

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by.
The tear-drop fell on each wrinkled cheek;
They both had thoughts they could not
speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh;

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall—
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
1 air seats of flag, and their frames of
wood,
With their backs so high and tall.

Then the father shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs:
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight
In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, not yet, not
yet;
For I look at them, and I forget
That the children are away,
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny comes back from billows deep;
Willie wakes from his battlefield sleep
To say good night to me.
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose playing is o'er
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty
now;
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

"Straightening Out The Furrows."

CAP'N SAM'S LITTLE SERMON TO THE BOYS.

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying
every day of my life for the last two
years to straighten out furrows, and I
can't do it."

One boy turned his head in surprise
towards the Captain's neatly kept
place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad!
I don't mean land furrows," continued
the Captain, so soberly that the atten-
tion of the boys became intense as he
went on:

When I was a lad about the age of
you boys, I was what they called a
"hard case," not exactly bad or vici-
ous, but wayward and wild. Well,
my dear old mother used to coax, pray
and punish—my father was dead,
making it all the harder for her—but
she never got impatient. How in the
world she bore with all my stubborn,
vexing ways so patiently will always
be to me one of the mysteries in life.

I knew I was troubling her, knew it
was changing her pretty face, making it
look anxious and old. After a while,
tiring of all restraint, I ran away—
went to sea, and a rough time I had
of it at first. Still, I liked the sea,
and liked journeying around from
place to place. Then I settled down
to business in a foreign land and soon
became prosperous and now began
sending her something besides empty
letters. And such beautiful letters
as she always wrote during those years
of cruel absence! At length I noticed
how longing they grew, longing for the
presence of the son who used to try
her so; and it awoke a corresponding
longing in my own heart to get back to
the dear, waiting soul.

So, when I could stand it no longer
I came back; and such a welcome and
such a surprise! My mother is not a
very old lady, boys, but the first thing
I noticed was the whiteness of her hair
and the deep furrows on her brow;
and I knew I had helped blanch that
hair to its snowy whiteness, and had
drawn those lines in that smooth fore-
head; and those are the furrows I've
been trying to straighten out.

But last night, while mother was
sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it
all over, and looked to see what pro-
gress I had made.

Her face was peaceful, and the ex-
pression was contented as possible,
but the furrows were still there. I
hadn't succeeded in straightening them
them out, I never shall—never!

When they lay my mother, my fair
old sweetheart, in her casket, there
will be furrows on her brow, and I
think it is a wholesome lesson to teach
you that the neglect you offer your
parents' counsel now, and the trouble
you cause them will abide, my lads, it
will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis,
with great troubled eyes. "I should
think if you're so kind and good now
it needn't matter much."

"Ah," Freddie, my boy," said the
quavery voice of the strong man, "you
cannot undo the past. You may do
much to make the rough path smooth,
but you can't straighten out the old
furrows, my lads, remember that!"

"Guess I'll go and chop some wood
mother spoke of; I'd 'most forgotten,"
said lively Jim Hollis, in a strangely
quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to
do," suddenly remembered Billy
Bowles.

"Touched and taken," said the
kindly Captain to himself, as the boys
tramped off, keeping step in a thought-
ful soldier like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fort-
night afterwards that Billy was "real-
ly getting to be a comfort instead of a
pest; guessed he was copying the
Captain, trying to be good to his ma—
Lord bless the dear good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the
Captain about that time, remarked
that Jimmy always meant to be a good
boy, but he was actually being one
some of these days.

"Guess your stories they like so
much have morals to them now and
then," added the gratified mother with
a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed, Captain Sam,
with folded arms and head bent down,
said softly to himself,

"Well, I should be thankful enough
if a word of mine will help the dear
boys to keep the furrows away from
their mothers' brow; for once there,
it is a difficult task straightening out
the furrows.—The Life-Boat.

Home Hints.

Baked Apples.—Pare one dozen
cooking apples, cut in halves and re-
move the core, lay in a buttered bak-
ing dish, cover with sugar; take one-
half cup of butter; rub one tablespoon-
ful of flour into it, and add one
pint of boiling water, pour over the
apples, and bake until the apples are
tender.

