

into their ears: "You are the best papa and the best mamma that ever was." When he snuggled into bed, he remained awake long enough to count on his fingers again: "March, April, May, June, July, August—that's six; and September, October and November—that's four and a half; and that's ten and a half, and—oh, I can do it!"

Billy's birthday was on the second of December, and the day was Saturday. When Mr. Martin came home from the city the evening of the second, he noticed that a pair of crutches that had long hung in the window of the drug store

had disappeared. He had almost forgotten Ted's strike, but now he remembered. As he sat in church the following morning, Ted beside him, just before the service began, Billy and his mother walked up the aisle, Billy proud with his new crutches, his face shining and his eyes not failing to catch Ted's. Mr. Martin's eyes were a little moist, and his voice a little husky as he put his arm around Ted and whispered: "I wish all strikes were like yours, my boy."

THE SPECTATORS.

It was very apparent that our dog Jack was a discourteous fellow.

He had been frolicing with a lank young pup from a neighbor's; but, when he was called to his dinner under a tree in the back yard, he gave puppy to understand that he wasn't wanted. So the puppy sat on his haunches, away by the smoke-house, with a wise look on his puppy face which seemed to say, "Of course I did not expect to be invited to dinner," while he carefully looked off in another direction.

But, alas! the delicious crunching of a bone would be too much for his puppy wisdom, and he would spring for the tree. Then a growl from Jack would cause a hasty retreat to his old position and a return to his solemn expression.

Meanwhile the chickens had gathered to the scene of action, about fifty strong, and were slowly encircling Jack, the tree, and the dinner, in a wide ring. The circle diminished as the chickens, keeping one eye on the centre of attraction, pecked indifferently at the grass. Finally a venturesome hen would reach out for a stray crumb, another would carefully peck at a bone, and soon the whole flock swarmed into the dinner.

Then Jack would jump at the flock, snapping here and there. Such a scattering and shrieking, until they were back in their old circle! Soon the same performance would be repeated.

Finally Jack finished his dinner and trotted off. The puppy advanced with all the confidence of the world, and gave the bones a second cleaning. Then the happy hens settled down on the territory and soon not a crumb remained.

We are sure Jack's dinner tasted better on account of his audience.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

The Boy Who Couldn't Be Trusted.

Harvey held up his fingers, as if there were something in them, saying, "Speak for it!" then waited for his dog to take a seat on his hind feet and bark a request for it, but the dog did no such thing. Instead, he poked his nose between the rails of the fence and looked surly.

"Why, what a dog!" said Harry Wheeler, who was on a visit to Harvey, and waiting to see the dog perform. "Now my Trusty, the minute I bring him anything and hold it up so, will speak just as plain. Everybody knows what he says."

"This dog used to do so," Harvey said, looking crossly at him. "I'm sure that I don't know what's got into him; he doesn't mind at all. He ought to be whipped."

Just then Miss Lillie Barr came out to see the fun. She was Harvey's sister. She was in time to hear what was said. "I know just what's got into him, Harvey Barr," she said; "and if I were a dog, I would do exactly so. He doesn't believe a word you say. You cheat him all the time. You snap your fingers and says, 'Speak for it!' and you haven't got a thing for him, and

he knows it. What would he speak for? If I had a dog, I wouldn't cheat him!"

"Pshaw!" said Harvey; "as if a dog knew when he was cheated!"

"Why, of course he does. If he doesn't, why wouldn't he mind when you spoke to him? He used to ask so nicely for things, but now he knows you are just doing it to fool him."

"Well, he ought to mind, whether I have anything or not," Harvey said. "A dog ought to mind. Anybody who wouldn't mind isn't worth a penny. Papa makes us mind, whether he has anything for us or not."

"O Harvey, as if papa ever cheated us! You never heard him say, 'Come here, and I'll give you something,' and then not do it after all."

"I don't care; if he did say so, we would have to mind him."

"But he won't say so ever, because it isn't right; and I don't think that it is right to treat a dog so. It just ruins him; mamma said so. Mamma said that Aunt Hattie was bringing up her Tommy just as you bring up your dog. She tells him to be a good boy, and she will bring him something; but she always forgets it, and Tommy knows that she will. He says: 'O pooh, she won't!' I suppose that is exactly what your dog is saying to himself now."

"Boys are boys and dogs are dogs," said Harvey; but he jumped down from the fence, and went away. He had made up his mind that there was no use in trying to have the dog "speak." Whether it was bad bringing up or not, he wouldn't mind.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

You cannot watch your little ones too carefully during the hot weather. At this time sickness comes swiftly and the sands of the little life are apt to glide away almost before you know it. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather. At the first sign of any of these troubles, Baby's Own Tablets should be given—better still an occasional dose will prevent these troubles coming, and the Tablets should therefore be kept in every home. Promptness may save your child's life. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N. W. T., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction." This is the experience of all mothers who have used the Tablets. If you do not find the Tablets at your druggists, send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail, post-paid.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR.

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war, how many schools and colleges followed popular boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of anyone will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.

THE HACKING COUGH.

One of the meanest things to get rid of is hacking cough. There is apparently no cause for it. No soreness, no irritation at first; but the involuntary effect of the muscles of the throat to get rid of something is almost constant. Of course with many cough is a habit, but it is a bad habit, and should be stopped. When you realize this and try to stop it, you find you can't, for by that time there is an actual irritation, which will never get better without treatment.

It is a curious thing that nearly all treatment for cough actually makes the cough worse. Then, too, most medicine for cough have a bad effect on the stomach. This is especially true of so-called cough remedies that contain a narcotic. The true treatment for cough is one that heals the irritated surfaces. This is what Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam does. It protects the throat also while the healing process is going on. When this remedy was first compounded our old men were young boys, and all this time it has been doing a steady work of healing throats. The most obstinate hacking cough will quickly show the effects of the Balsam. People who have been trying for years to break up the mean little cough, will find a sure friend in this old-time soothing compound made from the barks and gums of trees. All druggists sell Adamson's Botanic Balsam. 25 cents.

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