

I Didn't Think.

I know a naughty little elf
Who never can behave himself;
He beats his drums when grandma's cap,
He noddles for a coo nap,
And leaves his ball upon the floor
For Uncle James to stumble o'er.

'Twas he who tried to scratch his name
Upon a painted picture-frame;
'Twas he who left the gate untied,
Which brindle cow pushed open wide;
'Twas he who nibbled Lucy's cake,
She took such pains to mix and bake;
And though we blame the tricky niece,
'Twas he who cracked his fluted ice.

This little elf upset the milk;
He tangled aunt's broodery silk;
He went to school with muddy shoes,
Though credits very sure to lose.
Against his mother's gentle wish
He took the sugar from the dish,
He lost the pen and spilled the ink;
This elf we call "I didn't think."

Our home would be a nicer place
If he would never show his face;
We hope and hope some sunny day
The naughty elf will run away,
For oft he makes our spirits sink—
This troublesome "I didn't think."

Don'ts For The Sick Room.

Don't light a sick room at night by
means of a jet of gas burning low;
nothing impoverishes the air sooner.
Use sperm candles or tapers which
burn in sperm oil.

Don't allow offensive matters to
remain. In cases of emergency, where
these cannot at once be removed,
wrap a heavy cloth—for instance, like
Turkish toweling out of cold water,
use it as a cover, placing over this
ordinary paper. Such means will
prevent the escape of odor and infection.

Don't forget to have a few beans of
coffee handy, for this serves as a
deodorizer, if burnt upon coals or
paper. Bits of charcoal placed around
are useful in absorbing gases and other
impurities.

Don't have the temperature of a
sick room much over 60°; 70° are al-
lowable, but not advisable.

Don't permit currents of air to blow
upon the patient. An open fire-place
is an excellent means of ventilation.
The current may be tested by burning
a piece of paper in front.

Don't give the patient a full glass of
water to drink from, unless he is al-
lowed all he desires. If he can drain
the glass, he will be satisfied; so, regu-
late the quantity before handing it to
him.

Don't neglect during the day to at-
tend to necessities for the night, that
the rest of the patient and family may
not be disturbed.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would
like this or that to eat or drink, but
prepare the delicacies and present
them in a tempting way.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sit-
ting upon it. This is unpleasant to
one ill and nervous.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a
sick chamber.

Don't appear anxious, however great
your anxiety.

Don't forget that kindness and
tenderness are needful to successful
nursing. Human nature longs to be
soothed and comforted on all occasions
when out of tune.

The Beggar Boy and the Flowers.

"Go away, you beggar-boy! You've
no right to be looking at our flowers!"
shouted a little fellow from the garden,
where he was standing.

The poor boy's face reddened with
anger at the rude language, and he
was about to answer defiantly, when a
little girl sprang out from an arbour
near, and, looking at both, said to her
brother:

"How could you speak so, Herbert?
I'm sure his looking at the flowers
won't hurt us." And then to soothe
the wounded feelings of the stranger,
she added, "Little boy, I'll pick you
some flowers if you'll wait a moment;"
and she immediately gathered a pretty
bouquet, and handed it through the
fence. His face brightened with sur-
prise and pleasure, and he earnestly
thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence
the girl had grown to a woman. One
bright afternoon she was walking with
her husband in the garden, when she
observed a young man in a workman's
dress, leaning over the fence, and
looking attentively at her and at the
flowers. Approaching him, she said:
"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It
will give me great pleasure to gather
you some."

The young workman looked into her
face, and said:

"Twelve years ago I stood here, a
ragged beggar boy, and you showed me
the same kindness. The bright
flowers and your pleasant words made
a new boy of me: aye, and they made
a man of me too. Your face, madam,
has been a light to me in many dark
hours of life; and now, thank God,
though that boy is still an humble,
hard-working man, he is an honest
and grateful one."

A Boy Should Learn.

To build a fire scientifically;
To fill the wood box every night;
To shut doors in summer to keep the
flies out;

To shut doors without slamming;
To shut them in winter to keep the
cold out;

To do errands promptly and cheer-
fully;
To get ready to go away without the
united efforts of mother and sister;

To be gentle to his little sisters;
To wash dishes and make his bed
when necessary;

To sew on a button and darn a
stocking;

To be kind to all animals;

To have a dog if possible, and make
a companion of him;

To ride, row, shoot and swim;

To be manly and courageous;

To let cigarettes alone.—*Thekla Kilman.*

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is good thing for a girl,
and if she does not learn it when she
is young, she never will. It takes a
great deal more neatness to make a
girl look well than it does to make a
boy look passable. Not because a boy,
to start with, is better looking than a
girl, but his clothes are of a different
sort, not so many colors in them, and
people don't expect a boy to look as
pretty as a girl. A girl that is not
neatly dressed is called a sloven, and
no one likes to look at her. Her face
may be pretty and her eyes bright, but
if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek,
and her fingers' ends are black with
ink, and her shoes are not laced or
buttoned up, and her apron is dirty,
and her collar is not buttoned, and
her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Many people
seem to forget that character grows;
that it is not something to put on
ready-made, with manhood or woman-
hood; but day by day, here a little
and there a little, grows with the
growth, and strengthens with the
strength, until, good or bad, it becomes
almost a coat of mail. Look at a man
of business—prompt, reliable, consci-
entious, yet clear headed and ener-
getic. When do you suppose he de-
veloped all these admirable and desir-
able qualities? When he was a boy.

