

"GOD BLESS OUR HOME."

We come from the fog-laden streets of the city,
From wide windy spaces where the cold
has no pity,
From close darkened rooms, or from bleak
hill and moor, the welcoming door,
To thankfully enter
And God bless our home!

We come from the fights and the races of life,
From the fierce din of voices, the conflict
and strife,
From the tempests of words that are thun-
dered loud,
From the riot, unquiet, and stress of the crowd,
And God bless our home!

O snug little nest, in a shelter so cheery,
O place of sweet rest for the troubled and weary,
Each day has its Sabbath of prayer and of psalm,
Where the Church in the House is kept
sacred and calm,
So God bless our home!

No spot is so dear to the heart, nor is any
Ignored by so few, or beloved by so many,
Where dear eyes smile on us and kind
voices speak,
There find we the pledge of the Heaven
that we seek,
And God bless our home!

Yes, God give the home His abundant
good blessing,
God shelter its roof from all evil dis-
tressing,
And grant to its inmates the spirit of love
Which rules in the House of our Father
above,
And so bless our home.

God made us unselfish, devoted and
dutiful,
Meek, merry, and kindly, wise, tender and
beautiful,
And not only hear when we offer our
prayer,
But himself love our home, and abide with
us there,
And so God bless our home.

—Marianne Farnham.

The Fireside.

HOW BILLY TOOK HIS LAGER.

"Boy Billy" was the adopted son of Christian Zende, an honest German, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager beer saloon, tossing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things. Billy looked on with curiosity.

"Come here, Billy," said Christian Zende. "Why were you in the beer-shop to-day? Why do you drink beer, my boy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Billy, it is not good to the mouth. I did never see so big faces as you did make. Billy, you think it will taste good by and by, and it looks like a man to drink, and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good, have it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home; take your drink pure, Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy. You like beer. Well, open your mouth. I have all the beer stuff, pure from the shop. Come, open your mouth, and I will put it in."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende: "Don't you make me mad, Billy. Open your mouth."

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Zende put a small bit of alum in. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. This was worse, Billy winced. The least morsel of red pepper now, from a knife point, made Billy howl.

"What, not like beer?" said Zende. "Open your mouth." A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

"Open your mouth; the beer is not half made yet." And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of licorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

"Look, Billy! Here is some arsenic and some strychnine which is used to kill rats!"

"I shall die! O—O—do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kill him! just by a little beer, all good and pure! He tells me he likes beer, and it is manly to drink it, and when I give him some he cries I kill him. Here is water. There is much water in beer."

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on.

"There is much alcohol in beer. Here! open your mouth," and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Come here, the beer is not done, Billy," and, seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall.

"There, Billy! here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, and nux vomica. Open your mouth!"

"O no, no!" said Billy. "Let me go. I hate beer. I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again! O, let me go! I can't eat those things. My mouth tastes awful now. O, take them away, Father Zende!"

"Take them away! Take away good beer, when I have paid for it! My boy, you drank them fast enough to-day."

"O, they make me sick," said Billy. "A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets big in the body; he gets shaky in his hands; he gets weak in his eyes; he gets mean in his manners." Billy was satisfied on the beer question.—"Little Star," from the German.

KEEP A SCRAP-BOOK.

I advise every boy and girl to keep a scrap-book. If you are ten, or fifteen, or twenty years old, keep a SCRAP-BOOK.

Let me tell you why and how: Hundreds of things you see that you would like to keep; but if you lay them away you will never be able to find them when you want them. When I was a boy, I did not have sense enough to keep scrap-books. I began some, but did not keep on long with them.

My memory was good, but I can now remember many things that I can't remember.

What that means is this: I remember reading a beautiful piece of poetry, of which two or three lines I can call up, but the whole I can't recollect. In some cases I do not know the name of the writer.

I have seen many fine pictures in magazines and papers that would now be valuable and interesting. Some I cut out, but they are lost. Charming stories, wise remarks, proverbs, directions for doing a great many useful and curious things, are also lost.

So much do I feel sure that I have lost that I would give \$50 apiece for the scrap-books of each and every year that I might have made, from the time I was ten till I began to preserve things, only a few years ago.

