

Our Little Boy who Ran Away.

"I'm going now to run away," said little Sammy Greer one day. "Then I can do just what I choose. I'll never have to black my shoes, or wash my face, or comb my hair. I'll find a place, I know somewhere; And never have again to fill That old chip-basket, so I will."

"Good-by, mamma," he said; "good-by." He thought his mother then would cry. She only said, "You going dear?" And did not shed one single tear. "There now," said Sammy Greer, "I know she does not care if I do go; But Bridget does. She'll have to fill That old chip-basket, so she will."

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy, Your off for sure? I wish you joy." And Sammie's little sister Kate, Who swang upon the garden gate, Said anxiously as he passed through, "To-night whatever will you do When you can't get some 'lasses spread At supper-time on top of bread?"

One block from home, and Sammie Greer's Weak little heart was full of tears. He thought about "Red Riding Hood;" The wolf that met her in the wood; The bean-stalk who kept so mum When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo fum;" And when he saw a "policeman," He turned and quickly homeward ran.

Soon through the alley-way he sped, And crawled in through the old woodshed. The big chip-basket he did fill; He blacked his shoes up with a will; He washed his face and combed his hair; He went up to his mother's chair, And kissed her twice, and then he said: "I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

—Susan Teall Perry.

Bessie's Little Trick.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

"How very smiling you are!" Gertie Barry exclaimed, as, meeting Bessie Coleman on the street, she stopped for a little chat. "Have you heard good news?"

"No; something real funny has happened; and I'm so glad I have met you, for I'm just dying to tell somebody, so we can have a good laugh over it," answered Bessie, smiling more than ever.

"What is it? Do tell me!" "Promise not to tell, honor bright?" "Yes, indeed."

"Cross your heart?" "Deed and 'deed I will!" Gertie replied, so fervently that she evidently understood what Bessie meant by this adjuration—a common one among school girls, and one which I must confess I do not understand.

"You know what an old fuss-budget my sister Linda is when she's going anywhere, don't you?" continued Bessie. "Yes; she's a regular old maid."

"She always is dying to get everywhere an hour too soon, and then she's in a stew because other folks are not ready to start before daylight. She is going to a concert with Aunt Dora this afternoon."

"Are you going, too?" "No; and I think it's too bad, for I've got twice as much ear for music as she has!" pouted Bessie. "I've got to spend my afternoon doing a lot of errands for grandma. Well, as I was about to say, Linda is in her room prinking, though it is only a minute or so past twelve, and my Aunt Dora is one of the behind-hand people. So, when I passed her door and saw that the key was on the outside of it, I just thought I'd come a little trick on her, and I turned it real easy; and there she is, locked in!"

"Suppose your aunt does not wait for her?" "Oh, as soon as I have ordered some sugar and things mamma wants from the grocer, I am going home to let her out. I shall not be gone ten minutes. Linda is very easily scared; and, when she finds herself locked in, she'll have a canipion fit."

"My mother never allows me to play any practical jokes; she says they are dangerous," said Gertie, seriously. "I must say mamma don't like it, either. But she has gone downtown, and never will know it; for there's one good thing about Linda, she never tattles."

"Suppose something should happen, and you'd forget to unlock the door?" Gertie asked anxiously. "I never forget anything!" retorted Bessie, loftily.

"Something might detain you."

"I shall not allow anything to delay me. I'm just as sure to be home in ten or fifteen minutes as—as the sun is sure to rise to-morrow."

"Then we musn't stand chattering here any longer," said Gertie, with a smile, as she ran along.

Bessie was perfectly sincere in thinking that nothing could do should detain her; but girls twelve years of age have very little idea of the uncertainties of every-day life. Her memory was, as she said, remarkably good; but she was very rash in saying: "I never forget."

Just as she was leaving the grocery store she met her brother's wife, who

asked her to come home and lunch with her, adding:

"Your mother is there, and she told me to drive around to your house and get you, as after lunch she wants to take you to try on a lovely coat she saw at S.'s, which she thinks will fit you."

Bessie always enjoyed a visit to her brother's cosy little flat. It was full of pretty, new furniture and ornaments, and his young wife delighted to show her delicate china, her embroidered table linen, and the proofs of her culinary skill to her husband's family. So poor Linda was completely forgotten.

