

Only a Boy.

I am only a boy, with a heart light and
and free;
I am brimming with mischief and frolic
and glee;
I dance with delight, and I whistle and
sing,
And you think such a boy never cares for a
thing.

But boys have their troubles, though jolly
they seem;
Their thoughts can go further than most
people deem.
Their hearts are as open to sorrow as joy,
And each has his feelings, though only a
boy.

Now off when I've worked hard at piling
the wood,
Have done all my errands, and tried to be
good,
I think I might then have a rest or a play;
But how shall I manage? Can any one say?

If I start for a stroll, it is "Keep off the
street!"
If I go to the house, it is "Mercy! what
feet!"

If I take a seat, 'tis "Here! give me that
chair!"
If I lounge by a window, 'tis "Don't loiter
there!"

If I ask a few questions, 'tis "Don't
bother me!"
Or else, "Such a torment I never did see!"
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least
noise.

Till I think in this wide world there's no
place for boys.
At school they are shocked if I want a good
play;
At home or at church, I am so in the way;
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are
to blame,
And 'most any boy, too, will say just the
same.

Of course a boy can't know as much as a
man,
But we try to do right, just as hard as we
can.
Have patience, dear people, though oft we
annoy,
For the best man on earth once was "Only
a Boy."

Grandfather's Plan.

The quarrels began, as quarrels so
often do, from a very little thing; but it
grew so fast—and that's the nature
of quarrels, too—that presently Jo and
Harry wouldn't speak to each other.

Joe was Father Morton's son, Harry
was his nephew, and both boys helped
on the farm after their school term
was over.

The quarrel, as I said, began about a
small matter; Jo and Harry were
partners in raising chickens, and every
spare moment was devoted in keeping
their yard fenced in, their coops in
order, and their enemies, the rats and
weasels, off.

This spring the boys invested what
seemed to them a large sum of money
in a dozen eggs of "Spanish Blacks,"
and looked forward with great delight
to having the new breed.

Now, Jo, said Harry, we'll put them
under Spreele; you know she's the
very best mother we've got.

But she's too small for twelve eggs,
objected Jo; don't you remember she
lost some of her eggs last year from
not keeping them warm enough?

O, she has grown since then, an-
swered Harry.

Grown, indeed! you must be a
goose; old hens don't grow any boy.
Goose or not, said Harry, raising his
voice angrily. I'm going to put my
share of eggs under Speckle.

And I shall put mine under Whitey,

retorted Jo, in a tone no less angry.
And so they did, foolish boys! For
by this means, you see, they used two
hens instead of one, thereby losing the
chance of one whole brood of chickens.

And being thrifty boys, they be-
grudged that brood of chickens; every
time they saw the two biddies on their
half supply of eggs they felt exasperat-
ed, and being exasperated they chafed
at one another and said cross things,
until they felt too sore and angry to
speak to one another.

I am so worried about the boys! said
the farmer's wife; I can't bear to have
them fussing with one another this
way—Grandpa, can't you take them in
hand?

The gentle looking old grandfather
laid down the County paper, pushed
his spectacles high up on his forehead,
and gazed thoughtfully out of the
window.

I will try, dear, he said, presently.

The two boys took turns every eve-
ning helping the grandfather to water
his flower beds, which were his special
care and pride. This evening Jo was
helping.

Jo, said the old man, what's wrong
between you and Harry?

And Jo poured out a voluble tale of
his wrongs, and how badly Harry had
behaved.

Would you like to hear my grand-
father's rule for breaking up a quarrel?
Dear me! was it possible that
grandfather had ever had a grand-
father? Why he must have reached
half way back to Noah. But Jo was
quite eager to know what this citizen
of the last century would have done if

his chum had insisted upon putting the
wrong hen on the eggs.

He always told me to put myself in
the other boy's place, said grandfather
—to pretend to myself that I was that
boy, and try to look at things just as
he saw them.

The old man did not say anything
more to Jo; he knew that seed ought
to be put into the ground gently, not
pounded in with a sledge-hammer. But
I think he must have talked to Harry
the next evening about his grandfather,
too.

For a few days later he heard shouts
of laughter from the hay-room back of
the stable. My little seed must have
sprouted, said grandfather; and he
stepped over the high board into the
hay-room.

Jo and Harry were running a race
in turning somersaults on the hay—
Ex.

A Brave Congo Boy.

There never was a more touching
story of filial devotion than that told
by a Congo chief, Essalaka, to Cap-
tain Coquilhot:

"You know the big island near my
town," he said. "Well, yesterday,
soon after the sun came up, one of my
women and her little boy started for
the island in a canoe. The boy is
about twelve years old. He says that,
while his mother was paddling, she
saw something in the water, and leaped
over to look at it. Then he saw a
crocodile seize his mother and drag
her out of the canoe. Then the croco-
dile and the woman sank out of sight.

"The paddle was lying in the canoe.

The boy picked it up to paddle back
to the village. Then he thought, 'O if
I could only scare the crocodile and
get my mother back!' He could tell
by the moving water where the croco-
dile was. He was swimming just
under the surface toward the island.

