

## The Sign-board.

I will paint you a sign-rumseller,  
And hang it above your door,  
A truer and better sign-board  
Than ever you had before;  
I will paint with the skill of a master,  
And many will pause to see  
This wonderful piece of painting,  
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,  
As you wait for the fair young boy,  
Just in the morn of manhood,  
A nother's pride and joy;  
He had no thought of stopping,  
But you greet him with a smile,  
And you seem so blithe and friendly  
That he stops to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller,  
I will paint you as you stand,  
With a foaming glass of liquor  
Holding in either hand;  
He wavers, but you urge him—  
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"  
He lifts the glass and drains it,  
And the hellish work is done.

I next will paint a drunkard—  
Only one year has flown—  
Into this loathsome creature  
This fair young boy has grown;  
The way was quick and rapid—  
I'll paint him as he lies  
In a torpid, drunken slumber,  
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,  
As she kneels by her darling's side,  
For this son to her was dearer  
Than all the world beside;  
I will paint you the shape of a coffin,  
Labeled with one word, "Lost!"  
I will paint all this, rumseller,  
And paint it free of cost.

Oh, the sin, and shame, and sorrow,  
The crime, and want, and woe,  
That is born within your rumshop,  
No hand can paint, you know;  
I will paint you a sign-rumseller,  
And many will pause to view  
This wonderful, swinging sign-board,  
So terribly, fearfully true.

## A Swim for Life.

"Father, what is it to be foolhardy?"  
"Foolhardy?" Why—it is—where's  
your dictionary, Tom? What does  
Webster say?"

"Daring without judgment,"  
promptly responded Tom, ready primed  
for this attack from long experience  
with the enemy's tactics.

"Correct—my son—go to the head.  
I don't see what need you have of  
your father's knowledge when you  
have so much of your own and Web-  
ster's. What's the matter with that  
definition?"

"It's all right!" shouted Tom, with  
true campaign fervor, knowing that of  
all things his father disliked to be con-  
victed of using slang.

"Then what more do you want?"  
demanded that gentleman, acknowledg-  
ing the slip with a gleam of amuse-  
ment.

"I want to know what would be  
foolhardy and what wouldn't. You  
might think a thing was 'daring with-  
out judgment,' when I should con-  
sider it daring with judgment—my  
judgment."

"Well, Tom, a boy's judgment is  
seldom first-class. You know Shakes-  
pear tells us of his 'silly days when  
he was green in judgment,' and the  
better way is to take ripper judgment  
until yours begins, at any rate, to  
blossom. But perhaps you would  
understand the meaning of foolhardi-  
ness better if I should tell you a story  
illustrating it in my own case."

"I think I should," said Tom,  
promptly.

Mr. Hart leaned back in his arm-  
chair, folded his hands, and began:  
"The summer I was nineteen, I  
took my first trip East, and I sup-  
pose I was as green a specimen as  
ever felt his own sufficiency. But I  
had some of the greenness and not a  
little of the sufficiency washed out of  
me at Rockaway Beach.

"I had gone down alone from New  
York to Rockaway to have my first  
salt-water bath, and as soon as the  
steamer landed us I hurried away to  
a bath-house to secure a suit. As I  
was starting out, after being duly  
attired, the proprietor offered me a  
broad-brimmed hat, saying, 'If you  
return it to me it will cost you noth-  
ing, but if you lose it (and most men  
do) you will owe me fifteen cents.' I  
laughingly agreed to hang it on and  
walked forth, feeling, of course, that  
everybody had suspended operations  
to look at me.

"Extending from the shore out into  
the water, and supported at intervals  
by floats, was a long rope which  
seemed to be intended for the support  
of timid bathers. In the bath-room I  
had seen a printed notice to this  
effect: 'Don't go beyond the ropes; it  
is dangerous; but as I had been an  
accomplished swimmer ever since I  
was seven or eight years old, I did not  
suppose for a moment that the notice  
was of any interest to me.

