

Only one Mother.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill,
And love you, although
The world is your foe—
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you stay;
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare—
So worship that mother always.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this,
So love and revere
That mother while here—
Sometime you won't know her kind kiss.

You have only one mother, just one;
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you—
What have you for her ever done?

Only One Figure Wrong.

When the daily recitations in Arithmetic were about to close, the teacher always gave a test problem to see how well the class remembered past lessons. One evening, of the fifteen boys in the class Martin White was the only one who had an incorrect answer.

"I don't see any need of being so particular," said Martin, sullenly, as he looked at the one marked figure.

"I'll lose my place in a game of ball just because one figure was wrong."

The teacher talked to him very kindly about how careless he had been lately in preparing his lessons, and now he was harming himself by allowing such a bad habit to grow. He corrected his mistake and walked away with angry thoughts towards the patient teacher.

"I'm not a man yet," he thought. "When I am I will be more careful in my accounts than I am with these silly little sums."

The boys were having a fine game of ball, but there was no room for him; and it was not often his mother gave him permission for a game after school.

It was no pleasure to stand and watch them, and be teased for having been "kept" after school; so he soon hurried home, growing angrier every moment, and rushed into his mother's room, exclaiming: "That hateful teacher kept me just because one figure was wrong on my slate."

Then, surprised at his mother's pale face, he paused as she motioned to him to sit down on the sofa by her.

"You must not speak so of your teacher, she said. 'Your hasty words, 'one figure wrong,' brings up afresh to-day's trouble. I had not meant to tell you, for I would shield you from every unnecessary sorrow. You know how much you love your Uncle Jamie. To day—"

"What is it, mother? Has something happened to him?" asked Martin, as his mother's tears fell on the hand in hers. He has lost his employer thousands of dollars by careless book-keeping, and lies in jail until his father can make things right. He has been arrested for robbery, but such it appears to be to those who have trusted him. But his despatch to me was: 'Sister, it is only one of my careless mistakes in changing bills. I will work till every dollar is restored, if you can help me out of jail.' I used to talk to him about his lessons, and he would only say thoughtlessly, 'Only one figure wrong.' Please let me never hear it again from our boy's lips. As the boy in the schoolroom, so will the man be in business."

"I'll try to do better, mother, indeed I will," was the earnest reply. And he meant what he said, for his teacher was surprised at the accurate and careful way in which he prepared his lessons. Instead of "only one figure wrong," he took for his watchword, "Every figure must be right."

Little Sister.

"I so tired," said a baby voice, a shade of fretfulness in the soft tones. "Mamma, put down your work and talk to Ailee."

The mother looked up anxiously at this appeal. The daylight was fast fading away, and every beam from the western window was precious, for Eddie's Sunday coat was unfinished. It must be worn to-morrow, and her tired fingers must complete it. Yet there stood her little girl before her, with tears in her bright blue eyes, and a pale, tired look on the baby face.

"Can't Ailee play a little longer, and let mother work?"

"No," said the child, shaking her little head decidedly: "I'm tired and want sumfin to do; and the red lip quivered. What was to be done? It

grew darker while she stopped to talk. "Well, you may go into the bedroom, and tell Eddie and James I want them to amuse you till supper time."

"Well, Ailee likes that," and with a satisfied look the little one stole off, and the restless fingers went back to their sewing.

The two boys were romping noisily with their rocking horse, when the playroom door softly opened, and they saw the gleam of sunny curls through the twilight.

"I've come to play," said a soft voice. "Mamma said Ailee come to play."

"That's always the way," said James. "We never get going in a nice game but Ailee comes and spoils it all. What a shame!"

"There isn't anything you can play, Ailee. What did you come for?" continued Eddie, in a cross tone.

"Mamma said you must amuse me," said the child; but all the happy look was gone, and the troubled, tired expression had come back. She was terribly disappointed, for all the air-castles of fun had been made to fade by the sound of her brothers' unkind words.

"Well, come along then. I suppose we must play. Get on the horse and ride," said Eddie, by no means pleasantly; and he lifted her up into the saddle, and slowly rocked the horse.

But he took no pains to make the child happy, and she soon began to cry, "I'll fall off!"