Then the boy followed the crocodile
just as fast as he could paddle. Very
soon the crocodile reached the island
and went out on land. He laid the
woman's body on the ground. Then he
went back into the river and swam
away. You know why he did this? He
wanted his mate, and started out to
find her.

"Then the little boy paddled fast to
where his mother was lying. He jumped
out of the boat and ran to her. There
was a big wound in her breast. Her
eyes were shut. He felt sure she was
dead. He is strong, but he could not
lift her. He dragged her body to the
canoe. He knew the crocodile
might come back any minute and kill
him. He used all his strength. Little
by little he got his mother's body into
the canoe. Then he pushed away from
the shore and started home.

"We had not seen the boy and his
mother at all. Suddenly we heard
shouting on the river, and we saw the
boy paddling as hard as he could. Every
two or three strokes he would look
behind him. Then we saw a
crocodile swimming fast toward the
canoe. If he reached it, you know
what he would do? He would upset
it with a blow, and both the boy and
his mother would be lost. Eight or
nine of us jumped into canoes and
started for the boy. The crocodile had
nearly overtaken the canoe, but we
reached it in time. We scared the
crocodile away, and brought the canoe
to shore. The boy stepped out on the
ground and fell down, he was so
frightened and tired. We carried him
into one of my huts, and took his
mother's body in there too. We
thought she was dead.

"But after a little while she opened
her eyes. She could whisper only two
or three words. She asked for the
boy. We laid him beside her on her
arm. She stroked him two or three
times with her hand. But she was
hurt so badly! Then she shut her
eyes, and did not open them nor speak
again. Oh, how the little boy cried!
But he had saved his mother's body
from the crocodile."—Boston Herald.

A King's Game At Ball.

More than a hundred years ago an
old man was writing one afternoon in a
small chamber of the palace of Sans-
Souci, at Potsdam, near Berlin, while
on the other side of the room his little
nephew was playing ball as quietly as
he could, so as not to disturb his
uncle.

The uncle was a small, lean, sickly
looking man, whose threadbare military
coat looked as if it had been bought
from an old-clothes-man. But with all
this there was something in the expres-
sion of his firm, thin-lipped mouth,
and of the large bright eyes that look-
ed out so keenly from beneath his great
massive forehead, which would have
struck the most careless observer.
And well might it be so; for this old
man was Frederick the Great, the
most famous soldier of his time, whose
whole life had been one long battle
with Austria for the province of Silesia.

Twice had the ball slipped from the
little prince's hands and rolled under

the writing-table, and twice had the
king picked it up for him. But as
Frederick handed it back the second
time he said, with a warning shake of
his grey head: "Fritz, I can not attend
to the affairs of Europe and play ball
with thee as well. The next time the
ball comes here I shall keep it."

Presently the unlucky ball went
astray a third time, and the king quiet-
ly put it in his pocket. The boy stood
for a moment in silent dismay, and
then said, meekly:
"Uncle Frederick, give me my ball
please."

But "Uncle Frederick" went on
with his work, unheeding. The boy
again repeated his petition, which
was again disregarded. Then came a
quick stamp, and Frederick, looking
up, found the little fellow standing
before him, with a settled sternness
on his smooth, round face which gave
it a strange likeness to the weather-
beaten visage of the grim old king.

With his tiny hands set defiantly
upon his hips, and one small foot plant-
ed firmly in front of him, he said,
"Will your majesty be pleased to
give up my ball at once?"

"Good!" cried Frederick the Great,
clapping the little hero on the shoulder
as he gave back the contested ball;
they won't get Silesia from thee
when thou art king in my stead. Always
demand thy rights as boldly;
and thou'll be a good King of Prussia."
—Harper's Young People.

In case of a severe sprain immerse
the joint in water hot as can be borne
for fifteen minutes.

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 respectfully
solicited. Address as given above].

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 14.)

No. 85.—Bob-a-link. No. 86.—Turkey.

No. 87.—Cash, able, sloe, heed.

No. 88.—I. D. II. C.

DAN GAD

DAVID CALEB

NIP DEN

D B

No. 89.—"My little children, let us
not love in word, neither in tongue;
but in deed and in truth."—1 John
3:18.

No. 90.—Boa, March, ace.

No. 91.—Louisiana.

The Mystery—No. 17.

No. 108.—THE PRIZE ACROSTIC.

(BY MAGGIE B. RING, Kemptville, N. S.)

Will you not come to me,
Always says the Saviour,
Till I, the Lord, have set you free—
Clear of your wrong behaviour?
He will take a little child;

And His words are always mild.
Now is the time to come;
Do start for your heavenly home!

Peace at the end will be
Right acceptable to thee;
All that the soul will need,
You will get when you are freed.

No. 109.—THE PRIZE CHARADE.

(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

In the wet rice swamps, and cane-
brakes tall,
My first the driver wields,
And its sound is heard by the dusky
gang.

