

## Jolly Tom.

BY MARY E. BALDWIN.

Tom Jenkins was jolly,  
That all the town knew;  
He was jolly on Sunday,  
And all the week through.  
Jolly young Tom!

He spent money freely,  
For he thought: I am strong,  
And ye rs to earn money  
Will be many and long.  
Jolly young Tom!

So, for drinks at the bar  
At the corner saloon,  
His money passed often,  
And was spent all too soon.  
Jolly young Tom!

And the years passed away,  
As what long years will not?  
And the once jolly Tom  
Was a crippled old sot.  
Doleful old Tom!

And the boys on the street  
Hooted at him each day,  
As he reeled on the walk,  
Or in gutter he lay.  
Drunken old Tom!

Did it pay, think you, boys?  
Cannot every boy see  
That, to be jolly when old,  
They must certainly be  
Temperance boys?  
—The Well Spring.

## Discontented Boys in the Country.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Joe Thomas lived on a farm in the country, and, although many boys would have thought themselves fortunate in having such a home, he was about as discontented a fellow as could be found.

Some of the city boys, who had visited him during the summer vacation, told him that he was "green," that he would be very foolish to remain on a farm all his life, and that if he had any spirit about him he would go to the city, where he would have an opportunity of seeing life as it should be seen.

Joe's father wanted him to remain at home, learn to be a farmer, and settle down on the homestead as he himself had done. But Joe would not heed the advice. He was thoroughly discontented as many another country boy has been, and his one purpose in life was to get into some city where he could wipe out the stain of "greenness," which he fancied every one could see.

He finally succeeded in doing as he wanted to; a friend of his father procured for him a situation in a store where he could earn a trifle more than sufficient to pay for his board, and he left the broad acres, whereon he had toiled with a heavy heart because of his longing to get to the city, without a single regret at parting from the dear ones at home. The farm-house nestled among the trees at the foot of the hill, looked dingy and shabby as he drove away from it to "see life as it should be seen," and in the ripening grain and fruit he saw nothing but reminders of ignoble toil. According to Joe's belief, life in the country was hardly less than a form of slavery, while it was only in the city that happiness could be found.

Now, boys, and more especially you country boys, who are beginning to think just as Joe Thomas thought, I want to tell you how he was disappointed in his bright dreams, and if you are wise you will profit by his experience.

He found a boarding place, where the small stuffy room, which was quite as good as any his fellow clerks had, offered a poor contrast to his cosy little chamber at home, fragrant with lavender scented linen, and as tidy as the apartment in the city was disorderly.

Instead of looking out over fields of waving grain, tasseled corn or nodding buckwheat to the lofty hills beyond, when he was in his room he could see only a brick wall hardly fifty feet away. Instead of the fragrance of the flowers he had the odor of garbage from the unswept streets, and instead of being lulled to sleep by the chirping of the crickets and the plaintive cries of the katydids, he was kept awake by the rattle of carts and rumble of the street-cars. At the table, the difference between the food prepared by the servants in the boarding-house and that cooked by his mother, was so disappointing that it seemed to him he could never enjoy a meal again until he could get one at home.

But all this was necessary training; he would rid himself of what the city boys called "greenness."

Joe had been told that a boy on a farm is obliged to work harder than one in a store in the city. He could see little or no difference, save that in the former case he labored in the open air, where everything was bright and healthful around, while in the city he was shut from the sunlight and deprived of the health-giving breezes, laden with the perfume of fruits and flowers. At night, instead of joining with the boys from the neighboring farms in

husking or paring bees, candy pulls, coating or skating, he was forced to remain in his cheerless room or walk about the streets, where the bustling crowds, intent only on business or their own pleasure, caused him to feel even more lonely than when he was entirely alone.

He was not many days in learning that he had been "green" only from the city boys' standpoint, and that, so far as country life was concerned, they were the ones who were green.

After he had "seen life," according to the ideas of his city friends, he wrote to his father, and the following is an extract from his letter: "I am coming home to work on the farm. I did think that such labor was almost degrading; but I find that it is quite as honorable, and certainly more manly than doing a woman's work behind a counter. You need never fear that I shall ever again want to exchange the independent farm life for that of the city, and I am sure that to be called green will trouble me no more. It is better, I think, to be of those who produce something in this world than of those who depend upon the productions of others, and I now think that there can be no more manly calling than that of a farmer."

