

Three's Company.

Two's company, we used to say
Before the baby came;
But now that he has come, you know,
Things hardly seem the same.

And as I hold him in my arms,
And hear him softly coo,
I wonder how we ever could be
Quite satisfied with two.

For since his coming brought such joy,
It surely seems to me,
Though two is called good company,
Still better far is three.

Selected.

What Can We Do?

Oh, what can little children do to make the
great world glad;
For pain and sin are everywhere, and
many a life is sad?
Our hearts must bloom with charity when-
ever sorrow lowers;
For how could summer days be sweet
without the little flowers?

Oh, what can little children do to make
the dark world bright;
For many a soul in shadow sits, and longs
to see the light?
Oh, we must lift our lamps of love, and let
them gleam afar;
For how should night be beautiful without
each little star?

Oh, what can little children do to bring
some comfort sweet,
For weary roads where men must climb
with toiling, wayworn feet?
Our lives must ripple clear and fresh, that
thirty souls may sing;
Could robin pipe so merrily without the
little spring?

All this may lit le children do, the sadden-
ed world to bless:
For God sends forth all living souls to
deeds of tenderness,
That this poor earth may bloom and sing
like His dear home above;
But all the work would fail and cease
without the children's love.

Selected.

Robinson Crusoe's Island.

Down the coast, just before reach-
ing the city of Valparaiso, on the
western coast of South America, is an
island which possesses an interest for
every one who has been a boy. Occasion-
ally an excursion visits the place, and
the Englishmen who constitute a large
fraction of the population of Valpara-
iso, with what few Americans there
are, go over to spend a day or two
and renew their youth. It is the island
of Juan Fernandez, where Robinson
Crusoe and his man Friday, "who
kept things tidy," had the experiences
which has given the world of boys as
much enjoyment as any that ever
came from a book.

There was a Robinson Crusoe there
—there is not a doubt of it; and there
was a man Friday, too; and the island
stands today exactly as it is described
in the narrative; but the surprising
adventures of Mr. Crusoe as revealed
in the book do not correspond exactly
with the local traditions of the story.
The island was a favorite stopping
place for vessels in the South Seas, as
it has good shipping-timber, plenty of
excellent water, abounds in fruits,
goats, rabbits and other flesh for food,
and the rocks on the coast are covered
with lobsters, shrimps and crayfish.
It was a popular resort for buccaneers
also, who ran into a well-protected
harbor to repair damages and get pro-
visions. Juan Fernandez, a famous
Spanish navigator, discovered it in
1563, and the king of Spain gave him
a patent to the island; but as he never
occupied it, his title lapsed.

In 1709 the Scotchman Selkirk, or
Selcraig, became mutinous on board
the ship *Cinque Ports*, and had to
choose between being hanged at the
yard-arm, or put ashore at Juan Fer-
nandez alone. He took the latter al-
ternative, and was left on the rocks
with his sailor's kit and a small supply
of provisions. To his surprise, after
he had been on the island a few days
he found a companion in an Indian
from the Mosquito coast of Central
America, who some years before had
come down on the pirate, *Damphier*,
and going ashore on a hunting expedi-
tion was lost and abandoned by his
comrades. This was the man Friday.
Some years later Selkirk and the
Indian were rescued by Captain Rogers,
of an English merchant-ship, and
taken to Southampton, where the
Scotchman told his story to Daniel
Defoe, and got it into print with some
romantic exaggerations.

The island is accurately described in
the story, and the visitor who is
familiar with Robinson Crusoe can
find the cave, the mountain-paths, and
other haunts of the hero without diffi-
culty; but Defoe has located it in the
wrong geographical position, having
placed it on the other side of the con-
tinent, and mixed up Montevideo with
Valparaiso. It is about twenty-three
miles long and ten miles wide in the
broadest part, and is covered with
beautiful hills and lovely valleys, the
highest peak reaching an elevation of
nearly three thousand feet. A hun-
dred years ago the Spaniards introduc-
ed bloodhounds to kill off the rabbits,

and to keep the pirates away; but the
scheme did not work.

Upon gaining her independence in
1821, Chili made Juan Fernandez a
penal colony; but thirty years later the
prisoners mutinied, killed the guards,
and escaped. Then it was leased to a
cattle company, which has now thirty
thousand head of horned cattle and as
many sheep grazing upon the hills.
There are fifty or sixty inhabitants,
mostly ranchmen and their families,
who tend the herds and raise vegetables
for the Valparaiso markets.

