

A Bachelor's Ballad.

Returning home at the close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my slippers ready there?

Who sets for me my easy-chair,
Prepares the room with neat care,
And lays my slippers ready there?

Who regulates the evening fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nearer?

When sickness comes to rack my frame,
And grief disturbs my troubled brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?

Nobody.

A Problem in Threes.

If three little houses stood in a row
With never a fence to divide,
And if each little house had three little
maids
At play in the garden wide,
And if three little maids had three little
cats
(Three times three times three),
And if each little cat had three little kits,
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little
friends
With whom she loved to play,
And if each little friend had three little
dolls
In dresses and ribbons gay,
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
Were all invited to tea,
And if none of them all should send regrets,
How many guests would there be?

—St. Nicholas.

A Child's Cry.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am
a drover, and live miles and miles
away upon the western prairie. There
wasn't a house in sight when I first
moved there, my wife and I, and now
we have not many neighbors, though
those we have are good ones. One
day about ten years ago I went away
from home to sell my fifty head of
cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I
was to buy some groceries and dry
goods before I came back, and, above
all, a doll for my youngest—Dolly.
She had never had a store doll of her
own—only rag babies her mother had
made her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and
went down to the very gate to call
after me to get a big one. Nobody
but a parent can understand how full
my mind was of that toy, and how,
when the cattle were sold, the first
thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's
doll. I found a large one with eyes
that would open and shut when you
pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up
in paper, and tucked it under my
arm, while I had the parcels of calico
and delaine and tea and sugar put up.
Then, late as it was, I started for
home. It might have been more
prudent to stay until morning, but I
felt anxious to get back, and eager to
hear Dolly's praise of her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old
horse and pretty well loaded. Night
set in before I was a mile from town,
and settled down as dark as pitch while
I was in the middle of the darkest bit
of road I know of. I could have felt
my way, though, I remembered it so
well; and when the storm that had
been brewing broke, and pelted the
rain in torrents, I was five miles or may
be six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all at
a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's
voice. I stopped short and listened—
I heard it again. I called and it
answered me. I couldn't see a thing.
All was as dark as pitch. I got down
and felt around in the grass—called
again, and again was answered. Then
I began to wonder. I'm not timid,
but I was known to be a drover and to
have money about me. It might be a
trap to catch me unawares and rob and
murder me. I am not superstitious—
not very; but how could a real child
be out on the prairie in such a night,
at such an hour? It might be more
than human. The bit of a coward that
hides itself in most men showed itself
to me then; but once more I heard the
cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts,
Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it
die."

I searched again. At last I bethought
me of the hollow under the hill and
groped that way. Sure enough I found
the little dripping thing, that moaned
and sobbed as I took it in my arms.
I called my horse and the beast came
to me, and I mounted and tucked the
little soaked thing under my coat as
well as I could, promising to take it
home to its mamma. It seemed so tired,
and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on
my bosom. It had slept there over an
hour when I saw my own windows.
There were lights in them, and I sup-
posed my wife had lit them for my sake;
but when I got into the doorway I saw
something was the matter, and stood
still with a dread fear of heart five min-
utes before I could lift the latch. At
last I did it, and saw the room full of
neighbors, and my wife amid them
weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face.
"Oh, don't tell him," she said. "It
will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.
"Nothing now, I hope—what's that
you have in your arms?"
"A poor lost child," said I; "I found
it on the road. Take it, will you? I've
turned faint." And I lifted the sleep-
ing thing and saw the face of my own
child, my Dolly.

It was my own darling, and none
other, that I had picked up on the
drenched road. My little child had
wandered out to meet papa and the
doll, while the mother was at work,
and they were lamenting her as one
dead. I thanked heaven on my knees
before them. It is not much of a story,
neighbors, but I think of it often in
the nights, and wonder how I could
bear to live now if I had not stopped
when I heard the cry for help upon the
road, hardly louder than a squirrel's
chirp. That's Dolly, yonder with her
mother in the meadow, a girl worth
saying—I think (but then I'm her
father, and partial, maybe) the pretti-
est and sweetest thing this side of the
Mississippi.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Boy's Schedule.

My little nephew ran across a para-
graph somewhere which said that any-
body could save at least two hours of
wasted time a day by running on a
time-table.

Freddy brought the clipping to me
and asked what it meant. I told him
that I supposed it meant that a person
could save two hours a day by having
all his work or amusement planned
and arranged beforehand—such and
such a thing to be done at such a time,
and another thing following directly
after, and so on.

Freddy seemed so much interested
that I advised him to make out a time-
table for himself, and try running on
it for a few days. He said he guessed
he would, because two extra hours a
day would be a great help to him in
learning to strike out the fellows, and
possibly would secure him the coveted
position of pitcher in the school nine.
The next day Freddy submitted the
following to me:

FREDDY'S TIME-TABLE.

A. M.

6.45 to 7—Gettin' up.
7 to 7.30—Bath and gettin' red-
dy for brekfus.

7.30 to 8—Brekfus.
8 to 8.20—Prayers.
8.20 to 8.30—Hard study.

