

The Little Word that was Lost.

I lost a very little word
Only the other day;
A very naughty little word
I had not meant to say.
If only it were really lost,
I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find
Again that little word,
So that no more from any lips
Could it be ever heard,
I'm sure we all of us should say
That it was something fine
With such completeness to have lost
That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost
When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up,
And now he says it, too.
Mamma said the worst would be
I could not get it back;
But the worst of it now seems to me,
I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa looks grieved;
Johnny has said it twice;
Of course it is no use for me
To tell him it's not nice.
When you lose other things, they're lost;
But lose a naughty little word,
And for every time 'twas heard before
Now twenty times 'tis heard.

If it were only really lost!
Oh, then I should be glad
I let it fall so carelessly
The day that I got mad.
Lose other things, you never seem
To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
It's always coming back.

—ALICE WELLINGTON ROLINS, in *Wide Awake*.

Presence Of Mind.

Boys and girls have you presence of mind? Perhaps you think you have. Many of us think, we have, too. But, after all, it is not what you and I think we would do if our home should take fire, or our boat begin to sink, or a highwayman confronts us, or an earthquake yawn beneath us; it is rather what we actually do when in the thick of such peril that determines our presence of mind. There are no persons so remarkably level-headed as those who are free and easy, out of the each of danger.

The other day I heard a story of unusual presence of mind. It was told by one who had himself received it from an officer of one of the great railroads that cross the Allegheny Mountains.

"There," said the officer to my informant, as both were going about a great central station, where cars and locomotives were made, repaired and kept, "there is the very man. If he wants any favour of the road, he has only to ask for it. The rest of us come and go; but he stays, and may stay, service or no service, till death removes him. The road is grateful to him, and will always hold him, in honor."

Many years have elapsed since the incident happened; many more since the telling of the tale to my friend. The details of the coloring vary somewhat as they pass from mouth to mouth. No doubt, when you have finished the story, you will say, "Why, that was the very thing I would have done myself." But would you have done it? Here is the story:

Puff! puff! puff! It was hard work; for the grade was steep and the train long and heavy. The engine panted as if its strength were failing, and no wonder. For miles and miles up the slopes of the Allegheny Mountains it had been tugging its precious burden, and there were many miles more before it should reach the summit and tarry awhile to regain its strength.

Much of the way was little more than a shelf cut into the mountainsides, with rising walls of rock on the one side and, and deep ravines on the other. And far up among the mountains, often on the opposite sides of high and gloomy chasms, the observant traveler would catch glimpses of what seemed to be the curves and embankments of another road. Later he would be himself borne over these very chasms, and whirled around these very curves.

These changing scenes kept the passengers in a tremor of half-joyful, half-anxious excitement.

"How beautiful that wooded slope!"

"Shall we ever get to the top of the ridge?"

"Down here among the trees! See this silvery cascade!"

"Ah! here we go through a tunnel."

"That great boulder looks as if the slightest jar would bring it down upon us!"

"What if the roadbed should give way here like an avalanche?"

"Oh, here comes some trestle-work! How frail it looks! And what a dizzy height! If it should break under us—oh, dear!"

Just then a quick sharp whistle was heard. To those that understood it, it said imperatively, "Down brakes, and be quick about it, too!" Instantly the brakemen were straining at their posts

as if every life were threatened. Indeed, it was their duty, on these hard, treacherous grades, to stand by the brakes, and use them at a moment's warning. People thrust their heads out of the car windows, and some hurried to the platforms, and there was a deal of nervous questioning. What was the matter? Was there any danger? Nobody seemed to know. Not even the brakemen were informed. And it was the gift of blessed Providence that the cause was not revealed, else that moment of uncertainty and subdued alarm would have been one of anguish and disaster.

Far up the road the engineer had caught a glimpse of an awful peril. It was a train of runaway freight cars. For a moment it was in plain sight, dashing around a curve. Then it was lost in the woods. No engine accompanied it; there were no brakemen visible; there was no sign of life anywhere about it. Nowhere on the grade at that time was a down train due. The cars were without control; there was no doubt of it, and there was nothing to check their descent. Already they were running furiously, and every second their speed was increasing. A collision seemed inevitable. The destruction of life would be frightful.

What should the engineer do? To stop his train would not mend the situation. To reverse the train and go the other way—there was hardly time for that. Besides, it would only postpone the certain result, and make it more dreadful because of the increased headway of the runaway cars.

The engineer viewed the situation on every side. Plan after plan rose before him; plan after plan was dropped.

But it was all done with that wonderful speed which the mind shows when under the stress of swiftly nearing danger. In that brief time the engineer lived hours. Suddenly there was a ray of hope, a possible plan of safety. "Down brakes!" he whistled. This was the signal to which we have already called attention; the one that sent the tremor through the hundreds on the train.

"Free the engine from the train!" he shouted to the fireman. The engine was uncoupled, and the train was lagging behind. "Now jump for your life!" There was no time for parley.

The fireman leaped, fell, and scrambled to his feet again. Then the engine put on full steam. Freed from its burden of coaches, the locomotive responded at once.

"Now fight the battle for us!" exclaimed the engineer, as he sprang from the steps. His quick eye had chosen a favorable spot on which to alight. Though thrown headlong with some force, he was on his feet promptly enough to see his train roll by at lessening speed, under the full control of the faithful brakemen.

That something serious had happened or was about to occur began to be clear to the passengers. One or two had seen the fireman jump, two or three, the engineer; and larger numbers from the car-windows had caught glimpses of men that, soiled and bruised and dazed, were trying to rise to their feet by the side of the track. All was excitement and tumult. Some began to leap from the cars. Fortunately there was little danger now, for the motion of the train had nearly ceased.

