

## Be Careful.

Be careful what you sow, boys!  
For seed will surely grow, boys!  
The dew will fall,  
The rain will splash,  
The clouds will darken,  
And the sunshine flash,  
And the boy who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!  
For every seed will grow, girls!  
Though it may fall  
Where you cannot know,  
Yet in summer and shade  
It will surely grow.

And the girl who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!  
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!  
If you plant bad seed  
By the wayside high,  
You must reap the harvest  
By and by.

And the boy who sows wild oats to-day  
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed now!  
And not the briars and weeds now!  
That when the harvest  
For us shall come.

We may have good sheaves  
To carry home.

For the seed we sow in our lives to-day  
Shall grow and bear fruit forever.

## From The Coal Pit.

Near the mouth of a pit in one of the great collieries of the north of England, a good many years ago, a young lad was sitting on the ground, seeming engaged in modelling something out of the soft clay. At first sight you would have thought him a perfect young savage, and certainly he did not look very respectable. His bare feet were as black and hard as the lumps of coal that lay strewn around him, his face was grimed up to the very roots of his close-cropped hair, and his entire clothing consisted of a pair of tattered fustian pants, thickly smeared with coal dust, and a ragged shirt of coarse flannel stained with grease, soot, and dirt.

But the large deep, thoughtful eyes with which he looked so keenly at everything around him were not the eyes of one who could be content to do nothing more all his life than handle a pickaxe or wheeling a barrow of coal; and his firm lip and massive jaw told of an iron resolution which no peril could daunt and no difficulty wear out. So completely was our hero taken up with what he was about that he seemed quite unaware of the presence of two of his comrades, who were watching him from a little distance.

"He's a soft chap, yon lad," said the bigger of the two, contemptuously. "Instead o' takin' his fun like the rest of us, drinkin' beer and settin' the dogs a-fighting, hebe always messin' in the clay like a baby."

"He be a clever lad, though, for all that," answered the other. "See what he's-a-makin' there? It's a model of our engine, as like as ever it can be."

"So 'tis, for sartin," said the other, looking wonderingly at the model. "It's as like as it was it."

"Ay, and he be a learnin' to read, too; he walks three miles to the school thrice a week after work's done."

"But what good'll that do him?" cried the taller man; he'll just be a poor collier like the rest of us."

"You're wrong there, Jack," said the young modeller, overhearing the last word; "it's just because I don't mean to be always a poor collier that I'm a-learnin' to read, for a man can do naught if he world without that."

"The schoolin' won't help thee much though, Georgie, when thee joins Tom Nelson's gang to-morrow," answered Jack with a hoarse laugh, "Tom's more for fighting than reading and he'll dust the jacket."

The next morning there was a great stir at the mouth of the Callerton pit. Black Tom Nelson, the bully of the works was pouring a volley of abuse upon "Quiet Georgie" (as the young modeller was called by his comrades) for some alleged clumsiness in doing his work; and everyone was curious to see how he would take it.

"Well, I appeal to these men here, who stood by and saw what I did," said Georgie, with perfect composure, although most lads of his age would have been grievously scared by the bulky frame and thundering voice of the bully, and by the threatening whirl of his sledge-hammer fists. "If they say I did wrong, I'll give in."

"None o' yer appealin' for me," roared Black Tom, stamping his huge foot fiercely. "I say thee did bungle the job, and if thee won't give in I'll thrash thee."

The young brakeman's eyes flashed fire, but his tone was still as quiet as ever. "I don't want to quarrel with you," said he firmly; "but if you won't let me do my work in peace without a fight, meet me this evening in the Dolly-pit field at 7 o'clock, and you shall see whether I'm a coward or not."

At this bold challenge Tom Nelson

was much astonished as Goliath when confronted by David. But he was always ready for a battle, and this time accepted all the more willingly because he felt certain of winning.

The other men were much of the same opinion; and when the time came, and the slim, half-grown youth stood face to face with the brawny champion who had beaten so many strong men already, the utmost that anyone could hope was that poor "Geordie" might not be killed outright.

But that slender frame held a spirit which in after years was to face the opposition of all England without giving way and the lookers on soon perceived, to their utter amazement, that Black Tom, big and powerful though he was, was likely to have no easy time of it.

