

## Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy  
A little fox named By-and-by.

Then I set upon him quick, I say,  
The swift young hunter, Right-away.

Around each tender vine I plant,  
I find the little fox I can't.

Then, fast at ever hunter ran,  
Chase him with bold and brave I can.

No use in trying—lacs and whines  
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high  
With this good hunter, named I'll try.

Amo g the vine in my small lot,  
Creep the young fox, I forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his den  
With I will never forget again.

A little fox is hidden there  
Among my vines, named I don't care.

Then let I'm sorry, hunter true,  
Chase him afar from vines and you.

## A More Excellent Way.

BY REBECCA PERLEY REED.

It all came about through Johnny's dropping the syrup-pitcher at breakfast. The tablecloth was spick and span clean, and his mother had risen with a miserable neuralgic headache, and Johnny wasn't as careful as she would have been, of course, when in his hurry he tipped the pitcher, which in its fall overturned a very full tumbler. And so in another half-minute, there was an island of syrup set in a small pond of ice-water! All the circumstances which I have enumerated were too much for ordinary maternal patience.

"Johnny you are a naughty, careless boy! You may have no syrup on your cakes this morning!"

Johnny's eyes opened in astonishment.

"Why, mamma, I didn't mean to do it!"

"But you are always doing things with such a rush. You make other people a great deal of trouble and labor, and then you say, 'I didn't mean to!'"

A cloud of very gloomy character had suddenly fallen over the group at the pleasant breakfast table. Just here, in the confusion consequent upon the accident, Kate, the twelve-year-old sister, who sat opposite Johnny, struck her napkin-ring sharply against the salt-box standing by her plate, thereby overturning the dainty little china device. The incident being of so trivial a nature, nobody made comment, until the rebellious and tearful Johnny exclaimed: "Kate has been careless, too, mamma, and you haven't blamed her a bit. Shan't she go without syrup, too?"

"It isn't anything to tip over a salt-box," remonstrated the little girl.

"What a silly thing to mention, Johnny!" added the mother.

But somehow, almost the remark had left her lips, her conscience had disputed its truth.

"Johnny," she said suddenly, "will you excuse me for speaking as I did? It was because the clean tablecloth was soiled, and the spilling made such confusion and so much work, that I was discouraged. But it was an accident, and not my little boy's fault. You did not mean to do damage, any more than Kate when she hit the salt-box. You can see that yours was a much more trying accident, and it was hard to be pleasant over it; but I see that I was in the wrong, because I was really blaming you because there was syrup in the pitcher, and not for being careless in tipping it, as I said. Kate's salt-cellar didn't have any syrup in it, you see, only salt, which did no damage."

The picture before her was chaotic, but Mrs. Way succeeded in smiling brightly into Johnny's eyes, and added: "I am sick this morning. I didn't sleep well last night. You know how I dislike a soiled table-cloth—so, on the whole, won't you try to excuse me?"

Such a queer expression Johnny's face wore, but smiles carried the day very speedily.

"Now, children, interposed their father, 'snee mamma has been so very polite, and has apologized so beautifully, don't you think a small boy and girl, not very far away, ought to be very careful as to their manners at table, and run no risks of tipping pitchers and tumblers and salt cellars, and making ugly spots on clean tablecloths?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, with great emphasis.

"I'll try," added Kate.

That morning, as the children were on their way to school, Kate said in a thoughtful way, with a tender accent in her voice: "I think mamma is just the sweetest mother in all the world. She is always sorry when she does wrong, just as much as she wants us to be."

To which somewhat confused gram-

mar of his sister, Johnny responded with earnest loyalty, "Yes, and she owns up right out loud, too, I tell you!"—*Congregationalist.*

## Them That Honour Me I Will Honour.

"That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop-boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That's right," he said again; "always be honest, it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the lad timidly.

"Should I say what?—that honesty is the best policy? Why, it's a time honoured old saying—don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy, "she said we must do right because God approved it, without thinking what man would say—"

The merchant turned abruptly toward his desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning, a rich and influential citizen called at the store. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if bad—"

"Stop!" said the merchant; "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes; what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes; that's what everybody tells me who has a boy to dispose of; no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin; indeed [the merchant coloured] he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him prudence, you know, is—common—common prudence—ahem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say:

"He was a parish orphan, taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot; no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times; his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than be dishonest. I can't account for it; upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I'll adopt him; and if I have found one really honest boy, I'll thank God."

