

Work and Play.

The boys were waiting in the road
For Joe to come and play;
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"
Impatiently cried they;
"We've waited nearly half an hour,"
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.
"I'll be there—when my work is done;
Not till then," he replied.

"Come on, come on; the work can wait,"
They urged, "till by-and-by,"
"It might of course, but I don't think
It will," was his reply.
"When I've a task to do, I like
To do it right away;
Work first, my father says then fun;
And what he says, I say."

Hurrah for Joe! Such talk as that
Is what I like to hear;
But many boys will not agree
With Joe and me, I fear.
Play first and last, and all the time,
Would suit most boys, I know;
But that I'm very glad to say,
Is not the way with Joe.

When you've a task to do, my boys,
Don't put it off, don't say
You'll do it when you've had your fun;
But do it right away,
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,
A habit to deplore;
Who promptly does his work, enjoys
His pleasure all the more.
—Golden Days.

PHIL'S EXPERIMENT.

"Have I got to rake up these leaves
every day," asked Phil with a whine
in his voice.

"Yes, every day."
"But what is the use? They keep
on falling, and make just as big a
litter as before."

"Your room has to be set in order
every day," said his mother, smiling.
"I wouldn't care much if it wasn't,"
said Phil.

"And your shirts have to be washed
every week. And the dishes you
eat off have to be washed three times
a day. You keep on eating, you
know!"

Phil could not forbear a smile as he
raked away at the leaves. He might
easily have gathered them in ten min-
utes, leaving in good order the little
lawn which his mother liked to see
nicely kept; but he usually dawdled
over them for half an hour.

"Seems to me I have to do a great
deal of work for other folks," he went
on, mournfully. "I have to pile
wood, and cut kindling, and drive the
cow, and water the flowers,—and
things."

"Do you have more to do for others
than others do for you?" asked his
mother.

"Yes, ma'am; I guess so. Any-
way, if I could stop doing things for
folks, they might stop doing things
for me."

"Do you really mean that?"
"Yes, indeed," said Phil, eagerly.
"May I try it mamma?"
"If you like. You may try it for
one day."

"One day! Oh! I want to try it
for a week. And, if it works well,
can I keep it up?"
"Yes."

"Remember, then, mamma, no-
body's to ask me to do a single thing,
and I'll remember my part. Hurrah!"
Phil dropped the rake over the small
pile of leaves, and rushed away to
look at his fish-line; for he had made
up his mind to go fishing in the after-
noon, and have a pleasant time, now
that none of those troublesome chores
were to be thought of.

Running hastily to the barn, he fell
and tore a hole in his trousers.

"Mamma!" he cried, picking him-
self up and going toward the house.
But he suddenly remembered that
mamma was not to be called upon.
He ran upstairs to change the torn
garment.

"Ah! two buttons off my other
pants, and I forgot to tell about it.
Never mind. I can sew them on my-
self. I often have. It's easy enough
to sew on buttons."

It had been, when mamma gave him
the needle and thread. But now,
as it took a fine needle and coarse
thread, he wondered why it had never
seemed so hard before. It took him
a long time to thread the needle, and
then every stitch was a separate trial.
He tugged away, got hot and flurried,
and pricked his finger time and again.

At last he felt sure that the button
was sewed on tight. But, as he
sprang up to put on the trousers, he
found that they were sewed to the
skirt of the coat he had on. With
tears half-way to his eyes, he took out
his knife and cut the stitches. No
one was waiting to see if his necktie
was neatly tied or to hand him his
books. The school-bell was ringing,
and he rushed away with the torn trou-
sers on.

But he was late, to his regret; for
he had begun school with a resolve
not to have one tardy mark during the
year.

The tear in the trousers kept catch-
ing in things and tearing larger, un-
til he was very much ashamed of it,

and glad at length to hurry home.
As he again sewed on the button, he
could not help wondering if mending
one's own clothes was not a little hard-
er than cutting kindling.

"Never mind," he said to himself.
"Nobody will ask me to do anything
after dinner; and I can do just what I
please all day, when I get out of
school."

He went to the dinner table with a
boy's appetite.

"Where's my plate?" he asked,
seeing no place ready for him.

"Have you forgotten our agree-
ment?" asked his mother.

"Why, no, mamma! I said nobody
need do anything for me. I am going
to wash my own dishes when I'm
done."

"But do you expect any one to
cook for you?"

Phil stared at her for a moment,
then gave a rather blank look at the
roast beef and sweet potatoes. But
he was not ready to give up.

"I did forget, that's a fact," he
said, with a laugh, as he turned and
went out.

But there was little spirit in the
laugh, and mamma looked after him
with a sober face.

"I can't see him miss his dinner,"
she said.

But his father said: "Let him
learn his little lesson well. It will
not hurt him."

