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The New Year.

The frosty night wind hurries on The strangers' lagging feet, And, for a moment, in the hush The Old and New Year meet; And one goes back to God again, And one stays on for joy or pain.

And he who stays looks for thy face And finds thee in the night, And with swift arms encircles thee, And claims thee his by right; And no one else can come as near To thee as he, the Strarger Yer.

He will abide his time with thee-His own till death do part; Therefore receive him tenderly And take him to thy heart, Not grudgingly, as one who must, Eut generously with love and trust.

Be not afraid to give thyself Into our guiding hands, For he will lead through day or dark, To rough or pleasant lands, And he will give thee aght or rest, The shine or shade as shall be best.

Respond to every word of his With faith that does not fear; Another speaks to thee through him. For God is in the Year; Oh. love him, for he comes to bless Thy life with good and happiness. Marianne Farmingham.

Why Bert Wasn't Whipped. A NEW YEARS' STORY.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD. "Can I go now?" asked little Bert, of a figure at the washtub.

"Not till ye fetch me wash water." "I'll be late to school, 'n' get a licking," objected Bert, with a distressed face. But it had no effect upon the figure at the tub, for it did not turn, and its harsh voice said:

"Do ye good, warm ye up this cold

Which was not very sympathetic, and from a mother, too. But Bert's had a hard time, and often spoke to her little ones as if they were to blame. Bert brought the water, then set out for school. It was a bitter day in December, the frost stung him before he had gone the length of the street, but something besides that made the tears fall over his cheeks. It was the expected whipping. His teacher, Amanda Sprague, never spared the rod-no danger of any of her children spoiling for that. She had a hard set to deal with at "The Corners"; no one had competed for her place in all the fifteen years she had reigned there. So her tall, spare form, with its set face, had become to the minds of the youth in that quarter the very embodiment of discipline. Bert feared her more than anybody else in the wide world. If she glanced at him in school he colored to the roots of his sandy hair, and looked guilty of any infantile crime. Bert had a vivid imagination. Now, as he ran, he saw with his mind's eye, Amanda turning her face as he timidly opened the school-room door, and heard her sug-

gestive inquiry: "Bert Goodwin, what did I promise you if you were tardy again ?"

The prospect was not very inviting, or stimulating to the intellect; on the contrary, the child was half paralyzed with terror, besides being numb with cold, as he reached the temple of learning. In the entry was Tim Craik, a queer, funny elf, whom even Miss Sprague could not subdue. He had come out on some errand. As the little boy timidly deposited his cap, his tearful condition elicited the ele gant inquiry from Tun:

"Say, bub, what's eating you?" "I'm late again, "n' she promised me

a licking." Tim's eyes gleamed.

"Too bad! but you'll miss it this

morning. We've got a new teacher. Bert struck an attitude. "Miss 'Mandy gone?"

"No, she ain't. She's there, tall's ever, 'n' there aint nobody else; but we've got a new teacher all the same. "Aw, get out?" returned Bert; "yer stuffing on me!"

"Go on in, and see for yourself, said Tim.

Bert summoned courage and entered the school-room. Miss Amanda was there as usual, in the straightbacked chair on the platform. The little boy shook in his shoes as her keen eyes were turned upon him and the familiar voice called him to her. He thought surely that promise was to be inflicted, but, instead, she took his benumbed fingers in her own and

warmed them gently. "Why are you tardy, my boy!" she asked, kindly.

