

Be Careful what you Sow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!  
For seed will surely grow, boys!  
The dew will fall,  
The rain will splash,  
The clouds will darken,  
And the sunshine flash;  
And the boy who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!  
For every seed will grow, girls!  
Though it may fall  
Where you cannot know,  
Yet in summer and shade  
It will surely grow;  
And the girl who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!  
For seeds will surely grow, boys!  
If you plant bad seed  
By the wayside high,  
You must reap the harvest  
By-and-by;  
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day  
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!  
For all the bad will grow, girls!  
And the girl who now  
With careless hand  
Is scattering thistles  
Over the land  
Must know that whatever she sows to-day  
She must reap the same to-morrow.

Judge Stanfield's Conversion.

"Of course you will vote for the 'No License,' Edward?" said Mrs. Stanfield to her husband one morning at the breakfast table, as she leaned eagerly forward with an unusual lustre in her brown eyes and a heightened color in her cheeks.

Judge Stanfield moved uneasily in his chair as he answered: "I think not, Carrie."

"My dear husband, please do not let me be so disappointed in you. I cannot understand why you do so."

"Well, there are a good many things you would probably understand were I to try and explain them to you. Women's lives are largely made up of emotional influences and consequently they are too apt to be led away through sympathy. Men, and the Judge drew himself up proudly, "base their actions on a broader platform—well, in fact, men look at the universal good more than the peculiar needs of the few."

"I must say you are very ambiguous, Edward. If this is the way men reason I do not understand you. Please be a little more explicit."

"To tell you the truth, Carrie, there is much talk of sending me to the Legislature; and once there, perhaps, might sometime even look for a seat in Congress. Now, should I take the side in this contest you desire me to, I should have no chance of gaining the goal I desire."

"So! you place your vain ambition in the balance against impoverished wives, famishing children, and the present debasement and eternal misery of men. Indeed, I think you over-estimate yourself in the eyes of the One possessed of infinite wisdom."

"I told you it was of no use for us to have an argument over these questions. We do not look at them from the same standpoint."

"Now, Edward, is your political promotion of such interest as the saving of Col. Bedford's son, or the son of Widow Morse?"

"Well, Carrie, I have no son to save. Those who have should look after them."

"Widow Morse has no power of redress through the ballot, and Col. Bedford does not realize his son's danger or his own."

Judge Stanfield was the most prominent man in the little town of Carmi, where there was earnest work being done to abolish the dozen saloons which were doing their devastating work amid the community.

Mrs. Stanfield was a woman of much culture, warm sympathies and an earnest worker in the W. C. T. U.

There was only one child within the Stanfield home, Eva, a girl of seventeen, bright, beautiful and intelligent, and dearer to her father than anything else he possessed. Seldom was the Judge so engrossed in business but that the light step of Eva would recall him from the complex questions he was pondering, and his fine eyes would light up and his handsome face take on a look it never wore at other times.

"I want to go down to Glenville, papa," said Eva, coming into her father's study one day. "Perhaps you remember my telling you about Sarah Annell, my dearest friend at school?"

"I think I do, Eva. Now, I expect the mentioning of this proposed visit is the prelude for seeing the inside of my pocketbook, eh!"

"I shall need some money; although you have bountifully supplied me with garments. I feared most you and mamma would be lonely without me. Will you miss me very much, papa?"

"Of course we shall miss you, child! Yet we are not too selfish to keep you from enjoying yourself."

"That's a darling papa," and the fair cheek of the girl leaned for a moment against the cheek of the man.

"When shall I meet you at the station, Eva?" asked the Judge as he held his daughter in his arms for a moment before the train rolled away.

"I think I'll not trouble you to come for me, papa. I would not want to stay one hour after I had ceased enjoying myself—and you know it would be too bad for me to come when there might be something wonderful in prospect for me. So I'll have Lawson take me home from the station; he is trustworthy." And with a gay little nod to hide her real feelings, Eva was gone.

While Eva Stanfield was in Glenville, the momentous question of "License or No License" was decided for Carmi; and to the great disappointment of temperance workers it was license.

This happened only the day before Eva Stanfield's return. Carr Lawson was at the station when the train steamed in upon which Eva had come, and as she stepped upon the platform she recognized him, and giving him a nod asked him to take her home.

"What can it mean?" said Mrs. Stanfield, going into her husband's library. "There is quite a number of people coming down the street, evidently carrying something. And O, Edward, it cannot be! Yes, it is our darling child, I do believe," and the mother was flying through the hall with trembling form and face as white as those we lay away tenderly.

Judge Stanfield gave a sudden moan, but he had no power to go out to meet that awful procession coming in; so he sat there with dazed eyes, seeing and yet not seeing.

For an hour the physician and anxious friends had worked over the seemingly lifeless form of Eva Stanfield before there were signs of returning life.

"Thank God she breathes," said the Judge as he knelt beside her, clasping the cold hands.

"How did this thing happen?" and Judge Stanfield turned to one standing near.

"Why, it seems that Lawson had not recovered from celebrating the 'victory,' as he terms it, of yesterday, and he was careless in his driving, so Miss Eva was thrown out upon a curb. You know his horses are mettlesome."

Judge Stanfield looked into the eyes of his wife, seeming to read there: "You had no sons; alas, you did not care for your daughter!"

Eva did not die; but she is a hopeless invalid.

Looking upon the stricken form of his child, Judge Stanfield awakened to a sense of his duty to others. He does not desire political advancement; but he does desire a nation's freedom from the curse of the rum power.—*Chris. Inquirer.*

Ned Hoyt's Luck.

"'Lucky Ned Hoyt' was the popular sobriquet of the railway magnate.

