

Our Boys and Girls.

BABY'S TRIALS.

My age is fourteen months or so;
I've taught myself to walk,
But I am now concerned to know
How I shall learn to talk;
In fact, how any babe who lives
Both day and night among
His idiotic relatives
Can learn the English tongue.

And, therefore, I would make it clear
(Nor deem the act amiss)—
What chance have we when all we hear
Is language such as this:
"Ze precious sing!" "Oi' wootsy woots!"
"His muezr'r's tunnin' pet!"
"Ze itty, pitty, witty toots!"
"Now what does danma det?"

They tell me that a drink's a "dink,"
My fingers "fingies" are;
And that a car's a "tar."
With "tumpy tump" and "bow wow
wow,"
And diddly-diddly-dee,
And other phrases that, I vow,
Are useless quite to me.

So when from mother, aunt and all
I've gained a moment's grace,
With none to clutch me lest I fall,
Or stare me in the face.
I've printed out this statement rude
(The letters learned with pain
From cans of patent baby food)
And hope 'tis not in vain.

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

IN THE PANTRY.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Johnny Wright was in the big pantry behind the stairs, eating a saucer of plum jam which Nora had left there for him. Ellis saw him there and, partly because he thought Johnny had no business to be eating the jam and partly because he was far too fond of teasing his small brother, he softly shut the door and slid the stout, old fashioned iron bolt into place so noiselessly that Johnny never knew he was locked in until he had swallowed his last spoonful and tried to get out.

Ellis went off laughing. He meant to let Johnny out in about a quarter of an hour; but Stan Herbert from across the way called to him to go over and help him develop some photographs he had taken and Ellis forgot all about the small boy bolted in the pantry. Goodness only knows how long Johnny would have had to stay there—for the only window in the pantry was a tiny one high up near the ceiling—had not Mamma Wright come home sooner than she expected and, hearing a rumpus in the pantry, let the prisoner out.

Johnny was very cross and I can hardly blame him. It is not good for the temper to be locked into a hot pantry on a hot day when you are only eating the jam you were told you could eat. Johnny had been in the pantry only half an hour, but he was convinced that he had been there "for ages," and he had been there long enough to miss what he called "a very portant gagement."

He had promised to meet Elmer Herbert and Willie Grigson in the park at two o'clock. Willie's uncle was going to take them bathing. The time was long past, and of course they were gone and Johnny had no idea where to look

for them, even if mamma had been willing to let him start off alone.

Johnny grimly resolved that he would "pay Ellis back." This was very wrong in Johnny, of course, but then you know even small nine-year-old boys are human when they have missed a very 'portant 'gagement. Besides, Johnny had already endured a good deal at Ellis's hands.

He brooded over his wrongs all day and went to bed still full of resentment. Ellis was not coming in until late. He had gone over to Westmouth to attend a baseball practice with the Westmouth nine.

About eleven o'clock Johnny woke up with a jump. He heard a noise below and knew that Ellis had returned. The noise was in the pantry. The remembrance of his wrongs rushed over our small boy's soul. He crept out to the landing and peered through the banisters to the moonlit hall below. The house was so still that Johnny felt creepy and the pantry door was shut, but he knew Ellis was inside, getting a snack before coming to bed.

Johnny made up his mind what he would do. He softly crept down the stairs, a little, white-clad figure. The stairs creaked until Johnny thought every soul in the house would be rushing out to see what the noise was about. That is a habit stairs have at night, you know.

But Johnny got down without disturbing any one. Noiselessly he crept along the hall. He had not stalked Indians with Willie and Elmer times out of mind for nothing.

Outside the pantry door he halted, could hear Ellis moving about inside and softly rattling the dishes. Johnny shot the bolt noiselessly into place and then crept back upstairs with a chuckle.

"We'll see how Master Ellis likes being locked in the patry for hours at a stretch himself," said Johnny vindictively, as he shut the door tight and ever so much noise nobody'll hear him. Father and mother's room is too far away and Nora sleeps like the dead, I've heard her say so."

He shut his eyes tight and resolved to go right to sleep. Then John's conscience began to trouble him. He had never known he had a conscience before; and he didn't know what it was. But he felt uncomfortable. Something worried him. He tried to think of all the tricks Ellis had played on him, but could only remember all the nice things Ellis had done for him. He thought of the day he had cut his foot and couldn't go to the picnic and Ellis had stayed home, too, and read to him and made taffy for him.

