

Work for Little Followers.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,
Something waiting every day, that none may try but you;
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

The e's room for children's service in this busy world of ours;
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers;
And their help at task and toiling, the Church of God may claim,
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer;
They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear.
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some souls to look above,
Finding rest, and peace, and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you: swift and jubilant they ring,
Oh! the bliss of being trusted on the e-rands of the King!
Fearless march in royal service; not an evil can befall
Those who do the gracious bidding, hastening at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing—
Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hours of spring.
Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,
As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you;
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

Speak the Truth Always.

Hearing a young lad telling what might have been called a "white lie" the other day, and after a little, the truth being divulged, he was made to feel so thoroughly uncomfortable I would say a word on truthfulness to the young people who sometimes are so careless about what they tell. To hear them talk one would think that to call black white every day of their lives was of not the slightest consequence.

The stories they tell have only a grain of fact to every pound of fiction, and when, on account of it, they get into "trouble," there is no other way to screen themselves—they think—but to invent some other falsehood. Haven't you seen such? Oh! how much better to tell the truth at first.

Now—and I want you to note it—there never yet lived any good man (or woman, either) in the world who was not remarkable for truthfulness. This was the most conspicuous thing about them, the very foundation of their characters. Their word could be relied upon for the least thing, and everybody felt trust and confidence in them.

The boy who tells falsehoods has a very low mind, and there is no end to the mean things they are capable of doing! You may trust them as far as you can see and no farther. They go through life, suspected by everybody upright person! Who likes the cold shoulder turned upon them? Not one.

Truth forever, then, say we! Let us speak, ever and always, downright honest truth, and then we shall be trusted everywhere and wherever we go.

Many falsehoods are about such very little things, too, hardly worth mentioning, you say. Is it so? These trifling matters, remember, often grow to be the most serious of all. If we are found in little falsehoods people will naturally suspect us on great occasions. Perhaps you have read of the boy in the fable who ruined his reputation by calling, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was none. He would have got quite as bad a reputation if he had told any other lie!

Pride induces many persons to tell an untruth. They wish to appear better than they are; or spite—to do an ill turn to some one; or cowardice or laziness—to be relieved of work they ought really to do; or even greediness—to get what they do not deserve!

A falsehood-teller never has an easy mind. They are always afraid of being found out. Every story wrongfully told is an enemy to one's peace, and may any day be revealed and hold them up to contempt!

"A liar," says an old proverb, "should have a good memory"; and how can any one enjoy happiness in this life who has always to be taxing their brains to make their statements of stories correspond when repeated?

Truth is the all-important virtue, the twin-brother of honesty, and, in fact, the very foundation of all the virtues. It is safe to say, a boy who speaks the truth always will grow into an honorable, straightforward man,

and in most cases a successful one. Speak the truth then, boys, and you will win the favour of God and man.

The Nickel That Burned in Joe's Pocket.

Deacon Jones kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fire-works and crackers tomorrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was hung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot. Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I sell the deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones's cottage.

A stand was drawn out and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." You have my forgiveness, Joe; now go home and confess to the Lord, but remember you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live to remind you of this first temptation."—*New York Mail.*

About Salt.

For weak eyes, a wash of weak salt and water will prove of much benefit. Salt and water, quite strong and used persistently for a time, will prevent the hair from falling out.

A teaspoonful of salt dissolved in one-half glassful of water is excellent to allay nausea in sick-headaches.

To relieve heart-burn drink a half-tumblerful of cold water in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of salt.

When wiping up the floor before putting the carpet down, sprinkle it all over with salt, while damp; this will greatly prevent moths.

For stings or bites from any kind of insect, apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve, and usually cure very quickly.

Salt as a tooth-powder is better than almost any other dentifrice. It keeps the teeth white, the gums hard and rosy, and breath fresh.

If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt and water, and bind it on the throat tightly, when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

For neuralgia, make a small muslin bag, fill it with salt, heat it very hot, and lay it against the aching place. It will prove a great relief, as salt retains the heat a long time.

