

The School Boy's Troubles.

The witches get in my book, I know,
Or else it's fairy elves;
For when I study, they plague me so
I feel like one of themselves.

Often they whisper, "Come and play,
The sun is shining bright!"
And when I fling the book away
They mutter with delight.

They dance among the stupid words,
And twist the "rules" awry;
And fly across the page like birds,
Though I can't see them fly.

They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,
They make me drowsy, too;
In fact, the more a fellow tries
To study, the worse they do.

They can't be heard, they can't be seen—
I know not how they look—
And yet they always lurk between
The leaves of a lesson book.

Whatever they are I cannot tell,
But this is plain as day;
I never'll be able to study well
As long as the book elves stay.

—St. Nicholas.

Julie's Lesson.

Julie sat down on the top step,
Waiting for mamma to come home.
She made one think of a young
squirrel in her gray coat and hat,
The especial point of resemblance being
the way in which she rolled a big
peach stone from one cheek to another
as she sat there gravely meditating.

"Mamma told me to be a very good
girl while she was gone. Well, I
guess I have been pretty good for me.
I don't think there is anything bad
enough to tell about, anyway."

"Well, my pet," said a voice just
below her, and there was mamma,
with a bright smile of welcome, and
ever so many bundles, and Julie flew
down the steps to meet her.

"What have you in your mouth,
dear?"

"A peach-stone," said Julie.

"Why we have no peaches in the
house today. Where did you get it?"
Julie hopped around on one foot for
a minute, then took the stone from her
mouth and began rolling it between
her hands in an embarrassed way.

"You see, said she, 'Molly and I
were playing down by Dobson's grocery
and there was a basket of peaches on
the side-walk, and Molly said, 'I dare
you to grab a peach,' and so, of course,
I had to grab it, mamma!"

Mamma's sorrowful face made
Julie's own lose a little of its bright-
ness. She sat quietly watching her
mamma take off her bonnet and gloves,
only once saying cheerfully, "Now,
mamma, dear, it's all right; don't
worry about it any more. You see, I
have asked God to forgive me, and the
man didn't see me, so it's all right!"

Presently mamma sat down and
took her little daughter on her lap.

"Julie," she said, "do you remem-
ber the other day we saw a young boy,
in the street, in charge of a policeman,
and you asked me what he was being
taken away for?"

"Yes, mamma."

"What did I tell you what the boy
was?"

"A thief," said Julie.

"And what did I say a thief was?"

"Somebody who took what did not
belong to him," said Julie, with a
shocked look on her face. There was
a moment's silence, and then Julie
burst into tears. "O, mamma, I
didn't mean to! Can't I ever not be
a thief again?"

"My darling, you can begin all
over again. First, you must go to
Mr. Dobson, tell him what you did,
and pay him for the peach. Then
come home and ask God to forgive
you, and he surely will if his little
child is truly sorry, as I think she is.
And one thing more you must learn,
Julie, to be really brave; brave enough
to do always what is right. It is
never brave or smart to do a thing just
because you are dared to do it."

About five minutes later a little
gray figure stood in Mr. Dobson's
store, watching him weigh out a pound
of crackers for a little girl.

"Have one, Julie?" he said kindly,
holding out towards her a very mild
looking lion.

Julie shook her head, "No thank
you, sir," she said.

Mr. Dobson looked surprised. "Well,
that's the first time I ever knew you
to refuse anything good to eat. Ain't
sick, are you?"

Then, as they were left alone in the
store, Julie suddenly burst forth, look-
ing straight ahead without winking, and
speaking as fast as she could.

"O, Mr. Dobson, I came to tell you
that Molly dared me to grab a peach,
and I was a coward and took it, and
you didn't see me; I don't want to be
a thief! Here's the money, and will
you please forgive me, so as I can ask
God to, and begin all over again?"

By this time Julie's breath gave out,
and Mr. Dobson was so astonished that
he seemed to have lost his breath, too,
for a minute.

