

Only Now and Then.

Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into me,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong.

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then!

Joe's Victory.

BY ADELAIDE TAYLOR.

"Mamma, I wish I could get to school without passing that Charlie Haddington's house; or else I wish I could make him behave."

Mrs. Gordon looked down into the troubled little face Joe raised to hers and answered, with a smile:

"Well, I think perhaps you could make him do that; I'd try it anyway if I were you."

"Why, how could I, mamma?" asked Joe, wondering.

"You always said you didn't want me to fight, and he is bigger than I am, too; but may be I could whip him. Do you mean that I may try to, mamma?"

"No, dear," said his mother. "I mean that I think the reason Charlie teases you is that he likes to see you lose your temper, and if you would learn to control that, he wouldn't find any more fun in plaguing you, and so would stop it."

"I wish I wasn't so fiery," Joe said, thoughtfully; "and I mean to try hard to keep my temper today. I asked Jesus this morning to help me do it."

"That is right, and He will help you if you were in earnest in asking. But remember that it is when He sees you are trying your hardest to overcome a fault that He puts His strength into you so that you can succeed. But it is time for you to start for school now," Mrs. Gordon continued. "Try to speak pleasantly to Charlie when you have to be with him. I think you will make him behave after a while."

In a few minutes Joe was trudging along the road, his thoughts full of a plan he had formed the night before to get up a base-ball club among the boys of his own age, like those the older boys and young men of the village had. It was a little hard to decide just which boys to ask, and he wanted to see Harry Crane and Jack Lewis and talk it over with them before school.

He was so busy thinking that he did not notice how near he had come to the house where Charlie Haddington lived, nor did he notice a stone which lay on the walk right before him, but stumbled over it and fell. As he scrambled to his feet and tried to brush the dust from his clothes, he heard a mocking laugh, and then the words:

"Poor old Joe
Stubbed his toe
On the way to Jericho.
O, O, O,
Poor Joe's toe!"

and he saw Charlie sitting on the gate-post just across the way.

A rush of angry feelings came over Joe, but he remembered his conversation with his mother just in time, and pressed his lips tightly together, determined not to say a word until he could speak pleasantly.

He brushed away vigorously for a minute or two, then straightening out, he called out:

"Say, Charlie, do you want to be in our nine?"

Charlie was surprised at Joe's friendly tone, and suspected some trick, but the question excited his curiosity, so he answered:

"Taint likely. What nine?"

"Some of us fellows are going to have a base-ball nine," said Joe. "Would you like to belong to it? If you would, I'll put your name down for it."

Charlie swung himself down from his seat, and the two boys walked on together toward the school-house talking of a new project in a very friendly way.

They had not been intimate and never played together, except at the school recess in some game in which all the boys joined; for when the Haddingtons had moved into town about a year before, and Charlie appeared at school with ragged clothes and a somewhat rough manner, he had not seemed a very desirable companion to Joe Gordon and the well-dressed, carefully-taught boys he associated with.

Charlie had noticed this, but he was a bright boy, and not a bad one, and he was fully determined not to be ragged always, and to make himself, as he expressed it, "as good as any-

body." He was pleased, therefore, with Joe's proposal, but he knew that he had not deserved it from him, and so just before they reached the school-house he said:

"Joe, what made you choose me? You are the one that's getting this thing up, and you could have found enough other boys. You needn't have asked me at all, when I've plagued you so much."

And Joe answered:

"Well, I s'pose you did it for the fun of seeing me flare up; but I mean to break myself of that, and I wanted to show you that I didn't bear any grudge."

"Well, I ain't going to do it any more; see if I do," said Charlie; and he kept his word.

So Joe gained a double victory—that morning—a victory over his teasing school-mate, and a still greater one over his own quick temper.—*Advocate.*

"Must and Musn't."

"A fellow can't have any fun," growled Tom. "It's just 'must' and 'musn't' from morning till night. You must do this, you must learn that; or you musn't go there, you musn't say that, and you musn't do the other thing. At school, you're just tied right up to rules, and at home—well, a shake of mother's head means more than a dozen musn'ts. Seems a pity a boy can't have his own way half the time, and do something as he likes."

"Going to the city this morning, Tom?" asked Uncle Thed from the adjoining room.

"Why, of course," answered Tom, promptly.

"Going across the Common?"

"Yes, sir; always do."

"I wish you'd notice those young trees they've been setting out the last year or two. Of course the old trees will die sooner or later, and others will be needed, but—well, you just observe them r ther carefully, so as to describe their appearance, etc."

"What about those trees, Tom?" asked Uncle Thed after tea, as they sat on the piazza.

"Why, they're all right; look a little cramped to be sure, snipped short off on top, and tied up to poles, snug as you please, every identical twig of them; but that's as it should be, to make them ship-shape—don't you see? They can't grow crooked if they would. They'll make as handsome trees as ever you saw, one of these days. Haven't you noticed the trees in Mr. Benson's yard?—tall and scraggly and crooked, just because they were left to grow as they pleased. The city fathers now don't propose to run any risks."

"But I wonder how the trees feel about the must and musn't," remarked Uncle Thed, drily.

Exit Tom, wishing he had not said quite so much on the subject of trees—and boys.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Doing Errands for Christ.

"Mamma," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up in his mother's face and said: "Why, mother, I could have run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour; for when upon earth he said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

So remember, children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth, and you were doing it for him.—*The Illustrator.*

Just For Fun.

—Agent, to female applicant in intelligence office: "Are you married or single?"

Applicant, blushing: "Nayther, mum. Oi'm engaged."

—Old Lady: "I'd like to buy some plasters, you fellow."

Drug Clerk: "Yes, ma'am; porous?"

Old Lady: "Do you s'pose I want to catch my death o' cold? Let's see yer winter styles."—*Judge.*

—Mistress: "Mary, what are you doing with that clock?"

