

The Model Little Girl.

Frisky as a lambkin,  
Busy as a bee—  
That's the kind of little girl  
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,  
As a rosebud sweet—  
That's the kind of little girl  
People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,  
Pure as any pearl—  
Everyone rejoices in  
Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,  
Gentle as a dove—  
That's the kind of little girl  
Everyone will love.

—Presbyterian.

Coals of Fire.

Now, then, what do you think of it. And Ned Walton held at arm's length the kite upon which he and Fred King and Jack Baker had been at work, while Harry Palmer, a new comer, with his head inclined admiringly to one side, exclaimed enthusiastically, "Why, its the finest one I ever saw, and no mistake! but what kind of a bird is that you have there, Fred?"

"Oh, whatever one flies the highest," laughed the young artist, who, brush in hand, was critically examining his work. "I reckon it will do about as well for one kind as another. Guess I've put on enough finishing touches, and when Jack there gets through with the tail it'll be about ready to soar."

"Looks as though it was just aching to get started. I don't suppose Ben Franklin took as much pains with his; he was after lightning and didn't mind about style. I suppose you expect to have lots of fun to-morrow?"

"Yes, indeed, if it doesn't rain. Shouldn't wonder, though, if it'd come down in buckets full, just because we are so anxious to get her started."

For three days the boys had improved every available moment that their kite might be ready for Saturday, and now when it was at last finished, and they were about to leave their workshop for the night, Ned paused with his hand upon the latch, and, looking back, said laughingly, "I declare, I felt like taking it to bed with me. There isn't much doubt what I'll dream about."

But Saturday morning dawned clear and fine, and as Fred affirmed, there was just breeze enough, and not a breath too much. "Let's run for it now, and see who'll get to the barn first," he cried. Ready enough, and, stimulated by the crisp, cool air, it did not take the trio long to get over the ground, and Jack, who was ahead, passed into the barn in advance of the others.

But as he opened the workshop door, he paused as suddenly as if he had been struck. The smile faded out of his face, and as Fred said afterwards, he looked as though he had seen a ghost.

Hurrying forward, the others were soon at his side, and what a sight met their gaze! There upon the floor, in a shapless mass, lay the kite of which, a few hours before, they had been so proud, and for a moment they too, were silent.

"What a burning shame!" at length Ned broke forth. "And who do you suppose did it?" questioned Harry, ruefully.

"Whoever did it is too mean to live!" exclaimed Fred savagely, "and I'd like to pound him till he couldn't stir. Let's go and find Mike, and see if he knows anything about it."

The hired man was soon found and interviewed, but declared that he was as much in the dark as themselves. "But haven't you seen a single person around here since six o'clock last night?" persisted Fred.

"Not a soul but yerselves," he affirmed; but then pausing and scratching his head in a perplexed way he added, with a sudden brightening of his expressive face: "Indeed thin, an, it's entirely wrong that I am, for when I was comin' out after feedin' the horse this mornin', I saw a boy about the size of the biggest wan of yez there, an' he was a-runnin' down the road as if the witches was after him. But it was airly an' so dusky like that I couldn't make out who he was."

"Was he sort of thin?" queried Ned reflectively. "Yes, he was that, an' I tuk notice that aiven though his legs was long, his trousers was short."

"he's mortal afraid of water. No one could ever get him to go out in a boat, and we can just about scare the life out of him."

"How?" asked Jack curiously. "Why, we'll get Harry to help us, and to-night when Jim is taking his cow home we'll all spring out upon him and tie his hands and feet, and then we'll take him down to the river and give him a good ducking."

"Capital!" cried Ned. "But isn't the water rather cold?" asked Jack doubtfully.

"All the better," replied Fred grimly; he won't forget his lesson so soon. But, dear me, how can we ever wait till night? I'm so disappointed at losing our good time with the kite that it doesn't seem as though it would be worth while to try anything else. Be sure, though, to see Harry upon your way home, and tell him to be at the 'Willows' on time."