"A man," his associates would tell you, of only moderate talents, born in poverty, with no family or social influence, yet he had mounted the ladder of success rapidly and steadily. Nothing to help him but luck, blind luck."

Let us look a little at the steps of this ladder up which Ned climbed so fast. He was the son of a poor woman, who gave him a few years schooling and then found him a place as "elevator boy" in a hotel. Ned had one aim,—to find work on a railroad and there to make his way up. He stuck to that one idea; he never changed it, he never forgot it. The men who used the elevator daily found the boy always clean, always polite and eager to be of use. He became a favorite, especially with one, a station-master on a railway leading out of the city.

To him Ned, choosing a moment when he was in good humor, frankly told his story and his hope. "Can you give me work?" he asked.

"Yes," the man said, "in the yard; but it will be hard and poorly paid. Better stay where you are."

"You never can rise in an elevator—above the fifth story," retorted Ned laughing.

He was set at handling freight on the platform. In a month he attracted the notice of all the men in the yard by his unflinching promptness, energy, and good-humored courtesy. His eyes and ears were always open, and he was eager to learn the business and the methods of the road.

One day the freight-master needed a temporary helper in his office as one of the clerks was absent,—suddenly ill. He applied to the yard-master for a substitute, "if you've got a wide-awake young fellow, not afraid to work."

"Here's your man!" said the yard-master, tapping Ned on the back.

"What luck Hoyt has!" said his companions, as he went into the office. At the end of the week the sick man returned, but Ned had made himself

too useful to be dismissed from the office. A year later a small road applied to the larger one for a man competent to superintend its freight department. Nobody was surprised when Hoyt was chosen.

Ned threw himself into the interests of the new road with zeal and introduced into its management the methods of the older systems. At last he saw an opportunity for a grand coup by which to insure the success of the road and his own as well. By building a short branch, it would tap the trade of a productive region. He urged this action upon the directors: the road was built. In a few years two great railways saw the vast advantages held by the smaller line, and bid high for them against each other. The short road was at last incorporated in one of the larger ones, and Hoyt was taken into its board of management.

"Blind luck!" cried the men whom he had left behind.

But as years passed, and Hoyt always cheerful, energetic, and good-humored, steadily rose to the chief control of the road, never failing to see and secure an opening for its advancement or his own, his comrades began to suspect that there was some secret in his success other than that of luck.

Can our boy-readers explain it?—*Youth's Companion.*

Habits of Courtesy.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to everyone else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, the impression which we make in society—not coveting the good opinion of those who are in a sense part of ourselves, and who continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and girl, cultivate habits of courtesy and propriety at home in the sitting room and kitchen as well as in the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.—*Selected.*

What Makes a Boy Popular?

What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Hezekiah Butterworth in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. During the war, how schools and colleges followed popular boys! These young leaders were the many boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one, will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. "I know not," once said the great Governor Andrew, "what record of sin may await me in another world; but this I do know: I never yet despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 15.]

No. 87.—Neh. 9:18.

No. 88.—  
(a) N (b) W  
L E T M A N  
N E V E R W A T E R  
T E A N E T  
R R

No. 89.—Jer. 38:21.

No. 90.—Job 41:19; Job 40:23;  
Numb. 11:5; Eccl. 7:1.

No. 91.—(1) Prov. 6:6. (2) Gen. 33:38. Twice. (3) Saml. 26:20.

No. 92.—Y  
T O N  
Y O U T H  
I T S  
H

No. 93.—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

No. 94.—(1) "Let each with joy remember this, That God hath work for all."

(2) "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

The Mystery—No. 19.

No. 111.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.  
(BY "FLORRIE," Lakeview.)

1. Where and how many times is "inn" mentioned?
2. Where is "purse" found?
3. Where is "gnat" mentioned?

No. 112.—TRANSPOSITION.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)  
Neht doreviled mih eroferahs otnu meht os eb deificure.

No. 113.—DROP-LETTER.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)  
F-r-h-n-a-r-w-s-i-k-a-t-n-e,  
n-t-y-a-d-r-s-e-h-e-o-e.

No. 114.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.

(BY DALE MCUTEKIN, Upper Gagetown.)  
(No. 1.)

"I stum rothw ponu hte rolfo,  
Eht surts i ntecan aet  
Ofr namy a nubgry tleilt noe  
Ulowd nihkt hent uigte a eartt."

(No. 2.)

"Ew rea revy tille legls  
Aro mensa rea neinej taka nad ramy  
Dad nodt uyo nihkt hatt ache fo su  
Uldow kame a srit-tare noiarysim,  
"Hapsrep oyu kinht ew rae too gunoy  
Nad uldeo otn aelue uvo voling herstom  
Elwl hent ew ano mose nepnies raen  
Dan os lehp no eht rowk rof herstot."

No. 115.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY ETTA A. MANZER, Millville.)

In sun, not in moon;  
In night, not in day;  
In foot, not in hand;  
In wind, not in rain;  
In summer, not in winter;  
In straw, not in hay;  
In town, not in city;  
In barn, not in house;  
In small, not in large.  
My whole is something disagreeable.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

THAT PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE successful competitor in the late prize competition, which we kept open until May 1st, was JARRIE WADE, CROSS CREEK, she having sent in all 52 approved puzzles to May 1st., and 23 to April 1st. The next in order is Emily Hicks, Woodstock, she having sent 37 puzzles, and 12 to Apr. 1st.

UNCLE NED.

True Gentlemen.

"I beg your pardon!" and, with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you? We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and it is best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again Harry turned to join the playmates, with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charlie Gray. "He is only old Giles."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one, and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or sells vegetables through the streets."

A distinguished author says, "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

WE quote from a letter recently received from Miss Eleanor Pope, Port Haney, B. C. "For sore throat, coughs, croup, bruises, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best thing I have ever used."

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