

## The Honest Old Toad.

O, a queer little chap is the honest old toad,  
A funny old fellow is he;  
Living under the stone by the side of the road,  
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.  
He is dressed all in brown from his toes to his crown,  
Save his vest that is silvery white.  
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,  
And walks in the cool, dewy night.  
"Raup, youp!" says the frog,  
From his home in the bog.  
But the toad he says never a word;  
He tries to be good, like the children who should  
Be seen, but never be heard.  
When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,  
And he sleeps as sound as a top.  
But when May blossoms follow soft April showers  
He comes out with a skip, jump and hop;  
He changes his dress only once I confess—  
Every spring—and his old worn-out coat.  
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball  
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.  
"K-ruk k-ruk!" says the frog,  
From his home in the bog,  
But the toad he says never a word;  
He tries to be good, like the children who should  
Be seen, but never be heard.  
—Presbyterian.

## The Turning-Point.

BY ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

I know all about the evils of drink. I ought to. I am a saloon-keeper's son, and was a hard drinker at sixteen. My first recollections are of a grand bar-room, costly pictures, shining silver, the tinkle of glasses and the polished, richly dressed gentlemen that came there to drink and chat. Oh, how lively and jolly they were! Often they would give me the sugar in the bottom of their glasses and laughed to see how I liked it, saying I "was a chip off the old block."

Where were my parents? you ask. Well, as I said, father was behind the bar, and mother—my pretty, fashionable mother—was at home in her parlor, or perhaps off on a pleasure trip, for there was no lack of money then, for father was doing a flourishing business.

But the time came as I grew older, when money was not so plenty, when the grand bar-room was changed for a low den in a bad part of the town, and father was cross and swore at the judges and women meddlers, and mother looked worried and ill in the few plain rooms she now lived in. Poor mother! Things went from bad to worse; father was bloated and hardened from excess of drink; mother became seriously ill, and beautiful little Rosa, my baby sister, grew thin and pale. I was a brawny boy of fifteen, earning a chance dime as I could, sometimes giving it to my half-starved mother, and more often spending it for drink.

Ah, I can see my mother's white, scared face as father and I came stumbling home. All giddiness and frivolity was gone from her life. Only the most terrible reality remained.

Things could not go on so forever. One cold night the crisis came; came and changed the entire course of our lives. Father was drunk—very drunk—but still able to walk. I saw by the flash of his blood-shot eyes that liquor was turning him into a demon. I, too, had taken a drink too many, and was hardly aware of what was taking place about me; but I know now that pretty, little, six-year-old Rosa came to my saloon, and told father that mother was dying and begged him to come home. He gave a coarse laugh, but followed her and left me in charge of the bar-room. I never can tell what it was whispered to my stupid brain to close the shop and go home—perhaps my mother's departing spirit; anyway, I hustled out the loungers; looked up and ran home as fast as I could. As I approached the old shanty we then called home, I heard a scream—Rosa's voice, I knew—a dreadful scream that froze the blood in my veins almost, and drove the liquor from my brain. I burst in. I would give all I possess in the world to erase from my mind the horrible scene I beheld. Rosa, pretty, innocent little Rosa, lay on the floor, blood streaming from a cut on her head, and mother, my own dear mother, dead at her feet, while father crouched in a corner near, now in horrible frenzy.

"Oh! oh!" I cried; "Rosa! mother!"

Even as I bent over them father gave a horrible laugh, and, seizing the small, burning lamp on the table, flung it with demoniac rage on the small straw bed in the corner near him. There was an explosion and father's shrieks of torture rang upon my ear. By this time the neighbors had rushed in. Some of them smothered out the flames. I lifted little Rosa in my arms and bore her out

into the street. Some one bent over me, and I shall never, never forget the gentle touch that raised my head and whispered words of comfort: "She isn't dead; oh no. See, the doctor is bringing new life into her face."

"Mother!" I gasped.

"Is with those who are kinder than those of earth may be—the angels." Then I broke down and sobbed until a voice roused me—the voice of little Rosa:

"Dick," she whispered; "Dick, don't cry. Father didn't mean to do it; he was drunk."