Joe went home, and he was wise in so doing, as wise as you will be, boys, if you remain on the farm, where you have the proud consciousness that you are doing far more good in the world than if you were "seeing life" in the city. What would become of the people in this world if all the farmers should suddenly conclude that tilling the ground was not a sufficiently noble calling?

When you are discontented with your lot, boys, remember that it is the farmer upon whom all the people in the world depend for the actual necessities of life; then you will understand that no calling can be more honorable than that which is actually and in fact the mainstay of the whole.

## What Saved Him.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, toiled out the academy clock.

"Phew!" exclaimed Joe Phillips in dismay, "I should like to know where this hour had gone to? I hadn't an idea it was more than ten minutes since I sat down. Only twenty minutes more before recitation. I can't begin to get my lesson in that time. I wish that Dick had never lent me that horrid old book, I do." And Joe gave a suspicious-looking yellow-covered book an impatient toss into the further corner of the room. In his heart he knew that Joe Phillips and not Dick Foster was mostly to blame in the matter.

He knew when he took it that it did not look like the kind of book that his mother would like him to read, and he certainly had no business to touch it this morning in study hours. But he was right in a very exciting part; he had only intended to read a page or two at the most, just enough to find if the hero escaped alive from the peril which threatened him, but before he knew it almost the whole hour had gone by. In twenty minutes he must go to his class, and his lesson was but half prepared.

He had not had an imperfect mark this term, and he did so want to take home a perfect report, it would please mother so; dear mother, who had cheerfully sacrificed so much to be able to send him here—it was a shame in him to be so careless.

If Joe had been a girl, I believe he would have fairly cried with vexation and disappointment. As it was he bit his lips hard, and kicked the little hassock at his feet as vigorously as though that had been the cause of his trouble. What in the world can I do? I do just hate to go and get a bad mark. Poor little mother. She won't find a word of fault, but she will look so disappointed, and Joe gave the unconscious hassock a harder thrust than ever.

A second later Joe sat bolt upright in his chair, with a look in which relief, dismay and uncertainty chased one another across his face in quick succession. That something or somebody who is always at hand in our moments of weakness, when we are most susceptible to temptation, had whispered a suggestion in Joe's ear.

"Why not help yourself a little, just for to-day, you know? You've never done it before, and you need never again. You wouldn't now, only for your mother's sake. A few words on a bit of paper or inside your cuff, and you will pull through all right. If you feel troubled about it, you can stay in recreation hour, and get your lesson as thoroughly as you please; that will make it all right, anyway."

But away down in his heart of hearts Joe knew that if he did it, nothing could make it all right again; he should always have to remember that he cheated.

"But it is for mother's sake," he pleaded, to save her from being disappointed, and it is only for this once. I'll never get caught so again."

It was a sore temptation for Joe. He had set his heart on carrying a perfect report home to his mother, she had been so pleased when he had told her in his weekly letters that, so far, he had not had a bad mark. If he had only a better excuse to offer he would not care so much. What harm could there be in just helping himself in a few of the hardest places? Lots of boys did. He would certainly get the lesson perfectly that afternoon.

Three, four, five minutes were gone and Joe was still parleying with the tempter; six—he had taken his pencil up—seven—he was writing rapidly on a bit of paper, but his face was flushed and uneasy.

Suddenly he started, and thrust his bit of paper out of sight. There was a footstep in the hall, but it passed his door, and Joe, taking out his paper, was going to resume his writing, when his eyes fell on his mother's picture. It seemed to him that she was looking at him sadly and reproachfully. Somehow it troubled him so that he could not write, and rising, he went to the mantel and was just about to turn the pictured face to the wall, when there flashed into his mind an incident of his childhood. He had done something which he knew was wrong, and he was trying to hide it from his mother, but she had found him out, and he had never forgotten what she said: "There is one thing I want you to remember always. As you grow older you will be away from mother more and more, and you will do many things that I shall never know about, but, laddie, though you can hide your thoughts and acts from me, there is One who will know them all. You can hide nothing from him. 'Thou God seest me.' Remember that, Joe, his eye will be on you always."

