

What is a Gentleman?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Dressed with a scarf pin, a chain and a
ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lip, and a smile?
Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "At Homes" and ba-
zars,
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?"

What is a gentleman? Say, is it some
one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has
done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his
cheek?
One, who, while railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its purity and
trust:
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deepening no
stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease
Striving instinctively always to please;
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek,
When to be silent, and when he should
speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Reckoning not whether his hand may be hard
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his
guide;
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide;
Be he noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman nature has made.
—Young Folks.

How Ted Did His Duty.

Ted Stoddard was in the room dig-
ging deep into the mysteries of his
Latin grammar, when a regular Indian
warwhoop, coming from under the
low window, made him jump so sud-
denly that he very narrowly escaped a
hard bump from the chandelier direct-
ly above his head.

"Hillo, there, Ted," a merry, boy-
ish voice called out, and then, as Ted
poked his head out of the window, he
went on: "Bumum and the boys are
going fishing down in Ford's meadow.
Want to come?"

"I just guess I do. I'm always
your man for a catch. Be down in a
half a minute," and Ted's head dis-
appeared from the view of the boy
outside.

"I'd give a dime to know where
my hat's gone," he said to himself, as
he vainly endeavored to find that
always missing article. Finally he
spied it peering artistically upon the
frame of a motto high up on the wall.
As he reached for it, his eyes fell upon
the handsomely illuminated text, and
involuntarily he read, half aloud:
"Do thy duty, that is best."

Only six short words, but they had
a great effect upon Ted, for his bright
face grew suddenly grave, and the
thought flashed upon him that to go
fishing on the day before a Latin ex-
amination, when he really needed a
great deal of preparation, would not
be doing the "best" thing—his duty.

His waiting friend outside was be-
ginning to grow impatient, and called
out, "Hurry up, slow-poke; haven't
got quite all night to wait," and then
Ted walked over to the window and
did a very brave thing—brave for a
boy who loved all sports, and especial-
ly fishing.

"Bill," he said quietly, and so sober-
ly that his friend looked up at him in
wonder, "Bill, I don't think I'd bet-
ter go. The final Latin exam. comes
to-morrow, and you know I missed a
good many days last term," his voice
choked a little, and Bill knew that he
meant the time of his mother's sick-
ness and death.

Bill was well aware that when Ted
made up his mind to a thing he gener-
ally kept to his decision, but he also
knew that the boy was particularly
fond of fishing, so he said coaxingly:
"Oh, come along, old fellow, you'll
have lots of time to brush up in the
morning. I wouldn't let an old exam.
make me lose a good catch. I'm going
and I need the study more than you
do." He laughed as he said the last
words, but it was an uncomfortable
kind of a laugh, and only strengthened
Ted's resolve.

"Come up here, Bill; the front door
is open. I've got something to show
you."
Bill obeyed, rather puzzled to know
just what Ted wanted.

when I was a little chap, it was so
bright and pretty. Of course, I did
not know then what it really meant.
But one night—it was my last birth-
day—I was sitting there by that win-
dow, waiting for mother to come and
have our birthday talk—we always did
that ever since I can remember—when
the door opened softly, and she came
into the room with something in her
arms. It was that motto.

"Teddy, boy," she said, and I'll
never forget how sweet her voice was,
"You always liked this because it was
so 'pretty.' I'm going to tell you
about it, so you will love it, because
it is so helpful." And then she came
and sat in that very rocker, and talked
to me so beautifully that I always re-
member it. Then she hung the motto
up there, just where you see it, and
mother kissed me good-night, and told
me to be her brave boy, and never be
afraid to do my duty, no matter how
hard it might be. That was the last
long talk we had together, for mother
caught cold the next week, and—the
boy's lips were trembling, and his eyes
filled with tears. No one knew how
terribly he felt the loss of his lovely
mother, who was her boy's confidante
in everything. But Ted, with a
strong effort kept back the tears that
nearly blinded him, and added, quick-
ly: "And that, Bill, is the reason that
I'm going to stay at home to-day, and
do what mother would say is my duty."

