

**The Manly Man.**  
It isn't the boy who doubts his fists,  
And thrusts them under another's nose,  
Baring the sleeves from his rigid wrists,  
Ready to rain vindictive blows;  
Whose tongue is ready with abuse and jeer  
To stir up strife whenever he can,  
Breathing menace and waking fear,  
Who grows to be a manly man.

**Live for Something.**  
Live for something, be not idle;  
Look about thee for employ;  
Sit not down in useless dreaming;  
Labor is the sweetest joy.  
Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay.  
Life for thee hath many duties—  
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!  
Gentle words and cheering smiles  
Better are than gold and silver  
With their grief dispelling wiles.  
As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
Ever on the grateful earth,  
So let sympathy and kindness  
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,  
Drop the tear of sympathy,  
Whisper words of hope and comfort—  
Give, and thy reward shall be  
Joy unto thy soul returning,  
From the perfumed fountain-head;  
Freely, as thou freely givest,  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

**The Left Hands.**  
"Hurrah, mother! I belong to a secret society!"  
Otis Adams came hopping into his mother's room, first on one foot, then on the other, banging the door, upsetting a chair, and making as much noise as a nine year old boy.  
"Isn't it jolly, mother, a sure enough secret society?"  
"Do all the members make as much noise as this one?" asked his mother, with a pleasant smile; "because, if they do, I hope the meeting will be held out in the field. But what is the secret, Otis?"  
"Oh!" cried the little boy; "that would be telling, and we are not to tell anybody."  
"I don't think much of secrets that are not for mothers to know," said the lady.  
Otis looked rather sober.  
"Well, mother," he said, "at the next meeting I'll move that all mothers be made honorary members and be told the secrets. But I'm to be on duty to-night, and I can't tell you what I'm going to do."  
His mother shook her head, and Otis began to be dreadfully afraid he would miss his appointment.  
"Just try me this time, mother," he said earnestly. "It is something I know you would like me to do, and Mr. Ross knows about it, indeed, he gave us our society name and motto."  
"I think I could trust my boy," she said fondly, looking into his clear, truthful eyes, "even if Mr. Ross did not know about it; but, as nine year old judgments are not apt to be very wise, I am better satisfied that your teacher should be in the secret. What is the name of your society?"  
"The Left Hands," he replied proudly; "but don't ask our motto, or that would tell too much."  
The next morning, before school-time, Otis was seen flying wildly over the house, hunting in vain for his hatch of books.  
During the morning Mrs. Adams put on her bonnet and coat and went to see a sick neighbor, a poor widow, sickness would have been starvation to her family, except for the kind charity of those around her.  
"Ah, Mrs. Poole," she said, entering the sick woman's room, "I see you have a nice supply of wood laid in for your kitchen stove."  
"Yes'm," said the poor woman, and I reckon you are at the bottom of it, ma'am."  
"I? No, indeed. What makes you think so?"  
"Don't you know how I got that wood, ma'am?"  
"Not a word of it."  
"Well, about dark last night some boys came into my little yard as mum and quiet, ma'am as if they had come to steal, and piled up three barrow-loads there where you see it. As they kept quiet, we kept quiet too; but the children made sure they saw your Otis among them."  
"Very likely," said Otis's mother, remembering "The Left Hands"; but she said nothing to the boy until that evening, when Barry Mitten, the blacksmith's son, brought Otis's hatchel to the door.  
"Dad says he'd ha' went for you-uns 'bout usin' his grindstone of he hadn't seen Mrs. Poole's wood-pile."  
"So 'The Left Hands' first secret was out, but that has not seemed to discourage them at all, for every week some good turn is being done secretly by somebody; and it is not hard to guess that the motto of the society is, 'Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.'—Sunday School Magazine.