Joe did remember it now, and stood still in dismay. He might turn away his mother's picture, she need never know that he had done this wrong act, but God would see him all the time. Could he, remembering that, write those papers, carry them down to the class with him and use them? Perhaps more depended upon Joe's decision than he realized then. I believe he thought so in after years. I fancy if he had yielded to the tempter then, he would have found it hard to have resisted him again. But he did not yield; he went back to his table, took the bits of paper, and tore them to atoms; then he studied for dear life until the recitation bell rang.

He told his mother all about it when he went home.

"You don't know how queer I felt, mother. In the first place, all I thought of was you. I couldn't bear to have even your picture looking at me, and then, when I went to turn that away, I remembered what you had said to me that time when I was a little shaver about God's seeing me always, and—I don't know—it seemed so real that I couldn't do it then."

"I am glad of it, my boy; I am sorry about the mark, but not one-tenth part as sorry as I should be if you had gained a perfect one dishonestly. Remember, Joe, you may deceive those about you. You may hide your acts from me, but you can never, never, with all the cunning in the world, hide anything from God. His eye is always upon you. Think of that when you are tempted to do wrong."

"I will" promised Joe, earnestly, and he kept his promise. Many a time in after years he remembered it, and was prevented by the thought of yielding to temptation.—Exchange.

## Home Hints.

Horse-radish roots grated and moistened with vinegar, put in a bag and applied to the seat of pain will cure neuralgia.

A round piece cut from worn-out cashmere hose and cat-stitched to the wrong side of the knee of children's hose with strong cotton will strengthen them greatly.

Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua-ammonia to each pailful of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odors.

A simple and efficacious remedy for tender feet is to bathe them before going to bed in a strong solution of salt water, to which a liberal quantity of saleratus should be added. Dry the feet after having bathed them, and remove any roughness with a piece of pumice stone. If the feet are very tender the operation may with advantage be repeated on rising in the morning.

Every housekeeper has a right to insist that the members of her family should promptly obey the summons to meals, otherwise he will undergo

great annoyance, loss of time and derangement of her domestic routine. The food, too, loses much of its excellence by standing, and getting cold and stale. No matter how deeply one may be interested in any pursuit, how much absorbed in a book, go promptly to the table when meals are announced.

## Young Folks' Column.

Edited by  
C. E. BLACK,  
CARE SETTLERS  
KINGS CO., N. B.

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, and other work by the young.

## {PUZZLERS' PARADISE}

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 42.]

No. 223.—Children.

No. 224.—J. No. 225.—PARLOR  
CAP AHEAD  
JAMES READ  
PET LAD  
S OD  
R

No. 226.—ABNER  
BLARE  
NATAL  
ERASE  
RELET

No. 227.—"So light to the croupe  
the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he  
sprung."

No. 228.—"Christ is my sun and  
shield."

—[The Mystery.—No. 45.]—

N. B.—WE ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE PUZZLES! PLEASE?

No. 240.—ANAGRAMS.

(BY "PANSY," Fredericton Junction.)  
1. Man's a rag. 2. O vile nut, O!  
3. Dug Action.

No. 241.—CHARADE.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.)  
My first is to have liberty; my second is to blossom. My whole is a flower.

No. 242.—DIAMOND.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)  
A letter; a colour; a boy's name; a useful article; a letter.

No. 243.—TRANSPOSITION.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S. A.)  
"OS Arambah tenerrud unot sih  
uggyro nem nad yehsore pu dan tnew  
geerthto ot sheerbeaB: adn abamAh  
elwdt ta seBehaber!"

No. 244.—HALF SQUARE.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)  
An English town; a Burmese city; birth; judges; destroys (pho.); narrative poems; fits (phonetic); to prove; two-thirds of eat; a letter.

No. 245.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

1. What chapter in the New Testament has three verses alike?  
2. Where is "frying pan" found?  
3. Where are the following in one verse: Basket, unleavened bread, unleavened cake, cake of oiled bread, wafer and fat?  
4. How long did Jehu reign over Israel, and where was he buried after his death?

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—[The Mystical Circle.]—

C. L. CURRIE, Upper Gagetown, has

Uncle Ned's thanks for Bible Queries. They reached me after going through the INTELLIGENCER Editor's hands. You will see at the head of this column where all puzzles, etc., should be addressed. Please send answers to your queries to C. E. Black, etc., as above. No. 222 is correctly solved. Write again.

The prize for best batch of puzzles was awarded Miss Mary Ward, Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A. She will please acknowledge receipt.

UNCLE NED.

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