So the boys separated for the day, but five o'clock found them all together at the designated place—a large clump of willow trees, which proved an effectual hiding place.

They had not long to wait before Harry whispered warningly: "Quiet now; I hear old Whitefoot's bell," and as they listened, scarcely venturing to breathe, while the sound grew nearer and nearer, what was their disappointment to discover that instead of the culprit Jim, it was his two little sisters who were following the cow.

"I never once thought that he might not come," muttered Fred almost before the children were out of hearing. "And to-morrow's Sunday, too," groaned Ned.

Yes, and nobody knows what'll happen on Monday; but I suppose we'll have to make the best of it, and in no very happy frame of mind the members of the little group turned their faces homeward and bade each other good-night.

The following day was an unusual pleasant one for that time of year. The sun shone cheerily, and there was a hint of summer in the air. Even boys with a very trying grievance to bear could not but respond to the cheering influences surrounding them, and it was with bright faces that our young friends entered the house of God.

After a while, however, as a late comer, a tall, rather shabbily dressed boy entered, quick glances of intelligence were interchanged, and the opening portions of the service were all but lost on the hearts in which peace and good will just then found so little place.

But when the Rector, after reading a portion of Scripture, repeated slowly and impressively the verses beginning: "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves," and then began to portray most vividly the evils of an unforgiving spirit, there were at least three very conscious-looking faces before him which flushed warmly; and when later the speaker tenderly, but most earnestly, urged upon his hearers a cultivation of the true Christ-like spirit, which not content with forgiving, must confer some good upon the one forgiven, those same rosy faces were an interesting study.

Their owners, at the conclusion of service, were not long in coming together, and for some distance they walked along without uttering a word. "Well!" said Ned at last, turning to his companions.

"Well!" reiterated Fred, at the same time giving a stone an emphatic kick, which sent it spinning far ahead of them. "Wonder why we had to have that sermon to day?"

"Perhaps because we needed it," suggested Jack, with a half smile. "Of course we can't take any comfort in giving that fellow his deserts."

"I'm sure we ought to feel more forgiving than that," returned Fred, thoughtfully; "you know Dr. Newland said that we must forgive others as we would like to have God forgive us."

"Yes, and that's enough to make a chap feel pretty serious; 'I'm sure I need more than half forgiveness.'"

"Did you notice how cold and uncomfortable Jim looked when he came into church?" suggested Jack. "It's bad enough to be without an overcoat, to say nothing of being thrown into cold water."

"Your right," exclaimed Ned, "and I am ashamed of myself."

"So am I," chimed in Fred, heartily, "and now what can we do to prove it? I know, I'll invite him to my candy pull to-morrow night."

Me?" and the painful incredulity in his look and tone touched the hearts of his listeners, which were, after all, so much more kind and generous than their owners knew.

"Of course," said Fred, "and I'm sure we'll have a good time." The other only closed his lips tightly together, and for a moment walked along with his eyes upon the ground. Then suddenly stopping, he blurted out, "I guess you would not ask me if you knew that I was the one that smashed your kite?"

Yes, I would, too," persisted Fred. "I'm sure you wouldn't do it again, and we can easily make another one. Come to think of it, I'm sure we boys have been pretty mean to you sometimes. Let's shake hands and begin all over again."

There were tears in the tall boy's eyes as he gladly accepted the proffered hand, and as Jack said afterwards, he really looked quite warm for once; to which Ned responded, "Almost any one would be if you heaped coals of fire upon his head," while Fred added, "Perhaps the coals" had something to do with starting it, but I believe Jim's warm feeling came from the inside."

How Two Little Girls Improved.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

If I didn't want it, he said, perhaps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself? Because it is so nice to be generous, said his mother, and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to ragged Johnnie, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself.

Well, said Jimmy; I'll try it. The sled was sent off. How soon shall I feel better? he asked by-and-bye. I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?

