

Look Up, My Boy.

There is a hope in the world for you and me;
There is joy in a thousand things that be;
There is fruit to gather from every tree—
Look up, my boy, look up!

There is care and struggle in every life;
With temper and sorrow the world is rife;
But no strength cometh without the strife;
Look up, my boy, look up!

There is a place in the land for you to fill;
There is work to do with an iron will;
The river comes from the tiny rill—
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,
But a purpose in life will make you strong;
Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song;
Look up, my boy, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right;
And have the courage, as in God's sight,
To do what your hands find with your might;
Look up, my boy, look up!

—Good Cheer.

Ned's Triumph.

BY LOUISA THURSH.

"But, Ned, you ought to tell mamma."
"Well, it's kind of hard on a fellow."
And Ned kicked his toes into the dirt.
"Yes, but mamma wants you to tell her everything," said Howard. "And you know she won't scold."
"No, but she'll look; and that is worse than a scolding."
"If you have it to do, I don't see any use waiting," argued Howard.

Ned got up slowly, and went into the house. "Mamma!" he called.
"Here, Neddie, fellow," said mamma,—"here I am!"
Ned did not look very happy as he went into mamma's room, and found her at her mending. He swallowed very hard, and burst out,—
"Mamma, I took Mary Davis's pencil at school yesterday; and I feel bad about it."

"Why, Neddie," said mamma, "I thought you were going to be as straight up and down man, like papa. How did it happen?"

Ned's face grew very red.
"Well, I'll just tell you," he said.
"Mary had a nice long pencil, and I had a short one; and, when she went to her class to recite, she left it on her desk. So I just changed."

"That is," said mamma "you gave her your short one for her long one."
"Yes'm."

"What did Mary say?"
"She doesn't know where it went to."

Mamma looked very grave, as she drew Ned to her.
"If some one should take my pocket-book," she said "what would that be called?"

"Stealing," said Ned with an effort.
"Very well. When you took Mary's pencil, what was that?"

Ned burst into tears.
"That is a pretty hard word for my Neddie to say," whispered mamma, as she held him close.

"Mamma," sobbed Ned, "I didn't mean to do that."
"No, I know that; but, as long as it can't be undone, we must do what is right about it. And what will that be?"

"Go and tell her, and give her another pencil," said Ned, very reluctantly.

"Yes, that is the only thing left for us to do; and, when you are ready, I will go with you." And, kissing him, she let him go.

Ned walked slowly out of doors, where Howard and the other boys were playing.

"Come on, Ned, and play horse cart," shouted the boys; but he refused to leave the yard.

"You're just wasting this whole Saturday, Ned Graves," said Howard, indignantly; "and you won't have any more for a week. You might as well do it quick, and get it over with; and then we can have some fun."

"I feel so queer inside of me, some-how," he said to Howard.
"We will have time to go down to papa's office and row up the river, if you'll do it now," pleaded Howard. It won't take more than ten minutes to say it. And I'll wait outside for you."

He shook his head. The queer feeling inside of him seemed to affect his legs, for he sat down in the porch again.

Somehow, the sun did not shine so brightly as it had done before. He tried to read; but a long pencil, escorted by a short one, danced before his eyes, up and down the page. So he closed the book.

When dinner-time came, nothing tasted good to him; and the sad look in mamma's eyes went straight to his little heart.

The long afternoon wore slowly away.

Mrs Graves had planned to spend the afternoon in making calls; but she gave up all thoughts of that, and settled herself at her mending basket until Edwin was ready to make his confession.

She knew how severe the struggle was, but felt that she need not urge him. His own sense of right would triumph in the end.

Not long before tea, the door opened, and Edwin walked in, holding his head up, with a resolute look in his eyes.

"I am ready, mamma," he said.
"I know just how hard it will be for you, dear little fellow," said his mother; "but we must do what is right, hard as it is."

Edwin started out quite briskly. As they neared Mrs Davis's house, however, his steps faltered a little.

"It is just like a dose of bad medicine," he cried. "You just have to shut your eyes and take it quick, and then it's over."

Mrs Davis listened to Edwin's story, helping him by a word now and then. When it was finished, she kissed his quivering lips.

"Mary would forgive you with all her heart, were she here," she said; "and, as she is not, I do it for her. It was a hard thing to do, but you have done it bravely."

"I want to be a straight up and down man like my papa," said Ned.

How different the world looked, as he danced along the pavement, by the side of his mother, all the way home! He stepped carefully over an ant-hill.

"It is too bad to hurt them, isn't it, mamma? They don't have much fun, any way,—nothing but just work, work, all the time!"

"Oh, dear! I wish I had done it this morning," he cried, "then I would have had some fun myself."