There is a gentleman who has kept scrap-books since he was eight years old. He is now forty, and has been arranging them in volumes, with an index in the back of each one. You would hardly think that the earlier would be of much use to him. But they are. He often amuses himself as he reads them; for he sees how little he knew when he was little; but also finds a little that he still thinks valuable. Besides, his children are much interested to see what their father has collected and pasted in books. The older he grows the more useful the books become. He can go to his books, and in a few minutes get information about every thing that has happened in his whole life—tell you all about the Civil War, the Crimean War, the Italian War, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, and many other things, just as they were published in the papers at the time the events happened.

HOW TO KEEP A SCRAP-BOOK.

You can buy one very cheap. Some require paste, and one, invented by Mark Twain, and sold in the book-stores, is arranged like postage stamps. All you need to do is to wet it and lay on what you wish to save.

If you have the money, get one of this kind. It is cleaner and less troublesome. The others, however, will do well enough. A bottle of mucilage is all you need. Only you must be careful not to drop any of the sticky stuff on the pages, or they will stick together; when you open them the surface of the paper will pull off and deface the reading.

If you have no money to buy a scrap-book, or do not live where they are sold, one can be made by cutting and old, useless book, and cutting out two leaves out of three close down to the back; but not close enough to cause the book to come to pieces. Then on the remaining leaves you can paste, using both sides. This will make three thicknesses, and the book will close as before.

It is a good idea to keep the scrap-book handy. When you cut out something lay it in till there is a convenient time to paste them all in. But the best way is to paste them in at the time.

If I can persuade you to do this for twenty years, or even half that time, from now, you will feel that you have learned something valuable from this article.—Dr. Buckley.

DON'T CATCH COLD.

Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds and will not fall victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected, avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated; keep out of draughts; wear flannels; and with the exercise of a little common-sense in various emergencies colds will be rare. If colds were a penal offense, we should soon find a way to prevent them.

Don't neglect personal cleanliness, but use the bath with moderation and in accordance with your general health. The daily cold bath is right enough with the rugged, but it is a great tax upon the vitality of

persons not in the best of health, and should be abandoned if the results are not found to be favorable, and tepid water used instead. Each man in these things should be a judge for himself; that which is excellent for one is often hurtful for another.

Don't have much confidence in the curative nature of drugs. Remember that Good-Habits, Dr. Diet, Dr. Exercise are the best doctors in the world.

THE CANDLE OF THE LORD.

Fred was taking off his shoe and stocking, getting ready to go to bed. His shoe was wet, and five little water-soaked toes, with seams and wrinkles all over their pink faces, looked at him accusingly. If they could have spoken they would have said, "You got us wet, you did. You told a lie. You said you did not step into the brook."

Oh that beautiful brook, so near the school-house, with such lovely stepping-stones, such pretty lucky-bugs skipping about over the water, such charming mud in which to paddle! Why could it not run in some other part of the town, so little boys could not be tempted?

Fred threw his shoe and stocking under the bed, said his prayers without mentioning the lie, and went to bed.

"I know I told a lie about the brook, but I don't believe I will think of it," he said to himself; and while he was trying to give his whole mind to some other subject, he fell asleep. He dreamed that a beautiful angel stood by his bed with a bright candle. He said: "This is the candle of the Lord. I have come to search out all the sins that little boys keep hid away in their hearts and do not confess. This candle shines right upon them." Then Fred's heart was all lighted up, and there was found the lie, unforgotten, unconfessed.

"This is very sad," said the angel. "The good Lord loves him, and is ready to forgive that sin if he will confess it." It grieves him so much to have little Fred cover it up. And the candle shone very brightly, and the sin looked very black. "I hope," continued the angel, "that now this little boy knows that he cannot hid the lie any longer he will ask the Lord to forgive him."

Fred awoke with a start, and knelt down and confessed his sin. He went, in his nightgown, to his mother's room, and as he clasped his arms around her neck, and told her about it, he promised, with God's help, never to tell another lie.—Pansy.

