

I Can't, I Won't, And I Will.

Three little boys in a rollicking mood
Out in the snow at play:
Their hearts are light, for the sun was bright
On that glorious winter day.
Three little boys with shouts of glee;
Slide down a snowy hill,
And the names of the rollicking little boys
Are "I Can't," "I Won't" and "I Will,"

But play must cease, and a warning voice
Calls from the open door.
"Come, boys, here's a task for your nimble hands;
We must have it done by four."
"I Will" speeds away at his mother's command,
With a cheerful and sunny face,
And "I Can't" follows on with a murmur
And groan
And a weary lagging pace.

But "I Won't," with a dark and angry frown,
Goes sauntering down the street,
And sullenly idles the time away
Till he thinks the task complete.
At school "I Will" learns his lessons as well,
And is seldom absent or late;
"I Can't" finds the lessons all too hard
"I Won't" hates books and slate.

So the seasons come and the seasons go,
In their never-ceasing race,
And each little boy, now a stalwart man,
In the busy world finds his place.
"I Will," with a courage undaunted, toils
And with high and resolute aim,
And the world is better because he lives,
And he gains both honour and fame.

"I Can't" finds life an uphill road;
He faints in adversity.
And spends his life unloved and unknown
In hopeless poverty.
"I Won't" opposes all projects and plans,
And scoffs at what others have wrought,
And so in his selfish idleness wrapped
He dies and is soon forgot.

Effie's Broken Promise.

"And you'll be sure to come, Effie!"
Jenny Gray's tone was so earnest
That Effie Dent looked a little surprised.

"Why, of course I will, if mother'll let me," she answered. "I always do come when you ask me, don't I, Jennie?"

"Yes," admitted Jenny, "but I was afraid you might forget about it this time. Come by seven o'clock, Effie."

"Very well, I will. Perhaps I can come earlier than that. Good-bye; I must stay any longer. If I'm so late getting home mother'll think I've been kept in."

Jenny nodded, and, closing the gate, went dancing along the path that led to the big brick house in which she lived. Jenny was nearly always merry, but to-day she seemed even happier than usual. And, no wonder, for Jenny had a secret. It had been all she could do to keep from telling Effie.

"But I want it to be a surprise to her," she thought as she skipped along the path. "She surprised me, last year, when she gave me that pin-cushion on my birthday, and now I want to surprise her."

Effie Dent went on down the road alone. She and Jennie always walked home from school together, and generally lingered a good while at Jenny's gate before they could make up their minds to separate. To-day Jenny had asked Effie to come over after supper and spend the night. Effie wondered if her mother would let her do so. She thought that if she received permission to go, she would carry over her box of paper dolls, and she and Jenny and Louise could play with them until nine o'clock. It was Friday, and there would be no school the next day, and they wouldn't be sent to bed as early as usual.

Effie found her mother in the kitchen getting supper. She asked her at once if she could go to Jenny's to spend the night.

"Why, yes, you can go," said the mother. "There's another invitation for you, too. Uncle Frank was here a little while ago, and he wanted you to come over to-night. He said he would crack some nuts, and you could make molasses candy."

Effie's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, I'd rather go to Uncle Frank's," she said.

"But didn't you promise to go to Jenny's?"

"Yes; but that doesn't matter, mamma. I can go to Jenny's any time."

"I think it better that you should always keep a promise, Effie."

"Oh, a promise to Jenny isn't anything."

"It is just as much as a promise to any one else. You must always make your word as good as your bond, or people will soon lose faith in you. No one will feel confidence in any promise you make. You can go to Uncle Frank's another time."

Effie argued a while, and even cried a little, but her mother was firm, and she had to submit. But she felt very much out of humor when the time came for her to go.

"You can put on your red dress, Effie," said Mrs. Dent.

"My red dress!" repeated Effie.

"Just to go over to Jenny's! Oh, this everyday one will do well enough, mamma."

"No; put on the red one. I like to have you look nice," said Mrs. Dent. "You can carry a long-sleeved apron with you."

So, a little before seven o'clock Effie started forth, in her hand a black silk bag containing the long-sleeved apron and the box of paper dolls. Her mother kissed her good-bye at the door of the kitchen.

"I hope you'll have a nice time, Effie," she said.

"If you'd let me go to Uncle Frank's I'd be sure to have a nice time," rejoined Effie.

"Oh, I don't think you'll feel sorry to-morrow that you kept your promise. The thought that you are doing right ought in itself to be enough to make you happy," said her mother.

"But it isn't," said Effie, as she walked away.

