

## How Answer.

What would you do if you had a wee  
tease,  
Asking you daily such questions as these:  
"Mamma, does God simply turn down  
the light  
Just when he guesses it's time to be night?  
"Are flowers made out of a butterfly's  
wing?  
"Why do the trees put their clothes on in  
the spring?  
And then when cold winter comes get all  
undressed?"  
"How does the robin get blood on his  
breast?"  
"Will Santa Claus answer that letter of  
Zeb's?"  
"Are bicycles made out of big spider  
webs?"  
"Does the man in the moon smoke while  
looking about?  
And are the blue clouds just the smoke  
he puffs out?  
And the stars, are they just the wee sparks  
he lets drop?"  
"Do cat-tails grow up from—" But here  
I will stop  
And ask you again—will you tell, if you  
please,  
How you would answer such questions as  
these?

—Harper's Young People.

## I Meant To.

"I did not rise at the breakfast bell,  
But was so sleepy—I can't tell—  
I meant to."  
"The wood's not carried in, I know;  
But there's the school bell, I must go—  
I meant to."  
"My lessons I forgot to write,  
But nuts and apples were so nice—  
I meant to."  
"I forgot to walk on tiptoe;  
Oh, how the baby cries! Oh! Oh!  
I meant to."  
"There, I forgot to shut the gate,  
And put away my book and slate—  
I meant to."  
"The cattle trampled down the corn,  
My slate is broken, my book is torn—  
I meant to."  
Thus draws poor little Jimmy Hite,  
From morn till noon, from noon till  
night:  
I meant to.

And now he's grown to be a man,  
He heedlessly mows every plan  
With that poor plan, "I meant to."  
—Home and School Visitor.

## BILLY.

The clerk at the general delivery  
window of a city postoffice is usually a  
pretty busy individual, but on rare oc-  
casions he has his moments of leisure.  
It was at such a time, one summer  
afternoon when active business seemed  
entirely suspended, that the young  
man who presided over the general  
delivery was startled out of a comfort-  
able doze by the sound of a piping  
voice, issuing from some invisible  
quarter.

"Say, mister," said a voice "is der  
a letter for me?"

The clerk stared out across his little  
corner, but failed to see the owner of  
the voice. Then he poked his head  
half way out of the narrow window,  
and glancing down, saw a little mite  
of a ragged fellow with bootblack's kit  
swung around his shoulders.

"A letter for you?" he echoed,  
with a smile. "Don't know. What's  
your name?"

"Billy."

"Billy—what else?"

The little fellow shifted from one  
foot to the other, but his clear, blue  
eyes looked steadily at the clerk.

"No'tin' else," he said. "Jes'  
Billy."

"I guess not," the clerk replied.  
"Were you expecting a letter?"

"Yessir."

There was an expression of faith in  
his errand in the little fellow's face,  
and the clerk racked his brain for a  
simple explanation to offer him.

"Mebbe," said the boy, "if I told  
yer why I wuz a-lookin' fer a letter yo'  
gud find it for me."

"Perhaps I could," said the clerk.  
"It won't do any harm to try any-  
way."

The little fellow set his boot-black's  
kit down on the floor.

"It wuz like dis," he said. "Las  
Sunday mornin' I wuz at d' mission  
Sunday-school up town, an' on my  
way back I walked wid Miss Rogers.  
You know her?"

"No," replied the clerk, still smil-  
ing.

"Yo' orter. She's d' teacher uv our  
class. She wuz a-tel'in' me erbout d'  
lesson, an' when I left her by her  
house I jes' knowed it all. Well, I  
walked on down d' street, an' pretty  
soon I seen an old gentleman in front  
of me drop a pocket-book. Den I for-  
got d' lesson an' everythin' else, and I  
brung d' pocket-book, when I picked  
it up over t' alley where I live.

"I seen it was full of money, but I  
never touched none uv it. Long  
erbout night time I begun t' think o'  
the Sunday-school lesson, an' the  
more I thought of it, the more I got  
worried.

"D' nex' mornin' I put on my good

clothes again, an' I wuz a-goin' t' take  
d' pocket-book up t' Miss Rogers. I  
knowed she'd feel bad's I did, an' so I  
thought I'd send the money back on  
my own accord.

