10. 1890

This intione is we

Send for Johnson Custom Hotoston, Mas

Saturday Night.

Macing the little hats all in a row, eady for church on the morrow, you lashing wee faces and little black fists.

tting them ready and fit to be kissed; tting them into clean garments and

hat is what mothers are doing to-night. pying out holes in the little worn hose, aving by shoes that are worn thro' the

ooking o'er garments so faded and thinwho but a mother knows where to begin ! hanging a button to make it look right. that is what mothers are doing to-night.

falling the little ones all 'round her chair, learing them lisp their soft evening prayer;

telling them of stories of Jesus of old, The loves to gather the sheep to His fold, atching, they listen with childish delight-

hat is what mothers are doing to-night. seeping so softly to take a last peep, fter the little ones all are asleep;

inxious to know that the children ar sucking the blankets round each little

Kissing each little face, rosy and brightthat is what mothers are doi g to-night.

Inceling down gently beside the white wly and meekly she bowed down her

raying as only a mother can pray,

Boy Who Could Do Something. Well, Aunt Margaret, it's come at

What, my boy?" "I must be off to the Pacific Coast

ne Doctor says I will do well enough here, but that I had better not brave Eastern winter."

'And how can I do without you, 'Very easily, I fancy. I have been

burden on you all these years, and it stime I was looking out for myself." "I wish you could have studied for while longer," said his aunt with a ugh. "If you could have remained ere with me, you could have done

'Yes, I should have liked it, but nat must be must be."

But you are better educated now t seventeen than most boys of twenty,' she said, looking with pride at the landsome, manly boy.

"You think so," he said. "Well, must go and try what my training has done for me."

It was a great trial to his aunt, to whom Walter had been as a son, that he should be obliged to go so far away from her in quest of the rugged health which had lately been deserting him. "I'd go with you myself, my dear,' she said, in wishing him good-bye, "if were not for all these at home. Here is enough money to help you over a little time after you get there and if you need more, let me know,

and we'll see about it somehow." "If I amount to anything I ought to be profitably at work long before it is gone, and making ready to return it

Full of hope and courage, he had no doubt of being able to do so. A few weeks of the delightful air greatly benefitted his health, and he began to seek for work in the land which seem-

ed to smile upon him with every promise of health and well-doing. But he soon found that legions of men, old, middle-aged and young vere keenly, cravingly engaged in the same quest. So many had come to the golden land wholly or in part dependent upon their own efforts for a ivelihood that there seemed twenty

> applicants for every place. He tried the things he would like, then the things he would not have chosen. Dismay, growing deeper and melting away, and still he walked and

inquired all to no purpose. At last he went to the landlord of the large boarding-house at which he

had been staying. "I have been looking for work," he aid, "and cannot find any."

"I am sorry for you," said the good | hotel piazza, one morning. natured proprietor, "but there are plenty more in just your fix."

me," said Walter. "Now, if I went good enough for him. He appears to back among my friends I could get something to do, but my health probably depends on my staying here. My cart, I wonder?" continued the old money is all gone. Give me something gentleman. to do about your house until I find ther work; something which will pay

my board" "My dear young fellow, I can't," aid Mr. Graves. "It is a dull season. am running things as low as I can. I

have been reducing my help." Walter said no more, but again thing I could give him." strove to find employment, still with-

again to Mr. Graves. stay here—indeed, I have no means of | boarding-house not long afterwards. ung away if I wanted to. You

must give me something to do. I will Peters, in great surprise, and with do anything. There must be some rather a blank face. "I didn't know way in which I could be worth to you he had any friends that could get him what I eat."

at the boy. were not such a polite, scholarly young out any asking, so I'm told." fellow, I suppose I might contrive-"

"Never mind the polite and scholarly," said Walter eagerly. "What is there about the place to be done?" "Mr. Graves hesitated.

"It's all nonsense to tell you," he said, but the Mexican that's been hauling the vegetables in from my ranch has been taken sick, and-but

shall I begin ?"

"You don't mean it ?" "Try me, and see if I don't." "Well, then you must be round in

the alley-way tomorrow morning." Walter went to his room and thought it over. It was a solving of the vexed question of being able to breathe this life-giving air.

But who can blame him that the longer he thought of it the harder it seemed to do?

