

### Drunkards, Bummers and Dead Beats not Wanted.

[In Detroit at a late convention of liquor dealers, it was decided to post signs at all high-toned liquor stores, like the heading of this article.]

Wanted no drunkards, or dead beats or bummers,  
But innocent boys, we want and new comers,  
Just fresh from their homes, the school or the college,  
Healthy and wealthy, and well stocked with knowledge;  
Fond mothers' sons and fond sisters' brothers.  
High-toned recruits we want, and no others,  
Tired of the drunkard whose substance is wasted,  
(He never tires of the drink he has tasted;) And dead beats and bummers are noisy, unsightly,  
Not tempting signs to the youths who come nightly,  
Never expecting some time to resemble These stranded wrecks who totter and tremble  
And hang round our doors, with red, bloated faces.  
Why don't they infest saloons and low places?  
Can they not see our dealings are ended  
When they to drunkards and sots have descended?  
Let them begone, for they seem to upbraid us,  
Questioning all who pass by with "who made us?"  
We cannot be our dead beat brother's keeper—  
Let him haunt places where liquor is cheaper.  
Young men, in you our best hopes are implanted,  
Drunkards and bummers, and dead beats not wanted.

We wish every father in the land could read the above and sit down and think about it. It is a true story—we are sorry to say too true—it is the boys and the young men that the liquor traffic wants—it is not the old sot. He wants them, and wants them to be "moderate drinkers."—*The Central Good Templar.*

### MRS. HOUND TALKS ABOUT HER PUPPIES.

How old did you say? Three weeks. Yes, the little darlings are three weeks old this very day; and, though I do say it, they are the finest children of their age I ever saw. Why, do you know they refuse to stand up like common dogs! Wonderful, isn't it? The way in which their soft little legs bend and double up under them is the most astonishing thing you ever saw! And on the end of every leg is—oh! such a perfect little paw, as soft as velvet—just look! At first they would not open their eyes. Dear little things! Was not that wonderful? Then in a few days they opened them. Was not that wonderful? They go to sleep and they wake up just like other dogs. Does not that beat all? And if you put your ear close to their soft fur, you can hear them breathe.

I am not proud, but I do say they are five lovely puppies. I am very careful of them, too; but I will let all you good little girls and boys look at them, if you will be very gentle. Don't make a noise and wake up Snowball—he is the sleepy one. Black-

ball, here, is wide awake. You may touch his nose softly, if you wish. You will find it quite nice and cool. I am so glad they are well and strong! They take after me. Now, my dear friends, if you will please go away, I shall be obliged to you. My little ones need rest and quiet at first, or they will be spoiled. Anything but nervous, fretful puppies for me!

### "EXACT TRUTH."

SUNDAY afternoon Gertrude Foster, passing through the kitchen, found George Raymond, her father's hired man, or rather, hired boy, sitting abstractedly by the table. A closed book, the Bible, lay on it. Gertrude glanced at it and him. She was a pretty, kind-hearted young girl.

"Don't you want a book to read, George?" said she. "Allie has a nice Sunday-school book, and she has gone over to her mission school, and isn't reading it."

George looked up doubtfully. He had a high, white forehead, and large, serious blue eyes.

"Is it a true story?" said he.

Gertrude laughed.

"Why, I don't know. I don't suppose it is, exactly. Few stories are exactly true."

"I guess I don't want it, then. My own Sunday-school book wasn't."

"Why, George Raymond, what an idea! Of course you don't expect a story to be true—that is, just true. Why, people wouldn't write them so."

"I don't care," said George, stoutly, "I don't want to read a story that isn't true. I don't like it. The Bible's true, anyhow. I'm going to stick to that, if I can't find anything else."

Gertrude, laughing, said, "Well, you're safe about the Bible, I guess."

She went in and told her mother about George and his true story. None of them could have told just how it came to pass, but in the course of a few months they had a nickname for him—"Exact truth." Of course, the boy was never addressed in that way, but it was—"Where is Exact Truth?" "Tell Exact Truth to put in the horses"—among the family.

All of them were sincerely good people, and had a profound respect and love for truth; but there was something in George's firm adherence to it which was certainly so unusual as to be almost amusing. Not one book would he look at which was not pronounced to be true by reliable judges. Fiction he eschewed almost entirely. His regard for the truth served to make him quite oblivious to everything else, even to his own personal advantage. A strong instance of this appeared on his introduction to the Foster house. It transpired that he had been employed by a gentleman in the neighbouring village, and had been discharged. George told the whole story without a reserve.