George, far lighter and more active than his hulky adversary, kept moving nimbly around him, avoiding his hammer-like blows with a dexterity which made the baffled bully doubly ferocious. Seeming to grow cooler as his enemy grew hotter, and receiving without flinching several hard knocks which he could not avoid, he drew Nelson hither and thither all around the battlefield, till the hulking pitman was quite out of breath.

Then George darted in like lightning, and made his blows tell in earnest. Thrice the enraged bully rushed on like a mad bull, and thrice he was sent reeling back, bruised and battered, amid the uproarious cheers of the astonished and delighted spectators. At length a well-planted blow sent him sprawling on his back. Up he jumped, more furious than ever, but only to go down a few minutes later, before a still heavier blow.

"Well done, Georgie!" shouted half a dozen hoarse voices at once. "Yon chap wunnut ca' thee a coward again."

"I hope he's not badly hurt, though," said the conqueror, anxiously; "I did na mean to hit him too hard."

"Oh, he be a right," said a Tyne man, raising the fallen bully and propping him against a log. "He met his match, Jarge, and thee's won thy hardest fight."

"Not my hardest, mates," answered Georgie, smiling. "A' the trouble I had to thrash yon chap was naught to what I had wi' a'arnin' to write my own name."

"Can thee write thy name, then?" cried three or four of the pitmen, to whom such an accomplishment seemed little short of miraculous.

"Ay, that I can," replied the boy, with a beaming face, "Look y' here!"

And taking an iron-pointed stick from one of his comrades, he traced in the dust slowly but correctly, a row of large letters at sight of which the crowd broke into cries of wonder and admiration.

In truth, their admiration had better grounds than they themselves imagined; for not a few of them lived to see their young "Geordie" famous from the Red sea to the Atlantic, and to behold the name which he had written in the dust engraved forever in history as that of the greatest English engineer of his time—George Stephenson.—*Harper's Young People.*

**A Dozen Facts Worth Knowing.**  
The sure preventive of cholera is cleanliness.

Bath rooms should not open into sleeping apartments.

Antique oak or cherry is the favorite wood for bedroom sets.

Pine pillows are used on library lounges as inciting slumber.

Keep a separate saucepan for boiling potatoes in if possible.

The oftener flour is sifted for sponge cake, the lighter the cake will be.

The water in which codfish has been soaked is very good for washing the zinc under the stove.

Bath room accessories may be simple or elegant, but plenty of water and soap are within the reach of all.

Take a bucket of fresh water into your bedroom every night, and let it remain uncovered. It will absorb all poisonous gases.

Every one should have eight hours' sleep, and pale thin, nervous persons require ten, which should be taken regularly, in a well-ventilated room.

Paint stains that are dry and old, may be removed from cotton or woolen goods with chloroform. First cover the spot with olive oil or butter.

To cure warts, take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

**APPLE FRITTERS.**—Make a smooth batter of half a pound of flour, a little salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and a quarter of a pint of milk. Pare some very large apples and scoop out the cores; slice them in rounds about half an inch thick. Strew sugar thickly over them, and let them remain for two hours.

Then put them into the batter. Make some lard boiling hot, and take each piece of apple separately from the batter and drop into the lard. When nicely browned on both sides, drain on blotting paper, and serve piled up on a hot dish, and sift sugar over. Serve with lemon and powdered sugar.

## Young Folks' Column.

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

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt  
Nothing's so hard but search 'till find it out."

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 10.)

No. 42.—Matt. vii. 12.

No. 43.—1. Amos 4: 2.  
2. 10,000, 2 Chron. 25:11.  
3. Neb. 8:4.  
4. Judges 4:4.  
5. 1 Saml. 7:9.  
6. Neb. 8:16.  
7. 1 Saml. 8:13.

No. 44.—

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No. 45.—Indigestion.

## The Mystery—No. 13.

No. 57.—BIBLE RIDDLES.

(From "Carnation," Lockport, N. S.)

1. Where are we told that iron did swim?  
2. Where is a "torch" mentioned?  
3. Where do we read of a girl being sold for wine?

No. 58.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(From "Kit," Woodstock.)

1. Who built a monument in the middle of a river? What river? Why?  
2. Who prepared the material for building the temple?

No. 59.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(From Geo. A. Riecker, Belleisle Bay.)

