

## ONE DAY AT A TIME.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;  
No faster than that is the hardest fate;  
And days have their limits, however we  
Begin them too early and stretch them  
too late.

One day at a time!  
It's a wholesome rhyme,  
A good one to live by—  
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that  
aches  
Knows only too well how long that can  
seem;  
But it's never to-day which the spirit  
breaks;  
It's the darkened future, without a  
gleam.

One day at a time! A burden too great  
To be borne for two can be borne for one;  
Who knows what will enter to-morrow's  
gate?  
While yet we are speaking all may be  
done.

One day at a time! When joy is at height  
Such joy as the heart can never forget—  
And pulses are throbbing with wild de-  
light,  
How hard to remember that suns must  
set.

One day at a time! But a single day  
Whatever its load, whatever its length;  
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to  
say  
That, according to each, shall be our  
strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life:  
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein.  
The bound of our purpose, our noblest  
strife,  
The one only countersign, sure to win!  
One day at a time!  
It's a wholesome rhyme,  
A good one to live by,  
A day at a time.

## The Fireside.

## SOME-TIME.

BY L. B. DAY.

"Some-time's come! Hurry up!  
Some-time's come!"

"Some-time! What do you mean?  
Where are you, any way? and who's  
speaking to me? I don't see any one,"  
and Rose Murray rubbed her  
eyes, shrugged her shoulders, and  
pinched her hand a little, just to find  
out if she were awake, or if she were  
dreaming. She wasn't dreaming,  
that she knew; for the same voice,  
with no apparent owner, kept on  
talking. And such queer things it  
said in that unpleasant way!

"Some-time! That's next door to  
in-a-minute, a close neighbor to after-  
a-while and going-to-do-it. Pretty-  
soon, to-morrow, one-of-these-days—  
they can all be found together. And  
you don't know where some-time is!  
Well, I never heard any girl of your  
age talk more about it. But come  
along; you'll soon find out where it  
is."

"Come along! Where? How can  
I go anywhere with only a voice?"  
"How did you go to Paris last  
week, and to that strange party the  
other night, where the girls all wore  
their school dresses, and the boys  
forgot to stand by themselves on one  
side of the room?"

"Those places? I didn't go to  
either of those. I was only dream-  
ing then. But I am not asleep now—  
am I?" and Rose squeezed her  
left-hand little finger very hard, and  
rubbed the heel of her boot carefully  
on the sensitive side of her right  
foot. "No, I'm not asleep. Where  
are you going to take me?"

"Never mind, just come," replied  
the voice; and added, as Rose moved  
slowly in the direction from which  
it came, "Now you're in Some-time,  
and I hope you'll enjoy yourself.  
I'll come back for you one-of-these-  
days,—one-of-these-days," and the  
voice died away as it repeated these  
words in a malicious tone.

"What a queer dream I've had!"  
thought Rose; "this is my own room,  
and it's almost dinner-time by the  
clock. I'd better go and make the  
dessert I told mother I would after  
a while."

"No, no! Me first! Me first!  
Me first!" called out voices all  
around her,—some close by her, some  
far away, some loud, some so faint  
she could just catch the words,—  
but so many! The room was full of  
them, and each one belonged to  
something. The loudest of all came  
from the algebra at her feet, which  
had fallen from her lap as she looked  
over the last *St. Nicholas*, saying,  
"I'll do that old problem in a couple  
of minutes."

The problem spoke now. "You  
can't get away, you must do me  
first."

"Very well," answered Rose;  
"you're a great bother to me, but  
I'll soon settle you," and she took  
a pencil from the table in preparation  
for hard work.

"No, no! Give me back to my  
owner. You said you would in an  
hour or so, when you borrowed me  
this morning."

"I want to be sewed up," de-  
manded a great rent in her dress.  
"You promised to do me some-time,  
and it's some-time now."

"Put me in order, then," came  
from the work-basket.

"Find me first," cried out the  
thimble from—where?

Poor Rose looked around despair-  
ingly. It was her own room truly,  
but it was so full of voices, so  
crowded with things that ought to  
be done, and so many more were  
pushing in through the doors and  
windows! What should she do?

Books wanted to be returned to their  
owners, the newspaper must be read  
to her grandmother, pictures must  
be hung straight, the table drawer  
must be put in order, even the dust  
on the furniture insisted that it  
should be taken off immediately.

