

A Life Story.

Just a child with his toys;
And he thought, "I will try to be good to-day;
For mamma is busy, and papa's away.
He says it is right to allers obey,
And be brestest of boys.

So the hours soon slipped by,
With never a cross word to darken their shine,
With never a cause to lament or repine,
And never a whimper, never a whine,
Much less a child's cry.

When a lad at his books,
With elbows on desk, head bent o'er his task,
"I've got it!" he says; and if you should ask,
"Got what?" "My lesson!" he cries, as you back
In his sunshiny looks.

And he goes to say,
"I'm trying, you see, to be steadfast and true,
And always in earnest in all that I do,
I pray God to help me each day—wouldn't you?
And I work while I pray!"

Next, a youth at his trade;
Month by month, year by year, just to win
A competence here, and rare heart peace within,
"Steadfastness" his motto, no swerving to sin,
And a character made.

So a man at his post,
Ever ready for battle, to do and to dare;
To labor and conquer, to win and to wear;
A man whose life prospects are wondrously fair,
Who rare talent can boast.

Last, a Christian at death;
His life labor ended, his battles all won;
His closing eyes fixed on the slowing setting sun;
His weary feet resting, his race almost run;
A prayer his last breath.

And the noble man dies;
"Steadfastness" is written upon his white brow;
His once busy hands, folded peacefully now,
Seem pointing to heaven; he wins by his vow
Swift ascent to the skies.
—Mrs. Findley Braden

VACATION.

A CASE WHERE IT WAS ARRANGED TO DO THE MOST GOOD.

"We must lay aside an extra five for repairs," said Burr Parker to his brother, as the two were making preparations for a long-anticipated vacation trip to the North Woods.

"Only I hope we won't have to use a cent that way. We want some extra flies," replied Jack.

"That makes me think; don't let's forget to ask father if he isn't going to give us our ammunition."

"Fraid he won't. Fact is, I don't like to ask. Say, Burr,—Jack turned from the gun he was polishing with a perplexed look on his face—"father seems worried. You know he told us early last fall he couldn't afford to send us all off on a vacation this summer, but if we had spunk enough to earn our own money we might go."

"Well, haven't we? You and I have made a cool hundred dollars, counting in Uncle Ned's birthday gift of money."

"Yes; but I expect it's going to crowd him to send mother and the babies down to the seashore, and they ought to go."

"And we oughtn't, you mean?" Burr looked up ruefully.

"No, I didn't say that. We've earned it and of course we can go; but I don't want to ask a cent from father."

"He does look sort of peaked, that's so," mused Burr, after a minute of vigorous rubbing. "Say, when did he ever take a vacation?" he suddenly asked.

"Don't know—yes, I do too," said Jack. "Don't you remember when he took us all to Deerfield one summer when he was little shavers?"

"Whew! That's fully ten years ago!" exclaimed Burr, straightening himself up under the dignity of fifteen years.

"I don't see how he stands it."

"Well, he don't—that's all there is about it. He's getting awfully worn, and it costs a heap for us all to go off so. We expect to spend our hundred, and it costs mother and the babies lots more than it does us. I've made up my mind never to stir another step on his earnings, and he staying here swelling in business to keep us all going. Times are panicky, too, men say, and he has to economize. I heard him tell mother so."

"Look here, Jack Parker!" Burr thrust the gun into its case. "I feel awful mean about going at all. Why not hang around here and give our money to mother and the babies. We'll get up the river occasionally."

"That's a tremendous say and a tremendous do!" exclaimed Jack, dropping the rod he was fixing. "But, hang

it all, Burr, I can't help thinking how peaked father looks. I say—you know Joe Stout's father died last summer while all were up in the mountains, and folks said—"

"I know what they said," broke in Burr. "They said if he'd stopped work and rested up a little he might have lived. They said, too, his big family made such demands on him he couldn't, and Joe was up in the woods then. Well, we aren't going, so there! Make demands! Not much, we aren't—and mother's got to go, and father, too."

