

Jack's Lesson.

Jackie didn't like his lesson on
Hated spelling words at all;
Such a fuss about a letter,
If he wrote, "I play at ball."

Who would care, except a teacher,
For a tiny fault like that?
Down went pen and off flew Jackie,
For the postman knocked rat-tat.

Ha! a letter, too, for Jackie,
Come from Brighton. Uncle Joe
What he needed for his birthday
Straight by post would like to know.

No more grumbling now for Jackie.
Paper, pen, he called for quick.
"Dearest Uncle," wrote while smiling,
"I do think you are a brick!"

"Rabbits I am very fond of—
The new sort that's rather rare;
Mother sends her love, and Susie;
Can you let me have a pair?"

"Now, good-by, your loving Jackie."
Off the letter went at once,
But next week upon his birthday,
Puzzled was the little dunce.

By a small brown-paper parcel,
Coming from his Uncle Joe,
With some common pearls inside it—
Three-a-penny ones, you know.

"Stupid Uncle Joe!" he shouted,
Stamped his foot and tore his hair,
Till his teacher softly whispered:
"Jackie, how did you spell pair?"

Very red turned Master Jackie,
Nothing more had he to say!
Uncle Joe had taught a lesson,
And—the rabbits came next day.

Worth Trying.

"Wait a minute, Will."

"What for?"

"I want to get that bunch of blue-
bells."

Ned laid down his fishing-tackle,
and sprang over a fence, presently
to return with a handful of the flowers,
with their dainty coloring thrown
out by a background of two or three
ferns.

"You're a great fellow for flowers."
"Oh, they're not for myself; but
mother's always crazy over wild
flowers."

And all through the walk home,
notwithstanding he was already
well laden with rod and fishing-basket,
Ned gave good heed to his flowers,
once stopping to wet his handkerchief
to wrap about the stems, that they
might not suffer from the warmth of
his hand.

"There she is!" While still at a
distance, Ned spied his mother, and
made a dash toward her across the
large yard. Will, followed more
slowly, saw him drop his rod and take
off his hat, as he offered his flowers
with a bow and a smile. A little
stir of pain was in Will's heart, as he
saw them received with a kiss and
some words, evidently loving ones,
which he could not hear.

"Come round to the barn with
your traps, and then you stay to sup-
per," mother says so," said Ned, re-
joining his friend.

"You're different from most boys,"
said Will; and Ned colored a little,
for he was inwardly a trifle afraid of
his mother's display of fondness pro-
voking ridicule from the boys.

"How?" he asked, although know-
ing well what was meant.

"Oh,—that," said Will, with an in-
definite backward nod over his shoul-
der. "But I like it,—I do, really."

"I like it," said Ned, his deepening
color due now to feeling. "Don't know
how I'd get along if my mother wasn't
just that way. And, as she is just
that way, how can I help being just
that way, too? Of course, it comes
natural that I should be."

Ned's mother, if she had heard
this, might have smiled in remem-
brance of the many lessons it had
taken to inculcate the grace of polite-
ness, which was now, indeed, if not
natural, rapidly becoming second
nature to the boy.

"If I had a mother, I'd like to be
just like Will."

"Well, it isn't only just mothers,
you know. That is, of course, no-
body else can be like your mother;
but I mean you can be it to other
folks,—in a way. To anybody in
your home. They all like it."

Will burst into a laugh.

"All, hey? I wish you knew my
Aunt Susan. But you will; for, now
we're getting settled, you must come
over. You'll laugh at the idea of such
things for her. Why, if I should
bring her a flower or take off my hat
to her, she wouldn't know what to
make of it. She'd think I was crazy."

"I don't believe it," said Ned.
"That is, if she's a good woman.
And, of course," he added, in quick
response, "your aunt must be."

"Good! I guess she is! She's so
good herself she thinks there's no
good in such a thing as a boy. I be-
lieve she thinks boys were only made
to be a torment to such as she."

"Some boys are, I suppose."

Will colored a little as he inwardly
realized that Aunt Susan might be
somewhat justified in holding such an
opinion.

"Well," continued Ned, "I
thought all ladies liked flowers, and
liked to be nicely treated, too. And,"
he added stoutly, "I think so still."

"I don't believe Aunt Susan would
take the trouble to notice either
flowers or nice behavior," replied
Will.

"Have you ever tried?"

Boys are not much in the habit of
reading moral lectures to one another,
so it is not likely Ned would have en-
larged on the subject, even if they had
not just then been ready to carry in
their string of fish, to be duly admired
by Ned's mother.

But Ned's lightly spoken and quick-
ly by him, forgotten question re-
turned to Will's mind, as, later, he
walked alone in the direction of his
own home.

"Have you ever tried?"

"Well, I haven't, that's a fact.
But," he gave a little laugh, "the
idea of bringing flowers to Aunt
Susan! Fancy her stare! She would
not know what to make of it."

