

Cracked.

"Twas a set of resolutions,
As fine as fine could be,
And signed in painstaking fashion,
By Nettie and Joe and Bee.
And last in the list was written,
In letters broad and dark
(To look as grand as the others),
"Miss B by Grace X her mark!"

"We'll try all ways to help our mother;
We won't be selfish to one another;
We'll speak kind words to every one;
We won't tie pussy's feet for fun;
We won't be cross and snarly, too;
And all the good we can we'll do."

"It's just as easy to keep them."
The children gaily cried:
But mamma, with a smile, made answer,
"Wait, darlings, till you are tried."
And truly, the glad, bright New Year
Wasn't his birthday old,
When three little sorrowful faces
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are your resolutions?"
We asked of the baby, Grace,
Who stood with a smile of wonder
On her dear little dimpled face;
Quick came the merry answer
She never an instant lacked,
"I don't think much of 'em's broken,
But I guess 'em's 'bout all cracked!"

How it Began.

Glass number one, only in fun.
Glass number two, other boys do.
Glass number three, it won't hurt me.
Glass number four, only one more.
Glass number five, before a drive.
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.
Glass number eight, stars in his pate.
Glass number nine, whiskey, not wine.
Glass number ten, drinking again?
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty?
Drinking with boys, drowning his joys.
Drinking with men, just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife,
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked.
Losing his friends, thus it all ends.
Glass number one, taken in fun.
Ruined his life, brought on strife.
Blighted his youth, sullied his truth.
In a few years, brought many tears.
Gave only pain, stole all his gain.
Made him at last friendless, outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not be in early in sin;
Grow up a man, brave as you can.
Taste not in fun glass number one.
—Selected.

"His Father's Reference."

BY HELEN PEARSONS BARNARD.

One morning Mr. Dobbs, before
opening his paper, said to his clerk:
"We must get a boy to-day James.
Better put a card in the front window.
Let me see it first."

So James, who was a fine penman,
wrote, with elegant flourishes:
"A BOY WANTED IN THIS OFFICE.
INQUIRE WITHIN."

This he brought to Mr. Dobbs, who
scowled at the pasteboard, then dipped
an enormous quill pen into the ink,
and drew a black line across all
but "boy" and "wanted."
"Two words are enough, James;
and we're not advertising a writing
school write plainly, so a child can
read it. And, James, I want you to
talk with them. You know what I
need—a tidy, intelligent, honest,
prompt boy. Sift him, James, see
that he's made of the right stuff; take
his name and references."

"Yes, sir; but how shall I know
which will suit you?" asked James,
timidly.

"I'll tell you, for I shall sit right
here. Yes, that'll do," as James
turned the card over and wrote the
two words in a round, plain hand.
"That'll bring one, I guess."

"One"—it brought thirty-seven
before dinner! The sign hadn't been
up fifteen minutes before they began
to come—tall and short, lean and fat,
neatly dressed and ragged, bright-eyed
and dull, and one feeble old man
ventured in, to ask if he wouldn't do.
"We advertised for a boy!" said
James.

"I know I'm a feeble old," replied
the aged applicant; "but I've got
more experience and judgment than a
whole parcel of boys."

He was quite angry when James
would not consider him a candidate,
vindictively requiring, "What's that
old chap in the corner for, then? He's
as much as ten year older'n I be."

The "old chap" was Mr. Dobbs, who
sat near the door among the boys. As
his attire was almost as shabby, it
being one of his eccentricities, he
might indeed have been taken for an
applicant. While he appeared to be
reading a paper, nothing escaped his
quick ears, and his keen glance noted
every detail of each new-comer. The
boys were so intent upon securing the
place that they scarcely noticed him,
and never saw the inquiring glance
that James sent that way after putting
each through nearly the same catechism.
Although each boy was anxious
to get the situation, it was evident that
it was not to learn the business, but
for the sake of the pay. "How much
vacation do you give?" "Can I have
Saturday afternoon off?" "Do you
want your store swept every day?"
were questions occurring so often that

they annoyed the old gentleman. At
length, when a tall, lazy-looking fel-
low, without references, drew out,
"Would there be any chance of having
my pay raised?" Mr. Dobbs forgot
his wish to be unknown, and thundered
out, "No! not till you've earned
it!"