As it was still early in the fall it did not grow dark until about half-past seven, so Effie did not hurry at all. And when she got to the cross-roads she sat down on a big stone to think. The right hand road led to Uncle Frank's, the left to the big, red brick house where Jennie was waiting for her. It would be so easy to take the right instead of the left hand road! And she did want to go to Uncle Frank's so much!

A long, long time Effie sat there thinking; so long that it began to grow dusk; and then she sprang up suddenly and ran down the right hand road, as if something were chasing her.

She was all out of breath when she reached Uncle Frank's.

"You must have run all the way," said her uncle who opened the door for her. "Why didn't you start earlier, Effie?"

"I started just as soon as I could," answered Effie, who somehow or other did not feel as happy over being at Uncle Frank's as she had expected she would.

The evening was disappointing, altogether. When they went to get the molasses to make the candy they found the jug empty, and so had to give than plan up; and Aunt Martha had the headache and couldn't bear any noise; so Uncle Frank decided not to crack the nuts. He read aloud to Effie, in a low voice, some short stories about hunting wild animals in India, and Aunt Martha dozed on the sofa, with a handkerchief wet in camphor bound about her head.

"I'm afraid you had a dull evening, Effie," her uncle said, when at nine o'clock he lighted a candle for her to carry upstairs. "But it couldn't be helped this time, my dear."

Effie cried a little after she was curled up in bed. She felt very guilty and unhappy, remembering the promise she had broken; and she wondered what her mother would say when she knew of it.

"I didn't know it would make me feel like this to break a promise," she thought. "I'll never break another as long as I live."

She went home very early the next morning, and stole softly into the kitchen. Her mother was clearing off the breakfast table.

"Home again, Effie," she said. "You are very early. I did not expect to see you for an hour yet. Did you have a good time?"

Effie shook her head.

"Not very," she answered in a low voice.

Mrs. Dent went on with her work. She did not look at Effie, who had sunk down on a bench by the sink.

"Mamma, I want to tell you something," said Effie, after a little struggle with the inclination to keep the story of her wrong-doing a secret.

"Well, what is it, my dear?"

"I didn't go to Jenny's after all, mamma. I went to Uncle Frank's."

"Yes, I know you did," said Mrs. Dent. "Jenny's father came over here after you about eight o'clock. Jennie thought something must have happened to you."

"Mr. Gray came for me!"

Effie stopped crying in her surprise.

"Yes; they had a little party over there last night. It was Louise's birthday, you know, and Mrs. Gray let Jennie invite about twenty girls and boys. She asked you to stay all night because there was no one to bring you home."

"Why didn't Jennie tell me they were going to have a party?"

"She wanted to give you a surprise. She told me of it several days ago, and asked me to make you wear your red dress."

Effie put her head down on the edge of the sink and began to sob.

"It made me feel very badly to know that I have a little girl who can't be trusted to keep her promise," said Mrs. Dent.

Effie sprang up and ran to her mother with the tears streaming down her face.

"Mamma, if you'll only forgive me

about this I will never, never break a promise again," she cried.

"This is a promise you are making now, Effie."

"Yes, and I'll keep it, mamma," said Effie, and half the pain in her heavy little heart went away as if by magic as her mother bent down and kissed her, whispering:

"I think you will, dear. I think I will be able to trust my little daughter after this."—Standard.

"YOU DON'T PAY UP."—At a recent Sunday-school service in Detroit the clergyman was illustrating the necessity of Christian profession in order to properly enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world; and to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get any water?" He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into the premises after such faultless plumbing. "Can one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking over the flock of wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem. "I know," squeaked a little five year old. "You don't pay up!"

Home Hints.

SPANISH CREAM.—One quart of milk, one-half box of gelatine, mix together and let boil until gelatine is dissolved. Yolks of three eggs, beaten with four tablespoons of sugar. Stir the boiling milk into this and boil again a minute or two. After taking from the fire stir in the beaten whites, flavor with vanilla, turn into a mould, set on the ice to cool. This may be eaten with jelly.

A NICE DESSERT.—Take two tablespoons of cornstarch, wet this in cold water, pour on a pint of boiling water and cook the starch stirring it until clear; add the juice of two large lemons, and eight tablespoons of sugar, the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth; beat all together, put in a high mould and leave in ice until ready to use. Make a boiled custard of one pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, sugar and vanilla to taste; put on ice to cool. Turn cornstarch into a glass dish, pour custard over it and serve.