"After sporting around in the surf  
for a few minutes, I determined to go  
further out, so as to get beyond the  
place where the waves turned over,  
making the bathing unpleasant and  
swimming impossible. At a distance

of one or two hundred yards from  
shore, where the water is deep, the  
waves are simply a gentle swell, and  
the swimming much more pleasant.  
Of course this was beyond the ropes,  
and I remembered the notice, but I  
thought, 'That is for those who cannot  
swim,' and with the unquestioning  
confidence with which I had many a  
time ridden the waves made by the  
Missouri River steamers, I plunged  
into the waters of the Atlantic.

"It required some exertion to make  
my way through the surf against the  
incoming waves, but after a time I  
succeeded. Then my enjoyment of  
the bath began. How delightful to  
lie at full length and be 'rocked in the  
cradle of the deep.' How rapturous  
the sensation one feels in being alter-  
nately lifted and lowered by the slowly  
moving waves!

"I had been enjoying the situation  
for perhaps ten minutes when I noticed  
that I was drifting, and that not very  
slowly, out to sea. I was simply float-  
ing, making no effort either to advance  
or to retreat, and still I was every  
moment getting farther from shore.  
What could be the cause of it? Why  
should I drift out while the waves  
themselves were moving in? While  
revolving this question in my mind,  
and still perfectly easy about my situa-  
tion, it at once occurred to me that the  
tide might be ebbing.

"From the moment this idea enter-  
ed my mind I became alarm-  
ed and made all haste toward the  
shore. But with all the power of my  
muscles exerted to their utmost, I  
could make scarcely any perceptible  
headway. Then I became frantic! I  
lost all presence of mind. I felt that  
my last moment had come, and cried  
aloud for help. But though there  
were a thousand or more persons  
within ten rods of me, I could not  
make my voice heard. These thous-  
and unconscious bathers went on with  
their sport utterly heedless of the fact  
that within a stone's throw of them a  
despairing mortal was battling with  
death.

"Oh, the terror of that moment!  
My face being now turned toward  
shore, I could not see the waves as  
they came up behind me, and being  
unprepared for them, they would roll  
over and completely envelop me, fill-  
ing mouth, nostrils and eyes with salt  
water. Then before I could right my-  
self, another would be upon me, leav-  
ing me blinded and well-nigh strangled.

"And, strange to say, through it all  
I clung to that hat! It was constant-  
ly in my way, flapping down over my  
face and seriously impeding my pro-  
gress, but I found myself repeating  
over and over the man's words, 'If  
you lose it (and most men do) you will  
owe me fifteen cents.' What insane  
notions take possession of us at such  
moments!

"All this time, however, I was ex-  
erting myself to the utmost to make  
the shore, and found that I was gain-  
ing very, very slowly on the opposing  
tide. Then I 'let down' to see if I  
could touch bottom, but no bottom was  
there. Again I tried to make land.  
After ten minutes of the hardest work  
I ever did I once more let down, with  
the same result. My strength began  
to fail me. Very soon I found that  
with all my efforts I could not gain  
another foot. With one last shriek of  
despair, I gave up hope and ceased all  
exertion. My feet went down first.  
Then I experienced a thrill that I can  
never express and never forget. As  
my feet slowly sank, they came in con-  
tact with the sand of the bottom. It  
was as if a whole battery of electric  
energy had been infused into my veins.  
I made one more effort. When I again  
put my feet to the bottom I managed  
by digging my toes into the sand to  
keep my place while the undertow, as  
it is called, was passing, and until the  
next wave struck me, sending me in  
toward the shore ten feet or more.  
Then I was safe."

Tom drew a long breath.  
"Now," said Mr. Hart, impressively,  
before the boy had time to speak,  
"those ropes and signs, were put there  
by men who knew what they were  
about, and in recklessly disregarding  
them, I was—"

"Daring without judgment," said  
Tom.  
"Exactly—and so, foolhardy,"—  
Caroline H. Stanley, in Advance.