**New Shoes.**  
"I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it!"  
Little Tim sat on the ground close beside a very ugly dark-colored stone jug. He eyed it sharply; but finding it quite impossible to see through its sides, pulled out the cork and peered anxiously in "Can't see nothin', but it's so dark in there I couldn't see if there was anything. I've a great mind to break the hateful old thing."  
He sat for a while thinking how badly he wanted a pair of shoes to wear to the Sunday-school picnic. His mother had promised to wash and mend his clothes, so that he might go looking very neat indeed; but the old shoes were far past all mending, and how could he go barefoot?  
Then he began counting the chances of his father being very angry when he should find his bottle broken. He did not like the idea of getting a whipping for it, as was very likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure about these shoes? The more he thought of them, the more he couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until he found a good-sized brick-bat, which he flung with such vigorous hand and correct aim that the next moment the old bottle lay in pieces before his eyes.  
How eagerly he bent over them in the hope of finding not only what he was so longing for, but, perhaps, other treasures! But his poor little heart sank as he turned over the fragments with trembling fingers. Nothing could be found among the broken bits wet on the inside with a bad-smelling liquid.  
Tim sat down again, and sobbed as he had never sobbed before; so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:  
"Well! what's all this?"  
He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father, who always slept late in the morning, and was very seldom awake so early as this.  
"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.  
"I did," said Tim, catching his breath half in terror and half between his sobs.  
"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound quite so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.  
"Why," he said, "I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes. I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic. All the other chaps wear shoes."  
"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?"  
"Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought 'twould be so—sure."  
And Tim, hardly able to sob out the words, feeling how keenly his trust in mother's word had added to his great disappointment, sat down again, and cried harder than ever.  
His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked timidly up.  
"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."  
"No, I guess you won't," he said laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him.  
Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.  
"New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted. "O father! did you get a new bottle? and were they in it?"  
"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the bottle; but you see getting them out is no easy matter, so I'm going to keep them out after this."—N. Y. Observer.

**How Girls Can Make Themselves Agreeable.**  
Little girls who wish to be agreeable must remember that as a rule it is ill-bred to act in a sullen or churlish manner, to say spiteful things, to ridicule the aged or deformed, to talk and laugh so loudly as to attract notice in public, to be petulant, to find fault with a gift, and to complain about the weather, or anything else unavoidable that happens to be particularly disagreeable.  
Girls, try always to be natural, to forget self, to be gracious toward every one, to cultivate an amiable disposition, and try to add to the happiness of others. If possible, learn to walk in an easy and graceful manner, without mincing or taking steps too long. Learn to use your hands, and not sit in company with your arms tightly folded, as though they were not intended for present use. Conversation requires gestures at times. If asked to sing or play, comply at once, if in your power to do so. Be scrupulously neat in dress, and see that your room is always in order. Avoid all such disagreeable habits as picking the nose, ears, or teeth in company, biting or trimming the nails, yawning and appearing bored when any one—particularly an old person—is speaking. Never interrupt any one because he is telling you a tiresome story. You can bear his infliction much better than he can endure the wound his vanity will receive. Always acknowledge an acquaintance, if worthy of your respect, no matter where he is, or however shabby his clothes may be. The young girl or boy who has a polite bow, a smile, and a pleasant word for every one, will be blessed with many friends. Above all learn to be true hearted and sincere.  
A silly, fickle-minded person, with no opinions and principles worth defending or retaining, is at best a worthless member of society, and one who will never have much influence for good. He may attain the mere outward polishing of manner, but his mind and soul will never shine. Such politeness may make a fop, or a "dude" or a "dudine," but it will never make a true gentleman or lady.  
Will our young readers strive to attain the courtesy that begins at the heart's core and not at the lips! It is worth trying.—American Agriculturist.

**Just For Fun.**  
Teacher: What is velocity?—Boy: Velocity is what a man puts down a hot plate with.  
Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged four and two, were. She replied: "They are sitting on the door step talking about old times."  
Amateur Photographer (who has been showing some of his attempts at portraiture): "I should like to take your little girl, if you wouldn't mind." Little Girl (who has seen the specimens): "Oh, no, mamma, don't let him take me—I'll be good."  
Mamma (to Eddie, aged three and a half years, just home from her first morning at the kindergarten): "Well Eddie how did you like it?" Eddie: "I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."  
"I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this mornin'," said young Mr. Sissey to his cousin, "and just for a joke, y'know, I asked Snipem if it weally took nine tailors to make a man. He said that it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite clewah."

**Suet Pudding.**—One cup chopped suet, one cup syrup, one-half cup sugar, one half cup fine cracker crumbs, salt, nutmeg, lemon, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cup of flour.

**Young Folks' Column.**  
Conducted by C. E. BLACK.  
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**PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.**  
Attempt the end, never stand in doubt  
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out.

