

True Victory.

He stood with a foot on the threshold,
And a cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.
"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits you a royal welcome
From the lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.
"You'd think it was Bluebeard's closet,
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there is naught to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a stammer—
'Tis only a game and a drink!
And his lips make bold to answer:
"But what would my mother think?"
The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision
The shadows of night within.
Away! till his feet have bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away! in the name of virtue,
And the strength of his mother's God!

On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.
And he stood by his home in the starlight—
All guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field.

—New York Observer.

Some Specimens of Irish Wit.

Irish wit is often of the most mor-
dant and even sardonic kind. Was
there ever a more sardonic stroke of
description than that O'Connell gave
of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile
was like the silver plate on a coffin."
Less scathing, but less witty also, was
his description of a lady of a similarly
repellent temperament: "She had all
the characteristics of a poker except
its occasional warmth."

The late Hugh Stowell Brown, the
popular Nonconformist preacher, once
overheard on old Irishwoman in Liver-
pool mutter furiously, as a funeral, to
which she ought to have been asked,
passed her door: "Oh, go an' wid ye!
Go an' wid ye! Go an' wid ye! But
maybe there'll be a funeral at our
house soon, an' then we'll see who'll be
axed!"

A friend of my father's had a ser-
vant called Jerry Doherty, a handy
man, who was of invaluable service to
him—until poor Jerry took to drink.
His master, as much in his own inter-
ests as in Jerry's, was continually try-
ing to reform him; and to this end he
would read out to Jerry from the news-
papers every story of crime or of
trouble traceable to drink which he
could find in them. At last he came
upon a story which might have reform-
ed Bardsley. It was a thrilling tale
of a drunkard, who was so saturated
with whiskey that his breath caught
fire as he was blowing out a candle,
set his inside ablaze as it would have
set any other whiskey cask, and burned
him to ashes in five minutes. "Now
Jerry; now, Jerry," urged his master,
with the solemnity of an adjuration,
"let this be a warning to you!" "Oh,
begor, it will so, sir!" groaned the
horrid Jerry. "I'll never blow a
candle out again the longest day I
live."

A famous surgeon told me that he
went once to see a lunatic in a private
asylum, and that, in passing through a
corridor, he was thus accosted by one
of the patients: "Take off your hat,
sir." "Why should I?" asked my
friend. "Because I am the son of the
Emperor of the French." "Oh, I beg
your royal highness' pardon," apolo-
gized my friend, taking his hat off. On
revisiting the asylum a month or so
later he was again accosted in the same
corridor by the son of the Emperor of
the French, and in the same words:
"Take off your hat, sir!" "Why?"
again asked my friend. "Because I
am the son of the Emperor of Ger-
many." "Of the Emperor of Germany?"
Surely, when last I had the honor to
see your royal highness, you were the
son of the Emperor of the French?"
"Ah, well—yes," he stammered. But
recovering at once from his embar-
rassment, he added brightly, "That
was by another mother."—Belgravia.

How Old is the Potato?

The potato was introduced into
Europe from the Western Hemisphere.
History has it that Christopher Colum-
bus was the first European who ever
tasted a potato. It is doubtful if he
ever enjoyed eating our favorite tuber.
At all events the vegetable that he ate
at Cuba in 1492 and brought home to
Genoa was a sweet potato. The first
potato grown east of the Atlantic
Ocean was planted by Claudius in the
botanical gardens of Vienna in 1588.
As is well known, Sir Walter Raleigh
found the potato in Virginia, and took
specimens back to England. The

original home of the popular tuber is
Chili. It was brought north by the
Spaniards.

For many years the potato in Eng-
land was looked upon as being poison-
ous and unwholesome. This perhaps
is not to be wondered at, as it was
commonly eaten raw, the method of
cooking it not being known. A com-
mittee of the Royal Society urged in
1652 that all the fellows who possessed
land should "plant potatoes and per-
suade their friends to do the same in
order to alleviate the distress that
would accompany a scarcity of food."

In 1738 the first field of potatoes was
planted in the lowlands of Scotland.
As soon as the people of Ireland
knew how to cook the potato it quickly
became the one leading vegetable of
the land. Its cheapness of cultivation
large yields and nutritive qualities
made it become immensely popular,
and as it was the chief article of food it
ere long obtained its present common
name—Irish potato. It is not only of
value as a food plant; the Irish were
the first to discover that whiskey could
be made from it. Starch is made from
it for the laundry and for the manu-
facture of farina. The dried pulp from
which the starch has been extracted is
used for making boxes. From the
stem and leaves a narcotic is extract-
ed. In some places cakes and pud-
dings are made from the potato flour.

