Humph! you grow eloquent in your defense of humpy-dumpy, but all this is not likely to spoil my bit of fun."

"See here, Trueman, when a mere boy, some one gave me a small book. On its first page, prefacing a story were these words—

'He digged a pit, he digged it deep.
He digged it for his brother,
But for his sin, he did fall in
The pit he digged for t'other.'

I have never forgotten it, and the older I grow the more I appreciate its force. Be careful. You and I are friends, let me now as a true friend beg of you not to do this cowardly thing. It is far beneath you? Have I your promise" and Herbert Morse held out his hand—Jack Trueman did not take it, but with a scowl and sneer, turned on his heel, and without a word, walked rapidly off in an opposite direction.

Herbert Morse, and Jack Trueman had been warm friends since early boyhood. Now they stood side by side in their classes in the Latin School. They expected to enter college together, at the next commencement. They shared each others confidences, knew each others plans, were mutual friends.

The subject of the present "difference," was the deformed person of Edgar Drake, a young man who had lately entered the school. He had been given a private examination, and greatly to the interest of some and the disgust of others, had been placed in the highest classes. Among the disgusted ones was Jack Trueman. Being the son of one of the most prominent physicians in the city, and an unusual amount of grace, and good looks himself, gave him a dignity and standing in the school which was equalled by none. He and his friend Morse had always stood in the first ranks, and now to be equalled, and even surpassed by that "hideous monster" as he chose to call Drake, was more than he could bear.

St. Valentine's Day drew near, and Jack intended giving vent to his spleen, by taking advantage of its privilege. Knowing his influence among the boys he felt sure he could persuade them to keep their valentines unopened until they all met the morning following St. Valentines, when they should be exhibited for the amusement of all concerned. His grand aim in this plan being to enclose to Drake a ridiculous caricature of his deformed body, accompaning it with some cruel, sarcastic lines.

As usual he had first gone to Herbert Morse with his plan, and with what result we have already seen. But so truly does Satan "sift as wheat" those once in his power, instead of heeding the wise words of his friend, he only "hardened his heart" and was the more determined to carry his point. As he expected, his proposition was received with favor. A dozen or more, pledged themselves to help in the fun, but it must be said in credit to the boys had they known the real object of the proposal, few if any would have agreed to it.

"What do you say Drake?" Jack enquired in a patronizing tone, "shall we have your pledge too."

"I beg your pardon, but I have not even heard your proposal." Drake responded, strapping his books, Jack explained. "Being a stranger in the city I do not expect any valentine, in fact I never have been fortunate enough to receive one, but if I should, you will all be very welcome to see it."

"Here, Morse where are you? you always get a supply. We want your name," said some one as Herbert Morse was about to leave the room.

"Be kind enough to leave me out of this arrangement I shall be quite busy that morning," he replied as he followed Drake out the door, bestowing upon Jack a look of scorn.

"Drake, I would like to speak with you a moment Morse, said as soon as they had reached the street, and locking his arm in that of Drake the two went off together."

"I have something to communicate to you Drake that is decidedly unpleasant, and it is all the more embarrassing, since it is concerning my most intimate friend. Jack Trueman's proposal, to which you have just agreed, concerns you more than you think. Indeed it is wholly for your benefit. He has allowed the evil One to sow the tares of envy and jealousy in his heart toward you because of your standing in the school, and intends revenging himself by ridiculing you before the class in a valentine. Jack is a good fellow. I never knew him to do a mean act before and I admit I cannot now understand it. I wish you to teach him a lesson he will never forget."

"'Forwarned is forarmed.' From my heart I thank you," Drake replied, clasping his companion's hand, while real gratitude beamed in his fine, intelligent face.

Meanwhile the students had one after another left the building, with the exception of Jack Trueman and Charles Scribner—a fellow of doubtful principles. Strange to say Jack had now taken him into his confidence, and had just requested his helps—Scribner was an adept with pencil and brush, in making Drake's valentine a success.

