

Mother's Boys.

They're rough and noisy, glad and gay,  
As boys are apt to be;  
They love to shout and romp and play  
In wild and healthful glee.  
But in their sports they never fail  
To heed each light command,  
For mother's "boys" are noble lads  
As any in the land.

I do not dread their future years,  
For manly boys, you know,  
Make manly men, who dare to stand  
And face a friend or foe.  
And youths who chivalrously try  
To win their mother's praise,  
Are apt to win success as well,  
And long and honored days.

—Golden Days.

A High Mark.

BY SYDNEY DAYNE.

"If you still keep up in the nineties  
you shall have your printing-press this  
Christmas, Hugh."

"O mother! I will?" exclaimed  
Hugh, in great delight, "You see if I  
don't."

"Be careful," she said, smiling,  
"Don't set your heart too much on it."  
"I mean I'll try my best."

"Yes, I'm sure you will, dear. But  
you must remember that your standing  
depends more upon what you have  
done in the past four months than on  
what you may do between now and  
Christmas."

"I have been doing pretty well, I  
think," mused Hugh to himself. "But  
not quite so well, perhaps, as I might  
have done. I wonder if I ever do  
quite as well as I might? I ought to  
when it pleases father and mother so.  
Some folks do their best I know. It  
must be very nice to feel all the time  
that you are doing your best. Well,  
I'll do it now, anyway. I am deter-  
mined to get that printing press, if  
trying will do it."

Hugh was really a conscientious  
student, and having very fair abilities,  
was farther forward in his studies than  
most boys of his age.

"Now, if I can only keep type and  
chase and forms from racing through  
my head," he said to himself, as with  
eager painstaking he set about pre-  
paring for his examinations. It cannot  
be denied, however, that the "bour-  
geois" and "small pica" in which his  
lessons were brought before his eyes,  
sometimes led him off into a specula-  
tion as to whether printing done by  
himself would be likely to look as well.  
But, on the whole, the outlook for  
examination was fair.

"I don't mind algebra a bit," he  
declared to his mother "for I always  
did like mathematics. And I tugged  
away at my Latin till I believe I could  
say every page of it upside down. It's  
the history, though, that I'm afraid of.  
I like it ever so much, if they wouldn't  
mind about the dates. If it would do  
for me to tell all I know without  
having to tell just when it happened,  
I'd get along swimmingly. But if my  
printing-press goes to smash, it will  
all be those dates."

It was with this feeling that Hugh  
seated himself one morning in the  
quiet schoolroom, with his history  
questions before him. Rapidly he  
ran them over. They had studied so  
much on the Crusades, the chief char-  
acter in them, and their effect upon  
succeeding ages, that Hugh felt well  
posted on them. He had enjoyed the  
society of the chivalric old warriors,  
had in imagination wandered about the  
feudal castles and gone out from their  
prowling gates to do valorous deeds.  
He was even quite firm on dates of  
that period from Peter the Hermit,  
down. But his heart sank a little as  
he saw that the Crusades were barely  
hinted at. The Reformation and its  
effects were made prominent, accom-  
panied by a skip into France for a  
little skirmish with St. Bartholomew's  
Day and the Edict of Nantes. Then  
they took a long jump backwards to  
pay their court to Charlemagne and  
King Alfred, considering respectfully  
their lives, character, and influence  
upon their times.

Hugh felt strong on feudal times, but  
the next topic bothered him: "When,  
and in what manner, were Scotland,  
Wales, Ireland and Canada brought  
under English rule?" He did not  
mind going into the thirty years'  
war, for he had always been fascinated  
by Gustavus Adolphus, but a little  
more English history came in near the  
end, which he liked least of all.

He struck into his work, and wrote  
for two or three long hours. Luther,  
Elector Frederick, Henry of Navarre  
and Louis XIV. were all satisfactorily  
settled. King Alfred and Charlemagne  
gave opportunity for a little grandilo-  
quent writing, which he had intended  
to work in on the Crusades. The  
thirty years war was brought to a tri-  
umphant close, but then—those Tudors  
and Stuarts.

"If that old wretch of a Henry  
Eighth hadn't so many wives!" groan-  
ed Hugh to himself. "And which of  
the Katherine's was it that the Pope  
made a fuss about and got into a quarrel

with Henry? And I can't for the life  
of me remember why Mary Queen of  
Scots kept setting up for the English  
throne—what a bother she does make  
in history—she had to pay for it,  
though. O dear! what year was she  
beheaded in? And who succeeded her.  
I was shaky on those Reformation  
dates, and if I don't get this straight,  
good-bye, my printing-press.

Hugh lay down his pen and leaned  
back in his seat in trouble meditation.  
The scratch of many pens was distinct-  
ly audible in the quiet room. He en-  
vied the happy students who were writ-  
ing straight on as if they knew exactly  
what to say, and felt a pang of  
sympathy for girls who nibbled their  
pens and boys who gazed helplessly  
about, as if in search of lost ideas.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon his  
"Outlines." O for one peep at a  
page or two inside of those covers! No  
one would see him. Those nearest him  
were absorbed in their writing, and he  
could easily open the book as it lay on  
the desk.

