

## Little Fees of Little Boys.

"By and by" is a very bad boy;  
Shun him at once and forever;  
For they who go with "By and by,"  
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I can't" is a mean little coward;  
A boy that is half of a man;  
Set on him a plucky wee terrier  
That the world knows and honours—"I can."

"No use in trying"—nonsense, I say,  
Keep trying until you succeed;  
But if you should meet "I forgot" by the way,  
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't care" and "No matter," boys,  
pair,  
And whenever you see the poor dolts,  
Say, "Yes, we do care," and would be  
"great matter."  
If our lives should be spoiled by such faults.

## "INASMUCH."

Belle is indulging in a day dream.  
Not a very entertaining one, I fancy,  
for her pretty face has a decidedly  
bored expression, and the sound of  
footsteps on the stair, which breaks  
her reverie, seems a not unwelcome  
interruption. She brightens as the  
door opens and her cousin Maude  
enters.

"You dear girl: so you came out in  
the storm after all. What a nice, cosy  
time we will have together."

"I don't pay any attention to the  
weather," laughed Belle, "for we'll have  
to work hard this afternoon, and every  
afternoon until Christmas, if we want  
to get everything made in time."

"Well, anyhow, you are not to go  
out again. I'll telephone to uncle at  
his office that he need not expect you  
tonight."

"Just as you like, dear," said  
Maude, throwing off hat and wraps as  
she walked towards the pretty canopied  
bed. "How snug you are up here—  
a fire—and I declare—a book  
I've been longing to see—as she picked  
up Mrs. Whitney's, "We Girls."

"You must long a little longer  
then," laughed Belle, "for we'll have  
to work hard this afternoon, and every  
afternoon until Christmas, if we want  
to get everything made in time."

Carefully locking the door for fear  
of interruptions, the girls sat down in  
front of the low window. Each pro-  
duced a large roll of work. Maude un-  
folded a pair of berlin slippers, a toilet  
set and a half finished darned net  
pillow sham. Belle's bundle consisted  
of exactly the same articles. Indeed  
it was a standing joke among their  
mates that when Maude had an idea  
Belle shared it and vice versa. And  
truly the cousins were much alike in  
many ways, the chief difference being,  
that Maude was the stronger and the  
more self-reliant of the two. She was  
the eldest of a large family, and strove  
to be to her younger brothers and  
sisters, the mother they had lost two  
years ago. Belle, on the contrary,  
was the only child of indulgent parents,  
and had always had some one to plan  
and think for her.

"I don't believe I ever knew how  
pretty this room was before," said  
Maude, drawing her chair nearer the  
cheerful coal-fire. "Belle, did you  
ever want anything and not get it?"

"What a queer question, Maude, I  
don't know I'm sure. Did you?"

"Not often dear, for I have Uncle  
and Aunt as well as Papa to care for  
me; but I was wondering if we did  
not have more than our share of good  
things." And indeed it seemed as if  
that might be the case, as she glanced  
around the dainty room, with its soft  
rugs, low easy-chairs, lovely pictures  
and ornaments. "On my way here, I  
met a little girl carrying a big stick of  
wood—for fuel I suppose. She was so  
thinly clad, while I had on my warm  
ulster and fur cape as well. She looked  
so hungry too. I don't know what  
made me, but I asked her if she did  
not want something to eat. O Belle,  
if you could have heard how eagerly  
she answered 'yes'!"

"So I took her to a restaurant,  
gave her as much oyster stew as she  
wanted, and a big kettleful to carry  
home. Her mother, she said, was  
sick. I never did anything like it in  
my life before—I'm just ashamed of  
myself."

"Poor little thing," said Belle, her  
blue eyes brimming with tears. "Did  
you find out where she lives?"

"There now, I quite forgot about  
that just, like me," ejaculated Maude  
turning to her work with renewed  
vigour. "I'd better stick to my berlin  
—that's all I'm fit for. Did I tell you  
what a scrape I got into last week?  
A little boy told me a pitiful story of  
his father's broken leg, and was most  
pathetic about his nine little brothers  
all starving at home. Without con-  
sulting anyone, I gave him all my  
pocket-money, and sent jelly to the  
sick father. Next day, old Mrs. Pea-  
body called for subscriptions to the  
Bible Society. After papa had con-  
tributed, he passed the paper to me,

where I stood so red and uncomfort-  
able. I said I was sorry but I could  
not give anything this time, and Mrs.  
Peabody looked so sternly at me—I  
think she took in everything I had on,  
from my French kid boots, to my  
bangle bracelet and said something  
about Dives and Lazarus. I felt so  
bound for I had never refused before."

"After she was gone, papa said in  
his tantalizing way—"Chick-a-biddie"  
—aren't you economizing at the wrong  
end. So then I told him all, though I  
was trying not to let my left hand  
know what my right hand did. He  
was serious enough at first, but when I  
came to the 'nine little brothers' his  
eyes twinkled. I was glad he knew  
though, for he found out about the  
family—what there was of it—a man  
who didn't have a broken leg, who had  
used my money for whisky and his  
son, a professional beggar. After that,  
I promised papa not to give away  
money without consulting him or  
aunt first."