Mary (with the servants' bedroom clock under her arm): "Plaze, mum, Oi'm takin' it to the watchmaker's."

It's all out av order, mum. I'vey mornin' at fove o'clock it goes all to paces, an' makes such a racket Oi can't slape."—*New York Weekly.*

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study, while her father, the eminent literary man, was at his dinner, "I suppose you assist your papa by entertaining the bores?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little girl gravely. "Please be seated."

"Yes, brethren," said the clergyman who was preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the age of twenty-eight years."

"Twenty-six, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

Something for Boys.

Science gives the following significant facts concerning the results of smoking by boys: "In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health who has been using tobacco for a period ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficiency of growth; thirty-two the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year."

Home Hints.

Borax in the water takes the shine off the face.

To fumigate a room heat an iron shovel and drop vinegar on it. Have the doors and windows open.

It is convenient to have an iron-holder attached by a long string to the band of the apron when cooking; it saves burned fingers or scorched aprons, and is always at hand.

For burns sweet oil and cotton are standard remedies. If they are not at hand sprinkle the burned part with flour and wrap loosely with a soft cloth. Don't remove the dressing until the inflammation subsides, as it will break the new skin that is forming.

Paper or pasteboard may be rendered waterproof as follows: Mix four parts of slaked lime with three parts of skimmed milk, and add a little alum; then give the material two successive coatings of the mixture with a brush and let it dry.

Tomato Omelette.—Skin two or three tomatoes; cut in slices, fry in butter; beat up some eggs to make omelette; season with salt and pepper; warm some butter in a pan; put in eggs, stirring well to keep from adhering; mix in tomatoes, turns out omelette on plate doubling it in two.

Baked Eggs.—Small shallow dishes, of various shapes and qualities, come on purpose for serving baked, or shirred eggs, and there are many ways of serving.

No. 1. Butter an egg dish and break an egg into it, being careful not to break the yolk. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake till the white is jelly-like. Place a bit of butter on the top of the egg and serve. Or they may be baked on a platter in the same way. Place a strip of broiled or fried breakfast bacon on the top of each egg, for a variety.

No. 2. Sprinkle the dishes with seasoned and buttered cracker, or bread crumbs, drop in the egg, cover with crumbs and bake till the white is jelly-like and the crumbs are brown.

No. 3. A great variety of flavors may be given to the eggs by preparing in either of the preceding ways, and spreading one of the following in the dish before the egg is dropped: a few drops of onion juice; one teaspoonful of chopped parsley; one teaspoonful of finely chopped cooked ham, or one teaspoonful of grated cheese.

No. 4. Beat two or three extra whites of eggs to a stiff froth, season with a sprinkle of salt, and spread it on a platter, making little hollows like nests, in it, or one nest in each little dish. Break a whole egg into the nest, and bake as before.

Apple Snow.—Three sour apples baked in the white of one egg; one-half cup sugar; two tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Strain the pulp of the apples, add sugar and the white of egg beaten to a stiff, dry froth. Beat all with a wire spoon till stiff and white, add the lemon juice, pile in a glass dish and serve with boiled custard.

Boiled Custard.—One pint of milk; yolks of four eggs; one-half cup sugar; one-half saltspoonful salt; one teaspoonful flavoring. Put one and one-half cups of milk into the double boiler; beat the egg and sugar till creamy, add one-half cup of cold milk, and turn into the milk when scalded;

cook till the custard stiffens and will coat the spoon; strain into a bowl, and when cold add salt and flavoring.

Lemon Jelly.—One-half box of gelatine; one scant cup cold water; one pint boiling water; one cup sugar; one-half cup, (generous,) lemon juice; one inch stick cinnamon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Shave just the yellow rind of the lemon. Steep with the cinnamon in the boiling water ten minutes. Add the gelatine, sugar, and lemon juice and when dissolved strain through a napkin.

Young Folks' Column Edited by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT KINGS CO., N. B.

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{PUZZLERS' PASTIME}

{The Mystery Solved.—No. 40.}

No. 214.—1. Jer. 23: 23.
2. Amos 3: 3.
3. Eccl. 12: 3.
4. Lev. 23: 40.

No. 215.—Luke 15: 16.

No. 216.—1. Twice, Isa. 66: 17;
Lev. 11: 29.
2. Once, Lev. 11: 29.

No. 217.—B
BIB
BIZON
BOX
N

{The Mystery.—No. 43.}

N. B.—Now is the time to send in Puzzles, Solutions, etc., to have them ready for the Christmas season!

No. 229.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In egg, not in milk;
In rat, not in cat;
In pear, not in plum;
In pan, not in drum;
In ink, not in pen;
In ten, not in nine;
In peat, not in coal.
My whole is a common stone.

No. 230.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY LAURA B. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.)

o A letter.
o o Part of the face.
o o o o A man's name.
o o A deer.
o A letter.

No. 231.—PI PUZZLE.

(BY LORETTA M. GOOD, Good Corner.)

"Thi teC Lhrdn eiKepe royu Vels eSrmFo lisoD."

No. 232.—ENIGMA.

(BY MISS MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S. A.)

In'clock, not in watch;
In well, not in sick;
In mill, not in cent;
In vine, not in tree;
In house not in barn;
Whole a fruit.

No. 233.—WORD SQUARE.

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

o o o o A king.
o o o o An animal.
o o o o An open surface.
o o o o A plant.

No. 234.—HALF SQUARE.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

Household gods; a conductor; a Jewish month; a Bible name; the fashion; a son of Judah; a letter.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

{The Mystical Circle.}

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, and Laura B. King, Brooklyn, N. S., each have thanks for the nice lot of puzzles. Write again soon. Best wishes!

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