The boy who is late at breakfast, late
at school, stands a poor chance to be a
prompt man. The boy who neglects
his duties, be they ever so small, and
then excuses himself by saying, "I for-
got! I didn't think!" will never be a
reliable man. And the boy who finds
pleasure in the sufferings of weaker
things, will never be a noble, generous
kind man—a gentleman.

"Nellie, what do you do when you
feel cross and naughty?" asked a lady
of a little girl five years old. "Shut
my lips and my eyes tight, and think a
little prayer to Jesus to come and
make me feel right."

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 51.)

No. 222.—Moscos, orpah, spite,
eater, sherd.

No. 223.—Prov. 4:14.

No. 224.—"Havilah," Gen 2:11, etc.
"maul," Prov. 25:18.
"partridge," 1 Sam. 26:20

No. 225.—Coleridge.

No. 226.—Matt. 5:3.

No. 227.—Tea, Henry, art.

No. 228.—1. Jerusalem.
2. Jordan.

No. 229.—S W A I N
E N R O L
D I M E S
S E A T S
S P O O L

No. 230.—A very merry Xmas to you
all.

The Mystery—No. 2.

N. B.—Contributions respectfully
solicited.

No. 6.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(BY "FLOSS," QUEENS.)

W-y-h-u-d-a-t-s-e-t-o-o-n
-o-s-e-o-e-v-n-o-t-i-k-o-d-a-h
-f-o-e-m-y-f-d-b-f-r-t-s-o-n
-n-I-h-s-d-y-a-s-m-b-e-t.

No. 7.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY "WINTERGREEN," BELLEISLE BAY.)

My whole, consisting of 14 letters,
is a command of our Saviour.

My 1, 8, 9, 4 is a narrow passage.
My 11, 14, 7, 8, 11 is to entertain.
My 6, 8, 3, 13 is the centre of a
wheel.

My 10, 14, 8, 10, 5, 14 is a petition.
My 12, 2, 14, 9 is a windinstrument.

No. 8.—BIBLE QUESTION.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, WILLIAMSBURG.)

Where are "gold," "weeds" and
"coffin" mentioned in the Bible?

No. 9.—TRANSPPOSITION.

BY MABEL A. GULLISON, WILLIAMSBURG.

Desebls rea teyh atht noum rof
tehy thals eb mofortce.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

We have sent rewards to all winners.
We trust they will acknowledge re-
ceipt. The prize winners are:—

Mabel I. Gilmore, Williamsburg,
for Xmas aid.

Geo. R. Riecker, Belleisle Bay, for
1st correct answer to No. 230 and 1st
list of answers not all correct in No.
51.

"Van," Lower Prince Wm., for 1st
correct list of answers to No. 51.

"VAN," Lower Prince Wm., will
please note above. Your solutions to
Christmas prize contest all correct.

MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg,
Stanley, will accept thanks for the
nice Bible Questions and the poetry,
please.

THE VOTING CONTEST.

Owing to a "tie" vote in question
three (3) in the "Voting Contest," we
are debarred from giving any prize.
The vote stood as follows:

1. What is the most useful metal?
Iron, (25).

2. What liquid could we best dis-
pense with? Whiskey, (14); Rum, (4);
and Spirituous Liquors, Alcohol and
Intoxicating drinks, each 2.

3. From what tree do we derive
the most benefit? Oak and Pine, each
7; Apple and Spruce 3; Caoutchoue,
Maple, Axle tree, Cotton tree and
Cedar, each 1.

4. What animal, when killed, fur-
nishes the largest number of useful
products? Sheep, 13; Ox, 6; Cow, 5,
and Cattle, 1.

5. Do you wish the Young Folks'
Column continued? Yes, 24. One
did not vote on this question.

Our Literary Circle.

ESSAYS.

(Our Christmas Story.)

How Three Little Girls Helped
The Poor.

BY MABEL I. GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.

It was the week before Christmas.

Three little girls named Nellie,
Irene and Dora were sitting in a small
parlour listening to a story which their
mother was reading to them about,
"Being kind to the Poor."

When she had finished, Nellie said,
"I wish I could help somebody this
Christmas, but I don't know of any-
one who needs help very much."

"Could you not help that poor
widow and her two children your Aunt
was telling you about," asked mamma.

"Oh! I never thought of them,"
cried Nellie, "but what could we do,
mamma?"

"You could pick out the best of
those old garments in the chest in the
attic and make them over for the little
girls couldn't you?" asked mamma.

"I will help you all I can."

"And we may give them some of
our old toys and picture books can't
we?" asked Dora eagerly.

"Yes, if you like," answered mamma,
"You may go up to the attic now and
pick out whatever you think is any
good and bring down into the sewing-
room so you can commence early to-
morrow morning."

