

Stop and Think.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,
Stop and think.
Just think of the danger ahead;
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl,
Filled with death for the body and soul.

When you hear a man asking for drink,
Stop and think.
The draught that he drinks will destroy
High hopes and ambitions, my boy;
And the man who the leader might be
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

Oh, this terrible demon of drink!
Stop and think
Of the graves where the victims are laid,
Of the ruin and woe it has made,
Of the wives and the mothers who pray
For the curse to be taken away.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,
Stop and think
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
The death that it brings to the soul,
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the tempter with "No."

—E. E. Rexford.

"Was it Better To Fight?"

"Mamma, what a lot of bootblacks there are pitching pennies on that corner," remarked a bright faced little girl, as she looked out of the window of a handsome carriage stopping before a large store opposite the public buildings in the city of P—. A delicate looking lady leaned forward to see what had attracted the attention of her little daughter, and smiled at the group of lively little street Arabs gathered on the broad pavement surrounding the immense pile of marble and granite containing the various offices needed by our city officials. The early morning hours of work were over and only an occasional passer by could now be captured for a "shine" by these restless, busy specimens of humanity at this moment occupying their time to alternate pitching of pennies and quarreling over the issue. One little fellow stood aloof with box and brushes held in his hand. As a cable car swung round the corner of the public building, a paper bag fell from an over-full basket held by a man standing on the back platform of the car. He did not notice it and the car went on so swiftly that the quick spring of the little bootblack, first for the bag and then in pursuit of the car, passed unseen and after a moment of uncertainty the boy opened the paper, drawing from thence two big oranges. His eyes danced and he was preparing to put them into his pocket, with another lingering look after the vanishing car, when the other bootblacks saw what had occurred and promptly surrounded him.

"I say, Charley, give us a piece now, won't yer?" said one. Charlie shook his head, smiling a little, however.

"Yer ain't agoin' to be so all-fired mean as to eat them oranges all yourself, are yer?" said another of his companions.

"I shan't eat any of them," said Charlie, pushing the fruit deeper into his pockets and retreating toward the wall.

"I'll see to that," said a short, chunky fellow with a black eye and scratched face. "Hand 'em over, or it will be worse for you. I'll manage so ye needn't eat any," and he advanced threateningly on the smaller boy, who, with flushed face and clenched fist, seemed inclined to fight; then his face changed, the hands relaxed, and as the flush faded, he might have been heard to say under his breath, "Mother says, resist not evil, and the Lord will take care of us."

He quickly took the oranges and placed them in the hand of the boy standing over him; then turned away and walked down the street past the carriage before spoken of. Both its occupants had been watching the scene with much interest. "Charley," called the little girl, using the name she had heard given him by his comrades. He turned in surprise, but approached the carriage in obedience to the lady's call.

"Come here, my boy." She looked at the honest brown eyes, fearlessly meeting her own. "For whom did you want those oranges?" she asked. "For little Alice ma'am," he replied; she is sick and doesn't eat much, and mother can't get fruit for her often, so when I couldn't return these to the man I thought maybe they had been meant for her, but—" and the boys eyes filled with tears and as he looked down, a bright drop splashed on the pavement.

"Is Alice your sister?" asked the little girl.

"Yes," said the boy; "I would have fought that big thief, but mother says we must not fight; she is always saying 'resist not evil' and the Lord will take care of us, and she never told me a lie yet," and Charley lifted his box and brushes, getting ready to hunt up trade again, when the lady said to him:

"Tell me where your mother lives and I will go and see her; or stay, here come my bundles; climb up beside the

coachman and we will find your mother now."

The coachman accustomed to his mistress' rather independent ways, allowed the bootblack room beside him and the well-matched boys trotted off in the direction indicated by the little boy, who glanced back at his wondering companions, gazing open-mouthed at him.

"Charley's in luck, ain't he?" "I'm mighty glad of it," said a pale little bootblack, hobbling off, for he was slightly lame, after a gentleman.

"Shine, sir," "Charley was always good to me," he muttered under his breath as he rubbed away at the boots of his new found customer. Meanwhile the carriage bearing our astonished bootblack had entered a narrow street and stopped at a dingy looking house. Charley jumped down, and, opening the carriage door for the lady, showed her into a little back room where lay a fair-haired child of six years old on a cot bed; fever flushed her cheek and her eyes had a wide open, restless look about them. Beside her, bathing her hands, sat a slender woman who turned to her visitor a worn face, wearing an expression of repressed suffering and yet a perfect calmness over it, singular to see.