Johnny rolled over on his pillow and groaned. If this was revenge he didn't see anything very sweet about it. He would count a thousand and see if—three—four—five—six—seven—that would put him to sleep. One—two Johnny sat up in bed suddenly. He was going down to let Ellis out.

Just then the door opened and Ellis, lamp in hand, walked unconcernedly in. "O, so you got out yourself?" said Johnny.

"Hello, youngster, aren't you asleep yet?" said Ellis patronizingly.

"How did you do it," persisted Johnny.

"Do what, kid?"

"Why, get out of the pantry. I bolted you in—and I was just starting down to let you out. I don't know how you ever managed to open it yourself. I'm sure I bolted it good and tight.

"You've been dreaming Johnny-kid.

That's what's the matter. I wasn't near the pantry tonight. Didn't need to be. Ted Stavert's mother over at Westmouth gave us a dandy lunch!"

"I wasn't dreaming," said Johnny stubbornly. "I tell you I heard some one in the pantry and I went down and locked the door to pay you out for locking it on me. If it wasn't you, who was it?"

Ellis looked puzzled. Johnny certainly seemed to be wide-awake and in earnest. But if his story were correct, who or what was in the pantry?

Suddenly Ellis thought of a burglary that had been committed on their very street two weeks ago. A house had been entered and a good deal of plate stolen. The police had been unable to capture the thief or recover the booty. Ellis thought of all the silver in the pantry drawers and of Grandma Wright's spoons.

"You stay here, Johnny," he said, "I'm going to wake father up."

Mr. Wright listened to Ellis's story in amazement. Johnny was brought out into the hall and stoutly maintained his story under much cross-questioning. Finally Mr. Wright telephoned to the police station. Two men came down and they opened the pantry door.

There was a burglar and they captured him and took him off to the police station, having first relieved him of the Wright silver. He was a young fellow and seemed too frightened and bewildered to resist. The booty he had carried off in his former raid was found and restored to its owner later on.

Johnny Wright was the hero of the town for nine days. He did not enjoy it. Somehow, Johnny had very little to say about his exploit. Although it had turned out well he was ashamed of it. Mamma Wright had talked a little talk to him about giving way to revengeful feelings. She said the fact that it had all turned out so fortunately was no excuse for the motive. Johnny hung his head and promised that he would never again try to pay people out.

Ellis got his talking to from his father. I do not know just what Mr. Wright said to him, but I know that Ellis never played any more tricks on his small brother. He went from his conference with his father straight to Johnny.

"Look here, sonny," he said manfully, "I'm sorry for locking you into the pantry and putting ice down your back and knocking over your Indian ambush and hiding your air gun and all the rest. Forgive your penitent brother and he'll let you alone after this."

"G' way with you," said Johnny, very red in the face.

But he told Elmer and Willie that afternoon that Ellis was a splendid brother and he meant to be just like him when he got big.—*The Congregationalist.*

"BROWNIE."

BY SARA VIRGINIA DU BOIS.

He was a stray bit of a dog, half-grown, and brown in color, with long, ungainly ears, and a habit of waddling around, which endangered any growing plants in his vicinity. We looked out of the window just in time to see Mrs. Brown, with energetic strides, sweeping him out of her front yard, down the terrace into the street. "What has he done?" we said, "he looks innocent enough."

"Appearances sometimes deceive," was the laughing response, "and because he is a vagabond we are disposed to look at the worst side of his character," "which is to break my plants,"

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said Mrs. Brown, with a parting flourish of her broom in the direction of the dog, as she re-entered her yard.

It was not five minutes before fifteen boys had gathered about him, and were discussing a suitable name by which to call him. Jim and Folly and Sport, were all declared as being unsuited to him. "Let's call him 'Brownie,'" said one, and with manifested indifference the dog accepted the new title, and made for the cosmos bed in our yard.

Then I arose in earnest protest, and lifted my voice to its full limit, "Take it back, children, and fasten it in the green house, and if your father approves you may keep him."

"We have been wanting a dog for more than a year," I said to a friend who chanced in at this moment. "You remember dear old Rock, who so mysteriously disappeared, we do not expect to find one to fill his place, but I like a dog in the home, there's a sociable element about it that appeals to me."

We went back five minutes later, and found a bevy of young people engaged in giving the dog a bath. In a large tub, almost filled with water, stood Brownie, with the air of one who knew resistance was useless, and had resolved to die with untarnished reputation. John had

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