

DO IT.

Know what you've got to do first, and then do it;
What you do, do at once—you never will rue it;
Let duty direct you, and never pooh-pooh it;
If your horse has a loose shoe, why, let the smith shoe it.

If your chair-back is broken, get the glue-pot and glue it;
What you do, do at once—you never will rue it;
If your lesson is hard, work hard and get through it;
If your seam is ill-sown, get a pin and undo it.

What you do, do at once—you never will rue it;
If your burden is heavy then bend your back to it;
It won't grow the lighter because you eschew it;
What you do, do at once—you never will rue it.

A Valentine Story.

"There! I know who did that!" exclaimed Parker Boyd, pointing at a rude picture on his desk at school. Parker Boyd made this remark to Walter Getchell after school. They were alone in the school-house.

"What is it?" asked Walter. He bent over the grotesque drawing that had roused Parker's ire. It was a donkey, and under it was the information, "A correct likeness of P. B."

"Ha! ha! I didn't do it. The boys are scattering them round," said Walter.

"I didn't think it was you, but I know, Walter, who drew it. Come here! Look out of the window! See the wretch? He did it!"

Walter, looking out of the window, saw Nat Pomeroy in front of his house, busily making a trench in the long bank of snow near the side-walk. The rain was drearily, heavily beating down all the while, and without mercy smote the bowed, pitiful little figure.

"Oh, I don't know! What makes you think it was Nat?" asked Walter. "That's the way he makes P. B. He made the letters on my slate to-day. If I hadn't rubbed them off like a booby, you could see for yourself."

"Well, well! I expect to get one of that sort. The boys are just crazy and don't care who gets hit, and are sending them right and left. I had one on my desk to-day."

As he spoke Walter sharply eyed Parker, but the latter made no reply. Walter abruptly asked: "Now, didn't you send it to me, and put it on my desk?"

"No—sir!"

"But it is your work."

"Let me see it."

It was a worse donkey than Parker's. "Oh!—Oh! Oh!" stammered Parker. "I b-b-believe I did make it, but I didn't put it on your desk. I did not intend to, either. It's mean. Don't believe in it. Wouldn't give anything if I couldn't give a good thing. Somebody came along—must have—and left it on your desk."

"I believe you, but may not somebody have done the same thing to Nat's picture, supposing he drew it?"

Parker was not willing as yet to retract from his first opinion, but said he would think it over. The two boys separated.

Parker went to his home, which was near that of the trench-digger. The puny little Nat worked away in the rain, and Parker could but pity him.

Saying nothing about that caricature found at school, Parker went into his own house and left the trench-digger busily plying his shovel before the Pomeroy home. Parker had occasion to go out in the evening.

"Oh, my!" he said, reaching a street lamp that shed its rays down upon the scene of Nat's late labor.

"The rain has filled up Nat's trench, or it has got choked some way, and the water is running over on to the side-walk and down into Nat's yard. Good! That's what I call retribution! A donkey-artist ought to suffer."

When Parker returned from his errand, he saw that the overflow had increased. He seemed to see Nat just as he appeared working away so dolefully in the rain.

"The little chap! Not bigger than a snail! His father, too, is weakly, and it wouldn't do for him to work out here. Guess I'll be merciful. I'll get my shovel and open that trench. The rain won't work its way through my waterproof."

When Parker had finished his job, he said, "Anybody looking—Nattie, for instance? I would like to surprise him in the morning, and his folks too, if any of them have noticed tonight that this trench was all choked up."

He had hardly finished his soliloquy when a voice said, "A good job that! Much obliged!"

"Welcome!" said Parker, wondering who it might be.

Looking sharply at the passer-by, he murmured, "Squire Sinclair, I do believe! I'd like to have his money! I think father would, too! Father was saying yesterday he wished the Squire would surprise him and give him a fat job."

The Squire was a rich neighbor. Parker's father was a carpenter. Parker shouldered his shovel and went home saying to himself, "Guess there will be a surprise over at the Pomeroy's in the morning."

There were several surprises in the morning.

