

A Compromise.

Once two little gentlemen, very polite, Stepped up to a gate that was narrow—quite.

The one (who was very well bred and thin), Was plainly intending to pass with a. The other (remarkably bland and stout) Was just as surely resolved to pass out. Now what could the two little gentlemen do?

Put say with "how," "After you?" "After you?"

And there they stood bowing, with courteous smile, Their hats in their hands, for a marvelous while;

For the thin little man was very well bred, And the stout man had not a rude hair in his head.

But there chanced that way a philosopher wise,

Who sagely effected a compromise:

That each in turn should go through the last;

Thus might the troublesome gate be passed. So first the courteous gentleman thin,

With greatest reluctance passed within. And then the well-mannered gentleman stout,

With polished obeisance made his way out.

But sadly turned and went back that he Might share in the breach of courtesy!

Then the thin little man stepped out once more,

Contentedly, where he was before.

And thus having settled the difficult case, Each walked away with a jubilant face.

A. R. Wel's, in St. Nicholas for September.

A Timely Lesson.

It was a very cold morning, and a little emaciated child entered our back door begging piteously for food.

"Please, ma'am, me an' the children most starved. Only a bit o' bread!"

"Have you no father or mother, child?" asked I.

"Yes'm," and a look of shame and despair mantled his hollow cheeks.

"Do they not work, and earn money?"

"Yes'm, little, bu' they most allus spend it afore they gets home, at the 'Horn O' Plenty,' on the corner."

Immediately my heart became adamant. Hump! Horn O' Plenty!

Because of famishing and raked children, it can boast of its plenty! No, I'll not encourage these wicked parents by feeding their children!

Miserable drunken creatures that they are! Suddenly I think of a very stale loaf of bread in the cupboard—too dry even for toast. I gave that to the child, very glad thus to be rid of it.

His eager clutch of the dry bread reminded me of the grasp of the drowning when they would fain save themselves.

Little Gracie, our seven-year-old darling, had been a silent spectator. After the boy departed, however, she came to me with deep inquiry depicted upon her spiritual countenance, saying, "Mamma, if Jesus Christ had come and said he was 'most starving to death, would you have given him that awful dry loaf of bread?"

"Why, child," said I, "why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, mamma, when we give to the poor, oughtn't it to be just as though we gave to Christ himself? I thought he said so when here upon earth."

"Well, Gracie," said I, kissing her sweet, troubled face, "I think you are right, and I'll remember your lesson. Yes, daughter, we whom the Lord hath blessed in our 'granary and our store,' would soon relieve suffering humanity, if we gave our alms as if we were really giving to the 'blessed Redeemer.' How prone we are to forget this!"

"The very best that we have in the house isn't too good for him, is it, mamma?"

"No, no, my precious child!" replied I, clasping her to my heart, and thinking, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

A hard, cruel winter is upon us, and there are countless suffering ones. Let us, then, one and all, remember Gracie's lesson, giving our alms as if to him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Faithful L. Fancher.

Excellence of Salt.

If the feet are tired or painful after long standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can be comfortably borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool rub briskly with a flesh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

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.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water, it will allay the danger of having a hemorrhage. To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly.

When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coal and the blaze from dripping fat will not annoy.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

Salt in whitewash will make it stick better.

What Boys Should Learn.

There are a great many things that boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of incalculable help to them oftentimes when they need help.

Among other things that a boy should learn, an exchange classes the following, to wit:

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat the mother as politely as if she was a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong; and above all never lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that those things cannot easily be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to young men, and necessities to bad ones.

Be A Man.

Not of the "dude" species.

Not of the kind that stand on street corners.

Not of the kind that prides himself on being a "masher."

Not of the kind that sneers at the idea of personal purity.

Not of the kind that sneers at the Church.

Not of the kind that thinks Christians a mild sort of fools.

Not of the kind that owes the tailor, the veryman and everybody else.

Not of the kind that is a connoisseur of whiskey.

Not of the "yes, yes" kind.

Not of the kind that calls mother "old woman" and father "old man."

Not of the ignorant infidel brood.