Although it was a bitter day in
winter, and the office door opened
upon the street, most of the boys left
it wide open. The frequent blasts of
wind upon Mr. Dobbs' limbs did not
improve his temper. After sneezing
several times, he put on his hat, and
wore it all the forenoon, scowling
from under its brim at the applicants.
These joked about him and each
other, and the office stove that Mr.
Dobbs had used for forty years.

"That came over in the ark," re-
marked one.

"I wouldn't work here anyway,"
said another, "I'm used to steam. If
I couldn't afford anything better than
an old shoe-maker's stove, I'd go with-
out."

A tall, lank fellow had a handful
of beans, purloined from a grocery store
where he had lately applied. These
he snapped at the rest of the boys
when James was not looking. Mr.
Dobbs grew more and more disgusted
and James momentarily expected an
explosion. Presently the door opened,
admitting a slight lad of about twelve
years. Mr. Dobbs was just going to
roar out, "Shut that door!" but it was
quietly closed with one hand, while
with the other he politely removed
his cap. His shoes were blacked, his
hair was brushed, his nails were trim-
med, and his patched clothes exquisi-
tely neat. Seeing that James was
busy, he sat down apart from the
others. Just then an elderly man
came in. The lad rose and gave him
his chair. When an opportunity
came, he went forward, and taking it
for granted that all knew what he was
there for, said, "Please, sir, would you
try me?"

"You're rather small, my boy,"
said James.

"I'm small, but I come from tough
stock," he replied, in a brisk, business-
like way. "Perhaps you knew my
father; he worked at Smith's below
here for fifteen years. He died a few
weeks ago of pneumonia. Everybody
in this square knew him."

"You ought to be in school," said
James.

"I bide good-by to school after
father died. I saw my mother worry-
ing, I told her not to—I'd strike
something in a day or two. I was
down this way to call on the old firm
that father worked for, and seeing
your card thought I'd step in."

"Got a reference?"

"No sir. I never worked for any-
body; but father always referred to
Smith Brothers, and I can do the
same—they know me. Smith Brothers
would have recommended my father
if he'd been going away; I think they'd
recommend me, for I'm his son, and
everybody says I'm like him."

"We never take any boy without a
reference," said James, slowly, with
an inquiring look toward the old
gentleman, who was nodding so vigor-
ously that the brim of his shining
hat slid down to his nose.

"Try him, James," he said decid-
edly. "His father's reference will do,"
adding, after a startling sneeze, "he's
the only boy that I didn't have to ask
to shut the door—there's been no less
than thirty-six gusts of wind on my
head."

This reply startled several fingers;
the lank bean-snapper observed that
he "wished he'd known that old
sheep was the boss." Mr. Dobbs did
not regret his decision in the weeks
that followed, for the boy proved all
he had expected. —Congregationalist.

The Baby in The Horse Car.

"I was coming down-town," says a
contributor to the *Catholic Examiner*,
"on a horse-car the other day. The
car was in itself an instrument of tor-
ture. It was old, worn-out and noisy.
As it swung around corners and over
switches it moaned as if in anguish.
The passengers were not happy. The
conductor was even more reserved and
dignified than the average conductor.
Three ladies had got on sat down, and
after the conductor had rung up their
fares they found they were in the
wrong car and got off, leaving the con-
ductor fifteen cents behind his register
and correspondingly unhappy."

"Then in going through the car he
stepped on the pet corn of a fat and
unwieldy gentleman, who protested so
vigorously that three elderly ladies on the other side of the
car were shocked."

"Then a vinegary-visaged lady got
on. It was certain from her appear-
ance that her opinion of mankind was
not flattering. She looked unhappy,
and the wave of gloom in which that
car was encircled rose several inches
when she entered. Then a solemn-
looking gentleman boarded the car,

and the driver winked expressively at
the young man who stood beside him
on the front platform, took the brake
off suddenly, and the solemn mans at
down energetically in the lap of the
lady with the vinegary visage. This
simply aggravated the unhappy con-
dition of my fellow-passengers. An
organized and stalwart scowl rested
supreme on the whole car.