Mamma slipped into the kitchen before tea, to prepare a dish he was especially fond of; for she felt sure his supper would taste good to him.

That night, as she was tucking him in bed and smoothing the sheet under his chin, he said as he kissed her:—
"Mamma, I wish Satan was dead. He makes things so hard for a fellow."

—Christian Register.

Johnnie.

Mr. John Parker was astonished. For generations the eldest child in the Parker family had been a boy and named John. When the nurse brought to him a little pink morsel of humanity swathed in nainsook and white flannel, and he had taken its tiny hand and said, "Welcome, Johnnie!" the nurse quietly remarked, "It's a little girl."

"A little girl!" said Mr Parker. "Who ever heard of such a thing in the Parker family? The eldest child is always a boy." But he added in an undertone, "Her name is John all the same," and John she was though oftentimes called Johnnie.

As she grew older every body said "she ought to have been a boy." She was brave, fearless, frolicsome, and healthy. She loved to play out-of-doors, to climb trees, to shoot at a mark, to ride horseback, to go off on longtramps, to row and swim. Perhaps this was partly because her father always called her "his boy," and encouraged her to engage in all manner of boyish sports, teaching her how to toss and catch, to aim, to ride, and use the oar and float on the water. She was his constant companion in his various outings after she was past early childhood.

The next child and the next were girls. Mr Parker decided that Johnnie should have as good an education as if she were indeed a boy. She should learn Latin and Greek, and go to college; she should learn music and mathematics. He would spend as freely on making her a good scholar, and equipping her for life, as though she was not a girl, but a boy. He was in easy circumstances by inheritance and had a good business, and Johnnie was bright and worth educating.

So he sent her to school, and when she was seventeen she was well prepared to enter the Classical Department of one of our colleges that believe in co-education.

She early developed decided musical capacity, and a piano and instruction were provided. The progress in music was rapid, even during her college course, which, by advice of her instructors, covered five years, instead of four, thus affording time for musical studies without infringing on other studies or on time devoted properly to exercise.

After graduating, in the first third of her class, she went at her earnest desire for two years to the Conservatory of Music in a neighboring city, and there studied composition, harmony, technique, the organ, and such other branches of music as the thorough musician must be proficient in. She learned to tune musical instruments, especially the piano and organ, so that she was quite independent of the piano-tuner, who so often proves untrustworthy, and injures instruments he is set to better.

At twenty-four her education was considered finished, and she was as

competent as any young man who had enjoyed equal advantage to make her way in life; and she was eager to undertake a career.

She engaged as organist in a city church at a salary of \$800 a year, and in a few months had gathered quite a large class of music pupils; in fact, as many as she could well attend to and leave herself time to practice and advance herself in her art, and to take her daily exercise in the gymnasium and on horseback. The surplus earnings she placed for a time in a savings bank, and afterward invested in city lots in a growing part of the city.

During these years, while she had been at school, there had been added to the family daughter after daughter until there were six. Then, at last, with joyful welcomings, came a son, "He shall be named John," said the father, "and something more." So he was called Maurice, his second name, and Johnnie's title was not infringed upon.

As is the case, frequently, with younger children born when their parents have reached full maturity, Maurice was an exceptionally bright boy; not as robust as some of his sisters and by no means as boyish in his tastes as Johnnie. He was fond of his books; he loved to explore the shelves of the library, and was not abashed by the size or subject matter of any book he found there. He stood well in his classes at school, and though fond of sport was more devoted to study.

During one of Johnnie's frequent visits home the matter of Maurice's education was earnestly discussed, and Johnnie gladly volunteered to assume all the expenses of sending him to preparatory school and college, in addition to the substantial help she was already giving toward the education of her sisters.

It was a proud and happy day for the Parker family when they listened to Valedictory addresses pronounced by Maurice on Commencement Day. It would have been difficult for Mr. Parker to tell whether he had more satisfaction in Maurice or in Johnnie, through whose instrumentality his son had been able to complete a college course.

Mr. Parker thoroughly believes in giving young women as good an equipment for a career in life as is given to young men. Shortly after Maurice was graduated Johnnie was married to the man of her choice, who had patiently waited till her self-imposed responsibility toward Maurice was discharged and acquitted.—Advocate.

The Sponge Bath.

A sponge bath should be taken at least daily in hot weather. For persons in vigorous health the proper time is immediately on rising in the morning; but for weak persons and the aged the middle of the forenoon is better. Only the very robust are benefited by cold baths. For most cool, tepid, or slightly warm water is better. After a day of heat and dust, and especially of hard work, cleanliness is secured and refreshing sleep promoted by a warm bath at bed-time. The dress should be appropriate to the season, and also to the occupation. It should be light in color and weight, loose and easy, but in our changeable climate not too thin. It is advisable for most persons to wear light underwear throughout the summer.—Select.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

The Mystery.—No. 36.

