

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with everything.
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do what'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Send your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

Two Little Home Missionaries.

Mrs. Allen had a sorrowful look on her face that morning. I do not think she had any particular trouble. I think she was only tired and discouraged. There was a great deal of work to do in the Allen household—meals to cook, sweeping, washing, ironing, scrubbing to do, and a baby to take care of. The Allens were not exactly "poor people," but it took a good deal of money "to keep the pot boiling," as the saying is; and Mrs. Allen felt that she could not afford to hire a servant.

There had been a talk in Sunday-school, the day before, about missionaries, and Mrs. Allen's two little daughters, Netty and Helen, had listened carefully to all that was said. The teacher told the class all the particulars about the sailing and the destination of Miss More, who had just gone as missionary to Turkey. Miss More had grown up in the neighborhood where the Allens lived, and Netty and Ellen had known her ever since they could remember. When they were little tots she had taught them in the infant class, and it seemed to them a great and a wonderful thing that Miss More was going so far away to tell strange people about the religion of Jesus.

When the story was finished Helen Allen looked up into her teacher's face with such an expression of earnestness that the lady said:

"What is it, dear?"

Helen blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I wish some day I could be good enough to be a missionary," she said bashfully.

"I wish so, too," said Netty, with cheeks as red as her sister's.

"You need not wait till 'some day,' said the teacher; "you can be missionaries now. You, Helen and Netty, and you, Rachel and Mary and Catharine."

Blue eyes and brown eyes, black eyes and gray, were turned wonderingly to the teacher.

"To be a missionary is to go on a mission," said the lady—a mission of help and service. Suppose you will try, through the coming week, to find somebody who needs help. Next Sunday you can tell me your experience as little missionaries."

As I told you at the beginning of this little sketch, Mrs. Allen had a sorrowful look on her face. It was Monday, and there was a great basket of clothes waiting to be washed. The baby was fretful, and had kept her mother awake a good half of Sunday night. There were breakfast dishes to wash, and rooms to be put in order; and, before one could fairly turn around, as Mrs. Allen said, there would be dinner to get.

"You know we're going to begin being missionaries to-day," said Netty to Helen, as they came down to breakfast. "Teacher said we must look out sharp for somebody to be a missionary to."

Before breakfast was half over, baby was so cross that mamma said:—

"There's no use in my trying to eat, Helen, can't you pour the coffee and wait on papa?"

The little girls exchanged glances. Both sprang from their seats.

"Let us take care of baby, mamma. We will try hard to keep him quiet," said Helen.

"Yes, mamma, please," said Netty.

"Why not?" asked papa. "Really the children are old enough to help you, mother, if you only thought so."

Mrs. Allen sank back into her seat relieved. The little missionaries took baby into the garden, covered his frock with bachelor's buttons, made a "chair" and carried him to the barn to see the baby "bessie," called the wee, fuzzy chickens from their coops, and in many ways that bright little girls can think of, amused him, till his eyelids began to droop, and his pretty mouth opened in a yawn.

"Put the pillows into the baby carriage," said Helen. "We'll soon have him fast asleep. Then hurrah for helping mamma in the house!"

So Mr. Baby was put into his carriage, and after a little wheeling about in the shade, he dropped into the most comfortable of naps. When he was settled nicely in the cool shades of the old elm by the front door, the little girls went into the kitchen to find mamma. She was up to her elbows in the suds, washing baby's frocks, and gingham and prints belonging to certain little missionaries. She looked up as the children came in and said:

"You have been a great help to me this morning. I don't see how I could have got through without you."

"But what else can we do, mamma?"

"You can wash the potatoes for dinner, and set the table, and bring in some chips and light wood, and keep watch of the baby. And if he is good after he wakes up, you can get your dolls and play awhile."

"O mamma, this is play! We are playing missionary."

So all day the children watched for chances to help. After the washing was out and the house tidied and the dinner over, there came a little space of blessed quiet.

"I should so like to drop to sleep for a few minutes," thought the mother. No sooner said than done; for a glance outside showed that the baby was having a royal time throwing crumbs to the robins and sparrows. When a drink of water was wanted, Helen tiptoed into the house because "mamma might be asleep, you know."

"How bright everything looks!" said papa at the tea table that night.

"It is all owing to the visitors I have had to-day," said mamma—"two little home missionaries."—S. S. Times.

What the Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a \$1 pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest-sized bed manufactured simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which, in nine cases out of ten, is very fortunate for the children. It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show what a pretty baby she has.

It can make an old bachelor in the other room adjoining use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the furthest end of room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

These are some of the things a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest house the brightest spot on earth.

It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.—Sel.

A Temperance Tale.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat:

"Help me out of my difficulty."

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said: "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honor that I may do so."

"Very well, I will give you the promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out, and trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant. The mouse darted away and crept into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse; "but didn't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!—Selected.

Rescued by an Orang-Outang.

