

## THAT'S BABY.

One little row of ten little toes,  
To go along with a brand new nose.  
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs  
They are just as good as sugar plums—  
That's baby.

One little pair of round new eyes,  
Like a little owl's, so big and wise,  
One little place they call a mouth,  
Without one tooth from north to south—  
That's baby.

To little cheeks to kiss all day,  
Two little hands so in his way,  
A brand new head, not very big,  
That seems to need a brand new wig—  
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes!  
How much we love them nobody knows;  
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin,  
What a shame he wasn't born a twin—  
That's baby.

—Babyhood.

## The Fireside.

## "EXACT TRUTH."

Sunday afternoon, Gertrude Foster, passing through the kitchen, found George Raymond, her father's hired man, or, rather, hired boy, sitting abstractedly by the table. A closed book, the Bible, lay on it. Gertrude glanced at it, and him. She was a pretty, kind-hearted young girl.

"Don't you want a book to read, George?" said she. "Allie has a nice Sunday-school book, and she has gone over to the mission school, and isn't reading it."

George looked up doubtfully. He had a high, white forehead and large, serious blue eyes.

"Is it a true story?" said he. Gertrude laughed.

"Why, I don't know. I don't suppose it is, exactly. Few stories are exactly true."

"I guess I don't want it then. My own Sunday-school book wasn't." "Why George Raymond, what an idea! Of course you don't expect a story to be true—that is, just true. Why, people wouldn't write them so."

"I don't care," said George, stoutly. "I don't want to read a story that isn't true. I don't like it. The Bible's true, anyhow. I'm going to stick to that, if I can't find anything else."

Gertrude laughed again at George's rather equivocal speech.

"Well, you're safe about the Bible, I guess," said she. She went in and told her mother about George and his true story.

The boy had been in the family only about a week then, and they were just getting an insight into his character. None of them could have told just how it came to pass, but in the course of a few months they had nicknamed him—"Exact Truth."

Of course the boy was never addressed in that way, but it was—"Where is Exact Truth?" "Tell Exact Truth to put in the horses"—among the family.

All of them were sincerely good people, and had a profound respect and love for truth; but there was something in George's firm adherence to it which was certainly so unusual as to be almost amusing. Not one book would he look at which was not pronounced to be true by reliable judges. This was undoubtedly much to the boy's benefit, for thus he confined himself to a very solid and select course of reading, including mostly history and the Bible, and some few books of travel. Fiction he eschewed almost entirely. A boy who would not read a story because it was not true was an anomaly. His regard for the truth served to make him quite oblivious to everything else, even to his own personal advantage. A strong instance of this appeared on his introduction to the Foster house.

It transpired that he had been employed by a gentleman in a neighboring village, and had been discharged. George told the whole story without a reserve.

"Dr. Emmons turned me off because I lamed the horse," said he, looking square in Dr. Foster's eyes. "I was careless driving down hill; didn't hold him up."

Dr. Foster looked at him in surprise.

"How do I know that you won't lame my horse in the same way?" he said.

"Perhaps I shall," admitted George, "but I shall try not to."

So far Dr. Foster had had no reason to complain of his hired boy's services. He had been remarkably conscientious and faithful about all his duties. Still, he was a boy, and a boy of fifteen, who loved fun and a good time just like other boys, and there had to be a little slip occasionally.

On the first winter of George's stay with the Fosters, there was a good deal of excellent skating in the vicinity. George had skates, and there was nothing he loved like skating. He could outdo all the other boys in the neighborhood, and was very proud of his accomplishment.

One day when the skating was at its height, Dr. Foster sent George on an errand about a mile out of the village.

"You'll have to go on foot," said he, "and don't go the hill road; go the other way that's shorter. I want

you to be on hand when I get back from Keen with the horses."

"Yes, sir," said George. He took his beloved skates with him. There might be some little stretches of ice on the way, and he could travel so much faster he reasoned.

He delivered the medicine as he had been instructed, and started home. A little below the house where he had stopped, the road separated into two. One was the road proper to the village, the other was a longer, almost unused route, the hill road. Just where the road diverged, he met a boy whom he knew, who was emerging from the hill road, his skates dangling from his arm.

"Hullo!" said the boy. "You'd better go down this way; it's splendid skating."

"Is it?" said George, doubtfully. "I tell you 'tis. The road's one glare of ice all the way."

George hesitated. There was the doctor's command. Still he had a good argument. The reason for making it had been that he might reach home soon, and could he not outweigh the extra distance by his extra speed on skates? What difference could it make?

