

The Grumbles and the Smiles.

Oh, there never was yet
Such a hard used set!
They have to study or have to sew,
When every one knows they hate it so.
And mamma is always saying "No!"
While grandmamma's getting the dread-
fullest way
Of asking for something 'most every day!
At dinner there's nothing that's fit to eat;
And somebody else has the brownest
meat—
Or the soup's too hot, or the bread's too
dry;
And they never did like that kind of pie.
So they're grumbly and growly,
And sulky and scowly,
Till every one thinks we could get on
without them.
Poor Grumbles! I feel so sorry about
them!

But who can be glum
When the smiles come?
They are always polite, and erands, they
say,
Are never too hard or too far away.
And whether they work or whether they
play,
Their faces are bright as a new coined
dime,
And they have just the jolliest kind of a
time.
And every one's happy to have them
nigh;
For if ever a bit of a cloud comes by,
They are whisking it inside out in a
minute,
And finding the silvery lining that's in it.
They're fun, and sunny,
And sweeter than honey,
And always a-scattering sunshine about
them.
Dear Smiles! Why, how could we live
without them?
—Our Little Men and Women.

Just Once More.

A TRUE STORY.

Whenever Jack Allen's mamma
said, "Now, Jack, don't do so any
more," Jack would answer every
time, "Just once more, mamma."
Perhaps he was blowing a tin horn
very loud, so that it made his mamma's
head ache, yet when his mamma said,
"O Jack, please stop," he would say,
"Just once, mamma." Perhaps Jack
was helping himself to candy from a
little silver bonbon basket which stood
on his mamma's table. If his mamma
said, "Jack, don't eat any more
candy," he would answer, "Just one
more piece, mamma."
His mamma yielded to him every
time; that is, she always allowed him
to have his own way and blow the
horn "just once more" and to eat
"just one more" piece of candy, and
to do everything he wanted to just
once more.

Well, one afternoon Jack was out
coasting. He lived in New Hampshire
where the hills are long and high.
Jack thought it was great fun to sweep
down the long hills on his little sled.
He lived at the foot of a hill near a
river. His mamma called to him just
as he was going up the hill for another
slide: "Jack, don't slide any more to-
night; it is growing late. Come in
now." Jack answered again: "Just
once more, mamma."

O Jack! you would better obey
mamma this time as soon as she speaks
to you. But no, that is not Jack's
way, and he does not think of doing
so now. He must take "just one
more" slide. So he slid down the hill,
and he wanted to make the slide as
long as he could, so he did not stop
before his mamma's house as usual,
but gave the sled a big push which
sent it whizzing over a little rising in
the ground below the house, and
before Jack could save himself he and
the sled went crash into the black,
cold river. The river was partly
frozen, and they could not get Jack
out of the water alive. He was
drowned! His little body was carried
into the house for his mamma to look
at "just once more."

This is a true story, or I would say
that a man happened along just in
time to save Jack from drowning, and
that he never again said, "Just once
more, mamma"; but I must not say
what is not true, must I?

A Dreaded Task.

A task never grows smaller or lighter
by sitting down and lamenting that it
must be done, and there is an old
maxim that teaches us that a thing
"once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy
of fourteen years, named Billy, who
is like a good many other boys of my
acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and
a cloud immediately overspreads his
mental horizon when he is asked to
make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day, when
I was at the house, "why don't you go
to work on that little patch of pota-
toes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so
many of them 'taters I'll never get
them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin
soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the
work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."
His father walked away, and I heard
Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great
mental distress: "Flague on them old
'taters! It makes me sick to think
about them."

"Why do you think about them,
then?" I said, laughingly.
"I've got to," he replied, dolefully,
with a sorrowful shake of the head.
"I've been thinking about them ever
since I got up this morning."

"How long now, Billy, will it really
take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it
ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe 'taters."

"And you've been up a little more
than five hours?"

"Well, I—I—" Billy began to grin,
took up his hoe, and said: "I never
thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just
forty minutes.—Golden Days.

How Rubbers are Made.

Many people suppose that rubber
shoes are made by melting the material
and running it into moulds. Such is
not the case. The manufacture of
rubber shoes is not very much differ-
ent from the manufacture of leather
shoes. They are made on lasts just
the same, but instead of being sewed
they are cemented.

"We get some of the raw material
from South America," said a drum-
mer. "It is about the color of mil-
lasses, and is of a spongy nature. First
it goes through a crushing or rolling
process and comes out in rough sheets
and looks very much like cow's hide.
Then it is taken into a compounding-
room, where it is mixed with a com-
pound and vulcanized. After that it
is cut up into small pieces, according
to the parts of the shoes which we
wish to get, and is afterward fitted
into lasts by the working men in the
same manner that leather is."

How much pure rubber is contained
in the manufactured article? About
seventy per cent. The best Para gum
costs ninety-five cents a pound, so your
rubber boots and shoes cannot be
made for nothing. In the smallest
rubber shoe there are about four
ounces of pure rubber, and from that
to probably four pounds in a pair of
rubber boots. Old rubbers are ground
up, lining and all, into what we call
rag carpet, and is used for insoles,
work is nearly all done by hand, and
in the factories are employed young
children, men and women. A boot
maker gets twenty cents a pair for
making them, and a good man can
turn out ten to twelve pairs a day.