## Before you are Fifteen.

Before you are fifteen put a bridle  
on; it will not fret you (if you put it  
on young), and you will learn to wear  
it gracefully. So gracefully that your  
speech will always be with "grace,"  
and girls love to be pretty talkers. If  
you are a pretty talker, you will draw  
people towards you, and then when  
you are older you can tell them beau-  
tiful truths and they will love to listen.  
It is queer that the first step toward  
it is such a common-place thing as to  
put on a bridle, isn't it?

The bridle will check that naughty  
tongue and hold it in from prancing

about with exaggerating and unkindly  
falsehoods? Not only that, but un-  
kindly and unnecessary truth-telling.

A bridle to hold you in from speak-  
ing the truth? Must you tell Jennie  
that her prominent teeth are very ugly  
and spoil her pretty face? Must you  
tell Mollie that your hands are small  
and hers clumsy and big? Must you  
remind Julia that her brown freckles  
are not pretty one bit? Must you talk  
about your new dress and forget that  
Harriet has to wear her old one an-  
other season? Must there be a little  
contempt in your tone when you speak  
of Clara's brother? (And you are so  
proud of your own big brother.) And  
then the bridle will keep you from  
exaggerating. Never call out that you  
will be ready in three minutes and  
keep somebody waiting seven. Never  
make a thing more or less, or longer  
or shorter, or more black or more  
white than it is—or than you see it  
(or try to see very clearly). But do  
not be painfully exact, either; do not  
let the bridle spoil any good thing by  
being put on too tightly; a boy I  
knew would never say that a thing  
happened exactly so, for fear that it  
was not exactly so; he would not say  
the train would arrive at five minutes  
after nine, thinking it might be four  
minutes, and then he would not be  
telling the exact truth. No wonder  
the boys thought him a nuisance and  
asked their questions of somebody  
else.

See clearly, and speak as you see;  
hear clearly, and speak as you hear.  
The eye and ear must be brought into  
training to help in guiding the bridled  
tongue.

On an Egyptian tablet dated back  
four thousand years (is that before  
Abraham was called out of his  
country?) is the record some old  
Egyptian had given to the world (and  
to you) of his claim to acceptance in  
the world to which he departed:—

"I have taken pleasure in speaking  
the truth.

"I have perceived the advantage to  
conform to this practice upon the earth  
from the first action (of my life) even  
to the tomb. My sure defence shall  
be to speak it (the truth) in the day  
when I reach the divine judges, the  
skillful interpreters, discoverers of all  
actions, the chastisers of sins. My  
mouth has always been open to utter  
true things, not to foment quarrels.

"I have repeated what I have heard  
just as it was told me."

In the lips of Solomon's wise woman  
was a law; the law of kindness. And  
love is the fulfilling of the law: so, if  
that bridle is worth anything, it will  
have to begin deep under the tongue,  
away down in your heart.

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. 13.]

No. 69.—REV. 18:2.

No. 70.—1 Cor. 6:10.

No. 71.—

"He that buys a house ready wrought,  
Hath many a pin and nail for nought."

No. 72.—Turkey.

No. 73.—

"What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear:—  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?"

No. 74.—"Love one another."

No. 75.—

1. B 2. L  
BAG LYN  
ANGER LYMPH  
BAGGAGE APE  
HEART H  
AGO  
E

No. 76.—

—[The Mystery.—No. 16.]—

No. 94.—CHARADE.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)  
My first is an animal;  
My second is to slide;  
My whole is a flower.

No. 95.—DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

(BY MATTIE SIPPHELL, Somerville.)  
"Fr-th-s-s-np-s-bl-t-b-s-l-d  
b-n-y-t-rd-t-ch-d-th-s-nb-om."

