

Which is Best?

If only our frocks and our aprons
Would grow like the leaves on the trees,
And out we could rush in the morning,
To gather and pick as we please—
How nice it would be, and how easy,
We never should have a misfit;
No matter how much we might tear them,
We never need sew up a slit.

No tiresome mending or darning,
No use for a needle or thread,
No grief for a hole in the stocking,
No scolding from mother to read.

And if there were never a lesson,
No writing or spelling of words,
And nothing to do but be idle,
And chatter and sing, like the birds—

How useless, and tired, and lazy,
And mischievous, too, we would grow;
No, no! 'Tis a thousand times better
To read and to spell and to sew.

—The Presbyterian.

A Boy's Hat.

"I hunted all over the house for my hat, and where do you suppose it was all the while? On my head." And Bob threw himself on the rug at my feet, and laughed merrily at his absence of mind. "Why don't you laugh, Aunt Marjorie?" he asked. "Don't you think it was queer that I didn't feel it, and aren't you afraid I'm going to be like grandpa, who goes hunting for his spectacles when they are on his forehead in plain sight?"

"Your hair is so thick and curly, Bob, dear," was my reply after a moment's gaze into the bright blue eyes, "and your hat is such a light affair, that I'm not surprised at your not feeling it on your head. But the reason I didn't laugh was this: I was shocked at your keeping your hat on your head in the house—at your habit of doing this. Why my dear, you could do few things more ungentlemanly. A man's hat, Bob, should come off the instant he sets foot within his own door."

"Don't you think, Auntie," said the boy, roguishly, "that you attach a good deal of importance to trifles." "Maybe so," said I; "but you must remember that in etiquette there are no trifles. Every little thing is really important. The uncovering of the head when indoors is a sign of deference to the mistress of the house, and to the ladies and girls who live in it—a sign that a boy respects his mother and sisters."

"Mamma is very much mortified," said Bob, "if I keep my hat on in the parlor when she has company. But a fellow forgets once in a while, Aunt Marjorie."

"A fellow never forgets," I said, "if he is in the habit of always doing the right thing. Once establish the habit, Bob, and you could no more lounge into the parlor with a hat on than you could keep your hat on in the school-room after the professor had called the classes to order."

Bob gave a low, amused whistle. "I think I see myself doing that!" he chuckled. "Wouldn't old Feverfew growl though! I should find myself with a hundred lines to write after school. But, Aunt Marjorie, to whom should a boy lift his hat in the street?"

"To his father, of course, and to his mother and his mother's friends; to the girls he knows; to a lady, even a stranger, if she asks him to tell her the way, or if he performs any service for her."

"It's an awful bother," remarked Bob, plaintively.

"There it your mistake, my dear. It is no bother, but in fact is done so naturally by a gentlemanly boy that he never thinks of the thing as a trouble. He lifts his hat automatically whenever there is any reason to do so."

"Automatically? Isn't that a tremendous word, Aunt Marjorie? What does it mean?"

"It means this, Bob: When one does a thing one's self so well and so easily that one has not to think about it in the doing, it is said to be done automatically. When you began to learn the banjo you picked the notes out slowly, and thought about every one; but you can play a dozen tunes to-day and think of something else while you are playing. You breathe automatically, unless you take cold and every breath causes you pain. You read automatically. Doesn't it seem like a dream that you once had to spell your words over slowly?"

"I see," said Bob.

"While we're talking on this subject let me remind you of something else. A gentleman—and a boy, if well-bred, is as much a gentleman at ten as at twenty—always rises when a lady comes into the room, and waits until she has taken a seat before he resumes his own. He gives his mother the most comfortable chair, and is at pains to place a hassock for her feet, and to set the lamp where its light will fall pleasantly on her book. A boy who thinks of these little things is always a favorite wherever he goes."—*Harper's Young People.*

Bert and the Bees.

Bert had three buckets of water to bring from the spring.

They were pretty big buckets, and the spring was at the foot of the hill. The weather was getting warm, too. He tugged away at one bucket and got it up; then he lay down on the back porch to rest.

"Hello, Bert! sun's not down yet," said his father, coming in to dinner from corn-planting.

"I wish I were a big man," said lazy Bert "and didn't have to carry water."

"But you would have to plant corn and sow wheat and cut and reap and thresh and grind," laughed his father.

"I don't mean to work when I am big," grumbled Bert.

"Then you'll be a drone," said his father.

"What is a drone?" asked the little boy.