How HE BEGAN.—A good many of
the boys who read these pages will
soon be "earning their way" in the
world, if they are not already doing
so. Here is a word to encourage
them:—

Just above the wharves of Glasgow,
on the banks of the Clyde, there once
lived a factory boy whom I will call
David. At the age of ten he entered
a cotton factory as a "piecer."

He was employed from six o'clock
in the morning till eight at night. His
parents were very poor and he well
knew that his must be a boyhood of
very hard labor.

But then and there, in that buzzing
factory, he resolved that he would ob-
tain an education and become an in-
telligent and useful man. With his
very first week's wages he purchased
Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school
which met between the hours of eight
and ten. He paid the expenses of his
instruction out of his own hard earn-
ings.

At the age of sixteen he could read
Virgil and Horace as readily as the
pupils of the English grammar schools.
He next began a course of self in-
struction. He had been advanced in
the factory from piecer to a spinning-
jenny.

He brought his books to the factory,
and, placing one of them in the
"jenny," with the lesson before him,
he divided his attention between the
running of the spindle and the rud-
iments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University.
He knew that he must work his way;
but he also knew the power of resolu-
tion, and he was willing to make al-
most any sacrifice to gain the end.
He worked at cotton spinning in the
summer, lived frugally, and ap-
plied his savings to his college studies
in the winter.

He completed the allotted course,
and at the end was able to say with
praise-worthy pride, "I never had a
farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was David Livingstone.—
Wee Willie Winkie.

A Queer Little Fellow.

A queer little fellow indeed was
Tommy Dick. Why, he would give
away the last marble he had if a boy
wanted it. He would run on errands
all day long and never grumble. He
would always give the best place to
somebody else, no matter who, and
feel so honestly glad in seeing other
folks have a good time that he really
forgot all about himself.

Don't you see he was a very queer
little fellow?

But somehow everybody liked to
have the "queer little fellow" around.
Grandma always smiled all over her
face when she saw Tommy coming.
Aunt Lois, who was a very busy
woman, used to say: "Well, now
you've come just in time, Tommy.
Run and—"

When Tommy went to spend the
day with grandma or Aunt Lois the
folks at home all missed him. One
would say: "Now if Tommy were
only here."

You see Tommy was one of the un-
selfish helpers; and what a tiresome
world this would be if there was not a
good sprinkling of such people!

Are there any Tommies at your
house? It wouldn't do any harm if
there were more than one, you know.
Indeed, half a dozen boys and girls
with the spirit of Tommy Dick would
make home a very pleasant place.

Don't you think so?

Dr. C's String Drawer.

"Dr. C. is a perfect brick about his
string drawer," said Charley, as he
untangled a bunch of string that had
been loosely gathered and thrown into
the string box. "He folds his strings
as he picks them up, ties them in a
loose knot, and throws them into the
string drawer. Then he can always
pick out just what he wants, and it is
all ready to use."

"That's a good way," replied
Charley's aunt, "but my way is a little
different. I have a box hanging in the
kitchen, and I keep a string ball in it,
winding string as it accumulates on
the ball. When the ball gets too big
for the box I put it away and begin a
new one."

"That is rather better than
mamma's way," said Charley, "but
not so good as Dr. C.'s for you have to
unwind your ball sometimes to get a
string that will match to tie, when you
want a long string, while he can select
without disturbing any thing. Dr. C.
has an immense practice," continued
Charley, "and I suppose he gets
through his work simply because he
keeps every detail in order as he goes
along."

Mamma smiled serenely as she
listened to the conversation, but the
string box continued to contain its
trailing of unsorted string, for in
some things she wasn't very orderly.

Home Hints.

LEMON SPONGE.—Dissolve one pack-
age of gelatine in a quart of boiling
water, beat the whites of eight eggs to
a froth, and beat the whole together
until it stiffens. Color a pale pink and
pile up in a dish to form a pyramid.

SPANISH CREAM.—Half a box of
gelatine soaked for half an hour in a
little cold water, one quart milk, yolks
of four eggs, pinch of salt, sugar to
taste; mix these with the gelatine and
put over the fire in a double boiler,
stir until it begins to thicken, take off
and then beat in the whites of four
eggs (previously beaten to a stiff froth.)
gently stir all together, add flavoring
and pour into a mould.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One quart
cream, one pint water, one package
gelatine, two eggs, and one-half pint
of milk, made into a stiff custard with
one-quarter pound sugar. Soak the
gelatine in the water for two hours and
then boil until reduced one half; add
both it and the custard to the cream,
which must be whipped quite stiff, and
whip all together. Pour this mixture
into a mould lined with lady's fingers
or slices of sponge cake: set in a cool
place till stiff enough to turn out on a
flat dish.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.—One
quart milk, one ounce gelatine soaked
in a cup of milk, three-quarters cup
sugar, four heaping tablespoons grated
chocolate rubbed up with a little milk,
yolks of four eggs; heat the milk to
boiling, pour in the gelatine and stir
well until dissolved; add sugar and
chocolate to beaten yolks, pour this in-
to the milk and gelatine, stir until it
boils, take off the fire and stir in the
whites of the eggs, which must be
beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with
vanilla, pour into a mould, wet with
cold water, let stand until hard, then
turn out.