No. 96.—NUMERICAL.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)  
My 10, 2, 5, 6 is vapor.  
My 10, 9, 5, 6, 8, 7 is a director.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 6 is a plant.  
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 1, 8, 7 an ensign.  
My whole is the name of a Post  
Office in New Brunswick.

No. 97.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY ETTA A. MANZER, Millville.)  
In spring, not in winter;  
In sun, not in sky;  
In snow, not in rain;  
In ink, not in paper;  
In little, not in big.  
My whole a girl's name you will  
find.

No. 98.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY ETTA A. MANZER, Millville.)  
"Eh lhave ognl hatt isevl ewl nda,  
inet ism-pestn si ont ivedl tbn tosl."

No. 99.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Is a letter.  
Is a small animal.  
Is a man's name.  
Is a beverage.  
Is a letter.

No. 100.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY L. F. BARNES, Bath.)  
In oats, not in barley;  
In over, not in under;  
In sew, not in rip;  
In round, not in long;  
In come, not in go;  
In John, not in James;  
In rat, not in mouse;  
In ten, not in eleven.  
Whole is a covering.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has  
thanks for puzzles.

EMILY HICKS, Woodstock, also has  
thanks for nice lot of puzzles. Nos.  
58, 60, 62, 64, 65, 71, 72 and 73 cor-  
rectly solved.

THE MARCH prize-winner is CARRIE  
WADE, Cross Creek.

UNCLE NED.

Home Hints.

If ink is spilled on the carpet, throw  
a quantity of salt on it, which will  
quickly absorb the ink; take this up  
and put on more salt. Keep repeating  
this, rubbing it well into the ink spot,  
until the ink is all taken up by the  
salt; then brush the salt out of the  
carpet.

For a felon, take common rock salt  
such as is used for salting down pork,  
dry it in an oven, then pound it fine  
and mix with spirits of turpentine, in  
equal parts. Put it on a linen rag and  
wrap around the felon. As it dries  
put on more, and if followed up the  
felon will be dead in twenty-four  
hours.

If anything catches fire or something  
burning makes a disagreeable smell or  
smoke, throw salt upon it, at once. If  
a bright, clear fire is quickly desired,  
it may readily be obtained by throwing  
salt upon the coals; likewise, if too  
much blaze should result from drip-  
ping of fat from boiling steak, ham  
etc., salt will subdue it.

To make snow pudding, cover one  
half box of gelatine with cold water,  
and let it soak a half hour; then pour  
over it one pint of boiling water, add  
two cups of sugar, and stir until dis-  
solved; then add the juice of three lemons,  
and strain the whole into a tin basin,  
place this in a pan of ice-water, and  
let stand until cold; when cold beat  
with an egg beater until as white as  
snow; beat the whites of four eggs to a  
stiff froth, and stir them into the pud-  
ding. Turn the pudding into a mold  
that has been dipped into cold water,  
and stand it away to harden. Make a  
sauce with the yolks of the eggs, one  
quart of milk and a half cup of sugar.  
Scald the milk, beat yolks and sugar  
together until light, add them to the  
milk, and cook two minutes. Take  
from the fire add one teaspoonful of  
vanilla, and turn out to cool.

Minard's Liniment cures  
Burns, etc.

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WHY not treat such troubles as  
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It is filled with virtue as a blood puri-  
fier and goes right to the right spot.  
It makes the skin bright and clear,  
while also invigorating the entire sys-  
tem.

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Gents,—I was cured of a severe  
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MINARD'S LINIMENT, after trying  
all other remedies for 2 years.  
Albert C. N. B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—I had a valuable colt so bad  
with mange that I feared I would lose  
it. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT  
and it cured him like magic.  
Dalhousie. CHRISTO PIER SANDERS.

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Powders are not called for, and by  
their timely administration will save  
the lives of many valuable animals.

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SPRING, 1891.

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Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Color-  
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are my own specialties which I can highly  
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flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics  
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