On his way home Jack stepped into a large book store to look over the valentines. He wished to purchase one for Emma Black, a young lady for whom he held a very high opinion, and who figured largely in Jack's numerous day dreams. Selecting one of the most beautiful and expensive, he next purchased a plain, white panel with gilt edges, on which Drake's picture was to be drawn, and securing also two large, square envelopes he left the store.

* * * *

"Well, we are all here, agreeably to promise," Jack exclaimed as he entered the hall the morning following St. Valentine's. "Now for fun" he added rubbing his hands with delight "We will begin with you Stevens, as you are the elder."

A timid rap at the door at this moment caused unusual stillness. Jack responded, and greeted Emma Black with some half dozen other girls—

"Please pardon us young gentlemen." Emma said with her sweetest smile, "but my brother Frank over there, has given us permission to join in your sport, and if you wish, add to it, by displaying our Valentines. Are we welcome?"

"Yes, indeed" echoed a number of voices at once. "The more the merrier" laughed Jack. "Let us be expeditious though. Time flies!" as he glanced at his watch.

Such fun, and laughter as one after another opened their envelopes. At last it came Edgar Drake's turn.

"If I were to judge of mine by the size of its wrapper I might expect something fine" Drake coolly remarked opening his pen-knife, and neatly cutting the envelope.

Jack gave a quick, nervous glance as the contents were brought to light, and beheld not the caricature over which he and Charles Scribner had spent hours, but instead, the elegant combination he had certainly mailed to Emma!

"What! Where?" he found himself asking, but controlling himself he tried to hide both his astonishment and chagrin. Edgar, too, successfully concealed his surprise in his admiration of the beautiful thing.

"Mr. Drake you have carried off the palm surely," Emma said with real pleasure in her tone "and strange enough the only valentine of mine which remains unopened has a wrapper the very counterpart of yours. Let me have your knife please, and we shall soon know what is within" Jack felt hot and cold by turns, and the perspiration came out on his forehead and hands as he waited the result. As he expected, she drew forth Drake's Valentine. A murmur of disapproval passed from one to another as the picture was recognised. Then followed an awkward silence. Drake himself came to the rescue.

"I am honored indeed by being made the subject of a valentine for you Miss Blake. Let me examine it more closely, please? It is admirably done. True to nature—cruel nature" he added a little sadly, then addressing the group around him he continued, "Doubtless you all wonder what caused this poor deformed body of mine. Some day I will tell you the whole story. It is a sad one. We have not time this morning. My only sister, years ago, was in danger of a terrible death. I saved her, but—ah well what matter when this 'mortal shall have put on immortality.'"

Then resuming his usual cheerfulness he said laughing, "Miss Blake I now and then meet one who thinks I was born for a detective. I believe there has been a mistake concerning our Valentines. You see the wrappers are of the same size, and it is also apparent that our address was printed by the same crayon. You observe, too, the similarity between our names Emma Blake—Edgar Drake. Now my private opinion is that our valentines came from the same individual but owing to one of those unaccountable blunders which sometimes occur, this beautiful gift intended for you, was placed into the wrapper addressed to me, and *vice versa*. It only brings out the sentiment of the old Scotch poet,

'The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft aglee'

And now allow me the pleasure of returning to you your property, while I must beg the same favor."

"No, indeed Mr. Drake, keep the valentine as a gift from me, but this," pointing to the caricature in her hand, "I shall always preserve as a souvenir of this interesting morning."

Just at this moment the musical ring of the school bell rang out on the clear frosty air, and the group quickly separated.

When the crest fallen Jack returned to his room that evening, he found two objects of interest awaiting him.

One was a note from Emma which ran as follows:—"Mr. Trueman:—You need not call for me this evening, I shall probably not attend the lecture, and furthur you need not in the future expect me to accept any invitation coming from you until you have made a proper acknowledgment to Edgar Drake for the cowardly insult you have given him. Yours,

EMMA BLAKE."