Where should she begin? Be done  
they must; and she went to work  
in good earnest, trying to quiet some  
of the voices nearest her. But what  
was the use? for everything done, a  
dozen others crowded around her.  
Promises she had made long ago  
kept calling to her; and, worst of  
all, little, still voices in her heart  
reminded her of a broken promise  
to amuse the baby while her mother  
took a nap before dinner, of the visit  
she had meant to make a sick  
friend, of the little quarrel she had  
been going to make right with her  
cousin, of the bundle of warm clothes  
she had promised to give Tommy  
Brown, the washerwoman's son,  
early in the winter.

Rose had been called a little pro-  
crastinator long before she knew  
what the big word meant; and only  
last week one of her best friends had  
written to her, and begun the letter,  
"My dear Going-to-do-it!" But now  
what was to be done? something  
must. She never could do all those  
things. It seemed as if everything  
she had meant to do and didn't do,  
everything she had promised to do  
and had forgotten to do, since the  
time she was five years old, was  
here now, pushing against her, and  
crying to her with tormenting voices:  
"It's some-time now, Rose. O  
Rose! it's some-time."

What did she do? Well, what  
any other fifteen-year-old girl would  
have done. She said, "I can't, I  
can't, I can't!" and then sat down  
and burst into tears. Still came  
the dreadful chorus: "Some-time!  
some-time!"

"Why, Rose, it's dinner-time!  
Don't you hear the bell?" and some  
one touched her shoulder.

Rose started, opened her eyes, and  
there stood her little brother, laugh-  
ing, and ringing the bell in her ears.  
"How funny you look when you're  
asleep!" he said. "I almost thought  
you were going to cry before I shook  
you."

They wondered at dinner that  
evening, why Rose looked so solemn;  
and when dessert-time came, and  
her mother asked, "Rose, dear, did  
you forget again?" something very  
like tears filled her eyes as she an-  
swered; and she felt her face grow  
red and hot when grandma said,  
"No one ever expects Rose to do  
as she says she will."

But for a month, or for a year,—  
yes, longer, even yet,—she remem-  
bers, and Rose is a grown-up wo-  
man now,—those ten minutes of  
misery spent in Some-time. So  
strong an impression did the dream  
make on her, that she has ever since  
followed the only plan by which one  
can conquer the little thief, Going-  
to-do-it. This is to attend to each  
thing as it comes, and not to wait  
for a convenient season.—*Sunday-  
school Times*.

## "BUT I WANT TO."

That is what Alice Belden always  
says when she is told not to do any-  
thing. She is a sweet, pretty little  
girl, but she is an only child, and is  
badly spoiled. When her mamma  
says, "Come now, Alice, and learn  
your lessons; do not swing any  
longer this morning," Alice whines  
out, "But I want to!" And then  
her weak mother does not say any  
more. One day her nurse was with  
her to the river's side, and Alice got  
into a little row-boat that was there,  
"Oh Miss Alice," said the nurse,  
"you must not do that! I am sure  
your mamma would not like it."

"But I want to!" said Alice in a  
pet; and she lifted one of the big  
oars and tried to put it into the  
water. How frightened she was  
when the little boat turned over,  
and she found herself going down in  
the deep river. The foolish child  
would have been drowned had not  
some men in the field heard the  
cries of the nurse and plunged into  
the water to save her. I hope  
Alice will learn before long that  
"But I want to" is not a good reason  
for doing anything that it is not  
best to do.—*Our Lambs*.

## STRANGE THINGS IN NATURE.

The spider spins its ladder out of  
itself. When it ascends it eats the  
ladder; when it wants to go down  
it spits it out again.

There are plants which eat ani-  
mals. They have mouths and  
stomachs. If a fly falls on one of  
these plants, it shuts up and begins  
at once to digest it. Having done  
so, it opens again ready for another  
meal. The leaves are the lips.

The opossum has pockets. In its  
side-pockets this animal carries its  
young. "If the cat had only been  
provided with pockets she would  
not have to carry her kittens in her  
mouth by the back of their necks."

It is said that the human never  
aligns. There are sea-birds which  
can roost on the waves in the worst  
storm. The carrier-pigeon knows  
the way home if let loose many a

mile away. Camels weep. They  
are patient, but know by smell and  
sight when danger is near, and show  
their fear by tears. While being  
loaded the camel stops chewing his  
 cud.