"D' wuz some cards'n things in it,  
tellin' d' name o' d' man what dropped  
it, an' I writ a letter to him, splainin'  
how I wuz sorry I'd kept it, an' signed  
my name—jes' Billy. Den I wrapped  
it up and sent it to him by mail."

The clerk had ceased smiling by this  
time, and looked into the boy's sober  
face as he asked: "Did you tell the  
man where to reply to your letter?"

"Nusser: but I said I'd come here  
an' ask, to see ef d' pocket got to him;  
da's all."

"I see," replied the clerk. "If  
you'll wait a minute, I see if I can find  
anything."

Without hope of success, he went  
over to the "B" box, and ran quickly  
over the letters it contained. In the  
centre of the pack he found one ad-  
dressed:

"BILLY."

"To be called for."

With a brighter face he hurried back  
to the window, and handed the missive  
to the little bootblack. "Here it is,"  
he said. "This must be for you."

Billy took the letter, turned it over  
once or twice, and then handed it to  
him.

"Read it for me," he said. "I  
ain't much on makin' out writin'."

The clerk opened the envelope and  
extracted the contents. In a business  
hand was written a kindly letter to  
"My honest little Billy," and the  
writer asked that the boy call to see  
him at an address which he gave.

The letter closed with the familiar words  
that "honesty was the best policy,  
always; but I feel that in this case a  
reward of another sort is called for."

This latter referred to a neatly folded  
greenback which was inclosed.

The clerk read the letter over to  
Billy, and then handed it to him with  
the inclosure.

"Go up to Miss Rogers," he said,  
"and tell her the whole story. She  
will advise you what to do."

Little Billy's eyes sparkled as he  
thanked the clerk. Then he swung  
his kit over his shoulders again, and  
promising to return to explain the rest  
of the adventure, he trudged out into  
the street.

It was a week later when he came  
back to see the clerk. His clothes  
were new, and fitted him, somewhat  
better than his old ones, and the boot-  
black kit was not visible. He reached  
up and shook hands with his friend as  
he said:

"I ain't shinin' shoes no more. D'  
gentleman dat writ me dat letter hez  
giv me a place in his office, an' I'm  
a-goin' to night school, now."

He said more than this, and the  
two had a chat during the first lull in  
business. But we have told enough  
of little Billy's story to show how  
true—always true—is that old story  
about honesty is the best policy. And  
even had there been no letter for  
Billy, the policy would have been the  
same.—Ex.

## Elements of Success.

Mark Holmes was not a young man  
of brilliant parts. He was an inde-  
fatigable worker, and his ideals as to  
quality of work in what he did were  
of the highest. He wrote a perfectly  
legible, clear, and rapid hand. His  
shorthand writing was like engraving,  
his typewriting was faultless. The  
drawings he made in the first year of  
his scientific course he presented, by  
request of the professor, to the college  
in which he was a student, as models  
for other students to emulate. His  
recitations were invariably prepared  
with care, and his deportment was  
beyond criticism.

Yet when he saw young men in his  
classes with talents so much more  
showy and brilliant than his, he was  
inclined to despond as to his success in  
life. He was rather slow of speech,  
and found his pleasure in literary  
companionship with authors in their  
books rather than the young men  
about him. He was not "a jolly good  
fellow." He did not smoke cigar, or  
carry a cane, or take a drink, or sing a  
comic song, or go on a lark. There  
was no fun in these things to him.

Fortunately he had a friend some  
years older than himself with whom  
he discussed his future with perfect  
frankness. At the conclusion of one  
of their talks this friend said to him:

"You need have no misgivings as  
to your future. With you character  
will be as large a factor in your suc-  
cess as education, family, or general  
ability. What the world needs is men  
who can be trusted, who can be de-  
pendent on, whose integrity is firm,  
whose honesty is incorruptible, whose  
escutcheon is spotless. I am glad you  
are not brilliant. Many a young man  
has been wrecked by the possession  
of shining abilities, unbalanced by  
stirring virtue and established prin-  
ciple. You have only to go on as you

are now doing, and the way will open  
before you; positions will seek you,  
and you will perhaps slowly but surely  
rise to the level you are capable of  
reaching by the simple force of your  
character and your manhood."

## The Hard Problem.

I know of a boy who was preparing  
to enter the junior class of the New  
York University. He was studying  
trigonometry, and I gave him three  
examples for his next lesson. The  
following day he came into my room  
to demonstrate his problems. Two of  
them he understood, but the third—a  
very difficult one—he had not per-  
formed; I said to him: "Shall I help  
you?"

