

A Fellow's Mother.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, "With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, 'Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons, and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care, not much, I mean, If a fellow's face is not always clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee She can put in a patch that you'd never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad, But only sorry if you are bad, And I tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive whatever you do."

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, "With a manly look in his laughing eyes, 'I'll mind my mother, quick, every day A fellow's a baby that don't obey.'"

—M. E. Sangster, in *Youth's Companion*.

How Billy Goodale Kept the Light-House.

"I think," said Uncle Nahum one afternoon to his young nephew, Billy, "I shall have to make you my assistant and leave the light-house in your care."

"What?" thought Billy. "Be left alone in the light-house?"

"He thought it was 'splendid' to keep the lights with Uncle Nahum Goodale, to be left alone in that tower of stone, planted on a rock not much bigger than the foot of the tower, was an unwelcome seclusion. All around this solitary rock swept the great sea, raging violently in a storm."

"You see, Billy, I have found out that we need some things at the light very much," exclaimed Uncle Nahum, "and I must go to town after them. I will be back by lighting up time. So don't you worry."

"Wish I could go with you."

"And I wish you could—only—only—I am expecting our supply of water may be brought to us this very day, and it comes by vessel, and if we are both gone and the light-house shut up, why—"

"O, yes! All right. I'll stay and be assistant keeper."

"That helps me ever so much, and I will give you something to do. Down in the store-room there is some wood to be piled up, and then you can sweep up, and if that gives out, why, please look at the library, dusting the books and putting them back in their places. You know that occupation is a remedy for dull hours. Don't forget that."

"That is worth remembering. I will write it down."

Uncle Nahum sailed away from the light-house, feeling that Solomon was not the only person in the world who could make a maxim, while Billy went to a slate up in the watch-room and wrote down the words:—"Occupation is a remedy for dull hours."

Then he hurried down the light-house stairs to the store-room. Whistling away, he patiently piled the scattered wood. Then he swept the littered floor.

"Now," said Billy, "I'll go up to the watch-room and put the library in order."

He took the books out of their case, thoroughly dusted them, and replaced them in order.

"How the time does fly!" exclaimed Billy. "Uncle Nahum was right."

He went to the slate and taking his pencil, wrote this under the now famous maxim, "I have piled the wood, swept out the store-room, and attended to the library, and I find that Uncle Nahum is right. Time has gone real quick!"

What next? He went up to the lantern in which was the lamp, and then stepped outside on the "parapet." This was a railed platform going about the tower.

"Wonder where Uncle Nahum is!" said Billy. "I can't see his boat." Between the lonely light-house and the land no white sail could be seen dotting the waters.

"The sun will go down soon and the lamp ought to be lighted. Well," mused Billy, "if he shouldn't come, the assistant helper must light up for Uncle Nahum."

Soon the sun burned on the crest of a hill far inland like a bonfire kindled there, the flames playing up through the clouds and igniting them.

"All ready!" exclaimed Billy, standing by the lamp, match in hand. "The assistant keeper is ready!"

The moment the sun sank under that crest of the hill, up flashed the light in the lantern, kindled by the faithful Billy.

"No Uncle Nahum!" he murmured, going down stairs to the kitchen. "Well, occupation is a remedy for dull hours. Now I will get supper for Uncle Nahum. I can't do much as cook, but I can set the tea kettle on the stove and let the water 'bile,' as Uncle Nahum says. That will do for tea. Then I can toast some bread

and cut some cold meat, and—and—we will see what can be done."

In the midst of these preparations, he heard a noise outside the light-house.

"Toot—t—t—t?" was its cheerful summons.

"Uncle Nahum!" said Billy, springing to the door of the kitchen. Then he went down to the store-room and next to the door of the light-house. He looked into the shadows.

"Uncle Nahum—m—m!" he shouted. "Aye, aye!" was the response.

"Here I am!"

Uncle Nahum moored his boat, and climbed the ladder fastened to the wall of the light-house.

"Why—why—is it foggy?" asked Billy. "Twas clear at sunset."

"I know it, and it bothered me. Dreadful sorry to be late, Billy, but I struck the fog that came in from the sea, and I must say it bothered me, but your light brought me all right at last. Came near running on Wrecker's Ledge, but just then saw your light. Why, I feel proud of my assistant, declared Uncle Nahum."

O, how cosy seemed the kitchen of the light-house, snug and warm and cheerful! Uncle Nahum helped the assistant cook, and the table was spread with an abundant feast, Aunt Sally having sent from shore several of her famous pies and a jar of her very toothsome preserves. The next morning Uncle Nahum, having at sunrise extinguished the lamp in the lantern, was coming down through the watch-room. He saw the slate on which Billy had written the day before.

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Uncle Nahum, reading Billy's penmanship. "Then Billy thought what I said was worth putting down. 'Occupation a remedy for dull hours?' Let me add this," Uncle Nahum was now writing; "and occupation is a great help to other folks, for it helped me to get back to the light-house."

The light-keeper laid down the slate and resumed his journey to the kitchen. When Billy read this testimony from Uncle Nahum, what a grin crossed his face!