"No you won't, silly goose," returned the boy, roughly; and he continued rocking. Ailee was now thoroughly frightened and worried out of her little self-control.

"I'll fall and get killed, you naughty Eddie; take me off!" and she began to scream.

"There! get down then! She won't be amused, James, and there is no use in trying. Come back and let's play."

And he sat her on the floor, and himself took the horse, unmindful of her sister's tears. A griefed look came over her face, and the little lip trembled; then she started and ran hastily away, calling loudly, "Mamma, Eddie's cross, and nobody'll play with Ailee!" and the sobs increased violently.

The mother sighed, put down Eddie's coat, and, taking the weary little form in her arms, talked and sung to her till the child was quiet.

Now, those were not unkind boys. James and Eddie intended nothing wrong. But they were thoughtless, and such thoughtlessness is a sin. Boys! would you lighten your mother's weight of care, and in helping her feel that you are blessing God? Then be kind to your little brothers and sisters, if you have them; and if not you can find many ways to help her, if you try.

Jerry's Chocolate Cake.

"When I am a man," said Jerry Whitmore, searching his plate earnestly for crumbs of his vanished cake, "when I am a man, I am going to have a whole chocolate cake to myself—a whole, big, round chocolate cake, mother. I am, indeed, and nobody shall have a bit of it. I would like to see how it feels to eat a whole cake by myself."

"You need not wait until you are a man," said his mother. "I will make you one to-morrow."

"Will you really, mother? all to myself?"

"Yes, on one condition—that you will not give anybody a bite of it while it lasts."

"Ho! I can easily promise you that; for I don't want anybody to help me eat it, I can tell you."

Mrs. Whitmore sighed a little and wondered if Jerry was as selfish a little boy as he thought he was, but she made him the cake. As soon as the icing was firm, Jerry cut a big slice for himself and sat down on the kitchen-step to eat it. His little brother Rob came and stood in front of him with his hands behind his back. "Wis! I had some piece," said Rob, looking at Jerry.

"Mother," called Jerry. "Can't I give Rob a piece?"

"Certainly not," answered his mother.

"Go away, then, Rob, and don't watch me eat it," begged Jerry. But no; there stood the little man eyeing the cake until it was gone; while two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That piece didn't taste good one bit," said Jerry to himself. "I won't eat any more when Rob is around."

The next time Jerry took a piece he slipped out of the door to hide himself in the woodshed. Bounce, the little black and tan terrier, thinking he was going out to play slipped after him, but just before the couple got out of sight, the mother called: "Jerry, remember not to give Bounce any cake."

"Oh, isn't that a pity!" said Jerry to Bounce, and then he had to eat his cake with Bounce begging for every bite. It was worse than Rob, because

he could not explain anything to doggie.

"There, that's two pieces of cake spoiled for me," grumbled Jerry. "Eating a whole cake isn't half as much fun as it's cracked up to be."

When the tea-bell rang, Jerry was ready for bread and butter and milk as if he had not tasted anything for twelve hours; and there on his up-turned plate was a half of what the Whitmore children called a "snow-ball."

It was a white cake—white inside, with white crumbs and citron, and round and white outside, with particularly sugary icing. Nobody made just those cakes except Aunt Martha Mason.

"That cake was sent to Rob, Jerry," said his mother, "and of his own accord he asked me to save you a piece"—when, lo! to everybody's surprise, big boyish Jerry burst out crying.

"I hate chocolate cake, mother," he said. "I never want to see another piece as long as I live."

So Mother Whitmore knew that Jerry had learned his lesson. She did not believe he would ever again think anything sweeter than he kept to himself.

"Suppose we bring out your cake and eat it for supper?" she said to her little boy.

Jerry's face cleared up all in a minute.

"Oh, mother," he said, "that would be so nice!"

And I think that if Rob and Bounce had been allowed to eat all that Jerry wanted them to have, they would both have dreamed of their great-grandfathers that night.

