

Our Boys and Girls.

GRANDPA.

My grandpa says that he was once
A little boy like me;
I s'pose he was; and yet it does
Seem queer to think that he
Could ever get my jacket on,
Or shoes, or like to play
With games and toys, and race with
Duke
As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see;
Nurse says I must be good
And mind my manners, as a child
With such a grandpa should.
For grandpa is straight and tall,
And very dignified;
He knows most all there is to know,
And other things beside.

So, though my grandpa knows so much,
I thought that maybe boys
Were things he hadn't studied,
They make such awful noise.
But when I asked at dinner for
Another piece of pie,
I thought I saw a twinkle in
The corner of his eye.

So yesterday when they went out
And left us two alone,
I was not quite so much surprised
To find how nice he'd grown.
You should have seen us romp and run!
My! now I almost see
That perhaps he was long, long ago,
A little boy like me.

—Anon.

HOW TOM WENT TO THE ACADEMY.

"Deestrick school and 'rithmetic was good enough fer me, and there ain't no sense in your X-Y-Z-in', anyway," said Uncle Daniel.

"But I want to study philosophy and history, too, you know."

"Yes, I know. You want to dress up in your go-to-meetin' clo's, and leave the chores for somebody else to do—"

"Why, no, uncle—"

"Yes, you do. Anyway, I hain't got any money to pay anybody's schoolin', 'specially for a boy who don't earn his salt."

Tom, to the surprise of Aunt Mary, (he often surprised her) said not a word.

"The first boy who has lived with us for six months without getting into hot water," she mentally expressed it; for Uncle Daniel was an unreasonable, close-fisted driver, always domineering, and particularly so to a boy, each year having a new one to "do the chores," giving him his board and twelve weeks' of winter schooling for pay. This year his wife's nephew, left an orphan, had come to them, and being their own, so to speak, had extra tasks put upon his young shoulders, in spite of Aunt Mary's mild protests.

"Tommy, if it's best, the Lord will provide a way," she whispered, when she slipped into his room to see if he needed another blanket on his bed.

"Dear Aunt Mary," was Tom's reply. But she had so cheered him he began anew to study how it could be done.

While he dreamed he was selling snowballs from door to door, he opened his eyes, and heard Uncle Daniel shouting:

"Get up, lazy-bones! It's five o'clock, and not a chore done!"

Tom soon had "an idea." Neighbor

Johnson was over to transact some business with Uncle Daniel, and casually remarked, "I'll soon have a horse to sell, for I'm going to give up my milk route. It doesn't pay to run a team for fifty quarts when I can get twenty-eight cents a can at the door."

Tom, quick at figures, instantly thought, "8 into 28, 3½; 3½ from 6, 2½; 50 times 2½ is 125, and 7 times 125 is 875—eight dollars and seventy-five cents!"—and exclaimed:

"Oh, uncle!"

Uncle Daniel took no notice, except to say, "You here? Just feed the pigs and the hens, and then saw wood till dinner time—an' be about it, too!"

"Uncle, how much do I earn, anyway?" he inquired, a few days later.

"Earn? Why, you don't earn your salt!"

"All right, then. How glad you'll be to know that Mr. Johnson is going to sell me his milk, and I'm going to take his customers. I shall get \$1.25 profit each day. \$2.50 on Saturday, for I shall go twice instead of Sunday. So you will not have to support me any longer. Mrs. Johnson will board me for \$2.50 a week, and Professor Morse has engaged me to ring the academy bell, morning and night, for my tuition."

Amazed, Uncle Daniel stared at the boy of fourteen, who bravely looked him in the face. But he soon exclaimed:

"Humph! And do you s'pose you can run off like that—say, do you?"

"Why, yes, uncle. I don't earn my salt here, you know, and I will not live on you another week. Thank you very much for what you have done for me."

Aunt Mary and Mr. Johnson were both there, and the man, though in a rage, realized how he had over-reached himself, and saw no way to recover lost ground, though he growled:

"Where are you going to get your team, I should like to know?"

"Oh, uncle, I am going to be milkman and team, too!" And in spite of all, he laughed long and merrily.

"Halloo! milkman," shouted the academy boys, as Tom, after ringing the quarter-of-nine bell, joined them. "Milkman, bell-ringer, beggar-man, thief!" cried the rudest ones. Yet, every week-day morning, at half-past five o'clock, Tom, with a hand-cart containing several cans of milk, his school books, and a basket of food, left Farmer Johnson's.

