

One Less At Home.
One less at home!
The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missing day by day from its accustomed
place:
Grieved and saved and perfected by
grace,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
The voice of welcome hushed, and ever-
more
The farewell word unspoken on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed
more,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
The sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away our coming to await,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
The light as the earth-born mist the thought
Would rise
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our
eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the
skies—
One more in heaven!

One more at home!
This is not home, where cramped in earthly
mold,
The sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall be-
hold,
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!
The pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
The less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
The more the crown of ransomed souls to
wear,
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and
praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and heaven!

One more at home!
That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eter-
nally
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with thee,
At home in heaven!
—S. G. Stock.

**The young people need just
such reading as is furnished
only in a religious paper. The
"Intelligencer" aims to inter-
est and instruct them. Do
not deprive them of the good
it seeks to do them.**

Toby's Mice.
It was a good many years ago that I
was the youthful telegraph operator in
the night yardmaster's office at the
terminus of one of the great railroads.

Mr. Toby was the night yardmaster's
name, and he had worked for the rail-
road company since he was a little
boy; and once, when he was coupling
some cars, his arm was caught between
the bumpers and crushed so badly
that the doctors had to cut it off.
Then the railroad company made him
night yardmaster, a very responsible
but not very laborious position.

Mr. Toby had been on duty every
night for a great many years when I
came to do his telegraphing for him,
and never was a man more faithful or
more highly esteemed by his associates
than the old one-armed yardmaster.

Mr. Toby was a very kind and ten-
der-hearted man. I remember one
night when some of the men opened a
freight car they found a poor, starved
kitten, which had been locked in at
Baltimore, and had come all the way
through without anything to eat or
drink for ten days and nights. Poor
Tabby! She was terribly poor and
thin, and so weak that she could hard-
ly stand alone; and who was it but
Mr. Toby that walked away home,
about a mile distant and brought a
bottle of milk to feed and warm kitty,
after he had fixed her up a nice bed of
cotton "waste" back of the stove, and
then nursed her back to health day by
day, or rather night by night, and ad-
opted her?

But it was about Mr. Toby's mice I
was going to tell you. Theyardmaster's
office was a not very gorgeous place;
and about all there was in it, besides a
chair, a clock, a stove, and a bulletin
board, was an old table in one corner
where Mr. Toby sat and wrote, or sat
and ate his midnight lunch, or just
sat and did nothing. Away back in a
corner was a little hole on a level with
the table, and there lived three little
mice; and sometimes, after Mr. Toby
had eaten his lunch, they would creep
out cautiously on the top of the table
and gather up the crumbs, and by and
by, after they must have seen what a
kind, gentle man the old yardmaster
was, they would venture out a little
way while he was eating, pick up little
morsels which he would put close to
the hole for them and then scamper
back, until finally the little creatures
became so brave that they would come
out every night and help the old man
eat his lunch, and allow him to handle

them without exhibiting the least
signs of fear.
It was funny to see the three,
bright-eyed little fellows sitting on
the table in a row, waiting patiently
for the man to throw them their share
of the lunch in small installments.

He taught them a number of little
tricks, and named them Shem, Ham
and Japhet, though I never thought
they answered to their names very
readily. It was only when Mr. Toby
was alone that his little pets seemed
very tame; and it was only by our
sitting in a farther corner and keeping
very quiet that he was able to entice
them out for our benefit.

One night I carried up an order
from the train-despatcher to the yard-
master, which read as follows:—

DESPATCHER'S OFFICE, 11.22 P. M.
—Toby Sd. Hold No. 60 for orders.
12 H. G. B.

No. 60 was a through freight which
left at midnight or shortly after, and
the despatcher wished to run a special
as far as he could, and to inform No.
60 at the last moment at what station
to wait until it passed. Mr. Toby
signed the order, and I went back into
my own little office.

The engine had not yet come from
the round-house, the train was not
quite made up, and the conductor's
car was still in the passenger yard,
half a mile away, so the old yardmaster
sat down by the table to wait.

It had been a hard day for him. His
little daughter had been sick; and all
day, when night-workers rest, he had
not closed his eyes in sleep, and the
old man was almost worn out. It was
warm and quiet in the little office.
Only the solemn ticking of the big
regulator on the wall broke the still-
ness. The old man laid his head upon
his arm on the table to rest it a little,
it ached so. He felt so drowsy. He
shook himself and looked at the regu-
lator.