To how many Christian souls is God veiled! They have no need to pray, "Hide not thy face from me." Many of these do not know that God is pleased to make communications of grace which shall be like the removal of a veil from the face of one beloved and adored. Such manifestation of grace to others are believed to be exceptional, that only a few persons of a peculiar and delicate spiritual organization can receive revelations of Christ's love; whereas we are now living in a dispensation in which more glorious unveiling of God to every believing soul are possible than was ever enjoyed by Enoch, Abraham, Isaiah or Daniel.

Christ came not to talk about a beautiful light, but to be that light; not to speculate about a virtue, but to be virtue.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

When infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—Smith.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

The Mystery Solved.

No. 318.—("Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear.")—Isa. lix. 1.

No. 319.—1. Acts xxvii. 6. 2. Prov. xv. 8. 3. Lament. iv. 19.

No. 320.—1. Joy. 2. Honor. 3. Peace. 4. Thrift. 5. Grace. 6. Love.

No. 321.—v
aid
aster
vitiol
deist
rot
i

No. 322.—Sodo Mites
seraiah
jaCob
her
D
Job
jonah
jericho
Sanballat
Macedonia.

The Mystery.—No. 49.

No. 329.—ANAGRAM.

Tun ey tuuo inh morf mowh eth
iholdrae fo leraai veah eedyl ervlotde.
"AUTUMN LEAF."

Greenwich, Kings.

No. 330.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

Wh ws dlrvd fr r fucs nd ws rsd
gu fr r jstfctns.

"PARTRIDGE."

Greenwich, Kings.

No. 321.—SQUARE WORD.

A woman's name. * * *
A musical instrument. * * *
A title. * * *
To locate. * * *

HELEN R.

St. John.

No. 332.—ANAGRAM.

Nda eht iintporsscreup fo shi ccaas-
itoun awa tniwer rvoo, eth nkgi fo het
wjse.

HERBERT DAGGETT.

Grand Harbor, Grand Manan.

No. 333.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
My whole, composed of 9 letters, is
a form of Government.
My 5, 2, 1, 2 signifies to yield.
My 3, 4, 6, 7, 9 is the name of a
Scottish Regent.

"AMERICA."

Hampstead, Queens.

No. 334.—PUZZLE.

More than reading or writing
All school boys delight in—
At least by their mirth they confess
it.

That little word make,
Only one letter take,
And a hundred to one you'll not
guess it.

"MINA."

Kings.

No. 335.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
In timber, but not in wood;
In shawl, but not in hood;
In cricket, but not in ant;
In flower, but not in plant;
In ache, but not in pain;
In dry, but not in rain;

Whole's the name of a common
grain. I. M. BURNETT.

Kings.

No. 336.—PI PUZZLE.

Dna ew nkwo htat lal hsgnt rkwo
rgohet rfo ogod ot hmet htat veol
dgo.

LIZZIE A. KERR.

Stanley, York.

No. 337.—TRANSPOSITION.

Ilke poesh ythe rea diaini the ryves;
theda shilladefta tonhem; adn hta
puright llash avhe inionmod veorthme
tineh inogarm; ndairthe ytabue lalah
sumeoon ni eth raveg rofirthe dwin-
gell.

MARTHA COLWELL.

Nortondale, York.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)
Our Mystic Corps.

L. R. STEEVES, St. John.—Through
some oversight your MS. was over-
looked last issue. You correctly solved
all of No. 45.—Nov. 10th. Thank
you for the puzzles. Would prefer
original.

HELEN R., St. John.—We thank
you much for your kind and painstaking
interest. Wish there were many
such contributors. All of No. 43, ex-
cept No. 308; all of No. 44, and all of
No. 45 correctly solved; also the
Square Word in "Hidden Thoughts."
Thanks for puzzles.

The Mystic Fountain.
Some of the familiar names are
found in our solver's list. We would
love to see many more. * * * Don't
forget to write us—about the Word
Hunt, and this week's puzzles. * * *
In "Amusements for the Ingenious,"
of "The Youth's Play-How," were some
very fine Charades, Rebuses, Enigmas,
etc.; the greater number of which
were given in very nice rhyming form.
There appears to have been quite a
number of contributors. One of the
amusing features was the so-called
"Arithmetical Amusements." As
some of these might be quite interest-
ing to many of our readers, we begin
with this week to give some extracts
from the same.

Arithmetical Amusements.