Then he said: "Julie, you are a

good, brave girl. Of course I forgive
you; and the next time you see any-
thing in front of the store that you
want, come right in and ask for it, will
you? Now we'll have some crackers,
just to show we are all right again."

So he held open a little paper bag,
and began to pour them into it, sing-
ing, with a merry twinkle in his eye:

"The animals went in, two by two,
One wide river to cross.
The elephant and the kangaroo—
I guess you'll find them all there,
Julie, when you get home—a regular
Noah's Ark!"

And Julie went off with a very happy
look upon her face, for she knew the
loving smile and kiss that were await-
ing her at home, and the dear mother's
voice that would surely say, "God bless
my little daughter."—*Congregation-
alist.*

How Will Become a Drunkard.

Will was the brightest boy in school
—the smartest child his father had;
and there was six others. Everybody
liked Will, and his mother loved him
almost to distraction. He was as good
as he was bright, ever ready to help a
friend, ran errands for all the neigh-
bors; was easily at the head of his
class at school whenever he tried to be,
and he generally did. The minister
thought he was cut out for a great man,
hoped he would be a preacher, but was
sure if he was not that some public
work and honor awaited him.

Will joined the Young Men's Chris-
tian Association when he was sixteen,
and they made him secretary. He got
along very well until he went to col-
lege. Then he joined a secret society.

One evening he was out with five or
six of his fellow-students. One of
them proposed a bottle of champagne.
Will had never tasted a drop of wine
or liquor in his life, and he would
not take any; but they persuaded
him, telling him it was only like so
much soda-water, and he took a glass
and liked it. The next time he was
out with them one said, "Will, it is
your treat now." He had the money,
so he ordered a bottle of champagne,
and liked it better than he did be-
fore. He didn't write an account of
it to his father and mother. About
a week later something was taken
again. In a month or a little more
one of them proposed a glass of whis-
ky. Will hesitated at that, but one
of them told him he was afraid of
his head, and said, "Any one with
as good a head as he had needn't be
afraid to drink anything." Will felt
flattered, and said he could "drink
as much as any of them." They took
it, and all became more or less drunk.

Will soon ceased going to the
Young Men's Christian Association
meetings and to church. In three
months after he entered college he
was before the faculty for dissipation.

This checked him, but he had already
come to like the taste and effects of
liquor, and went on from one thing
to another until he became what he
now is—a drunkard; a disgrace to his
family; a wretched being whom no
one loves, and who is never men-
tioned in the circle in which he used
to move, except when some old friend
recalls his case and speaks of it as
we do now.

There was laughter, and the boys
thought they were having a good
time when they called for that first
bottle of champagne. There was more
laughter the next time; but there is
none now, except the will, maniacal
laugh of the drunkard.

No one ever yet became a drunkard
who did not take the first glass. No
one ever took the first glass who did
not take the first taste. No one who
begins can be sure how he will end.
The smarter and brighter the boy,
the better-hearted and more flattered,
the more likely he is to be ruined.

Will is a real case, but every boy that
reads this, every girl that reads it,
needs only to look around in the town
where he or she lives to see many
just such cases. I can recall six of
the most promising boys I know who
have either died of drunkenness or are
living the mere wrecks and ruins of
their former selves.—*Chris. Advocate.*

The Human Body.

In the human body there are about
263 bones. The muscles are about 500
in number. The length of the aliment-
ary canal is about 32 feet. The amount
of blood in an adult averages 30 lb., or
full one-fifth of the entire weight. The
heart is 6 inches in length and 4 inches
in diameter, and beats seventy times
per minute, 4200 times per hour, 36,
792,000 times per year, and at each
beat 2½ oz. of blood are thrown out of
it, 1,750 oz. per minute, 656 lb. per
hour, 7½ tons per day. All the blood
in the body passes through the heart
in three minutes. This little organ, by
its ceaseless industry, pumps each day
what is equal to lifting 121 tons one
foot high, or one ton 122 feet high.
The lungs will obtain about one gallon
of air at their usual degree of inflation.
We breathe on an average 1,200 times