For troublesome weeds, and for grass in sidewalks, driveways, etc., apply a dressing of coarse salt; this will kill all growth. Be careful not to put it on anything that should not be destroyed, however.

For catarrh snuff up considerable salt and water from the hollow of the hand, every morning. Salt and water, used as a gargle just before going to bed, strengthens the throat and helps to prevent bronchial troubles; it is also excellent for sore-throat.

If ink is spilled on the carpet, throw a quantity of salt on it, which will quickly absorb the ink; take this up, and put on more salt. Keep repeating this, rubbing it well into the ink spot, until the ink is all taken up by the salt; then brush the salt out of the carpet.

For a felon, take common rock salt such as is used for salting down pork, dry it in an oven, then pound it fine and mix with spirits of turpentine, in equal parts. Put it on a linen rag and wrap around the felon. As it dries

put on more, and if followed up the felon will be dead in twenty-four hours.

If anything catches fire or something burning makes a disagreeable smell or smoke, throw salt upon it, at once. If a bright, clear fire is quickly desired, it may readily be obtained by throwing salt upon the coals; likewise, if too much blaze should result from dripping of fat from broiling steak, ham, etc., salt will subdue it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Chauncey M. Depew's Tussel.

In an address before the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew gave an incident from his early life which carries a weighty lesson. Said he:

"The best thing I remember connected with myself is that, when I graduated from Yale I thought I would lead a life of scholastic ease. I thought I would read and write a little, take it easy and have a good time. I had a hard-hearted old father of sturdy Dutch ancestry. He had money enough to take care of me, and I knew it, and when he found I knew it and intended to act accordingly, it was a cold day for me, and he said to me: 'You will never get a dollar from me except through my will. From this time forth you have got to make your own way.'"

Well, I found I had a hard lot of it—nobody had a harder one—and the old gentleman stood by and let me tussel and fight it out. I bless him to-night with all the heart and gratitude I have for that. If he had taken the other course what would I have done? I would have been in Peekskill to-night nursing a stove, cursing the men who had succeeded in the world, and wondering by what exceptional luck they had got on; but having my way to dig along, I got beyond everything my father ever dreamed of; but it was done by fourteen hours' or sixteen or eighteen hours' work a day, if necessary.

It was done by temperance, by economy.

When you make a dollar, spend seventy-five cents and put the other twenty-five cents by. No man can stand still. When God created us he did a fortunate thing for us; he made us so that we must either go forward or backward. A man knows more to-day than yesterday, or he knows less. A man who bottoms a chair, gets up and goes to his meals, and then goes back again, in the course of five years will be the biggest dunce in the community and his opinion will not be worth knowing. He will lose his power for work, and will not be worth three cents an hour.

Young Peoples' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, St. John, P. O., N. B.

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, and other work of interest to the young.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 7.

No. 35.—
"O, Christmas day! O, Christmas day!
You creep away like slow old time;
Each year I long for thee to come again,
O help me to be thine!"

No. 36.—
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lie ale tip
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No. 37.—"Wise and good men make the laws, but it was fools and rogues that put them on it."

No. 38.—Bessie Boyer.

The Mystery.—No. 10.

No. 53.—DIAMOND.
(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)
A letter; an animal; a boy's name; a bunch of ribbons; name of saint commemorated in February; giggle; moves; third pars of hens; a vowel.

No. 54.—HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.
(BY B. L. S., Central Hampstead.)
1. There is a saucy boy coming down the road.
2. He rode the horse that won the prize.
3. She may come and stay with me.
4. How much Americans resemble the English.

No. 55.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY DALE McMULKIN, Upper Gagetown.)
My 4, 5, 2, 8, is a vessel.
My 8, 6, 7, 10, is not rich.
My 1, 6, 7, 10, 9, the name of a poet.
My 10, 2, 3, 9, get up.
My 5, 6, 10, 4, 7, an animal.
My whole, of ten letters, is the name of one whom we love dearly.

