

Boys.

Now, if any one has an easy time In this world of push and pull. It is not the boy of the family, For his hands are always full. I'd like to ask who fills the stove? Where is the girl that could? Who brings in water, who lights the fire, And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks, After hours of snowing? In summer, who keeps down the weeds By diligently hoeing? And who must harness the faithful horse, When the girls would ride about? And who must clean the carriage? The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things Too numerous to mention? The boy is the 'general utility man,' And really deserves a pension! Friends, just praise this boy sometimes, When he does his very best; And don't always want the easy chair When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last To see the new magazine; And sometimes let the boy be heard, As well as to be seen. That boys are far from perfect, Is understood by all: But they have hearts, remember, For 'men are boys grown tall.'

And when a boy has been working His level best for days, It does him good, I tell you, To have some hearty praise. He's not merely a combination Of muddy boots and noise, And he likes to be looked upon As one of the family joys.

A Full Day.

'Turn out, boys; turn out!' roared Farmer Briggs' voice up the narrow stairs; and with varying degrees of promptness the occupants of the four beds in the long, unpartitioned attic found their way from between the warm sheets to the cold floor.

It was still dark, and they had to feel their way to their clothes, and then, with boots in hand, down the yet darker stairs to the kitchen. Tom came first, with his broad shoulders almost filling the doorway, then Joe, and Will still rubbing his eyes drowsily, and last of all, bright-eyed, thirteen-year-old Fred.

Although they had been called no earlier than usual this morning, all the boys knew perfectly well what the work was to be. During the two previous days had come the first heavy fall of snow, and that meant all other work would be dropped for sledding home the winter's wood, which had been cut at odd times during the fall.

As there were fifteen or twenty cords of it, the work would last nearly a week, provided the sledding remained good. It would be hard work, and the hours long; and from previous experience the older boys did not show much animation. Fred, however, had never helped yet, and his eyes snapped with anticipation, as he watched his father.

But the farmer's first words dispelled any illusions he might have had. 'Now, boys, jump into your boots and wash up: then put down all the breakfast you can. We shan't get back until after dark. Tom, you'll take the steers, they're a little skittish; Joe'll take the red oxen, and I'll drive the spotted ones, they're hardest to manage. Will can help Joe, and Fred—where's Fred?

'Oh, there you are, Fred, you'll have to look out for all the barn and house chores till we're through. Don't forget anything, and be sure to keep your mother in plenty of stovewood and chips. It's too bad weather for her to be out. Now hustle, boys! make the minutes count.'

Fred drew a long breath, but he did not say anything. It would be of no use. He went with them to the barn and began his chores by the light of a lantern. When he had finished there, and turned the cattle out to water, and raked down hay for them from the stack, and looked after the poultry and the wood, and cut up turnips and pumpkins for the cows' midday meal, it was after ten o'clock.

He would have two hours before it was time to do the noon feeding, and after that perhaps two more before the night chores should be commenced. But in that time would have to come in the wood-chopping for the next day's fires, and such chores as his mother might have for him about the house. So he went directly from the pumpkin cutting to the shed where the saw and saw horse were kept. But as he was about to open the door, he heard an anxious—

'Fred, oh, Fred, come here a minute!' from the house. Turning, he saw his mother at an open window, a letter in her hand. 'I don't know what to do about this, Fred,' she said, as he approached, 'it's the notice from the bank, and this is the last day for the interest to be paid. Your father must have forgotten it in his hurry to get into the woods,

I found it a few minutes ago in his desk, and here's the thirty dollars in the envelope just as he put it in when the notice came. I heard him say then that the money must be got to the bank before it closed this afternoon.'

She looked at him dubiously adding: 'If it wasn't for the chores, and the bank being three miles off. You couldn't go through this snow and back in two hours, and your father never wants feeding put off, even for ten minutes. He says it hurts the cows.'

'The money must go,' said Fred, quickly; 'as for the chores—why of course! I can go on the skees that Uncle George sent me. The snow is hard enough, and it's down hill all the way. I can go in ten or fifteen minutes; and if I hurry, I can walk back by noon. Give me the envelope.'

He fastened it securely in an inside pocket, then hurried after his skees. In another two minutes he was skimming swiftly down the slope. But though it was easy going, it was not easy coming back.

'Why, Fred?' exclaimed his mother, 'you're all tired out.' Fred tried to whistle, but failed. 'Yes, I am a little tired,' he acknowledged, dropping into a chair, 'but I don't mind it much. I've had a pretty good day. It's only when a fellow looks ahead and thinks about work that he dreads it. I—' But he stopped suddenly. He was sound asleep.

Soon after, the creaking of the returning sleds was heard. When Farmer Briggs and his boys came trooping in, Fred was still asleep. 'Poor little fellow,' said his mother, softly; 'he's worked just as hard as any of you, if he hasn't been in the woods.'—Frank H. Sweet, in The Child's Hour.

A Hero in an Unfought Battle.

BY HELEN HOLMES BLAKE.

There was no more doubt about it. Betsy was lost. Ned had looked in the cowyard, in the shed, and the stable, but not a sign of her did he find. He missed her from the pasture behind the house when he came home to dinner. After satisfying his hunger, he had made a thorough search of the premises. She was not there, that was certain. Where she was, Ned knew it was his duty to find out. This duty was the very thing he least wished to do.

Ned's father was a soldier. It was now a year since his regiment had gone to the Philippines. Just before he left home he said to Ned, in a private talk: 'You're almost eleven years old, and you're big and strong enough to help your mother a great deal. I want you to do everything you can for her while I am gone. You'll be the only man about the house and I want you to be a real man.'

Ned's ideas about what made a 'real man' were rather hazy. But he knew quite well what to do to help his mother, and he lived up to his knowledge so well that Mrs. Long had written, only the day before: 'Ned is a real little man; you would be delighted with him. He is grown so thoughtful and helpful.'