"No, sir. I can and will do it if  
you give me time."

I said: "I will give all the time you  
wish."

The next day he came into my  
room to recite another lesson in the  
same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked  
that example?"

"No, sir," he answered: "but I  
can and will do it if you will give me a  
little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the  
time you desire."

I always like those boys who are de-  
termined to do their own work, for  
they make our best scholars, and men,  
too. The third morning you should  
have seen Simon enter my room. I  
knew he had it, for his whole face  
told the story of his success.

Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it  
had cost him many hours of hard  
work. Not only had he solved the  
problem, but, what was of much great-  
er importance to him, he had begun to  
develop mathematical powers which,  
under the inspiration of "I can and I  
will," he has continued to cultivate,  
until today he is professor of mathe-  
matics in one of our largest colleges,  
and one of the ablest mathematicians  
of his years in our country.—Selected.

## Things Worth Knowing.

Do you know that alum, dissolved in  
hot water is sure destruction to moths  
and other vermin? Apply to the fur-  
niture or wood-work with a paint-  
brush. Wet your carpets about the  
edges with a strong solution.

Do you know that cold tea may be  
used to good advantage in cleaning  
grained wood?

Do you know that if you will keep  
the flour-barrel elevated a few inches  
from the floor, you will prevent damp-  
ness?

Do you know that flannel cloth is  
much better than a cotton one for  
cleaning wood-work? Use warm  
water to which a little ammonia has  
been added, and wipe painted sur-  
face with a dry flannel.

Do you know that a little of the best  
carriage varnish will mend your  
broken china? Apply with a camel's  
hair brush and let the varnish dry  
thoroughly before the article is used.

Do you know that old newspapers,  
torn into small pieces and softened in  
water to which a little ammonia has  
been added, are excellent for cleaning  
lamp-chimneys?

Do you know that the proper way to  
dry the face after bathing it, is to  
wipe it upward, from the chin to the  
forehead, and outwards from the nose  
to the ear? Never wipe downward or  
inward, unless you wish to court  
wrinkles.

Do you know that matting should  
be washed in salt water, to keep it  
from turning dark?

Do you know that an excellent fur-  
niture polish is made of equal parts of  
turpentine, linseed oil and vinegar?

Do you know that, in polishing your  
stoves, you can improve upon the or-  
dinary method, if you will add as much  
hard soap as you use of the polish?  
Boil the two together in a little water  
and apply.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK,

—ST. JOHN, N. B.

Devoted to

Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: ON  
WARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 6.]

No. 42.—Longfellow.

No. 43.—1. A 2. P

ALE HEN

ALSAC PETER

EAR NET

C R

No. 44.—Prov. 24: 7.

No. 45.—Prov. 24: 2.

No. 46.—Uriah.

## [The Mystery.—No. 11.]

No. 60.—DIAMOND.

(BY GARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)  
A letter; a small vessel; a habita-  
tion; a time of joy; to direct; a snare;  
a letter.

No. 61.—CHARADES.

1st. My first is a part of the body;  
My second is a small portion;  
My whole is what many people like  
to be.

2nd. My first is a well known food  
for animals;  
My second is one who hops;  
My whole is an insect.

Yarmouth, N. S. T. M. GAYTON.

No. 62.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1st. A letter; a verb; a boy's name;  
to cease; a letter.

3rd. A vowel; to mimic; a kind of  
fruit; a tree; a vowel. T. M. G.

No. 62.—SQUARE PUZZLE.

To desire; thought; to burn; solid.

T. M. G.

No. 63.—PI PUZZLES.

(BY J. B. DELONG, Kingsley.)

(1) Dna hte ovrld sthsap awya dan  
teh tlu erfeth tba eh htat thdoe hte  
liwl dgo dthbeha rof erve.

(2) Ym nso fi ninsres tience hete  
smecot htuo tno.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

(The Mystical Circle.)

THAT PRIZE CONTEST.

The late prize contest did not draw  
out the number and variety of puzzles  
we had anticipated. The prize was  
for the largest list of approved original  
puzzles. Some sent in very large lists  
of one kind, as M. R. McLeod, who  
wrote on both sides, and J. B. De-  
Long, Kingsley, whose batch of 61  
puzzles was received after the contest  
closed.