"I don't know as he can," said Jack, slowly.

"He's got to—some way. Here get these traps out of the way, Jack. I don't want to see them."

"Well, you beat me," returned Jack. "Do you know what his going means?"

"Yes, sir," Burr promptly returned, as he swept the old flies into a drawer. "It means for you and me to broil in that little mill office in dog days, look after hands, smell grease and tar, and walk home to get an outside whiff of fresh air, as he has been doing for ten years without stopping."

"That's just it, but—"

"No buts. We'd have to if there was no father, and I'm going to begin right now so that won't happen. We'll get rich and then go to the woods. Clear out of here!"

The excited boy pushed Jack out of the room, locked the door, and, as he afterward declared, threw away the key.

It took some time for their father to realize that the boys meant what they said when they informed him that they were not going on the trip, but were to send him instead. Then it took some time to gain his consent, but every objection was coolly overruled.

"Every ten years, a summer off, I guess," said Jack, while Burr declared two boys were equal to one man and a piece over.

They knew enough about the business to keep things going straight for a month at least, with the aid of the confidential clerk, and so they were just going to run things. Mrs. Parker added her entreaties when she saw the boys had determined upon it, and finally he agreed to go.

Then there was a little private talk which opened her eyes somewhat, and the result was that father, mother and babies decided to go to the old homestead in Deerfield in place of the seashore, and see his old mother—a trip she found he had longed for.

"It will not cost more than a hundred for us all, and I shall not have to take out a cent from the business, thanks to you, boys, so I'll do as you say and leave business behind," he announced to them in such a relieved tone that they exchanged glances, and Burr tossed up his cap in satisfaction.

The days were warm and dull, the work confining and trying, but the two kept at it—now in the office, now in the mill; "for there's no use of half doing it," Jack insisted; and it was so well done that the month extended into six weeks under the clerk's private report. Nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Parker knew just what a blessed vacation it had been, though the boys had guessed pretty closely, but as they took the car that night to the depot, to meet them, they learned what might have been.

"So Parker took a vacation?" said one gentleman near them to another at his side.

"Yes," returned the other, "and in the nick of time. Dr. Max tells me he was on the point of breaking down. It was all that saved him."

"So I hear, but I was afraid his business would go under. Morse has failed. Is Parker solid?"

"Times through straight. His clerk tells me it hasn't cost him a cent, and those two boys of his—why, sir, do you know those two young fellows gave up their summer, sent him off, paid his way, and stayed at home to look after things in his place. They've done it, too, like men. Ah, sir, if there were more such thoughtful sons there would be fewer failures," the gentleman concluded, as the boys left the car unrecognized.

Is it to be wondered at that Jack and Burr saw through misty eyes as they entered the depot, or that the mist grew thicker as, after mother and babies, they turned to greet a tanned, ruddy-faced man whom they could hardly believe to be their father? But they wrung his hand with a glad heart as he beamed upon them with a fervent "God bless my boys!"

"And that was better than the biggest salmon ever hooked," Burr exclaimed that night, dashing away a shining drop that blurred his vision as he recalled it.

"Or bringing down a moose," returned Jack, heartily adding, "Say, Burr, I never enjoyed a vacation so much in my life before."—Selected.

The Drunkard's Catechism.

Who is it that loafs at ease while you toil from morning till night? *The rumrunner.*

Who is it that buys houses and lands and struts in fine clothes with the money which might have kept your family from being turned into the street and from going in rags? *The rumrunner.*

Who is it that takes your last cent for his poisonous drinks, and shuts the door in the face of your wife when she asks credit for a five-cent loaf of bread? *The rumrunner.*

Who is it when your money and reputation are gone, and you have no friend left to pay for your drink, will take you by the coat-collar and kick you into the gutter? *The rumrunner.*

Who is the man who lives by crushing human hearts? Yes; then throw his chain off your neck, and shake his clutch from off your soul.

