

## Don't Leave The Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you.  
Come near, I would whisper it low—  
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,  
Don't be in a hurry to go.  
The great stirring world has inducements,  
There is many a gay, busy mart;  
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,  
Don't be in a hurry to start.

This farm is the safest and surest,  
The orchards are yielding to-day;  
You're free as the air of the mountains,  
And monarch of all you survey.  
Better stay on the farm awhile longer,  
Though profits should come rather slow;  
Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys,  
Don't be in a hurry to go.

—Selected.

## Animals' Toilets.

As a rule, all animals are cleanly by nature. Even pigs will keep clean if they are not confined in a pen or yard. Brushes and combs most animals carry with them, and ducks and divers are always supplied with oil in a handy reservoir.

Birds especially are very particular about the quality of their "toilet dust," and equally nice as to the water in which they prefer to wash. Some use water only, some water or dust, others dust and no water.

Partridges are a good example of the dusting birds, and are most careful in the selection of their dust baths. Dry loam suits them best; but perhaps their favorite place is a meadow where a few tufts have been tread. There they scratch out the loam, and shuffle backward under the grass roots, until their feathers are full of the cool earth. In wet weather they find, if possible, a heap of burnt ashes on the site of a weed fire, and dust there.

Sparrows, on the contrary, always choose road dust, the driest and finest possible. Meadow larks, also, are fond of the road, and dust there in the early morning. But, they too, have their fancy, and choose the dry, gritty part, where the horses hoofs tread.

Wild ducks, though feeding by the salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh-water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and wash themselves in the most vigorous and thorough way.

But though passing so much time on the water, ducks seem to prefer a shower-bath to any other, and in a heavy rain they may be seen opening their feathers and allowing the rain to soak in, after which they dress the whole surface with oil from the reservoir which we mentioned above.

Swallows and martins are likewise nice in their choice of bath water; nothing but newly-fallen rain water thoroughly pleases them, and if tempted to bathe, it is generally by some shallow pool in the road, which an hour's sun will evaporate.

Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilets of any class of animals, with the exception of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, Indian-rubber-like ball of the fore-foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

Sporting dogs, which are used in mud, snow, and wet, are strangely clever and quick in cleaning and drying their coats, and it is a sure sign that a dog has been over-tired, if he shows any trace of mud or dirt next morning.

Most of their toilet is done with the tongue, but they are very clever at using a brush, or the side of a haystack, as a rough towel. One small spaniel which was allowed to live in the house, was well aware that if he returned dirty, he would not be admitted indoors.

About an hour before the close of the day's shooting, he used to strike work, and begin to clean himself, and if urged to do more, would slip off home, and present himself neat and clean in the dining room.

One day the dog had been left at home, and his master returned and seated himself, wet, and with half-frozen drops of ice sticking to his gaiters; by the fire. Pan ran up and carefully licked off the frozen ice and snow, stopping every now and then to give an anxious look, which said as plainly as possible "Dear me! If I don't get him clean quickly, he will be sent to lie in the stable."—*Golden Days.*

## A Great Reader.

Wherever you saw Mabel Jones she had a book in her hand, or in her pocket, or in the reticule she carried on her arm when she went into the street. She read when she walked along the highway; she read while she was waiting for the potatoes to be done, or the bread to rise, or the folks to come to dinner. She read herself to sleep at night.

Anybody might have thought that

Mabel had or must have a very well-cultivated, well-furnished mind, because she read so much; but she hadn't. Her mind was absolutely bare and unfurnished. She had no opinions, no convictions, no sentiments on any topic you might bring up, except dress and beaux and finery.

She got into a little boat, so to speak, at the beginning of a story, and was carried down through a stream of fiction, turbid it might be, over cataracts and through whirlpools, and when she got to the end of that stream she began at the beginning of another and went down that. She didn't inquire as to the kind of country through which she went, and she didn't care to know about it; all she wanted was the sensation of going. She didn't know who wrote the books she read or the standing of the author among writers. If the book she chanced to get hold of had anything in its pages above her comprehension, she skipped it; if allusions were made to subjects with which she was unacquainted, she didn't trouble herself to look them up; if she chanced to get hold of a historical novel, only the story part interested her; if there was geographical information in the novel, it made no impression on her; if poetry was quoted for the heading of the chapters, she was not edified by that or stimulated to further acquaintance with the authors of the poetry.