"A few blocks farther on a smiling
young woman, carrying a plump,
blue-eyed baby, entered the car. The
baby seemed to grasp the situation at
a glance, and immediately started in to
straighten matters out. He began
with the vinegary lady, who sat beside
his mother. He placed one chubby
hand confidently on her shoulder and
addressed her briefly but pointedly in a
tongue with which I am not familiar.
Then he clinched the effort with a
smile that even the vinegary lady
could not withstand, and she melted.
I would never have believed that she
could look as amiable as she did after
the baby had closed its attack upon her.

"After that the baby turned his
attention to the other passengers. He
cooed and smiled at the fat man, and
the fat man forgot his corn and his
unhappiness; he shook his chubby fist
at the solemn man, and that gentle-
man became cheerful; then he made a
dash for the conductor's bright buttons,
and that official so far forgot his dignity
as to pinch the baby's fat cheek."

"From that time forward the baby
reigned supreme in the car. When I
left it at the City Hall he was jumping
and crowing in his mother's arms, and
the occupants of the car were an ab-
surdly happy and admiring group." —
Babyhood.

A Trick With Figures.

The following mathematical trick,
from *La Nature*, although not new,
may be revived for the benefit of those
who are not acquainted with it. It
never fails to mystify those who do not
understand it.

Tell a person to select any number
of figures, and without letting you see
them, to write them down and then
place under them the same figures in
reverse order. Thus for example:
943518
815349

This done, ask him to add the two
numbers, and to give you the sum,
less any figure which he may choose
to reject, and the space occupied by
which must be left blank or shown by
a hyphen. For example, 17588 7.

Putting on an inspired air, you now
assert that the figure omitted is 6. If
you prefer, you can let the person sub-
tract one number from the other, and
then tell him the omitted figure with
the same ease.

The trick is simple, and the explana-
tion of it can be understood by any
boy who has studied arithmetic. The
sum of a number and the same number
reversed is a multiple of 11, and their
difference is a multiple of 9. Now, in
multiples of 11, the sum of the even
figures is equal to that of the odd ones.
Applying this rule to our example,
17588-7, and representing the un-
known figure by x, we have $xx8x7 = 1x7x5x8 - 21$. A simple mental
calculation gives $x=6$. Where the num-
ber of figures in the product is an even
one the sum of the first three will
equal the sum of the last two or three,
and so on.

Proceeding with the difference,
which is a multiple of 9, the sum of
the figures must itself be a multiple of
9. Taking our example, 1-8169, and
adding the figures, we obtain 25, but
as this is not a multiple of 9, we have
to add 2 to obtain the multiple, and
thus was the figure rejected.

Home Hints.

Cold in the head is not only annoy-
ing but likely to develop into catarrh.
One teaspoonful of mustard dissolved
in a tumblerful of cold water and used
as a gargle three times a day will often
effect a speedy cure. In more obstinate
cases equal parts of loaf sugar and
pulverized alum as a snuff will give
instant relief.

A small vessel full of quicklime
placed near a book-case will preserve
books from the evil effects of damp
better than a blazing fire. This is
worth being borne in mind by all who
have the care of the books. The lime
must be changed every few days, as it
quickly becomes slaked and ceases to
absorb moisture.

Sprains are among the most severe
accidents to which we are liable.
When a joint is sprained, swelling
comes on gradually. In dislocation
the swelling and loss of motion of the
joint happens immediately after the
accident. A sprained limb should be
kept perfectly quiet. To prevent in-
flammation, use poultices of worm-
wood, hops, or tansy.

The "MAUD S." CONDITION POW-
DER is far in advance of its rivals,
as Mr. Vandebilt's celebrated mare
is ahead of her rivals in the estimation
of the public.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 26.)

