

The Boy for Me.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky.
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye.
With fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

The New Year's Prize.

"O, mamma, couldn't you get them for me? Think what ten dollars would do for us. I saw a real nice warm shawl for five dollars for you, and Harry could have his shoes, and grandma her specs; and we'd send papa something whether he understood it or not."

"As usual, little girl, you think of the rest of us first, and for that reason I wish I could buy you new skates," replied the tired-looking mother. "But I can't borrow money for that, and the rent comes the first of the month, and we must have coal and potatoes. You can have the pleasure the rest are having now, and as you cannot hope to win, no disappointment later. Stop at the factory for my new work on your way home. I'm sorry I've nothing but bread and butter for your dinner, but try and remember how many poor children haven't even that."

Marion kissed her mother and hurried off, for in spite of herself she felt tears of disappointment coming, she had so set her heart on the new skates. Judge Adams had been so delighted with the skating when he was home at his Thanksgiving vacation, he had offered two prizes to be given at a skating match on the first day of the new year. The first was to be ten dollars in gold, and the second a fine pair of skates, and the competitors must attend the village school.

"Silver Lake," as the large pond was called, was a delightful skating place, and the large school-building happened to be near. So not only on Saturday afternoon, but at noon and after school, the ice was gay with happy young people making a pretty picture as they darted over the pond, their bright colored toboggans and mufflers looking like the plumage of birds.

Since the prizes had been announced many of the older pupils brought their dinners so as to have an extra half-hour for practice at noon, and many were the trial races that were had. Sometimes a large apple or a new lead pencil was put up for a prize, and all who had won in the small conflicts felt sure of victory the final day.

"I can hardly stop to eat my dinner," said Susie Parker, as the girls in the grammar room gathered around the radiators to eat their lunches. "Mabel, I'll give you a piece of mince-pie for one of your slices of cake."

"All right, Sue; that's a fair bargain," was the laughing reply. "I believe Nannie has something extra, she is so quiet."

Nannie Andrews smiled, but did not offer to share the contents of her lunch-basket as she frequently did. She had noticed that Marion Hubbard had only two small pieces of bread and butter, and when she went to her desk for her history to look over the lesson as she ate, Nannie had been able to slip in the almost empty basket some cold turkey, pie, cake, and an orange from her own lavish lunch. No one had seen it, and when Marion returned she took her basket and book to a seat near the window without a suspicion. Only those who live on the plainest fare can imagine what a treat these dainties were to the hungry girl, who slipped the orange in her pocket to share with Harry at night.

"You are the sweetest girl in the world, but you mustn't do it again," she whispered to Nannie, as they started for the pond.

Nannie laughed and tried to look innocent, but Marion knew Nannie was the only girl there who could afford a big orange, even if any one else had been so thoughtful.

"Nan's the best skater on the lake," remarked John Burrows, who kept an admiring eye toward the doctor's pretty daughter.

"Yes, among the girls," admitted Tom Evans, who was often successful in the school races. He as much expected the first prize as to eat his New Year's dinner.

"Marion Hubbard is as fast, or would be if her skates were not so big, and that gives you a chance, Susie," remarked another boy.

"I'd hate to be beaten by a girl whose mother sews for the factory,

and whose father is in the insane asylum because he drank himself crazy," was Susie's answer. She had felt spiteful toward Marion since at the last examination it was the drunkard's daughter whose name went to the village paper instead of her own, as having the highest average in scholarship.

"All drunkards ought to be locked up," declared Tom, as he helped Susie on the ice.

Poor Marion had been stopped by her uncertain skates long enough to hear these remarks.

"I shall win, even if my father has ruined my life so far," she said to herself resolutely, as she skated away from her thoughtless companions.

New Year's Day dawned bright and fair, the sun seeming to try his best to warm the low-spirited atmosphere, but he could not soften the shining lake of ice, do his best that day.

The crowd was gathered in and around the pavilion built for the pleasure seekers who sought Hudson in the summer. Here and there blazing bonfires make it possible to keep chilled hands and feet from too much of Jack Frost.