"Ma'am?" gasped Bert, too amazed for other reply, his great eyes lifted wonderingly to her face. The child's quick instincts read a different look there, one of the kindly interest. Truly, as Tim said, they had "a new

pupils into the entry, and saw that be found repairing some damaged never do?

their outer garments were fastened article or devising a new implement. securely before they went out into the | His father was poor, the farm was cold. The unmittened hands she small, and could only be enlarged by gladness? wrapped with bits of woollen tied on clearing up the primeval forest. The with soft strong yarn. Then she pro- boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, tected several tender faces with old but his services were so necessary to veils. Never had the children of that his father that he could not be spared a scroll? poor district gone home so comfortable to attend the winter term of the comand happy. There were many com- mon school.

day." about among the scholars, that Miss | course, the father granted the wish.

could scarcely have told how the an unseen influence, and shown how

as to teach from books. "If I had only begun earlier," Miss | family. Sprague often said, mourning over lost me now."

kindly advances with affectionate trust, lad of seventeen had done. Wherevery were uninviting, actually cried because | mand as a master-carpenter. into "a secret,"--some of Miss | Evangelical Messenger. Sprague's most fervent admirers planned to surprise her New Years' eve.

"Wot with?" inquired Tom Craik, mawble clock wot strikes like a church tower every half hour, or somewhat in the fool'ry line? I seed a big breastay out big, seeing as how she's wore herself out a licking of it so many

The girls united in a chorus of, 'For shame, Tim Craik! She's awful good to us now. You needn'thave nothing to do with this."

secret sessions of the originators, and when it was decided-pennies being scarce—that each should give something that he or she had in the house, he laid awake nights racking his brain | up for "teacher's present." At these times, when his friends could not see, Tim's merry face wore a look of

"Mighty poor picking here," he muttered. "There ain't nothing except"-than his eye would linger upon a rusty old rat-trap, that held, not a rat, but a bright eyed squirrel. Tim had spent hours catching, training, and exhibiting him. It was the admiration of his mates, and Tim's one treasure. Tim would take him out, hug him tightly, whispering.

"No, no, I con't spare you, not for

no New Year's party!" But when the "party," a procession of boys and girls, started for Miss Sprague's, Tim suddenly joined them. "What have you brought, Tim?" whispered several.

"Not much," said Tim, in a queer muffled voice; "maybe it'll make a

dinner for teacher's cat." A wrathful chattering from under Tim's coat revealed the gift. The sudden outbreak was so much like a protest, that the children giggled. But presently they thought what a sacrifice Tim was making, and he was the here of the hour. So it came to pass that Tim, bearing the cage, headed the Indian file that stele into Miss Sprague's home that New Year's eve. As each bore something and deposited it silently in turn, there was soon a miscellaneous collection in the little parlor. The procession marched around Miss Sprague with measured step till the last gift was deposited, then broke into song enclrcled the teacher again, and filed out of the house. Overcome with surprise, Miss Sprague awaited correct answers. another move from the company, but they did not appear. She hastened to the door. They were already far up (BY "WINTERGREEN," BELLEISLE BAY. the moonlit country road, chanting a hymn. As their fresh, innocent voices | girl's name; what boys like to see; a floated back upon the still evening, it | vowel. seemed to the school mistress like heavenly music. With clasped hands | girl's name; to unite; a vowel, and tearful eyes she murmured,

"Of such is the kingdom." A Marked Boy.

Years ago there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, 9, 1, 2, 3 is a very useful article. because he did with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in That night for the first time in the | the ordinary sports of boyhood; and, history of The Corners, at the close of | whenever the farm or the pottery rethe session, the teacher followed the laxed their hold upon him, he would

2. What are we to redeem?

5. What are to forgive men?

ments as the children walked to their But the boy was in earnest. With homes. Tim Craik mocked a group the aid of his brother, one year his of little girls who were declaring that junior, he chopped and cleared four "Miss Sprague was just splendid to- acres of birch and maple woodland, an angel? ploughed it, planted it with corn, "Oh, yes!" he cried; "shouldn't harvested the corn, and then asked as wonder but her wings was sprouting.' his compensation, to be allowed to at-About this time, it was whispered tend school during the winter. Of

Sprague had "got religion." It was When the boy was seventeen, the not from anything she said, for she fat'er's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive change began. She had been met by factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy she might serve Him just where she assisted him. So familiar did he bestood, by dealing gently with the little come with the tools and trade that he ones; that caring for them spiritually determined, with the aid of the and physically was as much her mission | younger brother, to erect a two-story frame dwelling-house for his father's