But the remembrance of Ned's
graceful thought of his mother, and the
sweetness of the caressing tenderness
between mother and son, had
touched the conscience as well as the
heart of the motherless boy.

"If it wasn't flowers, I suppose it
might be something else. She's as
stiff and proper as a poker, and I sup-
pose a boy might smile and bow and
be polite all his life, and she'd never
know but what he was cutting up
some new kind of pranks. But, then,
perhaps it's no wonder. She doesn't
know much about any boys but me.
I guess she thinks all they're good for
is to carry mud in on their shoes,
and slam doors, and leave the fly-
screens open and be late to meals.

But, I say!—I've a great mind to try
Ned's way; that is, partly,—just for
the fun of seeing how she'll take it."

With which determination Will walked
around the house, to find his aunt
approaching the side door with a huge
parcel in her arms. At any other
time he would not have troubled him-
self about this, but now he stepped
up and opened the door for her. She
took little notice of him except to ask:

"Do you know where Hiram is?"

"No, I don't."

"I've been looking for him. I want
to send this bundle down to Mrs.
Brown's."

She passed on through the hall as
if speaking more to herself than to any
one else. Will was rushing up to his
room two steps at a time, when he
suddenly paused,—

"I'll take it to her, Aunt Susan."

She stopped and looked at him un-
smilingly, concluding at once in her
own mind that he had some business
of his own that way, yet still surprised
that he should be willing to include
in it a service for herself.

"Well, if it won't bother you," she
said.

More intercourse with Ned awaken-
ed in Will a more honest resolution to
make the best of himself in the mat-
ter of grace of manner and behavior.
It is a pity that every boy should not
reflect how largely his conduct in-
fluences those among whom he is
thrown. Will increased his efforts to
avoid small annoyances to his aunt,
and began showing her small atten-
tions, which sometimes won for him
an approving smile.

He began to feel touched and con-
science-smitten at perceiving that what
he had begun in an unworthy spirit
of fun should be making the impres-
sion on Aunt Susan which should be-
long with honest effort. It was pleas-
ant to the boy whose home life was
so lonely to find himself looking for
Aunt Susan's smile and for the soft-
ened voice in which she answered his
good-morning. And one day he ran
up to his room, and laughed by him-
self till he was out of breath.

"I took off my hat to her as I met
her on the corner, and she actually
turned red with astonishment."

"More shame for me that it should
take her off her feet so," came with a
soberer reflection. "If I've done it
in fun before, I'll do it in earnest
now. I think it pays for a boy to be
decent in his ways, whether anybody
notices it or not. It pays just in the
feeling he has himself."

Which was as wise a conclusion as a
boy often derives at.

Months later Will went away from
home on a visit. On his return Aunt
Susan stood on the steps with a face
which might almost, in its welcoming
expression, have belonged to Ned's
mother.

"Oh, my dear boy!" she exclaimed.
"I have needed you so much. No
one to hunt for my glasses. No one
to bring me the paper. No one to
have flowers on the table before I
come down. No one to care whether
I am waited on or not. I could not
have believed I should have missed
you so."

Will went upstairs with the warmth
of her kiss upon his cheek, trying to

remember when anybody had ever
kissed him before. And tears came
very near his eyes as he saw about his
room more than one evidence of Aunt
Susan's very tender thought for him.
"It was well worth trying," he said
to himself.—*Sydney Dayre, in the
Interior.*

Wanted, a Boy!

A jolly boy.
A boy full of vim.
A boy who is square.
A boy who can say no.
A boy who scorns a lie.
A boy who hates deceit.
A boy with "stick to it."
A boy who despises slang.
A boy who is aboveboard.
A boy who saves his pennies.
A boy who will never smoke.
A boy with shoes always black.
A boy who is proud of his big sister.
A boy who has forgotten how to
whine.
A boy who thinks hard work no dis-
grace.

A boy who stands at the head of
his class.
A boy who does chores without
grumbling.
A boy who believes that an educa-
tion is worth while.
A boy who is a stranger to the street
corners at night.

A boy who thinks his mother above
all mothers is a model.
A boy who plays with all his might
—during playing hours.
A boy who does not know more
than all the rest of the house.

A boy who does not think it con-
sistent to mix playing and praying.
A boy who does not wait to be
called a second time in the morning.
A boy whose absence from the Sun-
day School sets everybody wondering
what has happened.—*Boys' Brigade
Courier.*

A Compass in Every Watch.
A few days ago I was standing by
an American gentleman, when I ex-
pressed a wish to know which point
was north. He at once pulled out his
watch, looked at it, and pointed to
the north. I asked him whether he
had a compass attached to his watch.

"All watches," he replied, "are
compasses."

Then he explained to me quite
clearly how this was.