"It's good to be an assistant light-keeper," he murmured.

The Friend of the Animals.

In the year 1883 a boy was born in the city of New York.

When he grew old enough to go to school he saw many cruel sights as he passed to and fro through the streets of the city. Often he saw a poor, mangy, half starved dog that had no home; he saw cruel boys throwing stones at them, and kicking or beating them, and the kind boy's heart ached to see the beasts suffer so, and he wished he was big enough to thrash all those cowardly boys.

Sometimes he saw forlorn cats that looked hungry and wretched, and the boys would tie tin cans to their tails, and chase them with stones and clubs, and try to kill them.

"Don't do that," said Henry Bergh sometimes; "it is mean and cruel."

"Hold your tongue! None of your goody-good for us! We are bound to have our fun," cried the other boys.

He saw horses which were so old or sick that they had no strength, or so ill fed that they could count all their ribs, and yet these poor horses were harnessed to heavy loads, and the drivers would beat the beasts with clubs to make them go.

"Why do you beat your horse so?" he once asked an angry driver.

"To make him attend to his own business, and I'll try a touch of the same treatment to you if you don't attend to yours," said the driver, fiercely cracking his whip. "He is my horse, and I shall do as I choose with him."

When Henry Bergh became a man he found out that many good men and women like himself did not want the animals to suffer, as he and other men started a society to stop cruelty to animals. The society set to work and had some good laws passed which forbade cruelty to animals, and which punish those who are cruel. Many thousands of men have been fined or otherwise punished for beating their horses, or for not feeding them enough, or for overloading them. Boys and men are also punished for mistreating dogs and cats. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has its agents in nearly every place. Sometimes these are ladies, and very active agents they are. I knew a very nice lady who owned beautiful horses, of which she was very fond. She not only looked after the comfort of her own fine animals, but took a genuine interest in all the hard-worked hack horses of the small city where she lived. She could never see a set of horse-ribs staring at her but she stopped her own carriage to inquire of the driver what kept his horses so thin. She had a right to do this—indeed it was her duty—for she was the agent of Mr. Bergh's society,

and was empowered to prosecute those who ill-treated animals. I never heard of her doing this, however. She had a very pleasant way of saying what she had to say, and so nobody took offence at her criticism.

Did you ever see a train of cars loaded with cattle or sheep for the city market? How mournful is the lowing of the beasts when the train stops! It seems as if the sad creatures knew that they would never again gambol and frisk in the fields, but that the very next day they are to be killed and hung up in the butcher stalls. But these animals are not uncomfortable. Each one has plenty of good air to breathe, and stands up on his own feet in the cage, and when he is hungry an attendant gives him food and drink.

Henry Bergh's society looks after all the great cattle trains that come thundering over our western prairie to bring meat to our great cities.

On the morning of March 12th, a day that will be memorable to the inhabitants of New York for a generation to come as the day on which the great blizzard began, Henry Bergh passed quietly away at the age of sixty-five. His was a life that was not in vain, for the world was the better for his living in it.

Sometimes boys and girls have a society to promote kindness to animals and the members promise not to rob birds' nests, or to shoot animals. Do you belong to such a society? or are you such a society all by yourself and are you helping to bring in the good time promised in the Bible, "when they shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain."—*Harper's Young People*.

Worth Winning.

There was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills.

One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had been done its duty and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience; "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure; but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough; and he, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character,—"yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time; and I will not do it."

John tore it in two, and gave it to the winds. And so John won a victory worth winning.—*Good Words*.

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. 17.)

- No. 75.—1. Exodus 28:40.
2. Amos 6:5.
3. Isaiah 3:19.
4. Amos 7:17.
5. Amos 5:11.
6. 1 Samuel 17:38.
7. Leviticus 16:26.

No. 76.—Victoria.

- No. 77.—1. 1 Kings 16:21.
2. Joshua 6.
3. 2 Samuel 1:6.
4. 2 Chronicles 1:15.
5. 2 Samuel 19:18.

- No. 78.—1. Ape and Goat.
2. Ant and Bat.

- No. 79.—1. Zechariah 1:8.
2. 1 Samuel 20:28.
3. Zechariah 11:4.

The Mystery.—No. 20.

- No. 90.—HIDDEN ANIMALS.
(From "Greeley," Johnston.)

1. Thou dost aggravate me very much.
2. John came in behind his father.

3. The tide in the river Dee runs very swiftly.
4. Edgar attended the circus.

No. 91.—HALF SQUARE.

(From "Blue Jay," Johnston.)
A king of Israel; a poisonous serpent; lofty; a letter.

No. 92.—PIED SEAS.

- (From G. N. Brewer, San Francisco.)
1. KOSTHOK. 2. ITARACADI.
3. ANABRAI. 4. ANIPSAC.

No. 93.—SQUARE WORD.

(From G. A. Riecker, Belleisle Bay.)
An alley; a piece of ground; not far; to make money.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Please give the Bible references.

1. In what kingdom was it that a law once signed by the king could never be altered?
2. What king was made to eat grass as oxen?