After luncheon Bessie went to the store with her mother and tried on the coat alluded to.

"Yes, that fits very well," said Mrs. Moulton, as Bessie turned first one way and then another. "If you had been melted and poured into it it could hardly fit better. Here is a darker one, which will suit Linda's taste. I do wish she hadn't gone to that concert. I could—why, what ails you, child?"

For at the mention of her sister's name Bessie turned as pale as any ghost could be supposed to be.

"Do you feel faint? Sit down here," continued her mother, leading her to a chair. "I thought you were unwise to eat two of those shrimp patties at lunch, after taking that rich chocolate and the hot biscuit."

"It isn't that, mamma," Bessie began to sob. "Linda is locked in."

"Linda locked in! Locked in where?" "What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Moulton, nervously. She was alarmed, fearing that Bessie's mind was wandering.

But when Bessie explained her "little trick" Mrs. Moulton was even more alarmed; for Linda was a nervous, timid girl, but recently recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and not considered well enough to go back to school. What effect this might have upon her she dreaded to know.

Of course they lost no time in getting home; and during the ride Bessie had leisure to repent of her deed, and to realize that one can never tell what an hour may bring forth.

Linda had, as her mother feared, become very nervous on finding herself locked in a room on the third floor, with no one in the house except two servants in the basement. She had cried herself into a high fever when her aunt called for her to go to the concert and the maid went to her room to find her, and, as a result, was ill for many weeks.

"I never, never will indulge in a practical joke again, I hope!" Bessie said to her mother one day. "I didn't think so much harm could come of it."

"That is just it; you 'didn't think' of anyone but yourself, of anything but your own amusement," answered Mrs. Moulton. "You thought it 'funny' to alarm your sister for a few moments; but, had you made it your rule of life to do to others as you would have them do to you, you would never have touched that key. If Linda had died during her illness could you ever have forgiven yourself for your thoughtlessness?"

"Never, mamma, never! I should have felt as if I had murdered her."

"Then, my dear, remember to be considerate of others' feelings rather than your own, and try to sacrifice your own amusement whenever there is danger that it may be at the expense of another person's comfort or happiness. 'Bear ye one another's burdens' is a command we are apt to forget," Christian Register.

Mother not to Blame.

Tom had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seatmate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard the teachers talking about some of their pupils; he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seat-mate.

"Jamie must have a very lovely mother, I think," said one; "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another. "But I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go on to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him a miserable boy for the rest of the day; and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper: "You've been a mean boy, and they've laid it all to your mother!"

Now he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he

had brought discredit upon her name. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and, going up to his teacher, he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it: "I want to tell you—that—that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

I don't think Tom thought at all what a brave thing he was doing; he did not think of anything but the wish to defend his mother; but when the teacher took his hand and said: "Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown himself brave to-night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future;" he thought, "I wonder if the other boys know that, good or bad, all they do is laid to their mothers."

How Bow Legs are Made.

Mothers, in training their little ones to walk, seem never to think of how bones grow; that the bones in a child's legs are soft, half-cartilaginous, and that it is an easy thing to bend them. Hence the need of being careful about having their children walk too soon, or of keeping them on their feet too long when they are first learning to walk. The senseless conduct of many parents in urging their children to walk prematurely is productive of lasting injury. Long before soft bones ought to have any strain put upon them you will see these poor infants made to stand and even to walk, and by the time they are fourteen or sixteen months old their little legs have been bent very considerably. Pitiful and permanent deformities produced in this way are seen on every hand. Under a year let the child creep, but do not let it walk, seldom, indeed, stand, and then only for a moment; and from a year to eighteen or twenty months do not encourage it to walk much, still less set it upon its feet to make it walk. Even after the legs are more or less bent, the mother might manage to straighten them somewhat by taking her hands and gently trying to straighten them.

I have seen another good hint somewhere. A mother whose child had weak ankles and bow-legs found that a good plan was to remove the shoes (or shoes and stockings if the weather is warm) and let the child have free use of its feet and ankles. The writer stated that the experiment had been tried and that it was eminently successful; that very bad bow-legs had been straightened in that way, simply by removing the encumbrance of footgear and letting the little fellow have full freedom of action.—Good Health.