Many amusing tricks may be per-
formed by any one who is conversant
with the properties of numbers, some
of which we will now explain. And
first how can we find the quickest way
of learning what any sum multiplied
by five will amount to? Suppose, e.
g., we take the sum 268,958, and mul-
tiply that by 5, we get 1,344,795. But
the same result may be obtained much
more readily by adding a nought (0) to
the end of the figures, and dividing the
sum by two.

Many curious feats may be per-
formed by employing the figure nine. Thus
suppose we have to divide by 9 a sum
consisting of only one figure, with a
number of ciphers behind it, we shall
find that the result will consist of the
same figures as the sum we wish to
divide. For example, let us divide
8,000,000 by 9, we shall get 888,888-8.
Nothing is more easy than to multi-
ply any sum by 9. All we have to do
is to add a cipher (0) to the amount,
and subtract the sum that is to be mul-
tiplied. Thus—94,863 multiplied by
9, is equal to 948,630 minus 94,863,
which is equal to 853,767, the answer.

Those acquainted with weaving will
understand the great advantage it is to
them to use yarn put up in this manner.



How to insure a robust childhood is a question of great moment to the mother who is unable to nurse the little one and the selection of a wet nurse is attended with much difficulty and risk. Send to WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass, for pamphlet entitled "Healthful Hints." RIDGE'S FOOD has without doubt reared more children than all the other foods combined. Ridge's Food has stood the test of time, and still leads as the most reliable for all conditions of child life.

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GLASS,

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GLUE,

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White, Blue, Red, Orange and Green.

White, Blue, Red, Orange and Green.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton
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Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames which
make a stronger yarn than the King
Frames, used in making American yarn.
It is also better twisted and more care-
fully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7
leas of 120 yards each. This makes it
much more easy to wind than when it is
put up without leas—as the American is—
and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will
understand the great advantage it is to
them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP.

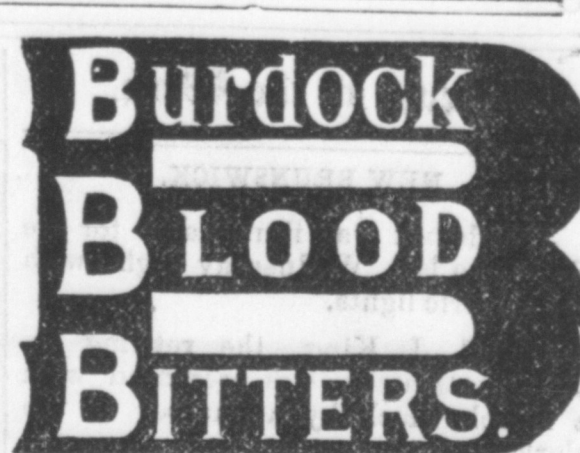
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White, Red, Brown, Slate, &c.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards
in length and will make a length of Carpet
in proportion to the number of ends in
width.

We have put more twist into this warp
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a more durable Carpet than can be made
with any other material. Since its intro-
duction by us, a few years ago, it has come
into very general use throughout the
country.

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JAUNDICE, OF THE HEART,
ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, DRYNESS
HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising
from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS,
STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption,
to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum,
"Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin,
in short, all diseases caused by bad blood and
conquered by this powerful, purifying, and
invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ul-
cers rapidly heal under its benign influence.
Especially has it manifested its potency in
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buncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores
and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disor-
ders, White Swellings, Gout, or Thick
Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten
cents in stamps for a large treatise, with col-
ored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same
amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.
"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, and good
digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spir-
its, vital strength, and soundness of
constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

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Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested
and cured by this God-given remedy. If taken
before the last stages of the disease are reached.
From its wonderful power over this terribly
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ebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce
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because it was too limited for a medicine which, from its
wonderful combination of tonic, or strength-
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pectorals, and nutritive properties, is found
not only as a remedy for consumption of the
lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have
sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots
on face or body, frequent headache or dizzi-
ness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills,
alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and
gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and
coated tongue, you are suffering from
"Biliousness," "Dyspepsia," and "Torpid Liver,"
or "Biliousness." In many cases only
part of these symptoms are experienced. As
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or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain
or pressure in head, you have