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April 23

A Short Sermon.
Children, who read my lay,
This much I have to say;
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right,
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true,
True things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow;
And though the blossoms blow
While on the tree,
Grapes, never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set;
So, if you a good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey, through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work, and when you play,
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall glide your way,
Though the sky should fall.

Winning His Name.

A Sunday-school; a mission class; five boys on a broad grin; one boy with a red, angry face.
"And what is your name, please?" asked Miss Mildred Young of the new boy who came into her class in the mission school.
"Edw," began the boy, when a chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "Now, Spitzies," and a mingling of giggling and punches, from the other boys in the class, caused his mouth to shut firmly as an oyster, while his grimy fists closed tightly, and he cast a wrathful, wait-till-I-catch-you-out-side look about the class.

Miss Young, who scented war in the air, was wise enough to leave her question unanswered, and quickly turn to the day's lesson.
As the school was dismissed, Miss Young laid her hand on the new boy's arm as she asked him to help her arrange some flowers in the church. A gruff refusal was on his tongue, till he suddenly saw the other boys wished to go, one of them crying, "I'll go, Miss Mildred!" But with a "Next Sunday, Joe: I have help today," she turned to go and the new boy followed. He was soon at his ease. As they bent over the flowers, the young lady said, "But, do you know, I don't know your name yet?" For an instant, the boy hung his head, and the red flush came back to his face; but after a minute of silence he said, "Edward McCommon; but I reckon you heard the boys call me 'Spitzie.'"

"Yes: why did they?"
"Cause they say I get mad as easy as a Spitz dog. But you see if I don't thrash 'em for callin' me that in Sunday-school!"
"Does the name belong to you?"
"How do you mean?"
"Does it fit you?"

"Yes'm I guess maybe it does; for I do fly off the handle that quick."
"As long as it fits I am afraid you'll keep it. When I was a little girl, and had a dress I didn't like, I knew my remedy was to outgrow it. I used to measure myself every week, to see how fast I was growing. Suppose you try to outgrow 'Spitzie,' and grow into 'Edward.'"

"I don't know how you mean."
"Outgrow getting angry, and when 'Spitzie' doesn't fit you any longer I'll trust the rest of the boys to find it out; I'll not call you anything but 'you' till you win your name. Is it a bargain?"

Fully three minutes the boy looked at the hand held out to him, at a spot in the carpet, at a crack in the wall, and then laid his hand in the one held out to him, saying, "It's a bargain."
The prospects for a speedy loss of "Spitzie" and winning of "Edward" did not look very bright to Miss Mildred when, an hour later, she saw, on the street, the boy who so earnestly said, "It's a bargain;" for, alas! he was fighting as fiercely as boys can fight with another urchin from her class. Both boys looked ashamed when they saw her, and tried to pretend they were wrestling; but the pretence was a sorry failure. Two squares farther on, a breathless boy caught up with the young lady and said:—

"Miss, I was fightin'! Joe made me mad, and when I tried not to show mad he called for some water for 'Spitzie.' I couldn't stand that, but pitched into him—and Miss, I'm afraid I'll be 'you' for a good while. But a bargain's a bargain."

He waited for no reply, but was off like a flash.
"Do you think it was an easy thing for that boy to win his name? If you do, you never were a boy with good, strong fists, that knew how to fight, and a hot, quick temper, that didn't

know how to cool off. More than one Sunday his teacher said to him, so low that no else heard, "Is it nearly won?" Perhaps the answer would be, "Not yet, I'm afraid." Once it was, "I thought so till yesterday, but then I had a bad case of hydrophobia."

One day he said, "Miss Mildred, I didn't know it would be so hard, or I'm not sure I'd made the bargain."

Miss Mildred smiled, and whispered: "God help you, dear boy. The boy who wins his name will not dishonour it afterward."

At last he whispered: "Miss Mildred, I'm winning it! I'm almost 'Edward.'"