The little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who had sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor, pious old creature, who had been taught of the Spirit, became a most excellent divine.

"Them that honour Me I will honour."

Col. Fred Kinsinger tell a good story of Mr. Perry, an old Southern gentleman, who died several years ago in Kentucky. Mr. Perry was an exceedingly polite man. He would go out of his way any time to avoid offending a neighbor or a friend. One day a neighbor met him on the street with—

"Hello, Mr. Perry. I was just going in to get a drink. Come in and have something."

"Thank you, Mr. —; I don't care for anything," was the answer.

"But come in and take something, just for sociability's sake."

"Now, I want to be sociable and all that; I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right, if you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking," growled the friend, and silently walked along in the direction in which Mr. Perry was travelling.

Presently the pair drew near a drug store, when Mr. Perry broke out with "Mr. —, I'm not feeling at all well to-day, and I think I'll go in this drug store and get some castor oil. Won't you join me?"

"What, in a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes."

"Now, I hate the stuff," saying which a chill went over the man as visible in its effects to Mr. Perry as if the agent had seized him on the street.

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable, you know."

The friend still refused, when Mr. Perry said: "Your sociable whisky is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I've much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The pair heartily shook hands, the dialogue was circulated in Covington, and Mr. Perry was never invited to drink again.

## Building A Monument.

John Jones began at the age of 15 to build a monument, and finished it at 50. He worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say \$50,000. Then he borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more, he would take his wife's dresses and the bedclothes, and many other valuable things in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day, and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets, and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last, there was not anything left in the house. The poor heart broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn. His clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face—indeed, his whole body—were covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building that he had almost forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath. That may seem strange; but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other words.

Now, come with me, and I will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city, where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way, and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill Monument?" asks little Amy Arlott, at my side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that \$50,000 and built an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house! It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors, and I know not what all—so rich and grand.

This is John Jones' monument! and the man who sold John nearly all the whiskey he drank lives here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?

## Dust of the Sea.

While voyaging from Australia to New Zealand one of the passengers, a lady, complained that the dust of the sea caused her eyes to smart, and had also soiled her clothing. She was laughed at by the other passengers, who insisted that there could be no dust at sea.

"They were mistaken," says Mr. Ballou, who tells the incident in a book of travel. "There is a salt dust which rises from the spray, and impregnates everything, even filling one's mouth with a saline taste."

"While the sun shines this deposit, like the dew on land, is less active and perceptible; but to walk the deck at night is to become covered with a thin coating of salt dust, so fine as to be hardly noticeable, but in time becomes sufficiently crystallized to be obvious to the eye. The dust of the sea is no fable."

"The officer who stands his night-watch on the bridge will testify to this fact, and his cabin steward will tell you that he has often to resort to something more potent than a whisk broom to cleanse clothing which has been exposed to sea dust."—*Youth's Companion.*

## A Little Girl's Religion.

A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well, to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teacher was not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school-laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her." Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.

## Home Hints.

**Peach Tapioca.**—Soak for several hours a cup of tapioca in cold water to cover it; bring slowly to the boiling point, and let it simmer until quite transparent. Pour it over a quart of fresh or canned peaches in a deep pudding dish, and bake. Apples or other fruits may be substituted. Eat with sugar and whipped cream.

**Almond Custard.**—Soak half a box of gelatine in enough cold water to cover it, then dissolve in a pint of rich milk, add two well-beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a teaspoonful of extract of bitter almond, and strain. Add a cup of whipped cream, and beat light; pour into a deep glass dish, and when set stick a few blanched almonds over the top.

The simplicity with which our Lord uttered the profoundest truth, distinguished him from all other teachers. It was said of the orations of Demosthenes that the attention of the hearer was decided between what was said and the labor bestowed in saying it so well. The elaborate finish of Cicero, Burke, and Everett, diverted the mind from the thought to the style. But Christ never labored up an effect with careful logic and rhetoric. "His doctrine drops as the rain, and his speech as the dew."—*Religious Herald.*

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 23.)

No. 103.—Romans xii. 9.

