

FEBRUARY 20, 1889.

The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in.
Regardless of those who may lose or win.
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river where two worlds meet:
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned,
Step into the front with a cheerful face;
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There's work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plow, plane, spindle, and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
To wreathing her golden hair.

Temptation will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy—
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,
And the sword the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shed,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

—Mrs. Willing.

Three Pennies Invested by the Firm.

Grandmother & Co.

"Come, grandmother, set me up in business, please!"

Having said this, Will Adams left the kitchen for the back-yard, a boy's voice summoning him there.

Grandmother Adams looked up in surprise.

"Set him up in business!" she mused. "Me set him up!"

She went to the window and looked out into the yard.

"Set him up in business," she continued to soliloquize, "and I haven't a penny in the world that I know of. Let me see!"

She ran her hand down into her dress pocket.

Poor fishin', I guess! she murmured. There! Three pennies—whole ones! Didn't know I had those. Hard to get money here!

Yes, Grandmother Adams, money does not grow on the bushes or drop from the clouds, no matter who may need it. In the Adams' house, especially, was there little money. Will's father was only a day-laborer, and there were six mouths to feed, each of good size and often excited by a sharp appetite to open wide as possible. By the way, the grandmother was house-keeper. Will's mother had been dead several years.

The housekeeper was still looking out of the window the day this story opens.

There's Tim Collins, she said, who hollered to Will. I don't like that boy. I suppose his father has money for him.

Yes, she had three pennies for Will, and Tim's father had just given him three dollars.

Will soon entered the house.

Grandmother, Tim Collins wants me to go into business with him. I am fourteen and I ought to go into something.

"I wish you could go to school, but I suppose you must work."

Yes, and how would it sound, Collins and Adams? I haven't got anything to put into the firm except myself.

Well, William, don't have anything to do with that Tim Collins. Whatever you do in this world, do it in good company. Collins and Adams! I don't want to see that on any sign.

Will scowled and mumbled: Want to do something! Got to go with somebody!

If you want a partner take me.

What? This rather amused him. The scowl fled from his face like a cloud shadow from the open fields.

How much money can you furnish our firm? asked Will, rather quizzically.

More than you can, said the grandmother, promptly.

I can't furnish a cent.

I have three.

Will was now laughing.

Ha-ha! Grandmother and Company! Going into business on three cents!

Well, I'll take the money for the fun

of it and see what can be done, said Will.

He went out of the house, jingling the money in his pocket.

Tim Collins had already left the back-yard, a big pout on his mouth.

Down among the stores Will met Tim again.

Eh, Will, exclaimed Tim, tantalizingly, if you'd gone with me you might have made something handsome. I'd let you have a dollar. That's the place to invest.

Here Tim pointed at a saloon.

Will shrugged his shoulders.

They gamble in there, Tim, and drink and I don't know what else.

Nonsense! I made a dollar in there. How much money have you got?

I am not ashamed to show you.

He held out his three pennies. They did look so homesick for the want of company.

He-he! snickered Tim.

Good as far as it goes! shouted Will, who felt that grandmother's money was clean and honest.

Guess it won't go far! said Tim.

Well, it won't go in there, Tim.

Too nice for us, I suppose. Wait a moment for a correction. He did not say sup-pose, but s-pose.

Scornfully Tim turned away and turned into the saloon.

Will went up the street and chanced to see the boys coming out of a newspaper office, and heard them crying, Her-rul! Latest news!

Good! thought Will. I mean to invest. We will see what the firm Grandmother & Company can do.

He bought two papers for three cents, the wholesale rate to newsboys, and sold them for four cents.

Made a cent! cried Will satisfactorily.

Then he went into the newspaper office and, in behalf of the firm, invested three cents again. When he had sold out, the firm owned five pennies.

Again he invested three pennies and now returned with six pennies in all.

I want four *Heralds* this time, he said to the clerk.

You starting in business? asked the smiling clerk. I'll throw one in to encourage you.

Will was happy. He was getting money honestly. He thanked the clerk, went out to find his customers, and brought back ten cents. By the time the firm concluded to suspend business for the day, it had twenty cents in the treasury, or in other words, Will's pocket. In two days Grandmother & Co. owned fifty pennies.

Taking now a good pile of papers, Will went round to the back-door of his home and screamed through the keyhole, Here's yer Her-rul! Latest news!

Why, massy, how you scare me, Will! exclaimed his grandmother, coming to the door.