One or two points would set him  
right and settle the question of ninety  
per cent. and printing press. How  
much to hang on such a trifle! With-  
out that one peep, the ability of defeat,  
mortification and loss of his much  
coveted prize. It would throw a cloud  
over his whole holiday season. With  
it, the pride and gratification of his  
parents and the indulgence of his own  
ardent wish.

His hand lay on the covers of the  
book. It seemed almost of itself to  
open to: "The age of the Tudors—  
Elizabeth, Mary—there were the  
names. And then Hugh snatched away  
his hand as if the book was red hot.  
It was because confidence had been  
placed in his honor that those books  
remained there. Would he ever  
cease to feel like a sneak and a thief if  
he abused that confidence. And then  
quickly across his mind flashed some  
words spoken by his mother the pre-  
vious Sabbath afternoon. It was al-  
most the only day on which he could  
get opportunity for a quiet talk with  
her, and not always then. But such  
chances were dearly prized, and there  
is little doubt that they will influence  
him through life:

"Keep your beautiful boyhood clean,  
dear," she had said. "It will be a  
blessing beyond all price to be able to  
enter upon honorable manhood from  
honorable boyhood. Do not let a blot  
of deliberate evil-doing fall upon your  
soul. The act of one little moment  
may fix it there, but its stain will re-  
main with you all the years of your  
life, always to be looked back upon  
with bitter pain and regret."

And Hugh again leaned back in his  
seat, but all thought of the examina-  
tion faded from his mind. How near-  
ly he had come to planting within his  
heart a memory which would always  
bear a sting.

After a short time he straightened  
himself up, with the thankful reflection  
that he was still on the right side of  
the sin—the uncommitted side. A  
calmness had settled upon him which  
overcame all the nervous trepidation  
with which he had looked forward to  
probable failure. He resumed his  
writing with the simple determination  
still to do his best, though it might be  
but a poor best, and leave the result to  
Him who takes tender heed of our  
most trifling actions.

And now in his quieter mood the  
royal personages did not seem inclined  
to play hide-and-seek with him as be-  
fore. Poor Mary of Scotland acted  
out her sad part, and was laid to rest  
in Westminster Abbey beside her  
haughty rival. Her descendants made  
their best bows on Hugh's paper, and  
then ceased to bother him.

"I believe I did better than if I had  
looked in the book, said Hugh in tell-  
ing his mother.

"Very likely," she said. "And  
you have laid up a sweet remembrance  
of temptation overcome. I think you  
will find it a stepping stone to many  
other victories over yourself."

After Hugh had gained a little pro-  
ficiency in working with his press, he  
printed in display type a text to hang  
in his own room. It bore a motto or  
text, to remind him of what had passed  
on examination day.

What would you think the best one  
to choose, if it were you?

—The Interior.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 11.)

No. 46.—BOLD  
OLIO  
LI FT  
DOTS

No. 47.—A  
AMY  
AMOUR  
YOU  
R

No. 48.—Matt. 8:7.

No. 49.—Strawberry.

No. 50.—Job 28:2.

No. 51  
r  
dip  
river  
per  
r

The Mystery—No. 14.

Nota Bene.—Contributions respect-  
fully solicited. Many thanks for past  
favors.

No. 60.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(From G. S. Hammond, Lockport, N. S.)

1. What things were driven from their dominions?
2. Where was the voice of God first heard by human ear?
3. What was the first command of God?

No. 61.—PI PUZZLE.

(From "Ned," Port La Tour, N. S.)

Esebls rahte rupe ni thare: rfo  
hyte lsha ese odg.

No. 62.—CURTAILMENTS.

(From "Eugenie," Yarmouth, N. S.)

My whole is the name of a once  
wicked king. Curtail, and I am an  
extraordinary person; again, and I am  
a pronoun; again, and I am a pro-  
noun.

No. 63.—PIED RIVERS.

(From G. N. Brewer, San Francisco.)

1. MYSTERE. 2. STELAENNR. 3.  
EDABUN. 4. GLOVE.

No. 64.—BIBLICAL QUERY.

(From "Van," York.)

What woman hid two men in a well?

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

We are delighted to see the manner  
in which our young friends are dealing  
with the Bible Prize Competition. We  
would strongly advise all in answering  
the questions, etc., under this heading  
to give the reference in the Bible, and  
not merely state the name of person,  
place, or whatever the case may be.  
It will be in your favour to do so, and  
it makes matters plainer and more  
satisfactory for us. Continue in the  
Scripture study!

FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

No. 6.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What king was slain by his ser-  
vants in his own house?
2. By whom and of whom was it  
said: "The one half of the greatness  
of thy wisdom was not told me?"
3. Where have we recorded a prayer  
offered at the dedication of a House of  
God?
4. Where is the reference to the con-  
stellations "Pleiades" and "Orion"?
5. Where are "spoons" mentioned?

The Mystical Circle.