Not of the coward kind.

Not of the iceberg variety.

Not of the "I can't" tribe.

Not of the evading, scuffling, shuffling-through-life kind, "having no hope, and without God in the world."

The evil habit of going too long without food is one from which many people suffer in the present hurrying age. Men sit in their offices, women rush about in their shopping, and both become so absorbed in their interests that the period of hunger is allowed to pass, and the period of fatigue and depression to set in. The worst of it is that, once the second stage is reached, the desire for food is gone; and, after many hours' abstinence, the man or woman is too exhausted to digest a meal when they get it. To avoid this extreme, it is only necessary to take the most light and rapid repast during the hungry stage. A glass of milk or merely a biscuit, while hungry, will prevent the after loss of appetite. And yet many prefer to ruin their health rather than take the trouble to turn into a dairy shop and drink a glass of milk.—London Hospital.

CONSIDERATION.—Little Alice is six years old, and just recovering from measles.

Finding she had quite a sum of money in her little bank, which she had on the bed playing with, she wanted papa to put it in the bank for her.

"And yet, mamma," she said, "perhaps we ought to wait a little, for you know the bank man might have a little girl or boy; and, if they should take the measles, I should be so sorry."

An excellent remedy for constipation is a glass of water the first thing on rising in the morning and last at night. This must not only be persevered in for days, but for weeks and months until regular habits are formed.

AN EXCELLENT HASH.—An excellent hash may be made in this way:

Pick meat from turkey or chicken bones, shred, add dressing and what gravy may be left, with small pieces of biscuit cut fine, heat in oven twenty minutes, when thoroughly moistened with water, and all will agree "that was a splendid turkey." The final picking of the bones is a dry dish, but served in this way the dryness is not there. The remnants of a fowl may also be treated as escaloped oysters—a layer of shredded or minced meat, then a layer of crumbs.

Experience has taught that the second cooking is more properly heating, and should be done quickly.

Let the skillet be hot, or whatever cooking utensil is used, a common error is to use it cold.

All dishes of this kind are improved if served with some sort of tart jelly, like currant or cranberry. Sweet pickles are also excellent as a side-dish.

COURTESY IN THE FAMILY.—There is nothing so necessary to gain perfect order as kindness. It must predominate. The home which is governed by harshness could never become an ideal home. In homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet one on the threshold.

The kindly welcome is felt on entering. It is beautifully expressed, "Kind words are the music of the world." Hard words, on the other hand, "are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops of rain." Life without love would be a world without a sun; without one blossom of delight, of feeling, or of taste.

COLD FOOD.—Eat all cold food slowly. Digestion will not begin till the temperature of the food has been raised by the heat of the stomach to ninety-eight degrees. Hence the more heat that can be imparted to it by slow mastication, the better. The precipitation of a large quantity of cold food into the stomach by fast eating may, and often does, cause discomfort and indigestion, and every occasion of this kind results in a measurable injury to the digestive function. Ice-water drunk with cold food of course increases the mischief. Hot drinks—hot water, weak tea, coffee, chocolate, etc.—will on the contrary, help to prevent it. But eat slowly, any way.—Sci.

Puzzles, Enigmas, Young Folks' Column, Charades, etc., etc., &c.

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

PUZZLERS' PASTIME

If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 9.

No. 43.—One had 5, the other, 7.

No. 44.—1. "For want of a nail the wheel comes off."

2. "Safe bind, safe find."

No. 45.—Schoolmaster.

No. 46.—"Goodness and mercy endureth forever."

No. 47.—

I. C. IL. H. IIL. O

T. H. E. T. A. P. A. L. E

C. H. A. L. K. H. A. Z. E. L. O. I. V. E

E. L. B. P. E. N. E. V. E

K. L. E

The Mystery.—No. 12.

[N. B.—Good original puzzles, solutions, etc., are solicited from all our readers.]

No. 58.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY VAN, "Lower Prince William")

My 6, 8, 2, 4 is a fruit.

My 7, 5, 3 is an animal found on the farm.

My 1, 5, 8 is something no one should tell.

My whole has been spoken oft and by many during the winter.