No. 60 would not be ready in thirty
minutes. There was no hurry.
He laid his head on the table again,
and almost in a second he had dropped
asleep.

The solemn regulator ticked off a
minute, ten minutes, twenty minutes;
and still the old yardmaster slumbered
on. The engine from the round-house
clanged noisily by. He must waken
now; but he only stirred uneasily, and
does not rouse.

No. 60 has the right of way; and the
conductor, ready to go promptly on
schedule time, comes up to the plat-
form, sees through the window the
old man's bowed head, smiles good-
naturedly, tucks his train report under
the door, and goes away to his caboose
without disturbing him.

It is 11.58. In two short minutes
the heavy train, if not warned, will
rush away; and a terrible disaster must
certainly ensue. But the old yard-
master does not move.

Suddenly there is an impatient little
squeak in the corner, and tiny Shem
pokes his nervous little nose out of
the hole in the wall. It is supper time,
and their landlord seems to be a little
negligent. Shem and Ham creep
stealthily out upon the table to recon-
noitre. There is not a single crumb
anywhere. It is shameful. Japhet
can just reach the tip of the old man's
ear. Shem and Ham take station
close by his nose and chin, and at a
signal from Japhet they each gave a
quick nip with their sharp little teeth.

The old man moves. Three little
tails fairly snap as they disappear in
the hole at the corner of the table.
The yardmaster raises his head and
yawns. His mind is a little hazy.
What are those freight cars moving
slowly by the window?

He yawns again. There is a piece
of paper under his hand. He picks it
up mechanically—
Hold No. 60—
With a wild shout the old yard-
master seizes his lantern, throws open
the door, and bounds out upon the
platform. The caboose is just drawing
slowly by. He shouts and waves his
lantern frantically. The conductor
sees him. Other lanterns are waved.
There is a shriek from the engine, and
the long train comes to standstill.

"The despatcher has some orders
for you," was all that Mr. Toby said;
and after I had received and delivered
the warning messages, and the train
had gone, I found the old man in his
office alone, crying like a child.

And then he told the story I have
told you; but no one besides Mr. Toby
and myself, excepting, perhaps, Shem,
Ham, and Japhet, ever knew how
near the old yardmaster came to fatal-
ly neglecting his duty.—*Drake's
Magazine.*

CORNS.—For corns put a small
quantity of strong vinegar into a tea-
cup and crumble some bread into it;
let it stand half an hour, then put a little on
a strip of cloth and bind
around the toe, with the poultice
over the corn it can be taken out
the next morning, but if the corn is
an obstinate one it will require two
or three applications to effect a cure.

Paper Bottles.
One of the most interesting of the
many uses to which paper has been
put is the manufacture of paper
bottles.

We have long had paper boxes,
barrels, and car wheels, and more
recently paper pails, wash-basins, and
other vessels; but now comes a
further evolution of paper in the
shape of paper bottles, which are
already quite extensively used for
containing such substances as ink,
blueing, shoe-dressing, glue, etc.,
and they would seem to be equally
well adapted for containing a large
variety of articles.

They are made by rolling glued
sheets of paper into long cylinders,
which are then cut into suitable
lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted
in, the inside coated with a water-
proof compound, and all this done by
machinery almost as quickly as one
can count.

They are cheaper and lighter than
glass, unbreakable, and consequently
very popular with consumers, while
the fact that they require no packing
material, and are clean, handy, and
economical, commends them to manu-
facturers. Unlike glass, they can be
manufactured and shipped at all sea-
sons; and being made by machinery,
the supply is independent of labor
troubles, which are additional advan-
tages to manufacturers who use bottles.

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. 47.)
No. 195.—1. Ex. vi. 3.
2. Numb. xv. 38.
3. 1 Kings xix. 12.
4. Hab. ii. 15.

No. 196.—
1. Montreal. 3. Winnipeg.
2. Halifax. 4. Guelph.

No. 197.—A—bsal—M
A—cel—O
R—uler—S
O—w—E
N—ephew—S
AARON. MOSES.