Well, grandmother, I've been keeping it a secret. I wanted to surprise you and show you what three cents would grow to—all these!

Then he told his story in detail.

And here's a copy for you, grandmother. The clerk threw it in. He's real kind. Said he would pay for it.

Thank you, Will, and you have done first rate. Got the newspaper. Now I feel like somebody. Folks who don't take a newspaper can't seem to keep up with the times. But my!

What is this? You read it.

Oh, this local? That's what we call it. Well, it is interesting. If it isn't about Tim Collins! I'll read it to you:

A young offender was up in police court for disturbing the peace. He was in a row in Grimes' saloon, which is only a gamblers' nest, and he was charged with gambling, too. This young Timothy is not like the character of the same name in the Bible.

There, grandmother, I remember in the Testament you gave me Christmas, it speaks of that Timothy's grandmother. I am glad I have got a good one like that." Here Will affectionately threw his arm about the other member of the firm, and Grandmother & Co., fondly contemplated one another.

That was the happy result of an honest, painstaking investment of three pennies, which Will returned many times over to his grandmother.

No, as said before, money does not grow on bushes or drop from the clouds, but money is a fruit on that bush, hard work, and out of the skies God's blessing does fall on—honesty.

—Standard.

Home Hints.

MUSTARD is the nearest approach to universal cure-all. Few pains will not give way before a mustard plaster, and a wide range of internal inflammation from colds and other causes may be stopped by its timely application. It is the first and best resort in threatened pneumonia or congestion of the lungs or hard colds on the chest.

INFANTS' FOOD.—Let 1 quart of milk stand over night; skim off the cream, and upon it pour 1 pint of boiling water. In 1 quart of water let 1 tablespoonful of oatmeal boil 2 hours and then strain. To one gill of the cream and water add 2 tablespoonfuls of the oatmeal water. Sweeten it when given. This receipt comes from an experienced nurse, and has been well tested.

MUTTON BROTH.—3 pounds of lean mutton, 2 turnips, 1 carrot, 2 onions, 1 bunch parsley, 1 cup of milk, 1 tablespoonful corn starch, 3 quarts water. Boil meat, cut into strips, and the vegetables, sliced, in the water 2½ hours. The water should be reduced ½. Strain, taking out the meat, and rubbing the vegetables to a pulp through the colander. Cool, skim, season, and return to the fire. Heat, stir in the corn-starch wet up with water, and pour into the tureen. Add the milk boiling hot. Stir well, and serve.

FRIED CAKE.—One cup sugar, four large spoonfuls butter, two or three eggs, one cupful sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, flour enough to roll out stiff.

WHITE CAKE.—Whites of three eggs, one-half cup corn starch, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup flour. (Chocolate icing.)

BEEF TONGUE.—Soak over night in cold water when you have washed it well. Next morning put into a pot with plenty of cold water and boil slowly until it is tender throughout. This you can determine by testing it with a fork. Leave in the liquor until quite cold. Tongue sandwiches are generally held in higher esteem than those made of ham.

Among the best remedies for acute sore throat is hot water. It should be applied outside and inside; outside by means of flannels wrung out of water as hot as can be borne, applied to the throat and well covered, twice a day for fifteen minutes or half an hour. Gargle hot water, as hot as can be borne, every fifteen minutes or half an hour until relieved. Drink plenty of hot water so as to get into a profuse perspiration. A few hours of this treatment will effect a cure in simple cases.

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 Solved.

(No. 5.)

No. 20.—1. Job. Job 39:6.

2. Elihu. Job 36:11.

3. Josiah and Jehoiachim.

2 Chron.

4. 4 score pieces of silver.

2 Kings 6:25.

5. Eccl. 11:1.

6. Jer. 2:32.

7. 2 Kings 4:35.

8. Josiah. 2 Kings 12:20.

No. 21.—Sink, ink, in.

No. 22.—P
pear
pearl
are

No. 23.—1. "Love ye one another."

2. "Love your enemies."

No. 24.—A H A Z
H E N A
A N A N
Z A N Y

No. 25.—Emerald.

The Mystery—No. 8.

N. B.—Contributions respectfully solicited.

No. 39.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY B. E. E., SUSSEX.)

In harm, not in ill;

"coffee," "till";

"man," "boy";

"can," "toy";

"cot," "bed";

"brown," "red";

"hand," "head."

The whole is the name of a town.