"Dr. Emmons turned me off because I lamed the horse," said he, looking

square in Dr. Foster's eyes. "I was careless driving down hill; didn't hold him up."

Dr. Foster looked at him in surprise. "How do I know that you won't lame my horse in the same way?" he said.

"Perhaps I shall," admitted George, "but I shall try not to."

So far, Dr. Foster had had no reason to complain of his hired boy's services. Still, he was a boy, and a boy of fifteen, who loved fun and a good time just like other boys, and there had to be a little slip occasionally.

On the first winter of George's stay with the Fosters there was a good deal of excellent skating in the vicinity. George had skates, and there was nothing he loved like skating. He could outdo all the other boys in the neighbourhood, and he was very proud of his accomplishment. One day, when the skating was at its height, Dr. Foster sent George on an errand about a mile out of the village.

"You'll have to go afoot," said he, "and don't go the hill road; go the other way, that's shorter. I want you to be on hand when I get back from Keene with the horses."

"Yes, sir," said George.

He took his beloved skates with him. There might be some little stretches of ice on the way, and he could travel so much faster, he reasoned.

He delivered the medicine as he had been instructed, and started home. A little below the house where he had stopped, the road separated into two. One was the road proper to the village, the other was a longer, almost unused route, the hill road. Just where the road diverged he met a boy whom he knew, who was emerging from the hill road, his skates dangling from his arm.

"Hello!" said the boy. "You'd better go down this way; it's splendid skating."

"Is it?" said George, doubtfully.

"I tell you 'tis. The road's one glare of ice all the way."

George hesitated. There was the doctor's command. Still he had a good argument. Could he not outweigh the extra distance by his extra speed on skates? What difference could it make?

Finally he started down the hill road. His conscience was rather clamorous, but he tried not to listen to it. The skating was excellent. The road was one beautiful strip of smooth ice, and not cut at all. There was but one house for a distance of half a mile on the road, after George entered it. It was a little unpainted house standing well back from the road. An old man lived there all alone. George glanced at this house as he skated by, and observed, with some wonder, that the sheet of crusty snow before it was unbroken. It stretched out, broad and smooth and shining, not a single track in it.

"That's queer," George thought, lightly, as he glided past.

When he reached home, the doctor had not arrived; he was in ample time to look out for the horses when he did. There was no necessity for telling Dr. Foster about the hill road, but George went up to him at once.

"I carried the medicine up to the Stevens's, but I came home by the hill road."

Dr. Foster could speak sharply sometimes: he did now.

"Why did you do that, when I expressly told you not to?" said he.

George explained:

"That doesn't alter the case," said the doctor. "When I tell you to go a certain way, your business is to go that way, skating or no skating."

"I know it," said George, humbly.

"Well, look out you act up to your knowledge, then," said the doctor. "Obedience is obedience, and you needn't think that owning up is going to make up for the lack of it."

"Yes, sir," said George, looking crestfallen.

The sweet taste of that forbidden pleasure was already gone from his mouth. He began to take the horses out of the carriage, when the thought of that house, with the untracked snow before it, on the hill road, flashed across his mind, and he mentioned it to the doctor.

"What," said he, pausing on the house piazza, "old David Paine's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wasn't a track, you say?"

"No, sir."

"I don't know but I'd better drive over there before you unharness," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "That old man has had some bad turns; there may be something wrong. Put the horses back, and get in with me."

Something was wrong at old David Paine's house, with its trackless front yard. An hour or two more, and the poor old man would have been beyond all human help. He had been lying helpless for two days.

"Well," said Dr. Foster, when David Paine had been well cared for, and he had returned home, and was eating his supper with his family, "George's strict regard for truth has done good service in this case. It has saved David Paine's life."

Mrs. Foster's gentle face looked earnest and touched behind her tear.

"We were half in sport," said she, "but I am not sure but we gave the poor boy a real patent of nobility when we called him Exact Truth."—*Congregationalist.*

A SALOON-KEEPER remarked that he never allowed his son to enter the bar-room. On hearing this a young man who had been a hard drinker said: "If the rumseller will not permit his son to enter the bar-room I will never enter it again." Boys, keep out of the saloon, the pool-room, and ten-pin alley, for you are safe only on the outside.