

One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well-placed,
We reach the grandest height—
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, a palace rears
Alone its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft
Through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sands of life
Will slowly all be run.
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well-
stored,
Another, and more of them;
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

—Golden Days.

BILLY.

The clerk at the general-delivery window in a city postoffice is usually a pretty busy individual, but on rare occasions he has his moments of leisure. It was such a time, one summer afternoon, when active business seemed entirely suspended, that the young man who presided over the general-delivery was startled out of a comfortable doze by the sound of a piping voice issuing from some invisible quarter:

"Say, mister," said a voice, "is der a letter for me?"

The clerk stared out across his little corner, but failed to see the owner of the voice. Then he poked his head half-way out of the narrow window, and glancing down, saw a little mite of a ragged fellow with a bootblack's kit swung around his shoulders.

"A letter for you?" he echoed with a smile. "Don't know. What's your name?"

"Billy."

"Billy—what else?"

The little fellow shifted from one foot to the other, but his clear blue eyes looked steadily at the clerk.

"Notin' else," he said, "jes' Billy."

"I guess not," the clerk replied.

"Were you expecting a letter?"

"Yes, sir."

There was an expression of faith in his errand in the little fellow's face, and the clerk racked his brain for a simple explanation to offer him.

"Mebbe," said the boy, "if I told you why I wuz-a-lookin' for a letter, yo' ou'd find it fer me."

"Perhaps I could," said the clerk. "It won't do any harm to try, anyway."

The little fellow set his bootblack's kit down on the floor.

"It wuz like dis," he said. "Las Sunday mornin' I wuz at d' mission Sunday-school up town, an' on my way back I walked wid Miss Rogers. You know her?"

"No," replied the clerk, still smiling.

"Yo' orter. She's teacher uv our class. She wuz-a-tellin' me about d' lesson, an' when I left her by her house I jes' knowed it all. Well, I walked on down d' street, an' pretty soon I seen an' old gent in front of me drop a pocketbook, when I picked it up an' tuk it over t' the alley where I live. I seen it wuz full of money, but I never touched none uv it. Long-er-about night time I begun t' think o' the Sunday-school lesson, an' the more I thought uv it the more I got worried."

"Dnex' mornin' I put on my good clothes agin, an' I wuz-a-goin' t' take d' pocketbook up t' Miss Rogers. I knowed she'd feel bad's I did, an' so I thought I'd send the money back on my own accord. D' wuz some cards'n things in it, tellin' d' name o' d' man what dropped it, an' I wuz sorry I'd kept it, an' signed my name—jes' Billy. Den I wrapped it up, an' sent it to him by mail."

The clerk had ceased smiling by this time, and he looked into the boy's sober face as he asked:

"Did you tell the man where to reply to your letter?"

"Nusser; but I said I'd come here an' ask, to see ef d' pocketbook got to him, dat's all."

"I see," replied the clerk. "If you'll wait a minute, I'll see if I can find anything."

Without any hope of success he went over to the "B" box, and ran quickly over the letters it contained. In the centre of the pack he found one addressed:

BILLY.

To be called for.

With a bright face he hurried back to the window, and handed the missive to the little bootblack.

"Here it is," he said. "This must be for you."

Billy took the letter, turned it over once or twice, and then handed it back.

"Read it for me," he said, "I ain't much on makin' out writin'."

The clerk opened the envelope and extracted the contents. In a business hand was written a kindly letter to "My honest little Billy," and the writer asked that the boy call and to see him at an address which he gave. The letter closed with the familiar words that "honesty was the best policy always, but I feel that in this case a reward of another sort is called for." The latter referred to a neatly folded greenback which was inclosed.

The clerk read the letter over to Billy, and then handed it to him with the inclosure.

"Go up to Miss Rogers," he said, "and tell her the whole story, she will advise you what to do."

Little Billy's eyes sparkled as he thanked the clerk. Then he swung his kit over his shoulder again, and promising to return to explain the rest of the adventure, he trudged out into the street.

It was a week later when he came back to see the clerk.

His clothes were new, and fitted him somewhat better than his old ones, and the bootblack kit was not visible. He reached up and shook hands with his friend as he said:

"I ain't shinin' shoes no more. D' gentleman dat writ me dat letter he give me a place in his office, an' I'm a-goin' to school now."

He said more than this, and the two had a chat during the first lull in business. But we have told enough of little Billy's story to show how true—always true—is that story about honesty is the best policy. And even if there had been no letter for Billy the policy would have been the same.

—Baltimore Methodist.

Do not delay your renewal. Send by next mail if possible.

How one Little Boy 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 would say, "praps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is 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 little ragged Johnny, 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 went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked, by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as 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 as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny 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 Johnny my old 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 Johnny my sled, I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

A New Version of an Old Tale.

The present Columbian times have recalled to public memory the biography of Christopher Columbus as it was written by a school-boy in the Midlands, Eng., twenty years ago. The told the boys to write a short essay on the great navigator, and the following is the only one that has withstood the ravages of the tooth of Time. We give it complete: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus 'if you give me a ship.' He had a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarrelled, and said they believed there was no such place; but, after many days, the pilot called to him, and said

"Columbus, I see land." Then that is America," said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. 'I suppose you are the niggers?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are'; and the chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You're right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.—The Evening Wisconsin.

Many hundreds of subscriptions are now due and are expected.

Cheap Ice Houses.