1.—A letter; falsehood; tender branches; a fish; a letter.  
2.—A consonant; a tribe; a tree; an old, lazy horse; a letter.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

We are pleased to note the interest taken in the prize competition, and the "Young Folks Column" in general. Already we have received upwards of 15 contestants' names. Continue in the good work!

No. 5.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where have we mention of oxen being used for conveying?  
2. What king's blood was licked up by dogs?  
3. Who uttered the words: "This do, and live; for I fear God?"  
4. Where is it recorded that a people were commanded to stone blasphemers?  
5. Where is the word "shovels" found?  
6. Where is the verse: "For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God?"  
7. Where does it speak of gluttons and drunkard's sons being commanded to be stoned to death?  
8. Where do we read that, he that is hanged is accursed of God?

## The Mystical Circle.

Geo. A. RIECKER, Belleisle Bay, Kings, has our sincere thanks for the nice package of puzzles. Write again! You have correctly solved No. 43 (3, 5), and Nos. 46, 47, 48, 49; and, also, the puzzles of 1st and 2nd instalments of the New Prize Competition.

"KIT," Woodstock, will please accept our thank for the puzzles. You have correctly solved Nos. 42, 43, 44 and 45 in "The Mystery," and the 1st instalment of The New Prize Competition.

WILLIE TEAKLES, Ottawa, has correctly answered Nos. 42 and 43 in No. 10; and, also, 1st batch of Prize Competition. Good!

Geo. N. BREWER, San Francisco, Cal., U. S., our esteemed friend, has our most hearty thanks for the fine batch of puzzles sent us. You have correctly unravelled the mysteries Nos. 26, 27, (2, 4, 5), 28, 29 and 30. You work is always very acceptable.

"CARNATION," Lockport, Shelburne, N. S., has our thanks for the nice Bible Riddles. You have correctly solved No. 37 of Feb. 29th. Write again soon.

"FLORENCE," Lakeview, Queens has correctly answered the 1st and 2nd instalments of the New Prize Competition. Well done Florence!

The following have correctly and completely solved the 1st instalment of "A New Prize Competition":  
Hattie Steeves, Sussex Vale; Eddie

V. Smith, Port La Tour, N. S.; Lottie A. Morine, Port Medway, N. S.; Dora M. Barker, Bath, Carleton; "Greely," Johnston; Nannie Durkee, Carleton, Yar., N. S.; Melissa Pinkney, Melbourne, Yar., N. S.; Flora E. Hart, Jacksonville; Carleton.

AGAIN we are compelled to let our "Notes and Queries" lie over.

## Our Letter Box.

BELLEISLE BAY, KINGS,

Mar. 9th 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I thought I would try the new prize Bible competition. I will send you a few original puzzles and next time I will try to solve "The Mystery," and send you some more puzzles. I think a good deal of the Y. F. C., and hope you may continue to conduct it a good while. Wishing you good success in all that you undertake, I remain, Yours respectfully,

G. A. R.

[We thank you very much indeed for your kind wishes, and wish you the same in return.—U. N.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Mar. 1, '88.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I am glad you thought my puzzles worthy of a better fate than the waste-basket. So I will endeavor to bother you with some more.

I have tried to answer the puzzles in this issue. Drop letter puzzles I do not like, so I do not send you any. I cannot tell where the words begin or end or how many words there are in a sentence. So I can very seldom if ever make them out. I am glad to see that one or two new ones have been taken hold and are helping their "Uncle" in making things pleasant for others.

Hoping my puzzles will be acceptable, I remain,  
Your sincere friend and well wisher.

Geo. N. BREWER.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

March 13th 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I am very much interested in the "Young Folks' Column," and hope that it will succeed in every undertaking.

I have a book which has lots of Bible Queries and Scriptures Enigmas in it, and would be glad to send you some if they would be of any use to you. I send you a few Queries this time.

Yours truly,

"KIT."

[Send us some. We prefer original puzzles though.—U. N.]

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I am going to try for the Prize Bible Competition. I am very much interested in the "Young Folks' Column" and wish it every success. Will send some Bible Questions next week.

Your loving niece.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

Yar., N. S., Mar. 2.

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.  
All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and know how it is, themselves. Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

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About six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by a distressing cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second St., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

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1888 — 1888 —

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Accommodation..... 11.20  
Express for Sussex..... 16.35  
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A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax

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Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.

November 22nd, 1887.

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