CURE FOR SOFT CORNS.—About a
year ago a friend was advised to try
glacial acetic acid for soft corns, which
has wrought a cure. The acid will
burn the skin's surface but be rubbed on
the corn with a bit of wood or whale-
bone, avoid touching the flesh, and
hold the toes apart till the acid dries.
Apply night and morning for a week.
Then soak the feet in hot water, rub
the corns with a rough towel and they
will crumble off.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S
ASTIME.

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

OUR MOTTO: ON
UP
WARD!!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 9.

No. 47.—(1) a (2) z
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No. 48.—
Knowledge is proud that he has learn-
ed so much;
Wisdom is humble that it knows no
more.

No. 49.—He that licks honey from
thorns pays too dear for it.

No. 50.—Miriam.

No. 51.—
o
art
organ
tap
n

No. 52.—
We look along the shining ways,
To see the angels' faces.

—The Mystery.—No. 12.

No. 64.—CHARADE.

My first is a nickname;
My second is something bitter;
My whole is an ancient city.

PHERE A. HART.

No. 65.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In good, not bad;
In have, not had;
In of, not as;
In my, not his;
In great, not small;
In pantry, not hall;
In red, not blue;
In many, not few;
My whole is an important study.

No. 66.—DROP VOWEL

L-v- - - r-n- - g-h-b- - r-s- - - rs-lf.

MYRTLE A. VAN WART.

No. 67.—DROP LETTER.

F-a-n-t-r-a-w-i-y-u-e-v-w-t-
e-n-d-o-t-e-w-o-l.—E. B. R.

No. 68.—DROP LETTER.

F-a-r-o-t-n-t-e-d-r-f-r-th-o-d-s-
w-t-y-u.

E. B. RANDALL.

No. 69.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Dloucs fara kloo labke ro ayg
loccsylnese ythe lal rae ragy. C. W.

No. 70.—DROP LETTER.

F-i-w-u-d-h-c-t-ish-a-
B-t-h-i-l-t-t-w-t-e-f-e.

CARRIE WADE.

OUR LETTER BOX.

CROSS CREEK, MAR. 11th, '92.

DEAR UNCLE,—I send you some
more puzzles; glad to see so many
have entered into the prize competi-
tion. In answer to my cousin, Dale
McMullin's question, I would say
that I am attending school, my
teacher's name is Miss Katie A. Doak.
My Sunday School teacher is Mrs. E.
A. Bell. Wishing your column every
success.

I am your niece,

CARRIE WADE.

CHAT.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has
thanks for nice puzzles.

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 unrivalled 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, drowsy,
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.
after using the first bottle we will re-
fund the money on application, per-
sonally or by letter. We will also be
glad to send testimonials and infor-
mation proving the effects of B. B. B. in
the above-named diseases on applica-
tion to T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto,
Ontario.

IT PAYS

To be cautious in the choice of medi-
cines. Many are injured by trying ex-
periments with compounds purporting
to be blood-purifiers, the principal
recommendation of which would seem
to be their "cheapness." Being made
up of worthless, though not always
harmless, ingredients, they may well
be "cheap;" but, in the end, they are
dear. The most reliable medicines are
costly, and can be retailed at moderate
prices only when the manufacturing
chemist handles the raw materials in
large quantities. It is economy,
therefore,

To Use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the valuable components
of which are imported, wholesale, by the
J. C. Ayer Co. from the regions where these
articles are richest in medicinal properties.
"It is a wonder to me that any other
than Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a show in the
market. If people consulted their own in-
terest, they would never use any other; for
it is not only the best, but, on account of its
concentrated strength and purity, it is the
most economical."—James F. Duffy, Druggist,
Washington St., Providence, R.I.
Dr. A. L. Almond, Druggist, Liberty,
Va., writes: "Leading physicians in this
city prescribe

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen
years, and have the highest regard for its
healing qualities.
"Although the formula is known to the
trade, there can be no successful imitation
of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Without having the
enormous facilities of the J. C. Ayer Co., it
is impossible for other parties to put to-
gether such valuable ingredients, at the low
cost of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

It stands at the head of all similar prepara-
tions.—Mark A. Jones, 50 years a druggist,
60 Cambridge St., E. Cambridge, Mass.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you.

Professional Cards.

C. H. COBURN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

143 King St.,—Below York'

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CARTER'S

LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
and preventing this annoying complaint, while
these little pills valuable in so many ways that
they will not be willing to do without them
even if they only cured

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Headache, yet CART