

Tell the Truth.

Don't be afraid, little Johnnie, my boy;  
Open the door and go in;  
The longer you shrink from confessing a  
fault,  
The harder it is to begin.

No wonder you wait with a pitiful face,  
And dread the confession to make,  
For you know, when you're naughty the  
worst of it all  
Is in making your mother's heart ache.

But courage my boy! Never mind if the  
shoes  
Are muddy and wet, and all that;  
Never mind if your clothes have been ter-  
ribly torn  
And you've ruined your pretty, new hat—

Go in like a man, and tell mother the truth,  
Like a brave little lad and you'll see  
How happy a boy, who confesses a fault,  
And is truthful and honest, can be.

—The Nursery.

Fred's Security.

"BOY WANTED."

The neatly written placard hung in  
Mr. Martin's store window day after  
day, until people began to wonder why  
it was that he could not get a boy,  
when the place in a thriving drug-store  
was such a desirable one, and other  
opportunities for a boy to find work in  
Riverdale were few.

A great many boys had applied for  
the place, but the trouble was that  
Mr. Martin demanded such unexception-  
al references and security, that he  
could not find a boy that suited him  
among the many candidates for the  
position. Fred Mallory had seen the  
placard in the window, and as he was  
very anxious to get steady employment  
so that he could be of real assistance  
to his mother, he lost no time in ap-  
plying for the position.

"Mr. Martin, I would like very  
much to have a place to work," he  
said, as he entered the store and met  
the proprietor's keen gray eyes fixed  
inquiringly upon him.

"And I want a boy very much; so  
perhaps we may be able to strike a  
bargain," Mr. Martin answered, en-  
couragingly.

Fred felt as if he were quite sure of  
the place, until Mr. Martin asked him  
who would become his security.

"Security?" Fred asked inquiringly.  
"I don't know just what you mean,  
sir."

"Do you know any one who would  
be willing to deposit a certain sum of  
money with me, as security of your  
honesty?" Mr. Martin repeated.

Fred's face fell, and his bright ex-  
pression changed to one of disappoint-  
ment.

He could bring good reference as to  
his industry and honesty from every  
one for whom he had ever worked, but  
there was no one that he could ask to  
become his security.

"No, sir; I can't give any security,  
if that is what it is," he answered.  
"Couldn't you try me without that,  
Mr. Martin?"

The gentleman shook his head:

"No; I could get plenty of boys  
with good enough references, but  
when any one has faith enough in their  
honesty to become their security, then  
I feel perfectly safe in trusting them  
in my store. It is a good place for a  
boy, and is a good business to learn,  
and if you can get security I shall be  
glad to take you, but I cannot do it  
without."

He took up his paper again, and  
Fred sadly left the store, knowing  
that there was no hope of his obtaining  
the situation, anxious as he was for the  
employment, for there was no one that  
he knew, of whom he could ask such a  
favor.

He had almost forgotten his disap-  
pointment a week later, and, instead  
of grieving over his failure to obtain a  
steady situation, was working very in-  
dustriously at any odds and ends of  
work he could find to do.

One day he promised to take a load  
of apples into market for a neighbor,  
and he was walking beside the stout  
little donkey, whistling as cheerily as  
any blackbird, when he met some  
boys with whom he had a slight ac-  
quaintance.

"Give us some apples, Fred," called  
one of the boys, as he saw the basket  
on either side of the donkey laden with  
fine, large fruit.

"I can't," answered Fred. "They're  
not mine, or I would treat you; but  
they're Mrs. Benson's and she told  
me not to let anybody disturb them."

"Well, what's the difference? She'll  
never know. Give us a few, or we'll  
take them ourselves," said another  
boy, advancing toward the basket with  
an outstretched hand.

"No you won't," answered Fred  
firmly, standing before the fruit. "I  
promised her that they shouldn't be  
disturbed, and I mean to keep my  
word as well as I can."