Up the track, meanwhile, went the iron monster to meet the foe alone. Down the track, into full sight, came wild freight cars with a speed so great that they almost rose from the rail as they rounded the curves. Nearer and nearer, the speed of each increasing. Then they flew at each other in a mighty, tiger-like rage, as if it were blood to be shed and nerves to be torn asunder.

The crash shook the hills. A great, roaring cloud of steam burst into the air, while another of dust and debris boiled up and mingled confusedly with it. Then the shattered ends of the cars shot out here and there from the smoke, and a grinding, crackling mass rose up. Quivering in the air a moment, it reeled, and then went crashing down the embankment into the ravine below. When the steam and dust cleared away, there were the deep, ugly furrows in the roadbed, and the splintered ties, and the bent and broken rails, and the nameless fragments of an utter wreck, to mark the scene of the fierce encounter.

The gallant engine was a hopeless ruin; but it had done a noble service. It had fought a battle in which hundreds of lives and untold interests were at stake, and it had won it. Not a life of that precious company was lost, not a member of it hurt by so much as a scratch. Before they saw their peril, they were rescued from it; and yet their rescue had hardly been completed before the full and awful nature of that peril burst upon them, and stirred them in their inmost being.

With tears of joy and gratitude they blessed the engineer whose quick wit

and daring plan and instant execution had saved them from a fate that at one moment seemed beyond human power to avert. And to the poor locomotive that lay dismembered and useless on the rocks below, there went out a kind and tender feeling, as if, in giving its life to save others, it had shown something akin to the love and bravery and sacrifice of a noble human soul.—*Congregationist*.

Patches and Heroes.

"Three! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes: the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word, and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first, she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush; and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lillie Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys, and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued.

"Cheer up! It's only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked up through her tears, to see the bravest boy in school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas.

"I dare say you are happy there."

"Yes. I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

The scholars had been talking of heroes a little while before they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his schoolmates, and befriended this poor, forlorn little girl.—*Sunday School Visitor*.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH.—A specific for whooping cough is a tea made from the dried leaves of red clover. Make it quite strong and give a wine-glassful three times a day.

VINEGAR PIE.—Two eggs, reserving the whites for frosting, one teacup of sugar, one teacup cold water, one tablespoon flour, one tablespoon of sherry vinegar; flavor with lemon.

USEFUL OINTMENT.—The ointment made of lard, or vaseline, and spermin oil is one of the best ointments to have ready for use in a family. Its "cooling" effect is marvelous.

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. 8.)

No. 31.—1. Andes. 2. Altai. 3. Penzance.

No. 32.—Ichneumon.

No. 33.—1. Judges 21: 19—25. 2. Leviticus 2: 17.

No. 34.—

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden
Like the Heaven above."

No. 35.—St John.

The Mystery.—No. 11.

N. B.—Contributions respectfully solicited.

No. 46.—WORD SQUARE.

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

*** Brave.

*** A medley.

*** To raise.

*** Smalls marks.

No. 47.—DIAMOND.

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

* A vowel.

* A girl's name.

* A river in Asia.

* A pronoun.

* A letter.

No. 48.—JUMBLE.

(From "Snowflake," Avonport.)

Kas, dan ti hlal eb niegv uyo;

ekes, dan ey hlals difa; nkco, dna ti

lalsh eb deopen tonu ouy.

No. 49.—ENIGMA.

(From "Snowflake," Avonport.)

1. In sand, but not in hand;

2. In mouth, but not in lip;

3. In rout, but not in scout;

4. In apple, but not in plum;

5. In west, but not in vest;

6. In bear, but not in lion;

7. In pasture, but not in grass;

8. In roll, but not in walk;

9. In rabbit, but not in hound;

10. In sky, but not in cloud.

Whole: A rich and sweet fruit.

No. 50.—DROP-LETTER.

(From "Greeley," Johnston.)

l-o-i-t-k-n-u-o-t-e

-a-t-t, A-d-r-s-i-m-l-e-

o-t-f-h-s-o-e.

No. 51.—DIAMOND.

(From "Greeley," Johnston.)

1. A letter. 2. Sauce. 3. Water.

4. By. 5. A letter.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

Please see last issue for rules! Send in your answers as soon as you find them. Don't fail to try, dear young friends. See what the headline tells you about trying. "Search the Scriptures!" Always give references in answering.

No. 3.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where is "soap" mentioned?

2. How old was Moses when he slew the Egyptian?

3. What man after hearing of the death of his two sons in battle fell from off his seat and broke his neck, causing his death?

4. What king took away all "the treasures of the house of the Lord" from the city of Jerusalem?

5. Two men met; one took the other by the hand to kiss, but, instead, thrust his sword into him and killed him, (a) who were the persons? (b) where do we read of this?

* The Mystical Circle. *

"SNOWFLAKE," Avonport, N. S., acknowledges with thanks the receipt of prize, and correctly solves Nos. 26 and 27 (No. 7), and Nos. 31, 32 and 35 in No. 8. Write again. Try the Bible Competition!

ERRATUM.—In "Notes and Queries" of February 29th, "It had no value," should have been printed, "It had no value," etc.

Exodus xx. 4, 5.—To the Mite Society and others interested we wish to say that we will begin a series of short sketches concerning India, and the images worshipped by the heathens of that land. We will be glad to receive any questions under the heading, which will be as usual, "Notes and Queries." If we cannot give the desired information, we will strive to find out at our earliest convenience. First batch of notes next issue.

UNCLE NED.

P. S. We have concluded to discontinue the essay writing for a short time.—U. N.

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Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

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On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

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Accommodation..... 13.30

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D. POTTINGRR, Chief Superintendent

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November 22nd, 1887.

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