

Good Enough.

Dear boys, I want to give you  
A motto safe and good,  
"Twill make your lives successful  
If you heed it as you should.  
Obey it in the spirit,  
Obey it in the letter—  
Don't say a thing is "good enough"  
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,  
Or at your daily work,  
Don't be a half-way dabbler—  
Don't slip and slide and shirk,  
And think it doesn't matter,  
That such talk is "trash" and "stuff"—  
For until your task is perfect,  
It is never "good-enough."

If your work is in the school-room,  
Make every lesson tell;  
No matter what you mean to be,  
Build your foundation well.  
Every knotty point and problem  
That your bravely master now  
Will increase your skill to labor  
With the pen or with the plough.

If you sweep a store or stable,  
Be sure you go behind  
Every box and bale and counter;  
It will pay, you always find,  
To be careful, patient, thorough,  
Though the work be hard and rough;  
And when you've done your very best,  
"Twill then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto,  
If you ever mean to work  
To any station higher  
Than a stable-boy or clerk.  
It will make you independent,  
It will make you no man's debtor;  
Then never say "It's good enough"  
Till it can be no better.

THE FIRST BRICK.

Rap—rap—rap!  
It was the hammer of Trouser, the  
mason, making all this noise. He had  
just started to cut in Squire Manson's  
cellar wall a hole for another window.  
John Davis was planting potatoes in  
the Squire's garden patch near by.  
Suddenly a boy's voice rang out:  
"John! John!"

The potato planter looked up. He  
saw Bill Mahoney on the other side of  
the hedge, and Bill was now beckon-  
ing.

"What do you want, Bill?"  
"Want to speak to you, just a mo-  
ment, John."

Trouser, the mason, glanced at the  
two boys and murmured, "Bill seems  
to be urging John pretty hard to do  
something, and I judge that John  
don't want to do it."

The two boys continued this inter-  
view some time, Bill evidently press-  
ing some point and John holding back.

"Well," remarked Trouser, the  
mason, giving his hammer a bit of a  
rest. "It took some time to put that  
thing through, John."

"Or rather to not put it through,  
sir."

"Oh, that so? What did he want?"  
"He wanted me to go over to his  
barn. Some other fellows were there,  
he said."

"Oh, to have a nice leetle time, I  
s'pose?"

"Undoubtedly."

"It is my opinion they will have a  
noisy time before they get through. I  
saw a boy going into the Mahoney barn  
and he had a pail of ale in his hand.  
Don't like that one bit. But he did  
not get you?"

"No, sir."

"He worked pretty hard."

Rap—rap—rap!

"Well," thought John, "he had been  
asking me a number of questions.  
Guess I will put some to him."

John cleared his throat.

"Ahem! What are you doing?"

"Oh, I am going to make daylight  
shine through here. Squire wants a  
window. That first brick was tough.  
It is the first brick that always comes  
hard. Take it out and breaking down  
a wall is easier then. My! If he don't  
want you again! There he is!"

John! John! Bill was shouting.

He had now boldly ventured inside  
the hedge seized John, and led him  
away.

"A moth going into the candle-  
flame!" murmured Trouser, eagerly  
watching everything and wondering  
how it would all come out.

Bill led John to the door of the  
barn.

"Come in!" shouted a chorus of  
young voices.

John was pulled and urged, drawn  
and almost dragged through the barn  
door. Still, he did not enter the  
building. He stubbornly refused.

Slowly, alone, he finally walked back  
to the potato-patch.

"That brick came hard! muttered  
Trouser.

Rap—rap—rap!

Soon John's planting was all over.

"Got through!" asked Trouser.

"Oh, dear, yes! I wanted a larger  
job."

John needed the money less for him-  
self than for the mother at home weary  
and sick.

"Well," said Trouser, slowly, de-  
liberately, "I will give you a job. I  
have been round here working three

days, and the Squire expects me to  
clear it up. I've got to leave for  
another little matter, and if you'll stay  
and do the clearing, you shall have a  
half dollar."

"Oh, I will gladly stay," said John.

"I'll meet you at half after five down  
at the corner by Smith's."

The two met, and a half dollar went  
from Trouser's leather pocket-book  
into John's eager hands.

"That will buy something for mo-  
ther," was John's welcome thought.

"Who, who is coming?" asked  
Trouser. "Somebody in trouble plain  
as day."

"There are two somebodies," added  
John. "Guess each one wishes he was  
a nobody."

A policeman was walking along hur-  
riedly, and he was hurrying along two  
scared-looking boys. He strode off  
between them, gripping each boy by  
the arm. Trouser nodded to the policeman,  
and the policeman nodded to Trouser.

John also recognized  
the boys and bowed, but they did not  
seem to care for notice. They stared  
right ahead. Earth did not appear to  
have any pleasure for them.

"Oh," said Trouser to John as the  
dismal procession passed by them.

"Wasn't one of the boys the chap that  
came for you and tried to coax you off  
to that barn?"

"Yes, sir. It was Bill Mahoney,  
and the other was Tim Princhett.

They have been over in that barn."

"Indeed! Well, I am not surprised.  
I saw a pail of ale going in, and it is  
not surprising if a policeman should be  
seen walking out."

"That was about the way of it. I  
could hear the boys in the barn while  
I was planting. They grew noisy. got  
a-quarreling, and I saw a policeman  
going by, and—he did the rest."

"Well, you are glad you did not go  
with them?"

"Of course I am, sir."