The next morning three very eager
little girls commenced ripping and
cutting up old garments, while their
mamma showed them how to put them
together.

For nearly a week they worked
pretty hard and the day before
Christmas a large parcel was ready to
be taken to the widow's house. In
the parcel there was a dress and a pair
of stockings; mittens for each of the
girls; some aprons; some warm cloaks;
two dolls; four or five picture books,
and other toys.

Just as they were starting their
mother gave them a basket for the
widow which contained a chicken,
three pounds of sugar, three pounds of
tea, some butter, cake, pies, and some
money to buy other things. It was
about two o'clock when they started
and they reached the widow's house
about half past three.

"I do not like to go in," said Dora;
"what will we say?"

"Say?" cried Irene. "Why we will
give the widow the basket and tell her
mamma sent it; we will leave our
parcel in the hall where the children
will be sure to see it when we come

away and they won't know where it
came from." Irene's words gave the
children courage, and Nellie stepped
up to the door and knocked. It was
opened by a little girl who looked as if
she had been crying.

"What is the matter?" asked Dora
kindly. The little girl burst into tears
and said, "My little sister Effie is very
sick. The doctor says she won't live
if she does not have good nourishing
food, and mother has no money to buy
any for her and poor Effie will die."

"We have brought some food for
her and some money to get more if she
wants any more," answered Nellie.

"Oh how good you are," said the
girl whose name was Lena; and going
into the next room she told her
mother to come out and see what three
little girls had brought for Effie.

A pale lady-like woman came out in
the hall where the three girls were
standing. After thanking them for
their kindness she asked them if they
would like to see Effie.

"Yes," answered Irene, "but we
can't stay very long because we have
to be home before it grows dark."

Going into the room they saw Effie
lying on an old bed, looking very sick.
Her mother touched her on the arm,
and told her three little girls had
come to see her and had brought some
nice food to make her well.

Effie tried to thank them but Dora
told her it had been a pleasure to them
to be able to help any one and they
did not want any thanks.

After a few minutes they took their
leave. It was three very happy little
girls that went home that evening
feeling sure that their work had not
been in vain and that, "It is more
blessed to give than to receive."

Could they have seen how happy the
children were next morning when
they found the parcel they had left in
the hall; and known how thankful the
widow was when her little girl was re-
stored to health, they would have been
still happier.

BAND OF KINDNESS.

OUR BAND RECITER.

SANTA CLAUS DEAD.

FROM MABEL I. GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG

On the night of that day on which long
years before,

Was born in a manger the Lord we
adore:

The day had been merry and full of
high joy,

To many a laughing, bright-eyed girl
and boy;

And each snugly slept, and played in
his dream

With the bright gifts brought in by
the wild reindeer team.

'Twas on a lone street in a dark murky
town,

Where the houses are old and dingy
and brown,

In an old attic-chamber so gloomy and
high

That its barren old roof, seemed to
swool at the sky

A little girl slept on an old broken
bed

While o'er the rough canvas that pil-
lowed her head

Her bright sunny ringlets so rippling-
ly rolled,

That the cloth, seemed like tapestry
embroidered with gold.

By her side sat her sister so pallid and
fair,

Awearied of working and worn with
despair,

But still she sewed on by the candle's
dim light.

Far on in the hours of that cold
Christmas night,

Like a bird when the north wind has
shaken its nest,

The little one woke from her untroubled
rest;

Then timidly crept to her loved sister's
side,

And opened her dark eyes enquiringly
wide.

She lisped as she half-raised her bright
sunny head,

Saying, "Sister, dear sister, is Santa
Claus dead?"

Dear father was killed in the battle I
know,

And mother was dead when she felt
like the snow.

That the both of them died I know
must be true;

And I think that our Santa Claus must
have died too.

'Twas only last Christmas a long while
aback,

I got that big doll and that dear jump-
ing-jack,

If in any way possible—Santa Claus
could

He would have brought something—
for I have been good."

The sister drew closer the child to her
heart—

And hiding the tears that unbidden
would start,

She pressed her wan cheek to the
child's curly head

And chinking with sorrow she falter-
ingly said:

"My own little sister your dreams are
too true

For surely good Santa Claus died—
unto you,

Our father in battle was cruelly slain,
And mother was freed from her grief

and her pain;

Yet there's One my dear sister who
dwelleth above,

A Being of infinite mercy and love,
Who will be—if to him we are faithful

and true—

Both father, and mother, and Santa
Claus too."

M. McLEOD,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

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IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend
are my own specialties which I can highly
recommend—being of combinations of the
flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics
with that of our own Matchless Straw-
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out that time I employed a physician and
tried many kinds of medicine I found
nothing that gave me more than temporary
relief. I became reduced to almost a
skeleton and thought that death must soon
intervene and put an end to my sufferings.
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By the advice of a friend I was induced to
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have remained so ever since—a period of
six years. I think God that your medicine
has been the means of restoring my health.
It has done more for me than all the rest
put together. No tongue can tell its real
worth. I would recommend it to all the
sick and afflicted.

Yours very truly,
JOHN J. TAYLOR.

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