

## Children.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere,

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

—Henry W. Longfellow.

## A Disappointment.

"I wish," said lazy little Paul,  
"Oh! how I wish that I,  
Instead of climbing this stone wall,  
Straight over it could fly."  
But when old "Brindle's" crumpled horns  
Had tossed him from the ground,  
And o'er the wall, upon some thorns  
A resting place he found,  
His views completely altered seemed,  
And, trying not to cry,  
He gasped: "I'm sure I never dreamed  
How horrid 'tis to fly!"

—Elizabeth L. Gould, in August Wide Awake.

## A Lesson in Politeness.

"Why can't that horrid old woman  
do her calling in the daytime?" ex-  
claimed Walter Lyman as he looked  
up from the interesting story he was  
reading. "I don't want to go way  
'round to Twelfth street with her."

Mrs. Lyman stood by her son's  
chair and she touched him gently on  
the shoulder. "My son, would you  
allow that poor old woman to go home  
alone to-night? What if it were your  
mother?"

"I couldn't imagine such a trans-  
formation, mother. You'll never be  
like her. She is as ugly as—well  
so ugly that there is no danger of any  
one's running off with her between  
here and Twelfth street," and Walter  
laughed in derision.

"It is very icy, Walter, and just  
think how terrible it would be for her  
to slip down and hurt herself; it might  
be the cause of her death. She was  
very anxious to see your father, and  
she cannot see him any time but in the  
evening, you know."

Walter was just going to say "why  
doesn't father go home with her?" but  
he remembered that his father was al-  
ways quite tired at night, for his work  
during the day was arduous. Walter  
got his cap, but he was not in a pleas-  
ant mood, and it did not make him  
feel any pleasanter to hear his younger  
brother say as he went out of the door,  
"If it was only a pretty girl, Walt,  
that you had to go home with, you  
wouldn't have any objection to make,  
would you?"

"Now, Walter," said his mother, as  
he waited in the hall for Mrs. Hawkins  
to finish her conversation with his  
father, "I want you to be very kind to  
the poor old lady, and give her your  
arm so she won't fall. She isn't the  
most agreeable person, I know; but  
she has had a great many sorrows.  
She is all alone in the world. She had  
a boy like you, but he died, just when  
he was able to be of some help to her.  
The Lord took her boy, and now in  
her old age she expects other mothers'  
boys will care for her."

Walter was touched by his mother's  
words, for he was a tender, kind-  
hearted boy, and he really was very  
polite and thoughtful on the way  
home. He listened attentively to all  
Mrs. Hawkins' grievances, which she  
poured out in a confidential manner to  
him. He began to feel a sort of  
championship to the poor old body.

When they got to the one room in the  
tenement-house that Mrs. Hawkins  
called her home, she said, "Well,  
now, you're a good sort of a boy to be  
so kind to an old body like me. Most  
boys don't want to bother with old  
folks. Come in and rest you a while."

Walter had left his story in a place  
where his hero was in danger of being  
lost at sea, but his heart was so touch-  
ed by the old lady's evident pleasure  
at the attention he had shown her,  
that he went in for a few moments.  
She showed him all her treasures—the  
geranium in the window that had its  
first blossom just coming out; she un-  
locked the bureau drawer, and brought  
out the old daguerotypes, and told  
Walter that this was her husband's  
picture, and that one her boy's and  
although he had been dead over forty  
years, she dropped a tear on the glass  
over the picture. Once Walter would  
have laughed at the quaint manner in  
which the boy was dressed, but it was  
too sacred a thing to make fun of.

"I think I must go now," he said,  
when the pictures were put away.

"You make me think of my boy,"  
she said, as she followed him to the  
door. "Won't you come round some-  
times of an evening and cheer me up a  
little?"

Walter promised he would, and did

not forget his promise either. It be-  
came his particular missionary work  
to look after poor old Mrs. Hawkins.  
The school-boys laughed about it and  
joked him a great deal, but they soon  
learned to respect him for the work he  
had chosen to do. It was old Mrs.  
Hawkins last few miles of the journey  
on earth. She soon went home to be  
with those loved ones who went away  
from her so many years before.