To-day Ned was to have the sharpest trial that had yet come to him. His mother had gone out to do some dress-making, and Ned had permission to do just what he pleased all day. He had had a jolly morning with some of the boys, and right after dinner they were to go fishing—six of them—to Miller's pond, which was two miles from Ned's home. And now the cow was missing. That was a situation for a boy with a fishing excursion before him! Ned sat on the fence and thought. His hands were plunged deep in his trousers pockets; his face was all puckered up into a frown, and he did not whistle,—a sure sign that something was wrong. Just now he was thinking, and thinking hard, something like this:

'We can't get home from fishin' till five o'clock anyway, and mother'll want Bets by half-past; maybe it'll take me two or three hours to find her; maybe I won't find her at all to-night. Then mother'll be worried. I just can't go fishin' if I wait to find that cow now. Oh! I've got to find her anyhow; there's no use talkin' 'bout that. 'Twouldn't be much like a man to go off playin' when your cow was lost. What I don't know about's whether to go and tell the boys I can't go with them, or let them wait awhile, and then go off without knowin' why I don't come. I hate to tell them! I know well enough what Dick'll say: 'Let the cow go to Ballyhack, and come fishin'. You can find her all right to-night.' That's so; I might, and then again, I mightn't. Well, here goes I'll tell them, so they won't be losing time waiting for me. It seems too mean to sneak out of telling them

just because I was afraid they'd stop my doing what I've got to. I'll be man enough to let them know I'm going to stay at home and hunt up the cow.'

Thereupon Ned began to whistle so loud that he did not hear the bell down the road, nor the hallo of a small boy, who was driving a cow. The boy had to repeat the hallo, and add besides, 'Say, Ned, are you deaf?' before Ned paid any heed.

'Hallo!' he shouted; 'where'd you find her?' 'Just beyond the turn of the road. Say, have you been all this time eating your dinner?'

'No! I'm awful glad you've found Bets, else I couldn't have gone fishin'.' 'Wouldn't your mother let you?'

'She ain't home. I wouldn't have let myself.' 'H'm!' was Dick's comment; and he added below his breath, 'You're a brick, Ned.'

Benny's Diary.

Little Ben likes to write, and so he was very much pleased when mamma gave him a diary. It had a red cover, and the date of each day was prettily printed on a separate page.

'You had better keep your diary on the table in your room,' said mamma. 'Then you will always know where to find it.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Benny. 'What shall I write?'

'This is New Year's day,' said mamma, 'so you might write some good resolutions.'

'What are they?' asked little Ben. 'Why, you might resolve not to lose your mittens and books and toys,' said mamma, smiling.

'Oh, yes!' said Benny. So he wrote something on the first page of his diary, and put it into his pocket. He started to carry it upstairs; but he met Rover in the hall; and he had to stop and wish him a happy New Year. They had a good romp together, and then Benny saw that it was snowing. So he ran out to find Tom, who had given him a severe snowballing a few days before; and now there was a good chance to pay him back.

The snow kept on falling for three days, and Benny had so much fun that he quite forgot his new diary. But one day, when Tom was shovelling a path, he saw something red in the snow. What do you think? It was Benny's diary. He had dropped it in the snowbank when he was turning somersaults.

Tom opened it, and this is what he saw in Benny's writing:—

'Jan. 1. I am going to make a resolution not to be so careless about losin my things.'

And that was all that Benny had written. How Tom did laugh! Benny looked sober a minute; and then he began to laugh, too.

'Well,' he said, 'I am goin' to make a new resolution not to lose anything more, never again.'

And mamma says that he is keeping this resolution pretty well for such a little fellow.—E. H. Thomas, in Youth's Companion.

The Maple's Visitor.

'Whew!' whistled the birch, with a shiver that shook off a great handful of leaves. 'Winter is coming!'

'Why should you sigh over that?' said the jolly, rosy maple. 'The garden will be so clean and white; and then the icicles! How they will sparkle on the tips of our fingers! You know they are ever so much brighter than these gold and crimson leaves that everybody likes so well.'

'But the robins will be gone,' sighed the birch, shaking her head, 'and the phoebes and bluebirds!'

'Never mind, we shall have plenty of company,' said the maple; and just at that moment a squirrel ran along her branches, and, peeping into a hole in her trunk, asked if he might come in.

'Certainly,' said the maple. 'Stay all winter, if you like. The squirrel seemed pleased with the invitation. So he stored in the maple's spare room all his baggage, which consisted of one hickory nut. He soon brought another, however, and another and another, till the room was almost full. Then he curled himself up comfortably in the warmest corner.

'I told you we should have company,' said the maple. 'Now I have some one to talk to on dull winter days.' And, sure enough, in stormy weather he always hear her rattling her branches and talking very fast in her fashion. But I am afraid that the squirrel is not a good listener; for, to tell the truth, he is sound asleep.—Youth's Companion.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—Faber.

As the angels administered unto the Lord, so do they continue their loving ministry even unto His followers.

For a person to think he has only to save his own soul, is not only to think wrong, but also to lose the very soul he thinks to save.

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. N. W. Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

Some think that children should not be biased in their religious ideas, but left to choose for themselves. It is a nice but impracticable theory. The truth is that the world and their own natures are full of the things which bias in the direction of evil, and as between a bias toward evil and a bias toward good we must decide, and decide very early. Anyhow, God seeks the opening bud not the withering leaf.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: 'Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.' Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: 'Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her.'

Here is something for Christians to think about. The Bible says that Christ loved us enough to die for us while we were His enemies. What good thing is there that He will not do for us now that we are His friends?

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Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future; but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell Port Perry, writes: 'I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine.'

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