No. 59.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

BY R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.

In man, not in boy;

In inn, not in cot;

In age, not in old;

In end, not in middle;

In out, not in in;

In stand, not in walk;

In hen, not in duck;

In ten, not in nine;

In talk, not in speak;

In three, not in four.

My whole is a pretty flower.

No. 60.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY "APPLEBLOSSOM," Carleton, N. S.)

1. What king was killed in Nineveh by his two sons?

2. Who was commanded, after having read a book, to tie a stone to it and throw it into the river?

3. Where does it tell of a lion and an ass standing beside the body of a dead Prophet?

No. 61.—QUESTIONS.

(BY E. L. H., Lockport, N. S.)

1. What two chapters in the Bible are nearly alike?

2. Can there be found in God's word a promise to the wicked?

3. Describe in three words the power of love.

4. In what war are we told all must serve?

No. 62.—WORD SQUARE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

***** Exertion.

***** Fast.

***** Bathing places.

***** A variety of clay.

***** New setting.

No. 63.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

(BY "GERANIUM," Central Hampstead.)

1. T-e-i-o-a-r-y-o-r.

2. -i-e-s-a-o-k-r, -t-o-g-r-n-s-a-i-g, -n-h-s-e-e-i-e-e-v-d-h-r-b-s-o-i-e.

No. 64.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

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

1. "Huo wlt wesh me eth paht fo lief."

2. "I lliw eb gadl nda rjeoie ni thy mrecy."

3. "Eth covie fo het rldo brkaeteh teh eeadr."

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek will please accept our hearty thanks for the fine puzzles. We are pleased to hear from you often.

"VAN," Lower Prince William, will also receive thanks for the excellent batch of puzzles. Come often.

"APPLEBLOSSOM," Carleton, N. S., will please accept thanks for the nice lot of enclosures—puzzles and verses.

Nos. 37, 40, 44 and 45 correctly revealed.

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg, will also accept thanks for nice batch of puzzles. We are always pleased to hear from you, and to receive your puzzles, &c.

M. S., on p. c. from Carleton, N. S., probably "Appleblossom," with solutions to Nos. 43, 44, 45 and 47 (2, 3).

Williamsburg, Feb. 25, 1890.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—As I had a spare afternoon, I thought of you; and I send you these five Original puzzles, hoping they are acceptable. I am pleased to see so many names in the Column. Wishing you success, I remain,

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.

OUR RECITER.

AFTER A SNOW STORM.

Faded the summer long ago

With its wealth of birds and flowers,

Brown and barren are all the fields

Silent the robin's bowers;

The trees shiver in the wintry wind

Stilled is the brooklet's flow,

And swiftly over the bare cold earth

Is falling the pure white snow.

Softly falls the feathery flakes

All through the silent night,

And lo! in the morn the earth is clothed

In robes of bridal white:

Pearls and diamonds on every side

Sparkle, glisten, and glow,

Did they come straight down to earth

from heaven

Last night in the fall of snow?

The hill side nooks are elfin halls,

In the woods are fairy bowers,

And nestling by stones and old gnarled roots

Are miniature castles and towers.

When God takes away what we long to keep

Some good he is sure to bestow,

He took from us the birds and flowers

And has sent us the beautiful snow.

In the crowded city far away

In lanes and alleys dim,

Where the golden sunlight never falls

The snow creeps silently in

Flinging its mantle of purest white

Over roof and wall and sod,

Waking deep longings in sin stained hearts

For purity, peace, and God.