With a boisterous laugh one of the  
boys held Fred, notwithstanding his  
struggles, while the rest of the party  
began to help themselves to the fruit  
in spite of his remonstrances.

Fred resisted with all his might, but  
he could not free himself from his cap-  
tor's strong grasp, and his efforts to  
escape earned him some rough blows.

The boys were so eagerly helping  
themselves to the fruit that they did  
not hear the sound of wheels till a  
stern voice called out, "Here, here,  
boys! what is all this about, and look-  
ing around the little party saw that  
Mr. Martin was close behind them.

Fred saw a chance to regain his  
property now that he could ask Mr.  
Martin's assistance; and he answered  
quickly, "They're taking Mrs. Ben-  
son's apples, sir, and I can't stop them."

"Put those apples back," ordered  
the gentleman, sternly; and the  
frightened boys obeyed silently. "Now  
you go off about your business and let  
this boy alone," he added; "and if I  
hear of your molesting him again, I  
shall take the matter into my own  
hands instead of letting you off so  
easily as I have this time."

As the boys went down the road,  
glad to escape without any further  
reprimand, Mr. Martin turned to Fred.  
"Why didn't you let them have some  
apples, and then you wouldn't have  
been handled so roughly?" he asked.

"Why, they weren't mine, sir!"  
answered Fred, surprised at the ques-  
tion.

"So you believe in defending prop-  
erty committed into your care, even  
at your own expense, do you?" Mr.  
Martin asked.

"Yes, sir," Fred replied, emphatic-  
ally.

"That's a good principle—a good  
principle," repeated Mr. Martin, "I  
am glad you put it into practice," and  
he drove on, leaving Fred to pursue  
his way to market with the apples.

When the fruit was disposed of at a  
price which he knew would be satis-  
factory to the owner, Fred started to-  
ward home again, and as soon as he  
reached a shady place he stopped for  
dinner. Jack was munching away  
upon a mouthful of hay, and Fred was  
enjoying the sandwich his mother had  
put up for him, when Mr. Martin  
came along the road on his way home.

He checked his horse when he reached  
Fred.

"You haven't got that security yet,  
have you?" he asked.

"No sir; I know there's no chance  
of my getting it," Fred answered.

"Well, I want a boy right away,"  
Mr. Martin responded, "and under  
the circumstances I think I am quite  
willing to take your bruised eye as  
security, as I happen to know all  
about it. A boy who will defend a  
trust so bravely as you did, will be  
trustworthy under all circumstances."

To his great delight, Fred went the  
next morning to the position he had  
longed for, and he was so careful to be  
faithful in even the smallest matters  
committed to his care, that Mr.  
Martin never regretted having taken  
him upon his own security.—*Christian  
Ob server.*

Boots.

Johnny has two black friends, very  
serviceable to him. They help him  
over hard places, for they are stout  
and strong; they carry him through  
wet places, for they are tight and snug.  
They take him to school and back  
again, to the shops and the post office,  
and to play, when they clatter terribly.  
You can always tell when Johnny is  
coming by the noise they make.

Their name is Boots. His mother  
gave him a corner in the closet to  
keep them in and a brush to clean  
them with; and upon the whole,  
Johnny's boots began their career  
under good auspices. After a while,  
however, Johnny outgrew his interest  
in them. Sometimes one was lost, and  
sometimes the other; when found, they  
were dirty or wet, looking quite ill-  
used.

"Johnny," said his mother, "you  
neglect your boots; that won't do.  
You must make them last; but they  
won't last good without care."

"Oh," said Johnny carelessly,  
"there's plenty more where they come  
from! When these are worn out all  
I've got to do is to buy another pair;  
the shops are full of boots."

Without gainsaying the exactness of  
Johnny's estimate, she only said,  
"That does not lessen our duty of using  
carefully what costs so much time and  
toil to make, Johnny."

"Why," he cried, who thought him-  
self a knowing boy, "I've been to Mr.  
Freeman's back shop, and saw the  
sewing machines sew the boots, and  
they did it in less than no time. Why,  
'twas no trouble at all; I could do it."

