

UNSHOD.

A pale, worn mother, in humble garb,
Timidly enters the door
Of a shopman. Her looks bespeak
An errand undone before.

"What can I do for you, madam?" Her
tones
Are low, as if with shame.

"A pair of shoes for a little girl"—
The number she does not name—

"For a little girl of 12 years, sir."
"The number, please," said he.

"I do not know," she, abashed, replied.
Said the mermaid, patiently,

"Tell me the size of the last she wore."
In the mother's heart was strife.

As her sad story forced its way,
"She has had none all her life!"

"Her father drank while we had saloons,
But his drinking all is o'er.

He this morning said, 'Get Sissy some
shoes;

She shall go unshod no more."

All-pitiful One! How long, how long
Shall little ones, lacking bread,

Be shoeless, too, in the damp and chill,
That an Ogre may be fed?

But the God of Abraham calleth still,
To the ear of our faith so dull,

The iniquity of the Amorite
Not yet, not yet is full."

The Boy and the Bear.

It was a dull, cheerless day in the
autumn in 1771. A drizzling rain
was falling upon the narrow, dirty
streets and endless docks of Port-

smouth; drenching the deck of many a
huge English three-decker which was
to make its cannon heard in the battle
of Cape St. Vincent not many years
later.

There was not much for the "hearts
of oaks" to do just then, for England
and France were taking breath after
the long war that had ended eight
years before. But a greater war by
far was already drawing nigh in the
unknown future, and there was then
in the south of France a little boy two
years old who was called Napoleon

Bonaparte, and another boy of the
same age in England, who was one day
to be heard of as Arthur Wellesley,
Duke of Wellington.

Through the mud and rain came
slowly a pale sickly, delicate-featured
lad of thirteen, looking keenly into the
forests of masts every now and then,
as if seeking something which he could
not find.

At length, seeing a tall man in the
uniform of a naval officer passing at a
little distance, the boy went up to him
and said, "Excuse me, sir, can you
tell me whereabouts the *Reasonable*
frigate is lying?"

"She's not in this dock at all," answered
the stranger. "She's lying
over yonder, just behind that big man-
of-war with the painted stern. Do
you belong to her?"

"Yes, I've just come down to join
her," replied our hero. "The captain's
my uncle."

"Indeed?" said the other, eyeing
him curiously. "It's odd that he
shouldn't have sent anybody to meet
you; but I suppose he didn't expect
you so soon. Why, you look quite
tired out, and hungry too. Why didn't
you stop somewhere in the town on
your way here, and get something to
eat?"

"I couldn't do that," answered the
boy, proudly; "for when I left London
my father put me upon my honor to
go straight to the ship at once."

"Upon my word, you're a strange
boy," cried the officer, surveying him
from head to foot with a look of
mingled amusement and admiration.

"Well, my lad, I'm the Third Lieu-
tenant of your ship, and the first order
that I give you as your superior officer
is to come along with me and have
some breakfast."

This command was readily obeyed
by the hungry boy; and when the
meal was over, his new friend saw him
safely aboard the frigate, and told him
to stay there and wait for the Captain,
who would be coming on board before
very long.

"Poor lad!" muttered the officer, as
he turned away. "I wonder what
people can mean by sending such fel-
lows to rough it at sea. However, one
voyage will be quite enough for him,
I'll be bound; and when he gets back
he'll be mighty glad to go ashore and
stay there."

But Lieutenant Ellis, a very able
officer, was no prophet.

Amid the grim solitude of the polar
ocean the tall, slender masts of a
British cruiser stood up against the
cold, clear, steel-gray sky, while a tiny
group of dark figures was seen mov-
ing toward her over the dreary, un-
rendering waste of snow-heaped ice.

"Hello!" cried one, stopping sud-
denly. "There's young 'Dread-
naught' missing again!"

"The young pickle!" growled a
second. "He's always in some scrape
or other."

"He's a plucky youngster, though,"
said a midshipman about three months
older than the "youngster" of whom
he spoke. "I've heard that when he

was quite a child he wandered away
and got lost, and when they found
him, he was sitting quietly by a stream
that he couldn't cross, as cool as a
cucumber; and when his grandmother
told him she wondered fear didn't
drive him home, he said: 'Fear? I
never saw fear. What is it?'

"Well, sir, I don't think he ever
did see it," chimed in Bill Fearnay,
the cockswain; "for—"

But just then honest Bill astonished
the whole party by setting up a wild
shout, and darting off to the right as
fast as the deep snow would let him.

His companions looked after him in
speechless amazement for one moment,
and then, as if they had all gone sud-
denly mad, rushed yelling in the same
direction.