The mouth of the whale is an in-  
stance of ingenuity and foresight. It  
is a kind of shrimping net. One  
would hardly suppose that one of the  
largest animals would seek its food  
among the smallest, that millions  
would be daily destroyed to sup-  
port one life, but so it is, accord-  
ing to McCulloch. But if the  
whale had to swallow all the  
water which it must draw into its  
mouth with its prey it would be ex-  
ceedingly inconvenient. So Provi-  
dence has provided a singular piece  
of machinery to prevent this. It is  
a series of flat hoops meeting from  
both sides of the mouth into arches,  
and carrying ranges of bristles  
which form a strainer and also a  
kind of net. The water is thus re-  
jected, and the mass of shrimps is  
delivered to the throat.

TEACH CHILDREN TO SPEAK COR-  
RECTLY.

No child should be allowed to  
speak incorrectly. If you do not  
teach your little one to enunciate  
clearly at first it may be impossible  
later on. But not only be careful  
as to enunciation, but as to the use  
of words. Take pains to explain  
why one word is correct, another in-  
correct.

Teach your child how to open the  
lips well; do not allow him to talk  
altogether in one key, and take care  
that any nasal twang is carefully  
corrected. If a boy talks in a high,  
effeminate voice, cultivate his chest  
tones patiently, but firmly—he will  
blossom in later years for what at  
present sorely tries his patience. Be  
careful that your girl has that  
"most excellent thing in woman"—  
a soft voice. Any inclination to  
stammering should be watched; the  
child should be trained to read aloud  
very slowly and deliberately.

As it may prove helpful to some  
one, I will quote a set of rules given  
by Charles Kingsley to cure stam-  
mering, only promising that a child  
could be taught to hold the upper  
lip down with his finger during his  
half hour of practice:

Open your mouth. Take full  
breaths and plenty of them, and  
mind your stops. Keep your tongue  
quiet. Keep your upper lip down.  
Use your lower lip. Read to your-  
self out loud. Read and speak  
slow, slow, slow.—*Hope Lygdon in  
Brooklyn Magazine*.

## MAXIMS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Holding a pin between the teeth  
while peeling onions will prevent  
smarting of the eyes (7).

Buy bar-soap by the quantity.  
Keep it where it will dry, and it  
will go much further in using.

Prick potatoes before baking, so  
that the air may escape; otherwise  
they may burst in the oven.

Put fresh fish in salted water half  
an hour before cooking it. It har-  
dens the fish and improves the flavor.

Never boil vinegar, as it tends to  
weaken it.

In paring fruit for canning use a  
silver knife, so that the fruit may  
not turn dark-colored.

One-third of a tea-cup of molasses  
is a good substitute for a wine-glass  
of brandy in fruit-cake or puddings.  
Coffee-cake should be wrapped,  
while warm, in a napkin, and there  
remain till out.

## HOME HINTS.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISONS.—A mix-  
ture of salt and mustard, a large  
tablespoonful of each, dissolved in a  
cup of water. As soon as vomiting  
has ceased, give the patient the  
whites of two eggs or three or four  
spoonfuls of sweet-oil, or in its place  
melted butter.—*Rural New Yorker*.

DAINTY BISCUITS.—Beat very  
lightly one egg, pour it over a pint  
of flour, add a glass of milk, and  
chop in one tablespoonful of lard  
and butter mixed. Work thoroughly  
together, break up pieces the size of  
marbles, which must be rolled as  
thin as your nail. Sprinkle with  
dry flour, as you roll them out to  
make them crisp; stick with a fork  
and bake quickly.

## Young Folks' Column.

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

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery.

No. 150.—SQUARE WORD.  
(FROM J. M'DUGGALL, CARLETON.)  
A vehicle; a space; back part; sour.

No. 151.—PUZZLE.  
(FROM JENNIE WILLETT, KINGS.)

In many colours I am seen,  
In black, or blue, or red, or green;  
A secret I am placed to keep,  
But broken, some are glad, some weep;

For winter's use I hold a store,  
And I have uses many more;  
When he is using thread andawl;  
Of royalty I bear the stamp,  
But often look like a villainous scamp.

## No. 152.—LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM J. M. BURNETT, KINGS.)

Take an O, an S, and an E,  
Three H's, two A's, and a P;  
To these just add a J and a T,  
And a Scripture name you'll surely see.