"Neighbor," said Mr. Pomeroy to Mr. Boyd, "I was fearfully afraid last night my cellar floor would be just a big puddle. I saw that my boy's trench was filled, and yet I couldn't go out, and my boy took cold when he was out, and he couldn't go again. Now some good angel cleared out that trench for us. A very, very agreeable surprise! My boy said it would be like your boy to do it. My boy thinks a lot of your boy."

"My boy didn't say anything about it," observed Mr. Boyd.

"Well, I guess it was your boy," said Mr. Pomeroy. I saw a foot-track, and I should say it was about his size."

"Ha! ha!" softly laughed Parker behind a fence, overhearing this conversation. "The joke is, I borrowed my big sister's overshoes when I went out there."

Another surprise.

"Neighbor, I think it is pleasant to do neighborly things," said Squire Sinclair to Mr. Boyd, "and your boy did one last night. I saw him working like a good fellow clearing out the Pomeroy trench. If he hadn't done it, I should have been flooded on my lot. Ahem-m-m! Mr. Boyd, that makes me think! The water gets to the underpinning of my shed—it stands rather low, you know—and the whole concern needs overhauling, raising, and so on, and I don't know but I might as well have a new shed. Guess I'll get you to build me one."

A third surprise.

Said Will Clement to Parker Boyd and Walter Getchell just before school, the next morning,—

"Any of you boys get pictures on your desks that you didn't like? My turn to dust the desks last night after sweeping, and I was in a hurry to get away, and I flopped my cloth round lively, and I am pretty sure I set some paper flying that Nat Pomeroy had left on his desk, and that you, Parker, had left on yours. Didn't mean to be a poor mail-carrier and drop things where they might not belong, but I guess I sent a donkey where Nat didn't intend it; I saw him draw one, and he said it was a faithful likeness of an old favorite his aunt had, 'Poor Billy,' and he set it down 'P. B.' I thought if you got it, you might kick a little, Parker."

"And show that I was a donkey," said Parker.

"And I know where my donkey came from," chimed in the voice of Walter.

The boys all laughed.

"I'll dust more carefully, next time," said Will Clement.—*Herald.*

How Six Boys Earned Their Fun.

"Hurrah, boys! Three cheers for the grandest coasting of the season!" shouted Ben Green.

"When?" "Where?" "How?" questioned five merry boys together.

"This afternoon, down Scrabble Hill, on father's wood-sled," replied Ben, answering all the questions in one sentence.

"How did he happen to let you have the sled?" asked Harry Green, Ben's cousin.

"I thought he was too busy hauling to spare it for half a day in such fine sledding weather."

"He had to go to Millville on unexpected business; and he said, as it was not likely he could spare the sled again before the thaw begins, I might invite you boys to go coasting."

"How jolly for us that he had to go! We'll have lots of fun."

"Yes, but it's not so jolly for mother. She had planned to do her baking today, so she could go tomorrow to see a friend from the West who's visiting at the minister's. She can't go any other day, either, before Mrs. Harris goes home."

"What's to hinder her baking to-day?" asked one of the boys.

"She's out of fire-wood. Father had a load cut ready to haul this morning for her, but now she'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"Boys," exclaimed Harry, "let's haul that wood for Aunt Mary ourselves. We six could load it in no time, and we'd enjoy our coasting ten times as much if we earned it first."

"That's a fact!" "So we will."

"Good for you!" "Come along, Ben!" shouted the four boys, enthusiastically.

Only Ben hung back, with bent head and a red face.

"What's the matter, old fellow? Don't you want your mother to have

her fun once in a while as well as you?" asked Harry, indignantly.

"Of course I do, Harry Green," answered Ben, with flashing eyes; "but I didn't ask you fellows to come here to work to pay for a sled-ride."

"Well, don't you s'pose we know that? It isn't for you: it's for Aunt Mary, the best woman in the country. I'll wager there's not a chap here she has not done something for some time or other."

"That's so," answered the four, in a chorus.

"All right. I'll be glad enough to have her go tomorrow, and I couldn't haul that wood by myself," Ben replied gratefully.

