

Only A Boy.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As never a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! ah me!
Tishad to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more
hats
Loses more tops and kites and bats.
Than would stock and store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways
With his idle hours on busy days;
With his queer remarks and old replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the pleasant world.

Only a boy, who will be a man
If Nature goes on with her first great plan—
If water, or fire, or some fatal snare
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our
care,
Our torment, our joy,
"Only a boy."

Deeds as Well as Words.

Sheldon Brooks is an extremely pleasant-faced, well-mannered boy. Everybody likes him and says: "How pleasant and obliging and gentlemanly he is!" He has a friend who has red hair and a freckled face and a little squint in his eye, and who wears patched clothes and coarse shoes; yet there are two little girls who live down on Dearborn Street who actually think this red-headed boy, whose name is Jacob, is better looking than Sheldon Brooks.

I think I can tell you the reason. One afternoon, only a few weeks ago, these two boys were hurrying home from school. It was late, for both had stayed to the singing class, and they were in special haste because there was to be an entertainment in the hall that evening to which they wished to go and there were several things to do before going. Just at the corner whom should they meet but two little bits of girls, the older one looking very much startled over the fast-coming darkness, and the younger shrinking a little behind her as though she felt safe only when close to her.

"Won't you please tell me where Perkins Street is?" said the older of the two; stopping the boys as they were whirling around the corner.

"Two blocks below, turn to the right, down three blocks, cross to the left and you'll see it," said Sheldon hurrying on while he spoke.

Something very much like tears started in the little girl's eyes and her voice trembled as she said, "I'm afraid I can't find it."

"What is the matter?" said Jacob, stopping short. "Have you lost your way, little girl?"

"Yes, if you please. We were coming home from the park and everything got looking wrong, and it is almost dark. We only know the way to the park from Perkins Street."

"They made the wrong turn," said Sheldon, who is one of those boys who understands everything at a glance.

"They wanted to go to Dearborne Street, I suppose, and instead of turning to the right they took the left. Aren't you Mr. Steven's little girls?" thought so. That's what they did, Jackie. Never mind; you needn't be frightened. It is a straight road from here, just as I told you, and if you run along you will get home before dark."

Sheldon spoke very kindly—he always did. But to Jacob he said: "Come on, Jackie: we will be late at the hall and have to go without our supper at that if we don't hurry."

But the tears were coming out of the blue eyes and rolling down the plump cheeks. "I'm afraid I can't find the way," said the little girl, "and Baby will be scared—she always is if she sees a dog—and Grandma won't know what to do."

"Oh! there isn't any dog between here and Dearborne Street that will hurt you. That big dog down there on the corner is a very good, kind fellow. He wouldn't hurt little girls for the world. Just run along and you will be all right." And Sheldon took two steps around the corner.

But Jacob stood still for two minutes, then turned resolutely back. "I'm going home with them, Sheldon. Just stop at our door and tell mother I'll be along in a few minutes, will you?"

"Why, Jackie Wilson, you are not going away down to Dearborne Street, are you?"

"Yes, I am, every step of the way," said Jacob. "These little things are afraid, and it will be dark as ink before they get home."

"But it is a quarter of a mile from here."

"I can't help it," said Jacob sturdily. "I'm going if it is three miles from here. Come, little girls; take hold of

my hands and let's see how fast we can go."

And away they went. Sheldon looked faster than a minute, than ran home. On the way he thought of what a good plan it would be to have a policeman whose business it was to go out walking with little girls and see that nothing frightened them, and resolved that when he was a man he would have such an arrangement.

Sheldon had many very nice plans as to what he would do. What he did do, was to go home as fast as possible and make all haste to eat his supper and rush to the entertainment, which Jacob reached half an hour late; but his face was bright and his heart at rest. The little girls and their grandmother had been so grateful.

As for Sheldon, he spent half an hour the next day thinking over his plans for helping little girls when he became a man.—*The Pansy.*

A Boys' Cooking-Class.