Walter received her dying blessing  
and her little Bible, soiled and worn  
with so many years of using. He keeps  
it as a reminder of his lesson in true  
Christian politeness, and he says he  
will always pay his first attentions to  
the wants of the aged, who have travel-  
ed so long on the way, and are worn  
and feeble from the cares and sorrows  
they have had.—N. Y. Evangelist.

## Don't Read Them.

There's a tiptop book, Ellis, you can  
take it to read if you want to. I've  
just read it, and it's a splendid story.  
Then I should like to read it. I  
don't very often get a chance at a new  
book. But I think books are the best  
of anything, and when I'm a man I  
mean to have stacks of them. Mother  
and I read together, and then we talk  
over what we've been reading about;  
so it's twice as good as if I read it  
alone.

Is that the way you do?  
Of course it is. Why shouldn't I?  
Mother and I are all the family there  
is left, and we do everything we can to-  
gether. I tell you, my mother is the  
best company I ever had. She is just  
jolly, besides being as good as she can  
be. She goes singing round the house,  
making a fellow feel rich, no matter  
what he has for dinner.

Ain't she old?  
No, and it wouldn't make any dif-  
ference if she was; she'd be my mother  
all the same.

To be sure she would. But if you  
take this book you must keep it out of  
her sight and read it on the sly.

Why must I?  
Because she won't like it. My  
mother'd make a great fuss if she knew  
I read such a book.

Then what do you read it for?  
What's the matter with the book?  
You said 'twas splendid.

So it is, but your mother wouldn't  
think so.

Then it ain't so, for I tell you mother  
knows. I won't read anything on the  
sly. I don't do business that way,  
and advise you not to. My mother  
knows best.

If you think so, I don't suppose it's  
any use to try to make you think dif-  
ferent.

No, sir, it ain't; and I advise you to  
do as your mother wants you to.  
You've got a bad book, or you wouldn't  
talk about it as you do, and you'd  
better burn it up.

So one boy was loyal to his mother  
and to his own higher nature; but two  
others were found who were more  
easily influenced.

They read the book, thought and  
talked of the exciting scenes described  
in it, and were thus prepared for  
further reading of the same kind.  
Lessons were neglected, and occasion-  
ally there was a day's truancy from  
school. The evil did not stop there.  
Absolute falsehood followed fast upon  
deception; and then a petty theft was  
committed in the village. It was  
charged at once to the three boys who  
were constantly together, and who  
were known to be habitual readers of  
highly sensational books and papers.  
They were suspected of reading even  
worse books, and all this told against  
them.

For their parents' sake they were  
spared the disgrace of a public trial.  
Upon acknowledgment of their guilt  
and promise of amendment the prose-  
cution against them was withdrawn,  
and every effort was made to reclaim  
them from their evil ways. But the  
die was cast. Vile books had done  
their work of pollution. These boys  
grew up to be reckless, dissipated men,  
with low tastes and gross manners,  
while the boy who trusted his mother  
was honourable and honoured.

Don't do anything on the sly, for be  
sure your sin will find you out. Don't  
look at a picture you would not be  
willing to show to her.

The boys tried in our courts for the  
commission of crimes as those who  
have read bad books; the boys who  
are serving out sentences in houses of  
correction and state prisons are those  
who have read bad books.

Don't read them. Don't trust your-  
self to read one.

Evil communications corrupt good  
manners, and evil words upon a print-  
ed page corrupt both soul and body.  
Don't read them.

Living with the Windows Open.  
We have in this country now a  
prowling, prying, far-seeing, vivacious,  
loquacious, voracious being known as  
the local editor, who must get a living,  
and who lives only upon items. If a

man sneeze twice in his presence, the  
local column of the morning paper will  
contain the announcement that "our  
esteemed fellow-citizen" is suffering  
from a severe cold. If a man lose his  
hat in a high wind, it excites the mirth  
of the local editor to the extent of a  
dozen lines. He amplifies an accident  
that kills, or a scandal that ruins, with  
marvelous minuteness of detail. His  
eye is at every man's back door, to see  
and report who and what go and come.  
There is nothing safe from his pen.  
All the private affairs of the commu-  
nity for which he writes are published  
to that community every day. If a  
man shoots a dog, or catches a string  
of trout, or rides out for his health, or  
is seen mysteriously leaving town on  
an evening train, or sells a horse or  
buys a cow, or gives a dinner-party, or  
looks sallow, or grows fat, or smiles  
upon a widow, or renews the wall-  
paper of his house, he gives the local  
editor an item. The local editor turns  
the houses of the community inside  
out every day, and keeps the windows  
open by which the secrets and sanctities  
of every home are exposed to public  
view.