Two more weeks passed, and the time for Christmas festival came. Our boy without a name was the last of the class to take his place. Miss Mildred was busy with other things, and never noticed that on the empty seat was placed a cunningly bent-up pin. When the boy came in hurriedly and sat down, he sprang up again, and gave the same "Ouch!" any boy would have given. Then something strange happened; for, though a hot flush came to his cheeks, he only said,—

"I never did care to act as a pin-cushion, and, as pins go, that one was double-pointed."

Such a look of amazement as came over that class! Miss Mildred sprang up and took the boy's hands in hers, as she said, "Edward, my dear Edward!" Then, turning to the other boys, she said:—

"I can trust boys for being honest and fair and square. Now, I ask you to decide which name best suits the boy who did not get mad when made to sit on a double-pointed pin,—'Spitzie,' or 'Edward!'"

And not a boy cried "Spitzie," but every one shook hands with "Edward," and he keeps the name he won.—*Margaret Montgomery, in Sunday School Times.*

Something for Boys.
A few weeks since I saw a touching and beautiful sight. Driving through a rugged part of the country, my attention was directed to an elderly lady trying to pick her way over a rough hillside. She came very slowly and carefully. The hill was quite steep, and I was pitying her and thinking if it would not be well to offer my services, when I heard a whistling boy coming up behind the carriage. He bounded past, and running up the hill put his arms around the lady and steadied her steps, saying pleasant words, I know, for the face encased in the warm hood looked beaming and bright with happiness. As we passed, I heard her say these words: "It is so nice to have a boy to come and help a mother down the hill. They passed on, and went into a farm-house at the foot of the hill; I knew they were mother and son. There was a sermon in those few words, I thought. I wish every boy could have heard them."

You boys are all of you here to help mother down the hill of life. You don't all do it, though; more's the pity. Some of you make it harder for her. You do things that trouble her; she is anxious about you and then she has to pick her way over places a thousand times rougher than walking down a steep hill. Perhaps you are getting into bad habits, and will not obey her counsel. Her poor heart is bruised and torn by your conduct. She knows what the results of evil doings are; that if a boy begins habits that he only considers light as cobwebs in his youth, by-and-by they may become iron chains about him, and when he is a man he will be a slave to them.

Now, boys, if you would help the dear mother down the hill of life, and make the path smooth for her, do the things she wishes you to do. And if you are all right as regards bad habits, perhaps you are not as thoughtful of the "little things" that make up life as you might be. Be as polite in waiting upon your mother as you are in waiting upon other boys' mothers. Don't speak in rough tones to her. Be always gentle when you speak to her, and careful to remember what she wishes you to be particular to do at different times and in different places.

"It's so nice to have a boy to help a mother down the hill." Yes when weary and worn with life's hard work, and age begins to come, it is a great satisfaction and source of gratitude to know that a strong, upright boy is coming up to help mother down.

And you boys who have gone from home, although you cannot literally put your arms around mother and steady her steps, yet you can write her good, long letters, and tell her you wish you were in the old home again, so you could hug and kiss her as you did when you were a little fellow, and loved to climb up in her lap.

One of the greatest blessings in the world is that of having a praying mother. Make yourselves worthy of the good mothers God has given you, and take your mother's God for your God, in the days of your youth.—*New York Examiner.*

A Revengeful Monkey.

A very amusing story is told of a monkey and a cockatoo in the Zoological Gardens in Washington. One day the cage of the cockatoo was put on top of the cage of a very intelligent monkey, who is a great favorite with visitors. The monkey, undisturbed by the presence of his gorgeous neighbor, went flying about, as usual, most actively. In the course of his movements his tail went through the top of his cage and lay against the side of Miss Cockatoo's cage. She immediately caught it with beak and claws, and the poor monkey screamed and struggled to free himself. When he did at last free himself, the hair was torn from his tail, and for some days he suffered. The cockatoo was moved across the aisle, and the monkey seemed to understand who was responsible for his hurt.