The following story of a monkey's heroism is told by an Indian paper:

"A large orang-outang was very much attached to his master and to the baby boy, who was the pet of the whole family. One day a fire suddenly broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there to put it out, while the little boy in his nursery was almost forgotten, and when they thought of him the staircase was all in flames. What could be done? As they were looking up and wondering, a large, hairy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared with the baby in

his arms, and carefully climbed down over the porch and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it, for a man cannot climb like a monkey, and is not nearly so strong. You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that. This is a true story, and the child who was saved was the young Marquis of Kildare."

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. 14.]

No. 76.—

1. T O
T H E A R E
T H E R E O R D E R
E R A E E L
E R

3. E 4. T
A X E E R A
E X T R A T R I T E
E R R A T E
A E

No. 77.—

1. D O V E 2. S O T A
O V E R O V E N
V E R A T E A T
E A R S A N T S

3. N A I L
A E R A
I R O N
L E N D

No. 78.—Rev. 21:18.

No. 79.
A
I N K
A N N I E
T I N
E

No. 80.—

1. W 2. N 3. T
E R A T I E E R E
W R E C K N I T R E T R E A D
A C T E R A E A R
K E D

No. 81.—Primary.

No. 82.—
"Tis the thunder that frights,
But the lightning that smites."

No. 83.—
"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near the shore."

No. 84.—"The cones are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks."

No. 85.—"Little children keep yourselves from idols."

No. 86.—"God is love."

—[The Mystery—No. 18.]—

No. 101.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY GERTRUDE MCCULLOCH, Waasis Sta.)

In June, not in August;
In comb, not in brush;
In lost, not in found;
In peach, not in plum;
In top, not in ball;
In hat, not in cap;
In woman, not in girl;
In cat, not in dog;
In ball, not in bat;
In week, not in month;
In moon, not in sun;
In hands, not in feet.
My whole is a name familiar to all.

No. 102.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY GERTRUDE MCCULLOCH, Waasis Sta.)

Is a letter.
Is a small animal.
Is a girl's name.
Is a mineral.
Is a letter.

No. 103.—CHARADE.

(BY G. MCC., Waasis Sta.)

My first is a part of a house;
My second is a boy's name;
My whole is a town in New Brunswick.

No. 104.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(G. A. GRASS, Waasis Station.)

In arm, not in hand;
In work, not in play;
In rain, not in shine;
In know, not in yes;
In first, not in last;
In man, not in boy;
In long, not in short;
In good, not in bad;
In love, not in hate;
In gold, not in silver;
In brass, not in wood;
In year, not in month.
My whole is the name of a flower.

No. 105.—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

In (the capital of Nova Scotia) there lived a gentle (Island in the Irish Sea) called Mr. (a Strait in the north of America). He married a lady whose

name was (a point and a Bay off Newfoundland). They had a son whose name was (a County in New Brunswick). He had a (Island in St. Lawrence). One day the (Island in the St. Lawrence) was climbing a rocky hill, when (the County in New Brunswick) 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 (Island in the St. Lawrence) reached the summit in safety.

No. 106.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

In spring, not in summer;
In cushion, not in pillow;
In gaze, not in look;
In breeze, not in gale;
In lake, not in river;
In sweet, not in sour;
In seven, not in eight.
Whole is what we all seem to like.

No. 107.—DROP VOWEL.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

-nc- - blk- f m-rble- n-w-
sc-lpt-r-d-g-m, -n-bl- -f-n-bl-th-ngs,
br-ngs-w-rth-ts-d-d-m.

No. 108.—DIAMOND.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

A letter; three letters from Mattie; to serve; a vessel; a parent; a drink; a letter.

No. 109.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter; a tree, to fold; amid; a letter.
2. A letter; to strike; a candle; a number; a letter.
3. A letter; time; character; to try; a letter.

4. A letter; a part; a castle; a useful article; a letter.

No. 110.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In square, not in round;
In quire, not in sheet;
In quarter, not in half;
In ant, not in fly;
In die, not in live;
In rap, not in knock;
In open, not in shut;
In nap, not in sleep.
My whole is a fleet.

—[The Mystery Solved in three weeks.]—

—[The Mystical Circle.]—

"FLOSSIE," Lakeview, correctly answered Nos. 87, 89, 91, 93 and 94.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our thanks for the nice batch of puzzles.

G. A. GRASS, Waasis Station, will also accept thanks for the nice puzzles. All in No. 16, save 96, correctly solved.

GERTRUDE MCCULLOCH, Waasis Station, also solves No. 16, except 96. Thank you for the nice puzzles, which we publish above.

"PEARL," Berwick, has our hearty thanks for the 20 nice puzzles sent. You should not have sealed your MS. copy, or else prepaid by 6c. as it was overweight, thus making it liable to a tax of 6c. more than the 3c. paid. All correspondents will please be as careful as possible in mailing MS., sealed or unsealed.

EMILY HICKS, Woodstock, has our thanks for puzzles. Nos. 78, 79, 81, 82, 83, 86—89, 91, 93, 94—95, 97, 98, 99 and 100 correctly answered.

UNCLE NED.

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DEAR SIRS—My mother was attacked with a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried.

MRS. KENNEDY, Hamilton, Ont.

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