Judge Adams was in his seat of honor, while around him were gathered an enthusiastic crowd, proud of the Washington representative, as well as the reputation for skating the Hudson young people enjoyed.

Pretty little Belle Adams was to wave the flag that was the signal for the band to start. At the first bugle-note the skaters were to leave the starting line marked on the ice. A corresponding one was to be touched across the pond, then the competitors were to skate back to a pole near the judge. The one who touched the gayly decorated goal twice out of the three trials would receive the first prize, and the second one the skates. Three judges sat near the pole, while others were appointed to see the turning place as fairly reached.

Several skaters tumbled down in starting, and others got discouraged before, or soon after, the other side of the pond was reached. At least half a dozen of the best skaters turned back about the same time. They came as if on wings, bright ribbons and mufflers flying in the frosty air. It was soon seen three were gaining on the rest.

"It's Tom!" "No, it's Nannie!" "No, it's old Hubbard's bright little daughter," came from the excited spectators who cheered and called out the name each hoped would win. Little Harry was there with his mother. She was quiet with excitement, but he was almost wild as he cried: "Beat 'em, sister; beat 'em!"

Nannie had almost reached the goal when Marion dashed in front of her, closely followed by panting Tom. At this moment the large skates turned a little, and Marion had to stop an instant to balance herself. This was Tom's opportunity, and with a leap he touched the pole with his long arm before Nannie's red mittens reached it.

Of course, there was cheering, though a murmur of regret came from his school fellows, with whom the conceited boy was no favorite.

They were given ten minutes to rest and Tom gratified his vanity by cutting fancy figures on the ice instead of saving his breath.

Marion sought her mother and little Harry. He was fairly sobbing with disappointment. "Marion," said Nannie, who had followed her; "you must change skates. Mine just fit you, and are rather small for me. My feet are larger than yours. That conceited Tom can beat me but he can't you if your skates don't slip."

Of course, Marion refused this generous offer; but Nannie was determined, for she knew by the poor mother's pale face and Harry's tears victory would bring much more to her friend than to herself. Mrs. Hubbard felt with Marion it was wrong to allow Nannie to run the risk of a defeat, but little Harry begged so hard that before she realized it the exchange was made, and no one had noticed it in the crowd around.

Again, those who were ready for the second trial stood in line, and the little flag waved, and the band struck up a lively air as the boys and girls darted off, like bright leaves before an autumn wind. Marion, both ways, was more like one moved by a cyclone and more than once an admiring cheer came from the group on the shore, which was almost deafening as she touched the pole.

Tom came second. He was quite crestfallen at being beaten even once by a girl, yet he declared he would make up for it on the last run. Nannie was third this time.

"O Nannie, I was so excited I didn't know what I was doing when I took your skates. Do change back," begged Marion. "Tom's getting out

of breath, and I can't beat you my best friend."

"Indeed, I will not change back. These skates didn't turn, and you are a faster skater than I. You deserve the prize, but I'll skate my best, you needn't fear."

So the borrowed skates stayed on, and Marion felt now she must do her best for generous Nannie's sake.

The last race was the most exciting of all, for several who had skated well the other times now seemed likely to come in ahead, but at the last moment the three who had skated so remarkably before gained, and it was hard to tell which would reach the goal first. The excited friends fairly held their breath.

"It's Tom. Touch it, old fellow," came from his boy friends.

"No, it's Nan," cried the girls.

But it was Marion who first caught the flying ribbons. Nannie was beside her in an instant, and the two made a pretty picture as the rich and poor girls clasped hands; and in her joy Nannie gave her friend a kiss which was gratefully returned.

Tom was so vexed when he saw the girls at the pole he made one of his leaps, hoping to touch it first, and went sprawling at their feet. The crowd set up a cheer and roar of laughter, for many thought a downfall would do the proud boy no harm.

The judge came down, and in a pretty speech presented the girls with their prizes. Marion refused to take the gold piece until she had whispered to the judge about the exchange of skates.