Phil went out to the orchard and
ate apples, not troubling himself to
think whether anybody had raised
them for him, and rejoicing in the re-
flection that, when picking time came,
he would not have any part of that
work to do.

He went fishing, and, on his way
home, had the satisfaction of sitting
on the fence to watch his Brother Ben
drive the cow home. Ben hailed him.

"The Pratts have come to tea."

"That's jolly!" shouted Phil,
springing from the fence and running
home, leaving Ben to plod along with
the cow.

He hurried to his room. The bed
was not made; and everything he had
touched that day lay where he had
left it, which did not trouble him.

"Hello, no water!" he exclaimed,
as his empty pitcher flew up in his
hand. But, bethinking himself, he
ran for his own water.

"Now for a clean collar!" But
his face fell as he saw none in his
drawer. It was plain that they had
not come up from the wash, and he
would not ask for one. What did he
want of a collar, anyway, when no
one would expect to see him at the
tea-table?

He crept out to the barn, found a
cup, and managed to get a good drink
of milk from the cow, then ate more
apples, and from the hay-loft watch-
ed the merry group at play on the
lawn, trying to think it very nice not
to be expected to help about the
chores.

But, as he lay awake after going to
bed, restless and a trifle hungry, he
began to wonder if his bargain was
altogether a satisfactory one. He re-
called something he had heard his
mother say about its being impossible
for any one to live unto himself or to
escape the duties and responsibilities
owed by each to others, and that all
peace and harmony and happiness
depend upon the good-will and cheer-
iness and loving kindness with which
these duties are performed. He fell
asleep thinking he would probably
not try his new plan longer than the
week he had spoken of.

The clothing kept slipping from his
unmade bed, causing him much dis-
comfort as the coolness of the autumn
night settled down. He awoke at
the sound of the breakfast bell to a
keen perception of the delightful
smells of mutton chops, buckwheat
cakes and other good things.

"Well," he exclaimed, jumping up.
"I'm not going to live another day
on apples, if I know myself. After all,"
he went on, as he dressed himself.

"It's a mean and sneaking thing to
try and shirk things. I get all I want
to eat, and good, too (he sniffed eager-
ly as the appetizing smell came strong-
er); and it's a pity I can't do a little to
help on."

He was out and had the leaves
raked before breakfast, at which he
appeared with a glowing color and a
sidelong glance at mamma.

"I think I've tried it long enough,
mamma," he said with a smile. "I
believe I'll do chores and board with
you, if you'll take me back."

"I will," said mamma, passing
him the hot cakes.—Times

We acknowledge God when we take
Him into our counsels while we form
our plans, ask His blessing in their
progress, charge or surrender when He
requires, honor Him as our Father, obey
Him as our King.

"Do you see any reason for that
dispensation?" "No, but I am as
well satisfied as if I saw a thousand.
God's will is the perfection of wisdom."

MILK IN SIBERIA.

In winter time, milk goes to the
buyer in a chunk instead of a quart.
The people in Siberia buy their milk
frozen; and, for convenience, it is
allowed to freeze about a stick which
comes as a handle to carry it by.
The milkman leaves one chunk or
two chunks, as the case may be, at
the houses of his customers. The
children in Irkutsk, instead of cry-
ing for a drink of milk, cry for a bite
of milk. The people in winter time
do not say, "Be careful not to spill
the milk," but "Be careful not to break
the milk." Broken milk is
better than spilled milk, though, be-
cause there is an opportunity to save
the pieces. A quart of frozen milk on
a stick is a very formidable weapon
in the hand of an angry man or boy,
as it is possible to knock a person
down with it. Irkutsk people hang
their milk on hooks instead of putting
it in pans, though, of course, when
warm spring weather comes on, they
have to use the pans or pails, as the
milk begins to melt and drop down
the hooks.—Baptist Weekly.

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST.

If you will persist in burning for a
long time a kerosene oil lamp, or fill-
ing your bed room with heated gas,
you need not prepare to retire with
very strong hopes of getting a good
night's rest. If you will allow a vase
of flowers to remain there over one
day without changing the water, or if
you will have any plumber's work in
your room, instead of using a port-
able washstand, basin, and pitcher,
it is all to no purpose that you insist
that you are very prudent in regard to
your health. As to the question,
"How much outside air shall I let
into my room?" we have nothing to
say. If you are an invalid, your
doctor must tell you. If you are well,
and enjoy a sound mind, you can
judge for yourself. You know, or
ought to know, how much you can
bear. Only see to it that the air is
fresh, that what you admit is an im-
provement on what you send out.
Margaret Sidney in Good Housekeep-
ing.

ADVICE ABOUT THE EYES.

Keep a shade on your lamp or
burner. Avoid all sudden changes be-
tween light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write or sew
for several minutes after coming from
darkness to light.

