

"Papa's Boy."

BY BURT ARNOLD.

Around the house from morn till night,
A merry child doth roam;
His voice is sweet, his spirits light,
The blessing of my home.
His mother's passed to realms above,
Where all is peace and joy,
The child alone is left to love:
He now is "Papa's Boy."

His bright blue eyes and golden hair
Are never out of sight;
He's mounted now upon my chair,
And asking, "Papa, write!"
He's placed his little cheek 'gainst mine,
Is showing me a toy;
Alas! how can I write a line?
He says: "Write, Papa's Boy."

At eve he nestles in my lap,
While shadows gather 'round;
And there enjoys his little nap
Till tea bell makes its sound;
Then, half awake and half asleep,
With glance so sweetly coy,
He rubs his eyes—scarce half a peep—
And murmurs: "Papa's Boy."

Off on the morn, I lie and doze,
Build castles in the air,
Think what I'd do, were I to lose
The cherub sleeping there.
The least faint stir that I can make,
He hails with infant joy;
Puts out his arms for me to take,
And, "Kiss my Papa's Boy."

To Tell the Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of any horse,
Inspect the lower jaw, of course,
The six front teeth the tale will tell,
And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold,
Before the colt is two years old.
Before eight weeks two more will come;
Eight months, the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear
From middle two in just one year.
In two years, from the second pair;
In three, the corners too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop.
At three the second pair can't stop.
When four years old, the third pair goes,
At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two;
The second pair at seven years;
At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw,
At nine, the black spots will withdraw.
The second pair at ten are white;
Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on, the horsemen know
The oval teeth three-sided grow,
They longer get, project before,
Till twenty when we know no more.

—Rural Stockman.

Johnny.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Please to give me five cents,
mamma."
"What for, Johnny?"
"I want to buy some gumdrops."
"But I gave you money for candy
yesterday."
"Yes, but that's all gone. This is
for to-day."
"I can't spare it for you to-day,
dear."

"But you've got lots of five cent
in your pocketbook, mamma."
"Perhaps so, but I need them all
for something else. And if I did not,
you couldn't have candy to-day. It is
not good for you to eat so much!"
"Please, mamma!"

"No. Now remember, Johnny,
you were going to try to give up
pleasantly when you couldn't have
what you wanted."

"If you'll give it to me just this
once, I'll surely begin next time."
"No, this is a very good time to be-
gin. Do, my boy."

Mamma spoke very earnestly, and
Johnny might easily have recalled all
she had said to him on the subject of
trying to give up his own way. But he
was not in the humor for trying. He
said no more, but turned away with an
ugly scowl on his brow, and closed the
door after him with a heavy slam. But
the little crash heard almost in the
same moment, caused him to open the
door again. And the scowl left his
face very quickly as he saw what he had
done. The jar given by his slam had
loosened the support of a little bracket
on the wall near, and it now hung
down sideways. Upon it had stood a
delicate little vase, a great favorite of
his mother's. This lay in pieces on the
table below, and the water which
had been in it was splashed over some
handsome books.

"O, mamma, I'm sorry!" exclaimed
Johnny, in real regret and shame. "I
wish I had begun just then."

"I told you in time, Johnny," she
said, as she quickly rubbed the water
from the books. "I am afraid it will
take a severer lesson than this to
teach you to trample down that quick
temper of yours."

"I think this bad enough, mamma,"
said Johnny, looking ruefully at the
mischief he had done. "You'll see if
I don't remember next time."

For a while Johnny did really try.
He did not forget when he knelt down
in the morning to ask for help against
the besetting sin, and before long had

won several little victories over him-
self. He kept back the angry words
which had a way of flying so quickly
and sharply from his tongue when
things went against his wishes. He
forbore the impatient stamp of his
foot when his playmates would not
agree to do exactly what he ordered,
and even contrived to keep his face
clear of the scowl which had come
almost to belong there. He felt well
pleased with himself thinking how well
he was conquering his temper, and,
alas! forgot to keep watch at the door
of his heart, which alone will shut out
the great enemy.

"I've got something wonderful nice
to show you," said Aunt Hetty to
Johnny and his mother one evening
when they walked over to see her.
Aunt Hetty was an old woman, who
had for many years done duty in the
families of the village as nurse, sewing
woman, wash-woman, or anything else
in which she could be helpful.

"What is it, Aunt Hetty?" asked
Johnny eagerly.
"The most 'strany fine flower you
ever hearn tell of, Master Johnny.
It's a Jacksonian clematis—called so
'cause General Andrew Jackson hisself
used to have one."

"Dear me!" said Johnny.
His mother smiled, for she had seen
the clematis "Jackmanii," and thought
it very likely that the old lady had got
a little astray on the name of her
flower, as she had often done before.
And she fancied that this, being a new
variety of clematis, had probably not
been known by Andrew Jackson. But
nothing would have induced her to say
so to Aunt Hetty.

"Yes'm," went on the latter in
great pride and delight, "it's a vine
as'll grow and cover up all my porch
here. And the splindest flowers it
has—purple as vi'lets, and big—O my!
Shaped just like a parasol, only not
quite so big. Yes'm just for all the
world the sort that King Solomon in
all his glory wasn't arrayed like one of
these!"