Oyster Croquettes.—Scald and chop
fine the hard part of the oysters (leav-
ing the other part and liquor for soup);
add an equal weight of mashed pota-
toes; to one pound of this add a lump
of butter the size of an egg, a teaspoon-
ful of salt, half-teaspoonful of pepper,
and quarter of a teaspoon of cream.
Make in small cakes, dip in egg, and
then in bread crumbs, and fry like
doughnuts.

Apple Tapioca or Sago is a standard
winter dessert in many families. Soak
the tapioca (or sago) very thoroughly
in tepid water, then cook in a double
boiler, adding as much water or milk
as it will take up, until tender and
melting. Put a layer of pared cored
tart apples in a pudding-dish, fill the
holes made by paring with granu-
lated sugar and a small bit of butter,
and pour the tapioca over them. Bake
long enough to cook the apples. Good
hot or cold, with cream and sugar or
liquid sauce. Nicely cooked evaporat-
ed apples or canned fruit, peaches or
cherries, may be substituted for the
apples.

Contagious Diseases.—If a child who
has been exposed to some contagious
disease passes the longest time men-
tioned below, it will, with very few
exceptions, escape the disease.

Scarlet fever, 12 hours to 7 days.
Measles, 9 to 12 days.
Small-pox, 12 to 14 days.
Chicken-pox, 8 to 17 days.
Diphtheria, 2 to 8 days.
Whooping-cough, 4 to 14 days.
Mumps, 8 to 22 days.

In most cases, the sooner the dis-
ease is developed, the severer will be
the type of the attack.—Babyhood:

When Benjamin Parsons was dying,
a friend asked him, "How are you to-
day?" He answered, "My head is
resting very sweetly on three pillows—
infinite power, infinite love, and in-
finite wisdom."

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'll find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 5.)

No. 16.—
a
a t e
s t o v e
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e

No. 17.—1. Numb. 36:11.
2. 1 Saml. 31: 4, 5.
3. Deut. 4: 24.

No. 18.—To understand the writer's
work, he at once read the index.

No. 19.—1. Alabama. 2. Canada.
3. Panama. 4. Madagascar.

No. 20.—Observation.

The Mystery.—No. 8.

No. 31.—HIDDEN MOUNTAINS.
1. Jacob and Esau were brothers.

2. Malta island lies in the Mediter-
ranean.

3. Was William Penn in England?
"Florence."

Lakeview, Queens.

No. 32.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 7, 6, 2, 3 is a great deal.

My 4, 8, 9, 5 is not any.
My 7, 1, 5, 9 is manner.
My whole is an animal belonging to
the lizard family.

Geo. N. Brewer,
San Francisco, U. S.

No. 33.—BIBLE QUERIES.

1. What woman while dancing at a
feast were caught by the men of an-
other place and claimed as their wives?
2. Where is "frying-pan" mention-
ed?

"Snowflake."

Avonport, N. S.

No. 34.—PI PUZZLE.

"Elltti ddees foaskdnnie,
Tittle doesw fo velo,
Kame tish rrath na Eend
Klie het Hnaeve vaboe."

"Snowflake."

Avonport, N. S.

No. 35.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In sell, not in buy;
In wheat, not in rye;
In jump, not in leap;
In mow, not in reap;
In hear, not in see;
In hornet, not in bee.
If you can't answer 'tis a pity.
For it gives the name of a city.

"Florence."

Lakeview, Queens.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

"STUDENT," Hampstead, Queens,
has our most hearty thanks for the
puzzle sent. We will publish it soon.
On account of no separation mark
being used between the figures, we
will, of necessity, be compelled to go
over it all before we can publish.
Please send us some more puzzles, and
solutions too.

We purpose opening a Prize Bible
Competition, etc., in issue of 7th
March, prox., if all is well. So, dear
young folks, be ready. It will be open
to all under 18. The first prize will
be a handsome book worth at least \$1.

Our Literary Circle.