Never read by twilight, moonlight,
or on cloudy days.

Never read or sew directly in front
of the light, window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from
above, obliquely, over the left
shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first awaken-
ing the eyes shall open on the light
of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so
scant that it requires an effort to dis-
criminate.

The moment you are instinctively
prompted to rub your eyes that mo-
ment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together
on waking up, do not forcibly open
them, but apply saliva with the
fingers—it is the speediest dilutant
in the world; then wash your eyes and
face in warm water.

HOME HINTS.

WARTS.—I removed a formidable
wart from my little daughter's hand
by the application of simple lemon
juice, which is an infallible remedy.

The wart requires saturating with the
juice once or twice a day for three or
four days, or about a week in some
cases. The wart diminishes gradually,
and disappears altogether, without
pain and leaving no mark, and with-
out incurring any of the risks men-
tioned in connexion with the professional
processes.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST CAKE.—One
pint of sifted flower, one cup of sweet
milk, or thin cream, and one egg. If
milk is used, add to it a tablespoonful
of melted lard. While the flour is dry,
mix with it half a tablespoonful of salt,
one heaping teaspoonful of good cream
of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of
soda. Sift the flour again, after these
are added, so that no particles of soda
may be found in the cake. Add a
well beaten egg to the milk, or cream,
and gradually wet the flour with it.
Bake in one pan.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One cup of
molasses, one table-spoonful of vinegar,
one cup of brown sugar, one ounce of
melted butter. Mix all together, and
boil without stirring until it hardens
when dropped in cold water; then add
a teaspoonful of baking soda, and pour
into buttered tins. Or, when cool,
pull and cut into sticks. While pull-
ing, brush the hands with butter or
moisten them with ice water.

JUST FOR FUN.

"Hullo, Mike, I hear you are on
a strike." "So I am. I struck for
fewer hours." "Did you succeed?"
"Indeed I did. I'm not working at
all now."

Mr. New was the father of eleven
sons and one daughter. He ran short
of names toward the end, and so the
youngest son was called "Nothing
New" and the daughter "Something
New."

Anastasia (about to be married)—
"Nod, see if this reads all right for
the invitations: 'Your presence is
requested.' Devoted brother—
"Stop there, sis! It isn't grammati-
cal. You mean: 'Your presents are
requested.'"

Talking about busy men who leave
their homes early and get back after
dark, and never see their children,
a man of that sort was hurrying away
one morning, when he found that his
little boy had got up before him and
was playing on the sidewalk. He
told the child to go in. Child
wouldn't. Man spanked him and
went to business. Child went in,
howling. The mother said, "What's
the matter?" "Man hit me," blub-
bered the youngster. "What man?"
"That man that stays here Sundays."

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 2.)

No. 8.—
r
d
i
v
e
r
d
e
n
r

No. 9.—[By some means the solu-
tion to this puzzle was not put on file;
and, as the MS. copy has been des-
troyed, we fail to find an answer. If
any of our young folks having solved
this puzzle will send us the solution,
we will gladly publish it.—Ed. Y.
F. C.]

No. 10.—
bowl
olio
wild
lode

No. 11.—Aden.

No. 12.—"After clouds sunshine."

No. 13.—
F R O M
R O M E
O M R I
M E I N

No. 14.—Babylon.

No. 15.—
1. Mammon. 3. Decapolis.
2. Lamech. 4. Calvary.

No. 16.—
M
s
a
t
e
r
h
e
r
i
n
g
s
a
h
e
d
r
i
m'

The Mystery.—No. 5.

No. 34.—TRANSPOSITION.

Ni trysnsuhoise ahlst huts eb
beshidclata: uhot haslt be rfa mro
sopropine; ofr tolu thals otn rafe,
and rano retro; rfo ti hals ont meco
rema hete.

J. McDUGALL.

Carleton, St. John.

No. 35.—ARITHMORENS.

1. 1050 and sanc. 2. 1101 and ah.
3. 1500 and aa.

"Nick; "

Millville, York.

No. 36.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a Biblical mount; a
Biblical mount; a colour; a letter.

W. S. LEWIS.

Benton.

No. 37.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 15, 9, 4, 7 is an animal; my 10,
6, 3 is a tree; my 3, 9, 8, 11 is a
flower; my 1, 13, 12, 5, 2 is a dwarf;
my 14, 6, 15 is a snare.

My whole is one of the wonders of
ancient time.

HELEN R.

St. John.

No. 38.—SQUARE WORD.

A valley; what God is; what we
should avoid; a girl's nickname.

LOTTIE STEEVES.

St. John.

No. 39.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

eo te ta oee nhs ta sem ery hlfne.
"Mayflower."

Barrington, N. S.

No. 40.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a sack; a woman; merry;
a letter.

HELEN R.

St. John.