How could her mind be other than unfurnished? How could her face be other than vacant? And yet it was a very pretty face, with regular features, clear complexion, bright eyes, and cherry lips. On first looking at her one thought, "What a beautiful young lady!" but she could not converse, for she had no ideas. She could chatter and say nothing.

Where was the trouble? It was with Mabel's parents. They were busy folk and didn't know what empty company their daughter was keeping in her books. In this day an intelligent, any sensible parent can gather from reading a page or a half dozen pages of a juvenile book whether the author is a profitable companion or not. Is it not a wonder of wonders that parents who are careful about the personal associations of their children should be so ignorant as many parents are of the quality of the companions their children have in the books they read?

## The Power Of Children.

A man was leaning, much intoxicated, against a tree; so little girls coming from school saw him there, and at once said to each other, "What shall we do for him?"

Presently one said, "Oh, I'll tell you; let's sing a temperance song."

And so they did; collecting around him they sang—

"Away the bowl, away the bowl," and so on in beautiful tones.

The poor fellow enjoyed the singing, and when they had finished the song, said, "Sing again, little girls. Sing again."

"We will," they said, "if you will sign the temperance pledge."

"Oh, no; we are not a temperance meeting. There are no pledges here."

"I have a pledge," cries one; and "I have a pencil," cries another; and holding up the pledge and pencil they besought him to sign it.

"No, no, I won't sign it now. Sing for me."

So they sang again—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl is not the drink for me."

"Oh, do sing that again," said he, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"No, no more," said they, "unless you'll sign the pledge; sign, and we'll sing it for you."

He pleaded for the singing, but they were firm, and declared that they would go away if he did not sign.

"But," said the poor fellow, striving to find an excuse, "there's no table here; how can I write without a table?"

At this a modest, quiet, pretty little creature, with a finger on her lips, came and said, "Yes, you can spread the pledge on the crown of your hat, and I will hold it for you."

Off came the hat, the child held it, and the pledge was signed, and the little ones burst out with—

"O water for me, bright water for me, Give wine to the tremulous debauchee."

I heard that man in Worcester town hall, with uplifted hands and quivering lips say: "I thank God to all eternity that he sent those little children as messengers of mercy to me."—*John B. Gough.*

NEVER SORRY.—Not long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday-school what was their idea of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in this life. A ragged little urchin, who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was tall grass and green trees. One from the richer quarter of

Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses each side. A sweet-voiced Episcopal choir-boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class, a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class, answered, just as the bell was ringing for the close of school hours, "A place where—where—you're never sorry."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

## Home Hints.

CREAM PIE.—Six eggs, one pound flour, one-half pound sugar, one-half pound butter, two teaspoons baking powder, a little milk or water to thin it; flavor with lemon, cream the butter and sugar, add well beaten eggs, then flour, etc. Bake fifteen minutes.

LEMON PIE.—One-half pint milk, one tablespoon corn starch, one tablespoon butter, three tablespoons sugar, three eggs, juice one lemon; beat sugar and yolks of eggs light, add butter, then corn starch, milk, lemon juice; beat into a nice paste, put in oven and brown lightly; beat whites light with two tablespoons sugar; add essence of lemon; brown slightly.

SOFT FROSTING.—Take a large pinch of isinglass dissolve in a small half tea cup boiling water; stir in enough pulverized sugar to make stiff; flavor. No beating is needed, and it will keep soft for months. A nice flavoring for a plain cake is two teaspoons cinnamon, two teaspoons almond, and one teaspoon ground cloves, and a little vanilla; this makes the frosting a light chocolate.

KISSES.—Beat the whites of four eggs stiff, add nine ounces of granulated sugar stirring it in lightly so it will not be waxy. Drop on yellow paper without greasing and bake on a tin turned bottom up; watch closely and do not bake too fast. Flavor to taste.

APPLES FOR TEA.—Pare and core tart apples, fill the centre with sugar and a small bit of butter, put them in deep pie plates with a little water, and bake until tender, basting occasionally with the syrup. To be eaten cold with sugar and cream.