No. 120.—o
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No. 121.—"Now, also, when I am
old and grey headed, O God, forsake
me not, until I have showed they
strength unto this generation and thy
power to every one that is to come."

No. 122.—FROST
RATCH
OTTER
SCENE
THREE

No. 123.—HAWK
AYE
WE
K

No. 124.—Zechariah 5:10.

No. 125.—Wheat, heat, eat, at.

The Mystery—No. 29.

N. B.—We invite correspondence
from all the readers of the INTELLI-
GENCER, and especially from the young
folk. Puzzles, solutions, hints or
helps in any form are always welcome.
Address all communications as found
at the head of this Column. Dear
young friends assist us!

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again!

PRIZE PUZZLES.

This week we publish the batch of
puzzles contributed by "Van," Lower
Prince William, York, which received
the prize offered by Uncle Ned in the
"Van" competition.

1.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 16, 2, 7, 4, 6, 12 is an island in
Polynesia.

My 18, 14, 12, 8, 11, 19, 13, 9 is a
river in Europe.

My 15, 12, 5, 1 is a country in Asia.
My 17, 4, 3, 10 is a river in Ireland.
My whole is a town in Europe.

2.—CHARADE.

In walking over a farmer's lot
One pleasant day in May
I saw my first so very green—
It looked so nice that day.

In turning round to view the scene
I struck my foot and fell,
And finding out what caused it all
My second did it well.

Now take my first and second too
And form into one word,
And you will have an inventor's name
Of which you've often heard.

3.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In grove, but not in lawn;
In deer, but not in fawn;
In chair, but not in stool;
In bay, but not in pool;
In three, but not in four;
In learning, but not in lore;
In day, but not in hour;
My whole is a beautiful flower.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

One of the signs of the Zodiac;
decease; language; the lower deck of a
ship; an act of seizing; nimble; an
European river; an African animal.
My initials and initials name two of
the offices fulfilled by Christ.

5.—DIAMOND.

A vowel; a very common adjective;
a profession; a king of Judah; a
special proclamation of command; to
devour; a consonant.

Our Letter Box.

CASE SETTLEMENT, N. B.
July 9th, 1888.

DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—The
beautiful summer season has dawned
upon us, and with it has come the
long-looked-for holiday season. We
wish you a pleasant and merry time,
and trust that you will not forget the
"Young Folks' Column" nor its
Editor. True we do not expect you
to work so heartily during your vaca-
tion, but trust you will return to the
work with greater zeal. Uncle shall
endeavor to carry on the work through
the holiday season although he may be
from home quite often. After vaca-
tion we shall strive to open up some
new features and awaken a greater in-
terest. During your sojourning try
to glean some points of interest and
helps for the "Column."—Send us
papers, magazines, etc., containing
puzzle departments conducted by
others. Wishing you a right hearty
good time, I remain,
Yours lovingly,
UNCLE NED.



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1888 1888

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

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Accommodation	11.00
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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 at-
tached to the Quebec express, and on
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleep-
ing Car will be attached at Moncton.

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Express from Halifax & Quebec	5.30
Express from Sussex	8.30
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All trains are run by Eastern Stand-
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D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
May 31st, 1888

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Fredericton, June 6.

John Harvey,

PHOTOGRAPHER

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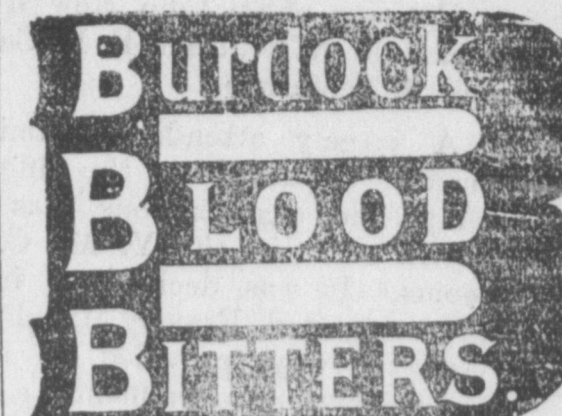
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June 20.



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