Great care has been taken to pre-
serve the relics of Selkirk's stay upon
the island. His cave and huts remain
just as he left them. In 1863 the
officers of the British man-of-war
Topaz erected a humble tablet to mark
the lookout from which Mr. Crusoe,
like the ancient *varianer*, used to watch
for a sail, "and yet no sail from day to
day." The inscription reads: "In
memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner,
a native of Largo, county of Fife,
Scotland; who lived upon this island
in complete solitude four years and
four months. He was landed from the
Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 16 guns,
A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the
Duke, privateer, on February 12, 1709.
He died lieutenant of H. B. M. S.
Weymouth—aged 47 years. This tablet
is erected upon Selkirk's lookout by
Commodore Powell and the officers of
H. B. M. S. *Topaz*, A. D. 1863."

No one ever goes to Juan Fernandez
without bringing away rocks and sticks
as relics of the place. There is a very
fine sort of wood peculiar to the island
which makes beautiful canes, as it has
a rare grain and polishes well.—
William E. Curtis, in "The Capitals
of Spanish America."

Ned Hoyt's Luck.

"Lucky Ned Hoyt!" was the popu-
lar sobriquet of the railway magnate.
"A man," his associates would tell
you, "of only moderate talents, born
in poverty, with no family or social
influence, yet he had mounted the
ladder of success rapidly and steadily.
Nothing to help him but luck—blind
luck!"

Let us look a little at the steps of
this ladder up which Ned climbed so
fast. He was the son of a poor woman,
who gave him a few years' schooling
and then found him a place as "eleva-
tor boy" in a hotel. Ned had one
aim: to find work on a railroad, and
there to make his way up. He stuck
to that one idea; he never changed it,
he never forgot it. The men who used
the elevator daily found the boy always
clean, always polite and eager to be of
use. He became a favorite, especially
with one, a station-master on a rail-
way leading out of the city. To him
Ned, choosing a moment when he was
in a good humor, frankly told his story
and his hope. "Can you give me
work?" he asked.

"Yes," the man said, "in the yard;
but it will be hard and poorly paid.
Better stay where you are."

"You never can rise in an elevator
—above the fifth story," retorted Ned,
laughing.

He was set at handling freight on
the platform. In a month he attract-
ed the notice of all the men in the
yard by his unflinching promptness,
energy and good humored courtesy.
His eyes and ears were always open,
and he was eager to learn the business
and the methods of the road.

One day the freight-master needed a
temporary helper in his office, as one
of the clerks was absent—suddenly ill.
He applied to the yard-master for a
substitute, "if you've got a wide-
awake young fellow, not afraid to
work."

"Here's your man!" said the yard-
master, tapping Ned on the back.
"What luck Hoyt has!" said his
companions, as he went into the office.
At the end of the week the sick man
returned, but Ned had made himself
too useful to be dismissed from the
office. A year later a small road ap-
plied to the larger one for a man com-
petent to superintend its freight de-
partment. Nobody was surprised
when Hoyt was chosen.

Ned threw himself into the interests
of the new road with zeal, and intro-
duced into its management the
methods of the older system. At last
he saw an opportunity for a grand coup
by which to insure the success of the
road, and his own as well. By build-
ing a short branch, it would tap the
trade of a productive region. He
urged this action upon the directors;
the road was built. In a few years
two great railways saw the vast advan-
tages held by the smaller line, and
bid high for them against each other.
The short road was at last incorporated
in one of the larger ones, and Hoyt
was taken into its board of manage-
ment.

"Blind luck!" cried the men whom
he had left behind.

But as years passed and Hoyt,
always cheerful, energetic and good-
humored, steadily rose to the chief

control of the road, never failing to
see and secure an opening for its ad-
vancement or his own, his comrades
began to suspect that there was some
secret in his success other than that of
luck.

Can our boy-readers explain it?
Youth's Companion.

A Good Thing For Boys.

Manual training is one of the few
good things that are good for every-
body. It is good for the rich boy, to
teach him respect for the dignity of
beautiful work; it is good for the poor
boy, to increase his facilities for hand-
ling tools, if tools prove to be the
things he must handle afterwards for a
living; it is good for the bookish boy,
to draw him away from books; but
most of all, it is good for the non-
bookish boy, in showing him that there
is something that he can do well. The
boy utterly, unable, even if he were
studious, to keep up in book-knowledge
and percentage with the brighter boys,
becomes discouraged, dull and moody.
Let him go into the work-room for an
hour, and find that he can make a box
or plane a rough piece of board as well
as the brightest scholar—nay, very
likely better than his brighter neigh-
bor—and you have given him an im-
pulse of self-respect that is of untold
benefit to him when he goes back to
his studies.

He will be a brighter and better boy
for finding out something that he can
do well. Mind you, it is not planing
the board that does him good, it is
planing the board in the presence of
other boys, who can no longer look
down upon him when they see how
well he can plane. He might go home
after school and plane a board in the
bosom of his family, or go to an even-
ing school to learn to plane, without a
quarter part—nay, without any—of
the invaluable effect upon his manhood
that it will have to let him plane side
by side with those who in mental at-
tainments may be his superiors.—
American Magazine.