Some day the snow will drift over

Our lowly narrow beds,

But we shall be sleeping sweetly,

Though the storm rages over our heads;

Nothing shall ever disturb our repose,

Lying so still and low,

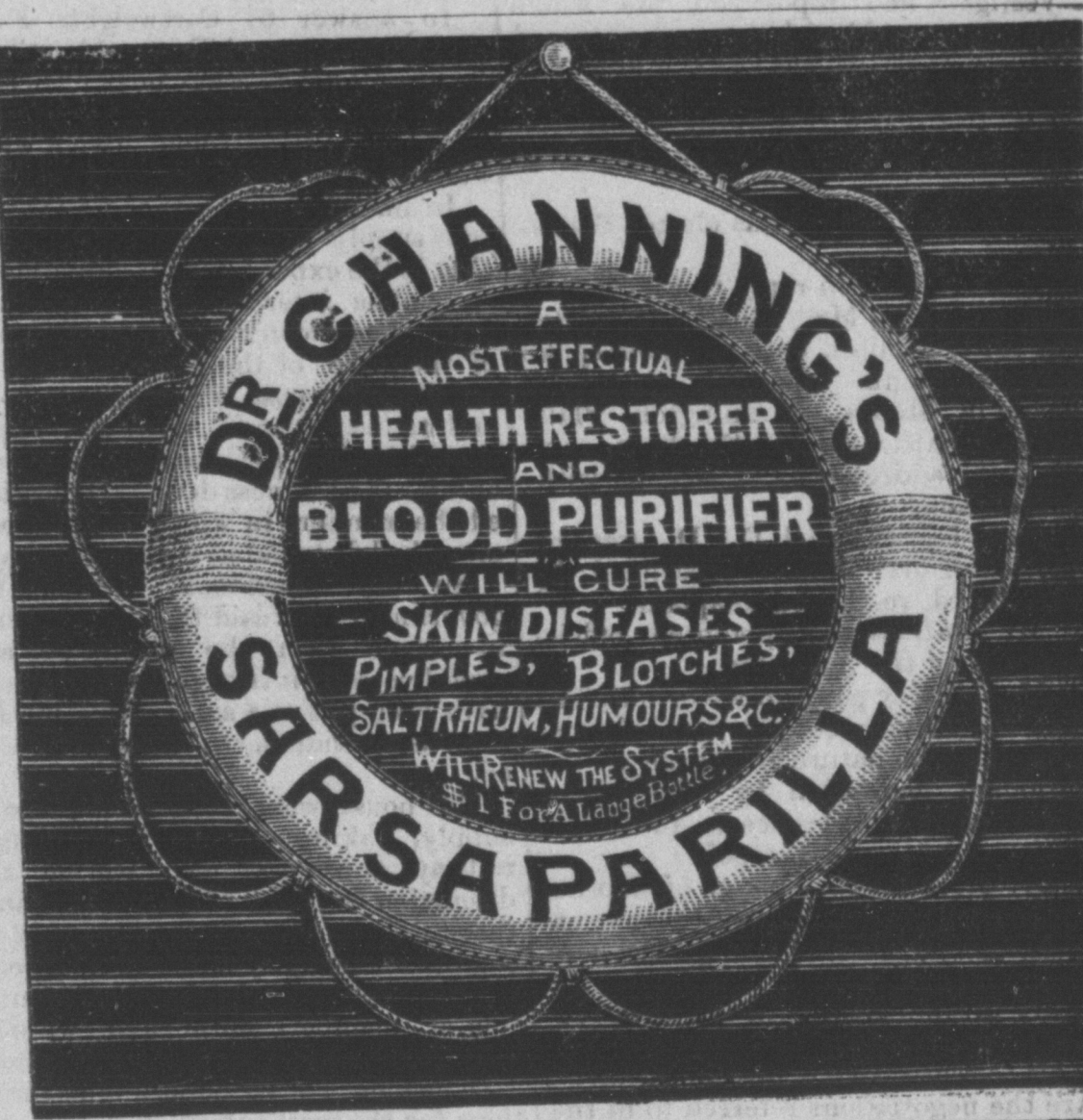
Till God's own voice at last shall wake us

From our long sleep under the snow.

E. J. D.

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NOTICE OF SALE

TO James E. Graham, of Prince William in the County of York, farmer, and Margaret, his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifth day of October in the year one of Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-four, and made between the said James E. Graham and Margaret his wife of the first part and Alexander Colter of the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York, farmer, since deceased, of the second part, and registered in York County Records, Book X, pages 321, 322, 323 and 324, the eighth day of October, A. D., 1884, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at Phoenix Square, in the City of Fredericton, on Saturday, the