The other was a handsome tablet on which was engraved the lines Herbert Morse repeated to him on that never to be forgotten evening.

"He digged a pit, he digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother,
But for his sin he did fall in
The pit, he digged for 'tother."

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 3).

No. 17.— 1. G—land.
2. L—adder.
3. F—rank.

No. 18.—
G
B E D
G E R A H
D A W
H

No. 19.—
gramin I verous
magni N imous
medi T ated
gen E ral
be L ow
a L e
I
a G e
cl E ar
tur N ing
bron C hial
delet E rious
jurisp R udence

INTELLIGENCER.

No. 20.—Planet, plane, plan.

No. 21.—"Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink, Rise, be going!"

No. 22.—"FOUNTAIN."

No. 23.— flag
late
atom
gems

No. 24.—S—abbath—S
K— in —E
Y— e —A
SKY SEA

The Mystery.--No. 6.

No. 42.—TWO DIAMONDS.

```
  1.          2.
   *           *
  * * *       * * *
 * * * * *   * * * * *
  * * *       * * *
   *           *
```

1. *Centre* row, to women pertains;
Backwards or forwards 'tis the same.
The *second* row from left to right
Brings the *fourth* row, backward, to your sight.

2. Smoothly runs my *centre* row,
Forwards or backwards 'tis just so.
My *second* and *fourth* it is plain
Across, down, or up will spell the same.

EARNEST C. ALEXANDER.

F'ton Junction, Sunbury.

No. 43.—CHARADE.

My *first* is a part of your body,
Which often my *whole* covers o'er,
My *second* is also a garment,
Which Joseph of ancient times wore.

"MINA."

Kings.

No. 44.—ANAGRAM.

Ew nca rneve eb oto lcuarfe
Wtha eht dese rou shdna hllas wso;
Levo rfnw elov si ures ot piren,
Htae morf etah si uers ot wogr.
Dsee fo ogdo ro lill ew rcatets
Ylssheelde nogal ruo ywa,
Tbu a dlga ro rusveoig aegrufti
Aiwst su ta het ryhvsteaad.

MARTHA COLWELL.

Nortondale, York.

No. 45.—JUMBLES.

1. Towhti ema ey nca ed gnhtiou.
2. Ferthoree elt on amn oylgr ni enn.
3. Dsnta staf orfethere ni hte yrtblie thwierewh rshtei shu edma su eref.
4. Rfo dgo thah tno viegn su eth iprtsri fo rfae; tbu fo roproe, dna fo vole, nda fo a undnso idnm.

LIZZIE A. KERR.

Stanley, York.

No. 46.—SQUARE WORD.

O O O O To hang loose.
O O O O Delay.
O O O O A particle.
O O O O Buds.

FAY ROBINSON.

St. John.

No. 47.—ACROSTIC.

The initials read downward give the name of a great heathen idol.

1. A place once the scene of great confusion.
2. A city wholly given to idolatry.
3. The grandfather of Israel's first king.
4. A man whose household goods were stolen from him by his daughters.

"SALVATION ARMY."

Grafton.

No. 48.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 15, 10, 7, 19, 8, 5, 11 is showy.
My 1, 18, 3, 14, 9, 16, 22 is truth.
My 6, 2, 17, 20, 21 a subject of discourse.
My 13, 4, 12 is an insect.
My whole, of 22 letters, is an old proverb.

"VAN."

York.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks).

Our Mystic Corps.

"SALVATION ARMY," Grafton, again *opens fire on our Column*, capturing the answers to Nos. 1 to 7, inclusive, in the issue to Jan. 5th. *Shoot* again! "X," North Head, Grand Manan, will please send us the solutions to the three (3) Bible Questions mailed us on Jan. 17th. Please bear in mind that we have not time at our disposal to find solutions to puzzles. All must send answers to their own puzzles when forwarded, to insure insertion. We thank you heartily for your efforts to help us, and your kindly interest in the "Young Folks' Column," and hope that we may have letters from your pen often. We hope, with the efforts of our young folks, to make the *Column* more interesting in the future than it has been. We aim to make it a medium of usefulness and cheerfulness. We want *your* aid—*We want the aid of* ALL *our readers!*

How to Keep Your Room.