No. 41.—REBUS.

2 D others A I WOOD
O others S I

T Hat T Hay Shoe D do 2 ME

W MAKE H Kine D
I ME nest AND
I child O-n 2 Bee

Kings.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

Our Mystic Corps.

"PRAIRIE," Canning, Kings, N. S.,
gives a correct solution to Nos. 344,
347 of '86, and Nos. 1 (1, 2), 2, 6, 7
of Jan. 5th, '87. Come often.
All should try to solve the excellent
puzzles published this issue.

This week we announce the result
of the "Word Hunt" competition. The
prize was hotly contested, and is
carried off by JENNIE T. WILLET,
Westfield, Kings, who heads the list
with 725 words after examination.
Many of the lists, in fact all, were
neatly arranged, and worked out ac-
cording to the rules. Quite a number
gave plural forms, and some proper
names. These, with all abbreviations,
etc., we had to reject. Some had
written us regarding plurals, etc., and
we answered them by card, saying
"No!" Therefore, we had to make
it with all, "No!" Below is appended
the names and addresses of the con-
testants, with the number of words in
the list before and after examination:

Name and Address.	Before.	After.
JENNIE T. WILLET, Westfield, K. C.	830	725
L. R. STEVES, St. John.	622	616
Helen Roberts, St. John.	534	534
E. C. ALEXANDER, F'ron Junction.	427	425
Nannie Durkee, Yar Co, N. S.	422	422
Jennie McDougall, Car, St. John.	419	418
Laura Kempton, Kempton, Q. C.	411	411
Maggie Miller, Portland, St. John.	408	407
Emma L. Larkin, E. Pubnico, N. S.	398	398
Alma E. Chase, Upper Brighton, N. S.	390	390
Allie Woodworth, Canning, N. S.	240	240
Lizzie A. Kerr, Stanley.	183	183
H. M. Manzer, Millville.	183	183
Jessie B. Sharp, Midland.	105	105

The prize, a handsome book, entit-
led *The Young Forester and other tales*,
has been forwarded the winner by
mail. She will please acknowledge
the receipt of same.... We hope to
make another and better prize com-
peting announcement ere long....
Dear friends, help on the good work.
UNCLE NED.

Our Letter Box.

F'ron JUNCTION, N. B.,
Dec. 18th, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I have never
sent any puzzles, though I have often
made them out. I thought I would
try the *Word Hunt*, and hope I have
complied with the rules. I have found
427 words, and, if any boy tried harder
than I, I think he deserves the prize.
ERNEST C. ALEXANDER.

DEAR ERNEST,—You had a neat
list, complying with all the rules, but,
as you see by referring above, some
boy, or girl, must have tried harder.
Yours, etc.,
UNCLE NED.

CANNING, N. S., Dec. 27, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I hope you
spent a pleasant Christmas, and I wish
you a happy New Year. I have found
360 words from "Contrivances," and
send them to you. Hoping that you
will continue the *Young Folks'*
Column.

I remain, Yours &.

"PRAIRIE."

DEAR NEICE "PRAIRIE,"—We
spent a very pleasant Christmas and
New Year. Thank you for your kind
wishes and increasing interest in the
"Young Folks' Column." May you
enjoy many pleasant New Years.
With kind wishes.
UNCLE NED.

STANLEY Y. CO., Dec. 20, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I send you a
list of words made from the letters in
the word "Contrivances," and a few
original puzzles. Wishing you a
Merry Christmas and a Happy New
Year. Your little niece,
LIZZIE A. KERR.

DEAR NEICE,—Thanks for your
kind wishes. May you enjoy many
pleasant seasons!
UNCLE NED.

NEILL'S HARDWARE
STORE.

GRANITE from Tea pots, Coffee Pots
and Water Kettles, also same Ware
in Pudding Dishes, Pie Plates, Wash
Dishes, Sauce Pans, Basting Spoons, etc.,
etc. Mrs. Potts' Smoothing Irons (in
sets), nickel-plated and polished. Table
Cutlery from 60 cents to \$8.00 per dozen.
Tea Trays, Brass and Copper Water Kettles
Sets, Fire Irons and Stands. Acme
Landscape and Wood-top Skates, all of
which will be sold at low prices.
Just received from the America Whip
Company.

1 CASE WHIPS

For sale low at Neill's Hardware Store,
opposite County Court House.

Just received:

20 DOZ. IRON AND STEEL SHOVELS.

For sale Wholesale and Retail at Neill's
Hardware Store, opposite County Court
House.

Neill's Hardware Store is the place to
get a good trade on Stoves.

Bar Iron and Cable Chains, all
sizes at

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE,
(Opposite Co. Court House).

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Burdock
Blood
Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,
DROPSY, FLUTTERING
OF THE HEART,
ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, DRYNESS
OF THE SKIN,