Point the hour hand to the sun, and
the south is just half-way between the
hour and the figure XII on the watch.
For instance, suppose that it is four
o'clock. Point the hand indicating
four to the sun, and II on the watch
is exactly south. Suppose that it is
eight o'clock point the hand indicat-
ing eight to the sun and the figure X
on the watch is due south.

My American friend was quite sur-
prised that I did not know this.
Thinking that very possibly I was
ignorant of a thing that every one
else knew, and happening to meet
Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent
traveler whether he was aware of this
simple mode of discovering the points
of the compass. He said that he had
never heard of it. I presume, there-
fore, that the world is in the same
state of ignorance. Amalfi is proud
of having been the home of the in-
ventor of the compass. I do not know
what town boasts of my American
friend as a citizen.—*Truth.*

Keep A Clean Mouth.

A distinguished author says, "I
resolved when I was a child never to
use a word which I could not pro-
nounce before my mother." He kept
his resolution, and became a pure-
minded, noble, honored gentleman.
His rule and example are worthy of
imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low,
vulgar words and expressions which
are never heard in respectable circles.
The utmost care on the part of par-
ents will scarcely prevent it. Of
course we cannot think of girls as be-
ing so much exposed to this peril.
We cannot imagine a decent girl using
words she would not utter before her
father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some
boys to be "smart," the "next
thing to swearing," and yet "not so
wicked;" but it is a habit which leads
to profanity, and fills the mind with
evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and de-
grades the soul, and prepares the
way for many of the gross and fear-
ful sins which now corrupt society.

Young readers! keep your mouths
free from all impurity and your
"tongue from evil;" but in order to
do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your
heart and keep it clean, for "out of
the abundance of the heart the mouth
speaketh."—*The Christian.*

Do not ask for any particular part
of a fowl, or similar dish, unless asked
your preference; in that case al-
ways indicate something, and if there
be really no choice, designate the por-
tion with which the host can most
conveniently render service.—*Good
Housekeeping.*

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SON
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No. 209.—Trout.
No. 210.—Sunflower.
No. 211.—New Brunswick.

The Mystery, No. 36.

- No. 226.—PI PROVERB.
"Hiloeeggn sihet asstirtem of asseece."
No. 227.—DROP-LETTER.
"i-t-e-n-o-t-n-i-l-t-e-u-s."

No. 228.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of 12 letters,
is the greatest curse the world has
ever known.

My 11, 9, 10, 12 is used by old men
and dudes.

To 3, 9, 5, -6, 4, 8 with that which
causes my all means your ruin.

My 2, 1, 10, 7 is a number.

No. 229.—ANAGRAM. (one word)

Cane, Peter, Min!

No. 230.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a metal; one who hordes
money; a snare; a letter.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

OUR STORY.

Because.

"Tom," said a small boy, opening
the door, "come and pull that old log
up out of the ditch."

"I'm not coming," said Tom with a
despairing resolution. "I've pulled
and pulled and pulled, and it hasn't
budded an inch; I can't do it, and
that's all there is to it."

"But, Tom," said the small boy,
"father is going to help."

What a change came over Tom!
He prang out of the room as if he had
been shot from a gun. His coat was
off in a twinkling, and he was ready
to pull till his back ached, of course,
because now he was sure of success;
his father undertook could not fail.

This homely little story is trying
to show you what is meant by the
command, "Work out your own sal-
vation, for [or because] it is God that
worketh in you." It would not be
worth your while to strive against sin
if you had it all to do; it would be a
perfectly hopeless battle, and you
might as well give it up. But God is
working in you and for you; his al-
mightiness is engaged, is pledged for
your salvation. O then there is a
strong reason for being up and doing!
Spring to the task, throw off your
coat, and "work out your own sal-
vation with fear and trembling, for
[because] it is God that worketh in
you."

**Minard's Liniment Lumber-
man's Friend.**

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The whole town of Glamis, Ont.,
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MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a parti-
ally paralyzed arm, that equals any-
thing that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.
The four cardinal points of health
are the stomach, liver, bowels and
blood. Wrong action in any of these
produces disease. Burdock Blood
Purifier acts upon the four cardinal
points of health at one and the same
time, to regulate, strengthen and pu-
rify, thus preserving health and remov-
ing disease.

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fourteen years I was afflicted with
Piles and frequently I was unable to
walk or sit, but four years ago I was
cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric
Oil. I have been also subject to Quinzy
for over forty years but Electric Oil
cured it, and it was a permanent cure
in both cases, as neither the Piles nor
Quinzy have troubled me since."

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eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
remarkable success has been shown in curing
Even if they only cured

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are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
and preventing this annoying complaint, while
they also correct all disorders of the stomach,
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.
Even if they only cured

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

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where
we make our great boast. Our pills cure
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2 do Butt Hinges, plain and bronze,
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