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Bessie's Opinion.

Bessie went to church that morning, she had never been before;
"But she's old enough," said mamma—
"Three years old, and almost four."
She had promised to be quiet;
"No, indeed, she wouldn't cry!"
Holding tight to papa's finger,
Off she went with sparkling eye.
Wonderingly she saw the people,
Saw the flowers and the rest,
Gazed up at the lofty arches,
But the music pleased her best.
When it ceased, and came the sermon.
Bessie frowned and fidgeted;
"Sh, be quiet, Bess!" said mamma;
But she shook her little head.
Stood upon the red pew cushion,
Waved her hand in queenly way—
Toward the preacher—toward the organ
Man, be quiet! Band, you play!"
HELEN FRASER LOVETT.

Only A Dime.

It was only a dime, earned by the sweat of a youthful brow—a single shining dime, which made one little heart to pulsate with pleasure and pride as he placed it carefully away.
How should he spend it? A score of pleasant visions flashed before his mind. He would that it might purchase all the little toys peculiar to boyish play. But only the year before Willie had given his heart to Jesus, and after the kind pastor had welcomed him into the church, he said to him: "Willie, in this land of ours there are many little boys and girls who have never heard of Jesus. Can not you, out of your earnings, help to send them the blessed word of Christ's undying love?" And Willie, with a heart beating in the strength of its early love, had answered, "Yes."
Ah! but should he send this, his first and only dime? It was his own, his very own; he had toiled so hard to earn it, surely he could not be expected to part with it thus. Then came the remembrance of the pastor's words and the thought, "Christ died for these little boys and girls, and they do not know it."
He was generous and impulsive, and in a moment his heart was all astir with pity and love. "Yes, I will do it," he cried. "I will take my precious dime and send a Testament to one of those boys." He bought it, a neat little Testament; and on the fly-leaf the pastor wrote the words, "From Willie Gray, to a little boy who has never heard of Jesus," and beneath it the words, "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another."

Out in a rude settlement in Dakota lived a herdsman and his little son. Years before, he had settled there, and the bright-eyed boy, his only companion, had never heard the name of Jesus. In his boyhood the mother had died, and the father, never a Christian, had from that time hardened his heart against God.
One morning at the door of the rude hut the father found a small package simply labeled "To Willie."
The child was wild with glee. Never before had a gift fallen to his lot. What could it be? The father's heart was touched with the child's innocent delight. "A little book? What is it, papa?" he cried. The father looked startled, and a confused look of shame covered his face. "A Testament, Willie." "What is a Testament, papa?" "God's word." "Who is God?" Here the man was startled anew; the name had not crossed his lips for years.
It was a simple question, but the child had to rep to it.
"Who is God, papa?"
"The maker of heaven and earth."
"What? did he make all things?"
"Yes, Willie."
"Oh, what a great man he must be! Will you not read the story to me?"
The father paused irresolute. Should he do it? Read to his son of the God who had removed from him the dearest, aye, almost the only object of his love? The child's pleading looks decided him. He turned to the sacred page and read the simple story of Christ's birth; the wise men following the guiding star in the east; the wicked Herod who would destroy his young life; the young lad questioning the lawyers in the temple; the tender and simple parable taught by the man Jesus; his holy and just dealings with the disciples; and last, his shameful betrayal and death on the cross.
When he finished, the little child by his side was weeping.
"Oh, papa, did the good man, Jesus, die on the cross for you and me?"
"Yes, Willie."
"Then I mean to love him; don't you?"
The father's heart was touched by the words, and they tingled their tears together—the man who for ten years had denied the existence of his Maker, and the child who had never

before heard the touching story of the cross.

"And a little child shall lead them."
By this simple agency the hardened and sin-stained heart of the father was brought to the foot of the cross.
One morning, to Willie Gray in his Eastern home, came this little missive: "To the little boy who sent the Testament to my little boy."
"May God's richest blessing ever rest upon him. He has been his instrument in bringing two souls to Jesus. He has made me confess the Savior whom I denied. He has filled my child's heart with the peace of God. Thank God with us for his saving power. If our lives are spared, my son shall be trained to proclaim the blessed truth of the Gospel. Again I say: God bless Willie Gray."
You can not guess the joy that thrilled the heart of Willie Gray that day. Humble and happy, he thanked God for the spirit and love which prompted him to send to the little boy in the West the testament purchased with his precious dime.
Many years later, and the pulpit of that church in Willie Gray's village was vacant. Willie was grown to manhood, and now known in the church, as Deacon Gray. One Sabbath morning there came a candidate into the pulpit bearing the marks of genius in word and look. He prayed, and his hearers bowed before the presence of their living God. Then he gave his text; those words of Ezek. ii. 9—"A hand was sent unto me," and told the touching story of his own early life—the Testament, the simple gift of the lad which had brought to the cross the hardened heart of the father and the tender heart of the child. With emotion he said, "My father is in heaven now, brought there, through God's grace, by the hand of Willie Gray." The young deacon was visibly startled. What! he never to hear the last of that simple gift of his? How many hundredfold was he to reap from that dime, his first earnings?