The local editor is, we regret to say,  
not without excuse. Occasionally  
some indignant victim of his prying  
and publishing propensities scours or  
scoffs him; but it must be confessed,  
with sorrow and shame, that his local  
column finds a greedy market. Instead  
of frowning upon the liberty he takes  
with persons and homes, and the de-  
tails of individual private life, the  
multitude read his column first of all.  
That its results are mischievous and  
demoralizing in their ministry to  
neighborhood gossip and scandal,  
there is no doubt. Among its worst  
results is the destruction of all rever-  
ence for the right of every private man  
to live privately, and of every home  
to live with its windows closed. There  
is unquestionably a desire in a certain  
sort of private life to get into the  
papers—a desire to spread all the de-  
tails of its doings before the world.  
This life may be "high" or low,  
fashionable or unfashionable, but it is  
irredeemably vulgar, and can only dis-  
turb every self-respectful dignified  
man and woman. Let us protest on  
behalf of decency against the familiar  
treatment which the retiring and the  
unwilling receive in the local column,  
and in the more ambitious perform-  
ances of the omnipresent Jenkins.  
Let us at least have the privilege of  
repeating the cry of Betsy Trotwood,  
when her little patch of green was in-  
vaded, "Janet! donkeys!"—Dr.  
Holland.

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,  
CARE 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. 31.)

No. 205.—Caprice.

No. 206.—1. Might overcome right

2. Entanglements.

No. 207.—"Rejoice evermore."

No. 208.—

I. JESUS II. KNOCK

E. LIKA N. NAVAN

S. IZAR O. VINE

U. KASE C. ANAL

S. ARE A. KNEEL

No. 209.—

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L

No. 210.—Nicolas.

No. 211.—Obey your parents.

No. 212.—

1. "A stitch in time saves nine."

2. "It is never too late to mend."

## The Mystery—No. 34.

No. 223.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

(BY DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock.)

1. In fire, but not in wood;

2. In rich, but not in good;

3. In elm, but not in ash;

4. In pane, but not in sash;

5. In bud, but not in flower;

6. In day, but not in hour;

7. In plant, but not in root;

8. In trees, but not in fruit;

9. In night, but not in day;

10. In grass, but not in hay;

11. In set, but not in lay.

My whole is favorably known to

readers of THE INTELLIGENCER.

No. 224.—DECAPITATIONS.

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

1. Whole I proclaim. Behead me,

and I become an effort; again, and I

am one of a number taken separately.

2. Whole I am constancy of affec-

tion. Behead me and I am a woman's

name.

3. I am a mocker. Behead me and  
and I am a treasure; again and I am a  
price bid.

No. 225.—ACROSTIC. (Biblical.)

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)

Who while he reigned took special

care

To put the temple in repair?

Who prophesied on bones of men

Till God their life restored again?

Who from his birth by his mother's

word

Was dedicated to the Lord?

Who was the wife of the faithful one

Who offered up his only son?

Who brought up by her cousin's care

Was chosen queen because so fair?

Initial letters tell the name of one

Who found a monarchy in his

youngest son.

No. 226.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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

o A letter.

o o o A girl's name.

o o o o A girl's name.

o o To be sick.

o A letter.

No. 227.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

BY LOUISA LARKIN, E. Pubnico, N. S.

My 4, 5, 6 is a color; my 7, 8, 9,

6, 10, 13 is a hard insensible cord; my

3, 5, 8, 7 is a part of the body; my 1,

4, 5 is a verb; my 12, 2, 11 is cunning;

my 6, 5, 14 is a cave.

My whole, consisting of 14 letters,

is the name of a poet.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

## The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, will  
please accept of thanks for nice batch  
of puzzles.

FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N.  
S., also has thanks for puzzles. Solu-  
tions to Nos. 198, 200 (3, 5, 7, 8), 201,  
202 (1, 4, 5, 9 c and d), 10 (2, 4), 203.