"Yes," I said, gritting my teeth, "that's it; he was drunk. You can cover up most any crime that way." Then the cool, gentle touch I had felt before fell on my hot hands and a sweet voice said:

"Let this night be a turning-point in your life, Dick. Never touch liquor again."

I looked up at her—the judge's pretty daughter that lived on the hill. I recognized the fair face at once. She was only a child herself, yet the womanliness of her sweet face and her pleading voice aroused the best that was in me, and I said in husky, determined tones:

"I never, never will."

They buried poor mother in the parish graveyard, put my half-crazed father in an asylum, and wanted to take Rosa to an orphan's home. Ah, then they raised a hornet's nest, I tell you. Why, I would have fought like a tiger had they carried out their purpose. The good people had no trust in me. But I had one friend who believed in me, one friend who put in my boyish hand a gold piece and said: "I only loan it to you, Dick; it will help you get a start. There's a nice old washerwoman down on B—street who will take Rosa to board; for, of course, when you get a start you can support her nicely."

How did I get a start? you ask. Well I'll tell you. I took Rosa to the kind old woman recommended to me, and then I went straight up to the old judge who had sentenced father so often and fined him so heavily, and I said:

"I want to be a man—a good, honorable man. I want work—honest work; have you any for me?"

He looked at me keenly through his gold-rimmed glasses, and I could see he had very little confidence in me.

"You are a big boy of your age," he said, "and a strong one, but you've never been taught anything except tending bar. What do you think you can do?"

"I think I can learn to do anything. Only try me, or help me get a place."

My voice trembled then, for I thought of Rosa.

"Well, well," mused the judge, "there's the grocery Bob has; perhaps he might give you a trial."

So I began in a grocery. The work was hard, but it needed only a visit to Rosa to make it seem light. We lived somehow, Rosa and I. I slept in the store and boarded on odds and ends, for it took nearly all my wages to keep her. But then I had help. Ah, yes! Many a time I've said:

"Why, Rosa, my dear, what a pretty frock that is!"

Then Rosa would laugh and clap her hands and explain that Miss Alice made it for her out of one of her old ones—Miss Alice, the judge's only child.

In five years I had made myself so valuable and necessary to my employer that he took me in as partner. It was easy enough after that, and Rosa was sent to a boarding-school, and blossomed out like a rose, indeed. She's been my little house-keeper now for a year in our pretty new home, but there is one room in it where she loves best to linger. That room is the brightest and prettiest of all, and in it is the poor, invalid father, as much of a teetotaler as I am. Oh, thank God!

And that is all, or nearly all. It has been enough in sorrow and remorse. Yet Rosa whispers, as she leans over my shoulder, that I ought to tell about the wedding that is to be, for all young girls are interested in weddings. I don't believe I will, though, for Alice is so modest, and this isn't a love story; at least, I didn't intend it should be. —Journal & Messenger.

Ask your neighbour to subscribe.

Save the Boxes.

Oh, that's no good; throw it away," said aunt Fannie in a "don't-bother-me" tone, when Ethel hesitated a moment over a sizable paste-board box from which she had just unpacked her summer trifle. The enjoyment and fun that can be got out of different styles of boxes had never occurred to her. If all the members of the family will save the boxes they find, some stormy day when the children are forced to remain indoors, a trip to the

"box-corner" of the attic will afford great amusement. The little girls of the house will select a good-sized box for a doll's house, and mamma or nurse can easily teach them how to cut card board furniture for it. If it is summer time, make a tiny house out of an old card board box and paste upon it dried moss, then set it on a shingle and have a little gravel path leading up to the door. On one side have a bit of looking glass for a pond and some branches of evergreen boughs for trees. You can add whatever else you like that will make it look like an old-fashioned farmhouse. This simple little toy kept two little girls happy a whole summer. —Detroit Tribune.

Do not delay your payment for 1890.