"But all poor people are not im-  
postors," said Belle thoughtfully. "I  
don't believe that little girl was. She  
didn't have 'nine brothers' anyhow,  
and she was truly and honestly  
hungry."

"Maude dear," said a soft voice at  
the door, "there's such a queer child  
downstairs asking for you. She has  
an immense kettle which she declares  
you gave her."

The girls exchanged significant looks,  
as Maude cried "in a second auntie,"  
and put their dainty work quickly out  
of sight. Maude ran down to behold  
the mite she had fed an hour before.

"How did you know I was here,"  
cried Maude, drawing a chair to the  
register. "Sit down and tell me all  
about yourself."

"I've seen you before," said the  
girl, holding her hands in the comfort-  
ing current of hot air, "an' I felt you  
were good. It's in your face some-  
how. An' the women in the oyster-  
place called you Miss Maude, an' I've  
often seen you come in this house.  
Mother sent back the kettle with her  
best thanks. She hadn't tasted  
nothin' but some jelly that a man sent  
her, for two days. But I must go now.  
I'm keeping you."

"One moment, child, where do you  
live and what is your name?" The  
stereotyped questions came with a  
fresh significance from Maude's lips.

"In the big tenement on Barrow  
St., second door, fourth pair of stairs.  
Mother's name is Mrs. Peters, and  
I'm just Janie. Mother's very sick—  
a doctor said she had consumption."

Maude's face was very sober as she  
walked slowly up stairs. Both aunt  
and cousin were interested in her  
story, and the former soon arose with  
an energetic—"my dear, you and I  
must set out at once, I'm sorry it is  
too stormy for you, Belle, but you  
must not think of going out today."

Belle pouted a little at this, for she  
did want to go very much, however she  
was consoled watching Maude as she  
packed a bottle of wine, cold chicken  
and other delicacies into the "health-  
restorer," Maude's nickname for the  
basket, which had gone on so many  
errands of mercy.

Soon they were off, and Belle was  
thrown on her own resources. "They  
will be gone ever so long," she thought  
fretfully, "and I haven't a thing to do.  
I hate to work by myself, and don't  
feel like reading. Perhaps I had better  
practice awhile," and she half forgot  
her grievances in the mysteries of  
Major and Minor scales.

Still a discontented feeling with her-  
self remained. "I'm getting dread-  
fully selfish," she said half-aloud, as  
she ran down the difficult c sharp  
minor. "I wish I was more like  
Maude. She would not have fretted  
about having to stay in and I would  
never have thought of feeding that  
child. Daresay that I've passed her a  
dozen times on the street too. O dear  
me! I'm tired of practising, I'll go to  
my room and lie down by the fire."

She was fast asleep when Maude  
came back, and looked so pretty with  
her bright curls tossed back from her  
face, and her cheeks flushed with the  
heat of the fire that Maude beckoned  
her aunt to come.

"Isn't she sweet, aunt?" But  
auntie's answering smile was sad. It  
was such a contrast to the scene they  
had just come from. There, a woman  
far slier than the girlish figure on  
the sofa, lay on a straw mattress next  
the floor. Its only covering was one  
thin blanket. The woman's cheeks  
were red but not flushed with heat as  
Belle's or glowing with health as  
Maude's. As they left the tenement  
Maude had spoken of the sick woman's  
bright colour, and had been shocked  
by her aunt's answer that the hectic  
flush was the sign of settled consump-  
tion. Mrs. Brighton stooped and  
kissed her daughter.

"Home already mamma," cried  
Belle, sitting up, and rubbing her  
eyes. "Tell me all about them right  
away please."

It was soon told—the pitiful com-  
mon-place story of widow-hood,  
poverty and sickness.

For Maude there had been another  
lesson beside the pointed reminder of  
"our duty towards our neighbour."  
She learned that good qualities may  
exist even in the most degraded char-  
acters, when she recognized the gift of  
jelly—the only food in the room—as  
her bread cast on the waters "a few  
days before."

Having preached her little sermon  
auntie made her practical application.  
"Now girls," she said, "I have a  
proposal to make. Mrs. Peters is  
willing to go to an hospital, and would  
have gone long ago had she had friends  
who could have procured her a bed. I  
will attend to her wants, and hope that  
you will do the same for the girl.  
Mrs. Peters is most anxious that in  
case of her death, Janie should be  
cared for. As the child can both read  
and write, she could attend the door of  
a Doctor's office nicely. Indeed Dr.  
Ellen Brown asked me the other day  
if I could find her a child for this  
purpose and I think Janie would suit her  
nicely."

"But where does our share in this  
come in," cried Maude. "You seem  
to have everything planned, but you  
want to do all yourself; you selfish  
auntie."

"No indeed," laughed Mrs. Bright-  
on, "for you and Belle are to make  
warm clothing for Janie."