"Then you did not know, Johnny,  
did you, that your boot was begun a  
good while ago on a little calf's back?"  
said his mother.

"No," said Johnny, "I'm sure I  
didn't."

"And the little calf was killed and  
undressed; that is, its hide was taken  
off, and the hide was carried to a tan-  
nery, where it was pickled in tan  
water and made into leather."

"While this was going on, taking a  
good deal of time and a number of  
men, far away in the forest a tall tree  
was cut down and chopped up, and the  
wood loaded on a cart and taken to the  
mill, whose big wheel and little wheels  
turned it out into lasts. Lasts, you  
know, are wooden feet of all sizes, to  
shape the boots and shoes by. It took  
time and hands to do this also. Then  
there was another mill in another  
place, whirling and whirling, at work  
turning out millions and millions of  
little pegs, shoe-pegs, to fasten the  
soles on. There was work too."

"Your boots have likewise to be  
sewed with brown thread, and that  
thread is spun from flax, which was  
growing all one summer on a great  
farm and the farmer who planted it  
and harvested it, sold it to the spin-  
ners. It took time and hands to do  
that too. And the spinners spun it,  
and the shopkeepers bought it to sell  
again to the shoemakers to sew your  
boots with. Then the needle; that  
was manufactured to lend its eye to  
the thread that sewed the boots. And  
so from a great many different places,  
the barnyard, the tannery, the farm,  
and the forest, and I cannot tell  
through the hands of how many dif-  
ferent men and boys, the shoemakers  
had to collect their stock before they  
were ready to manufacture the pair of  
boots or shoes which cover your feet."

"I never!" cried Johnny, seizing  
his neglected boot and examining it  
curiously. "This boot has come from  
the forest, the farm, and the little  
calf's back. It has been over a good  
deal of ground, hasn't it?"

"And don't you see, Johnny," said  
his mother, "if it costs so much skill,  
so much industry, so many carts and  
oxen and railroads and hands all work-  
ing together to make your clothes,  
what good care you should take of  
them, and how wrong it is to abuse  
and neglect them? If God takes so  
much pains to make you and all his  
children comfortable, how thankful  
you and they should be to Him, and  
how anxious to use aright the good  
gifts of His kind providence, which is  
certainly one of the best proofs of  
thankfulness."

Johnny picked up his boots and  
placed them before the fire to dry; he  
brought out his brush and brushed  
them nicely up. They looked again  
almost as good as new, and the little  
boy surveyed them with evident satis-  
faction.

"Boots," says Johnny, "boots," not  
quite knowing how to express his new  
sense of their value, "boot's is some-  
body!"

Well, then, I hope he and all other  
little boys will treat them accordingly.

Do It Now.

"I read once of a boy," says some  
one in the Presbyterian Banner, "who  
drooped so in health that his mother  
thought she must have the doctor to  
see him. The doctor could find nothing  
the matter with the boy. But there the  
fact was; he was pining  
away, losing his appetite, creeping  
about languidly, and his mother was  
distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.  
"What does your son do? Has he  
any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of  
water every day from the spring. But  
that he dreads all day long, and does  
not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it first thing in  
the morning," was the doctor's pre-  
scription.

"The mother tried it, and the boy  
got well."

"Putting it off made the job prey  
on the boy's mind. 'Doing it now'  
relieved him."

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."

IF A WEARY TASK YOU FIND IT,  
PERSEVERE AND NEVER MIND IT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 21.)

No. 132.—1. "Love one another."  
2. "Thou God seest me."  
3. "Thou shalt not steal."

No. 133.—Bryant. No. 134.—  
Astray.

No. 135.—H  
P E A  
H E N R Y  
A R E  
Y

No. 136.—M a r a H  
A b a n A  
R a c e S  
A n e n T  
H a s t E

No. 137.—1. Gen. 2:18.  
2. "2:28."  
3. "3:4."  
4. "3:21."