per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or
24,000 per day. The aggregate surface
of the air cells of the lungs exceeds
20,000 square inches, an area very
nearly equal to the floor of a room 12
feet square. The average weight of
the brain of an adult male is 3 lb. 2 oz.,
of a female 2 lb. 12 oz. The nerves are
all connected with it, directly or by the
spinal marrow. These nerves, together
with their branches and minute ramifi-
cations, probably exceed 10,000,000
in number, forming a "body guard"
outnumbering by far the greatest army
ever marshalled. The skin is composed
of three layers, and varies from one-
fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thick-
ness. The atmospheric pressure being
about 14 lb. to the square inch, a per-
son of medium size is subjected to a
pressure of 40,000 lb. Each square
inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating
tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of
which may be likened to a little drain
pipe one-fourth of an inch long, making
an aggregate length of the entire ser-
vice of the body 201,166 feet, or almost
forty miles long. Man is thus marvel-
lously made. Who is eager to investi-
gate the curious and wonderful works
of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not
wander the wide world round to seek
them, but examine *himself*.

Some Good Rules for Young People.

Never exaggerate.
Never point at another.
Never betray a confidence.
Never wantonly frighten others.
Never neglect to call upon friends.
Never leave home with unkind
words.

Never give a promise that you do
not fulfil.
Never laugh at the misfortune of
others.
Never send a present, hoping for
one in return.
Never speak much of your own per-
formances.
Never fail to be punctual at the
time appointed.
Never make yourself the hero of
your own story.
Never fail to give a polite answer
to a civil question.
Never pick the teeth or clean the
nails in company.
Never present a gift, saying it is of
no use to yourself.
Never question a servant or a child
about family affairs.
Never read letters that you may find
addressed to others.
Never fail, if a gentleman, of being
polite and civil to ladies.
Never call attention to the features
or form of any one present.
Never refer to a gift you have made,
or a favor you have rendered.
Never associate with bad company.
Have good company or none.
Never look over the shoulder of
another who is reading or writing.
Never appear to notice a scar, de-
formity, or defect, in any one present.
Never arrest the attention of an
acquaintance by a touch. Speak to
him.

Home Hints.

POP OVERS.—One cup flour, one
cup milk, one egg, butter size of an
egg; bake in hot oven in cups two-
thirds full.

TEA CAKE.—Five cups flour, one
tablespoon butter, two tablespoons
sugar, three heaped teaspoons baking
powder sifted with the flour, one pint
milk. Bake in hot oven.

SALLY LUNN.—One quart flour,
piece butter size of an egg, two table-
spoons sugar, two eggs, two cups milk,
two teaspoons cream tartar, one tea-
spoon soda. To be eaten hot.

BISCUIT.—One quart flour, small
half cup butter, one teaspoon soda,
two teaspoons cream tartar, one cup of
milk; if the milk is sour use only the
soda.

TEA CAKE.—One egg, one cup sugar,
one cup sweet milk, butter size of an
egg, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-
half teaspoon soda, one pint flour.

CALIFORNIA TEA CAKE.—Two cups
flour, two eggs, small half cup sugar,
one large tablespoon butter, one tea-
spoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar;
beat to a batter and bake half an hour.

SODA TEA CAKE.—One tablespoon
butter, two tablespoons sugar, two
eggs, one teaspoon soda, two tea-
spoons cream tartar, one cup milk, one
pint flour; bake in a flat tin pan in a
quick oven. Eat hot with butter.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—One pint
sour milk, one pint sifted indian meal,
one-half pint rye meal, one-half cup
molasses, one teaspoon soda; steam
three hours in a tin mould used for
steaming puddings. To be eaten hot.
The mould should be large at the top
and small at the bottom.

Severe colds are easily cured by the
use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive
Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary
penetrating and healing properties.
It is acknowledged by those who have
used it as being the best medicine sold
for coughs, colds, inflammation of the
lungs, and all affections of the throat
and chest. Its agreeableness to the
taste makes it a favourite with ladies
and children.

Young Folks' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, ST. JOHN, P. O.
N. B.
Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories,

The Mystery Solved.—No. 52.

