

Our Boys and Girls.

MY MAMMA'S LAP.

I like t' play wif dollies an' I like t' go t' school;
I like t' jump my skippin'-rope in mornings when it's cool;
I like t' play go-visitun while dolly takes her nap,
But sometimes nuffin' else 'll do but sit in mamma's lap.

I like t' climb th' pach-tree, an' I like t' make mud-pies.
I like to play wif puppy an' I like a birf-day s'prise;
I like to go out ridin', an' ist wear my little cap.
But when I'm tired an' sleepy, w'y, I want my mamma's lap.

I like t' tend my playhouse—is th' finest place in town;
I like to play big lady wif long skirts a-hangin' down;
I like t' go t' Sunday school, an' wear my new silk wrap—
But when a lump gets in my froat, I ist want mamma's lap.
—Srickland W. Gillian, in Leslie's Weekly.

TO THE RESCUE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

The rain was slanting into the faces of two boys who were unfastening a boat. One was kneeling upon the wharf, his fingers hurriedly but skilfully untying the knot which had become sodden and almost unyielding; the other was in the boat itself, drawing in the stay anchors of stone which kept the boat from tossing and chafing against the piles. This boy was not more than twelve or thirteen, and was doing his work in a half-hearted, thoroughly frightened way.

Outside the waves were curling into long, white combs, hissing as they broke; inland was but the slanting wall of rain, with a few blurred suggestions of buildings and trees. Ten minutes before these buildings and trees had stood out clear and distinct, and the boys had been near them with a small spy-glass, which now lay forgotten upon the ground.

"Hurry up, Ben!" called the older boy anxiously; "get the stays in soon's you can, and then have an oar ready to push off when I get this knot loose. And put the other oar handy so I can grab it soon's I jump into the boat. We've got to step lively, or the waves'll throw the boat back and smash it against the wharf."

"Don't you s'pose we'd better wait a little, Tom?" asked the other apprehensively. "Them combers are getting bigger and whiter all the time. Maybe they'll go down fore night."

"Not with this wind, they won't," declared Tom positively. "Sailors say a northeast wind here is a three days' wind. It'll grow worse and worse, and by tomorrow that little patch of an island will be all covered with flying spray. Tain't so awful bad now, except for the rain. We've been out in as bad waves as them, Ben."

"Not gone out in them," retorted Ben defensively. "Being caught in a shower and tearing for shore ain't like going square out into a storm that's only just begun."

"Well, it don't make any difference, we're going; and I know you wouldn't lack out any quicker 'n me, after what we saw through the glass. There, all ready now! Mind your oar!" and springing into the boat he snatched up the oar which Ben had placed across the thwart.

A quick vigorous shove with both oars against the piles sent the boat from the

comparatively smooth water in the lee of the wharf into the turbulent waves outside. Both boys dropped simultaneously to their places. "Steady now, Ben! strong and steady!" admonished Tom. "We must keep her straight, bows on. If she gets broadside into a trough we'll be swamped for sure. There, that's right! Good! Now we'll make it all right."

A few moments and the wharf became a blurred outline, the buildings and trees disappearing. The boys rowed on for some time in silence, Tom, steady and resolute, Ben just as resolute now as when they had started, but with his face pale and his strength evidently being strained to its uttermost. At length he said: "You—you didn't s'pose I wanted to back out, Tom?"

"Of course I didn't!" heartily. "You've been tried too many times for that. You were watching the storm just then, and forgetting what the spy-glass showed us. I never thought for a second but you'd go all right."

The younger boy looked relieved.

"I guess I did forget for just a minute," he confessed; "and—and I was scared—and am now, far's that goes. But I don't think I could have backed out. I thought of what mother said 'bout our never going off in bad weather, but I didn't speak, for it would seem like I was hunting more excuses. Besides, I know she didn't mean it for a time like this," said Tom, "she always declared that in an emergency one should act on his own judgment, and not by any rule. If she'd been at home I'd have told her; but it would take half an hour to go to grandma's and we didn't have a minute to spare. No matter what happens, I think she'll say we're doing right. But look out for the next wave coming. There now, steady! Now, pull hard! The wind's getting higher."