My little boy came running into my chamber, and with a loud hurrah exclaimed, throwing his cap on the floor, "Mamma, I am going to cooking-school." I said I thought only little girls went to cooking-school. "Oh, yes," he said. "Boys can cook just as well as girls, and fifteen of us boys are going; and will you make me a white apron and cap? And I can learn to make bread and soup and lots of things for you; and then, if the cook leaves us, I can help you." You see that this little fellow is very fond of eating, and is very willing to help, too.

I made him a white linen apron, high in the neck and buttoning round the wrists, and a cap, gave him a holder, putting all in a little leather bag, and off he started; and I do not think you could find a happier or prouder boy anywhere.

When he came home, he had learned several things, which I will tell you about.

Each scholar has a little gas-stove, a large spoon, two small spoons, a large knife and fork, and a vegetable knife, a large and small board; and several utensils are kept in a dresser, and they will use them when occasion requires.

The first thing they did was to bake potatoes. The potatoes are selected as near of a size as possible, then they are scrubbed clean, every particle of dust is washed off (and it makes a great difference in the taste), and then put in the oven and baked from thirty to forty minutes. As soon as taken from the oven, the potatoes are just opened a little to let the steam out, and served at once. If any are left over, they are pared at once. If left with the skin on, a potato is not fit to be used again.

Then a slice of stale bread was given the boys; and the edge was to be cut off, and the slice cut into little squares and placed in a shallow pan and nicely browned in the oven, to be used for soup, etc. The crust was rolled fine into crumbs, and placed in glass jars for future use. Everything was then cleaned, and put in order.—*Chris. Register.*

Good Manners.

Yesterday I met one of my little friends on the street. I never forget to speak to my boys and girls, so I said, "Good morning." How do you think he replied? He looked up into my face and said, "Hello!"

A little further on I met another little friend. I thought I would wait this time and see what he would say. Just as he was near me and I was expecting he would speak he put his fingers between his teeth and whistled to a boy across the street, so sharp and shrill that it almost deafened me. That was all he said. Near the post-office I met a little boy that we all know. He lifted his hat and said, "Good morning, Mr. Johnson."

Now, which do you think was the best way; the "Hello," the rude whistle, or the lifted hat and cheery "Good morning"? Which boy had the best manners?

Even girls do not always have good manners. The other day I saw two young ladies passing on opposite sides of the street. They were sixteen or seventeen years old. One called out, "Hello, Mary!" The other replied, "Hello, Sally!"

Now, I want to whisper to you that I do not expect that young ladies who are so rude as those two will ever improve much in their manners, but I do expect that all of you will cultivate good manners toward every one. You all know what good manners are. Be respectful to your parents and all who are older than you. Be kind to your companions. Have too much respect for yourself to do any mean act or say a bad word. Treat your teacher in the public school and Sunday school with the honor that is due to her.

Be quiet and attentive at church and set an example to some young men and women, whom we all know, who never behave themselves anywhere.—*Sec.*

He Washed The Tiger.

When Pezon, the lion-tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a *moujik*, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge, and water-bucket.

The *moujik* watched him closely, and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given. Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket, and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to, and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step, on the previous day, into two cages of harmless brutes; but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger, that lay stretched on the floor, fast asleep.

At the noise made by opening and closing the door, the creature raised its head and turned its green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in a corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket.

At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan, and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, a movement on his part, might enrage the great beast, and hasten its attack on the defenceless Cossack. So Pezon stood awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came.

The *moujik*, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger, and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots.

The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger; for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the *moujik*, who went on scrubbing with might and main.

All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open, as if nailed to the spot.

When he had finished his job, the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered; and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.—*La France du Nord.*

Home Hints.

In watering plants, put a little ammonia into the water once a week.

Salt fish of any kind is quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

Windows should be opened at both top and bottom to secure proper ventilation.

Fish may be scalded much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white cloth, and also from the hands.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum arabic.