To Sew on Buttons.

"When I get a bright idea I always
want to pass it along," said a lady who
sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do
your buttons ever come off, Lena?"
"Ever! They're always doing it.
They are ironed off, washed off and
pulled off until I despair. I seem to
shed buttons at every step."

Make use of these two hints when
you are sewing them on, then, and see
if they make any difference:

When you begin, before you lay the
button on the cloth, put the thread
through so that the knot will be on the
right side. That leaves it under the
button, and prevents it from being
worn or ironed away, and thus begin-
ning the loosening process. Then be-
fore you begin sewing, lay a large pin
across the button so that all your
threads will go over the pin. After
you have finished filling the holes with
thread, draw out the pin and wind your
thread round and round beneath the
button. That makes a compact stem
to sustain the possible pulling and
wear of the button-hole. It is no ex-
aggeration to say that none of my but-
tons come off, and I'm sure yours won't
if you use my method of sewing.

Home Hints.

A good way to wash kid gloves.
Spread out the gloves smooth and
neat. Rub toward the fingers with a
flannel dipped in milk and well soaped.
Rub them well and dry. The gloves
will be soft and clean.

An easy and safe way of protecting
curtains against fire is said to be by
steeping them in a solution of phos-
phate of ammonia, obtained by mixing
one pint of water with about three
ounces of phosphate. In this way the
color and texture remain unaltered.

To roughen the surface of glass,
place some emery powder upon the
surface of one glass and moisten it;
take another glass and rub the two
surfaces together. This will make the
kind of glass used for transparent
slates.

Puzzles, Enigmas, Young Folks' Column, Charades, etc., etc., etc.

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

PUZZLERS' PASTIME
If a weary task you find it,
Per severe and never mind it.

The Mystery Solved—No. 6.

No. 28.—1. Maple. 2. Hemlock.
3. Pine. 4. Cedar.
5. Beech.

No. 29.—Burdock.

No. 30.—C—ana—nit—E
O—blatio—N
R—abb—I
N—arro—W
COEN WINE

No. 31.—

1. 1 Saml. 25:37. 2. Ex. 9:27.
3. Numb. 22:34. 4. Numb. 32:23.
5. 2 Chron. 21:12, 13, 14, 15.

No. 32.—Mark 12:27.

The Mystery—No. 9.

[N. B.—Contributions are respect-
fully solicited for this department of the
INTELLIGENCER.]

No. 43.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.
(BY A. RICHARDSON, Carleton, N. S.)

Two women were going to market
with eggs. Said one to the other,
"Give me one of your eggs, and I
shall have as many as you." "Not
so," said the other, "but give me one
of yours, and I will have twice as many
as you." How many eggs had each?

No. 54.—TRANSPPOSED PROVERBS.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. "Rfo autw fo a lhai lte ewhl
onces flo."
2. "Afe nibd, fse nifd."

No. 45.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

In sun, not in moon;
In chain, not in stool;
In dish, not in plate;
In do, not in did;
In house, not in shed;
In low, not in high;
In man, not in boy;
In star, not in sky;
In sea, not in land;
In tea, not in coffee;
In little, not in big;
In saucer, and in cup.
My whole is one who rules.

No. 46.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY MABEL L. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

My whole composed of 31 letters, is
a proverb.
My 1, 26, 2, 7, 13 is a simoleon.
My 8, 3, 18 is a male child.
My 14, 6, 12, 17, 11, 16 is to redress.
My 15, 3, 29, 22, 21, 23 is sheltered.
My 24, 9, 31, 28 is an animal.
My 25, 20, 5, 19 is a spully.
My 27, 30, 10, 4 is to split.

No. 47.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

I. A letter; an adjective, a carbonate
of lime; a river; a letter.
II. A letter from Halifax; to strike
lightly; a tree; a number; a letter.
III. A vowel; liquor; a tree; a
girl's name; a vowel.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, our
regular and esteemed correspondent
will accept our thanks for the fine
batch of puzzles.

The result of the Prize Bible Story
Competition will be announced ere
long. Another prize contest soon.

Young friends send along anything
interesting for the Column. Puzzles,
short stories, sketches of your birth-
place, etc., are always acceptable. The
work will be an aid to you in after life.
You will be benefited by every honest
effort. Make this a live, newsy and
interesting corner of the INTELLIGEN-
CER.

BIBLE STORIES have been received
from the following: Annie McFee,
Central Norton; E. L. Hammond,
Lockport, N. S., who will accept
thanks for puzzle; Lauretta G. Van-
dine, Knoxport; Gerta Pennington,
Bull Creek, and Lizzie E. Brewer,
Nashwaaksis.