GEO. N. BREWER, San Francisco,  
Cal., U. S., sends correct answers to  
No. 8 Mystery.  
GERTUDE S. HAMMOND, Lockport,  
Shelburne, N. S., sends correct solu-  
tions to the Bible Queries, No. 43 in  
Mystery No. 10. She has our hearty  
thanks for the nice Bible Puzzles sent,  
which we publish this issue. We shall  
be happy to receive more from your  
pen. You have correctly worked out  
the answers to the 1st instalment of  
the "New Prize Competition."

The following have sent solutions  
to the first lot of Prize Competition  
puzzles: Emeline L. Hammond,  
Lockport, N. S.; "Orie Ada Snow,  
Port La Tour, N. S.; Charlie A.  
Patterson, Patterson Settlement, Sun-  
bury; "Snowflake," Avonport, N. S.;  
Helen S. Briggs, Bloomfield, Carleton;  
Eliza A. M. Marshall, Paradise, N. S.  
SECOND instalment: Hattie J. Steeves,  
Sussex Vale; Dora M. Barker, Bath,  
Carleton Co.; "Snowflake," Avonport,  
N. S.; Lottie A. Morine, Port Med-  
way, N. S.; "Greeley," Johnston;  
Eliza A. M. Marshall, N. S.; Emeline  
L. Hammond, Lockport, N. S.;  
Gertrude S. Hammond, ditto; Eddie  
V. Smith, Port La Tour, N. S.

"Kir," Woodstock, has our hearty  
thanks for the puzzles sent. We hope  
the other puzzlers will do likewise.  
All of No. 11, except 51, correctly  
solved, and also 2nd lot of Prize  
Puzzles.  
DELLA HANEY, Deer Island, sends  
solutions to 1st lot of Prize puzzles  
and some puzzles, for which accept  
thanks.  
"BLUE JAY," Johnston, will accept  
our thanks for the puzzles sent. Nos.

42, 47, 48, 50 and 51 are correctly  
answered.

B. V. CHISHOLM, Highland Village,  
N. S., has our most sincere thanks  
for his kind interest in our work. We  
shall strive to reciprocate his efforts in  
our behalf. Your puzzles are very  
acceptable and will be published next  
issue. We trust others will follow  
your example. We shall send you  
copies of the paper. I presume you  
are the editor of the puzzle department  
in the Good Templar, a copy of which  
was sent me by a friend, and also a  
member of our noble order of Sons of  
Temperance. Success to you.

Our Literary Circle.

Notes and Queries.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON INDIA.

As we promised we this issue begin  
a series of notes on India, its people,  
etc. We wish to make the work in-  
teresting, instructive and beneficial to  
all. This issue we give an historical  
view of India.

Little is known of India previous to  
the time of Darius, twenty-three cen-  
turies ago. A considerable portion of  
it was then annexed to Persia. Two  
centuries later, Alexander crossed the  
Indus, penetrated as far as the river  
Sutledge, and subjugated the present  
country of the Sikhs. As a people few  
changes have taken place in their man-  
ners and customs since these early  
times. The following are some of the  
peculiarities of the ancient inhabitants  
and not much different from the pre-  
sent: "1. In the slender make of  
their bodies. 2. Living on vegetable  
food. 3. Distribution into sects or  
classes, and the perpetuation of trades  
in families. 4. Marriages as early as  
seven years. 5. Daubing their faces  
with colours. 6. Rule that only the  
principal people should have umbrellas  
over them. 7. Manufacture of cotton  
goods of extraordinary fineness. 8.  
Devotees performing their devotions  
beneath the trees."

Our Letter Box.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Mar. 5, '88.

Dear Uncle Ned:—I have not had  
time to make any puzzles but I have  
answered with my best ability those in  
No. 5.

Wishing you every success, I re-  
main,

Your sincere friend,

GEO. N. BREWER.

Mr. Cecil visited a rich member of  
his congregation, said to him, "I  
understand you are very dangerously  
situated." The man replied: "I am  
not aware of it." "I thought it  
probable you were not," said Cecil,  
"and therefore called upon you to  
warn you. I hear that you are getting  
rich. Take care; for it is the road by  
which the devil leads thousands to  
destruction."

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are  
unhappy but too well known. They  
differ in different individuals to some  
extent. A Bilious man is seldom a  
breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas,  
he has an excellent appetite for liquids  
but no solids of a morning. His  
tongue will hardly bear inspection at  
any time; if it is not white and furred,  
it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out  
of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation  
may be a symptom or the two may  
alternate. There are often Hemor-  
roids or even loss of blood. There  
may be giddiness and often headache  
and acidity or flatulence and tenderness  
in the pit of the stomach. To correct  
all this if not effect a cure try  
Green's August Flower, it costs but a  
trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

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 Con-  
sumption, result from a scrofulous con-  
dition 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, 218  
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 offen-  
sive 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, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
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Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

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train to Halifax

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,  
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tached to the Quebec express, and on  
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleep-  
ing Car will be attached at Moncton.

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ard Time.

D. POTTINGRR,

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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.  
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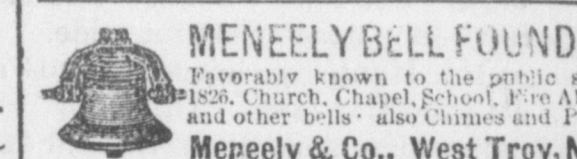
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