

Take Care.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care.

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

—Alice Carey.

The Young Geologists.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Look here, boys!" said Ed.
Winters, taking something out of his
pocket.

It was recess, and a number of boys
on the school-ground gathered around
him to see what he held in his hand.

"Don't joggle," he said, as some of
them pressed too near his elbows.
"You'll make messpills some."

"Oh, it's only some of his miserable
little stones!" said one of those who
looked into his hand; and several of
the boys went back to marbles and
"one o' cat."

But others looked eagerly at the
small things which Ed held up one by
one for their inspection.

"I found all these coming through
the wash-out by the old bridge last
night," he said. "See, this is a
crinoid."

"And what a fine one!" exclaimed
Jack March. "What else did you
find?"

"Here's some coral," he said, hold-
ing up a tiny branch.

"Is that coral?" asked a rather
smaller boy, who came half shyly near.
"That doesn't look like any coral I
ever saw."

"Like enough," said Ed, rather
contemptuously. "That's horn coral,
and a nice piece, too."

"And this is honey-comb coral,"
said Jack, taking up another piece.

"Yes," said Ed. "As if he knew
anything about corals!" he added in a
lower tone, as Will Carter, the smaller
boy, drew to one side, a little abashed
by his rudeness.

"But there's no need of being rough
to him," said Jack, looking rather
pitifully at Will, who was a stranger
and appeared to feel lonely and for-
lorn among them.

"Oh, he seems to like to put on
airs because he came from New York,"
said Ed. "It won't hurt him a bit to
be snubbed a little. And look here,
Jack, what a geode!" taking one from
where he had hidden it in a fence cor-
ner. "Let's go round behind the
school-house and break it."

"It looks like a splendid one," said
Jack, as the two went to where they
could feel tolerably sure of breaking
the uninteresting looking round stone
without running the risk of performing
a like operation on the heads of any of
their companions. Both boys were
keenly interested in geology, and
always on the lookout for specimens.

Will followed at a little distance,
and cast glances of wistful interest to-
ward the stone, as at length it yielded
to continued blows and broke in two.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, stepping near-
er to get a view of the white crystal-
line interior. "I never saw one of
those before. Are there more of them
about here?"

"Plenty," said Jack, good natured-
ly, holding it up for Will to see it more
easily.

"There's the bell," cried Ed, seizing
the pieces of the geode, and running
around to the door.

"Say," he called to Jack, as school
let out in the afternoon, "I'm going
out to Dry Run to see what specimens
I can find. It's a good time to go
after all these storms. The banks
were well washed down in that flood
last week, and I dare say we can find
plenty of things."

"I'll go," said Jack. "I want
some arrow-heads to exchange with my
cousin that lives up near Lake
Superior for someones. He's going to
send me a fine lot."

"You'll divide with me, won't you,
if he sends duplicates?" asked Ed,
anxiously.

"Of course. What fine cabinets
we'll have after a while, if we keep
on!"

"Yes, indeed. Prof. North says

the ground around here is very rich in
geological specimens, and that a good
many of the things we find are really
valuable. I gave him that echinoderm
spine I found last year, and I'm going
to hunt till I find another to keep."

"Let's ask Will to go," said Jack,
observing that the boy was listening to
what they said, and seemed eagerly in-
terested.

"No, I shan't," said Ed, in a low
tone. "He'd be talking all the time
about things he had seen in New York.
Anyway, he don't know anything
about such things. And he'd want a
share of what we find, and we want to
keep them ourselves. If we do that,
no one anywhere about here will have
such collections as ours."

Jack felt sorry for Will, not having
shared Ed's grudge against him for a
way the homesick boy had of talking
lovingly and eagerly of the home he
had left behind. And he felt sorrier
at seeing the look of real disappoint-
ment which fell over his face as, with
a peremptory "Come on!" Ed started
out on the walk with a look which dis-
couraged Jack's intention of asking
the stranger to accompany them.

"Would you like to go out to Dry
Run with me?" asked Jack of Will a
day or two afterward. "It's a real
good place for specimens, if you like
such things."

"Oh, I do very much! I'd be glad
to go, thank you," said Will, brighten-
ing up.

"We'll go, then. You stop in for me
to-morrow, for our house is on the
way there; and I'll show you some-
thing I found the other day."

Will stopped, and looked with great
delight at a stone bearing the impress
of a fern leaf, every delicate stem and
frond being distinctly marked. He
also looked over the other things
in Jack's cabinet, remarking upon
many of them in a way which led Jack
to guess that the small boy knew more
of such things than Ed had imagined.