"Charley, you have not been begging?" was her first query.

"No, mother, let me tell you," eagerly said the boy.

"May I speak for him?" gently said the lady, as she took a shabby chair near the bed; and she told how her acquaintance with Charley had begun.

"His 'resist not evil' struck a chord in my heart not easy to forget, for my father suffered for it during the late war; he was a Southern Quaker and conscientiously opposed fighting. Now, I think the good Master has sent me to you, and you will not refuse His help?"

"I cannot refuse," said Charley's mother, as she bent over her little daughter to conceal her emotion, for she had been praying for aid as one petitions who feels in a last extremity, and this prompt answer was well nigh too much even for her calmness. "I most gratefully acknowledge His kindness and also that of the instrument used." She spoke in the rather quaint phraseology of the Mennonites from whom she was descended and who have sacrificed much to uphold their testimony against conflicts.

Charley's new friend quickly made arrangements to move the suffering little sister to a better home where, under good food and nursing, she recovered the bounding health and spirit a child ought to have. Employment was found for the mother, and Charley sent to school.

"Mother he cried, running in one day, books in hand, 'I saw Fred today, the lame bootblack, you know, and he told me he had not fought a bit since I told him what Christ said about it, and the other fellows were getting kinder to him every day. The Lord does take care of us, don't He? Just think if I hadn't given those oranges!' The mother never very demonstrative, stroked his hair. 'The Lord takes care of His own, my son, always,' she said.—The Acorn.

The Little Prisoner.

The day little Harry was two years old he gave himself and his mamma a real fright. He was very active, and could run all over the house, and go up and down stairs without help from anybody.

It happened on the morning of his birthday that there was no one at home with him but mamma; she was putting a chamber in order for visitors. He trotted around after her, drawing a pair of tin horses. No thought of mischief had entered his mind.

By and by, when mamma went into the hall for something, he stayed behind in one of the chambers. He shut the door and locked it. Mamma hurried back, and told him to turn the key quick and open the door. He tried and tried, but could not do it. At last he pulled the key out of the door, and could not put it in again. There he was, shut up alone, like a squirrel in a cage.

When he found that he could not get out, he was frightened and began to cry.

Mamma could not open the door, but she called to him, "Don't cry, Harry, and papa will come very soon and take you out."

Then she told him to push the big arm-chair up close to the door, climb into it, then she would tell him some stories.

He did as she said, and mamma put her mouth down to the keyhole and told him about "Little Boy Blue" and "Mother Hubbard" and "Bo-peep," and other things that he liked. She kept telling them over and over, because she wanted him to be quiet and not feel frightened.

After a time his papa came home. When he heard what was the matter,

he went straight to the barn and brought the long ladder, and put it up to the chamber window.

Then he had to 'break a pane of glass, so that he could get open the window and get into the room where Harry was.

The little prisoner was very glad to be at liberty once more. He ran out with smiles and tears on his face, "Won't do so again, mama! won't do so again!"—Nursery.

A Little Girl's Talk.

A few Sunday's ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book before church time. Her mother said to her: Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day?

She went to get her pocket-book. I have two silver ten-cents and a paper one.

Her brother said: A tenth of that is three cents.

But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten-cent.

You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left after I have used all I wanted.

Why don't you give the paper ten-cent? The silver ones are prettier to keep.

So they are prettier to give. Paper ten-cents looks so dirty and shabby.

No; I'll give good things.

So she had put one ten-cent in her pocket, when some one said:—

I hope we can raise that \$300 for home missions to-day.

O, this is Home-Mission day! Then that other silver ten-cent has to go too. And she went to get it with another doleful groan.

I said: If you feel so distressed about it, why do you give it?

Oh, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to home missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to!

Now this little affair set me to thinking:—

1. We should deal honestly with God in giving. It is not fair, said the little girl, to count your tenth after you have used all that you want.

2. Let us give our best things. If the fair tenth is a pretty sum, let us go beyond it, and give more.

3. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give.

4. Let us give until we feel it.

Little Helps.

—If the cover is moved from soap-dishes, the soap will not get soft.

—When flat-irons become rusty, black them with stove polish, and rub well with a dry brush.

—Use charcoal to broil with. The flames close the pores quickly and make the meat very tender.

—Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good-sized piece of camphor.