TO CIRCUMVENT MOTHS.—This is the season when our innocent looking little enemies, the moths do their most destructive work—at least this is the beginning. The small, cream colored moths flying around should be destroyed. They do the mischief, depositing numbers of eggs in woolen and fur garments, carpets, curtains, upholstered furniture—nothing escapes them, and before we know the danger frequently our most cherished garment is riddled by the little pests.

The great trouble comes from the puttings things away clean and free from the moth eggs. Articles slightly soiled are certain to attract moths. It is therefore well to wash everything that can be washed, like flannels and stockings. Coats, cloaks, furs and similar things should be cleaned and beaten and aired several times before finally putting away for the summer. When carpets are kept down during the summer, tar paper should be laid under the edges and the room swept carefully with a stiff broom once in a while, particularly the edges of the carpet, corners and seams.—Chicago News.

Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, N. B.

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 35.

No. 200.—H
T
E
A
H
E
N
R
Y
A
R
M
Y

No. 201.—
"Mar's life's a book of history,
The leaves thereof are days,
The letters mercies closely joined,
The title is God's praise."

No. 202.—Promises may get friends,
but it is performance that keeps them.

No. 203.—
That man may also be deemed wise
Who with good counsellors complies;
But he who can't perceive what's right,
And won't be rightly taught,
That man is in a hopeless plight
And wholly good for naught."

No. 204.—Two things you'll not fret
at if you a wise man: the thing you
can't help, and the thing you can.

No. 205.—Psalms 13:3.

No. 206.—Rev. 22:13.

No. 207.—
(a) f o x e s (b) t o p i c
p e t m o p i e
s p i e

No. 208.—Mark 4:3.

No. 209.—(a) Prov. 30:31. (b)
Amos 6:5.

—The Mystery—No. 38.—

No. 219.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY EDWIN, Cornhill).

My first is in Tenerife;
My second is in Spain;
My third is in France;
My fourth is in Mogado;
My fifth is in Mocha;
My sixth is in England;
My seventh is in Avila;
My eighth is in Persia;
My ninth is in Turkey;
My tenth is in Madrid.
My whole is a lake in the old world.

No. 220.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY HATTIE MERRITHW, Keswick).

My 1st is in book, but not in paper;
My 2nd is in tub, but not in pail;
My 3rd is in talk, but not in laugh;
My 4th is in bat, but not in ball;
My 5th is in peg, but not in nail;
My 6th is in rat, but not in mouse.
My whole is something we eat.

No. 221.—ARITHMETIC.

A frog in a well six feet deep jumps
up two each day and falls back one
each night, how many days will it take
him to get out.

No. 222.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek).

1. A letter; a part of dress; a musical instrument; a part; a vowel.
2. A vowel; before; a musical instrument; part of the body; a letter.
3. A letter; a liquid; a useful article; to work; a letter.

No. 223.—ENIGMA.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

First in the spring you see my face,
And in the summer too,
Out in the woods, among the trees
And in the sky so blue.

I love to frolic in the sun,
The storms are my delight,
And ever when the moon is out,
I am always here in sight.

No. 224.—DROP-LETTER.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

G-t-s-e-p-i-c-h-f-o-e-s
n-o-e-i-t-e-o-n-n-h-u-s

No. 225.—DROP-VOWEL.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

S-t-l-l-s-c-l-s-th-r-l-v-s-t-n-g-h-t
n-d-p-n-n-th-m-r-n-g-l-g-h-t

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

HATTIE MERRITHW, Pugh's Crossing, Keswick, has thanks for puzzles.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOW IS THE TIME! LET ALL TRY! THREE PRIZES!

FIRST OFFER.—A nice prize will be given to the sender of the first correct list of answers published this issue. All letters to be received within three weeks from the time you receive the paper.

SECOND OFFER.—A handsome prize will be given to the sender of the three best original puzzles of the following kinds, viz., Numerical Enigma, Acrostic and Hidden Minerals. All puzzles to be received in one month from date of this issue.

THIRD OFFER.—An elegant prize will be given for the best original story on New Brunswick, said story not to exceed 500 words in length. All stories must reach the puzzle-editor on or before the 30th November, and marked "STORY COMPETITION, INTELLIGENCER."