That pathetic little story, told so
simply, impressed Bill more than all
the sermons he had listened to in the
last six months, and, as he took Ted's
hand in a tight grip, he said huskily,
"You're a brick, a regular brick, and
if you're brave enough to do your duty
Bill Baker's not the chap to let you
stand alone," and quite overcome he
darted away, leaving Ted alone
with his Latin grammar. It was hard
for the boy to fasten his mind upon
the uninteresting verbs, for he could
not help thinking of the beautiful
speckled trout that he knew were so
plentiful in the boys' favorite fish-
pond in Ford's meadow. But, as we
have said, when Ted was once con-
vinced of his duty, his mind was not
easily changed.

Never during the whole year had
the boys of the "A" Latin Class passed
an examination more creditably than
they did the next morning. Mr. Lor-
man, the teacher, was greatly encour-
aged and justly proud that his pupils
should do so well before the large
number of visitors, for the examina-
tion was public. Ted wondered how
it was that the boys did all such good
work, without the usual "cramping"
the previous day, for he thought that
they had all gone on the fishing ex-
pedition, with the exception of Bill
and himself. It was not until a few
weeks later that he found out that
Bill had excused himself from the
party, giving as a reason the little tale
that had so touched and helped him.
Strangely enough, when he had fin-
ished every boy of the "jolly fifteen"
had decided that an afternoon of good,
solid study would not be amiss, so
they quickly dispersed to their several
homes. And that accounted for the
excellent examination.

When Ted learned that it was his
example which had brought this about
he went to his room, and there, on
his knees by the window where he had
that last blessed talk with his precious
mother, thanked God from the depths
of his boyish heart for the loved mem-
ory that had helped him, and which
he prayed would always help him to
do his duty.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

How Savings Grow.

This incident, told in a St. Louis news-
paper, shows how a small sum, depos-
ited where it will draw a moderate rate
of interest, will accumulate in the
course of years. It ought to convey a
lesson to young persons who think
their savings are too small to be worth
investing.

Some years ago a man entered the
Boatman's Savings Bank on Second
street, in St. Louis, with a somewhat
diffident air, and looked inquiringly
about him as one not quite positive of
his bearings. He scrutinized the
building closely, looked about the in-
terior, and presently found his way to
the cashier's desk.

"There used to be a bank here in
the old times," he said, "called the
Boatman's Savings Institution. I sup-
pose it is dead long time ago; this bank
of course, has nothing to do with it."
"It is the same bank," replied the
cashier, "only the name is a little
changed."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, with
surprise. "Well, when the institution
started, I was one of the first deposi-
tors; but I put in only \$100. I re-
member, after so many ups and downs,
that it must have been wiped out long
ago."

"Who are you?" the cashier
asked, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Jefferies."

"Thomas Jefferies?" cried the
cashier.

"Yes, they called me Tom, then."
"Where have you been Mr. Jeff-
eries, these long years, and why
haven't you written us?"
"In California; and, of course, I
thought the \$100 was a dead duck,
and it's only your sign that called me
in now."

"Well, Mr. Jefferies, if you have
been idle," said the cashier, taking
down and opening a great folio,
"your hundred dollars has not; here
it is. Your check on this bank to-day
is good for \$7,875. You have only
got to get some one to prove your
identity and we will pay it over."

Burdette on Profanity.

Suppose you are given to the habit
of profanity. You enter into conver-
sation with a man who never swears,
or in other words, a gentleman. By
and by you begin to perceive that he
is the superior man. Your own re-
marks have a tame, flat, feeble sound
to your ears. Your cheeks begin to
burn with a sense of your friend's
excellence. Your pert little damns
sound coarse and drop out of your
sentences ashamed to remain in the
company of good, honest words, until,
as you discover that you are carrying
on your part of the conversation with-
out swearing, you feel easier, and your
intellectual stature is increased by a
foot. Just observe this, my boy,
and see if I am not right. But you
will rip out sometime; oh, yes, in some
way you will. I know some good men
—some of the best in the world who
will "confound it," and in New Eng-
land even a deacon has been known to
"condemn it." But as a rule, my
son, don't do it. Don't swear. It
isn't an evidence of smartness or
worldly wisdom. Any fool can swear.
And a great many fools do. I have my
son? Ah, if I could only gather up
all the useless, uncalled for swears I
have dropped along the pathway of life
I know I could remove stumbling
blocks from many inexperienced feet,
and my own heart would be lighter
by a ton than it is to-day. But if you
are going to be a fool just because
other men have been, oh, my son,
my son, what an awful, what a colossal,
what a hopeless fool you will be.

Statistics of Breathing.

At each respiration an adult inhales
about one pint of air.