The Mystery—No. 24.

N. B.—Will our friends strive to keep  
the "Young Folks' Column" in mind,  
and to this end send its Editor original  
puzzles, solutions, etc. Do, please!

No. 154.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.

1. Where is "chestnut trees" found?  
2. What king went to war against  
another king, and "every head was  
made bald, and every shoulder was  
peeled?" What did he get for his  
wages?

3. There is a book in the Old Testa-  
ment that has a phrase of three words  
used in ten different chapters, and  
thirty different times. It is not used  
anywhere else in the Bible. What is  
the Book? What is the phrase?

4. Where in two verses have we the  
history of a man; his birth, his name,  
and why so called; his prayer and the  
answer thereto?

No. 155.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S.)

In stranger, not in love;  
In sparrow, "dove";  
In apple, "flower";  
In second, "hour";  
In teacher, "school";  
The whole's a very useful tool.

No. 156.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY "A. R.," Indian town.)

I. A letter; a vessel; a colour;  
used by fishermen; a consonant.  
II. A vowel; an oily substance; a  
liquid; a number; a letter.

No. 157.—DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June and November;  
February has twenty-eight alone,  
And all the rest have thirty-one;  
But Leap year coming once in four  
February then has one day more.

Take one letter from each line and  
get a man's name, also a woman's  
name.

No. 158.—ENIGMA.

(BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pub., N. S.)

I am a little noiseless thing,  
Yet tidings oft I'm known to bring;  
I'm pointed like a Paynim's barb,  
I'm blunted like a warrior's guard;  
I'm thin, I'm thick, I'm short, I'm tall,  
I'm round, I'm square, I'm large, I'm  
small,

My mother dwelt beneath the sward,  
My sire was stately as a lord;  
I'm black, I'm white, I'm red, I'm  
blue,

I'm owned by many—kept by few;  
My house is built of cedar boards,  
And safely closed by miser's hoards,  
I give no light, yet I can burn,  
And oft within my fingers turn;  
I stand alone, but have a friend,  
And oft to him assistance lend;

I plough the ground that he doth sow,  
I sow the crop that he doth mow.

No. 159.—ANAGRAMS.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)

1. Go nurse. 2. Real fun.  
3. Moon starters. 4. Burn me.  
5. Can't side.

No. 160.—JUMBLES.

(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

1. "Drhicnle oeyb uyro nrpesat in  
hte odr, ofr hsti si ihrt."  
2. "Asntd sfta frehtever ni eht  
iyrelb hrewewht ihstet htah eadm su  
efer."

3. "Utp no eth hlweo rmuroa fo  
odg, htta ey aym eb lbea ot asntd  
ntsgai eth sliew fo eth vdlie."

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

THE LATE PRIZECOMPETITION did not  
call out the correspondence we had an-  
ticipated. Why we know not. Next  
week all being well, we shall give the  
names of prize winners and send them  
their rewards. We would open an ex-  
cellent competition ere long, if our  
young folk would take hold. Who  
will work? and what will you have?

"A. R.," Indian town, has our hearty  
thanks for the puzzles sent. Send  
some more. Nos. 120, 121, 123 (2),  
132, 135 correctly explained.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.—Recently  
there came to work in a Brookfield  
(Ct.) family a Swedish woman, who,  
hearing of a young woman's trouble  
from insomnia, told her of the practice  
of the people in her country who are  
similarly afflicted. It was to take a  
napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring  
it slightly, and lay it across her eyes.

The plan was followed, and it worked  
like a charm. The first night the girl  
slept four hours without awaking,  
something she had not done for several  
months. At the end of that time the  
napkin had become dry. By wetting  
it again she at once went to sleep,  
and it required considerable force to  
rouse her in the morning.

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of the mills will sell for to-day.

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Le Luthier De Cremouse by Coppee, "  
La Joie Faix Feur, by De Girardin, "  
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