In the snowy cotton fields;
But fast comes on the day that ends
Their reign of blood and fear,
Comes with the sound of breaking
chains.

And the freed man's joyous cheer.

Be kind to those who are my second,
In spirit and in truth,
Have pity on their helpless age
And on their joyous youth,
Remember them when'er you feast,
And on your downy bed,
For the sake of Him who "had not
place"

On earth to lay his head.

Ever may good third be in your hearts
Towards all of human kind,
Strong to reclaim the wandering,
And the lost lamb to find;

To help the suffering and to bear
Thine own adversity,
To speak brave words of truth and
right,
And strike for liberty.

My whole is a mournful little bird,
That in the twilight dim,
Complains how hardly he's been used,
Till all must pity him;

But not one word of what he did
Reveals his doleful plight,
His mother's story could we hear
We might say: "Served him right!"

No. 110.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

My first is in apple, but not in plum;

My 2nd is in finger, but not in thumb;

My 3rd is in trumpet, but not in drum;

My whole is a creature you often shall
see

Working as busy as busy can be.

No. 111.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY L. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

A river in Africa; a bird; a lame; to
see.

No. 112.—HIDDEN GRAINS.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, Williamsburg.)

When returning to the port every
evening, the boatswain sweetly plays
his cornet, and, leaping from his an-
chored vessel's prow, he at home finds
a welcome of priceless worth.

No. 113.—BIBLE QUESTION.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince William.)

Where do we read of a prophet
burying a prophet who had been killed
by a lion?

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

PRIZE WINNERS.

The prize for the best Charade has
been awarded Mabel I. Gilmore,
Williamsburg; and the prize for the
best Acrostic to Maggie B. Ring,
Kemptville, N. S. We publish the
puzzles which took the prize this issue.
Only one other Charade was received.
Prizes have been forwarded; also
another to Louise Larkin, East Pub-
nico, N. S. We trust they will receive
them. Please acknowledge receipt!

GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S.,
has our thanks for puzzles and story.
Always write matter for the press on
one side of the sheet only. Nos. 79
and 80 correctly solved.

G. M. W., Boundary Creek, solves
86, 88 and 89 correctly. Send some
more puzzles, please.

E. GRISWOLD, Port La Tour, N. S.,
has our hearty thanks for puzzle. Nos.
69, 70, 71, 73 (except 6), 74 (1, 2) 75,
76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 83 solved.

Our Letter Box.

EAST PUBNICO, YARMOUTH CO. N. S.
DEAR UNCLE NED,—I received the
book that was sent me, and thank you
very much for it. I am very much
pleased with it. I would send some
more puzzles, but I have not time
now.

Wishing you good success, I remain,
Your niece,
LOUISE LARKIN.

P. S.—I did not receive the other
one.—L. L.

[It is not me you have to thank, but
the sender, whose name without doubt
was placed on the book. If not you
may judge from the writing and ad-
dress. He kindly offered three or
four prizes. I convey your thanks to
him.—UNCLE NED.

OUR BAND RECITER.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.
(BY GRACE E. KING, AGED 13, Carleton,
N. S.)

If there is any relation in life that
should bind people firmly and faith-
fully together, it is that of mother and
daughter left alone in the world. Yet
how often the mother toils and the
daughter idles! Sometimes it is the
daughter who labors, while the mother
folds her hands and regrets the past.

Again, when each performs honorably
her daily duties, there may be between
them affection certainly but no loving
intimacy, no sweet and cheerful shar-
ing of toils, pleasures and thoughts,
such as can make life, otherwise the
hardest, contented and happy. The
mother and daughter who stand close-
ly side by side to face the world, are
sure of friends. "I like to do anything
for Mrs. Herman," says one, "it
pleases her daughter so." "It is a
delight to give a pleasure to Polly,"
says another, "her mother enjoys it so
much." Did you see Polly H. prom-
enading with her mother at the
school reception?" asks another. "It
was worth going, if only to see two
happy people. Polly and her mother
always look happy when they are to-
gether."

The brisk little woman is well known
to all Polly's friends. They feel at
ease in her presence, and like to have
her with them. Polly is still a school
girl, but already her learning is far
beyond that of her busy mother. Polly
holds a Greek grammar in her hands,
while she runs up stairs for an extra
thimble.

Always gay and willing, never
seeming tired or cross, or "blue,"
never leaving behind her, when she
goes out to join her young friends, a
sense that she has gladly escaped;
never impatient of her mother's wishes
or opinions; never meanly mortified
at her little mistakes—such is Polly.

Many a mother, whose child may be
prettier, brighter and more gifted, may
yet envy Mrs. Herman, as she marks
how cheerfully the pair go on their
way together—the mother giving day
by day unstinted labor and unstinted
love—the young girl blessing her with
gaiety, hopefulness and youth.

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La Joie Fait Peur, by De Girardin, " "

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Saintsbury Primer of French
Literature, " "

Spicer and Suresnes French and
English Dictionary, " "

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Sequel to French Treas by De
Porquet, " "

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