No. 285.—Jonas No. 286.—Teakettle
over
net
as

No. 287.
"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

No. 288.—1. D 2. P
HEM EAT
DELIA PAPER
MIT TEN
A R

No. 289.—"But if ye forgive not
men their trespasses, neither will
your heavenly father forgive your tres-
passes."

No. 290.—1. Y
ACT
ALLAY
YCLEPED
TAPIS
YES
D
2. N
TAN
TAPIS
NAPHTHA
WITHE
SHE
A

The Mystery.—No. 3.

No. 16.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A letter; a limb; a precious stone; a
horse disease; what all should be; re-
lating to gear; Indian tribe; stands
for saint; a vowel.

No. 17.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In aid, not in help;
In day, not in night;
In listen, not in bark;
In plate, not in dish;
In ale, not in rum;
In pair, not in couple;
In speak, not in bark;
In pin, not in needle;
In ape, not in monkey.
My whole is a disease.

No. 18.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

ld nt n - e g - b - sh - t,
Th - gh - t - f - g - ld - sh - ld - b -
- l - v - b - at - n - th - w - d - a - t - s - ng
- nd - f - fr - m - tr - t - tr -

No. 19.—TRANSPPOSITION.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

How haugt het ribd et fibud reh sent
Fo osh nda yah dan smos?
How haugt rehwho et veawe ti sibt,
Dan yah het gwtis sacros?

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

ANNIE L. BREWER, Nashwaaksis, is
again welcomed to our ranks. Thanks
for nice puzzles. No. 286, 287 and
289 correct.

PRIZE OFFERS.
LET EVERY ONE GIVE ATTENTION!
READ WHAT FOLLOWS!

1st Offer.—To the person sending in
the largest list of puzzles on or before
the last day of May I will send a hand-
some and valuable prize. To the
second largest list, a handsome prize.

2nd Offer.—To the person sending in
the largest list of puzzles each
month from 1st Feb'y. to 1st May a
handsome and elegant prize. The
second largest list, a nice prize.

RULES.—1. All puzzles must be
original.
2. They must be written only on
one side of the paper, and each puzzle
must have good separating space from
the other following.
3. The answer must be kept on a
separate sheet of paper.
4. Each competitor must send full
name, age, and address each time of
writing. A non-de-plume may be used
for publication. Address—C. E.
BLACK, St. John P. O.

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Dandruff.**

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y.,
writes: "For years I have been
troubled with Liver Complaint. The
doctors said my liver was hardened
and enlarged. I was troubled with
dizziness, pain in my shoulder, consti-
pation, and gradually losing flesh all
the time. I was under the care of
three physicians, but did not get any
relief. A friend sent me a bottle of
Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Dis-
covery, and the benefit I have received
from it, is far beyond my expectation.
I feel better now than I have done for
years."

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Lemona Bananas, Lord, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, etc., etc.
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STRAWBERRY
CURES
HOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC
AND
RAMP
DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS.
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
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MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.
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Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Colo-
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Strawberry, Raspberry,
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IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend
are my own specialties which I can highly
recommend—being of combinations of
the flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics
with that of our own Matchless Straw-
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SPECTACLES—
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EYEGLASSES,
The most perfect aids to vision known.

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House-Furnishing Goods—late impor-
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and best assorted stock he has yet
offered. Foreign Goods, having been
personally selected, after twenty-six
years experience in the best markets
of the world, will be found fine value
and well suited to the wants of the
trade.

256 packages have been received
containing English, French and Bohe-
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Ivory Wares, all white, decorated and
printed granite, jet, cream colour and
common wares. Table Glassware,
Library, Hall, Parlour and Banquet
Lamps—all from celebrated makers;
7 packages Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s
flat and hollow wares; 1 case Thomas
Ellin & Co.'s celebrated Table Cutlery,
5 cases Bohemian Fancy Glassware, 5
cases Silk Plush Fancy Goods and Toys.
Fredericton, Oct. 28th, 1890.

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Overcoatings.
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