Away the six boys tramped to the barn, hitched the oxen to the sled, and drove down the long lane to the Woods. Three hours later, a great noise of shouting brought Mrs. Green the kitchen door. There stood the sled piled with well-cut wood, and the six boys sat on top.

"Mother, here's your wood. Is there time yet for you to do your baking? Please don't cook any dinner. A picked up dinner is good enough for me."

"Please bake to-day, Aunt Mary. You will disappoint six boys as well as your friend if you don't go tomorrow," added Harry.

"Bless you for the best boys that ever lived!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, with tears in her eyes. "I can bake easily now."

A glorious time those six boys had that afternoon, and an unexpected reward in the evening; for Mrs. Green called them in, and placed before them apples, nuts, pop-corn and a big pan of doughnuts fried expressly for them, while Mr. Green told thrilling tales of his adventures in the Rockies to the boys who had thought of others' pleasures before their own.—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the on-lookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here, and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole, and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up, and looked around in a defiant way; but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sort today. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Young Peoples' Column.

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

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward; "Upward!"

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 8.]

No. 39.—Gourmand. No. 40.—Quinine.

No. 41.—D
H I T
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No. 42.—
"Little children love each other,
Never give another pain,
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again."

No. 43.—
"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

No. 44.—"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

No. 45.—Solomon.
—[The Mystery—No. 11.]—

No. 58.—Drop-Vowel Puzzle.
(BY F. L. B., Lakeview.)

"Th's-s n-nsw-r, th--nf-l-ng m-n,
T-ex-c-s-th-c-r-r-n-t-f-th-c-r-lty."

No. 59.—Bible Query.
(BY J. E. BARBOCK, Carleton, St. John.)

How many times is the word "helm" mentioned in the Bible?

No. 60.—Cross-Word Enigma.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In ant, not in fly;
In arm, not in leg;
In aim, not in mark;
In lark, not in bird;
In rap, not in side;
In rap, not in lark;
In tea, not in drink;
In south, not in north;
In side, not in end.
Whole is a trade.

No. 61.—Cross-Word Enigma.
(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

In bake, not in cook;
In sorrow, not in joy;
In jacket, not in coat;
In basket, not in box;
In daisy, not in lily.
My whole is something good to eat.

No. 62.—Transposition.
(BY ETTA A. MANZER, Millville.)

"Dan chre hals eb gnthi rhtle
nad yeth dene on dlenae, thenier ithl,
fo eth usn; orf hte orLd oDg ivgthe
mthe gthil nda eyth lalsn grier ofr vree
dan vere."

No. 63.—Bible Questions.
(BY C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown.)

2. (a) Where is the word "ferry-boat?" (b) the word "wench?"

2. Where is mention of the most men killed in battle, and how many were killed?

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown, has our thanks for Bible queries. No. 45 correctly solved.

JULIA E. BARBOCK, Carleton, St. John, will accept thanks for nice puzzles. Nos. 37 and 38, all in No. 8, except 41, all in No. 9, save 50, 51 (partly) correctly solved.

FLORENCE I. BLACK, Lakeview, has our hearty thanks for the nice lot of puzzles. Why did you mix puzzles and answers? Never write on both sides of paper, dear sister, when writing for the press. Nos. 40, 42, 43, 44 and 45 correctly answered. Write often. How are you progressing with your studies? Yes, I am that, indeed!

THE PRIZE WINNER for February is DALE McMULLEN, Upper Gagetown, he having sent in 23 approved puzzles. Mary Ward, Minneapolis, follows with 22 puzzles.

Boys, are you smoking cigarettes? If so, you are slowly but surely committing suicide—that is, you are murdering yourselves! Do you know that about twenty-nine states of the Union have passed laws prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to boys? Why? Because the best physicians in this country and in Europe declare that boys who smoke cigarettes ruin their health; some of them become insane, others become weak, nervous invalids, and many die before they attain to manhood, because they poison themselves by smoking. Boys, never smoke or chew tobacco in any form; and you who have begun to do so, quit at once. You can do it if you will. If you do not quit you will be weak and nervous, and in a few years die, and be put in the cold, damp, dark grave.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly or thoughtlessly done.

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