## BAND OF KINDNESS.

(Not Original.)

"IT CANNOT LAST FOREVER."

(FROM GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S.)

I've a word of comfort for you

Who on life's rugged road

Are toiling 'neath the burden

Of a heavy, hopeless load.

It will make your heart grow brighter,

Whatever be your wrong,

And give you strength to bear it

If you take these words along,

And say when clouds of darkness

Around your pathway hover

The sun is shining just beyond,

It cannot last forever.

Just try them when you're wearied

By each petty care and strife.

By each little aggravation

Of your common daily life,

When angry words are rising

That you can scarcely smother,

And everything seems "twisted up,"

And tied in knots to bother,

You'll find these words are like a knife

Each twisted knot to sever

Then straighten out each tangled

withe,

"It cannot last forever."

## Animal Intelligence.

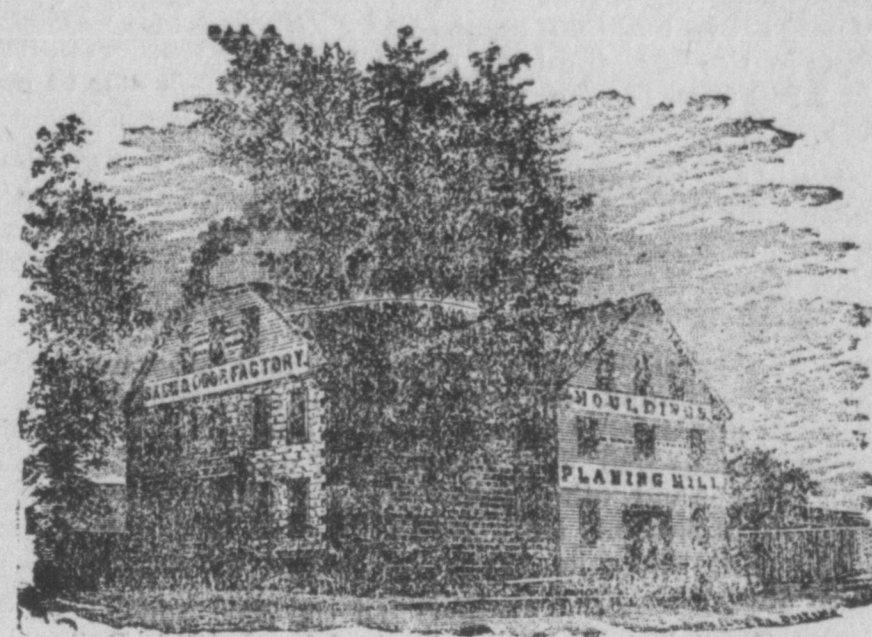
A friend of ours told us a story a  
little while ago, which interested us so  
much that we want to tell it to all our  
little friends. This gentleman owned  
a fine horse, which was very fond of  
him, and would come from the pasture  
at the sound of his voice, and follow  
him about like a dog. Well, at one  
time the horse became lame, and was  
obliged to stay in his stable and not be  
used for many weeks; and it was dur-  
ing this time that Mr. C. became in-  
terested to see how much the horse  
knew and how kind his sympathies  
were.

An old cat had made her nest upon  
the scaffold just above the horse's  
manger, and had laid there her little  
family of five kittens, to bring them  
up under good tuition, we suppose.  
She and the horse got on nicely for  
some days. She jumped down into his  
manger and went off for food, and  
then came back and leaped up to her  
kittens again. But one morning she  
rolled off into the manger, with her  
foot bleeding, and badly hurt, so that  
she could scarcely crawl, but she man-  
aged to limp away on three feet and  
get her breakfast; but, when she came  
back, she was entirely unable to get  
up to her kittens, and what do you  
think she did? She lay down at the  
horse's feet, and mewed and looked up  
several times, till at last the pony,  
seeming to understand her wants,  
reached down, took the cat in his  
teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold  
to her kittens, which, we doubt not,  
were glad enough to see her.

This, Mr. C. told us, he saw it re-  
peated morning after morning. Kit  
would roll off into the manger, go and  
get her breakfast, come back, and be  
tossed up to her family by the kind  
horse, who must have understood cat  
language and been willing to listen to  
it.—Boston Investigator.

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