BREAD CAKE.—Two cups of risen dough, two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoon of soda, two table spoons of sweet milk, one-half pound of currants, one teaspoon of nutmeg, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of cinnamon. The dough should be used after the rising; cream, butter and sugar; dissolve soda in hot water; beat the yolks of the eggs, add creamed butter and sugar, spice, milk, soda and dough. Stir until all are well mixed, add beaten whites, lastly the fruit; beat well five minutes. Let it rise twenty minutes in two pans and bake. (Will keep a month).

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. 19.**

No. 111.—(1) Luke 10:34. Once.
(2) Mark 6:8.
(3) Matt. 23:24.

No. 112.—John 18:16.

No. 113.—Psa. 38:2.

No. 114.—NO. 1.

I must not throw upon the floor

The crusts I cannot eat,

For many a hungry little one

Would think them quite a treat.

NO. 11.

We are very little girls,

Our names are Jenny, Kate and Mary

And don't you think that each of us

Would make a first-rate missionary?

Perhaps you think we are too young,

And could not leave our mothers;

Well then we can some pennies earn,

And so help on the work of others.

NO. 118.—Snow storm.

The Mystery—No. 23.

No. 124.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A vowel; time; to copy; did eat;

a vowel.

2. A letter; a number; a drain; a

useful article; a letter.

3. A vowel; impulse; a musical in-

strument; a liquid; a letter.

NO. 125.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In come, not in go;

In no, not in yes;

In neck, not in head;

In first, not in last;

In lip, not in tongue;

In ink, not in pen;

In cap, not in hat;

In taper, not in line.

Whole is a struggle.

No. 126.—TRANSPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

I vole hetm thta voel em dna hety

hatt kees em raely lash difn em.

No. 127.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "PANSY," F'ton Junction.)

In house, not in barn;

In knife, not in fork;

In eye, not in mouth;

In straw, not in hay;

In iron, not in steel;

In dog, not in sheep;

In light, not in dark;

In yellow, not in green;

In pig, not in cow;

In chair, not in stool;

In milk, not in tea;

In cat, not in mouse.

Whole is a symbol.

No. 128.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY SORETTA M. LONDON, Bloomfield.)

In horse, not in cow;

In round, not in square;

In sister, not in brother;

In eat, not in drink;

In paper, not in book.

Whole is a prophet.

No. 129.—DROP LETTER.

(BY S. M. LONDON, Bloomfield.)

T-u-c-a-h-h-L-r-G-d-h-

w-d-n-o-e; a-d-e-o-d-a-b-s-

-e-e-s-m-e-f-u-t.

No. 130.—CHARADE.

(G. A. GRASS, Wassis Station.)

My first is something we eat;

My second is a useful article;

My whole is the name of a flower.

No. 131.—TRANSPOSITION.

(G. A. GRASS, Wassis Sta.)

"If uth ifan n hte ady fo sivydaert

hyt srentgh si lamsl."

No. 32.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY GERTRUDE MCCULLOCH, Wassis Sta.)

In hat, not in cap;

In year, not in month;

In man, not in boy;

In rain, not in snow;

In day, not in night;

In woman, not in girl;

In short, not in long;

In cat, not in dog;

In pear, not in plum;

In hand, not in foot;

In gold, not in brass;

In sweet, not in sour;

In hay, not in grass.

My whole is the name of an explorer.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.**The Mystical Circle.**

HATTIE B. S. MERRITHW, Keswick,

has our thanks for the nice puzzles.

She must send answers to ensure pub-

lication. Nos. 111, 112, 114, 115 and

all in No. 20 correctly solved.

SORETTA M. LONDON, Good's Cor-

ner, has our thanks for nice puzzles.

"PANSY," F'ton Junction, solves

Nos. 112, 114 and 115. Thank you

for the nice puzzles.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has

thanks for another lot of puzzles.

G. A. GRASS, Wassis Sta., correctly

reveals all in Nos. 19 and 20; so, also

GERTRUDE MCCULLOCH of the same

place.

UNCLE NED.

OUR LETTER BOX.

CROSS CREEK, May 11, '91.

MR. C. E. BLACK,—

I have received both Prizes. I am

very much pleased with them. I thank

you very much for them. I am going

to school now. I will send you some

more Puzzles next week.

CARRIE WADE.

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man's Friend.

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The new air ship travels 200 miles

an hour, good time, but none too quick

if one wanted Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

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throat, croup, colds, rheumatism, pains

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quality.

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does not happen to be within reach,

people are liable to neglect slight ail-

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follows they have to suffer the con-

sequences. "A stitch in time saves

nine."

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