After the service, as the young preacher was grasped by the hand by one and another of the warm-hearted people, he felt one grasp, heartier than the rest, as Deacon Gray quoted the words, "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." In answer to the inquiring look, he continued, "I am Willie Gray."
"Then by the grace of God I have found the man to whom I owe my life of ministry here. A hand was sent unto me."
It was only a dime, but how many souls had it blessed! How often had it glorified the name of God. It had increased his followers, but by what number? It had already enriched eternity, but who could tell how many more were to follow, led by its teachings?
Only a dime—but given in the name of Jesus it shall go on bearing fruit while the foundations of the earth stand.
Only a dime—and a father led to Jesus, and a young child is trained for the ministry of Christ.
Only a dime—and the soul of the child who gave it grows tender in love for his fellows, and rich in the grace of God.
Only a dime—and the heart of the man lives to praise God that he spent it in his service and for his glory. You and I may hope for such a reward as this from every gift we bestow, if we give it in the spirit of Willie Gray.
As God's word never returns unto him void, so our blessed gifts, given in his name, and for the sake of his undying love, will yield us a harvest, the fruits of which we shall never cease to reap. Not the least of giving is the blessing which each true giver receives. The precious bread cast upon the waters, we are sure to find after many days.—Woman's Executive Committee, Reformed Church.

A Fresh Beginning.

"Bessie!" called Mrs. Downing.
"Y-e-e-s-um," was the sleepy reply.
"Bessie, get right up and dress yourself as quick as you can; you are such a slow child."
"Oh, dear me!" yawned Bessie, "I wish I could sleep once as long as I wanted to."
But she arose and began dressing slowly, as was her usual way. She could not find her shoe-buttoner very readily, owing to a certain careless habit of hers, but as she looked around the room for it, she was confronted by these words, "Every day is a fresh beginning." There they shone in letters of gold from the little white silk banner Aunt Madge had sent her a day or two ago. In some mysterious manner they found their way directly to her heart.
"Oh, yes," she thought, "so it is. I forgot what Aunt Madge wrote in her letter. Even if I haven't been real good as I intended to be since the New Year came, I can begin again this morning. And I will."

She had forgotten to say her morning prayer—she remembered to offer it now in a brief but earnest way. As she arose from her knees, her mother called again: "Bessie, are you ever coming down?" There was impatience in the tone, and no wonder, for, as Mrs. Downing had remarked, Bessie was "such a slow child."

But now, with a strong purpose to make a fresh beginning with the help of her Father in heaven, the child replied sweetly:—

"I'll be right down, mamma, in just one minute."
She kept her promise. She reached the sitting-room in time for prayers, and her bright "Good morning!" and cheery smile were like rays of sunshine. A look of surprise and gladness came into the faces of father and mother. Baby Ruth toddled up to her for a kiss, and she lifted the darling little one to her lap with a loving gentleness altogether new to her. The hours passed on. Looking about her to see how much she could do for the dear home folks, she found many opportunities for helpfulness. When the day was gone, Mrs. Downing's face was less weary than usual; Mr. Downing's less drawn.

"What a dear little daughter Bessie is, after all!" the latter remarked.

"And such a joy and comfort!" added the former.
Up in her little blue and white room Bessie was kneeling in her white robe, praying.

"Thank Thee, dear Jesus, for helping me to make a fresh beginning," was part of her prayer, "it has made such a happy, happy day."—Christian Intelligencer.

Killing Time.

"Spare a copper, sir; I'm starving," said a poor, half clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night—"Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you."

Struck with the poor fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied:—

"You look as if you had seen better days. If you tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life I'll give you enough money to pay for your lodging."

"I'm afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered with a mournful smile.

"Try, man, try," added the gentleman. "Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure to speak the truth."

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and, after thinking for nearly a minute, said:—

"To be honest with you, then, I believe my greater fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change that was in store for me. In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was only to be one continued round of pleasure. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness ruined me."

"I believe the story," replied the gentleman; "and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you; indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office tomorrow, and let me inspire you with new courage."

And giving the man another piece of money, and indicating where he could be found, he hurried away.

Still Going.

One day a lie broke out of its enclosure and started to travel.

