

Our Boys and Girls.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Johnny's cryin'; do you hear him?
I don't see why he should cry!
Jus' because we two went coastin';
On the hill there, he an' I.

Got a lovely sled las' Chris'mas,
Papa gave it, painted red.
"Let your little brother use it
Half the time,"—our mamma said.

An' I did. I only use it
Coastin' down the hill, an' then
Every single time I let him
Drag it up the hill again.

An' it took him so long climbin',
That he had it most—he did.
An' yet there you hear him cryin'
Isn't that just like a kid?

—February St. Nicholas.

How the Boys Brought the Books,

BY R. B. BUCKHAM.

The young people connected with the church of the little town of Marshall were few in numbers, but nevertheless enthusiastic and interested, and always on the watch for an opportunity to be of service, or to do some good or kind deed. They were in the habit of holding meetings at their several homes Sabbath afternoons, and often these little gatherings were the beginning of some good or commendable undertaking.

One Sabbath afternoon in the early spring, such a meeting was in progress at the home of Ben and Harry Searles. Just before it closed, Ben proposed that they make an attempt to purchase some much-needed volumes for the Sabbath school library. The suggestion met with the hearty approval of all; but how was the money to buy them to be secured? The question was warmly discussed, without any satisfactory solution being arrived at. Finally it was agreed that each should begin in his own way to do what he could toward raising the much-needed money, and with this the meeting adjourned.

"Well, what is your plan?" said Ben to his younger brother after all the little company had gone. "I don't know, just yet," was the reply. "But wait. What do you say to this? You know that Farmer Perkins, away over in the farther part of the town, has been losing a number of sheep lately, from one cause or another. He thinks that a catamount must be lurking somewhere about the mountain, and offers a reward of twenty dollars to anybody who will bring him its skin. How would it do for us to go on a hunt after it?"

"No," replied the older and more prudent brother, "that plan is too visionary. Our chances of success would be altogether too small. We must put our time and labor in where it will be sure to count. Now you know that there is an abandoned sugar orchard over in the pine woods back of the hill, how would sugar-making suit you?"

"Splendid!" Just the thing. We'll do it!" and Harry fairly danced with joy at the thought of the successful project before them. The boys tended school, so that it would be necessary for them to do their work after school hours, but this fact did not disturb them in the least, and they were soon busy at their task.

First of all they secured a number of buckets and pails, then whittled out some spouts with their knives, and repaired to the sugar grove. Holes were now bored in the trees with an auger, the sap spouts inserted in them, and the pails adjusted to catch the sweet liquid, as it dripped from them. The old sugar house had been long deserted, but a few hours' work put it in fair order again, and all was going on finely, and the prospect ahead was of the brightest.

Now one Friday night, some two weeks later, as it would not be necessary to attend school on the morrow, Ben proposed that they take some provisions with them, and stay all night in the sugar-house, keeping up their sap boiling as far into the night as they pleased.

"Yes, and we'll take the rifle with us to ward off any danger, so that we will be perfectly safe!" added Harry enthusiastically.

The consent of their parents to this arrangement was finally reluctantly given, and the boys set out for the sugar house, to be gone all the following day. It was splendid fun, they declared, being all alone in the woods at night, watching the fire and the sap boil. But along toward morning, after they had been asleep for some time, they were suddenly awakened by a strange sound outside, which was not unlike a long drawn out "snuff" of some animal, prowling around the camp.

The two sprang to their feet, and, seizing the rifle, peered cautiously out through a crack in the boards. The fire had burned low, but by its dim light they could distinctly see two great staring eyes, looking toward them out of the darkness like coals of fire. Ben raised the rifle to his shoulder, and taking aim at them as steadily as his trembling hand would permit of, pressed the trigger. There was a commotion as of a struggle for a time, and then all was quiet outside, but the two were too frightened to sleep any more that night, and sat waitin' gfor the dawn. When at length the light of day crept through the woods, they stole out of the sugar camp to see what their night visitor could have been. There on the snow near the fire lay a catamount stretched at full length. It had probably been attracted by the smell of the cooking, or the boiling sap. Ben stooped down, and ran his fingers through its long fur.

"It's pelt alone will pay for the books," he remarked, "without saying anything at all about the value of the sugar we have made."—*United Presbyterian.*



DICKIE.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

"Muver!"