8.30—Start for skool.
9—Get there (a fellow must have
sum fun in life.)
9 to 10.30—Study and resite.

10.30 to 10.45—Reses (ort to be
longer)
10.45 to 12—Study and resite.

P. M.

12 to 12.15—Goin' fer lunch.
12.15 to 12.30—Eatin' it.
12.30 to 1—Sloos of things. Playin'
ball mosly.

1 to 3—Skool agen. Tuffest part of
the day.
3—Skool over. Fun begins.

3 to 6—Bace-ball. Bisickle ridin'.
Goin' to walk (sometimes with a girl).
Slidin' and skatin' in winter. Flyin'
kite. Bothrin' the dog. Penuts
Goin' to ride with pa. Shoppin' with
ma (wen I don't kno' it beforehand).

Kandy. In bad whether readin'.
Sloos of other things.
6 to 7—Dinner (grate timefer me)

7 to 7.30—Nothin' much. Don't
feel like it.
7.30 to 8—Pagets dun with paper,
an' reads sunthin' aloud.

8—Sez I must begin to study.
8 to 8.15—Kickin' against it.
8.15 to 9.15—Study.

9.15—Gwup to bed.
9.15 to 9.35—Windin' Waterbury
watch.

9.35 to 9.45—Undressin' and gettin'
into bed.
6.45—Till mornin'. Grate big times
with dreams, but a fellow can't stop to
enjoy things much. Wonder why
dreams can't hang on more like reel
things?

P. S.—Ware do thos' too extry'
ours cum in?—*Selected.*

Plain Talk to Boys.

A boy's position in a commercial
house is usually at the foot of the lad-
der. His duties are plain, his place
is insignificant, and his salary is
small.

He is expected to familiarize him-
self with the business, and as he be-
comes more intelligent in regard to it
he is advanced to a more responsible
position.

His first duty, then, is to work. He
must cultivate, day by day, habits of
fidelity, accuracy, neatness and des-
patch, and these qualities will tell in
his favor as surely as the world re-
volves. Though he may work un-
noticed and uncommended for months,
such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was clerk in
a large mercantile house, which em-
ployed as entry clerks, shipping clerks,
buyers, bookkeepers and salesmen,
eighty young men, besides a small
army of porters, packers and truckmen;

and this boy of seventeen felt that
amid such a crowd as this he was lost
to notice, and that any effort he might
make would be quite unregarded.
Nevertheless, he did his duty; every
morning at eight o'clock he was
promptly in his place, and every power
he possessed was brought to bear upon
his work.

After he had been there a year he
had ceasion to ask a week's absence
during the busy season.

"That!" was the response, "is an
unusual request, and one which is
somewhat inconvenient for us to grant;
but for the purpose of showing you
that we appreciate the efforts you have
made since you have been with us, we
take pleasure in giving you the leave
of absence for which you now ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when
he came home that night and related
his success, "that they know a thing
about me, but it seems they have
watched me ever since I have been with
them."

They had, indeed, watched him,
and had selected him for advancement,
for shortly after he was promoted to a
position of trust with appropriate in-
crease of salary.

It must be so sooner or later, for
there is nearly always a demand for
excellent work.

A boy who means to build up for
himself a successful business will find
it a long and difficult task, even if he
brings to bear efforts both of body and
mind; but he who thinks to win with-
out doing his very best, will find him-
self a loser in the race.

Therefore, boys, be honest in work
as well as in word.

Home Hints.

CURRIED OYSTERS.—To the liquor
from one quart of oysters add one-half
cupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of
flour, and one of curry powder. Put
in a sauce-pan and let boil; add oysters
and a little salt; boil up and serve.
—*N. Y. Observer.*

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Five or six
potatoes, mashed and well beaten with
a fork, salt, a little cayenne, one table-
spoonful melted butter, and one egg
beaten to a froth and added to them.
Form in little balls, roll in egg and
cracker crumbs, and fry in a wire bas-
ket in boiling drippings. Take them
out as soon as drained; serve hot;
garnish with parsley.

RASPBERRY BLANC MANGE.—Boil
together one quart of milk, four table-
spoonfuls of smooth corn-starch, and
four tablespoonfuls of sugar. When
thick, stir in one-half of a cupful of
strained juice from canned raspberries,
and mould. Serve with sugar and
cream.

MACARONI, TOMATOES AND CHEESE.—
Cook the macaroni till tender; make a
sauce of tomatoes seasoned with pepper
and salt, grate some cheese; have ready
a hot dish, put in a layer of macaroni,
next sprinkle with cheese, then add a
layer of tomato sauce. Serve at once.

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. 10.)

No. 54.—1. Ezek. 14:20.

2. Six, viz., Eve, Adah,

Lillah, Sarah, Hagar,

Milcah.

No. 55.—Ruth, hurt.

No. 56.—Nap-kin.

No. 57.—F

A L E

F L O R A

E R E

A

No. 58.—1. (a) Lev. xi. 16. (b)

Lev. xiv. 42.