There are between fifteen and
twenty rubber boot factories in the
country, with a total capacity of one
hundred and sixty thousand pairs of
boots and shoes a day. There are
four factories having a capacity of
forty thousand pairs. It is a mystery
where they all go to.—Selected.

Too Long Calls.

A common violation of good man-
ners is to make too long calls. Busi-
ness and professional men are models
of propriety in this matter, as they
usually have a higher sense of the
value of time than other people. But
young men, especially those who come
from the leisurely ways of country life
to seek their fortune in large cities,
are apt to make themselves bores by
staying too long. Many of this class
have a noble ambition to avail them-
selves of the advantages of refined
and educated society, and there are scores
of lovely homes in every city that are
ready to welcome such youth. But
with the multitude of interests press-
ing upon the kind host and hostess, it
is thoughtless to claim their attention
for a call of one or two hours. Half
an hour should be the utmost limit of
one's stay, and fifteen minutes is
better. By observing this general
rule of a brief stay, a young man will
find it easy to enlarge his circle of
desirable acquaintances, and be sure of
a cordial welcome wherever he goes.
But a friend will hesitate about intro-
ducing him to other homes if he has a
habit of making himself tedious by
tarrying. Parents should impress this
upon the boys and girls who leave
home either permanently or for a
visit.—Congregationalist.

Be Honest.

As the boy begins, so will the man
end. The lad who speaks with affecta-
tion, and mingles foreign tongues that
he does not understand at school, will
be a weak chameleon in character all his
life; the boy who cheats his teacher
into thinking him devout at chapel,
will be the man who will make reli-
gion a trade, and bring Christianity
into contempt; the boy who wins the
highest average by stealing his exami-
nation papers, will figure some day as
a tricky politician. The lad who,
whether rich or poor, dull or clever,
looks you straight in the eyes and
keeps his answer inside of truth,

already counts friends who will last his
life, and holds a capital which will
bring him a surer interest than
money.

Then get to the bottom of things.
You see how it is already as to that.
It was the student who was grounded
in the grammar who took the Latin
prize; it was the slow, steady drudge
who practiced firing every day last
winter, who bagged the most game in
the mountain; it is the clerk who
studies the specialty of the house in
off hours, who is promoted. Your
brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss
fellow usually turns out the dead
weight of the family at forty-five.
Don't take anything for granted; get
to the bottom of things. Neither be a
sham yourself nor be fooled by shams.

Two Good Hands.

When I was a boy, I once became
especially interested in the subject of
inheritances. I was particularly
anxious to know what my father's in-
heritance was, so, one day, after
thinking about the matter a good while
very seriously, I ventured to ask him,
and this was his reply:

"My inheritance. I will tell you
what is: two good hands, and an
honest purpose to make the best use
in my power of my hands and of the
time God gave me."

Though it is now many years since,
I can remember distinctly the tones of
my father's voice as he spoke, with
both of his hand uplifted to give
emphasis to his words.

Many a boy does not receive a large
inheritance of money or lands; but
every one has a pair of good hands,
which are better than thousands of
money. And the good purpose to
make the best use of them is in every
boy's power. Remember this wise in-
junction: "Whatever thy hand findeth
to do, do it with thy might."—
Life and Light.

"Thinking Ourselves Over."

"Please tell me, mother, what is
self-examination?" said a child: "Our
superintendent said something about
it, and he told us to spend a little
while every Sunday practicing it—
practicing what, mother?"

"Self-examination is thinking our-
selves over," answered the mother.
"You know how apt we are to forget
ourselves, what we did and thought
yesterday, and the day before, and the
day before that. Now it is by calling
to mind our past conduct that we can
truly see it as it is, and improve upon
it."

Self-forgetfulness is a virtue in the
common acceptance of the phrase, but
it is not safe for one to always forget
one's self. A bad man never likes to
"think himself over." It is only those
who aim at self-improvement who are
willing to review the past, and to profit
by its lessons. If we would become
truly good, and successful, we must
"think ourselves over." Mistakes
must be corrected, and lost opportuni-
ties redeemed.—Selected.

Home Hints.

TEA DRINKING.—The British Medi-
cal Journal, in commenting on the
death of a boy who died from drinking
hot tea without milk, says that the tea
had been left in the oven for some
time, so that it had become a strong
decoction of tannin. In being drunk
without milk, the tannin was not
brought into a relative harmless al-
buminous tannate. It is on account of
this method of making tea that it is so
injurious to digestion. Neither the
Chinese nor the Japanese, who know
how to make tea, use milk with it; but
with them the hot water is poured on
and off the leaves at the table, and it
is drunk as soon as it becomes a pale
straw color. No people in the world
drink so much tea as the Japanese, yet
in Japan it is never injurious to the
digestion, as, by their method of pre-
paration, the tannin is not extracted
from the leaves.—Boston Traveler.