"Well, don't forget," said Trouser  
kindly, laying a hand on the boy's  
shoulder. "They had hard work in-  
ducing you, I could see that. As I  
said there, when I was a hammering  
on that cellar-wall, 'It is the first brick  
that always comes hard.' After that,  
one can go right along and take down  
a whole wall pretty quick. I was some  
time cutting out of the wall my first  
brick. After that, it was easy. I could  
have got the whole wall down then.  
Bill found it hard to get the first brick  
out. You resisted him right there.  
My! If he had got out that brick, you  
might!"

"Might have been walking off with  
that policeman."

"That is it! Look out for the be-  
ginnings of evil!"

After that, whenever John heard a  
mason's hammer rapping away, he  
would also catch Trouser's voice say-  
ing, "It is the first brick that always  
comes hard, John! Look out for the  
beginnings of evil!"—Z. Herald.

A DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR of the  
College of Physicians and Surgeons  
gives the following as the law of per-  
fect health, beauty and longevity for  
women: "Eat fresh animal food  
three times a day, and as much bread,  
crushed wheat, potatoes, rice, eggs,  
etc., as possible. Between the differ-  
ent meals and on retiring at night,  
drink a glass of milk, if thin, or a cup  
of beef tea or broth if you are stout.  
Every night and morning take a warm  
sponge bath with water in which about  
a tablespoonful of common salt in the  
bath has been dissolved. After the  
bath, and a brisk rub with a coarse  
towel, exercise ten minutes briskly  
with dumb-bells, or in any way you  
enjoy, breathing deeply and freely.

"Sleep nine hours at night and one  
in the middle of the day, and wear  
loose clothing," and he guarantees you  
to be thus "fair, fat and forty."

A BRIDGE BUILT BY RED ANTS.

The following remarkable story,  
told by an eye-witness, is entitled to a  
place among the instances of intelli-  
gence amongst the lower animals. A  
cook was much annoyed to find his  
pastry shelves attacked by ants. By  
careful watching it was discovered  
that they came out twice a day in search  
of food—at about seven in the morn-  
ing and 4 in the afternoon. How were  
the pies to be protected against the  
invaders?

He did not have to wait, for at 6.56  
o'clock he noticed that off in the left-  
hand corner of the pantry was a line  
of ants slowly making their way in the  
direction of the pies. They seemed  
like a vast army coming forth to attack  
the enemy. In front was a leader,  
who was larger than any of the others,  
and who always kept a little ahead of  
his troops. They were of the sort  
known as the medium-sized red ant,  
which is regarded as the most intelli-  
gent of its kind. About forty ants out  
of five hundred stepped out and joined  
the leader. The general and his aids  
held a council and then proceeded to  
examine the circle of molasses. Cer-

tain portions of it seemed to be assign-  
ed to the different ants, and each se-  
lected unerringly the point in the sec-  
tion under his charge where the stream  
of molasses was narrowest. Then the  
leader made his tour of inspection.

The order to march was given, and the  
ants all made their way to a hole in  
the wall in which the plastering was  
loose. Here they broke rank and set  
about carrying pieces of plaster to the  
place in the molasses which had been  
agreed upon as the narrowest. To  
and fro they went from the nail-hole  
to the molasses until, at 11.30 o'clock,  
they had thrown a bridge across.

They then formed themselves in line  
and marched over, and by 11.45 every  
ant was eating pie.—Chicago Tribune.

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 28.]

No. 159.—"Honesty is the best  
policy, but he who acts on that prin-  
ciple is not an honest man."

No. 160.—"He that has been stung  
by a serpent is afraid of a rope."

No. 161.— M  
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No. 163.—  
(1) R I T E (2) T I M E  
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—[The Mystery—No. 31.]—

No. 178.—TRANSPPOSITION.  
(G. A. GRASS, Waits Station.)

"Eshw emyth sawy, O rold, heact  
emyth sapht."

No. 179.—BIBLE QUERY.  
(BY EDWIN, Downeyville.)

What word for the want of proper  
pronunciation caused forty and two  
thousand men to be slain?

No. 180.—DROP-VOVEL PUZZLE.  
(BY DALE MCULKIN, Upper Gagetown.)

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—h—d—ll —n th—s Chr—st  
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m—st—r  
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h—and?

No. 181.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
(BY H. B. S. MERRITHW, Keswick.)

A letter, a number, a girl's name, a  
kind of lace, a letter.

No. 182.—CHARADE.  
(BY H. B. S. MERRITHW, Keswick.)

My first is an animal;  
My second is a boy's name.  
My whole is a town in England.

No. 183.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.  
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Where is "soap" found?  
How many times are "stakes" men-  
tioned and where?

Where are "chickens" mentioned?  
Where is "gold" first found?

No. 184.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY D. L. SMITH, Central Hampstead.)

1st is in coach, also in wagon;  
2nd is in barrel, but not in flagon;  
3rd is in church, but not in people;  
4th is in house, but not in steeple;  
5th is in earth, but not in soil;  
6th is in labour, but not in toil;  
7th and 8th you will find in because;  
9th you will find is the end of all  
laws.

My whole is a scriptural name.

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cure roughness of hair in your horses  
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CONSULT YOUR NEIGHBOR.

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It rarely fails in making a complete  
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the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

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It promotes a free and easy expectora-  
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to heal.

HUNTSVILLE HAPPENINGS.

I HAVE used Dr. Fowler's Extract  
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Geo. West, Huntsville, Ont.

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