2. (a) Eccl. x. 1. (b) 2

John ii. 1. (c) Acts

xvii. 3.

3. Jer. v. 27.

4. 1 Thess. iv. 6.

No. 59.—

1. Hindostan. 3. Switzerland.

2. Beloochistan. 4. Belgium.

5. France.

No. 60.—"The greatest conqueror

is he who conquers himself."

No. 61.—1. Germany. 2. Denmark.

3. India.

The Mystery—No. 13.

No. 78.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY GRACE E. KING, CARLTON, N. S.)

1. Who slept on an iron bedstead?

2. How many pieces of silver were

given into the house of Baalberith?

3. Where are the words: "Is there

iniquity in my tongue? cannot my

taste discern perverse things?"

4. How many persons were once
killed with one stone?

5. How old was Jehoiada when he
died?

6. Where are the words: "Repro-
bate silver shall men call them, because
the Lord hath rejected them?"

No. 79.—PIED COUNTRIES.

(BY EDWIN GRISWOLD, PORT

LA TOUR, N. S.)

1. Ganfanilota. 2. Buyliaass.

3. Maainrecho.

No. 80.—DROP-VOVEL PUZZLES.

BY MAGGIE B. RING, KEMPTVILLE, N. S.

1. Jäg nt th y b nt jögd.

2. Pn rkb s btr nrt srt lv.

No. 81.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY "VAN," LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM.)

My 21, 10, 13, 23, 5, 22, 2, 24 were

part of the guard that brought Paul

before Felix.

My 18, 19, 15, 4, 3, 17, 9 were some

persons Christ found in the temple.

My 6, 11, 8, 1, 7 was put in the ark.

My 14, 7, 16, 4 is a body of water.

My whole, consisting of 24 letters,

was spoken by some officers about

Christ.

No. 82.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, WILLIAMSBURG.)

Whole, I am a rock. Transpose, I

am domestic; again, and I am a com-
panion.

No. 83.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, WILLIAMSBURG.)

A letter; a dwelling-place; a house-
hold article; a number; a letter.

No. 84.—HALF SQUARE.

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

A vessel; a basin; a river; denoting

a general; a conjunction; a letter.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

G. M. W., Boundary Creek, cor-
rectly solves Nos. 54, 57, 58, 60 and

61. Write again and send us some
more puzzles.

ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg,
correctly reveals Nos. 48, 49, 50, 51,

52, 53. Send us some more puzzles.

EDWIN GRISWOLD, Port La Tour,
N. S. will except thanks for the puzzles

sent. Nos. 54, 55, 57 (partly),
58, 59, 60 and 61 solved.

MAGGIE B. RING, Kemptville, N. S.,
will also receive our thanks for the

nic puzzles. She was the first to
complete for prizes for puzzles. Nos.

58 (partly), 60 and 61 correctly solved.

GRACE E. KING, Carlton, N. S., has
our thanks for the nice Bible Questions.

Send us some more. Nos. 57 (partly),
and 52 (c, d, e) answered.

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williams-
burg, will accept our thanks for the

nic batch of puzzles.

We are pleased to chronicle a few
names of new puzzle workers. We

would be pleased to hear from many
of our old correspondents and many

more new ones. Write, dear young
friends,

Our Letter Box.

KEMPTVILLE, N. S.

Mar. 12, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I have been
much interested in the "Young Folks"
Column, and have found out some of
the puzzles before but have never sent
any. I have here some answers which
I will send, with some puzzles. I saw
the prizes offered and thought I could
but try. I never did anything like
this before and I don't expect it will
be as nice as the rest. If you think
this worth printing please do so.
I remain, your new niece,

MAGGIE B. RING.

WILLIAMSBURG, March 8, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I read the Y.
F. C. and like it very much. I still
go to school, I am in the Sixth Grade.
I am going to try and send puzzles as
regularly as I can.

Wishing you good success, I remain,
Your little Niece,

ETHEL J. KERR.

WILLIAMSBURG, Feb., 1887.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—It is with the
greatest of pleasure that I send you a
few more puzzles to help you in the
"Young Folks' Column." Thank you
for the nice book I received not long
ago. I am very much pleased with it.
I will write as often as I can this year.
Hoping you are well, I remain,
Your niece,

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.

PORT LA TOUR,

March 9th, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I am a reader
of the INTELLIGENCER and am very
much interested in the Y. F. C. I
send the answers to a few questions
found in the issue of March 6th also a
few puzzles.

Yours truly,

E. G.

M. McLEOD,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.
No. 36 Dock Street.

McLeod's Absolutely Pure Flavoring
Extracts:
Extracts Jamaica Ginger,
Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summer
Complaint, Cholera, etc.;
McLeod's Quinine Wine;
Tonic Cough Cure;
Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc.

McLeod's rue Fruit Syrups,
Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color-
ing or other foreign ingredients.

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

IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend
are my own specialties 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-
berry.

Ask your dealer for McLeod's

Brands of

EXTRACTS AND SYRUPS.

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