No. 56.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

(BY ETNA A. MANZER, Millville.)

In white, not in black;
In sheep, not in cow;
In gin, not in rum;
In poor, not in rich;
In pin, not in need;
In moon, not in star;
In pot, not in pan;
In warm, not in cold;
In winter, not in summer;
In tin, not in copper;
In camel, not in goat;
In little not in big.
My whole is a bird.

No. 57.—ENIGMA.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

In cat, not in kitten;
In horse, not in colt;
In bet, not in guess;
In large, not in big;
In lamp, not in light;
In lack, not in want;
In break, not in smash.
Whole is a name we all know.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

WRITE only on one side of the paper.
MARY WARD, Minneapolis, Minn., U. S., has our thanks for nice batch of puzzles. Your name is entered on the prize competition list.

B. L. S., Central Hampstead, has thanks for puzzles. Name entered. Note above. Nos. 40, 42, 44 and 45 correctly solved.

EMILY HICKS, Woodstock, also has name entered in prize contest. Thanks for puzzles. Nos. 31, 32, 37 and 38 solved aright.

ETTA A. MANZER, Millville, has thanks for nice puzzles. Name also entered. Thanks for kind words.

DALE McMULKIN, Upper Gagetown, has thanks for nice batch of puzzles. Glad to hear you speak so.

OUR POETRY.

A LITTLE BOY'S POLITICS.

(Contributed by DALE McMULKIN, Upper Gagetown.)

When I'm a man and wear a long coat,
And a tall silk hat, why then—I shall vote,
And the men at town meeting, who try to run it,
Will hand me a vote, with a name upon it.

And I'll say I'll take it, on one condition,
If the man with that name is for Prohibition;
For I am determined liquor-drinking to hate,
And to fight liquor-selling both early and late.

My name on a teetotal pledge I once wrote,
And for none but a teetotal man will I vote.

This is copied. I thought it appropriate for these election times—if you think it worthy of a place in the Y.F.C.

D. McMULKIN.

OUR LETTER BOX.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—

I again send some puzzles, if you think any of them worth publishing.

I was pleased to see some of the others in print. Thanks for your encouragement.

Of course I am only a little boy, but I am expecting to be a man; and I want to be a good and useful one, and I think I find good in trying to find answers, and send such to you.

Good-bye,

DALE McMULKIN.

Upper Gagetown, Feb. 24, '91.

MILLVILLE, Feb. 22nd, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE,—

I thought I would send a few puzzles. They are very poor. I thought they would add to the list for the INTELLIGENCER. I am very glad that so many young people are interested in the "Young Folks' Column."

It would be nice if more boys and girls would send stories and puzzles. I have no puzzles solved.

Your loving friend,

ETTA A. M.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—My horse was so afflicted with distemper that he could not drink for four days and refused all food. Simply applying MINARD'S LINIMENT outwardly cured him.

CAPT. HERBERT CANN.

Feb. 1887.

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MRS. A. LIVINGSTON.

Lot 5, P. E. I.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

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Calls attention to his new stock of House Furnishing Goods—late importations and recent manufactures; promising to show his patrons the largest and best assorted stock he has yet offered. Foreign Goods, having been personally selected, after twenty-six years experience in the best markets of the world, will be found fine value and well suited to the wants of the trade.

256 packages have been received containing English, French and Bohemian China, Decorated Porcelain and Ivory Wares, all white, decorated and printed granite, jet, cream colour and common wares. Table Glassware, Library, Hall, Parlour and Banquet Lamps—all from celebrated makers; 7 packages Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s flat and hollow wares; 1 case Thomas Elin & Co.'s celebrated Table Cutlery, 5 cases Bohemian Fancy Glassware, 5 cases Silk Plush Fancy Goods and Toys.

Fredericton, Oct. 28th, 1890.

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Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color

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Strawberry, Raspberry,

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As this is the season for coughs and

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WILEY'S COUGH BALSAM.

Although not largely advertised it

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(proof of its virtue) and we would ask

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