

SHAN'T AND WON'T.

Shan't and Won't were two little brothers,
Anxious and sullen and gruff;
Try and Will are dear little sisters;
One scarcely can love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down on their
noses,
Their face, they were dismal to see;
Try and Will are brighter than roses
In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Shan't and Won't were backward and
stupid;
Little, indeed, did they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't loved nothing, no thing
ing
So much as to have their own way;
Try and Will gave up to their elders,
And try and please others at play.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,
Their story is too sad to tell;
Try and Will are now at the infant school,
Trying to read and to spell.

The Fireside.

A BRAVE BOY.

I shall ever remember a lesson
which I received when at school in
A—. One morning, as we were
on our way to school, one of our
scholars was driving a cow toward
a neighboring field. A group
of boys met him as he was passing.
The opportunity for ridicule was not
to be lost by a boy of the name of
Jackson.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what's
the price of milk? I say, Jack,
what do you fodder on? What will
you take for the gold on the cow's
horns? Boys, look here. If you
want to see the latest Paris style,
behold these boots!"

Watson waving his hand to us
with a pleasant smile, and driving
the cow to the field, opened the
gate, saw her safely in the enclosure,
and then closing it came and entered
the school with the rest of us.
After school in the afternoon, he let
out the cow and drove her off, none
of us knew whither. And every
day for two or three weeks he went
through the same task.

The boys attending A— school
were nearly all the sons of wealthy
parents, and some of them were dunces
enough to look down with a sort of
disdain upon a scholar who had to
drive a cow.

With admirable good nature did
Watson bear all their silly attempts
to wound and annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson
one day, "I suppose your papa
means to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"O nothing. Only don't leave
much water in the cans after you
rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson,
not in the least mortified, replied,
"Never fear. If ever I should rise
to be a milkman, I'll give good
measure and good milk, too."

The day after this conversation
there was a public examination, at
which a number of ladies and gentlemen
from the neighboring towns
were present. Prizes were awarded
by the principal of our school, and
both Watson and Jackson received a
creditable number, for in respect
to scholarship these two were about
equal. After the ceremony of distribution,
he remarked that there
was one prize consisting of a gold
medal, which was rarely awarded,
not so much on account of its great
cost as because the instances were
rare which rendered its bestowal
proper. It was the prize of heroism.
The last medal was awarded about
three years ago to a boy in the first
class who rescued a poor girl from
drowning.

The principal then said that with
the permission of the company he
would relate a short anecdote:

"Not long since, some boys were
flying a kite in the streets just as a
poor lad on horseback rode by on
his way to the mill. The horse took
fright and threw the boy, injuring
him so badly that he was carried
home and confined some weeks to
his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally
caused the disaster,
none followed to learn the fate of
the wounded lad. There was one
boy, however, who had witnessed
the accident from a distance, who
not only went to make inquiries,
but staid to render service."

The boy soon learned that the
wounded boy was the grandson of a
poor widow, whose sole support
consisted in selling the milk of a cow,
of which she was the owner. Alas!
what could she do? She was old
and lame; and her grandson, on
whom she depended to drive her cow
to the pasture, was now helpless
from his bruises. "Never mind, good
woman," said the boy, "I can drive
the cow."

"But his kindness did not stop
here. Money was wanted to get
articles from the apothecary. 'I
have money that my mother sent me
to buy a pair of boots with, and I
can do without them for awhile.' 'O
no,' said the old woman, 'I can't
consent to that; but here is a pair
of heavy boots that I bought for
Thomas, who can't wear them. If
you would only buy these, we should
get on nicely.' The boy bought the
boots, clumsy as they were, and has
worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered
by the other boys at the school that
our scholar was in the habit of driving
a cow, he was assailed every day
with laughter and ridicule. His
cowhide boots in particular were
made matter of mirth. But he kept
on cheerfully and bravely day after
day, never shunning observation,
driving his thick boots, contented in
the thought that he was doing right,
caring not for all the jeers and sneers
that could be uttered. He never
undertook to explain why he drove
the cow, for he was not inclined to
make a vaunt of his charitable
motives; and furthermore, in his heart
he had no sympathy with the false
pride that could look down with
ridicule on any useful employment.
It was by mere accident that his
course of kindness and self-denial
was yesterday discovered by his
teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen,
I appeal to you; was there not true
heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay,
Master Watson, do not slink out of
sight behind the blackboard. You
are not afraid of ridicule, you must
not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks,
made his appearance, what a round
of applause spoke the general approbation
of his conduct!

Those clumsy boots on Watson's
feet seemed a prouder ornament than
a crown would have been on his head.
The medal was bestowed upon him
amid general acclamation.

The other boys who had ridiculed
Watson were heartily ashamed of their
conduct, and sought his forgiveness
and friendship.—*The Children's Own.*

JACKSTONES.

Alice had been playing on the
floor for some time with her brothers,
but they had gone off now to
their more boyish sports, and she
remained seated where they had left
her, trying to amuse herself as best
she might.

"Auntie," she presently said, as
she cast up and deftly caught on the
back of her plump little hand the
cast iron toys which the children
call jacks—"auntie, did you play
jackstones when you were a little
girl?"