USES OF HOT WATER.—Hot water is one of the best among simple remedies, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. For instance, headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung out and applied over the toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief.

A strip of flannel, or napkin folded lengthwise, and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied round the neck of a child that has the croup, will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time, is helpful in the case of constipation and has a most soothing effect upon the stomach.

A goblet of hot water taken just after rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics.

HOPE FOR HIM.—How often do we hear a parent say of a mischievous boy: "I would not mind so much if I could only believe him." Whatever his other traits, truth is essentially the touchstone of a boy's character. The following is a case in point:—

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"O, yes," said the father, "he is honest, he will tell the truth, even when it against himself; you may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. He will make a reliable, manly man."

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. 26.

No. 145.—
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No. 146.—Charlottetown.

No. 147.—
"One sweet solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than I ever have been before."

No. 148.—
Speak no evil and cause no ache,
Utter no jest that can pain awake;
Guard your actions and bridle your tongue,
Words are adders when hearts are stung."

No. 149.—
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No. 150.—
"Better to do well than to say well."
"It is never too late to learn."
"Idle people have the most labour."

No. 151.—(1) a (2) a
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No. 152.—Compact.

The Mystery—No. 29.

No. 164.—DIAMOND.
(BY EDWIN, Cornhill.)
A letter.
A liquor.
A useful article.
An abbreviation.
A vowel.

No. 165.—DIAMOND.
(BY EDWIN, Cornhill.)
A letter.
A hateful animal.
A man's name.
A useful metal.
A letter.

No. 166.—ENIGMA.
My first is in Havelock;
My second is in Apohaqui;
My third is in Amazon;
My fourth is in Upham;
My fifth is in Norton;
My sixth is in London;
My seventh is in England.
My whole is a town in N. B.

No. 167.—ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
In cap, not in hat;
In rap, not in knock;
In ink, not in pen;
In camp, not in house;
In keep, not in hold;
In man, not in boy;
In ten, not in nine.
Whole is a small insect.

No. 168.—DROP-VOVWEL PUZZLE.
(BY G. MCCULLOCH, Waasits Sta.)
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w - h - n - f - r - s - t - w - p - r - c - t - c - t - d - c - v -

No. 169.—BLANKS.
(BY "PEARL," Bervick.)

Transpose the following words and fill in the blanks:—Leaf, Nest, Shop, Thorn, Wolf, Rats, Deaf, Heart, Table, Stake, Mid, Saw.

1. John — — to pick —
2. Boys like to —
3. How the lambs —
4. The — is a small insect.
5. What rivers in Canada — — ?
6. The — shall — away.
The — grow — with age.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

EDWIN, Cornhill has our thanks for kind words. No. 158 correctly answered.

OUR LETTER BOX.
CORNHILL, K. Co., N. B.,
July 9th, 1891.

Dear Uncle Ned,—
I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but I have not. I have been very busy and have not had time to write any puzzles. I am away spending my holidays now, and my address after this until further notice will be Cornhill. With good wishes to the puzzle department, I am,
Your true cousin,
EDWIN.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

THE ENVY of her friends, a lady who uses "Lotus of the Nile" Perfume.

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Hall's Hair Renewer eradicates and prevents the formation of dandruff, thickens the growth, and beautifies the hair as no other preparation will.

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SPRING, 1891.
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Custom work made up to order on short notice.
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30 new Children's Carriages just arrived to suit the babies.
Satisfaction guaranteed to every customer.
JAMES G. McNALLY.
April 8, '91.

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Robes, Shrouds and Funeral Goods of every description always in stock, and Furnishings at Low Prices.
Telegraphic orders promptly attended to. Day or Night orders will receive prompt attention. Telephone No. 26.
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A Full Line of Furniture always in Stock. Repairing and Upholstering done.

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IMPERIAL and SPECIAL BLEND are my own specialties which I can highly recommend—being of combinations of the flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics with that of our own Matchless Strawberry.

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AND ENDING
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5TH.

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