"I think you have earned the prize anyway by your remarkable skating, though Miss Nannie is almost as wonderful, and has shown us something more precious than gold, the value of an unselfish friend." All this was in an undertone; but Marion would not let Nannie's kindness be unknown, and that evening, when the judge gave a reception to the school in honor of the prize-winners, Marion insisted that Nannie should share the honors equally with herself, and both were crowned with ivy and presented with flowers from the green-house, and two chairs were placed at the head of the table during the supper.

Marion's ten dollars was like a fairy gift to her over-burdened mother, and more than that—from that hour her schoolmates and others who had felt she must be under the shadow of her father's sin respected 'and, at last, learned to love her for her own noble self.

Nannie never regretted her little generous act, and that night she felt more than repaid when her father came to her in one of the spacious parlors of the judge's mansion.

"Daughter," he whispered, drawing her aside; "I've just heard from the judge of your lending your skates. As Marion would have failed through no fault of hers, you did the just thing, and what pleases me more than if you had won a hundred gold prizes is, I have a noble, generous child." —*Advocate.*

Our Men of the Future.

Boys should not consider it mainly to use profane language.
They ought not to hold up others to ridicule anywhere.

They should not indulge their propensity of playing tricks.
They ought not to read dangerous books and papers.

They ought not to interrupt others in their conversation.
Neither ought they to deceive their teachers or their parents.

Boys ought not to smoke, for it injures their nervous system.

Boys should not backbite others. It is mean to do so.

Boys should have the greatest possible horror for intoxicating drink.

Boys should shun evil companions as they would demons from below.

Boys should ever bear in mind that God's eye is upon them always.

Boys should continually struggle to overcome their special bad habits.

Boys, cultivate self-respect; you are the men of the future.

Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.

Devoted to Puzzles, Letters, Solutions, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 47.]

No. 279.—Apples.

No. 280.—

(1) H	(2) E	(3) T
TEN	TIE	TAP
HERON	EIDER	TALON
NOT	EER	POT
N	R	N

No. 281.—John 7: 33.

No. 282.—"Every cloud has a silver lining."

No. 283.—E A S T E R
A S T E R
S T U N
T E N
E R
R

No. 48.—

No. 284.—
S
C A T
S A U C Y
S A U C E R S
B L E N D
A R M
S

No. 285.—Easter.

No. 286.—1. "Come" is found 678 times. 1st Gen. 6: 18, last Rev. 22: 19.

2. Elisha, 1 Kings 19: 19.
3. Joshua lived 110 years. His father was Nun.

4. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon.

No. 287.—Lazarus.

—[The Mystery.—No. 51.]—

No. 300.—CHARADE.

Whole we all shall ever be;
But first, as you will plainly see,
The puzzle editor must ever be
When second to a gentleman true
Is ever whole to all who sue.
Take my advice be whole be first,
And in real politeness you are versed

Cross Creek.

No. 301.—ENIGMA.

(BY E. HICKS.)

In ship, not in boat;
In sheep, not in goat;
In clear, not in dull,
In print, not in mull;
In gone, not in come;
In gin, not in rum.
Whole is a season.

No. 302.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Moce notu em la ye hatt baroul nad era havey danti dan I livl vige oyu tres.

No. 303.—DIAMOND.

A letter; dis. adj.; an animal; an animal; a vowel.

No. 304.—WORD SQUARES.

(1) What we have in winter; not any; one time; a period of time.
(2) A girl's name; a metal; a part of the day; a girl's name.

No. 305.—DROP-LETTER.

R-m-m-e-t-a-t-o-k-e-h-l-t-e
s-b-a-h-a-
E. HICKS

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—CHAT.—

OUR "New Niece" JENNIE STEEVES, Dorchester, sends correct answers to all in No. 49 except No. 294. Good! Come often.

ALTHOUGH H. B. S. Merrithew's story was not what we wanted we send a Xmas reminder.

UNCLE NED.

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By Taking

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