Somebody had given the monkey a small piece of a mirror, which he greatly enjoyed, while at the same time he was greatly puzzled at the sudden appearance of a neighbor who was evidently of his own race, but whom he could not coax out from his hiding-place. One day, as he held the mirror, a ray of sunlight struck it and blinded him for a minute. The reflection danced about from place to place, to the monkey's delight, at last striking the cockatoo's cage, who gave a frightened scream as it struck her eyes; for it blinded her. The monkey by this time had learned to direct its rays, and for over half an hour the cockatoo was chased from side to side and from top to bottom of her cage by the blinding flash, the monkey evidently enjoying her fright. He could not be diverted until a passing cloud made the bit of mirror useless as a means of torture, and the monkey found himself again confronted by the queer neighbor whom he could not touch, but whose face so perfectly reflected his own feelings.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Keep Your Heart Up.

"Keep your heart up, my boy," said a kind old man, putting a half-penny into the hand of a snow-sweeper of a pathway. He was not the only one who gave a coin to the lad that day. Most people pitched it down on the snow, but this one put it into his hand. They passed without looking at him; but he smiled and spoke. The boy brushed away awhile in silence, forgetting to ask for a copper. "Keep your heart up, keep your heart up," he kept saying to himself. Poor fellow! he had plenty of need to do so. His father was worse than dead—a drunkard; his mother was ill, his little brother was hungry.

"Yes, I will," said he, with an extra scrub with his broom. He moved so quickly and looked so bright that more than the usual number of coppers fell to his share.

That night he was tempted by a bad boy, "No, no, Jack," he replied; "I cannot do that. The old man told me to keep my heart up, and I mean to hold my head up, too." And he did.

A wealthy merchant, who had often passed him without giving him a second thought, was one day attracted by the honest face of the boy, and, after making full inquiries and learning his sad condition, took him into his employ. He afterwards found that his confidence had not been misplaced. The boy developed into a true Christian man, and is at the present time at the head of one of the staunchest and most trusted firms in the city of London.

Boys, keep your hearts up, and you will be sure to triumph over the greatest difficulties.

Young Folks' Column.

Devoted to Puzzles, Enigmas, Charades, Stories, Letters, Solutions, &c. All are invited to contribute.

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

Try again! Puzzlers' Pastime. Persevere

The Mystery Solved.—No. 20.

No. 114.—Stockpost. No. 115.—Tobacco.

No. 116.—1. Tobique. 8. Oromocto. 2. Miramichi. 9. Richelieu. 3. Saguenay. 10. Yukon. 4. Pokiook. 11. Petitodiac. 5. Maguadavic. 12. Thames. 6. Columbia. 13. Nerepis. 7. Madawaska. 14. Manitoba. 15. Nepisiguit.

No. 117.—Hatrack. No. 118.—Alexander Pope.

No. 119.—R O A C H
G L E A N
L I M I T
L E L I A
S E N N A

No. 120.—I A S H I S A A C H A T

No. 121.—"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup."

The Mystery—No. 23.

No. 133.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY L. FRANCES BARNES, Bath, N. B.)
Where and how often do the following occur in the Bible? (a) bonnets; (b) boldetous; (c) overwise, and (d) outlandish?

No. 134.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY LENT SIMMS, Plymouth, N. S.)
1. A letter; a serpent; a dwelling place; a reptile; a vowel.
2. A letter; to strike lightly; a useful article; a consonant.

No. 135.—RHOMBOID.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)
Across—To remark; native state; stone; lean; sores; faculties.
Down—A letter; a preposition; a pipe; a hint; a small fruit; books on plants; seaweeds; a small known animal; any being; musical note; a letter.

No. 136.—PIED TOWNS.

BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.
1. Cutchurk. 2. Tarisail. 3. Lanacois. 4. Pilolialg.