About half a mile away stood the
"young Dreadnaught" of whom they
were speaking (no other than the
sickly boy whom Lieutenant Ellis had
found wandering about the Portsmouth
docks), in the act of levelling his mus-
ket at something within a few paces of
him, which, at first looked like an
enormous snow drift. But any one
who had watched it closely would have
seen that it was moving slowly toward
him, and revealing, as it moved, the
short, thick, clumsy limbs, huge
shaggy body, and small, cunning eyes
of a polar-bear.

Bill Fearnay, a strong and active
young fellow soon distanced the rest of
those who were rushing to the rescue,
and kept shouting as he ran, in the
hope of frightening the bear, or at
least of drawing away its attention.

But he was still many yards from the
scene of action, when the savage beast
was seen to rise erect upon its hind
feet, pawing the air with its mighty
fore-legs, and opening its terrible
mouth to seize the undaunted boy, who
stood steady aim at the centre of the
monster's bristly chest, and pulled the
trigger.

The musket missed fire!

Amid tomb-like silence the indrawn
breath of the dismayed watchers
sounded like a hiss, as they saw their
favorite standing weaponless within
arm's-length of the dreadful jaws that
would crush him to atoms in another
moment. Onward they flew like mad-
men, scrambling, stumbling, plunging
through snow-drifts, bruising them-
selves against lumps of ice; but what
hope was there that they would come
in time.

All at once a loud bang from the
distant vessel—the report of the gun
fired as a signal of recall—came echoing
over the frozen waste. The noise
startled the bear, which turned round
and shambled away across the ice, just
as Bill Fearnay came panting up.

"And when I caught hold of the
young 'un's arm," said Bill, telling
the story many years later, "he strug-
gled hard to get loose, and sang out,
quite eager-like: 'Let go, Fearnay!'
Let me get just one blow at that brute
with the butt of my gun, and I'll have
him yet." It quite went to my heart
to stop him, seeing him so bent upon
it; but orders are orders, you know,
and I had to obey 'em."

"When we got him abroad, the
Cap'n comes up to him, with a face
like a thunder-storm, and sings out,
'What on earth do you mean, you
young fool, by running after a bear
that could swallow you at one gulp?'

Our youngster looks him straight in
the face, and pinches up his lips so
(just as I've seen him do many a time
since then in the thick of a battle),
and says, as bold as you please, 'Sir,
I meant to kill that bear that I might
give the skin to my father.'"

"From that day I always made sure
that he'd be heard of some day or
other, with such a spirit as he had;
but neither I nor any man livin' could
have guessed what he'd come to be."

"And what did he come to be, then?"
asked a passer-by, who had
come just in time to hear the last part
of the story.

"What did he come to be? Why,
Admiral Lord Nelson!"—*Harper's
Young People.*

A Friendless Boy.

There was a boy at school named
Carl who quarreled with all his com-
panions, and he made up his mind that
he would cross off his list of friends
every one he quarreled with. At last,
in the midst of the long winter term,
he found that he had quarreled with
them all, and that there was really not
one left for him to play with. At last
one day the teacher found him looking
through a knot-hole in the fence at
the other boys playing ball in the play-
ground. "What are you doing, Carl?"
asked the teacher. "I am looking at
the boys playing, sir," answered Carl.

"Why don't you play with them?"
the teacher asked. "Because I'm mad
at them all, and vowed I wouldn't
play with them again," said the boy.

"Well, then," said his teacher, "why
do you look at them instead of playing
by yourself?" Carl was a silent mo-

ment, and then replied: "Because I'm
so awfully tired of myself."

We very soon get tired of ourselves
in this world, and it is a great help to
us at times to feel that we can play
with other people, and can have them
comfort us. Do not despise other
people; other people often bring great
blessings to us, as they did to the tribe
of Zebulun with his haven for ships.—
Selected.

Wherein He Failed.

"Elijah, dear, will you dress Willie
this morning? I'm in such a hurry,
and it won't take you but a minute or
two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby,
cheerfully. "I'd just as soon dress
the little chap as not. Here, my little
man, come and let papa dress you.
I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, aged four, comes reluctantly
from his playthings, and Bixby begins:
"Now, let's off with your nighty
gown and—keep still, dear, or else I
can't unbutton it. There, now, we'll
—sit still, child. What makes you
squirm about like an eel? Where's
your little shirt? Ah, here it is, and
—sit still! Put up your arm—no, the
other one, and—can't you keep still
half a second? Put up your other
arm and stop hauling and pulling so!