ANOTHER.—Whites of three fresh eggs, five spoons of finest white sugar, flavor. Beat the whites to a froth, stir in sugar and flavoring. Lay a white paper on a buttered pan and drop the mixture on it with a teaspoon, sift sugar over them. Bake in a slow oven half an hour. This measure makes a cake basket full.

A DAINTY DISH.—Soak one tablespoon of gelatin in one-half cup of cold water one hour. Add two tablespoons of sugar and dissolve over the fire. When nearly cold and stiff beat into it the beaten white of one egg, the juice of half a lemon and of one orange. Pour into cups after it has been well beaten. Make the day before using.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak six tablespoons of tapioca in cream or milk overnight. Let one quart of milk come to a boil, stir in tapioca; let this cook until tapioca is very soft, then stir in the yolks of six eggs beaten with two cups of sugar. When this boils, remove from stove, flavor with lemon or vanilla, and stir in lightly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. To be eaten cold.

## 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. 5.

No. 24.—The waves became his winding sheet, The waters were his tomb, But for his fame the ocean sea Was not sufficient room."

No. 25.—"Let us reason together, saith the Lord."

No. 26.—"All is not gold that glitters."

No. 27.—Carcass.

No. 28.—

1. E	2. B	3. C
MLD	ALE	PAT
ELSIE	BLOAT	CANOE
DIE	EAT	TOE
E	T	E

## The Mystery.—No. 8.

No. 39.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In light, not in dark;  
In crow, not in lark;  
In shout, not in call;  
In round, not in ball;  
In came, not in go;

In sea, not in no;  
In sand, not in clay;  
In proud, not in gay.  
Whole, a glutton you will find.

No. 40.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

In Queen, but not in King;  
In round, but not in ring;  
In fruit, but not in flower;  
In garden, but not in bower;  
In fish, but not in meat;  
In honey, but not in sweet;  
In dove, but not in lark.  
My whole is extracted from a bark.

No. 41.—DIAMOND.

(BY JULIA BARCOCK, Carleton, St. John.)

A letter.  
A wrong act.  
A large animal.  
A precious stone.  
A dis. adjective.  
A cop. conjunction.  
A consonant.

No. 42.—TRANSPOSITION.

(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

"Tillet hilderen vole ehac theor,  
Reve vige herant naip;  
Fi you broreht peaks in negar,  
Werans ton ni wathar naiga."

No. 43.—DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

(BY ETTA A. MANZER, Millville.)

"-bs-nc-f-cc-pt-n-s-n-t-r-st,  
-m-nd-q-t-v-c-nt-s-m-nd-d-str-s-s-d."

No. 44.—TRANSPOSITION.

(BY DALE, MCUTKIN, Gagetown.)

"The yerve ghtin aht tahh aberht  
aisrep het rodl. Sepira ey ent dori."

No. 45.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY MATTIE SIPPPELL, Somerville.)

In sun, not in moon;  
In snow, not in rain;  
In long, not in short;  
In gold, not in silver;  
In man, not in boy;  
In noun, not in verb;  
In no, not in yes.  
My whole is the name of a king.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

JULIA BARCOCK, Carleton, St. John, enters "Prize Contest." Thanks for puzzles. Sorry to learn you were ill but glad to know you are improving. Nos. 17, 19, 20, 21, 25, 26 and 27 correctly solved.

"PEARL," Berwick, will accept thanks for nice batch of puzzles. Her name is also placed on prize list competition. No. 25, 26 and 27 solved a right.

C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown, partly solves No. 30. Your query later. Come again.

OUR LETTER BOX.

UPPER GAGETOWN,

Feb. 12th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE.—There is a man here belonging to the Free Baptist Church, that is reading the Bible through for the nineteenth time, since the fall of 1859. He cannot only name over all the Books in the Old and New Testament in rotation correctly, either commencing at Genesis or Revelations, but can say over the first verse that each Book commences with, without looking at the Book. We would like to know who can do better than this?

Respectfully yours,

C. L. CURRIER.

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Mrs. C. P. WILEY,

Upper Otnabog, N. B.

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Fredericton, Oct. 28th, 1890.

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