No. 104.—L

V I A

L I O N S

A N T

S

No. 105.—T O M

N E T

N O T

No. 106.—Cod.

No. 107.—John 14: 27.

## The Mystery.—No. 26.

Contributions respectfully solicited.

No. 120.—DIAMOND.

(J. A. Richan, Barrington, N. S.)

A letter; study; a musical instrument; to strike; a letter.

No. 121.—ANAGRAM.

Who, olsa, nhew I ma dol dan ryag-  
elchade, O odg, rfoasek em tno, luntl  
I vash dhwese hyt gshrate tuno rths  
reugnance dna hyt rwoep ot rveyo neo  
hat si ot moec.

"FLORENCE."

Lakeview Queens.

No. 122.—WORD SQUARE.

("Van," Lower Prince William.)

Felt in winter; a spindle; an aquatic animal; view; a number.

No. 123.—HALF SQUARE.

("Greeley," Johnston, Queens.)

A bird; eternal; a pronoun; a letter.

No. 124.—JUMBLE.

("Blue Jay," Johnston, Queens.)

Hnte dasi I ot hte golen htta lkdea  
twhi em, Htwihr od hotes rbae eht  
pohep.

No. 125.—LOGOGRIPH.

(G. N. Brewer, San Francisco, Cal., U. S.)

I am a word of 5 letters. Behead me and I am what the sun gives us; again and I am necessary for existence; again and I am a preposition.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

We shall announce the result of "Van's" competition next week, and the Bible Competition the following week, all being well.

J. A. Richan, Barrington, N. S., has our sincere thanks for the nice puzzles sent us. Send us more and try your skill at solving "The Mystery."

HATTIE GREY, Yar. Centre, Elgin, Ont., should have sent us solutions to all the back instalments of the Prize Bible Competition in order to try for a prize. Also remember to address your letters to C. E. Black, Case Settlement, &amp;c., as above and not to the Editor of the INTELLIGENCER. By so doing you will save trouble, expense and unnecessary delay. 13th instalment correctly solved.

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

ELIZA A. M. MARSHALL, Paradise, N. S., 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th 10th 11th, and 12th instalments.

HELEN S. BRIGGS, Bloomfield, C. Co., 13th instalment.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and 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,

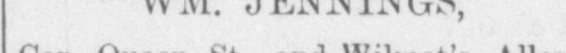
FANCY WORSTEDS

FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,

Fancy Vettings &amp; Trowserings.

WM. JENNINGS,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1888. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1888.

On and after MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.00  
Accommodation..... 11.00  
Express for Sussex..... 16.85  
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22.15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22.15 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..... 5.30  
Express from Sussex..... 8.30  
Accommodation..... 12.55  
Day Express..... 18.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGRR,  
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.  
May 31st, 1888.

## NEW GOODS

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

for the Summer trade has arrived, and to arrive at

LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE

SHOE STORE

The largest stock of BOOTS and SHOES in the city.

A splendid variety to select from, in Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Children's sizes.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

A. LOTTIMER

210 QUEEN STREET.

Fredericton, June 6.

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.

D. M'LEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc

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

J. A. &amp; W. VANWART

BARRISTERS, &amp;c.

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

MENEELY BELL &amp; ANDRY

Furnishings—Bought to the public stores, Carpets, Chandeliers, Sewing Machines, and other goods—also Chinese and Polish

Meneely &amp; Co., West Troy, N. Y.

## NEW GOODS

JAMES R. HOWIE,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I REG to inform my numerous patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well-selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trousers from which I am prepared to make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

My stock of Mens' Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Hard and Soft Hats of English and American make, in all the novelties and staple styles for Spring Wear. White and Regatta Shirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Braces, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and well selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English and American designs.

Ruber Clothing a specialty.

Jas R Howie.

192 Queen St., Fredericton.

June 20.

1888.

## NEW CARPETS

243 ROLLS

IMPORTED DIRECT

From the best-known makers.

All the Novelties of the present season.

All qualities from the cheapest to the best.

CARPETS

Matched and cut to order free.

40 ends and pieces last season carpets will be sold at a great reduction.

Headquarters for CARPETS and all kinds of HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Please examine before placing your spring orders.

JAS. G. McNALLY,

152 &amp; 154 QUEEN ST.

## Burdock