## No. 153.—BIBLE QUERY.

(FROM EMMA AND IDA, QUEENS.)

Who was hanged on the gallows  
which he had prepared for another?

## No. 154.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM R. L. BLACK, KINGS.)

My whole, composed of 10 letters,  
is what we all should be.  
My 5, 8, 4, 9, 6 is a holy person.  
My 6, 2, 7, 10 is an adjective.  
My 3, 4, 1, 2 is wealthy.

## No. 155.—ANAGRAM, OR PT.

(FROM "FLO," JACKSONTOWN.)

etH eTosuribg lshL veen eb  
oremeDv; ubTehowkdeLashl ont  
hinaBti hetretha.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 20.)

No. 130.—(1) 2 Kings iv. 35.  
(2) 1 Kings xiii. 4.  
(3) 2 Samuel xiv. 25.

No. 131.—Colossians iii. 2.

No. 132.—H  
H  
E  
L  
E  
N  
R  
E  
D

No. 133.—Proverbs xvii. 6.

No. 134.—Proverbs xiii. 15.

## CHAT.

FAY ROBINSON has all the "The  
Mystery," No. 20, correctly solved.

"YANKEE," Waterville, Me., has  
our thanks for the five nice puzzles.  
You are credited with solutions to  
puzzles in Nos. 16, 17 and 18. Have  
patience! It takes three weeks from  
the time "copy" leaves my office ere  
publication. Of issue No. 19, you  
have 3 correct, and in issue No. 20, 4.

W. S. LEWIN, Benton, brings us  
correct explanations to 1½ puzzles in  
No. 19, and all of No. 20; and also to  
6 in No. 17, and 5 in No. 18. Thanks  
for the 3 puzzles.

"VAN," Lower Prince William, is  
again to the front. He correctly solves  
all the puzzles in "The Mystery" of  
Nos. 19 and 20. Thanks for kind  
words.

"MAYFLOWER," Barrington, N. S.,  
is yet in bloom. This time correct  
answers to all the puzzles in No. 18,  
except Nos. 118, 119; all in No. 19,  
and all in No. 20. Thank you for  
kind sentiments. You should have  
been credited with No. 108. It was  
an oversight!

"CAESER," Wood's Harbor, sends  
answers to No. 111 to 114, and Nos.  
120, 121, 122 and 127. Thank you  
for pleasant words and nice puzzles.  
Write again.

HELEN R., St. John, visits us again,  
bringing us 2 puzzles and all of the  
puzzles in No. 20. Thank you kindly.  
All answers have been received.

## PRIZE COMPETITION.

ADDITIONAL correct answers have  
been received to No. 17: W. S.  
Lewin, 6.

To No. 18: W. S. Lewin, 5; "May-  
flower," 4.

To No. 19: W. S. Lewin, 1½;  
"Yankee," 3; "Mayflower," 6;  
"Van," 6.

Correct answers to No. 20: From  
"Yankee," 4; Fay Robinson, 5;  
"Van," 5; Helen R., 5; W. S.  
Lewin, 5; "Mayflower," 5.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

Placed at the Front.

LOWER PR. WM., May 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR,—I am enjoying the  
COLUMN very much indeed. Glad to  
see so many trying for the prize.  
Wishing you and the Y. F. C. every  
success, I remain, your friend,  
"VAN."

## Bent on Doing Good.

BENTON, N. B., May 17, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—Once more I  
will try and answer a few puzzles  
of the competition. I do enjoy trying to  
solve "The Mystery." I will send a  
few more original puzzles. Hoping  
my efforts are acceptable, I remain,  
Yours affectionately,  
W. S. LEWIN.

## Interested.

WOOD'S HARBOR, May 16, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am much in-  
terested in the Puzzle Department. I  
am trying to solve "The Mystery." I  
send a few puzzles which I hope you  
will think worthy of publication.

Your nephew,  
"CAESER."

JELLY CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup  
sugar, one cup sweet milk, two tea-  
spoons cream tartar, one teaspoon  
soda, lump of butter size of a butter-  
nut, mix a little stiffer than pancake  
batter, bake in three round pie-tins.  
Flavor with nutmeg.

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and also saves a great deal of waste.

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understand the great advantage it is to  
them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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width.

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than it formerly had, and it will now make  
a more durable Carpet than can be made  
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