No. 137.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
In page, not in leaf;
In found, not in large;
In bottle, not in neck;
In lemon, not in green;
In maple, not in birch;
In tan, not in burn.
Whole is a useful article.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

MINNIE SIRELLE, Twin Bridges, Montana, U. S. A., correctly solves Nos. 100, to 103, inclusive.

LENT SIMMS, Plymouth, N. S., acknowledges receipt of prize. Thanks for puzzles. Nos. 106 and 111 correctly answered.

L. FRANCES BARNES, Bath, Car. Co., has hearty thanks for puzzles. Nos. 100, 101, 102, 105, 110, 115 and 121 correctly solved.

PLYMOUTH, May 19th.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I have received my prize, which you sent me. It contains a very interesting story. I thank you very much for it.

I send answers to puzzles Nos. 106 and 111. I also send two original puzzles. Wishing you and the "Young Folks' Column" much success, I remain,

Your nephew,

LENT SIMMS.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—As you have no "Montana nieces," I thought I would write to your interesting "Column" and see if they would admit me. I enjoy the Y. F. C. very much. I live in a very pretty town between the mountains. It is named from the bridge over the Beaver Head and the bridge over the Big Hole rivers. I may perhaps write again, if your nieces wish and tell them what a pretty place we live in and the fine times we have riding horse back on a "Cayuse" Pony. I was born in New Brunswick, and am a regular "Blue Nose" (considerably "Yankee-fied").

Your Montana Niece,

MINNIE SIRELLE.

Twin Bridges, Montana, U. S.

I am sure my nephews and nieces would all very much desire to hear from so far distant a niece, and to have a description of the place too. Write again. Thanks for kind favours. With best wishes.—UNCLE NED.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

Is sold all over the world. It is far superior to plain Cod Liver Oil, palatable and easily digested. Dr. Martin Miles Stanton, Bury Bucks, London, England, says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and taken it myself. It is palatable, efficient, and can be tolerated by almost anyone, especially where cod liver oil of itself cannot be borne. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size."