No. 198.—"Make hay while the
sun shines."

No. 199.—Viol, isle, olio, Leon.

The Mystery—No. 50.

No. 215.—QUERY.

(BY "JESSIE," MIDLAND.)

Which of the minerals is nearest
right?

No. 216.—REVERSIBLE.
(BY "VAN," LOWER PR. WM.)

I am composed of letters five;
The part of speech is adjective;
From either way I spell the same,
Please tell me then what is my
name.

No. 217.—PIED QUOTATION.

(BY B. E. B., SUSSEX.)

How halls read hot foal or least
moaf mih hwo fists dan dknaes hte
lame.

No. 218.—BURIED RIVERS.

(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, STANLEY.)

1. Did you go to the Sea of Azov,
Olga?

2. She is not ill.

3. Have you been to the city,
Nellie?

No. 219.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, STANLEY.)

In hand, not in thumb;

In deaf, not in dumb;

In rod, not in staff;

In oats, not in chaff;

In fun, not in laugh.

My whole is a Bible name.

No. 220.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, STANLEY.)

My whole, consisting of seven letters,
is a bird.

My 1, 6, 7 is to scatter.

My 2, 3, 4, 5 is of a building.

No. 221.—DROP LETTER. (One word.)

(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

E—e—m—s—n—r—

not others go and do likewise? Come,
dear young friends, remember the
Column is YOUR COLUMN. We thank
R. L. G. for the selection for "Our
Band Reciter."

What shall we have in our Y. F.
C. for Christmas? Read the announce-
ment in "Our Literary Circle" below!

Our Literary Circle.

Rules for Essay Competition.

1. All essays must not contain more
than 600 words, on any subject named
by us.
2. Competitors to write legibly, and
on one side of the paper only, giving
name in full on front page of each
contribution. Each competitor must
send his or her age and must have with
each competition a guarantee that the
work is original and was written and
composed by the sender. The essay to be
received within two weeks from this.
3. A handsome prize will be given
for the best essay on each subject
named.
4. The puzzle editor's decision to be
final.

1. Subject:—CHRISTMAS.
We will also give a handsome prize
to the one who sends us the best helps
and suggestions for the Xmas and
New Year holiday numbers. Write
at once!

A VOTING CONTEST.

Vote everybody! First write your
name and address at the top (one of
the narrow ends) of a postal card;
then state your answers to the ques-
tions given below, numbering them to
correspond with the questions. Mail
the postal to the puzzle editor within
one week from the time you receive
this number of the INTELLIGENCER.
Only one person may vote on one
postal card. Here are the questions
upon which your opinion is requested:

1. What is the most useful metal?
2. What liquid could we best dis-
pense with?
3. From what tree do we derive the
most benefit?
4. What animal when killed, fur-
nishes the largest number of useful
products.
5. Do you wish the Young Folks'
Column continued?
A nice prize, suitable for the holi-
days, will be sent to the first perfect
list of answers received. The "per-
fect list" will be determined by a
plurality of the ballots upon each
question. For instance, if a plurality
of voters shall answer the first question
"gold," that result will make gold the
answer to that question, etc.: After
the ballots have all been received and
the result of the voting on each ques-
tion ascertained, that result will con-
stitute the "perfect list." All ans-
wers will be dated as received.

BAND OF KINDNESS.

We have not room to give the
pledge again in this issue, but may in
some future issue.

OUR BIG BOOK.

The following names have been re-
ceived from Williamsburg, Stanley,
for "Our Big Book," through R.
Lizzie Gallagher:

14. John A. Clarkson, aged 7.
15. Willie H. Peacock, aged 13.
16. Joseph L. Gallagher, aged 10.
17. James W. Clarkson, aged 12.
18. Celia M. Dorcas, aged 11.
19. Gertie V. Gilmore, aged 16.
20. Lizzie A. Dorcas, aged 15.
21. Mary Yates, aged 8.
22. Ida Yates, (mark) aged 6.
23. Winnie I. Gilmore, (mark)
aged 6.
24. Beckie Kerr, aged 15.
25. Clara A. Clarkson, aged 8.
26. Addie Gallagher (mark) aged 7.
27. Maggie Clarkson, aged 16.
28. Joanna Gilmore, aged 12.