"Yes," I answered, hesitatingly,
rather afraid of being called upon to
show my proficiency by taking part
in a game. But Alice seemed
content to play alone, and seeing this
I cheerfully answered the questions
which she now showered fast upon me.

"And did your mother?"

"I suppose so."

"And her mother?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

Beginning to be interested, Alice
arose, and bringing her little chair
close to my side, she seated herself
in it, and examining the toys she
still held in her hand, as though
seen for the first time, she continued:

"Now, auntie, perhaps your great
grandmother played jackstones, too,
and her mother, and—I wonder,"
she said, quickly, as if a new thought
occurred to her—"I wonder who invented
the game. Some one must have
played it for the first time and I
wonder who it was. Do you
know, Auntie?"

"I have never heard of its origin-
ator," I returned, "but that the game
was in existence centuries ago is
very certain." The bright, inquiring
look in the eyes of my little niece
urged me to proceed, and I went on:

"An English writer says that from
the earliest times the huckle-bones
of sheep and goats were used by
women and children to play a game
which consisted of throwing these
bones into the air and catching them
on the back of the hand, just as the
children nowadays play with their
jackstones. When these bones were
without any artificial marks the
game was entirely one of skill, but
sometimes the sides of the bones
were marked like dice; then it be-
came a game of chance."

To give Alice a better idea of the
antiquity of this play, I showed her
an engraving copied from a Greek
painting discovered at Renna, which
represents two women in the Greek
costume playing this game, which
they called "Astragalus," the Greek
for huckle-bone. One has evidently
just caught on her hands the bones
which she had previously tossed up,
while the other, watching her com-
panion, is waiting to try her skill.

By this time Alice's interest was
thoroughly aroused. She was highly
gratified to hear that the game she
took such delight in was of enough
importance to have been for centuries
handed down from one generation
to another until the present day, and
she was very much in earnest about
searching for further particulars
concerning it. Not content, however,
to know only of the origin of jack-
stones, Alice has determined to
seize every opportunity for discover-
ing the origin of other well-known
and familiar plays; for, as she wisely
remarked, the games will be so much
more enjoyable when she knows
what people first played them, and
how they came into existence.—*Harper's Young People.*

DON'T SNUB.

Don't snub a boy when he wears
shabby clothes. When Edison, the
inventor of the telephone, first en-
tered Boston, he wore a pair of
yellow linen breeches in the depth
of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home
is plain and unpretending. Abraham
Lincoln's early home was a log
cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the
ignorance of his parents. Shake-
speare, the world's poet, was the son
of a man who was unable to write
his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he has
a humble trade. The author of "The
Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical
disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dul-
ness in his lessons. Hogarth, the
celebrated painter and engraver, was
a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stut-
ters. Demosthenes, the greatest
orator of Greece, overcame a harsh
and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not alone
because, some day, they may far
outstrip you in the race for life, but
because it is neither kind, nor right,
nor Christian.

HOME HAPPINESS.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the
happiness you will ever have you will
get at home. The independence that
comes to a man when his work is over,
and he feels that he has run out of the
storm, into the quiet harbor of home,
where he can rest in peace with his
family, is something real. It does not
make much difference whether you
own your house or have one little room
in that house, you can make that little
room a true home to you. You can
people it with such moods, you can
turn to it with such sweet fancies, that
it will be fairly luminous with their
presence, and will be to you the very
perfection of a home. Against this
home none of you should ever trans-
gress. You should always treat each
other with courtesy. It is often not
so difficult to love a person as it is to
be courteous to him. Courtesy is of
greater value and a more royal grace
than some people seem to think. If
you will but be courteous to each other
you will soon learn to love each other
more wisely, profoundly, not to say
lastingly, than you ever did before.—*Exchange.*

CAUGHT.

Alexander studied the art of elo-
quence under Anaximenes of Lampsacus.
When in aftertimes he had visited
that city with an army, to destroy it,
he spied his old teacher approaching
him from the gate, and certain that he
was coming to plead for safety of the
city, he swore by the gods of Greece,
that he would not grant his petition.
This the old teacher heard, and instantly
begged of him to destroy Lampsacus.
Bound by his oath and nicely caught
by his old master, the great general
struck his tents and departed.—*2 Curt.*
i. 3.

HOME HINTS.

To CLEAN black cloth or silk, sponge
with warm water or coffee and a little
ammonia; iron on the wrong side; if
the silk is thin add a little sugar to the
water or coffee.

To CLEAN men's clothing, mix two
parts alcohol and one part ammonia;
rub vigorously with sponge or woollen
cloth. Good to clean all kinds of wool
goods or carpets.

A WASH for the complexion is made
by mixing well one ounce sweet almond
oil, one ounce glycerine, and juice of
three lemons. Apply at night, and
wash off in the morning with very warm
water.

If YOUR eyes are inclined to be weak
and inflamed, bathe often with salt
water, and at night rub the lids with a
little fresh lard.