Certainly, answered his mother, but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner. Then he gave away his kite and thought he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his silver piece that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:—

I don't like this giving away things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better. Just then ragged Johnnie came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:—

You might give Johnnie my overcoat, he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnnie my sled. I'll give away something else. And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

If I were You, My Boy.

I would keep my hands and face clean and my hair brushed without having to be told to.

I would be respectful to old people, and behave so that my parents would not be ashamed of me.

I would be in earnest about everything. When I had to work I would do it with all my might; I would study with all my might.

I would read books and papers which would want to make me know something which would benefit other people.

I would have as good a time as I could in this world, but I wouldn't tell lies, nor steal, nor be mean to anybody.

I would pray every day, and I would ask Jesus to make me a good boy and show me how to go to heaven.

FRENCH SALAD DRESSING.—Take one teaspoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salad oil and the same quantity of fresh butter; a pinch of mustard, one of salt, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Let these simmer over the fire while you beat two eggs thoroughly. Then stir the eggs into the other ingredients, taking care that they do not boil. It should present a smooth, velvety appearance.

PEACH PICKLE.—One quart of good vinegar to three pounds of sugar. This will be enough for a peck of peaches. Boil and skim. Stick five or six cloves in each peach, and boil a dozen or so at a time till all are tender. Take out with a fork and lay in a jar. When all are done strain the boiling vinegar over them.

Water ices are made with the juice of the orange, lemon, raspberry, or any sort of fruit, sweetened and mixed with water. To make orange water ices, mix with one pint of water the juice of three oranges and that of one lemon. Rub some fine sugar on the peel of the orange to give it the flavor. Make it very sweet and freeze it. Other fruit ices are made in a like manner.

YOUNG PEOPLES' ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, —St. JOHN, N. B.

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OUR MOTTO: ON UPWARD!!

—The Mystery Solved.—No. 30. —

Nov 158.—Banana. No. 159.—The Seige of Londonderry. No. 160.—Autumn. No. 161.—Banana.

—The Mystery.—No. 33. —

No. 33.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. (BY M. A. MCLEOD, F.Ton.)

In middle, but not in centre;  
In Alice, but not in Myra;  
In Sadie, but not in Nell;  
In last, but not in first;  
In Katie, but not in Kate.  
In Emma, but not in Ada;  
My whole is a girl's name.

My 1st is in ink, but not in pen;  
My 2nd is in dog, but not in bird;  
My 3rd is in Maggie, but not in Estelle;  
My whole is a girl's name.

No. 173.—PIED PUZZLES. (BY J. B. DELONG, Kingsley.)

(I)  
I ma hte doog dphsheer nda wkon  
ym shpee dna ma wkon fo emni.

(II)  
I lwl tno vleae uyo femortossel I  
llw mcoe ot uyo.

(III)  
Fi yan nma thtris, tle mhi mcoe  
tnou em dna kdri.

(IV)  
Sa hte hafre hhat vdole em os rhae  
l vdeol uyo.

(V)  
Ym kyee si yeas dna ym dbrune si  
ghli.

No. 174.—ANAGRAM. I Can Bet.

No. 175.—DROP-LETTER. -o-g-o-o-a-i-n.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

(The Mystical Circle.)

Why do not large numbers flow around our "Mystical Circle" table as in days of yore? Why? What has become of all our time honored nephews and nieces? WHAT? When are we going to hear from them again, as well as a number of new contributors? WHEN.

WHY, WHAT, WHEN? That is the question! Come soon! We are in need of original puzzles, etc., for this column. COME!!!

UNCLE NED.

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THE ENVY of her friends, a lady who uses "Lotus of the Nile."

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RONALD MCINNES.

Bayfield, Ont.

THE WORST FORM.

DEAR SIRS,—About three years ago I was troubled with dyspepsia in its worst form, neither food nor medicine would stay on my stomach, and it seemed impossible to get relief. Finally I took one bottle of B. B. B. and one box of Burdock Pills, and they cured me completely.

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Becomes Luxuriant

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After Using

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