OUR BAND RECITER.

ROBIN'S SONG.

(FROM R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, STANLEY,
YORK CO.)

I have a secret I would like
To little girls to know;
But I won't tell a single boy—
They rob the poor birds so.
There are four pretty little nests,
We watch them with great care;
Full twenty eggs are in the tree—
Don't tell the boys they're there.

Joe Thompson robbed the nest last
year.

The year before, Tom Brown;
I tell it loud as I can sing;
To every one in town,
Swallows and sparrows, lark and
thrush.
Will tell you just the same;
To make us all so sorrowful
It is a wicked shame.

Oh, did you hear the concert
This morning from our tree?
We give it every morning
Just as the clock strikes three.
We praise our great Creator,
Whose holy love we share;
Dear children, learn to praise him too,
For all his tender care.

M. McLEOD,
MANUFACTURER

—AND—
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

No. 36 Dock Street.

McLeod's Absolutely Pure Flavoring
Extracts;
Extracts Jamaica Ginger,
Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summer
Complaint, Cholera, etc.;
McLeod's Quinine Wine;
Tonic Cough Cure;
Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc.

McLeod's True Fruit Syrups.

Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color-
ing or other foreign ingredients.

Strawberry, Raspberry,
Lemon, Lime Juice,
Special Blend and Imperial.

IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend
are my own specialties which I can highly
recommend—being of combinations of the
flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics
with that of our own Matchless Straw-
berry.

Ask your dealer for McLeod's
Brands of
EXTRACTS AND SYRUPS.

NOW IN STOCK

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WM. JENNING'S,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Wide Wale Worsted Over-
coatings

In a great variety of patterns, also a
fine selection of fashionable

TROUSERS & SUITINGS,

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**LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE
SHOE STORE.**

Ladies Fine American Rubbers.
Misses and Children's American Rub-
bers for Spring Heel Boots.
Ladies Jersey Lily Oxford Tie Shoes.
Ladies American Oxford Tie Shoes.
Ladies Oil Pebble Lace Boots.
Ladies Oil Goat Button Boots.
Ladies French Kid Button Boots.
Gents Kid Elastic Side Boots.
Gents Calf Elastic Side Boots.
Gents Cowhide Long Boots.
Gents Kip Long Boots.
Boys Long Boots.
Child's Long Boots.
Gilt Edge Dressing in Barrels.
Velvet Oil, for oiling and blacking
Ladies Boots.

Don't forget to buy your out-
fits and Shoes at

LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE,

210 Queen Street.

Antigonish Heard from.

APTON, ANTIGONISH CO.,
October 11th, 1888.

Messrs. C. Gates, Son & Co.:
DEAR SIRS,—I feel it my duty to make
known to the world the wonderful things
that your medicine has done for me. For
fifteen years I was a great sufferer from
indigestion and dyspepsia and though dur-
ing that time I employed a physician and
tried many kinds of medicine I found
nothing that gave me more than temporary
relief. I became reduced to almost a
skeleton and thought that death must soon
intervene and put an end to my sufferings.
A deathly weakness would often seize me.
By the advice of a friend I was induced to
try your

Life of Man Bitters and Invigor-
ating Syrup.

It built me right up and after taking five
bottles I felt sufficient for my work and
have remained so ever since—a period of
six years. I thank God that your medicine
has been the means of restoring my health.
It has done more for me than all the rest
put together. No tongue can tell its real
worth. I would recommend it to all the
sick and afflicted.

Yours very truly
JOHN J. TAYLOR.

DR. FOWLER'S

•EXT. OF•
•WILD•

STRAWBERRY

CURES

CHOLERA

cholera Morbus

COLIC and

CRAMPS

DARRHCEA

DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

Iron. Iron.

JUST RECEIVED;
ONE car load—ten tons bar and bun-
dle iron—well assorted.

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Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Accounts collected and Loans negotiated
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Established in 1820, the public since
1822 a bell, chandelier, and Fire Arms
and other bells also Chimes and Pans
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NEW GOODS

—O—

JAMES R. HOWIE,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I BEG 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
Trouserings from which I am prepared to
make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according
to the latest New York Spring and Sum-
mer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire
satisfaction.
PRICES MODERATE.

Jas R Howie.