A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give you an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner,—and she should always do it herself rather than have a servant do it,—and throws her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing-room, many unhappy marriages would be saved.—*Anon.*

AN OBSTINATE CASE.

"In the spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as everybody around my neighborhood knows. My trouble was caused by obstinate constipation. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me entirely." This statement is made by Walter Stinson, of Gorrie, Ont.

QUICK RELIEF.

"One bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured me of a sore throat and loss of voice. One trial relieved me when all other medicine failed," says Miss J. McLeod, Belfountain, Ont.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of y our rest by a sick child suffering and crying witn pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale dy all druggests throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. jun16 1y

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK,
FREDERICTON, - - - - N. B.

MORRISON & FREEZE,
—GENERAL—
INSURANCE AGENTS,
OFFICE:
Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.
FRANK I. MORRISON. J. ARTHUR FREEZE.

J. ARTHUR FREEZE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
—FREDERICTON, N. B.—
Accounts collected and Loans negotiated on good securities.
OFFICE—WITH MORRISON & FREEZE.

D. M'LEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.,
Office—Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street, Woodstock.

J. A. & W. VANWART,
BARRISTERS, &c.,
Offices—Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

N N D H S MAGARAN
Persons who have been troubled all their lives with nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Sciatica have found relief from Tapley's Remedy. It acts directly upon the nervous System. For sale by all druggists.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.
JOHNSON'S LINIMENT;
MINARD'S LINIMENT;
TURNER'S LINIMENT;
WHITE LINIMENT;
THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL;
HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL;
FOR SALE BY
JOHN M WILEY.
196 QUEEN STREET.

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.
GRANITE Iron Tea pots, Coffee Pots and Water Kettles, also same Ware in Pudding Dishes, Pie Plates, Wash Dishes, Sauce Pans, Basting Spoons, etc., etc Mrs. Potts' Smoothing Irons (in sets), nickle-plated and polished. Table Cutlery from 60 cents to $8.00 per dozen. Tea Trays, Brass and Copper Water Kettles Setts Fire Irons and Stands. Acme, Lansdowne and Wood-top Skates, all of which will be sold at low prices.
Just received from the American Whip Company.
1 CASE WHIPS
For sale low at Neills Hardware Store, opposite County Court House.
Just Received:
20 DOZ. IRON AND STEEL SHOVELS.
For sale Wholesale and Retail at Neills Hardware Store, opposite County Court House.
Neills Hardware Store is the place to get a good trade on Stoves.
☞ Bar Iron and Cable Chains, all sizes at
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE,
(Opposite Co. Court House),
FREDERICTON, N. B

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY
Favorably known to the public since 1836. Church, Chime, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also Chimes and Peals.
Meneely & Co., West Troy, N.Y.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY
CURES ALL HUMORS,
from a common **Blotch**, or **Eruption**, to the worst **Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin**, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. **Great Eating Ulcers** rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Goitre, or Gothick Neck**, and **Enlarged Glands.** Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. **"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."** Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and **good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution**, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,
which is **Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs**, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought seriously of calling it his **"Consumption Cure,"** but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all
CHRONIC DISEASES
OF THE
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.
If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy borebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from **Indigestion, Dyspepsia**, and **Torpid Liver** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** has no equal.
For **Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption**, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. **Sold by Druggists.**
PRICE $1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR $5.00.
World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
SIZE OF PELLETS
ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC.
Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

$500 REWARD
is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure.
If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption.
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. In a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of Worms* in Children or Adults

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
O BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.