TO PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Owing to circumstances over which
we have no control, and for obvious
reasons, we have been compelled, for
a time to discontinue the prize-giving
for the writing of essays. This is an
interesting and instructive division of
the COLUMN, and we hope that our
young folks will continue their interest
in the work. Who will be the first to
send us an essay upon the subject
named this issue? Are there not any
of the readers of the INTELLIGENCER
who will add their efforts in making
this COLUMN a benefit and delight to
the young? Parents assist your chil-
dren. Encourage them to write, and
if you can send us something to offer
as a prize to encourage them. Who
of the elder members or readers of the
paper will be the first to lend their
aid? Let us strive to do all we can
for the Master, knowing that our
weakest efforts will be accepted, if only
given in the right spirit. Aid us in in-
structing the young in the right paths.
I have laboured carefully and prayer-
fully, and I trust my labours have not
been in vain. I have striven to sow
good seed. I trust that all the readers
of the INTELLIGENCER will take this
matter to heart, and will respond to
our invitation for aid cheerfully and
quickly. May God bless you one and
all, and enable us to so live and work
here below that, when our labours are
ended, we may have a resting place
with Him in that haven of immortal
rest.

Two essays on Love have been re-
ceived—one from Della M. Haney,
aged 17, Cummings Cove, Deer Island,
Sussex Vale, Kings. The former has
been awarded the prize, and will
please acknowledge receipt.

10TH SUBJECT:—Faithfulness.

LOVE.

BY DELLA M. HANEY, (AGED 16),
CUMMINGS COVE,
DEER ISLAND, N. B.

This term signifies one of the con-
stituent principles of our natures, and
in the perfect performance of it is con-
tained the whole of our duty to God
and our fellow-men.

Without love this life would present
a dreary appearance, indeed; it would
almost be like taking the sun from us,
for as the sun is the great source of
light and beauty even so is love the
true source of perfect peace and hap-
piness. What makes our homes so
attractive? Is it not love? and is not
a humble cottage wherein dwells
peace and happiness, far more to be
desired than the most magnificent
palace where love is a stranger?

When God placed love in the heart
of man it was for a purpose—as all
God's motives are for purposes,—and

the principal purpose I think was to
enable us to love God and serve Him;
for, if we knew no such word as love,
would we not regard Him more in the
light of a stranger than that of a lov-
ing Father?

How insignificant and small is the
love of man, no matter how pure and
noble, compared with the great love of
God to all mankind! It is, indeed,
the highest and most glorious display
of the divine character that has ever
been made to man. And who would
attempt to measure the great height
and depth of it? It is simply impos-
sible for our little minds to compre-
hend or take in the full extent of the
love of God, when he gave his only
Son to suffer and die on the cruel cross
to save lost and perishing sinners. It
is easy enough to sacrifice our happi-
ness for those we truly love; but is it
as easy to suffer for our enemies?
How many among us love our friends
enough to lay down our lives in order
to save theirs? and is there one who
would sacrifice his life for that of his
enemy? but did not Christ give his life
to save his worst enemies, who, though
they mocked, scourged, and crucified
Him, yet while suffering on the cruel
cross He forgave them and prayed to
his Father to also forgive them. And
even to-day he sits on the right hand
of the Father making intercession for
his enemies; but there will come a day
—no one knows how soon—when He
will stop his pleading and then guilty
sinners who rejected his love will call
in vain for mercy and implore an en-
trance to Heaven. But the answer
will come: "Too late, too late! ye
cannot enter now." Oh, then, before
it is "too late," may we all accept that
love so freely offered, and thus obtain
peace and happiness both in this life
and the life that is to come!

LOVE.

BY HATTIE M. STEEVES, AGED 13,
SUSSEX VALE, KINGS.

"Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving
all the soul." What a volume in that
word, Love, and how few, know the
true value of it! What a happy world
this would be if we would love our
fellow creatures, as we love our father
and mother, brothers and sisters. How
happy we are when we are in the pres-
ence of those we love and whom we
know loves us; but are we happy when
we are in the company of those we
dislike, and who—dislike us? What
difference does it make to us whether
we are high or low, rich or poor as
long as we have the love of God and of
our fellow creatures. Love is the
chief thing. How many more happy
homes there would be if there was
only a little more love in the midst of
them! "If the love of the heart is
blighted, it buddeth not again." How
much God must have loved the world
when he gave us his only Begotten Son
to die upon the tree of the cross for us.
And now I will close by saying that
there is no greater love than that of
God's.

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 tender-
ness 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.

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Day Express..... 7.30
Accommodation..... 11.20
Express for Sussex..... 16.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18 00
train to Halifax.

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a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be at-
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.

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Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
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& ALLISON.
St. John, N. B.

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sale low by
R. CHEST