The two boys cut the timber from chances; "the children can never love | the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neigh-She did not know how easily won bors to assist at the "raising." They are young hearts. They met her came from far and near to see what a clustering about her, escorting her to mortise and tenon was round to fit in and from school, bringing her, from its place, and the frame was seen to their homes, anything they considered | stand perfect and secure, the veterans choice. Christmas week was vacation. cheered tho young architect and Some of the children, whose homes builder. From that day he was in de-

school was not going to keep. They That boy was Ezra Cornell, the were partially consoled by being let founder of Cornell University .-

"LOWE MY FIRST SUCCESS TO A GOOD HANDWRITING."-These words by Benjamin Franklin could be truthwith good-humored sarcasm. "A fully repeated by many a successful business man in this generation. If a good hand-writing was so valuable to Franklin, how much more important but business prevents. is it to a young man in these days of pin down in the store winder today. I sharp competition and improved s'pose the Centre School'd ought to methods, when business is done largely by correspondence and everything a matter of record?

"Address in own hand writing," reads the advertisement, and the applicant for a business position is accepted or rejected largely on account f his hand writing. A neatly written, well composed letter is often the step- burg, will accept thanks for puzzles. ping stone to success. Plain, neat and Nevertheless Tim attended all the fluent penmanship is in constant demand, and at handsome prices. It is an excellent recommendation. It is a young man's best capital. It secures the situation; -other attainments enable one to hold the place and "work

Young Folks' Column.

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

- PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 50.)

No. 215.—(8) Eight—by changing the first letter to r.

No. 213.- Civic.

No. 218.— 1. Volga. 2. Till. 3. Tyne.

No. 219.—Aaron.

No. 220.-Swallow.

No. 221.—Eleemosgnary. The Mystery-No. 1.

N. B.—Contributions and answers respectfully solicited.

No. 1.—PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS. (BY B. V. C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, N. S.)

1. Where is it said, "The silver is mine and the gold is mine saith the Lord of Hosts ?" 2. Where is this passage: "The

waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen?" Six amateur papers for first

No. 2. - DIAMOND PUZZLES.

I. A letter; a scripture name.

II. A letter; a floor covering; a

No. 3.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. (BY MARY CLARKSON, WILLIAMSBURG.) My whole, consisting of 10 letters, was a great soldier.

My 1, 5, 6, 7 is part of a bird; my 10' 2, 3, 4 is a girl's nickname; my 8. No. 4.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, WILLIAMS-1. What do the fowls of the air

3. Who opened the gate not for

4. What are we to do freely?

6. What shall be rolled together as

7. What birddid the Lord command to be fed to Elijah?

8. What did John the Baptist tell the sordier to be contented with ? 9. Name a maid called blessed by

10. Where are the words, "The word of the Lord is indeed tried?" (Please give Bible references.)

No. 5. - Cross-Word Enigma. (BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

In man, but not in boy; "leg, " arm; " girl, " " maid;

" catch, " " hold; "hymn, " " psalm;

" sigh, " moan; " sup, " " eat; " head, " " feet; " dead, " " life; "heat, " " cold;

" close, " shut. Whole a Bible King and Priest.

The Mystical Circle.

WE hope to give the result of the Voting Contest next issue. We received quite a number of votes.

B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S., an esteemed friend and tellow-worker has our sincere thanks for the kindly spoken words and the excellent puzzles. We hope to return the compliment and soon. Thanks for greeting. Although late, allow me to say, "The ame to yourself!"

Those mites have been heard from again. Thank you. We are glad to see that you are yet in the work. Go on! Would love to meet with you,

MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg, has our hearty thanks for the nice original story. We shall send her a reward soon. She correctly solves Nos. 200; 204; 205 (partly); 208, and 209 (partly). Thanks for kind wishes. Will publish the story next issue.

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williams-

Our Letter Box.