No. 40.—BIBLE SERIES.

(BY JOANNA GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)

Where are the following mentioned:

(a) "Barrel of meal;" (b) "Begotten the drops of dew?"

No. 41.—CHARADE.

(BY MABEL J. GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)

My first is a vessel; my second, a girl's name.

My whole is a place of very great fame.

No. 42.—PIED CITIES.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, WILLIAMSBURG.)

1. Paelpo. 3. Berhon.

2. Tuoryeb. 4. Gadbad.

No. 43.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY Greta M. Weldon, Boundary Creek.)

Where are (a) "forged;" (b) "sneezed;" and (c) "native" mentioned?

No. 44.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY "WINTERGREEN," BELLEISLE BAY.)

I. A letter; an adjective; a fish; a deer; a vowel.

II. A letter; of the foot; a city; a fish; a letter.

No. 45.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, CROSS CREEK.)

"PNOE KEKUEK SI TERTER HTNA TERSEC OLEY."

No. 46.—CENTRE DELETION.

(BY "VAN," YORK CO.)

Delete an animal of the Arctic Sea, and find the remainder a basket to be.

No. 47.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

A machine; a bird of prey; to put away; a tendon; to initiate.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

WORD-HUNT lists have been received from Lillian Miller, Waterville, C. Co.; Alex. Machum, Pollyhurst, Queens; Helen S. Briggs, Bloomfield, C. Co.; Geo. A. Riecker, Belleisle Bay; Massden Knowles, Upper Woods Harbour, N. S.; Ethel J. Kerr, Williamsburg; Carrie Wade, Cross Creek, and R. Lizzie Gallagher, Williamsburg.

B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S., has our thanks for the large bundle of papers, magazines, puzzles, &c.

R. L. G., Williamsburg, has not clearly understood the Word-Hunt.

You will clearly see by the rules that no letter in the word "Specialty" could be used more than once. Your first word is a proper name and contains three letters not found in the germ word, and so on with others. We are sorry, but trust you will try again.

"Wintergreen," Belleisle Bay, has our hearty thanks for the nice puzzles. You have correctly solved all of the puzzles in No. 5, except No. 24; also Prize Puzzle No. 27, and Nos. 29, 30, 31, 32. You are therefore entitled to prize for first correct solution to No. 27. The prize has been sent you.

Ella M. Armour, Taylor Village, is welcomed to our ranks. She correctly solves No. 20. Write again soon.

Our Letter Box.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I thought I would try and write a little letter to you. I like the "Young Folks' Column" very much. When I get a little older, I will send you some puzzles. I thought you must have lots of nieces and nephews, but mamma says they are not real nieces and nephews, only make believe. So I will make believe I am your little niece. I will write you a letter about our Miss Band, if you want me to. I think this enough for me now. Good-bye.

From your new niece,

JULIA G. BARCOCK.

North Head, Grand Manan.

CASE SETTLEMENT, N. B.

Dear Niece,—Your little missive, which was scarcely larger than the stamp upon it, reached me safely. I was indeed pleased to hear from you, and I am glad you like the Y. F. C. so well. We would like to make it interesting to all, and to this end we urgently request all our friends to help us. Yes, send us a letter concerning your Miss Band and any other helps you can. Try your hand at puzzle making also.

No, the little nieces and nephews are not real! They are as your mamma says, "only make believe;" but I have their interest and happiness at heart. I would like to do them all good, and help them all on to Heaven. I want them to enjoy happy and peaceful lives here on earth—happy in the love which Jesus gives.

Hoping to hear from you again soon, I remain, yours lovingly,

UNCLE NED.

Belleisle Bay, Feb. 7th, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am getting quite well again now, and I am going to school. I send five original puzzles and a list of words. I am glad to see so many take such an interest in the Y. F. C. Wishing you good success, I remain your,

Dear Nephew,

"WINTERGREEN."

CASE SETTLEMENT, N. B.

Dear Nephew,—I am glad to know that you are again convalescent, and, also, to learn that you are attending school. I trust that you may persevere and have good success in life. We are pleased to note the interest continued in Y. F. C., and trust it may grow and increase. Yours &c.,

UNCLE NED.

M. McLEOD,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

MANUFACTURER'S AGENT.

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Ladies Oil Goat Button Boots.

Ladies French Kid Button Boots.

Gents Kid Elastic Side Boots.

Gents Calf Elastic Side Boots.

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