"Where did you get it?" asked
Johnny.

"Mis' Graves, that lives down to
Baysville, give it to me when I nursed
her Dicky through the typhoid fever.
Divided her root with me. Says it
cost a dollar! A dollar just for one
root!"

Johnny was fond of flowers, and
everytime he went around by Aunt
Hetty's would run in to take a peep at
the wonderful vine. He saw its first
green leaves push their way out of the
earth, which Aunt Hetty kept soft and
moist above her precious root. He
watched with interest the tying of the
first bit of cord to guide the young
shoots on their way toward the trellis
over her little porch. And he was
almost as excited as the old lady when,
after a number of delicate branches
had climbed up this way and that way,
she pointed out to him in triumph the
first blossom bud.

The flowers were all that could be
desired, and it was plain that Aunt
Hetty had not exaggerated their size—
they were not as big as parasols. It
was some time before they made a very
fine show, for Aunt Hetty was always
liberal with her flowers and could not
forbear picking for anybody who came
to look. But as the July sun "crossed
the vine more and more lovingly a
score of new blossoms seemed to
awaken every morning at its touch,
and the little porch was a wonder of
purple glory.

One day, after school, Johnny ran
up to Aunt Hetty's, full of a favor he
had to ask and full of faith in her
granting it.

"O Aunt Hetty," he cried, "We're
going to have a Sunday-school exhibi-
tion to-morrow, and I told 'em I'd ask
you if you wouldn't give us a whole lot
of clematis flowers to trim the church.
You will, won't you?"

Aunt Hetty raised her hands in
dismay.

"Bless you, honey if you'd only
told me before! I promised Charlie
Bangs he should have every flower I
could get hold of to-morrow, to send
away to a flower show."

"Couldn't you give me half?"
pleaded Johnny.

"Couldn't you see I'll give you all
you want next week, but that won't
do you no good, I s'pose."

"No," said Johnny, feeling very
cross indeed. He had made great
boasts of all the flowers he would
bring for the decoration of the church,
depending on Aunt Hetty's giving
him a great many. And now to be
disappointed, and that Charlie
Bangs, too, a boy he did not like at all.
To think that beautiful vine should be
stripped for him, while he himself
could not have one flower!

In a rage at the thought, Johnny
raised his foot and kicked toward the
vine, making the earth about its roots
fly here and there. It was only a
petulant expression of his hot anger at
not being able to have his own way.
He did not really mean any harm, and

was a little frightened at seeing the
main stem of the vine bruised and
somewhat broken by his rough foot.
He stooped down and carefully patted
the earth about it, then ran away to
see if he could secure any more
flowers, and forgot all about it.

"I'll go with you to see that beauti-
ful vine now," said Johnny's teacher to
him as school was dismissed one after-
noon a few days later.

He had been telling wonderful
stories of the beauty of Aunt Hetty's
vine, and the teacher had been for
some time promising to go.

A number of pupils joined them
when they heard where they were
going, and Johnny gladly led the way,
calculating that there had been plenty
of time since the flowers were gathered
for Charlie Bangs for plenty more to
bloom. He took a street by which
they would come around a corner upon
the full beauty of the vine. They
came to it at length, but where was
the glory of royal purple and delicate
green? The porch was covered with a
forlorn drapery of yellow wilted leaves.
Aunt Hetty, hearing their voices,
came out and stood mute and mourn-
ful under them.

"Don't know what did it, ma'am,"
she said, with a sorrowful shake of her
head, as the lady expressed her regrets.
Johnny remained after the others
were gone, and then uncovered the
place where he had struck the vine.
Yes, there it was, sure enough—the
mischief which his cruel foot had
wrought. He told Aunt Hetty, and
cried until the kindly old soul forgot
her own trouble in trying to comfort him.

"Just to think of the whole beauti-
ful vine being spoiled by my hurting it
in one little place!" said Johnny, when
he told his mother the whole sad story.

"Yes, dear, you will find as you go
through life that wrong-doing will
spread and spread beyond our touch.
We never can know how far the in-
fluence of one evil or hasty act may
reach. And we cannot reach forth
and undo it, or stop its course, when
once it is committed. No power on
earth could stop the withering of the
whole vine when you injured that
little place on its stem."

It was a comfort to learn that the
clematis would grow up from the root
next spring. But for all the later
weeks of the summer the sight of
Aunt Hetty's bare porch was a con-
tinual reminder to Johnny of his one
moment of anger—Interior.

Every present subscriber can se-
cure a copy of Our Family Phy-
sician by getting two new subscribers
for the Intelligencer and renewing
his own. See announcement of terms
on the fifth page.

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. 3.)

- No. 8.—1. Numb. xiii. 24.
2. Numb. xvi. 47, 48.
3. 1 Sam. xvi. 24.
4. Acts xxiii. 21.
5. Judges iii. 15.

No. 9.—Unequally.

- No. 10.—1. Sinai.
2. Hebron.
3. Bashan.
4. Shechem.

No. 11.—Micah, mica.

The Mystery—No. 6.

