

**"Not I! Not I!"**

Who will be drunkards by and by?  
Let each boy shout, "Not I! Not I!"  
A drunkard's death I will never die;  
In a drunkard's grave I will not lie!"

Chlo.—Not I! Not I?  
I'll work, I'll try  
To have no drunkards by and by.

How will the dreadful ranks be filled  
When these poor drinking men are killed?  
Who are the boys now growing up  
To sink their souls in the shameful cup?

Who will be willing, by and by,  
To live by making others die?  
To stand behind a screen and sell  
Liquid crime and the fires of hell?

Who will be guilty, by and by,  
Of taking barley, corn, and rye,  
Even the wheat, that makes our bread,  
And making it into poison instead?

—The Crusader.

**"Does It Matter?"**

There was a boy whose name was Arthur, who often asked this question. He was not a bad boy, nor a careless boy; but he did not like a fuss, and very seldom made one if he could help it. He took things quietly, if they were such as could not be avoided; and he was one of the best-tempered boys in the whole school.

Because of this, some of his classmates tried to tease him into being angry. They said among themselves, "I wonder what he will say if we try to do something to vex him."

That was because he had been trying to make peace between two lads who would certainly have fought if he had not persuaded them not to do so.

"It is unnecessary," he said. "Supposing you do not quite understand each other, it really does not matter. Keep quiet for a few minutes, and you will soon feel all right again."

The boys took his advice, and a quarrel was prevented. But I am really afraid that even this did not please all the boys. Some of them would rather have enjoyed seeing this dispute carried a little farther, for they were not peacemakers.

"What can we do to vex Arthur?" one said.

Various things were suggested. But that which found most favor was that he would hide his clothes the next morning, and so make him late for breakfast. They knew that there was a rule to the effect that if a boy were ten minutes after the time of commencing breakfast he would lose the meal altogether; and they decided to try the effect of hunger upon the temper of Arthur.

They always had breakfast at seven in the morning, and the boys were expected to be ready. Arthur was very punctual. He was never late if he could possibly prevent it; and the boys knew that, and thought it gave them a better chance to annoy him.

The next morning the bell rang, and the boys began to dress. Arthur sprang out of bed, and a look of surprise came over his face when he could not see his clothes in their usual place.

"What did I do with them?" he said to himself.

The boys kept their faces grave.

"I say, you fellows, have you been playing any pranks?" he cried.

But the boys were particularly busy just then, dressing or washing, and did not appear to hear him. They were, in fact, rather too deeply occupied; and Arthur began to suspect them.

"Who has taken my things away? You might tell me," he said.

"What things? What a fuss you are making, Art! Why don't you look for your things?"

"I have looked. They are not here."

"Surely, they are where you left them."

"Indeed, they are not."

The boys went on with their occupations, and for a moment Arthur felt rather vexed. But he speedily controlled himself.

"It does not matter. It is not worth while to lose my temper over it," he said to himself. "At the worst, I shall only have to go without my breakfast, and I am not very hungry."

So he got into bed again, taking with him a book which he was studying, and coolly began his day's work. The boys looked at each other.

"It does not matter, does it, Arthur?" said one.

"Oh no: it does not matter," he replied.

The boys were determined to carry it through; and Arthur lost his breakfast. But they did not dare keep him longer in bed; and so they gave him his clothes in time for morning-school.

"He is a good-humored lad," said one of the oldest boys, "and it is a shame to try to vex him. I wonder if anything matters to him."

He had not to wait very long to know that certain things mattered very much to Arthur; but they were not things that concerned only himself. He put up patiently with almost any treatment, if it hurt none but him. But when, late in the day, a few big boys

were dealing harshly with one who was too little and feeble to help himself, Arthur appeared in a new character.

"Leave him alone!" cried he, with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes. "None of you shall touch him again while I am here."

"It does not matter, does it?" sneered one of the boys.

"You shall see," said Arthur.

But the other seemed to think it better to release the little boy, and not molest him further.

Will you be surprised to learn that, as time passed on, no one in all the school was more respected than Arthur?—*Happy Hours.*

**Why Charley Lost His Place.**

Charley was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and like most boys who indulge in teasing, or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it, or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old grey cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully, and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley.

"If I had not seen some of your other references, I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charley in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

As Charley turned away, crest-fallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to him to be only "fun," should not cost him another good place.—*S. S. Times.*

**For Men Who Own Horses.**

Never wash a horse with cold water when he is heated.

Feed your horse three times daily, but never overfeed.

Water before feeding, but not while the horse is hot from work.

Use the whip very little, and never when the animal shies or stumbles.

Never leave a horse standing unhitched. It is the way to make them runaways.

Do not storm and fret. Be quiet and kind, and the horse will be so too, in most cases.

Give the horse a large stall and a good bed at night. It is important that he lie down to rest.

Do not expect your horse to be equally good at everything. The horse, like the man, must be adapted to his work.

Near the close of a journey, let the

horse walk. If covered with sweat, rub off with a rag, to prevent too sudden cooling.

Collar galls and bruises are benefited by washing with salt water. Wash shoulders daily when using the horse. Brine is good also for stiff joints.

Never allow any one to tickle or tease your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment, and does not understand the joke. Never best the horse when in the stable, as nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious. Keep a horse's bedding dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing in hot, fermenting manure causes thrush.

Use the currycomb lightly. When used roughly, it is a source of great pain; brushing and rubbing are the proper means to secure a glossy coat. Let the heels be brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes sore heels.

When a horse comes in from a journey, the first thing is to walk him around until he is cool. The next thing is to rub him dry. This removes dirt, dust, and sweat, and allows time to recover and the appetite to return. Also have his legs well rubbed by the hand; nothing so soon removes a strain.

Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up in the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits.

**From the Foot of the Ladder.**

General Burnside rose from the tailor's board to the command of the Army of the Potomac; Henry Wilson rose to the Vice-President's chair from the shoemaker's bench; and Mr. MacKenzie, late Premier of Canada, was once a stone-mason. Therefore, if you would advance get some branch of industry, no matter what, for you will leap further from the lowest branch than from a dead level. Don't wait for a change of outward surroundings, don't waste your time lamenting your humble lot, or blaming your sad fate.

The youth who has some honest calling, is intelligent, industrious, temperate and persevering, holds the keys to many positions of prominence. Take the late President Garfield. No life sums up so well the advantages and possibilities of American citizenship. Born in an humble home, in one of the rural districts of Ohio, where the hardships of his lot were increased by the loss of his father, he was first a farm-hand, then a canal-boatman, a student dividing his time between the carpenter's bench and the academic halls, a college professor and a Representative in the legislature of his native State, a soldier in the late war—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his frame was laid. Thus he comes before us:

A gifted man  
Whose life in low estate began,  
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance  
And breathes the blow of circumstance  
And grapples with his evil star;

And moving up from high to higher  
Becomes on fortune's frowning slope,  
The centre of a world's desire.  
—Interior.

**Young Folks' Column.**

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,  
CARE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 15.)

No. 92.—Mikloth.

No. 93.—Cat, ale, ten.

No. 94.—1. Rat. 2. Dog.

3. Horse. 4. Fox.

No. 95.—(1) Job 5:2. (2) Jer. 6:29; Isa. 66:12; Col. 2:8.

No. 96.—UNCLE NED.

No. 97.—PACA

TART

TIER

ANEW

No. 98.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

No. 99.—

O

A L E

O L I V E

E V A

E

No. 100.—1. Ex. 23:7.

2. Gen. 20:11.

3. Hosea 4:6.

4. Dan. 12:6.

5. Prov. 10:20.

6. Ecc. 7:20.

The Mystery—No. 18.

No. 114.—BLANK PUZZLE.

[N. B.—Fill the spaces with the right words.]

1. A lying ..... hateth those

2. Rejoice not ..... thine enemy

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\*3. Love ... enemies ... do good to ... that hate ...

GRACE E. KING.

Carleton, N. S.

No. 115.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a useful bird; a boy's name; to persevere; a vowel.

S. GRISWOLD.

Port La Tour, N. S.

No. 116.—CHARADE.

My first propels my second;  
My whole is of great convenience.

ETHEL J. KERR.

Williamsburg.

No. 117.—DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A king's son who was hid six years;

2. A noted priest who had few fears;

3. The woman who concealed two men that were spies;

4. A lofty volcano that towers to the skies;

5. A disciple of Christ's during his earthly stay;

6. A liquid I'm using quite often to day;

7. One of the sons of a noted high priest;

8. The part of a grain that is considered the least.

The initials and finals name two prophets of old

Who many of the sins of mankind have foretold.

"VAN."

Lower Prince William.

No. 118.—PI PUZZLE.

"Hawtorse yht nhda dinfthe ot od, od it tiwh ty gimth."

"APPLEBLOSSOM."

Carleton, N. S.

No. 119.—REBUS.

If the B m t put:

If the B . putting:

FLORENCE SHAW.

Brooklyn, N. S.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

FLORENCE SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S., has our thanks for the choice puzzles.

Nos. 85, 86, 88, 89 right.

"APPLEBLOSSOM," Carleton, N. S., will also accept thanks for puzzles.

Glad you received and like your prize.

EDWIN GRISWOLD, Port La Tour, N. S., also has our hearty thanks for puzzles.

Nos. 85, 86, 88, 89 and 90 correctly solved.

ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg, will accept our sincere thanks for puzzles and other contributions. Write as often as you can.

Our Letter Box.

BROOKLYN, April 13th, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I thought as your number was small you would like to add another niece to your family.

As I am interested in the "puzzle department" I will send answers to puzzles 85, 86, 88, 89, 91, and will send three puzzles, hoping they will be fit to be published. If not, they can be carried to the waste basket.

Yours Truly,  
MISS FLORENCE SHAW.

[Yes; we are glad to add another niece—and many more.—UNCLE NED.]

CARLTON, April 10th, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I received my book last week, and was very much pleased with it. I send many thanks for it. I send a few puzzles to the Y. F. C., which I hope will be acceptable.

Your loving niece,  
"APPLEBLOSSOM."

[See letter to Louisa Larkin in last issue. I extend your thanks to the sender.—UNCLE NED.]

Home Hints.

To avoid a wrinkled skin use tepid water.

To cure a felon keep the finger in a bag of salt.

HONEY in a little water is excellent to smooth and whiten some hands.

Don't sleep on the ground floor of the house if it can be avoided.

SALLY LUNN FOR BREAKFAST.—4

teacups flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 of

lard, 4 eggs, 4 teaspoons of baking

powder; use half milk and half water

to a thin batter, and bake in a quick

oven.

THE best way to cook cabbage is to

have plenty of salted, boiling water,

in which a teaspoonful of soda has

been dissolved, plunge the cabbage in,

top downward, leave it uncovered and

let it boil until tender, that will be,

as given in the time table, from twenty

minutes to half an hour. Take it out

into a colander, drain well, put into a

hot dish, put in bits of butter, some

salt and pepper and serve at once. It

will be as delicate as cauliflower; the

color will be retained and there will

not be an unpleasant odor over the

house, such as is always associated

with boiling cabbage. Fry it once.

**M. McLEOD,**  
MANUFACTURER

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