## A Girl's Toilet Articles.

A sensible girl will not keep a lot of cosmetics and drugs on her toilet-table, but there are a few articles she should always have in a convenient place. She should have an array of glass-stopped bottles containing alcohol, aum, camphor, borax, ammonia and glycerine or vaseline. A little camphor and water may be used as a wash for the mouth and the throat if the breath is not sweet. Powdered alum applied to a fever sore will prevent it from becoming very unsightly and noticeable. Insect stings or irritations on the skin are removed by alcohol. A few grains of alum in tepid water will relieve people whose hands perspire freely, rendering them unpleasantly moist. We should always recommend care in the use of scented soap; in many cases the perfume is simply a disguise for poor quality. A good glycerine or honey soap is always preferable. Of course, one may rely on scented soaps from a high-class manufacturer, but it costs more than it is worth. In addition to the soap for bathing, white castile should be kept for washing the hair. Occasionally a little borax or ammonia may be used for this purpose, but it is usually too harsh in its effects. —The Family Doctor.

## Just a Hint to Boys.

I stood in a store the other day, when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation which he had applied for. —M. Quad.

Puzzles, Enigmas, Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLES' PASTIME

"Let us then be up and doing With a heart for any fate, Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait."

—LONGFELLOW.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 52.

No. 341.—I. D. II. P.

MID TAP

DINAH PARIS

DAN PIN

H S

III. S

TWO

SWINE

ONE

E

No. 342.—Basque. No. 343.—A Merry Christmas.

No. 344.—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

No. 345.—Canton.

The Mystery.—No. 3.

(N. B.—Contributions and answers are respectfully solicited.)

No. 11.—PIED PUZZLE.

(BY "GERANIUM," Central Hampstead.)

"Ight si hte ask hwne amny arshe eth otl."

## No. 12.—WORD SQUARES.

(BY E. L. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

I. To joke; a girl's name; weak; to subdue.

11. Death; plain; firm; to aim at.

## No. 13.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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

o A letter.

o o o o o An animal.

o o o o o A man's name.

o o o o o Part of the body.

o A letter.

## No. 14.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In vine, not in tree;

In ink, not in pen;

In ten, not in nine;

In apple, not in plum;

In ale, not in gin.

Whole is pertaining to life.

## No. 15.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY D. PERRY, Havelock.)

1. Who in Old Testament times would appear to have had the greatest success in intercessory prayer to God?

2. Where do we find a divided word suggesting safety, strength and division, occurring only once?

3. Who began to reign in Jerusalem when twelve years old? How long did he reign? Where found?

4. What man through prayer had 15 years added to his days?

5. How many times is the word Rock, meaning God, mentioned? Where?

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.

—The Mystical Circle.

"GERANIUM," Central Hampstead, will accept thanks for the nice batch of puzzles. Write again soon. You are very welcome, and we are much pleased with your first efforts. You do well for one only 9 years old.

EMMA L. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S., will also receive of our thanks for the excellent puzzles. Your prize was sent you by a friend who has a deep interest in the Column. We extend your thanks to him. Nos. 334, 335, 338, 341, 342 and 344 correctly solved.

ERRATUM.—An error occurred in numbering last year from 333.

PLEASE SEND US ORIGINAL PUZZLES, STORIES, &c.

A B C OUR LETTER BOX. X Z

CENTRAL HAMPSTEAD, Q. C.

Dec. 26, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am a little girl nine years old, and I would like to join the puzzlers. I now send my first batch of puzzles.

Your new niece,

"GERANIUM."

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DEAR UNCLE NED,—I received my prize and thank you very much for it. It was real nice and I was very much pleased with it. I will send some more puzzles, and also answers to a few.

Wishing you success, I remain,

Your niece,

EMMA L. LARKIN.

\*PRIZE BIBLE COMPETITION.\*

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## CYCLOPEDIAS.

Below is an interesting comparison of Contents and Price of leading Cyclopedias:

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Cost \$80.00

Appleton's

Pages 12,488

Cost \$48.00

Johnson's

Pages 10,662,310

Cost \$130.00

Britannica

Pages 26,000,400

Cost \$24.00

Allen's

Pages 14,080,000

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Allen's

Pages 25,000

Cost \$25.00

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