It was down hill, and only a mile to the village, so Tom easily delivered the milk in time for lunch and the ringing of the bell, and then the remainder of the day was all his own. He went back to board with Aunt Mary at \$2.50 per week. Another boy "did the chores," and Uncle Daniel had to pay him wages, while Tom, through his whole academy course, was "milkman and team," and saved quite a sum toward his college bills. Verily, where there's a will there's a way, and the Lord does provide.—*Our Young Folks.*

A writer of some prominence makes one of his characters, a merchant, say that he does not care "what his employees believe, if they are honest and do their work well." Suppose they believe that there is no God, and no moral law except expediency. Suppose they believe that "property is robbery," or any one of a dozen peculiar heresies? A man's honesty depends on what he believes. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

JACK'S QUEER DREAM.

"I want somebody to come and button my shoes," called Harold down the stairs.

He waited, but no one came to his help, for the reason that Aunt Amy had told Emma, the girl who waited on the children, not to go.

"I can't find my brush," came another call.

Emma did not go.

"I think you're mean, Emma," in a fretful tone. "You can leave Harry as well as not. Bring some warm water with you." But Emma still played with little Harry.

"Emma," called another voice, "won't you please—" Emma jumped up and was half way up-stairs before Jessie had finished, saying, "tell me where my slippers are."

That was it. The mother of the children had been ill for a long time. Now she had gone away for help and Aunt Amy had come to take charge of them. She found them pleasant and well-disposed children, but sadly lacking in the graces of speech which take all the care of a strong mother to form into a habit.

"I suppose it's because they're the 'little things,'" said Jessie, as when they finally gathered at the table Aunt Amy talked to them about it, assuring them that no children could ever hope to get along agreeably in the world without a good supply of such nice small change as "If you please," "Thank you," "Excuse me," and the like. "You see," she went on, "we wouldn't any of us tell a lie or steal or slap Harry or say bad words, because they're big things. But 'please' is so little we always forget."

"And so Aunt Amy has to keep digging away at us," said Harold.

"Oh!" said Jack, bursting into a laugh, "I had the funniest dream last night. I dreamed there was a garden, —oh! beautiful. All flowers and grass and trees. And you never, never, could guess what grew on those trees."

"Apples, pears?"

"Peaches, cherries? Or chestnuts?"

"No; I knew you couldn't. It was all sorts of toys. You can't think of a thing that wasn't there. There was a top tree and a bat-and-ball tree. A doll tree and a balloon tree. There was a jumping-jack tree and a tree full of dogs and cats and elephants and monkeys that would wind up and go. There was a candy tree and a lemonade creek. And then there were boys and girls running about and picking things—all they wanted."

"I saw some of them going up and asking if they could go in. And they came back and said that the man at the gate—he looked fierce and grim—said no one could go in without a golden key and any one could easily find one. So we all hunted and hunted, but we couldn't find any golden keys. Then I saw a boy go up and ask to go in, and the man looked as pleasant as anything and let him right in. But I hadn't seen that he had any key. And as I looked after him, I saw a tree full of cars and steamboats, and I was wild to try it again, and I went right up and said to the man, "Oh! please, mister, let me go in. I've hunted and hunted for the key and I can't find it." And he smiled like everything and he said, "Please' is all the key you need to get in here." And I was just going in when the rising bell woke me up."

"I think," said Aunt Amy, "that my dinging and dinging must have done some good if I have made you dream about the golden key. You will keep

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"That's what I'm going to do," said Jack.

For his dream was a very true one in the fact that this golden key and the other little polite words will open to you a great many of the pleasant things in the world.—*N. E. Advocate.*

THE HOME-MADE BALL.

Two grown-up boys of sixty were standing in front of a window in which were displayed all sorts of games and sporting goods. There were several boxes full of baseballs, which ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half.

"Our young fellows have too much of their fun ready made for them," said one. "Look at those baseballs which my young gentleman of ten or fifteen, with his allowance of several thousand dollars a week"—the other grinned—"more or less, buys by the dozen, throws around and loses. I doubt if he has so good a time as I did. Ever make a baseball?"

"Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds of 'em. Do you remember how we used to watch

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