3. Where do we find the words, "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself?"

4. What king and queen caused a man to be killed in order that they might possess his vineyard?

5. (a) What king dreamed of a great image and forgot it so that he could not tell it in the morning?
(b) By whom was the dream revealed to him?

The Mystical Circle.

PLEASE do not forget to try "Van's" Prize Offer for the five best original puzzles; See "Letter Box" of May 2nd. Send the puzzles to the puzzle Editor.

Two more installments of Bible Competition.

HELEN S. BRIGGS, Bloomfield, C. Co., correctly solves B. V. C's. Prize Bible Questions; also No. 71.

"APPLE BLOSSOM," Carleton, Yarb., N. S., correctly solves Nos. 71, 73 and 74 of "The Mystery."

SADIE D., Grand Har., Grand Manan, has our hearty thanks for the nice puzzles. They will appear soon. She correctly explains Nos. 71, 73 and 74 in "The Mystery." Well done!

The following have sent solutions to the Prize Bible Competition:—

SIXTH INSTALLMENT: Helen S. Briggs.

SEVENTH: Helen S. Briggs; "Apple Blossom;" Della M. Hauey, Deer Island; "Florence," Lakeview; "Greeley," Johnston; E. L. Hammond, Lockport, N. S.

EIGHT: "Apple Blossom," "Florence;" "Greeley;" Eddie V. Smith, Port La Tour, N. S.; Geo. A. Riecker, Belleisle Bay; Flora E. Hartt, Jacksonton; Melissa Pinkney, Melbourne, N. S.

Geo. A. RIECKER correctly unravels Nos. 75 (1, 4, 6, 7); 76; 77 (1, 4, 6); 78, and 79 (1).

"GREELEY" correctly reveals "The Mystery" in issues No. 15 and 16.

Our Letter Box

BELLEISLE BAY, May 1, 1888.
DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am so glad you have so many earnest workers in the Y. F. C. I have not much time to solve "The Mystery," or else I would send a good many more answers; but I will try and help all I can.

Yours Resp'y,
Geo. A. RIECKER.
[You do nicely. Continue in the good work.—U. N.]

Not So Fast.

"O mamma!" cried little Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith. I did not think she could be so very naughty, One—"

"My dear," said my mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" "I will explain it. In the first place, let me ask about your story, is it true?"

"I suppose so. I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind but I am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And is it necessary?" "No, of course, mamma; there was no need of me to mention it at all."

As we put flour in sieves to get the good apart from the bad, so let us ask, when we are going to say something about others, these questions: "Is it true?" "Is it kind?" "Is it necessary?"

Washing in cold water when overheated is a frequent cause of disfiguring pimples.

ROYAL
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength & wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

1888 1888
SPRING GOODS.

WM. JENNINGS.
MERCHANT TAILOR

Is now showing the latest styles in

ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN SUITINGS,

FANCY WORSTEDS,

FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,

Fancy Vestings & Trowserings.

WM. JENNINGS,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilnot's Alley.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1887. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888

ON and after MONDAY, November 28th, 1887, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

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

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.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 7.00
Express from Sussex..... 8.35
Accommodation..... 13.30
Day Express..... 19.20

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGRR,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
November 22nd, 1887.

A GRAND DISPLAY
OF
Boots AND Shoes

In the newest styles, at

LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE.

An immense stock of BOOTS, SHOES, OVERBOOTS, SLIPPERS, MOC-CASINS, etc., now ready for inspection.

The latest style out is Overstockings, with Rubbers attached, for Ladies, Misses and Children; also Felt Leggings for Misses and Children. Ask to see them.

Gents' Velvet and Carpet Slippers, in beautiful patterns, suitable for Caristmas presents.

Toboggan Overboots for Gentlemen. Snowshoes in Ladies, Gentlemen and Childrens sizes.

A. LOTTIMER

John Harvey,

PHOTOGRAPHER

106 QUEEN ST.,
FREDERICTON.

Professional Cards.

J. ARTHUR FREEZE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Accounts collected and Loans negotiated on good securities.

OFFICE—OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

—FREDERICTON, N. B.—

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK

FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. M'LEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc

Office—Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street, Woodstock.

J. A. & W. VANWART

BARRISTERS, &c.

Offices—Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

NEW GOODS

Gentleman's Department,
27 KING STREET.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces, French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Marino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK —
ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS in the latest styles and "Derby" (Paper, Turn-Down) and THE SWELL, Paper, Standing COLLARS

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

St. John, N. B.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY

Favorably known to the public since 1840. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells—also Chimneys and Pumps. Meneely & Co., West Troy, N. Y.

McMurray & Co

Bookseller,
Stationer,

—AND DEALERS IN—

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

WE handle only first-class Instruments, which we sell at very low prices and on easy terms. WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS, but give the large commission paid agents to the buyer.

Call and see our Stock, or write for Price and Terms.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF ORGANS.

Having furnished over twenty churches in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with Organs, for which we make a special discount both to the church and clergyman.

Any person in want of any of the above Goods, will find it to their advantage to write us for prices, terms, etc.

McMURRAY & CO.