

A MAN

Before a boy has doffed his kilt He wants a sword with a flashing hilt, He must manage a train, though it be of chairs,

But many a boy is unmanly to-day, Because there are so many "ifs" in the way;

Oh, there are so many "ifs" in the road That leads to manhood's highest abode!

So who would be manly should keep in mind, He must ever be gentle and brave and kind,

Bessie's Little Trick

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

"No; something real funny has happened, and I'm so glad I've met you, for I'm just dying to tell somebody, so I 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."

"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 Lida is when she is going anywhere, don't you?" continued Bessie.

"Yes; she's a regular old maid." "She always is dying to get every where an hour to 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—"

"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 am about to say, Lida is in her room prinking, though it is only a minute or so past twelve, and my Aunt Dora is one of the behindhand people. So when I passed the 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?" "O, as soon as I have ordered some sugar and things mamma wants from the grocer I am going to let her out. I shall not be gone ten minutes. Lida 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 down town and never will know it; for there is one good thing about Lida, 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 tomorrow."

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

Bessie was perfectly sincere in thinking that nothing could or should detain her; but girls twelve years of age have 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 Lida 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. Coleman, 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 Lida'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 hot biscuit."

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

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

But when Bessie explained her "little trick" Mrs. Coleman was even more alarmed, for Lida 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 no one can ever tell what an hour may bring forth.

Lida 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 would come of it."

"That is just it; you didn't think of any one but yourself or anything but your own amusement," answered Mrs. Coleman. "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 Lida 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 burden' is a command we are apt to forget."

How She Keeps Well

She is a brisk little type-writer in a downtown office. Her hours are long, and she is far from strong, yet she seems to stand work much better than many more robust girls. The other day a woman asked her how she managed to keep so rosy and cheerful.

"Why, I think," she said, "the secret of it is that I humor my little wants. I keep a regular storeroom of things in the office to coddle myself with. I find it is the trifles of life that tell on me, so I am particularly careful about trifles. If it is winter time I keep a soft woolen cape to throw about my shoulders if I feel chilly. I wear thick-soled common sense shoes in the street, but it takes too much vitality to wear them in the house all day, so I change them for slippers as soon as I reach my desk. I never take cold, for I am used to the change. If it is summer I keep a comfortable house waist to wear at my work, instead of a tight fitting basque."

"I like to wear a nice dress and I dislike to see the elbows look threadbare, so I wear some black silk sleeves that reach to the elbows. A black alpaca apron protects the front of my gown."

"I am never worried if a sudden storm comes up, for I cannot take me unprepared. I always keep a rubber cloak, umbrella and rubbers on hand. It doesn't cost a great deal to buy the two sets and I can't express the peace of mind it gives to have them ready."

"For toilet purposes I have a couple of clean towels, comb, soap, nail brush, little mirror and a white broom. Besides these, I have a bottle of witch hazel and a pot of vaseline for an accident."

"One is always liable to tear or rip one's clothes, so I keep a little basket with thimble, needles and several

colors of thread, if I want to take a stitch in time and so save taking nine at home at night.

"There is one thing more, and don't you laugh at it. I have a wee alcohol lamp and a jar of beef extract. I get faint sometimes in the middle of the forenoon, and then it takes only a minute to make a cup of hot beef tea, and I am fresh and ready for work again."

"But where do you keep all these things—the work basket and the beef extract and the looking glass?" asked the woman.

"There is a little closet in the office where I hang my coat and hat. I bought two iron brackets and coaxed the office boy to put up a shelf for me. I hung my mirror on the inside of the door, put my traps on the shelf and am 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' The closet is just big enough to hold a chair for me to sit on while I take off or put on my shoes. There was only a little forethought needed and now I am altogether comfortable," the little typewriter added, as she waved her parasol at a down town car.—Chicago Tribune.