Now, let's—come here, boy! What
under heaven do you mean by racing
off like that with nothing on but your
shirt? Now you come here and let
me put the rest of your duds on. Stand
still, I say! Put your leg in here!

Not that leg! There you go squirm-
ing around like an angworm. Now,
if you don't keep still, young man, I'll
—stop pulling that chain, and—here,
Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this
wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't
do it in ten years. Go to your mother,
sir!"—Time.

Keep Your Temper.

"I never can keep anything!" cried
Emma, almost stamping with vexation.
"Somebody always takes my things
and loses them." She had mislaid
some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked
mamma, "that I think you might
keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one
thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed
mamma, "keep your temper; if you
will only do that, perhaps you will find
it easier to keep other things. I dare
say, if you had employed your time in
searching for the missing articles, you
might have found them before this
time, but you have not even looked for
them. You have only got into a passion
—a bad way of spending time—and
you have accused somebody, and un-
justly, too, of taking away your things
and losing them. Keep your temper,
my dear; when you have missed any
article, keep your temper, and search
for it. You had better keep your
temper, if you lose all the little prop-
erty you possess. So, my dear, I re-
peat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill-humor,
searched for the articles she had lost,
and found them in her work-bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are! I
might have been sewing all this time if
I had kept my temper."

Keep a Clean Mouth, Boys.

A distinguished author says: "I
resolved when I was a child never to
use a word which I could not pro-
nounce before my mother." He kept
his resolution and became a pure-
minded, noble, honoured gentleman.
His rule and example are worthy of
imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low,
vulgar expressions, which are never
heard in respectable circles. The
utmost care of the parents will scarcely
prevent it. Of course, no one thinks
of girls as being so much exposed to
this peril. We cannot imagine a decent
girl using words she would not utter
before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some
boys to be "smart," "the next thing
to swearing," and "not so wicked;"
but it is a habit which leads to pro-
fanity, and fills the mind with evil
thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades
the soul, and prepares the way for
many of the gross and fearful sins
which now corrupt society.

Young reader, keep your mouth free
from all impurity, and your "tongue
from evil;" but in order to do this ask
Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it
clean; for "out of the abundance of
the heart the mouth speaketh."

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR CAKE.—
One cup butter, two cups sugar, three
cups flour, four eggs, juice of one
lemon; when baked, frost with icing
flavored with lemon.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup butter, one
cup sugar, two cups molasses, five and
one-half cups flour, six eggs, one cup
sour milk, one desert spoon soda;
ginger and cinnamon essences to taste.

BUTTER SPONGE CAKE.—One cup
butter, one cup sugar, one and one-
half cups flour, four eggs, two table-
spoons corn starch, one-half teaspoon
soda dissolved in one tablespoon of
milk, one teaspoon cream tartar;
flavoring.

Young Folks' Column.

Devoted to Puzzles, Enigmas, Charades,
Stories, Letters, Solutions, &c. All
are invited to contribute.

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CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

Try again! Puzzlers' Pastime. Persevere

The Mystery Solved.—No. 18.

No. 99.—R—ache—L
O—ur—I
S—au—L
E—arnest—Y
ROSE LILY

No. 100.—2 Samuel xxii. 9.

No. 101.—A
A N T
A N N I E
T I E
E

No. 102.—London. No. 103.—Tea-

pot.

No. 104.—C A L F
A J A R
L A N E
F L E E

The Mystery.—No. 21.

No. 122.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In ape, not in monkey;
In top, not in side;
In toe, not in heel;
In cat, not in mouse;
In mitten, not in sock;
In open, not in shut.
Whole is a very useful plant.

No. 123.—CHARADE.

(BY ANNIE R., Carleton, N. S.)
My first is the enemy of peace; my
second is a circle; my third is a weight;
my whole is a town in Lancashire.

No. 124.—DIAMOND.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)
A letter; a beverage; to suit; love
intrigue; an English town; a boy's
name; a letter.

No. 125.—PI PUZZLE.

BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.
"He: ord fethil pu eht emek; eh
stahtee eht kewid nowd othet rudnog."

No. 126.—OBLIQUE PUZZLE.

(BY VAN," Lower Prince William.)
A letter; fiery; a Hebrew measure;
a part in music; a species of dew; a
letter.

No. 127.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
1. Where are the following found in
the same verse: "barley, beans,
lentils, millet and fitches?"
2. Where are the words, "They
pluck the fatherless from the breast
and take a pledge of the poor?"

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our
thanks for the nice lot of puzzles sent.
Always pleased to hear from you.

ANNIE R., Carleton, N. S., has
solved all the puzzles correctly in No.
17, save a part of No. 104. Write
to us often.