SOFT COOKIES.—Take two cupfuls of
thin cream, two cupfuls of sugar, three
eggs, caraway or not, as you like, flour
sufficient to make it as thick as pan-
cakes, two oven teaspoonfuls of soda.
Drop with a spoon on buttered tins,
and bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

EXCELLENT SPONGE CAKE.—Three
eggs, beat till very light; add one and
one half cups of sugar; beat; one cup
of flour, with one teaspoonful of cream
of tartar stirred into it; beat; one
half cup of cold water, with one-half
teaspoonful of soda; beat; bake,
the quicker the better and not burn; frost
it and it will keep moist.

ELECTION CAKE (good).—Two cups
of raised dough, one cup of sugar,
yolks of two eggs and white of one
egg, one-half cup of butter. Beat the
butter and sugar to a cream; add
dough and egg and beat thoroughly to-
gether; add one-half teaspoonful of
soda, dissolved in a little water; beat;
add one cup of stoned raisins, one
teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cup
of cloves, about the same of allspice
and nutmeg; beat well and bake at
once.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 249.—ANAGRAM.

(FROM "AUTUMN LEAF," KINGS.)

Oew ot etmh atht og onwd ot gytPE
rof phle; dna tyasno oresh, nda rsutt
ni starioch, esuaceb yhte rea yamm;
adn ni nehmores, baceuse ethy aer
revy gonstr; ubt eyth oolk ont toun
eth olytt noe fo laeral, erthien eesk
eth oDLR.

No. 250.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM "PARTRIDGE," KINGS.)

Bt e r a l s n n l a t i g, n a l u r g t o s e s
r a f l h r g; a d e a l o a e s a e f; a d
u i u t e, l k t e i d, a e a e u a a.

No. 251.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM JESSIE B. SHARP, KINGS.)

Eit ont ruoy raeth eb elbdout, ey
eiveleb ni odg, eleibve osal ni em.

No. 252.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM "TABITHA AND JEMIMA," KINGS.)

Th y t h t m k t h t h f t h r, n d
d a p t h t b h m t h r, t h r o u s f t h v l
s h i l p e k t t n, n d t h n g g l s h i l t t.

No. 253.—ENIGMA.

(FROM M. COLWELL, NORTONDALE.)

In sing, but not in song;
In short, but not in long;
In tall, but not in strong;
In spring, but not in summer;
In father, but not in mother;
In hum, but not in come.

My whole names a man who went
naked and barefoot three years.

No. 254.—DIAMOND.

(FROM W. S. LEWIN, BENTON.)

* * * A letter.
* * * To increase.
* * * A Christian name.
* * * A clatter.
* * * A letter.

No. 255.—SQUARE WORD.

(FROM "YANKEE," WATERVILLE, ME.)

* * * A prefix.
* * * A beautiful home.
* * * A necessity.
* * * A preposition.

No. 256.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM HELEN R., ST. JOHN.)

My whole, composed of 23 letters,
is a command given by our Saviour.
My 8, 22, 10, 18, 1, 19 is a fruit.
My 6, 17, 13, 23 is good.
My 3, 2, 14, 21, 13 is a female.
My 7, 4, 9, 15 is an American bird.
My 20, 2, 6, 19 is to enslave.
My 5, 12, 9 is to set free.
My 7, 2, 23, 10, 11 is present time.
My 4, 16, 19, 5, 7 is public.

No. 257.—HIDDEN TEXT.

(FROM W. G. AND B. F. M. F., FAIRVILLE.)

(N. B.—Each text contains a word
of the hidden text. Where is it found;
and where are the texts which are
given found?)

1. "For the Son of Man is Lord
even of the Sabbath."
2. "All things were made by
him."
3. "I have seen the foolish taking
root."
4. "And Balaam said unto the
angel of the Lord, I have sinned."
5. "And they straightway left
their nets and followed him."
6. "Ho every one that thirsteth,
come ye to the waters."
7. "Remember how short my
time is."
8. "Be not overcome of evil, but
overcome evil with good."
9. "Why do the heathen rage, and
the people imagine a vain thing?"
10. "Who being the brightness of
his glory, and the express image of
his person."
11. "But if any man love God,
the same is known of him."
12. "In the beginning God created
the heaven and earth."

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 35.)

No. 227.—
I
N
A
N
G
L
E
A
L
E

No. 228.—Zeehariah.
No. 229.—J—un—K
M—yati—C
C—anad—A
L—eve—L
E—b—B
O—ppos—E
D—ia—C

J. M'LEOD, C. E. BLACK.

No. 230.—Sorek.
No. 231.—S O F A
H A L T
R A I L
S E A R

No. 232.—Prov. xvi. 24.
No. 233.—1. Spain, spin.
2. Laish, laah.

CHAT.

Geo. N. BREWER, San Francisco,
U. S.—Your attempt at shorthand
writing is excellent. Send us more.
That could easily be read, and is well
penned. Continue to practice care-
fully. It is by practice that we reach
perfection in such branches of study.
You have correctly solved all the
puzzles in No. 32, except No. 211.
Please send us some more puzzles!

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ton Yarn to remember that our
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fully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7
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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.

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understand the great advantage it is to
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in length and will make a length of Carpet
in proportion to the number of ends in
width.

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