Be courageous and noble minded;
our own heart, and not other men's
opinions of us, form our true horizon.
Schiller.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

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

OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 27.]

No. 99.—Emma.

No. 100.—I N E R T
N E V E R
E V A D E
R E D A N
T R E N D

No. 101.— M
S U P
S O L I D
M U L L E I N
P I E C E
D I E
N
No. 102.—Palestine.
No. 103.—Carrie Wade, Cross
Creek.
No. 104.—1. Punishment. 2.
Anagram. 3. Easter.
No. 105.—Chryselephantine.

—The Mystery.—No. 21.—

No. 116.—DROP VOWELS.
I.
-l-ttl- -rd-s nt- l-ttl- th-ng-fr-t
m-y m-k-nd-t m-y m-r-k-ng.
II.
B-n-t s-mpl-g-d b-g-d fr
s-m-th-ng.
III.
R-m-mbr-th-t d-d- sh-l-l n-v-r
d-n-g-n.
IV. (Omissions.)
D-m-l-o-a-d-n-l-n-a.
(Two of our esteemed friends who
give us much instruction.)

—:—
No. 117.—ANAGRAM.
Make the name of a truthful boy
from the words, HAT ON WINGS.

—:—
No. 118.—ENIGMA.

My first is in Portland,
My second is in Westmorland,
My third is in Albert,
My fourth is in Kent,
My fifth is in Kings,
My sixth is in Charlotte,
My seventh is in Victoria,
My eighth is in St. John,
My ninth is in Queens.
My whole is a town mentioned in
the Bible.

—BY H. D. MCMULKIN.

No. 119.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.
(BY J. B. DELONG, Kingsley.)

(1)
In stove, not in hook;
In lead, not in iron;
In silver, not in tin;
In nickel, not in mica;
In antimony, not in lead.
Whole is a girl's name.

(2)
In knife, not in fork;
In glass, not in wood;
In tin, not in copper;
In zinc, not in silver;
In antimony, not in iron;
Whole is a girl's name.

(3)
In jackdaw, not in sparrow;
In dog, not in cat;
In hen, not in cock;
In barn, not in house;
Whole is a boy's name.

—:—
The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

(The
Mystical
Circle.)

E. ROY FENWICK, St. John, cor-
rectly solves No. 107.
IDA KNOWLES, aged 12½, Upper
Woods Harbour, N. S., correctly
solves three and sends six puzzles in
contest.—N. J. 17. Thanks.

ABIE H. KING, Kemptonville, N. S.,
aged 12, also sends answers to three
puzzles, and three new ones in late
competition.

Minard's Liniment cures La
Grippe.

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Gents. I sprained my leg so badly
that I had to be driven home in a car-
riage. I immediately applied MIN-
ARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48
hours could use my leg again as well as
ever.

JOSHUA WYNAUGHT,
Bridgewater, N. S.

"That string on your finger means
"Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S
LINIMENT."

Health Department.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

By constipation is meant irregular
action of the bowels, often called
costiveness, and commonly caused by
dyspepsia, neglect, excess in eating or
drinking, etc. It is a serious complaint
and not to be neglected under any cir-
cumstances, as it leads to impure blood,
headache, debility, fever, etc. A
uniformly successful remedy is Bur-
dock Blood Bitters, which, if faith-
fully tried, never fails to effect a
prompt and lasting cure even in the
worst cases. The following extract
from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Car-
son, Banff, N. W. T., will speak for
itself:—"I have been troubled with
constipation and general debility and
was induced to use your B. B. B.
through seeing your advertisement. I
now take great pleasure in recommend-
ing it to all my friends, as it complete-
ly cured me."

Boils, carbuncles, and eruptions of
all kinds are efforts to throw off poison
from the blood. This result may be
accomplished much more effectually,
as well as agreeably, through the proper
excretory channels, by the use of
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ache, relieve dyspepsia, to
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complaint, and biliousness, Ayer's
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excellent after-dinner pill, assisting
the process of digestion, and cleans-
ing and strengthening the alimentary
canal. When taken on the invasion
of a cold or a fever, they effectually
prevent further progress of the disease.
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etable, they are the best

Family

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where recommended by the medical fran-
ternity. Dr. J. W. Hayes, Palouse, W. T.,
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Ayer's Pills as a corrective for torpidity of
the stomach, liver, and bowels, and to ward
off malarial attacks, and they have always
done perfect work."—E. P. Goodwin, Pub-
lisher "Democrat," St. Landry, La.

"I was master of a sailing vessel for
many years, and never failed to provide a
supply of Ayer's Pills, for the use of both
officers and men. They are a safe and reliable

Cathartic

and always give satisfaction."—Harry
Robinson, 52 E. Pearl St., Fair Haven, Conn.
"For a long time I was a sufferer from
stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, and
having tried a variety of remedies, with
only temporary relief, I began, about three
months ago, the use of Ayer's Pills, and
already my health is so much improved that
I gladly testify to the superior merits of this
cathartic."—M. J. Pereira, Oporto, Portugal

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tending, Pain in the Side, &c. While their mor-
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ACHE

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