"A bee that won't work; and don't you know that the bees always sting their drones to death and push their bodies out of the hives?"

The farmer went off to wash for dinner and Bert dropped asleep on the steps and dreamed that the bees were stinging his hands and face. He started up and found that the sun was shining down hotly on him, stinging his face and hands sure enough.

He hurried down to the spring, and finished his job by the time the horn blew for dinner. "Father," he asked while he cooled his soup, what makes the bees kill their drones?"

"God taught them," answered his father; "and one way or another God makes all lazy people uncomfortable. Doing with our might what our hands find to do is the best rule for little boys and big men, and I wouldn't be surprised if the angels live by it, too."

—Presbyterian Journal.

Talking Dolls.

And now Mr. Edison has invented a genuine talking doll. He calls it a Dollphone. He puts a little phonograph with a clock-work accompaniment, in the doll's back, and by pressing a spring the doll will say:

"I love you, mamma; I love you dearly, mamma; but I am tired and sleepy now. Please put me in my little bed," or something else equally astonishing. The reporter of the Chicago Tribune visited Mr. Edison, and saw these wonderful dolls. He says:

"Mr. Edison wound up a burnette doll, with jet black curls and sparkling brown eyes. This doll started off at a brisk rate with the following:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Another doll—baby sang in a sweet, childish treble "Rock-a-bye Baby on the Tree Top" all the way through with good expression and without a false note. She sang it quite loudly, too, so that any one could have heard her across a moderate-sized room. Still another sang a pretty little German song. It is so constructed that phonograph cylinders are interchangeable, and new sets of sentences may frequently be introduced into the toy's talking machine.

An Ulcerated Tooth.

A lady suffering from the swelling caused by an ulcerated tooth was greatly relieved of her acute pain by the application of bread and milk poultices.

Two of them were made and sewed in bags made of linen. While one was laid with a fold of a towel over it on the face, the other was heated in a steamer placed over boiling water. The poultices as they became dry were dipped in warm water before being re-heated. They were made by heating the crumbs of bread with boiling milk. Flax seed poultices would have served the same purpose.

These are made by stirring flax seed in boiling water till a thick mush is made. The application of moist heat is very soothing to all swellings of this character. A wet towel heated with a hot flat iron passed over it will often alleviate aching heads. With two flat irons, one heating while the other is by the patient, hot applications are easily made. Remedies so simple as these ought to be universally known.

Home Hints.

CANKER IN THE MOUTH.—Most cases of this troublesome disorder will yield to the following treatment which is simple and easy: Mix thoroughly equal parts of pulverized Turkish rhubarb and baking soda. Three times a day, after eating, take dry as much of the mixture as will stand on the end of a cake knife.

THE OIL CAN.—A great many women do not understand the necessity of keeping their sewing machines, their wringers, bread-kneaders, and choppers well oiled and scrupulously clean in all their "bearings." Dust settles on them, the oil gets thick and old,

and though the machines will go well for a time they soon break down; a particle of dust will wear steel and diamond. The time spent in cleaning and oiling machines before using them is well invested.

If your child has tried to please you by sweeping the floor, notice the clean spots rather than the dirty ones.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 52.)

No. 231.—WE WISH YOU A HAPPY
NEW YEAR!

No. 232.—Matt. v. 9.

No. 233.—1. "Theatre," Acts 19: 29; "terrestrial," 1 Cor. 15: 40.
2. "dog," Ex. 11: 7; "home," Gen. 39: 16.
3. 1 John 1: 7.

No. 234. 1, Psalm 68: 13; 2, Psa. 30: 5

No. 235.—Longfellow.

No. 236.—1. James. 2. David.
3. John. 4. Willie.

No. 237.—Heron, hero, her, he.

No. 238.—
P
P E N
P E T E R
N E W
R

The Mystery—No. 3.

No. 10.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY CARRIE WADE, CROSS CREEK,
STANLEY.)

1. Where are the following mentioned in the same verse, viz., "Cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions and garlics?"
2. Where are the following mentioned in the same verse, viz., "Stork, turtle, crane and swallow?"

No. 11.—BURIED CITIES.

BY LOUISA LARKIN, EAST PUBNICO, N. S.

1. In what part of Virginia is Port Royal?
2. I told Sara to gather you a bunch of pink roses.
3. When the stock reaches par, Isabell wants to sell her shares.
4. Who is that girl on Donald's sled?
5. At Hensley's they sell skates very cheaply.
6. Seven ice skaters were contending for the prize.
7. What did you do with the white dove Rob brought you?