"Well sonny boy?" And the mother looked up from her sewing cheerily.

Dick stood in a most painful position before her, with one leg twisted around the other, and squirmed and screwed.

"Muver!"

"Yes, dear," encouragingly. What is it?

He pulled desperately at the tortured lock of hair hanging over his nose, and shut his eyes and opened his mouth.

"Nothin'!" he finally gasped and bolted back to his card-houses.

His mother rocked and sewed, smiling a little to herself. She knew Dickie. In less than five minutes he was back again.

"Muver!"

The tone indicated an unmistakable anguish of soul.

"What, my son?"

"Muver!"

It was almost a wail.

"I am listening, dear."

Dickie seemingly realized that, but, after a few minutes of silent agony, he blurted out, "Nothin'!" and again retired precipitately.

His mother placidly rocked. Presently she noticed that he was lying on the floor, rolling and kicking. She spoke very gently.

"Dickie, dear, did you break one of the barn windows this morning?"

An angry "Nope!" came from the despairing figure.

"Well, did you let the chickens out, or fight with Percy Brown?"

After a sullen pause, again, "Nope!"

The mother sewed thoughtfully a minute or two.

"Did you spill my mucilage, dear?"

"Didn't!"

Dickie seemed to be taking breath for a howl, but she persisted.

"Did you whip Carlo, then?"

"No, muver, I didn't." And he sat upright and glared at her.

She looked puzzled.

"Well, sonny boy, what have you done?"

Dickie lay back and kicked.

"Muver!"

"Yes, dick."

"Muver!"

"Tell me all about it, dear."

"I—I—I slapped Mamie,—'cos—'cos she wuz mean,— an'— an'— she went home."

His mother dropped her sewing, and went and sat beside him on the floor.

"Don't you think," she said persuasively, "that you had better run over and tell Mamie—"

"No, no! I won't."

Dickie began to purse his face up into such ugly little knots and wrinkles that she quickly changed her tactics.

"Why don't you go and build card-houses, sonny?"

"Don't want. Muver, tell me what-ter do."

"You might hitch up Carlo, and ride down to auntie's."

"Don't want."

"Run out and hoe in your garden, then."

"Don't want."

Dickie's lower lip began to drop, and his eyes to screw up.

"Well, dear, shall mother tell you a story?"

"Ye-es, muver," and a very subdued, if very cross, little boy put his head down in her skirts.

The mother was a wise woman, but now she made a grave mistake. It is sometimes better to trust to one's instinct rather than to Mothers' Club. This is how her story ran:

"Once there lived a knight, and such a good knight, Dickie! He was brave, but he was polite, too, and if he ever happened to hurt anybody—"

It was just here that a muffled voice interrupted the story, which was never finished:

"Don't want old story. I won't tell Mamie I'm sorry."

With a mental comment on her son's precocity of intellect, the mother resolved to leave the Mamie question unsettled for the present.

"What do you want, my dear?" — very patiently. A "my dear" is always the index of patience.

Dickie stuck his head up, and regarded her with determined eyes.



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"The house Jack built, the pig who won't go over the stile, three little kittens, an'—an'—Chiny Chin Chin. Now, muver," and he settled himself comfortably.

By the time the pig was finished, Dickie condescended a smile. Interest in life was revived with the conclusion of the three little kittens (who lost their mittens, you remember); and when his mother had said, "Chiny Chin Chin" for the last time, with an audible breath of relief, Dickie was capering around her with a beaming face. As she turned to her sewing again with a disappointed look dimming the brightness of her cheerful face, he capered out of the room.

But very soon he popped his head in at the door.

"Muver," he said, in a business-like way,— "muver, there are two ni-ce little cakies down on the table. Can Mamie and me have 'em?"—*S. S. Times.*



CARE OF THE LAMP.

People who are using lamps ought to know the right way to manage them. A smoking, oily, strong-smelling lamp is a nuisance, while a well-cared-for lamp is a joy and a comfort. To begin with, every lamp owner should know that a new wick should be soaked in vinegar—some housekeepers boil it in vinegar. This having been done there will be neither smoke nor smell, while a much brighter light will be given.

Wicks are the main thing to be considered in connection with lamps. Unless a wick is well cared for a satisfactory light cannot be had.

In the first place, those who have the care of lamps should never cut the wicks; the charred portions from them should be rubbed off with a soft rag every day. If the wick becomes too