Some Rules, etc.—Write on one side of the paper only. Number your pages. Do not roll manuscript in mailing, but fold. Write neatly, as attention to neatness will aid in getting the prize. Send the answers to the puzzles you send in the competition. The story on New Brunswick must be in your own writing and your own search. You may use books or persons.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

DO TELL ME? the name of that delightful Perfume you use. With pleasure. It is the "Lotus of the Nile."

Joseph Ruson, Percy, writes:—"I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me."

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

REGINA RIPPLES.

"I took six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, headache and dull stupid feeling, but now I am entirely well and healthy, having also a good appetite which I did not have previously."—Mrs. T. Davis, Regina, N. W. T.

WHAT SAY THEY?

In popularity increasing. In reliability the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers sell it.

Professional Cards.
G. H. COBURN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, etc
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. A. & W. VANWART
BARRISTERS, &c.
Offices—Opposite City Hall,
Fredericton, N. B.

G. C. VANWART, M. D.,
LATE OF
MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL,
London, Eng., and
ROTUNDA HOSPITAL,
Dublin, Ireland.

Office—Queen St., Opposite
City Hall.
Residence—Long's Hotel,
Fredericton.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT. OF
WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
MORBUS
COLIC
AND
CRAMPS
DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE
SICK
HEAD
ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for \$1.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

LOOK HERE.

If you are sick get Gates' Family Medicine, they are the oldest and most reliable preparations before the public. Their Life of Man Bitters have made more cures of chronic diseases than all others combined. As a proof of this see certificates from those who have used them. In all parts of the country. They will make a well person feel better.

Beware of imitations, get the genuine. Sold everywhere at 50 cents per bottle \$5.50 per dozen.

HARDWARE
Just received—
11 CASES General Hardware;
4 dozen Horse Pokes.
And for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

NEW GOODS
—IN—
Gentleman's Department,
27 KING STREET.
NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces,
French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags,
Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Marino Shirts
and Drawers.
IN STOCK—
ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS
the latest styles and the "Derby"
(Paper, Turn-Down) and THE
SWELL Paper Standing
COLLARS
MANCHESTER,
ROBERTSON,
& ALLISON.
St. John, N. B.

NEW GOODS
—O—
JAMES R. HOWIE,
PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I BEG to inform my numerous patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well-selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trousers from which I am prepared to make up in First Class STYLE, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
My stock of Mens' Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Hard and Soft Hats of English and American make, in all the novelties and Staple Styles for Spring Wear. White and Regatta shirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Braces, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and well selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English and American designs.
Rubber Clothing a specialty!

Jas R Howie.
192 Queen St., Fredericton.
June 20.

Livingstone's
LIVER
—AND—
Blood Purifier

JUST RECEIVED AT

WILEY'S
Drug Store.

JUST STORED.

Canvassed Ham,
CANVASSED BACON,
SPICES, COFFEE,
etc., etc.

We are offering very low prices to dealers on Pure Spices.

TIMOTHY & CLOVER SEED
at lowest rates. Good quality.

A.F. Randolph & Son
[Apr. 29 1891.]

DO YOU WANT A WEDDING
PRESENT?—Toronto Silver Plate Co. make most reliable goods. A fine stock cheap at
J. G. McNALLY'S.

MUNN & CO
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
AGENCY for
PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

LOWER PRICES—700 Oak and Cafe Seat Chairs, Rattan Rockers, Oak and Walnut Chamber Bunkers, Sideboards and Secretaries just received. Greatly reduced prices, at
J. G. McNALLY'S.

GOOD BARGAINS NOW!—We will cut prices on all kinds of Carpets for remainder of season to close out spring importation.
J. G. McNALLY.
June 24 '91.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY,
Finest Grade of Bells,
Gimes & Pals for Churches,
Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc.
Fully warranted; satisfaction
guaranteed. Send for price
and catalogue.
HENRY McSHANE & CO.,
BALTIMORE, Md., U.S.
Mention this paper.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY
Favorably known to the public since
1855. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarms
and other bells; also Chimes and Pals.
Meneely & Co., West Troy, N.Y.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY
Bells for Churches, Chimes, School
Fire Alarms of Pure Copper and Tin
Judy Warranted. Catalogue sent free
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.