**N. B.—Contributions for this Department are respectfully solicited. Send puzzles, solutions, etc. Leave your letter unsealed, mark on the envelope "Printer's Manuscript," prepay by a 1c. stamp, address as above, and it will reach us.**

**The Mystery Solved.**  
(No. 6.)  
No. 26.—REV. JOS. McLEOD.  
No. 27.—Celia, Alice.  
No. 28.—He, her; hero, heroine.  
No. 29.—"GOD IS LOVE."  
No. 30.—Chair.  
No. 31.—Pan, Sarah, nap.  
No. 32.—  
FAWN FRAME  
TEAR RUBY  
DIAL ABE  
LYRE MY  
E  
**The Mystery—No. 9.**  
No. 48.—CHARADE.  
(BY B. V. C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, N. S.)  
My first upon the just and unjust doth second,  
Filling hearts with whole,  
And giving cause for thankfulness  
From pole to pole.

**No. 49.—ACROSTIC.**  
(BY "WINTERGREEN," BELLE ISLE BAY.)  
The initials name a person whom we all like very much.  
1. One whom David caused to be slain.  
2. A prophet of old.  
3. Land promised to the Israelites.  
4. One whom Jesus raised to life.  
5. An Old Testament book.  
6. A city mentioned in the New Testament.  
7. A priest who returned from Babylon.  
8. A Jewish captive taken to Babylon.  
**No. 50.—BURIED CITIES.**  
(BY M. I. GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)  
You can have this card if Fanny don't want it.  
2. Mabel fasten the door.  
3. Papa gave Roper the whip he promised him.  
4. Here is a cucumber, Linden.  
5. Lily has gone for a walk with Ethel on Donald's farm.  
6. He called his brother a mad rascal.  
7. Little Edsworth is going home.  
8. Papa, risin' early does not agree with me!  
9. I will give you a cheque, Beckie.

**No. 51.—DROP-VOYEL PUZZLE.**  
(BY CARRIE WADE, CROSS CREEK.)  
"Th' s nthng s kngly s knndness, nd nthng s ryl s trth."  
**No. 52.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.**  
(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)  
Where are the following recorded:  
(a) "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that;"  
(b) "Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth;"  
(c) "Thou shalt not have in thine house divers measures, a great and a small;"  
(d) "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge;"  
(e) "How! fir-tree; for the cedar is fallen?"

**No. 53.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.**  
BY LOUISA LARKIN, EAST PUBNICO, N. S.  
In black, but not in gray;  
"second," "ray";  
"sand," "mud";  
"calyx," "bud";  
"rank," "file";  
"bright," "smile";  
"violet," "lily";  
"Rob," "Willie";  
"rake," "hoe";  
"hurry," "go."  
My whole is a fruit we love to pick,  
When the summer makes it sweet and thick.

**The Mystery solved in three weeks.**  
**The Mystical Circle.**  
B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S., has our hearty thanks for another batch of puzzles.  
LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S., is the first to correctly solve No. 28, accompanied by five original puzzles. The prize has been sent her. She will acknowledge receipt, please. Thanks for puzzles, Nos. 29 and 30 also correctly solved.  
"APPLE-BLOSSOM," Carleton, N. S., again visits us, bringing correct answers to all of No. 20, except (8), and some Bible Questions. Thank you.  
G. MAY WELDON, Boundary Creek, sends correct solutions to Nos. 27, 28 and 30; also, two Bible Queries, for which accept thanks.  
WORD HUNT lists have been received from Gretta Goodspeed, Carleton, St. John; Nannie Durkee, Carleton, N. S.; Louisa Larkin, East Pubnico, N. S.; Nettie Dennison, Marysville; Annie L. Brewer, Fredericton, and Emeline L. Hammond, Lockport, N. S. The result of the competition will be announced next week.

**Our Letter Box.**  
CARLETON, Feb. 3rd, 1887.  
Dear Uncle Ned,—You must not think I have forgotten the Y. F. C. for I assure you I have not. I send the answers to a few Questions, also some Bible Questions, and hope to write oftener in the future.  
Your friend,  
"APPLE-BLOSSOM."  
Dear Uncle Ned,—For the past 5 weeks I have been living at Indian-town, St. John, and probably may for a few weeks more.  
Wishing you a prosperous and happy New Year, and the Y. F. C. much success,  
I respectfully remain  
your aged nephew,  
"PHILOMATH."

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Ladies Oil Goat Button Boots.  
Ladies French Kid Button Boots.  
Gents Kid Elastic Side Boots.  
Gents Calf Elastic Side Boots.  
Gents Cowhide Long Boots.  
Gents Kip Long Boots.  
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