Will our young friends kindly send us puzzles and solutions, please. Why do you tarry so long?

No. 133.—ENIGMA.

(BY "G. A. RIECKE," BELLELSLE BAY.)
It's seen in stories, and dwells in the wood;
It shuns the bad, but loves the good;
It's often used when John is hurt;
It shuns not gold, though it does dirt;
It's seen in you, but not in me,
And now its name you'll clearly see.

No. 134.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(BY G. A. RIECKE, BELLELSLE BAY.)
A d t e l u h d h m o
c r k o i g t a s e w s
d a

No. 135.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY "VAN," LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM.)
My 13, 4, 17, 11, 12, 5, 18, 23 means renowned.
My 10, 8, 9, 3, 20 is a town in France.
My 15, 2, 11, 16, 21 is a number.
My 10, 14, 5, 18, 4, 7 is the imperative of shall.
My 22, 1, 12, 6 is to move.

My whole was spoken of our Lord by one of the prophets.

No. 136.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(BY G. A. BREWER, SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.)
To know; one-half of efflorescence;
to get together; a merry making; to long; eaten; a girl's name; to cook.
Primis, read downward, name the present time. Finals, read upwards, name a noted poet.

No. 137.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY "HARVEY," DEER ISLAND.)
In iron, not in one;
In ant, not in bee;
In fire, not in heat;
In Jacob, not in John;
In never, not in ever;
In metal, not in iron;
My whole we all have been.

No. 138.—PIED CITIES.
(BY G. A. R., BELLELSLE BAY.)
1. Sontob. 2. Daulockr. 3. Redfortence. 4. Iflahax. 5. Dorvien-cep. 6. Danton.

No. 139.—DIAMONDS.
(BY G. R. B., SAN FRANCISCO, U. S.)
I. A letter; something generally liked; a County in New Brunswick; her fruit (as it is called in California); a consonant.

II. A letter; used in playing ball; founded; a boy's name; a consonant.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

"FLORENCE," Lakeview, has our thanks for the nice puzzle. We are glad to see you so studious, but try and spare a few minutes to devote to the Young Folk's Column." We shall comply with your requests.

"GREGELY," Johnston, sends us 6 puzzles, and 4 correct solutions to 1st and all 2nd installment of "prize puzzles" in compliance with the published rules. Good!

"Van," Lower Prince William, has also sent us puzzles, and solutions to "prize puzzles." His seven puzzles are good ones. All of 1st and 4 of 2nd installment correct.

"PANSY," Barrington, N. S., sends us 5 choice puzzles and correct solutions to 1st installment of "Prize Puzzles."

"Philomath," Queens, aged 68, and a veteran puzzler, greets us with a choice and thankfully received batch of puzzles—17 Extraordinary puzzles, 20 Drop-Letters, and 20 Bible Questions. Accept our most sincere thanks for your kindness. We recognize in you a puzzle-lover of this time of "ELLSWORTH," and are pleased to note that although growing old in years your love for the work does not cease. May some of the younger members of our noble band be stirred to greater zeal through your love and ambition for our Column! Solutions to first and second installment of "Prize Puzzles" all correct.

A WANT of sufficient time prevents us from saying anything concerning the BAND OF KINDNESS" this issue. We hope to hear from many of our friends, both old and young, concerning this step, and do, please, write things of interest for this column together with puzzles, solutions, &c.

"Philomath" in writing to us says, "I have been observing all along, with interest, the Y. F. C.; and, as you have been soliciting contributions to it, I therefore thought I would send you a few to use in case of need." How many others among our readers will be so kind and thoughtful, and thus respond—and so nobly too.

UNCLE NED.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.—Overstudy.
Overwork indoors.
Want of fresh air in bed rooms.
Nervousness, however induced.
Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.
The excitement inseparable from a fashionable life.
Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.
Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimulating character.
Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.
Work or study indoors, carried on in an unnatural or cramped position of the body. Literary men and women ought to do most of their work at a standing desk, lying down now and then to ease brain and heart and permit ideas to flow. They should work out of doors in fine weather—with their feet resting on a board, not on the earth—and under canvas in wet weather. It is surprising the good this simple advice, if followed, can effect.

A physician says that the application of the oil of cinnamon, applied with a straw or small brush, is the very best remedy for bee stings. It will slightly blister, but will destroy the poison.

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Day Express..... 7.00
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A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax.
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Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Accommodation..... 12.55
Day Express..... 18.00
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D. POTTINGRR,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
May 31st, 1888.

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