"What'll all those fellows think of me," he said to himself as he glanced cut of the window. Below lay a lawn decorated with palms, magnolias and God, guide and keep them from going | many other growths strange and beautiful to his eyes. He had taken them all in with delight, yet now he viewed the loveliness about him almost with is taste, feeling half inclined to give up the struggle, and try to get back to where friendly faces would beam upon his efforts, and kindly hands be stretched out in aid. But this could

In the pleasure ground were a number of young fellows of his own age, with whom he had been on terms of were, too, and young girls who had smiled pleasantly upon him.

What would they all think of this he was about to do? Could he keep it bring with them. ecret from them?

"But I won't try to do that," he said, flushing with manly pride. 'Aunt Margaret used to say there was honest. I'm just the same fellow that I was when I was idling around ed mother's lap to her own. here. I ought to feel prouder of earning my bread than of being good for nothing-and I will be !"

feeling that Walter the next morning drove the vegetable cart around from the alley and out upon the main road in front of the big house. His cheeks burned at the thought of the eyes

"He must be doing it for a wager," said one of the company upon the broad piazza.

"Hello!" cried Hugh Peters, a boy who had been very friendly with "Exactly that," replied Walter.

"But honest, now," said Hugh, coming nearer, "are you doing this

"No," said Walter, "I am doing it to pay my board."

Hugh gave a long whistle, and turned away.

Walter went on, wondering within himself if he did not more than half wish he had not been so brave.

"No, I don't!" he said firmly. And as his cart moved slowly along he settled with himself the question whether he would allow himself to be ruled by a feeling of false shame.

"I have fully decided that it is the right thing for me to do, and shall I be ashamed of doing what is right?"

The young people seemed variously affected by Walter's doings. Some of deeper took the place of the hope and them, to their honor be it said, made ourage. His means were rapidly no difference in their treatment of him. Others, with Hugh, showed that he had fallen from their good graces in becoming one of the workers instead of remaining an idler in the great

"Who is that young fellow?" asked an elderly gentleman, sitting on the

"G, I don't know much about him," was the answer, "except that he "That doesn't make it any easier for seems to be at work which is scarcely be well mannered and well educated."

"Why does he drive a vegetable

Mr. Graves chanced to be near, and answered the question:

"Well, sir, it's because he prefers doing it to running in debt for his board. I offered to trust him, but he wouldn't hear it. He would have something to do, and that was the only

"H'm said the old gentleman. "I out success. A week later he went like a fellow that will do something." "Walter Blake's got a situation in "I can find nothing, I want to the Ocean Side Bank," was said in the

"How did he get it?" asked Hugh

such a place as that."

Mr. Graves looked very doubtfully "I don't know that he has. That old gentleman over there is the bank "Why," he said, laughing, "if you president, and he gave it to him with-

> "Queer enough," said Hugh. "Why, my uncle's been pulling strings for ever so long to try to get me in

"Yes, he deserved it, and no mistake," said Mr. Graves in speaking of Walter. "He's one of the plucky fellows that's bound to win sooner or later. I wish, though," he added, half laughing, "that young Peters "I'll do it," said Walter. "When here could get a place, too, for he's owing me six months' board."

This is a true story of a real boy. -Christian Standard.

Kindness in a Street-Car.

One warm spring morning a poor woman entered a heavily-laden downtown cable car in one of our large Western cities. Besides her large market-basket, she had two small children, hardly more than babes. A glance at her careworn face and the shabby, although clean, attire of herself and the children told at a glance

of many a struggle with poverty. She was evidently on her way to market, and, having no one to leave the babies with at home, had been forced to take them with her. Perhaps this had been the case before, for with a glance at the "rules and regulations"-all fares five cents cash, and only Infants in arms free-she put her basket on the floor in front of her and took both the children in her arms for the long, weary ride.

car two daintily-dressed school-girls, week. agreeable intimacy, sharing their as fresh as the June morning itself. rambles and frolics. Ladies there Their merry faces sent a thrill of pleasure to the hearts of the other passengers, so much of youth's buoyance and happiness did they seem to

They found seats next to the poor woman, and after a minute or two the one nearest said to her, "Let me hold your little boy for you," at the same was no shame in doing anything that | time transferring the warm little bundle of humanity from the over-crowd-

The words were spoken so gently, and accompanied with a smile so winning, that the little fellow made no Still it was with a very shrinking objection, but was happy and contented all the ride; especially when a rosycheeked apple from the pretty lunchbasket found its way to his tiny hands.