An ice house very serviceable and cheap can be built as follows: Set rough posts in place, the taller ones in front to give slope to the roof. Nail the lowest board all around. The house is now ready for the ice. Cover the bottom with a layer of sawdust, shavings, or cut hay, and pack firmly. Upon this place a tier of ice, keeping the blocks a foot from the wall. Put a board next the ice and fill the space between this and the outside with sawdust, thus forming a double wall. Put on another layer of ice, carrying up the wall at the same time. Continue in this manner until the house is full. The planks or slabs need only be slightly nailed, as they will be held in place by pressure from the inside. Complete by covering the top with a thick layer of sawdust and putting on the roof.

Home Hints.

The roots and tough stalks of celery, chopped fine and dried, are invaluable for soups and dressings.

A little of the grated rind of the fruit is much more delicate for flavoring lemon than the extract.

Scald rhubarb before cooking it. It takes much less sugar, and yet it seems to have lost none of its acid.

Orange peel, dried and grated, makes a fine, yellow powder that is delicious for flavoring cakes and puddings.

Pour boiling water over raisins, and let them stand a moment before seedling. It lessens the labor wonderfully.

In using melted chocolate in cooking, first mix with it a part of the sugar before adding it to the other ingredients.

In making sauces that are thickened with flour, mix the flour and sugar thoroughly before adding the boiling water, to prevent lumping.

To wash cashmere: Wash in hot suds with a little borax added; rinse in strong indigo blue water; iron while damp.—Grass stains, if soaked in alcohol and rubbed, will come out.—Make your own mucilage by dissolving gum tragacanth in water; add a few drops of oil of cloves and a bit of alum.—Hives are easily relieved by aromatic spirits of ammonia, ten drops every hour till the irritation ceases.—A bit of lard and a teaspoonful of borax to two quarts of starch used while hot, will give a fine gloss to collars and cuffs.—Carry a bit of chamois in your pocket to clean your spectacles with.—Wherever there is creaking put on oil—on door hinges, on rusty locks, on the wringer, on the egg-beater, on the scissors-rivet, on troubled waters, on ruffled tempers.—White bees-wax folded with silks and woolen goods will keep them, if they are perfectly clean, from turning yellow.

Send a new name with your renewal, if possible. \$2.50 will pay for both one year.

"PERPETUAL COMPLAINTS," to use the simile of an old writer, "are like unto a new cart, which creaks and cries even while it has no burden but its own wheels; whereas that which is long used and well oiled goes silently away with a heavy load."

A CELEBRATED DIVINE has said—"If it were not for industry, men would be neither so healthful nor so useful, so strong nor so patient, so noble nor so untempted. There is no greater tediousness in the world than want of employment. Time passes over the active man lightly, like a dream; but the idler is like a long, sleepless night to himself, and a load to his country."

PUZZLERS' PASTIME.

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

Devoted to
Puzzles, Solutions, Letter's Stories, etc.

—The Mystery.—No. 3.—

No. 10.—Pi.
Log-evid so.

No. 11.—CROSS-WORD.
In east, but not in south;
In speak, but not in mouth;
In war, but not in peace;
In turkeys, but not in geese;
In bequeath, but not in sell;
My whole is where all love to dwell.

No. 12.—DIAMOND.
A letter from home; of the body;
The root of all evil; a fish; a letter.

No. 13.—ANAGRAM.
Tons worms.

No. 14.—DROP LETTER.
-e -o -c -e -d.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystery Solved.—No. 50—

No. 265.—
1
G
O A
2 D O G
A R
3 S Y 7
P H
7 Y M G
E R
A
5

No. 266.—Many Happy New Years.

No. 267.—One thousand eight hundred and ninety-three.

No. 268.—New Year.

No. 269.—Farewell.

—CHAT:—

R. A. B., St. John, solves No. 1.

OUR POETRY CORNER.
[For a temperance Recitation]

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

To the dear little folks who are now gathered here
I'm going to speak without favor or fear
I am going to ask you to not make a noise.

Let the boys think they're men, and the men think they're boys.
And we'll get along nicely, and all will go well.

For I'm full to overflowing with something to tell.
And I hope ere you leave, you'll be glad that you came.

For this meeting is yours, with its object and aim.

To the boys, I would say, never drink, smoke, or chew;
For the habit is filthy, it never will do.
'Tis the temperance boys of each nation and State
Who will grow into men and be noble and great.

I expect I shall hear wondrous things of you all,
Not excepting the youngest, no matter how small;
If with smoking and drinking you've nothing to do,
Then the grandest of futures is open to you.

To the girls with their dollies, their pictures and toys;
I would say, keep an eye open on the creatures called boys;
And as older you grow, don't you ever be seen
With a two-legged drinking and smoking machine;

For you each have an influence mighty and great,
As no doubt you will find if you patiently wait.
And when older you're grown, and look handsome and wise,
Don't season with brandy your puddings and pies.

To the fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunts,
I have only to say that the boy just in pants
Will be better and brighter, in body in brain,
If he comes to our meetings and learns to abstain.

And the girls you may save from much trouble and care,
If you have them instructed of drink to beware.

So look after the children, the dear ones we love;
And the great God will bless you from heaven above.

—Selected.

Minard's Liniment cures
Dandruff.

Culled From the Old Year.
Lewis S. Butler, Burin, Nfld., Rheumatism.
Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lock-jaw.
By McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Gout.
Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation.
James A. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia.
C. I. Laghe, Sydney, C. B., La Grippe.

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Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE
SICK
HEAD

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ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail to CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
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HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

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Beware of imitations, get the genuine. Sold everywhere at 50 cents per bottle \$5.50 per dozen

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