UNCLE NED.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents—Having used MINARD'S LIN-
IMENT for several years in my stable,
I attest to its being the best thing I
know of for horse flesh. In the family,
we have used it for every purpose that
a liniment is adapted for, it being
recommended to us by the late Dr. J.
L. R. Webster. Personally I find it
the best allayer of neuralgic pain I
have ever used.

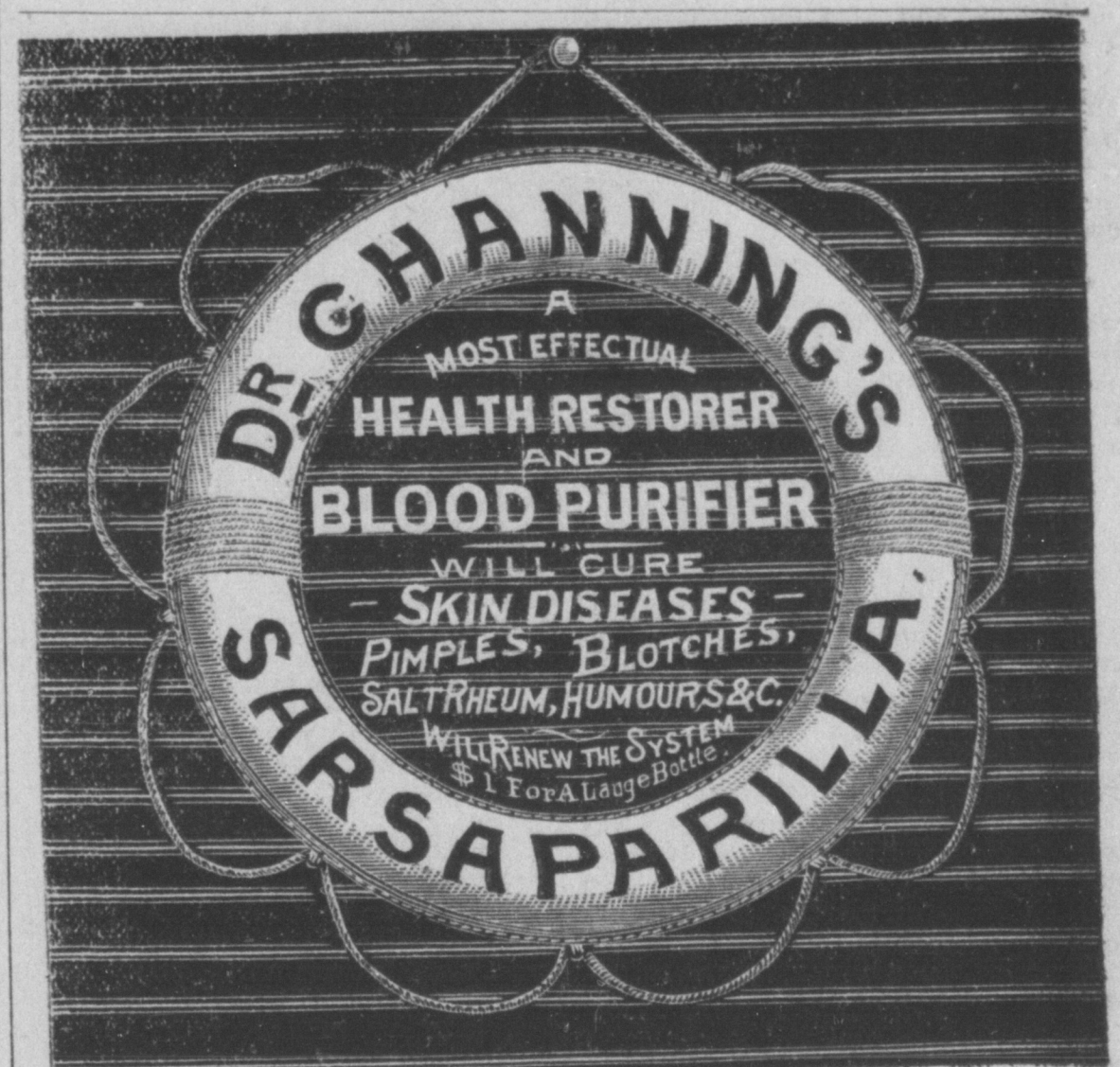
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with Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil,
with hypophosphites, for years, and
consider it one of the finest preparations
now before the public. Its pleasant
flavor, makes it the great favorite for
children, and I do highly recommend
it for all wasting diseases of children
and adults. Put up in 50c. and \$1
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