Finally he started down the hill road. His conscience was rather clamorous, but he tried not to listen to it. The skating was excellent. The road was one beautiful strip of smooth ice, and not out at all. There had been no teams through, probably, since the ice had formed. There was but one house for the distance of a half mile on the road, after George entered it. It was a little unpainted house, standing well back from the road. An old man lived there all alone. George glanced at this house as he skated by, and observed, with some wonder, that the sheet of crusty snow before it was unbroken. It stretched out, broad and smooth and shining, not a single track in it.

"That's queer," George thought lightly, as he glided past. When he reached home the doctor had not arrived; he was in ample time to look out for the horses when he did. There was no necessity for telling Dr. Foster about the hill road, but George went up to him at once.

"I carried the medicine up to the Stevens', but I came home by the hill road."

Dr. Foster could speak sharply sometimes; he did now.

"Why did you do that, when I expressly told you not to?" said he. George explained.

"That doesn't alter the case," said the doctor. "When I tell you to go a certain way, your business is to go that way, skating or no skating."

"I know it," said George, humbly. "Well, look out you act up to your knowledge, then," said the doctor. "Obedience is obedience, and you needn't think that owning up is going to make up for the lack of it."

"Yes, sir," said George, looking crestfallen.

The sweet taste of that forbidden pleasure was already gone from his mouth. He began to take the horses out of the carriage, when the thought of that house, with the untracked snow before it, on the hill road, flashed across his mind, and he mentioned it to the doctor.

"What," said he, pausing on the house piazza, "old David Paine's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wasn't a track, you say?"

"No, sir."

"I don't know but I'd better drive over there before you unbarren," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "That old man has had some bad turns; there may be something wrong. Put the horses back, and get in with me."

Something was wrong at old David Paine's house, with its trackless front yard. An hour or two more, and the poor old man would have been beyond all human help. He had been lying helpless for two days.

"Well," said Dr. Foster, when David Paine had been well cared for, and he had returned home, and was eating supper with his family, "George's strict regard for truth has done good service in this case. It has saved David Paine's life."

Mrs. Foster's gentle face looked earnest and touched behind her tear.

"We were half in sport," said she, "but I am not sure but we gave the poor boy a real patent of nobility when we called him Exact Truth."—*Congregationalist.*

**HARRY'S MISSIONARY BOARD.**

"I can't afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied; "is it not too bad that they cannot have churches and school-houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Would you wish me to

give away my hard earnings? I tell you I can't afford it."

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato?" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in; and what it produces in four years."

"Oh, yes!" said the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecutions on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these the following season became a peck; the next season, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels; and when sold the amount realized was with a glad heart put into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed, "Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home!—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## CARE OF LAMPS.

Are not some of the sisters about this season of the year, wondering what causes the kerosene lamp to give out such strong and offensive odors?

Let such sufferers look closely to the burners, and see if the wick tube is not black with accumulated soot and oil. To remedy such offenders, take out the burner, remove the wick, and thoroughly wash in boiling water and soap; then, with a little soap on a cloth, rub the wick-tube till it is perfectly freed from all traces of black. Put back the burner, and then insert the wick from the top. By so doing, you avoid twisting the wick, and it will not annoy you by refusing to come up when required.

Now, keep the lamps free from oil on outside. Never leave the wick above the top of the wick-tube. A drop of kerosene oil will run a mile if it only has something to climb by, and no matter how perfect your lamp may have been cleaned, by leaving the wick turned up ready for lighting, enough oil will have climbed up so smear not only the outside of the lamp, but, if the room has been warm, will probably have left its mark on mat or stand.—*Household.*

## A SPONGE BATH.

A prominent physician speaking, of special baths and their uses, mentions the sponge bath, the form of bathing where the water is applied to the surface through the medium of cloth or sponge, no part of the body being plunged into the water. He says the practice of systematic daily sponge bathing is one giving untold benefits to its followers. Let a person not over strong, subject to frequent colds from exposure, the victim of chronic catarrh, sore throats, etc., begin the practice of taking a sponge-bath every morning, commencing with tepid water in a warm room (not hot), and following the sponging with friction that will produce a warm glow over the skin and take five minutes' brisk walk in the open air. See if you do not return with a good appetite for breakfast. After having used tepid water for a few mornings, lower the temperature of the bath until cold water can be borne with impunity.