N. B.—Puzzles and Solutions,
Letters, Essays, Queries, etc., are re-
spectfully solicited. Address as above.

No. 21.—LOGOGRIPH.

I am a word of 4 letters; behead me
and I am a verb; behead again and I
am a note in music; behead once more
and I am a vowel. Transpose the
whole, and I am what horses some-
times do.

Geo. N. Brewer.

San Francisco, U. S.

No. 22.—WORD SQUARE.

An act; a river of Spain; the con-
tents of a piece of ground; a reptile.

Geo. N. Brewer.

San Francisco, U. S.

No. 23.—DIAMOND.

A letter; to spoil; something indis-
pensable; a drink; a consonant.

Geo. N. Brewer.

San Francisco, U. S.

No. 24.—PIED CITIES:

1. Kenworthy. 2. Janecour.
3. Tenpowca. 4. Dinib 5. Spair.

Geo. N. Brewer.

San Francisco, U. S.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

Geo. N. Brewer, San Francisco,
Cal., U. S. comes again. This time
he brings solutions to all the puzzles
in issue No. 1, except (1) No. 1. He
has also a nice batch of puzzles for
which we give our hearty thanks, and
shall publish soon. We shall be
pleased to hear from you often, as you
state.

"VAN," York, visits us once more.
Glad you have come. I hope, as you
say, that all will be a little more active.
By so doing they will without doubt,
help themselves and the puzzle Ed.
too. Do write!

We shall have to offer the prize
again under different rules. Look out
for another prize announcement soon.
Two essays have lately been received—
one on *Honesty*, another on *Love*.

Our Literary Circle.

The prize for the best essay on
"Honesty" has been awarded to
HARRY M. MANZER, Millville, York,
aged 16. He will please acknowledge
receipt of prize. I wish we were able
to give more costly prizes; but we do
our best, and hope the young folk will
appreciate our efforts. One essay, and
a good one, has been received on the
subject "Love." We shall not assign
any subject this issue, but will let
you choose for yourself. Cannot pub-
lish the rules for want of space.

HONESTY.

BY HARRY M. MANZER, MILLVILLE,
YORK CO., AGED 16.

Honesty is the most essential part of
a good and true character. It is the
corner stone of wealth, honour, and
power.

Every person should cultivate hon-
esty with all their might. The person
who cultivates it is willing to have the
cloth measured after him, or her, or
any work which he performs exam-
ined. He can be trusted with uncount-
ed money and does not have to be
watched. He is also truthful, and
will do what is right. He will do as he
wishes to be done by.

Honesty should be the highest aim
of every person. The person who
makes honesty the highest aim of his
life, will pay his debts, and will take
an interest in the business of his em-
ployer. He will not try to put in an
easy time or get along with as little
work as possible. Such persons will
also deal honestly with all whom their
business require them to deal with.

A man will never make a good min-
ister, statesman, lawyer, merchant,
mechanic, farmer, or follow any voca-
tion whatever, who is not strictly
honest. He may flourish for a while
but he will soon come to a stop.

A man or woman who is not honest
is not thought much of by most people.
They are nearly destitute of friends
and what friends they do have are of
the same class as themselves.

Some people ask, Why should I be
honest? There are several reasons.
First; Because it is the will of God
that you should be honest. The bible
tells people to be honest. Second:
Because it adds to your happiness to
be honest. An honest man is the
happiest man in the world. He can
lie down at night with the assurance
that he has not wronged anyone dur-
ing the day or taken away more than
his rights from anyone. Third: Be-
cause it makes other people happier to
be honest. If a person deals honestly
with other people, it will make them
happier to think that they have not
been wronged by him. Fourth:
Because honesty makes friends. A
person who is honest has more friends
than one who is not honest. A person
who is honest is highly esteemed by
everybody in his locality. To be
honest a person should work at some
honest employment. Fear God and
ask Him to help you to be honest. Be
honest wherever you are, or whatever
your situations may be. Remember
the little slave boy on the stand who
being asked by a man "If I buy you,
will you be honest?" he replied "Yes
Sir, I will be honest whether you buy
me or not." Be honest everywhere,
and you will find this maxim to be
true, "Honesty is the best policy!"

Our Letter Box.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Jan. 15th 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED: I have endeavor-
ed to answer your puzzles in the first
issue of the year. I intend this year
to answer them regularly every week,
if I can possibly find time to do it. I
take a great deal of interest in the Y.
F. C. and hope a good many more will,
"Go and do likewise."—G. N. B.

FROM, Jan. 20, 1888.

UNCLE NED: I shall have to ask you
to excuse me for not sending those
puzzles I promised some time ago.
They will be sent as soon as I return
home. I am sorry that I am not able
to compete for the prize that is offered.
I hope many will try. I will try for
the next one, perhaps. Where are
all the puzzlers that used to take an
interest in the COLUMN? Let us all be
a little more active than we have been
during the last six months. In so doing
we will help ourselves and encourage
our uncle, the able editor. How many
are going to offer something as a prize
during the year? Let us hear from all
about this matter. Most everyone has
something that would be nice to offer.

Yours as ever,

"VAN."



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