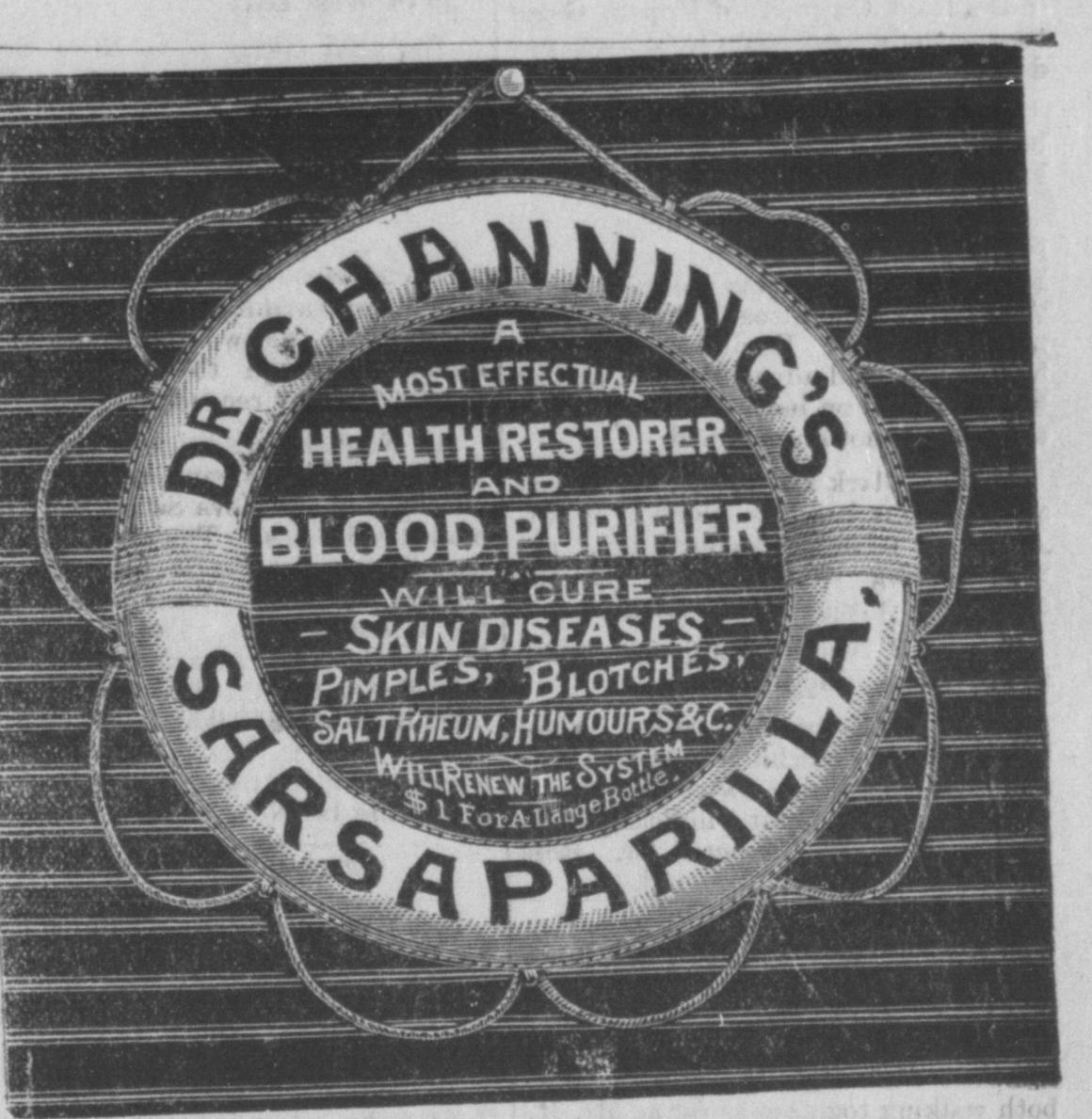
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Having used your Burdock Blood Bitters successfully for some time past for my complaint, biliousness and acid stomach, I have never found its equal.

THOS. W. SUTTON,
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Baird's Quinine and Iron Tonic!

THIS preparation is invaluable as a restorative Tonic for all forms of DEBILITY and WEAKNESS, PALEOR, PALPATION and DYSPEPSIA. It Purifies and Enriches the Blood, thus giving Tone and Vigor to the whole system. Enquire of your Dealer. Price 50 cents.



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Overcoats, Reefers, Ready Made Clothing and Jumpers,
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STRAWBERRY CURES
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AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS.
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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50 bbl's. No. 1 Shelburne Herring,
50 1-2 " "
50 bbl's. Grand Manan Herring,
150 1-2 " "
50 1-2 bbl's. Bay Herring.
For sale at bottom prices.

A. F. Randolph & Son
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(or any other time) and search in old trunks, closets, etc., for letters dated between 1847 and 1869, and on them you are sure to find old STAMPS, which you can turn into money. I will pay from 1c. to \$7.00 for each stamp of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, used before Confederation. Stamps left on the original envelopes are worth 10 per cent. more. Those cut and used for half their value are good only on the original envelopes to prove it. These are a few of the prices:

1 penny, 15c each 6 pence, 50c each
3 pence, 15c each 1 shilling, \$7 each
Send what others you may find for prices. All stamps not wanted will be returned.
Address, H. L. HART,
Care of the "Religious Intelligencer",
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Just received a lot of
MENS RUBBER BOUTS,
MISSES RUBBER BOOTS
—AND—
Childs Rubber Boots
That were slightly damaged in the
Big Boston Fire.
FOR SALE CHEAP AT
LOTTIMER'S
SHOE STORE.
March 22,