## Young Folks' Column.

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

This department open to ALL. Original puzzles and answers solicited. Write contributions on one side of the paper, apart from all communications. All letters pertaining to this department must be addressed to C. E. Black, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B. All answers must be in before the solutions are published, which is three weeks from date of publication of puzzles.

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 41.)

No. 275.—Numbers; Job; Ruth; Micah; Mark; Malachi; Titus; Joel; Timothy; Luke; Hebrews; Philemon; and Proverbs.

No. 276.—Mark xiv. 38.

No. 277.—Psalms exxv. 1.

No. 278.—St. Luke viii. 19.

No. 279.—Proverbs ix. 32.

No. 280.—Proverbs xiv. 32.

No. 281.—(1) Enoch and Elijah. (2) Jeremiah xix. 1. (3) 1 Corinthians xv. 1.

No. 282.—Strap, trap, rap.

No. 283.—N E S T  
E R E  
E R E  
T R E E

## The Mystery.

No. 302.—PI PUZZLE.

Fi I od too hot kwors fo ym rather liebev em ont.

St. Stephen. WM. E. KINGSTON.

No. 303.—DROP-VOVEL PUZZLE.

Bt a thy eld h fil slp : nd thr em dwn strm f wnd n th lk : nd thy wr tild wth wr, nd wr n jprd.

Greenwich, Kings. "AUTUMN LEAF."

No. 304.—ANAGRAM.

Ewhs em a neppn. Oeshw aegmi nda preuscriptnoi thah ti? Eght swnerade dna dnas, eacassar?

Greenwich, Kings. "PARTRIDGE."

No. 305.—BIBLE QUERY.

What king of Moab was a sheep-master? W. S. LEWIN.

Benton.

No. 306.—PRINTER'S ERRORS.

N. B.—Change the meaning of each sentence by altering the initial letter of two words of it, e. g. The cat was lying on the rug. The mat was lying on the rug.

1. Harry never told a lie.

2. The hat was covering the book.

3. We came home, the ball being dull.

4. The daughter of the tailor was hearty.

5. We'll try that make. "YANKEE."

Waterville, Me.

No. 307.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a cry; a fruit; of life; a vowel. HELEN R.

St. John.

No. 308.—PUZZLE.

III between one and fifty depend—  
In winter 'tis tapering to the end.

Kings. "MINA."

No. 309.—PI PUZZLE.

Eevla yht aeehtfar nhldire, I llwi eerryp mhte ewlai; nad tle hyt sdwio tttar ni em.

Grand Manan. HERBERT DAGGETT.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

## Our Mystic Corps.

HELEN R., St. John, correctly solves all the puzzles in the issue of Oct. 13th (No. 41.)

## The Mystic Fountain.

The solver's list contains only the one familiar name. Why do we not hear from more of our puzzle-loving friends? We are always delighted to hear from all. . . . The Pied puzzles by W. E. Kingston, "Partridge," and Herbert Daggett are excellent examples of their kind. "Autumn Leaf" sends us an excellent Drop-Vowel puzzle. A good Query is given by W. S. Lewin; and also a good Puzzle and Diamond Puzzle are published. There is something new in the shape of Printer's Errors by our friend "Yankee." Let these old contributors write to us again. . . . Will not some of our puzzle-lovers offer a prize for a puzzle, or lot of puzzles? . . . We would be delighted to hear from some of our friends on old puzzle manuscripts which they may have, or could procure in any way. By so doing we might be able to publish papers on "Reminiscences of Veteran Puzzlers." Or a series of papers on "Ancient Puzzle Manuscripts" would not be commonplace. Make all your communications short and to the point. . . . From a paper now before me, I am able to give a few reminiscences that may prove interesting to those whose advent into Puzzle-dom is of a later date, both from their novelty, and as containing a slight record of some of the events of what may well be termed the founding of the art of American puzzling.

The nom de plume of "Byrnehe" first appeared in a puzzle-column called "Hidden Thoughts," in Frank Leslie's *Young American*, in 1874. The first puzzle to which that name was signed was the following:

When God's command from chaos brought  
The waters and the fruitful earth—  
Formed by his mighty hand from naught,  
When heavenly light just had its birth;  
Both then and now, and ever, till  
Old Time, worn out, retires to rest,  
And all created things are still;  
All time is well by me expressed.

Transposed, a word whose simple sound—  
'Tis homely, short and very plain—  
Oft makes the pulse with gladness bound,  
And blood the cheeks with pleasure stain.

—Byrnehe.  
[We shall continue these reminiscences, and shall be pleased to hear from others.—UNCLE NED.]

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