And the man who owned the premises saw it after it had started and was sorry he had not made the enclosure lie-tight.

So he called his swiftest truth and said:—

"A lie has got loose and will do much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back or kill it!"

So the swift truth started after the lie.

But the lie had one hour the start. At the end of the first day the lie was going lickety-split. The truth was a long way behind it and was getting tired.

It has not yet caught up. And never will.—Chicago Tribune.

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. 14.]

No. 79.—1. Able, Elba. 2. Quite, Quiet. 3. Tale, Late. 4. Latter, Rattle.

No. 80.—Ruth. No. 81.—Birthday.

No. 82.—Salt. No. 83.—Talmage.

No. 84.—"Never man spake like this man."

No. 85.—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

[The Mystery.—No. 17.]

No. 99.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.
(BY M. R. MCLEOD, F.Ton.)

In eat, but not in swallow;
In mat, but not in rug;
In me, but not in I;
In roast, but not in beef;
My whole is a girl's name.

No. 100.—SQUARE.
Sluggish; not at any time; to elude:
a rampart; to stretch. C. WADE.

No. 101.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
A letter; a small mouthful; firm; a kind of herb; a short essay; to perish; a letter. CARRIE.

No. 102.—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. H. D. MCM.

No. 103.—BLANKS.
Two boys wanting to ———— one asked the other to ———— him over. He replied not when you can ———— over. The omitted words are the name and address of one of our cousin puzzlers. H. D. MCMULKIN.

No. 104.—ANAGRAMS.
1. Nine Thumps. 2. Mag. A. ran.
3. Steer A.

No. 105.—DROP-LETTER.
—h—y—e—e—b—n—i—e—
—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

(The Mystical Circle.)

PRIZE OFFERS.
A CHANCE FOR ALL.
To the boy or girl under 12 years sending largest list of answers to puzzles this issue, with one or more original puzzles, we will send a handsome prize.

To the boy or girl between 12 and 15, with three or more original puzzles, a handsome present. To the boy or girl over 15 sending complete list of answers with five or more original puzzles, a handsome prize.

All answers, etc., must be mailed within three weeks from receipt of this issue. Each competitor must send full name, address, and age duly authenticated or certified to by parents or guardian. A non-de plume may also be used. Write puzzles on one side of paper only. Put answers to same, and answers to puzzles published this week on separate sheets.

UNCLE NED.
Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gentlemen,—The top of my head was bald for several years. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now have as good a growth of hair as I ever had.

MRS. ALBERT MCKAY.
Wheatly River, P. E. I.

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on my head and now have a good head of hair after having been bald for several years. It is the only hair restorer I have ever found.

MRS. C. ANDERSON.
Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.

THERE IS NO case of disease among horses and Cattle where "Maud S." Powders are not called for, and by their timely administration will save the lives of many valuable animals.

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

AN ENTERPRISING HOTEL MAN.
It is stated that a hotel man in Toronto has posted up a notice stating that all diners at his place who use Burdock Blood Bitters to tone up their appetite and strength, will be charged 20 per cent. extra. We do not know how true this is, but B. B. B. undoubtedly does the work and does it quickly and well.

THE HAIR NEW GOODS

When not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best and most popular dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It removes dandruff, heals troublesome humors of the scalp, restores faded and gray hair to its original color, and imparts to it a silky texture and a lasting fragrance. By using this preparation, the poorest head of hair soon becomes Luxuriant

and beautiful. All who have once tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, want no other dressing. Galbraith & Starks, Druggists, Sharon Grove, Ky., write: "We believe Ayer's Hair Vigor to be the best preparation of the kind in the market, and sell more of it than of all others. No drug store is complete without a supply of it."

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor with great benefit and know several other persons, between 40 and 50 years of age, who have experienced similar good results from the use of this preparation. It restores gray hair to its original color, promotes a new growth, gives lustre to the hair, and cleanses the scalp of dandruff."—Bernardo Ochoa, Madrid, Spain.

After Using

A number of other preparations without any satisfactory result, I find that Ayer's Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."—A. J. Osmont, General Merchant, Indian Head, N.W.T.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only preparation I could ever find to remove dandruff, cure itching humors, and prevent loss of hair. I can confidently recommend it."—J. C. Butler, Spencer, Mass.

"My wife believes that the money spent for Ayer's Hair Vigor was the best investment she ever made, it has given her so much satisfaction."—James A. Adams, St. Augustine, Texas.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small, and very easy to take. One or two pills treat a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action regulate the liver and regulate the bowels. When they only cure.

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, and preventing this annoying complaint, which they also correct all disorders of the stomach, regulate the liver and regulate the bowels. When they only cure.

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JAMES R. HOWIE,

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