

Permission to go Home.

Bess went to church one sultry day;
She kept awake I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" bent his way.

Then the moments into hours grew;
Oh, dear! oh, dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew.

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome,
"Please, preacher man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound;
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile, the pastor's face o'erspread—
He paused, and bent his stately head:
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

Corporal Dick.

In June, 1863, while the Confederate army was marching into Pennsylvania, one of its chaplains, received a letter from a lady living in South Carolina, who had known him when a small boy. It was a letter of a mother, anxious about the religious welfare of her only son, the chaplain's former playmate, then a corporal in a regiment of Rhode's brigade, in the army of Northern Virginia. She entreated the chaplain to look up her boy, who was known as "Corporal Dick," and, renewing the friendship of youthful days, talk frankly with him on personal religion.

Corporal Dick, the chaplain learned, was a great favorite in the regiment, the life of the squad which gathered at night about the camp-fire, and the most reckless of those who charged a battery, or mounted a breastwork. His comrades looked to him to cheer them with his contagious laugh, or to stimulate them in battle with his resounding yell. But Corporal Dick had fallen into bad habits and his mother knew it. Her letter expressed her great fear lest he should suddenly be shot down, an impenitent sinner.

It was not until after Gettysburg that the chaplain found the opportunity, which he had anxiously sought, of seeing Corporal Dick. During the retreat through the Shenandoah Valley, as the chaplain, at dusk, was riding up the road, he found himself near Rhode's brigade, inquired his way to the regiment to which Corporal Dick belonged, and speedily found his friend. Though the two men had not met for ten years, yet each greeted the other as an old comrade. They walked away from the camp-fire, and after talking over their boyhood days, and the incidents of the recent battle, the chaplain told the corporal of the anxious letter he had received from his mother.

"Dick," said he, putting his hands on the corporal's shoulders, "don't you think you ought to become a Christian?"

"I think I have become one, George," answered the corporal with intense feeling.

Then he told the chaplain of the wicked life he had led in the army, and of his shame and pain, when he recalled his mother's prayers and warning words. A few nights before he had attended a soldier's prayer-meeting, and then and there he became a Christian soldier. Drawing from his breast the Bible his mother had given him, he said: "I seldom looked into it until after Gettysburg, but now I read it every day and it helps me to live as a Christian."

The two friends knelt in prayer and then parted, hoping to meet again in a few days. But it was not long before the friends again met. A battle had begun, and the chaplain's regiment was ordered up. As it came under fire, the chaplain noticed a wounded man, whom comrades were propping up against a tree. Turning aside to see if he could aid the poor fellow, he recognized his friend. It was Corporal Dick, terribly torn by a piece of a shell. Seeing that his friend would in a few minutes be dead, the chaplain said, "Dick, my old friend, what can I do for you?"

"George, take my Bible from my blanket," whispered the dying corporal.

The blanket was unrolled, and the Bible given him by his mother was placed in his hands.

"George," said this book back to mother. Tell her I found these verses I mark a comfort to me in my last moments. Tell her I marked them with my blood."

Opening the Bible, the corporal turned to passage after passage and stamped them with his bloody finger, amid the roar of the battle. The chaplain administered no consolation; he was silent before this testimony of the gospel's power. When that Bible with its bloody finger-prints, was given into the hands of the mother, she, sorrowing for the bereavement, thanked God who had heard a mother's prayers.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Boy As An Escort.

It is a good plan for mother and sister to depend, as it were, on the boy as an escort. Let him help her in and out of the car. Let him have his little purse and pay her fare. Let him carry some of the bundles. He will be delighted to do these things, and feel proud that she can depend on him. A boy likes to be thought manly, and in no better way can he show his manliness than by taking his father's place as escort of mother or sister. Teach him to lift his hat when meeting a woman with whom he or his family are acquainted, without regard to race, color or position, for a true gentleman will lift his hat as readily to the woman at the fruit stand with whom he has a speaking acquaintance as he will to the highest in the land. He cares not for her position; it is enough for him that she is a woman; teach him also to lift his hat when passing a gentleman acquaintance with whom there is a lady, although the latter be a stranger to him.

All parents and members of the family are proud of a courteous boy, and there is no reason why any boy cannot become one if proper attention is paid to his training. If his mind is turned into this channel when young, there will be a great deal he will learn of his own accord by observation.—*Boston Budget.*

Ways To Save Minutes And Steps.

Have a shelf above the pastry table, on which keep in covered and labelled boxes salt, corn starch, baking-powder, and spices of all kinds; also grater, sifter, egg-beater, flour-dredge, and spoons of various sizes. It is well to give place to recipe books, and tissue paper for lining cake pans, as all these things within arm's length of the worker will save numberless steps during a morning's baking.

Have a chair ready to drop into while beating eggs and preparing vegetables; it will be a great saving of strength, and a paper or magazine to fill up the leisure moments while watching the baking and boiling will refresh the mind as well, for kitchens are weary places. Have a large Japan waiter on which to carry things between cellar, ice-box, and table, so making one trip do the work of several.

Have plenty of closet room, so that a dozen articles will not have to be removed to find one.

Have a broom, brush and dust-pan for every floor in the house, and do not run with one set from basement to attic.

Have wire lines for clothes, thus saving putting up and taking down long lines of rope every wash day.

Have a sewing room or some nook or corner furnished with a table and all materials for work, and which will not have to be cleared up every night during a busy season of sewing.

Finally, a little forethought and planning will save many minutes and steps.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.—THE BEGINNING.—A schoolboy ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under a beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks me for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why I can get it back again." He never gave back the money.