No. 12.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY JOANNA GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)

My whole, consisting of 7 letters is a poet.
My 1, 6, 4 is a suit; my 4, 5, 6 is an adjective; my 7, 2, 3 is a pronoun.

No. 13.—THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

(BY B. V. C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, N. S.)

1 o
*
*
*
2 o * * o 9
* * 10 *
* * *
4 o * * * o 7
5 o * o 6

1—2, a precious stone.

2—3, a division of time.

3—4, used by bakers.

4—5, a cord.

2—9, a venture.

3—10, a boat.

10—8, a piece of wood.

9—10, a fish.

8—7, a color.

4—7, a headress.

7—6, to catch fish.

No. 14.—CHARADE.

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

My first is to provide food.
My second is a stone column.
My whole is a creeping insect.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

PRIZE WINNERS—LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, Yar. Co., N. S., for first correct solution to No. 231; and

"Van," for the first correct answers to the prize puzzle (No. 1) by B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S. They will please acknowledge receipt of prizes. WILL Mr. Wm. Peters, St. John, please state through the INTELLIGENCER whether he received the \$2 sent

him on Monday, Dec. 24, '88 which amount was sent me by one signed "Wintergreen," Belleisle Bay, and to be used for the teaching of the heathen children in India?

Owing to a want of stock I could not send out the rewards as soon as expected, I hope all will get them. We have received an essay from R. Lizzie Gallagher on "Christmas," and although late we send her a reward for the same.

B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S., will please accept our thanks for the papers sent and the nice batch of original puzzles. Write often.

"Van," Lower Prince Wm., will note above. Shall be pleased to receive some puzzles from your pen. We shall comply with your request and open a Prize Word Hunt Competition soon—perhaps next issue.

LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S., will also note above. Your solutions to Nos. 231, 232, 233, 235 and 238 are correct. Thank you for the nice puzzles.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, Stanley, has our hearty thanks for the nice puzzles. She has correctly solved Nos. 222, 223, 224, 226 and 227.

JOANNA GILMORE, Williamsburg, Stanley, will also accept our thanks for the nice puzzles. She correctly answers Nos. 222, 223, 225, to 228, inclusive, and 231, 232, 234, 236, 237. Well done! Solution to prize puzzle too late.

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg, Stanley, has our kindest heartfelt thanks for the nice stories and poetry and the excellent puzzles. Solutions to No. 231 correct, but too late. She also correctly solves Nos. 223, 227, 228.

Ethel J. Kerr, Williamsburg, Stanley, correctly solves Nos. 231, 233 to 237, inclusive, but too late for the prize.

PUZZLER'S should mark all work for the INTELLIGENCER for "Young Folks' Column" to distinguish from other puzzle work of the Editor. Mark all envelopes "Printer's Manuscript," and prepay by a 1c. stamp, unless a business or special letter in enclosed for the puzzle Editor.

Our Letter Box.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you some more Original puzzles. I like the Y. F. C. very much. Wishing you a happy New Year, I remain,
Your niece,
JOANNA GILMORE.

[Thank you for your kindly spoken words and your timely aids.

UNCLE NED.

Our Literary Circle.

ESSAYS.

CHRISTMAS. (Original.)

(BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, WILLIAMSBURG, STANLEY, AGED 13.)

Christmas, is here and we will have a jolly time.

Christmas is the day our Saviour was born on. Everybody ought to keep it. On Christmas Santa Claus gives presents to the children. It was taken from St. Nicholas; for St. Nicholas used to give presents to poor children on Christmas, and it was changed and called Santa Claus.

On Christmas the parents and children mostly go and have a drive they call it a Christmas drive.

Sometimes a party gathers together and talk and chat and have a jolly time.

In some places where there are poor children, or orphans, the people make presents and give them, or make a tea for them, or something like that, for to make them happy too. Christmas is about the only pleasure we have in the winter, and that makes it still more bright. Well I will draw my Competition to a close by wishing all who read it a merry Christmas.

OUR BAND RECITER.

(Not Original.)

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

(FROM R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.)

There is a saying, which
You'll find is always true
My little boy, my little girl—
A saying that's for you;
'Tis this, my darling little one,
With eyes so clear and bright:
'No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.'

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stray:
Some one is always watching you,
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking all you do,
To see if all your childhood acts
Are honest, brave, and true;
Remember this my darling one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child in all the world
Is ever out of sight.

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Ladies French Kid Button Boots.
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Yours very truly,
JOHN J. TAYLOR.

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