—I am not what I was; I am not what I would be; I am not what I shall be; but, "by the grace of God, I am what I am."—John Newton.

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. 18.]

No. 101.—JOSEPH McLEOD.

No. 102.—M

RAT

MARIA

TIN

A

No. 103.—Dorchester.

No. 104.—Morning glory.

No. 105.—In Halifax there lived a

gentleman called M. Davis. He married

a lady whose name was Grace White. He had a goat. One day the

goat was climbing a rocky hill, when

Albert attempted to follow it. Before

the father saw the danger of his son,

he had fallen off a precipice, and was

injured very badly. While he was

being carried home, the goat reached

the summit in safety.

No. 106.—Puzzles.

No. 107.—

"Once a block of marble,

Now a sculptured gem,

A noble use of noble things

Brings worth its diadem."

No. 108.—s

t t m

treat

steamer

mamma

tea

r

No. 109.—

1. p 2. t

elm pat

plait taper

mia ten

t r

3. t 4. t

era top

trait t

aim p

t r

No. 110.—Squadron.

—[The Mystery—No. 21.]—

No. 116.—ENIGMA.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

In cup, not in dipper;

In surprise, not in frightened;

In bad, not in wicked;

In mat, not in rug;

My whole is an island near S. A.

—:—:—

No. 117.—DROP VOWEL.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

N th rst f th cts f Jah, nd

ll tht h d d, r th nt rtt n

th bk f th chncls f th kngs

f Jdh.

—:—:—

No. 118.—DIAMONDS.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

(a). A letter; a pronoun; of small

cost; a part of the body; a letter.

(b). A letter; a deed; a fragment; a

resinous substance; a letter.

—:—:—

No. 119.—ARITHMETICAL.

(BY "FLOSSIE," Lakeview.)

(1). If 8 bushels of grain will last 7

horses 5 days, how long will 16 bushels

last 4 horses?

(2). If six men can do the work of

24 women, and 4 women do the work

of 6 boys, how many men can do the

work of 18 boys?

—:—:—

No. 120.—ENIGMA.

(BY DALE MC MULLEN, Upper Gagetown.)

In run, not in walk;

In silence, not in talk;

In proud, not in meek;

In book, not in slate;

In love, not in hate;

In barn, not in shed;

In mattress, not in bed.

The whole is the name of a king of

Judea.

—:—:—

No. 121.—ENIGMA.

(BY D. MC MULLEN.)

In turkey, not in goose;

In hen, not in duck;

In eagle, not in dove;

In pork, not in beef;

In onions, not in garlic;

In potatoes, not in cabbage.

The whole is a useful article.

—:—:—

No. 122.—BIBLE QUESTION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

Where are cinnamon, odours, oint-

ments, frankincense, wine, oil, fine

flour, wheat, beasts, sheep, horses,

chariots, slaves and souls of men, all

contained in one verse?

—:—:—

No. 123.—DROP LETTER.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"O-e-e-r-s-e-i-g

-s-i-e-e-r-w-e-i-g."

—:—:—

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—[The Mystical Circle.]—

GERTRUDE McCULLOCH, Wassis Sta.,

has thanks for nice puzzles. Nos.

104, 105, 106 and 110 correctly solved.

G. A. GRASS, Wassis Station, solves

101, 102, 103, 106 and 110. Thank

you for the nice puzzles.

UNCLE NED.

Minard's Liniment cures

Diphtheria

Use "MAUD S." CONDITION POWDERS

for loss of appetite in your horses and

Cattle.

Smart Weed and Belladonna com-

bined with the other ingredients used

in the best porous plasters, make

Carter's S. W. & B. Backache Plasters

the best in the market. Price 25

cents.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—Having used MINARD'S

LINIMENT for several years in my

stable, I attest to its being the best

thing I know of for horse flesh. In the

family, we have used it for every pur-

pose that a liniment is adapted for, it

being recommended to us by the late

Dr. J. L. R. Webster. Personally I

find it the best allayer of neuralgia

pain I have ever used.

B. TITUS,

Proprietor Yarmouth Livery Stable.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for

the blood.

Professional Cards.