The woman's grateful "Thank you!" as she left the car, showed that not which rested on him either in curiosity only were the weary arms rested, but the heart cheered, by the little act of thoughtfulness.

"What made you do that, Ruth?" asked her companion. "See how he has mussed your nice clean dress. It would have been so much easier to Walter. "Have you turned huckster?" have paid his fare and let him have a

"Yes," said Ruth, "it would have been easier, but I don't think it would have been so kind."

"God bless her!" exclaimed an old gentleman with white hair and goldrimmed spectacles, as the corner was reached where the girls got off to go to school. "God bless her, and may she long live to make the world brighter and better by her kind acts!"-

2)oung Molumn

Edited by C. E. BLACK, ST. JOHN P. O.

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Stories, Letters, and other work, PUZZLERS' PARADISE.

The Mystery Solved .- No. 47.

No. 250 .- "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any

No. 251. - David. No. 252. - Hugh No. 253.—Locomotive.

No. 254.— TOW TEXAS VOWEL NAP WEN

No. 255.—C H I G R E HORRID IRVINE GRINDS RINDLE EDESED

No. 256.-S-ina-I P-ain-T A-ren-A I-mpe--L N-app.Y SPAIN ITALY -- | The Mystery-No. 50 | --

No. 267.—DIAMOND PUZZLES. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.) boy's nickname; a letter.

2. A letter; a liquid; a small boat; an animal; a vowel.

3. A letter; impulse; tapestry; a colour; a letter.

No. 268. - DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE. BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S. A. "Bes tht brhm bd m ve, nd kpt m chrg, m cmmndmnts, m sttts, nd m ls, nd sc dlt n Grr."

No. 269.—Cross Word Enigma. BY BERTHA L. SMITH, Cent. Hampstead.

In cat, not in dog; In ape, not in hog; In paper, not in ink; In bear, not in mink : In rain, not in snow : In moan, not in woe ; In oar, and in boat; In ulster, not in coat:

In motto, not in picture.

No. 270 - WORD SQUARE. (BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

My whole is a town in Scripture.

A planet's plane sometimes; Russian name; fanatic; an odd word; white powder; a place in the East.

-The Mystery Solved in three weeks.-

The Mystical Circle. -

Address all correspondence for this Column to the puzzle editor, C. E. Black, St. John P. O., N. B.

WE are pleased to see so many Shortly afterward there entered the taking an interest in the work, as this

MISS MARY WARD, Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A., correctly solves Nos. 251, 252 and 256. Yes, school work must come first, but try to send us some more puzzles soon. Your prize will doubtless reach you soon. It was not forwarded as soon as I expected.

J. T. APPLEBY, Brookline, Mass., J. S. A., will accept thanks for the nice puzzle. Send more. It will ap-

"Pansy," F'ton Junction, also has

thanks for the excellent lot of puzzles. Write often. Nos. 251 and 252 correctly solved. CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, again visits our ranks. Thanks for nice

puzzles. You are always welcome. LORETTA M. LONDON, Good Corner, also has thanks for puzzles. The error

occurred with printers. L. F. BARNES, Bath, has our sincere thanks for nice lot of puzz'es. Pleased to learn of your interest.

UNCLE NED. Home Hints.

TEA CARE. Two eggs, one cup white sugar, six cups flour, three cups of milk, two teaspoons soda, four teaspoons cream tartar, a small piece before baking.

indian meal, one and one-half cups graham flour, one cup wheat flour, one cup molasses, three cups milk, one done. teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt; steam three hours, and then dry in oven ten minutes.

will de) of green corn previously cut from the cob (it will not matter if the corn has been boiled), two eggs, one cup cream or milk, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking powder, one small cup flour. Fry the same as griddle cakes in hot lard.

GRAHAM BISCUIT.—Three cups graham flour, one cup wheat flour; rub into them two tablespoons butter, one half cup sugar, one beaten egg; add to this three teaspoons baking-powder, a little salt, and milk enough to make a

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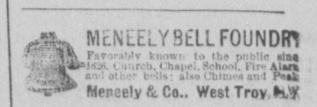
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