

Our Boys and Girls.

FOR YOU.

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man.
'Tis this: where'er your lot is cast
O do the best you can!
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where;
And don't be always looking for
The hardest things to bear.

O do not stand with idle hands,
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully,
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do,
Just measure by the golden rule
That which is set for you;
And try it with the square of truth
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours
O keep your honor bright!
—Companion.



A TALE OF THE LITTLEST MOUSE.

The littlest mouse lived with his father and mother and little brothers in a small round nest in a field. He was very happy, playing in the field all day and going to sleep snug and warm at night in his grassy nest.

One day there came to visit them a big, sleek, fat gray mouse,—a cousin who lived in a house on the other side of the street. The little field-mice were overawed.

"You would never be satisfied here if you saw my house," he said to them. "Such feasts as we have! There is always cheese in the dresser."

The little mice opened their eyes. Very often, in their home, there was not enough food to go around. They knew what it was to go hungry to bed.

After the cousin had gone, the children asked their parents:—

"Why can't *we* live in a rouse, and have more than we want to eat?"

"Why can't *we* be fat, and have a fine gray coat like cousin's?"

But the wise parents said: "Don't be carried away by such tales. Your cousin is proud, and makes the most of his good things. He didn't tell you about the cat that lives in the house, and has eaten three of his family. He didn't tell you of the big steel traps laid around."

The little mouse thought differently. His parents did not understand, he thought. He wanted to find out for himself. So that night, after they had been snugly tucked in bed and his parents had gone to sleep, he stole softly out across the dark field and into the street to his cousin's house.

The littlest mouse explained how he had stolen over, and that he wanted to see the life his cousin had told him about.

"Well," said the big gray mouse, "come with me, and I'll show you around; but look out for the cat!"

They started off their journey through the big house; and the littlest mouse opened his eyes in won-

der, and said many times that he wished he, too, might live there.

"You're happier where you are," said his cousin, shortly.

At last they reached the dining-room. There had been a midnight supper, and the careless maids had let it stand till morning. Here was a feast! There was pie and cake and crackers and cheese. Five other mice were there enjoying the good things, all of them as sleek and fat as the cousin. The littlest mouse followed their example, and began to enjoy himself, too. But, just as their fun was at its height, there was a scuffle, a squeal, and a scampering; for a big gray cat bounded into the room, and caught the mouse nearest the door.

Wild with fright, the other mice scampered away from the dangerous room, leaving their poor little comrade in the fearful clutches of the cat. They flew to their holes, the big gray cousin making room for the littlest mouse with him; and there they stayed, scarcely daring to breathe, for a long time.

At last they ventured out again into the kitchen, and, while the cousin nosed around, the littlest mouse spied a big piece of cheese in what he thought was a beautiful case. He made a dive for the tempting bit.

Snap! Click! The littlest mouse was fast.

"Help! Help!" he cried.

The cousin ran to the rescue.

"Oh, you silly mouse!" he cried. "You'll never get out. They'll come in the morning, and give you to the cat. Oh, it was just so with your poor cousin."

The littlest mouse was wild with fright. He struggled and he wriggled. Something sharp had cut his foot, but he hardly felt the pain. If he could only get loose and back to his own home! Would he ever see it again? He twisted in and out. Desperately he wriggled until slowly, but surely, inch by inch, he finally worked himself out.

"That's because you're such a little fellow," said his cousin, joyfully. "I never could have got out."

With a hurried good-bye the littlest mouse ran, as fast as his bruised leg would let him, out of the house and across to his home. His mother had wakened, and missed him. How glad she was to see him! She cared for the poor, sore foot, then wrapped him snugly in his little grass bed, where he went to sleep, happy and safe, resolving never to leave home again.

—Anne Guilbert Mahon, in *Kindergarten Review*.



BENNY'S FRONT TOOTH.

Benny lay in bed, and thought about it. He knew he couldn't stand it. Then he rolled over and buried his face in the pillow, and dug his toes into the mattress, and wondered what he could do about it. Mamma had said firmly that the tooth must come out. Such a shame to spend a Saturday morning in that way, too.

Now, it is only fair to Benny to say that when he had to have a tooth out, last summer, he was very brave, and faced the music like a man. That tooth had ached and ached, and when it was pulled, they found it very bad; and, though he had taken gas, it hurt him cruelly afterward, and he felt that he couldn't possibly be brave again. Besides, mamma had said

that this time he couldn't even have gas.

"Oh, Benny, are you worrying?" asked mamma, as she drew away the coverlet from Benny's face and saw two big round tears just ready to toboggan over Benny's rosy cheeks.

"Wow, but it hurt me last time!" Benny groaned.

"Yes, but this is different. Why, the tooth is loose already. Come, be my brave, good boy!"

Benny shook his head mournfully, and he wasn't a bit brave; but he managed to dress himself and eat a very, very little breakfast. His brother Rob went with him to the dentist.

Of course he had to wait. Nobody ever went to a dentist and didn't. That is always the last screw to be turned.