The walk proved a very enjoyable
one. Jack showed his friend a place
where he and Ed had some time before
discovered some large fragments of
petrified wood. Ed had immediately
declared that they would keep the dis-
covery to themselves; and so, after
having secured all they could possibly
want, they had covered up the remain-
der. But Jack now led the way to it,
with a little flush of inward shame at
the remembrance of the selfish policy
which had prompted the concealment,
and gave Will valuable help in getting
some fine pieces.

Will returned home as twilight
gathered, with a glow of delight on his
face, and pockets and bag well loaded
with varieties of stones, fossils, and
petrifications.

"It's too dark to see things well
now," he said, as he wished Jack
good-by at his gate; "but come over
to-morrow when it's good light, and
I'll show you my collection."

"Yes, I will," said Jack.

"You see," said Will, "as I came
from a different part of the country,
my specimens are very different from
yours."

"I suppose so," said Jack, with
great interest. "Perhaps, if you've
got duplicates of anything, you'll be
willing to trade with me for something.
That's the way we boys do."

"I guess so," said Will, with a
smile.

"Oh, what a cabinet!" exclaimed
Jack, as Will introduced him to his
room, and opened some small doors,
displaying slanting shelves on which
the labeled specimens were arranged
with great care.

There was nothing remarkable about
the neatly finished piece of furniture,
with its shelves above and its smaller
and larger drawers below; but, in the
eyes of the Western boy, it was a
marvel of grandeur, and a thing to be
gazed at with longing and admiration.

But Jack's wonder was increased
when every door was opened, showing
the treasures within. One department
contained a collection of ores, another
of fossils, pieces of conglomerate, and
other things dear to the heart of a
geologist. But it was a collection of
shells which fastened Jack's delighted
attention. He had never imagined
such beauty of pale hues, delicate
shadings, and curious markings. Some
of the shells were large, glistening with
pearly, silvery lights and shades;
while others were dainty enough for a
fairy's uses. And there were star-fish
and sea-weeds and great branches of
white coral, such as Jack had never
dreamed of.

"How did you get such a magnifi-
cent lot?" he asked.

"Oh, easy enough," said Will, evi-
dently well pleased with Jack's admira-
tion. "I have an uncle who travels
all over the world, and he brings them
to me."

The boys spent a pleasant hour or
two over the various things of interest.
Will explained how his uncle had in-
structed him as to the proper way of
labeling specimens with their scientific

names, and showed him some books on
the beginnings of studies in geology
and conchology, which he promised to
lend to Jack.

"Now come up to the garret with
me," said Will, as Jack was about to
take leave.

"See," he went on, "I have all
these left; and you can have anything
you like."

Jack's heart gave a bound at sight of
the big box full of treasures similar to
those on the shelves. He had been
thinking to himself that Will could not
possibly spare anything from their
completeness.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jack; "but I
haven't got anything that is worth
trading for such beauties as these."

"I think you've done that already,"
said Will, warmly. "Just think of
the things you've helped me to! Now
take all you want, and don't be bash-
ful about it, either; for these are just
to give away."

It was on Jack's tongue to say, "I
should think you'd want to keep them
to yourself, so that nobody about here
would have the same things."

But a glance at the bright, generous
face of the younger boy kept back the
expression of a selfish spirit, which
would surely find no response in his
heart. It was easy to perceive that he
found a far higher pleasure in making
others sharers in the good things which
fell to him than in being the boy who
had the finest collection in the neigh-
borhood.

Ed's surprise as he viewed Will's
gifts to Jack may be easily imagined.
No pleasure appeared on his face at
sight of beauties belonging to some
one else, and his heart sank with a
weight of bitter envy and anger as he
felt himself forced to realize that he
never could hope to have a collection
which would equal that of the boy
whom he had set down as knowing
nothing about such things.—C. Register.

Short Talks with my Boys.

GOOD BREEDING.

Here are a few hints for my boys.
These rules of good breeding may be
familiar to most of you; but there may
be a few who will be benefited by
them. Remember always, boys, that
politeness is one of the marks of a true
gentleman, and cultivate the small
amenities of life at home and among
your every-day associates. Do not
save them for "company manners;"
for "company manners" are sure to
give you the slip just when you want
them; but make good manners a part
of yourself by using them every day.

IN THE STREET.—Hat lifted when
saying "good-bye" or "How do you
do?" Also, when offering a lady a
seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk
with. Always precede a lady upstairs,
but ask if you shall precede her in
going through a crowd or public place.