"I never made—even an under-  
skirt—in my life," gasped Belle.

"Never too late to learn, children,  
and just think how much happier you  
may make one little life by sacrificing  
some of your own pleasant work. Talk  
it over between yourselves, and let me  
know how you decide."

"Do you suppose we could?" said  
Belle slowly.

"Of course we could, answered  
Maude briskly, but we would have to  
work hard, and put by our own work  
for the present, if we want her things  
made before Christmas as we would  
want to."

"Just the thing. We will work  
hard—and if you'll have patience with  
me—I know so little about sewing—we  
will have a nice Christmas box for the  
little thing," cried Belle, suddenly re-  
membering that it was for work like  
this she had longed while practising.

"I guess we can manage it," assented  
Maude, "but I'll have to get up an  
hour earlier every morning—my time  
is so taken up already." Maude said  
this cheerfully, but it was a sacrifice,  
for she dearly loved to nap in her cosy  
bed. "Let us go to Auntie now."

A half an hour afterwards, a chat  
like this was to be heard—

Maude:—"The dresses that you  
have outgrown will make over nicely."  
Belle:—"Yes; and the old ulster  
too."

Maude:—"These flannels won't  
take long to make, and I believe I'll  
make her mittens, real pretty ones."  
"And I'll make a hood to match  
them," chimed in Belle.

On Christmas morning a happy child  
ran to her mother at the hospital.

"Just look mother, see how kind  
everybody's been, feel how thick my  
dress is, and, here she whispered to  
her mother, "everything's new all the  
way through."

The feeble mother raised her head  
and smiled. "God bless your good  
friends dear, I'm not afraid to leave  
you now."

The nurse told the girls of this  
afterwards, and it gave them great joy  
to think that they had so comforted  
the dying woman.

I must tell you about one of Maude's  
Christmas presents. Belle, who had  
bright ideas by herself sometimes,  
gave her a silver jewel case. It was a  
miniature copy of a tin kettle and was  
intended as a memento of a kindly  
deed. Maude's father, who had heard  
through Mrs. Brighton of his  
daughter's good work, laid inside a  
wee oyster shell, lined with velvet.  
Reposing on the velvet, was a lovely  
pearl-ring.

"How funny," cried Maude as she  
spied them by her plate on Christmas  
morning—"a little kettle and an  
oyster."

"Don't despise them daughter,"  
said papa in his teasing way, "I  
should call it a pretty kettle of fish."

And as for Belle, among her many  
gifts that day, she prized none as much  
as her mother's tender kiss and greet-  
ing:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it  
unto the least of these my brethren,  
ye have done it unto Me."

ELLA J. HUNTER.

To cure a felon, says a correspond-  
ent, mix equal parts of strong am-  
monia and water, and hold your finger  
in it for fifteen minutes. After that  
withdraw it and tie a piece of cloth  
completely saturated with the mixture  
around the felon and keep it there till  
dry.

Young  
Folks' Column

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and other work by the young.

— PUZZLERS' PASTIME —

[The Mystery Solved—No. 44.]

No. 235. "Thou shalt not steal."

No. 236.—Elephant.

No. 237.—Philadelphia.

No. 238.—Amazon.

No. 239.—ROSE 2. ROSE  
O B E Y O P E N  
S E R E S E R D  
E Y E S E N D S

— [The Mystery—No. 47.] —

N. B.—Send in the Xmas supply.

No. 250.—DROPP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburgh.)

"i-h-e-u-n-s xlt h-a-i-n-u-s-n-s-a  
r-p-a-t-n-p-o-l."

No. 251.—ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In day, not in night;  
In cat, not in mouse;  
In veil, not in cloud;  
In all not in well;  
In drink, not in sip.  
My whole is a man's name.

No. 252.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

BY LORETTA M. LONDON, Good's Corner.

In how, not in chop;  
In gun, not in shoot;  
In go, not in come;  
In hand, not in foot.  
My whole is a man's name.

No. 253.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "PANSY," Fredericton, Junction.)

In light, not in dark;  
In owl, not in lark;  
In chair, not in stool;  
In hot, not in cool;  
In woman, not in man;  
In pot, not pan;  
In knot, not in bow;  
In high, not in low;  
In live, not in dead;  
In lounge, not in bed.  
Whole is something of great power.

No. 254.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

BY MISS M. WARD, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

1. A letter; a small but useful  
article; a state in U. S. A.; to doze;  
a letter from Kansas.  
2. A letter; to drag; a voice-sound;  
a kind of tumor; a letter.

No. 255.—WORD SQUARE.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

An insect; hideous; a surname;  
rubs; question; seeded.

No. 256.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

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

— . . . — Where Moses talked with  
God.  
— . . . — To color with a brush.  
— . . . — An open space of ground  
for combatants.  
— . . . — To urge forward.  
— . . . — Having an nap.  
Primals and finals name divisions in  
Europe.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

— [The Mystical Circle.] —

PLEASE send along the puzzles, stories,  
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