GEO. A. RIECKER, Belleisle Bay, is the first to respond the Xmas prize announcements, and will, therefore, receive the reward for 230, and first list correct or not .- UNCLE NED .

UPPER GAGETOWN,

Dec. 10th, '88 Esteemed Uncle Ned,—We read of your wishing to hear from us and new we write to let you know we are still alive, although not iso active as we Velvet Oil, for oiling and blacking ought to be. Well we are beginning to wake up in real earnest for just listen we are going to have another famous Xmas tree. The Mite Society invites every little boy and girl for miles around free to the pleasure, for we mites want to make people happy, that is one of our rules, Dear Uncle. All grown up folks pay admission fees. The W. M. A. Society will hold a No. 217 .- "Who shall dare the loaf festival at the same time and place, to steal from him who sifts and kneads and we expect to have a nice time. How we wish you would be one of our number, also Miss Hooper and Brother Bassudeb. We mites raised over \$15.00 (Fifteen Dollars) last year | nothing that gave me n ore than temporary and aren't tired yet-want more next

We are pleased with your "Y. F Column" in Intelligencer. Go on ! We will send you a puzzle soon. You Life of Man Bitters and Invigorwill hear often from us after this. We boys and girls. It will make them feel better, for we know all about it. Christmas and a Happy New Yearyou yourself dear old Uncle Ned; Miss Hooper; Bassudeb; Mr. and Mrs. Boyer, and baby Bessie Boyer. O yes, and Danny and the Bible women. Danny is the native preacher. So you see we keep ourselves posted in our own dear missionaries.

We are so glad that our good friend Santa Clases can go to India without much inconvenience and no doubt he will visit the good little brown girls and boys there. Is it not fine Uncle Ned to have the friendship of his Royal Highness, St. Nicholas?

Good-bye! From your nephews and nieces, called the

MITE SOCIETY of Upper Gagetown, N. B.

WILLIAMSBURG, Dec. 14th, 1888. Dear Uncle Ned :- I send solutions to Puzzles Nos. 200, 204, nearly 205, 208, and part of 209. I also send a story for Christmas. [Too late.] Please excuse mistakes, as it is the first story I ever composed. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I remain;

> Your little niece. MABEL I. GILMORE.

M. McLEOD. MANUFACTURER

-AND MANUFACTURERS' AGENT

No. 36 Dock Street. McLeod's Absolutely Pure Flavoring Extracts;

Tonic Cough Cure:

Extracts Jamaica Ginger, Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summer Complaint, Cholera, etc.; McLeod's Quinine Wine;

Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc. McLeod's True Fruit Syrups.

Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Coloring or other foreign ingredients.

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

IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend are my own specialities 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-

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LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE-

Ladies Fine American Rubbers. Misses and Children's American Rubbers for Spring Heel Boots. Ladies Jersey Lily Oxford Tie Shoes. Ladies American Exford 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. hild's Long Boots.

Gilt Edge Dressing in Barrels. Ladies Boots.

Don't forget to buy y our oots LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE,

210 Queen Street. Antigonish Heard From.

October 11th, 1888. Messrs. C. Gates, Son & Co.; DEAR SIRS, -I feel it my duty to make known to the world the wond rful things that your medicine has done for me. For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia and though during that time I employed a physician and tried many kinds of medicine I found relief. I become 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

AFTON, ANTIGONISH Co ..

ating Syrup.

want more young folks to have a good It built me right up and after taking five time working for the poor heathen bottles I felt sufficient for my work and have remained so ever since—a period of six years. Ith nk God that your medicine has been the means of restoring my health. We hope you all may have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year— worth. I would recommend it to all the sick and afflicted.

JOHN J. TAYLOR.

OWLERS ·EXT: OF • ·WILD . CURES holera Morbus OLIC-ano-RAMPS AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

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

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OF THE SKIN EADACHE, And every species of disease arisin from disordered LIVER, KIDNEY, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD. T. MILRURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTE

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-FOR SALE BY-

Fredericton, June 13.

l health, and For further rsigned. o V. Co. ou?

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