AT THE STREET DOOR.—Hat off the
moment you step into a private hall or
office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless
she asks you to precede her.

IN THE PARLOR.—Stand till every
lady in the room, also older people,
are seated.

Rise if a lady enters a room after
you are seated, and stand till she takes
a seat.

Look people straight in the face,
when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through the door
first, standing aside for them.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.—Take your
seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, ring, or
spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a
bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or slow as others, and
finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be excused before the
others, unless the reason is imperative.

Rise when ladies leave the room,
and stand till they are out.

If all go together, the gentlemen
stand by the door till the ladies pass.
—Housekeeper.

A Boy's Influence.

Some time ago I attended a religio-
us meeting, and at the close of the
exercises the audience was invited to
participate in testimonies. A middle-
aged man arose and said, in substance:

"I've been saved from intemperance
by my little boy, pointing to a bright
lad in the audience. 'I owe my con-
version, under God, to my own little
son. Religion has made me a sober
man, and helps me to live an honest,
industrious life. It was not always so.
On one occasion I was absent three or
four days from my home, and my poor
wife and boy were nearly broken-
hearted. On the fourth day my dear
child asked his teacher to let him go
home at recess, as he was not feeling
well. The boy was sick at heart on my
account; when he reached home he
burst into tears, and said to his
mother, 'I can't study in school, I
can't sleep at night, my head aches
and my lips are parched praying to
God to send father home. Mother

does God hear? His mother strove
to comfort him, but her faith was be-
ginning to waver, for through her
married life her unceasing prayer had
been for his reclamation."

After wandering from one saloon
to another, at the end of the fourth
day I returned home intoxicated. Did
my boy turn from his drunken father?
No, he ran to me, clasped
his arms about my neck, and wept
tears of joy. After his emotion his
first words were: "Father, I almost
feel I can never pray again, for God
has let you come home drunk." The
words struck me to the heart, and I
said: "Don't lose your faith in God,
and your poor miserable father will
never get drunk again." God heard
that promise, and has enabled me to
keep it.

This man is among the most earnest
workers in the temperance cause to-
day. He had lost all self respect and
had sunk very low, but could not bear
to see his child lose confidence in God;
therefore, the boy became the means
of the father's reformation. The ex-
ertions put forth on behalf of children
in temperance instruction will not be
lost in the home, but will produce
lasting fruitage.—Anon.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 31.)

- 1.—Horse and Wagon.
- 2.—Elephant.
- 3.—Victoria.
- 4.—

G

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GREAT

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The Mystery.—No. 34.

PRIZE PUZZLES.

Third Instalment.

- 11.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(One Word.)

—A—I—A—I—A—I—N.

12.—WORD SQUARE.

Fill the following blanks with words
making sense, which, placed under
each other in the same order will form
the square word: "To the minds of
those who visit the famous island of
—, as many an — does, will
be apt to come visions of its former
—, when fair ladies and brave
knights hunted — by day and
kept their — by night."

13.—PERFECT DIAMOND.

A letter; a meadow; to hang unlaw-
fully; an office-holder; a town in
Middlesex County, Mass., U. S. A.; a
title; a verb.

14.—ANAGRAM. (One Word.)

MINT LINE.

15.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.
In truth I'm found, but not in lie;
In search my next, 'twill never die;
My last is found in early youth;
To do my whole you can with truth.

The Mystical Circle.

Why are we not receiving a host of
letters in response to this prize com-
petition. We shall not offer a Word-
Hunt Contest until we see how you,
dear young folks, respond to this prize
announcement. See the rules as an-
nounced in No. 32. Send in your
answers early.

With regard to the Band of Kind-
ness, neither time nor space allowed
me a chance to say a word last issue.
We shall endeavour to speak a few
words to you on the subject this issue.

It is our desire and aim to train up
young minds in a kindly and
loving spirit, not only for each other,
but towards those creatures which God
has placed upon the earth to be a com-
fort and blessing to us all. To this
end I would like to establish bands in
the different localities known as BANDS
OF KINDNESS. It is my intention to
keep a big book in which to enroll all
members names, the name of their
Band and the officers. The Band
should meet and have recitations, &c.,
as often as they see fit. We shall
publish programmes, etc., from time
to time. The great object is to train
members into channels of kindness.

The names of all members will be
printed in the INTELLIGENCER in this
department. Look out for pledge and
rules next issue, D. V.

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