A man respires sixteen to twenty
times a minute, or 20,000 times a
day; a child, twenty-five to thirty-five
times per minute.

While standing, the adult respira-
tion is twenty-two; while lying, thir-
teen times per minute.

The superficial surface of the inside
of the lungs is 200 square yards.

The amount of air inspired in twenty-
four hours is 10,000 litres, or about
10,000 quarts.

The amount of oxygen absorbed in
twenty-four hours is 500 litres, or 744
grammes; and the amount of carbonic
acid gas expired in the same time,
400 litres or 911.5 grammes.

Two thirds of the oxygen absorbed
in twenty-four hours is absorbed dur-
ing the night hours from 6:00 p. m. to
6:00 a. m.

Three fifths of the total carbonic
acid is thrown off in the daytime.

The pulmonary surface gives off 150
grammes of water daily in the state of
vapor.

An adult must have at least 360
litres, or ninety gallons, of air an hour
or 600 to 800 gallons in a night.

The duration of inspiration is five
twelfths, of expiration seven twelfths,
of the whole respiratory act; but dur-
ing sleep inspiration occupies ten
twelfths of the respiratory period.—
Physiology.

A Cat Story.

A member of the Zoological Society
says: "I once had a cat which always
sat up to the dinner table with me,
and had his napkin round his neck
and his plate and some fish. He used
his paw, of course, but he was very
particular, and behaved with extraor-
dinary decorum. When he had fin-
ished his fish I sometimes gave him a
piece of mine. One day he was not to
be found when the dinner-bell rang,
so we began without him. Just as the
plates were put around puss came
rushing upstairs and sprang into his
chair, with two mice in his mouth.
Before he could be stopped he dropped
a mouse on his own plate and then
one on mine. He had divided his
dinner with me, as I had often divided
mine with him." —*London Answers.*

A true man's allegiance is given to
that which is highest in his own na-
ture. He reverences truth, he loves
kindness, he respects justice.

Let no available opportunity to do
good be neglected. It may never re-
turn.

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ASTIME.

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—ST. JOHN, N. B.

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The Mystery Solved.—No. 29.

No. 166.—"Worry is the mildew of
life."

No. 167.—
H
C
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No. 168.—S C A M P
C U S P
A S P
M P
P

No. 169.—C A R T
A G U E
R U D E
T E E M

No. 170.—T
R A Y
A S S E S
T A S S E L S
N E E D Y
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S

No. 171.—Ioe.

No. 172.—Rom. 13 : 11.

—[The Mystery, No. 32]—

No. 184.—REBUS.
N
cents
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No. 185.—DROP-LETTER.
-i-a-l-i-d-h-t-l-w--o-o-y-o-p-

No. 186.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a luminary; a ruler; a
letter.

No. 187.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In house, but not in barn;
In flame, but not in burn;
In water, but not in milk;
In cotton, but not in silk;
In yacht, but not in barge;
My whole names a planet large.

No. 188.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of 12 letters,
is a noted Indian doctor.

My 5, 7, 6 is now being made;
My 11, 3, 2, 4 is of an animal;
My 10, 7, 8, 9 is a girl's name;
My 1, 12, 8 is a kind of grain.

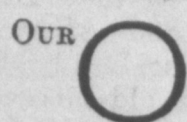
No. 189.—PR.

Het tllie xofe pilos het nives.

No. 190.—BURIED RIVERS.

1. What Ham echews, shun though
you love it.
2. Which per se in every stream.
3. Yes, Isabel better be careful!
4. Dan, I led the colt to water.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—



Yes, our circle, what has befallen
it? Shall we not hear from some
right away? If not, why not?

UNCLE NED.

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Garget in Cows.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

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tirely cured me and I can heartily
recommend it to all as the best medi-
cine in the world.

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Bayfield, Ont.

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ure in certifying that after suffer-
ing severely for 15 months from diar-
rhoea, which came on after child-
birth, previous to which I had suffer-
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I was cured by Dr. Fowler's Extract
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ANNIE M. GIBSON,
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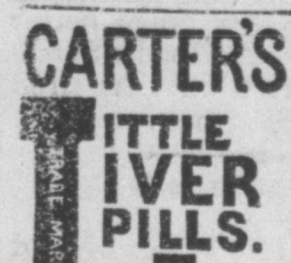
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Even if they only cure

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Small Dose. Small
Small Dose. Small

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