Rob tried to be very kind and brotherly. "Here, Benny," he said, "I knew you'd have to wait; and I brought some taffy and a story paper on purpose. Take a bit to cheer you up, and I'll read you a story."

"It will take more than candy and stories to cheer me up," he said, dolefully; but he took the candy generously held out to him, and bit into it. Then he groaned again.

"Oh, dear, I can't eat candy now. My tooth hasn't ached a bit, and now it's beginning. Oh, dear!" and he looked gloomier than ever. "It will stick my tooth all up, too. Maybe I can eat it afterward." And he dropped it into one of the dentist's envelopes, and slipped it into his overcoat pocket.

"Never mind," said Rob, cheerfully, glad that it wasn't he who must have a tooth pulled.

Just as Rob was beginning to read, the dentist called. Benny climbed tremblingly up into the chair, and the dentist hunted around among his instruments, for he knew what Benny had come for. Benny opened his mouth and held his breath. Then the dentist scowled with pretended dismay.

"What's this, young man?" he asked, sternly. "Are you trying to fool me? This isn't the first of April. What do you come to me for when you have pulled your tooth out yourself?"

Benny gasped. He couldn't believe his ears. He took the hand-glass, and gazed with interest into the little red cavern of his mouth. As true as I'm alive, the tooth was gone, and in its place was the tiniest round bit of a new one.

The dentist laughed; and Benny climbed down from the chair, looking very much surprised, but also very happy. He went back to the waiting room, drew the envelope from his overcoat pocket, looked at the taffey he had saved for by and by, and there, half-buried in the dark, soft sweetness gleamed the missing tooth.

How Rob laughed! — *Christian Register*.



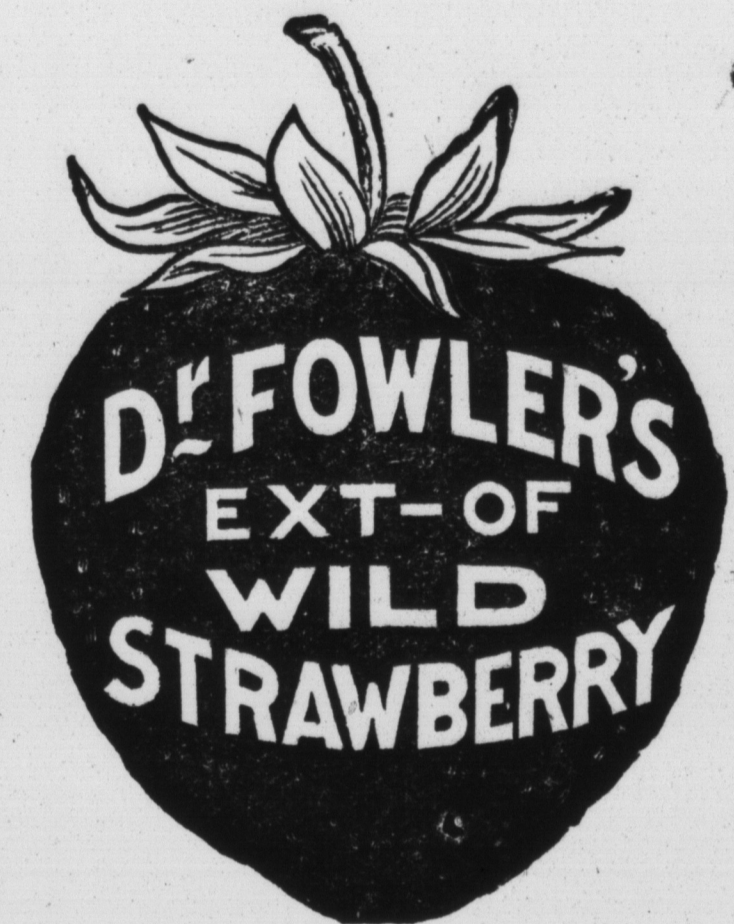
STRANGE BAROMETERS.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

It was to be a great military parade, and Harold had been promised to go. Officers and soldiers galore, and one real live general, were to be there,—and now, the very morning it was to come off, the weather never looked more threatening! Great clouds in the west were hurrying "to catch hold of hands," —Uncle Tom's

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way of expressing it,—and if it rained 'twould spoil all the fun.

Many times before breakfast, Harold went to the door and peeped out, a serious look on his troubled face that almost amounted to what grandma often called "having-given-it-up" expression.

"Do you think, grandpa, 'twill rain?" he asked, going to the shed where his grandfather Nichols was grinding the axe.

"Why—bless me! I hardly think it. Suppose we go to the barn, and see what the barometers say!"

"The barometers!" exclaimed Harold, wondering. In the barn,—no barometers are there!"

"No? Suppose we see!" and his grandfather, with a mysterious look, laid down his partly-ground axe and started for the barn.

"Are they new?" asked Harold, doubtfully.

"Not especially,—some have been hatched over two years!"

"Hatched—barometers!"

"Yes, indeed,—every one of them! How else could we obtain our hens?"

"Hens!"

"Certainly. Now let's see! Here they are,—and not one of them oiling

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