To attempt hard work or close study within an hour after eating, invites derangements of the digestive organs.

Because the air is invisible, it is no reason why pure air is not essential to good health, as are wholesome food and drink.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 22.)

No. 138.—
1. Brahmapootra. 3. Scheldt.
2. Euphrates. 4. Dniester.
5. Huallaga.

No. 139.—"O, praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him all ye people."

No. 140.—260.

No. 141.—Late, atom, tool, Emly.

No. 142.—Pleasures surround us in youth.

No. 143.—

1. Isa. 27:8. 2. Job 34:3.
3. Job 37:14. 4. Habk. 2:11.

No. 144.—RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

No. 145.—Spy-glass.

The Mystery—No. 25.

[N. B.—Contributions and answers respectfully solicited. Address all communications as above, leave unsealed, mark "Printer's Manuscript," prepay by a 1c. stamp, and all will reach me.—UNCLE NED.]

No. 161.—WORD SQUARE.

BY FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Withered; bad; a small book; a name.

No. 162.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

1. A letter. 2. Duplicity. 3. The seed of a tree. 4. Used instead of a noun. 5. A fish. 6. The fruit of a tree. 7. A letter.

No. 163.—A RHYMED ENIGMA.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, Williamsburg.)
Too many there are who 4, 5, 3, 1, 9 along

In this dark world for wealth,
Until they're forced to yield the fight
On account of loss of health.

Some will 2, 3, 6, 7 all o'er the earth

In search of gold or treasure,
Hoping to return some day

As wealthy men of leisure.

8, 3, 5, 9 faith in God, trust to his word,

Invoke his kindest blessing,
And you'll be happier far than by

High living or rich dressing.

Attend to your own business first,—

Follow the golden rule:

Take this advice, and you will find

Your complete will then be full.

No. 164.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In vehicle, but not in cart;

In ice, but not in snow;

In barley, but not in wheat;

In game, but not in play;

In pie, but not in cake;

In nice, but not in good;

In river, but not in stream;

In head but not in feet,

My whole is an important state.

No. 165.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY MAGGIE E. KING, Kemptonville, N. S.)

1. Who was embalmed and laid in a coffin, and what was his age?

2. Where does it say that iron was made to swim?

3. Where is "cart rope" mentioned?

4. Find where "horses" are first mentioned?

No. 166.—REBUS.

(BY ISRAELI PERRY, Havelock.)

FRIENDS you FRIENDS
stand take stand
I you throw my

No. 167.—TRANSPROVED PROVERBS.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, Williamsburg.)

1. Aaadeeghhiklmmnorstwy.

2. Aabdecefhikllmmoorststuv.

No. 168.—TRANSPROPOSITION.

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

"Jesse tyh wdoor yu dgiue silha eb;

Tyh amen eth flast no wich I ster;

Hyt fircasice ym ylon leap;

Tyh roase eth lpeo-rast fomy rabest."

No. 169.—CHARADE.

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

My first is a vessel;

My second is a weight;

My whole is a city.

No. 170.—DIAMOND.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A vowel; a bird; a bird; to leave;

a letter.

No. 171.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince Wm.)

My 6, 12, 3, 9, 4 is a European

town; my 8, 2, 5, 10 is an inland sea;

my 1, 7, 11 is the Latin for salt. My

whole is a medicinal plant.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. Y., has our sincere thanks for the nice

puzzles sent. Nos. 129, 131, 132, 134,

138 (1, 2), 139, 140, 141 (partly), 144

and 145 correctly solved.

PRIZE WINNERS.—The late Prize

Competition did not call out the con-

testants we had anticipated. There

were only three contestants who sent

five original puzzles—Grace E. King,

Carrie Wade and "Bible Student,"—

as already announced. The prize—a

package of visiting cards—has been

awarded the first two. "Bible Student"

will please send name and ad-

dress so that we may mail the six

amateur papers for correct solutions.

Winners will please acknowledge re-

wards.

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Pujols French Class Book, "