THE ENDING.—Ten years went by: he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in a drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—*School Journal.*

GOOD RULES FOR WINTER.—Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind, never sit in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment, it is dangerous to health or even life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.—*Sanitarium.*

Home Hints.

MUFFINS.—One cup of milk, three eggs, small piece of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt. Bake in muffin rings.

DOUGHNUTS.—One egg, one cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls melted lard, one-half cup thick milk, same of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, mix soft.

COOKIES.—Two heaping cups of sugar, one half cup of lard, one cup of buttermilk; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda and two of baking powder in the buttermilk, flavor with lemon, flour enough to roll easy.

HAM CROQUETTES.—Chop the ham very fine and season with pepper and mustard. With a little flour in hand, make up small balls and dip in beaten eggs, roll in crumbs of bread or cracker, and fry to a light brown in hot lard.

A SHORT STORY.—Dr. Guthrie once told the following story: "One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?' His answer was 'Paul was born at Tarsus and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion; after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"

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. 1.)

- No. 1.—1. Chron. 16:42;
2. 1 Sam. 26:20;
3. Judges 14:14;
4. Num. 22:28-30;
5. Lev. 10:9;
6. 1 Chron. 15:11.

- No. 2.—1. Henry Hudson.
2. Gen. Jas. Wolfe.
3. John Smith.
4. Benjamin Franklin.

The Mystery—No. 4.

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

- No. 12.—ANAGRAM.—One Word.
U. Mira's Indian valet.

No. 13.—PUZZLE.

I'm a word of four letters,
And help you to stand alone;
Now cut off my head
And you leave only one.

No. 14.—REBUS.

Sofo-doing.
T how shalt coals
coals coals of fire
HIS HEAD.

- No. 15.—PIED PROVERB.
Netnoot thioe thopaf hte dickwe,
gonda nnoit hwetya fo vileenn.

The Mystical Circle.

At this writing we have not one prize competitor's name to record. We hope the MS. copies will come flocking in a mail or two hence. See issue of Jan. 11th! In case of a tie the successful one will be determined by drawing, or otherwise; or the Puzzle Editor may give another prize. The prizes offered are well worth working for. Come, dear young friends!—UNCLE NED.

Our Literary Circle.

ESSAYS.

The time for receiving essays, for our second offer expired on the 18th

inst. Up to this writing, Jan. 15th, we have not received one response to No. 3. Nellie Morrison, Sussex, is the prize-winner in our 2nd subject—"Home." She will please acknowledge the receipt of prize. See past numbers for rules, etc.

7TH SUBJECT—Observation.

HOME.

BY NELLIE MORRISON, AGED 15, SUSSEX, KINGS.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there is no place like home."

Who ever sang or heard sung the above without emotion? How the heart of the writer must have longed for his home, when poor and friendless, he composed it. We all know the meaning of the beautiful word. North and South, East and West, it is known and loved. The Esquimaux as he bounds over the frozen snow, drawn by his swift reindeer, thinks of his snow-built hut with a warm glow of love. The red man of the south, on his fierce raid, thinks, with a half smothered sigh of regret, of his lonely wigwam and his anxious squaw, waiting to receive him. But to us, to whom the arts of civilization are known, how much deeper are its joys. Though perhaps in our own New Brunswick, its joys are more truly realized than elsewhere. Where can you find so many happy homes as here, especially at this, another anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of mankind? How his heart must have yearned for his glorious home, when he said, "The birds of the air have nests, and the foxes have holes; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." And now let me close by repeating that beautiful motto seen in so many houses: "God bless our home."

Question Department.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.
Q. What are the seven wonders of the world?—*Student, Kings.*

Ans. The seven wonders of the ancient world were: 1. The Pyramids of Egypt; 2. The hanging gardens of Semiramis at Babylon; 3. The tomb of Mausolus (the Mausoleum); 4. The temple of Diana at Ephesus; 5. The Colossus of Rhodes; 6. The statue of Jupiter at Athens by Phidias; and 7. Either the Pharos of Egypt or the palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.

The seven wonders of the Middle Ages were: 1. The Coliseum of Rome; 2. The Catacombs of Alexandria; 3. The great wall of China; 4. Stonehenge; 5. The leaning tower of Pisa; 6. The porcelain tower of Nan-kin; and 7. The Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

ABSTAIN FROM ALL

APPEARANCE

OF EVIL.—1 Thess. v. 22.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but no solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles."—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by a distressing cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



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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.

I was given up by the Doctors
but am nearly Cured by

GATES' MEDICINE.

SPRINGFIELD, MINN., August 3rd, 1881.

MESSRS. C. GATES' SON & CO.:—

Your preparations given to the public as a cure for Asthma, and Consumption may be considered reliable in my experience. My neighbors can also say the same of me. They had no hope whatever, and advised my wife to spend no more money on me, thinking it was no use, as I had been given up by the doctors; but I thought I would try your medicine, and consider it is by their use only that I am living and maintaining my family by my own work. The doctors advised me not to take it, because, they said, when the cough stopped I would not live 24 hours; but I am alive, thanks to GATES' MEDICINE, and am doing better than I have been for a great many years.

KENNETH MCGILNARY.
The above statement was sworn to as correct in every particular, by the above named Kenneth McGilnary, before me, at Spring Hill, this 4th day of August, 1881.
R. DRUMMOND, J. P.

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JUST RECEIVED—6 Hay Cutters—Raw hide rollers. Four, five and six knives. Just the article required. For sale low by

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