CROSS CREEK, Feb. 6th, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I send you some more
puzzles, hoping they may be accept-
able. I am glad to see new names on
our list, and I hope many more may
be added before the close of this year.
CARRIE WADE.

CENTRAL NORTON, K. Co.
Feb. 11th, 1890.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I have been
interested in the puzzle department
for quite a while, and have long been
thinking of taking part in it; but as I
go to school my lessons take up nearly
all my time. But I am going to try
now to give some time to it. I think
writing about the characters of the
Bible is very nice. I don't expect to
get a prize, but I will do my best in
trying.

I remain, your new niece,
ANNIE McFEE.
LOCKPORT, N. S.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am going to
try once more for a prize. I would
often write to the Y. F. Column, but
have not time. Am glad to see some
new ones taking interest in it. I hope
this will reach you in time. I will
send two or three questions, if you
wish them.

Your niece,
E. L. HAMMOND.

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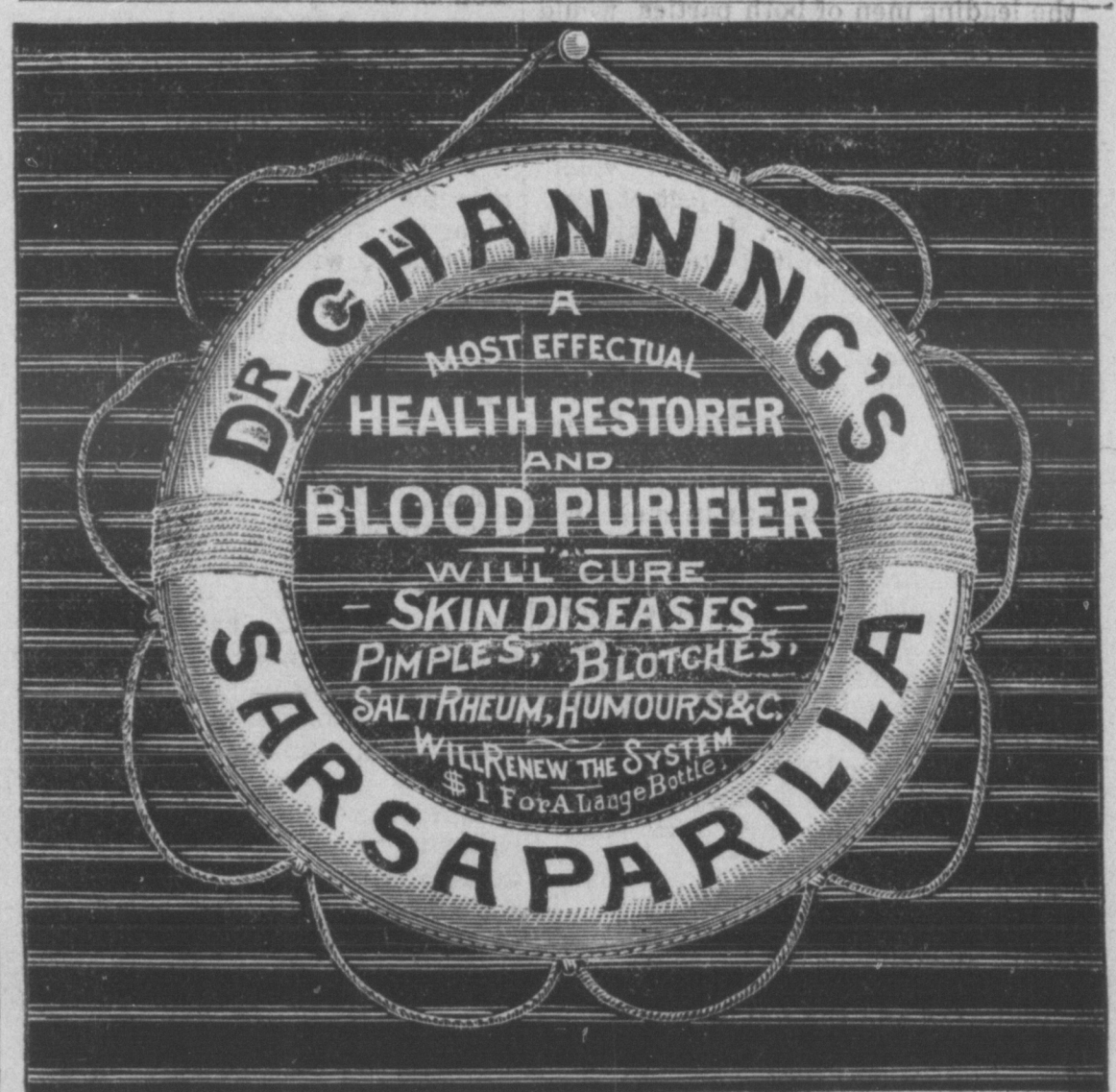
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