Etiquette for Boys

Complaint is sometimes made that the large majority of articles on the subject of etiquette are written especially for girls; and that boys are left to learn correct manners from observation, or to continue altogether ignorant of this by no means unimportant subject. Here are a few hints for boys, given by Mrs. Sangster, and so simply stated that they can be easily mastered:

A lady precedes a gentleman, a girl precedes a boy, everywhere, except when he can perform a service by going in advance. Everywhere and always, the stronger is set for the defence of the weaker, and a boy's first impulse should be to protect and defend a girl. He carries the baskets, the fishing-poles, the umbrellas. He lets her lead on the uphill climb, except when he can assist her by going first and giving her his hand. He offers to bring his mother's shawl, to find his sister's book that she left in the arbor, or the fan she forgot upstairs. First, last, and all the time, he is courteous, gentle and kind.

It goes without saying that a well-mannered boy does not wear his hat in doors at all. He has a habit of taking it off when he enters even his own room. Of course he is particular about his hands and finger-nails, and comes to the table looking clean and sweet.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.—Neatness is good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.—Christian at Work.

A LITTLE LIE.—Mind the little things. A lie is a little thing. Boy, you have told a lie; just one single word that is not true, but let's see what else you have done. First, you have broken the law of God. If it is a sin to break a law made by man, how great a sin it must be to break a divine law—the law of our Creator. Second, you will have to tell many more to maintain that one. Third, you lose the love and friendship of your school-mates. Fourth, if you practice lying that will lead to something worse. Lying is the entrance door by which other and greater vices enter the heart. Think of it! all this from one false saying.

Words are little things, but they accomplish great things sometimes. A kind word or act might have saved many a boy or girl from ruin who is now at the lowest point of degradation.

Fort Sumter was bombarded on Friday. Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday. The battle of Marengo was fought on Friday. The battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday. The battle of New Orleans was fought on Friday.

Young Peoples' Column

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B. Devoted to Puzzles, Letters, Solutions, stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 42.] No. 243.—Mediterranean.

No. 244.—Fill the 3 gal. cask first; pour it into the 5; fill the 3 second time; finish filling 5 from 3. Leaves one in 3. Empty the 5 into 8; empty the one which remains in 3 into 5; fill 3 again and empty into 5, which contains the one, making 4 in the five gallon cask, and we have left 4 gallons in the 8 gallon cask.

No. 245.—1. Dr-ink. 2.—C-l-over 3.—P-ear.

No. 246.— s a t e s t o v e e v a e

No. 247.— 1. "Shall we whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men benighted, The lamp of light deny?"

2. "Jesus tender shepherd hear us, Guard thy little lambs to-day, Make our hearts all pure and loving, Let us never from Thee stray."

3. "And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them."

No. 248.—UNCLE NED.

No. 249.—1. Uzzah. 2. Eli.

—[The Mystery.—No. 45.]—

No. 267.—Pi.

(BY E. N. BARNES, Cornhill.)

(a) Tibah si het pedetse wal fo manuh nauret.

(b) Lla thigns vaeh otw cesaf—a ghilt dan a kard.

No. 268.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In ape, but not in monkey; In plum, but not in pear; In arm, but not in leg; In head, but not in foot; In run, but not in walk; In cat, but not in dog; In calf, but not in hog; My whole is a useful book.

No. 269.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE.)

Ot densp ro ot dlen'ro ot egiv ni sit a very dgooolwor htat ew vile ni tub ot rowbo ro gwa ot teg seon won Sti het revy rowts lowrd reve nokwn.

No. 270.—DROP VOWEL.

(BY CARRIE.)

Th-tr-r-r-t-s-m-r-f-st Th-t-h-s-t-d-t-gh-bl-st

No. 271.—HIDDEN PROVERB.

(BY EMILY HICKS.)

... girls coming from school pat their . . . together and said, "what . . . you going to do for a living?" One said sewing, but the other said she liked teaching . . . sewing, so she would be a teacher. Then they parted the . . . going up the street and the other down.

—[The Mystery Solved in three weeks.]—

—[The Mystical Circle.]—

E. N. Barnes, Cornhill, has thanks for puzzles and kind words. Shall always be pleased to hear from you. May success attend you.

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