We have concluded to award the  
prizes as follows:—  
First Prize—Theresa M. Gayton,  
Yarmouth, N. S. Other Rewards—  
Myra R. McLeod, Fredericton; H.  
Dale McMulkin, Upper Gagetown,  
and Carrie Wade, Cross Creek.

UNCLE NED.

FARM HINTS.—Don't cram to-day  
and starve to-morrow.  
Don't expect poultry to thrive in  
damp quarters.

Don't allow the hens to roost in the  
carriage house, woodshed, or on the  
big beams over the barn door.

No poultry should be slaughtered  
till the birds have fasted for from  
fourteen to sixteen hours. If they  
are killed when their crop full, the  
food in them soon decomposes and the  
flesh turns green and becomes tainted  
and worthless.

Minard's Liniment cures  
Garget in Cows.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.  
Gentlemen,—In driving over the  
mountains I took a severe cold which  
settled in my back and kidneys, caus-  
ing me many sleepless nights of pain.  
The first application of MINARD'S  
LINIMENT so relieved me that I fell  
into a deep sleep and complete recovery  
shortly followed.

JOHN S. McLEOD

Annapolis.

IT LEADS THE LEADERS.

The foremost medicine of the day,  
Burdock Blood Bitters, is a purely  
vegetable compound possessing perfect  
regulating powers over all the organs  
of the system and controlling their  
secretions. It so purifies the blood  
that it cures all blood humors and dis-  
eases from a common pimple to the  
worst scrofulous sore, and this com-  
bined with its unrivaled regulating,  
cleansing and purifying influence on  
the secretions of the liver, kidneys,  
bowels and skin, render it unequalled  
as a cure for all diseases of the skin.

From one to two bottles will cure  
boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash,  
scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms  
of skin disease. From two to four  
bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema,  
shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses,  
running sores, and all skin eruptions.  
It is noticeable that sufferers from skin  
diseases are nearly always aggravated  
by intolerable itching, but this quickly  
subsides on the removal of the disease  
by B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet  
prevalent diseases such as scrofulous  
swellings, humors and scrofula, we  
have undoubted proof that from three  
to six bottles used internally and by  
outward application (diluted if the skin  
is broken) to the affected parts, will  
effect a cure. The great mission of B.  
B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys,  
bowels and blood, to correct acidity  
and wrong action of the stomach and  
to open the sluice-ways of the system  
to carry off all clogged and impure  
secretions, allowing nature thus to aid  
recovery and remove without fail bad  
blood, liver complaint, biliousness,  
dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy,  
rheumatism, and every species of dis-  
ease arising from disorder of the liver,  
kidneys, bowels, stomach and blood.

We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B.  
to be a cure for the liver, kidneys,  
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## YOUR COUGH

Has not yielded to the various reme-  
dies you have been taking. It  
troubles you day and night, breaks  
your rest and reduces your strength.  
Now try Ayer's Cherry Pec-  
toral, before the bronchial tubes be-  
come enlarged or the delicate tissues  
of the lungs sustain fatal injury. As  
an anodyne and expectorant, this pre-  
paration has no equal. It soothes the  
irritated membrane, promotes expec-  
toration, and induces repose. The  
worst cough

## Can Be Cured

by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr.  
J. G. Gordon, Carroll Co., Va., writes: "I  
use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice,  
and pronounce it to be unequalled as a re-  
medy for colds and coughs."

"After the gripe—cough. This was my  
experience—a hacking, dry cough, with an  
incessant tickling in the throat, keeping me  
awake nights, and disturbing the household.  
I tried a great number of 'cough-cures,' but  
they gave me only temporary relief. At last  
I concluded to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,  
and before I had used half a bottle, I had  
my first all-night sleep. I continued to im-  
prove, and now consider myself cured."—  
A. A. Sherman, Coeymans, N. Y.

## By Using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, many have been  
saved from fatal illness.

E. D. Estabrooks, Canterbury, N. B.,  
says: "In the winter of 1889 I was a surveyor  
of lumber in Sacramento, Cal. Being con-  
siderably exposed, I took a bad cold accom-  
panied with a terrible cough. I tried several  
remedies, but they failed to cure me, and it  
was thought I was going into a decline. On  
the advice of a friend, I began to use Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral, and less than half a bottle  
completely cured me."

## Ayer's

## Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY  
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.