—Do not keep ironed clothes on bars in the kitchen any longer than is necessary for thoroughly drying. They gather unpleasant odors.

—Equal parts of white shellac and alcohol is a permanent fixative for crayon and charcoal sketches. Spray it on evenly with an artist's atomizer.

—Mahogany and cherry furniture often gets dull for want of a good cleaning with a moist cloth. Polish with the hand, rubbing well, and the result will be surprising.

—Windows can be cleaned in winter and the frost entirely removed by using a gill of alcohol to a pint of hot water. Clean quickly and rub dry with a warm chamois skin.

—An old and reliable English cook-book gives the following recipe as an oil-cloth restorer: Melt one-half of an ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine. Rub the surface all over with it and rub it with a dry cloth.

—Telegraph wire of galvanized iron is much better to hang clothes on in winter than rope, as the clothes will not freeze to it. Have it hung by a lineman and it will never "give," no matter what the weather may be.

—For chapped hands, make camphor-ice of one and one-half ounces of spermaceti tallow, four teaspoonfuls of oil of sweet almonds and three-fourths of an ounce of gum of camphor, pulverized fine. Put on back of stove until dissolved, stirring constantly, using just enough heat to melt the ingredients together.—Good Housekeeping.

To REMOVE WRINKLES and brighten the luster of alpaca dresses, dust them nicely with a brush and spread them upon an ironing-board, then, having wet the sponge-cloth with the ammonia water, pass a moderately warm iron over them quickly, a few times, and the work is complete.

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. 36.)

No. 233.—Boot-jack.

No. 234.—1. Gen, 29: 11.

2. " 31: 17.

3. " 32: 28.

4. " 42: 11.

5. Ex. 2: 4.

No. 235.—1. Judges 5: 26.

2. Deut. 27: 15—27.—

"cursed" and "amen"

No. 236.—Campbell.

No. 237.—B No. 239.—F A D E
P A T A C I D
B A C O N D I M E
T O N E D E N
N

No. 238.—Canada.

The Mystery—No. 33.

No. 252.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

-e-i-g-o-s-n-e-l-g-n-e-

No. 253.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

1. A painter. 2. To steal upon. 3. To draw together. 4. Work. 5. To revolve.

No. 254.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In house, but not in room;

In son, " " daughter;

In woman, " " girl;

In men, " " boy;

In rat, " " mouse.

Whole is a well-known poet.

No. 255.—CHARADE.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)

My first around the country is seen;
My second is to keep.

You are part of total awake or asleep.

No. 256.—DOUBLE ENIGMA.

BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.

The letters in the two syllable words form a part of this world; the letters of the one syllable words form an unpleasant sensation.

My 1st is in barrel, but not in quart;
My 2nd is in labor, but not in wrought;

My 3rd is in torture, but not in ache;

My 4th is in doughnut, but not in cake;

My 5th is in finish, but not in done;
My whole would alarm us, if it should come.

No. 257.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY D. PERRY, Haverlock.)

1. Where is, "Be strong and quit yourselves like men?"

2. Where, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow?"

3. Where, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity?"

4. Where, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley?"

5. Where are *spikenard, saffron, calamus, cinnamon, frankincense, myrrh and aloes* all in one verse?

6. Where, *crane, swallow and dove*?

7. Where is, "When I washed my steps with butter?"

The Mystery solved in three weeks

The Mystical Circle.

WHAT has become of all the young readers of the INTELLIGENCER?

THAT VOTING CONTEST.

BELOW is the result of the late Voting Contest. There was no one in the plurality, as all voters themselves can see. Consequently there is no prize-winner. The vote was as follows:—

1. What trade, profession or business requires the most skill?—*Doctor.*

2. What is the most useful animal?—*Cow.*

3. What product of the loom is of the most use to us?—*Cotton.*

4. From what tree do we derive the least benefit?—*Willow.*

5. Who is the ablest writer of the present time?—*Gladstone.*

6. Who is the most noted minister now living? Ties: *Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* and *Rev. T. D. Talmage.*

7. What is the most useful mineral?—*Iron.*

8. What one man has done most for Canada within the last 15 years?—*Sir John A. McDonald.*

9. What vegetable food could we best dispense with?—*Parsnips.*

10. Next to the Bible, what is the most useful book? Ties: *Encyclopedia* and *Dictionary.*

Look out for something new. Who will suggest some new features for the Column. Come, away now!

From whom shall we hear first?

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