A sheet of water caught up bodily from the crest of the wave, struck them fairly, and drenched them through and through. Ben caught his breath apprehensively, his face paling; then he clinched his teeth and strained resolutely at his oar. Tom braced his feet against a cleat and bent all his energy to urging the boat forward. Neither of them spoke again. They felt that they might need all their strength. The wind was rising and the waves increasing.

It was scarcely half a mile from the shore to the narrow line of rocks they were straining for; but wind and tide were against them, and an hour went by before the rugged outline of the island emerged from the slanting wall of rain. Tom turned and peered ahead.

"Hard on your oar, Ben!" he shouted, "hard! hard! There, that's it! Straight forward, now—Steady! steady! All right!"

The boat's keel grated upon the shore, and as he felt the shiver Tom sprang into the water, nearly up to his waist, thus allowing the boat to rise slightly. In a moment he had drawn it up to a safe landing place. Then both boys began to peer about eagerly, anxiously.

But only for a moment; then came sobbing cry of, "Here we are!" and hardly ten feet away, in the lee of a large boulder, they saw the dim forms of six or eight children, the oldest of whom seemed scarcely more than ten or eleven. The boys hurried to them.

"Are you all right!" asked Tom; "all here?"

"Y-es, yes!" sobbed a little girl; "but we want to go home."

"We're going to take you there right away. But how came you to be out in a boat by yourselves?"

"We—we were just rocking for fun, and the boat got away. We hollered and

hollered and hollered, but no one heard. Then the boat drifted here, and we jumped out."

"Never mind; it's all right now. You were brave little folks to paddle to the rocks and leave the boat. We saw you through a glass. But come now, all of you pile into our boat quick; and mind you sit perfectly still. Here, Ben, help me get in the smaller ones. Now don't be scared," to the sobbing five-year-old child he had lifted in his arms; "tain't near so bad a storm as it might be. We'll have you home all right, before you know it."

The trip back was as quick as the one over had been slow, for now both wind and tide were in their favor. As the boat swung around under the lee of the wharf they saw several persons bending forward, peering toward them through the storm. One, the boys recognized as their mother.

"Oh, boys, how could you?" But a few moments later, after she had seen the children passed up, one by one, and the boys were standing by her side, weak and trembling, she added, softly:

"You couldn't have done anything else, my little heroes."—*Young People's Paper.*

HOW ANIMALS SWIM.

Almost all animals know how to swim without having to learn it. As soon as they fall into the water, or are driven into it, they instinctively make the proper motions, and not only manage to keep afloat, but propel themselves without trouble.

Exceptions are the monkey, the camel, giraffe, and llama, which cannot swim without assistance. Camels and llamas have to be helped across water, and giraffes and monkeys drown if they enter it. Now and then both of the latter species manage to cross waterways when they are driven to extremities, just as human beings occasionally can keep themselves above water through sheer fright.

A funny, though able swimmer, is the rabbit. He submerges his body, with the exception of head and tail. The latter sticks away up into the air, and his hind legs make "soapsuds" as he churns the water madly to get away. But with all his awkwardness he is a swift swimmer, and is only beaten by the squirrel among the land animals.

The squirrel swims with his heavy tail sunk away down in the water and his head held high. He cleaves the waves like a duck, and a man in a row-boat has all he can do to keep abreast of the swimming squirrel.

One thing that none of the land-living animals does is to dive. No matter how hard pressed a swimming deer, rabbit, squirrel, or other purely terrestrial animal may be, it will remain above water. But the muskrat, beaver, ice-bear and otter dive immediately.—*Farming world.*

"THE FARMER CHIPMUNK."

In the Zoological Gardens in New York there is a chipmunk that has earned for himself the name of the "Farmer Chipmunk." He lives in a large wire cage, which encloses considerable ground. This is the way, according to the *World's Events*, he obtained his reputation as a farmer.

One day the keeper happened to notice that there were several blades of corn growing in one corner of the chipmunk's yard. It looked as if the little

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AND

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animal had planted them, for he guarded them carefully and drove away the birds that slipped in once in a while through the wire netting. The blades soon grew into vigorous stalks, tasselled, and developed several vigorous ears. Then, when the ears of corn had grown firm and hard and full of milk, the little fellow climbed up the stalks and feasted on the sweet pulp. When he saw a bird dart down for a bite, he would leap up the corn stalk even more rapidly, flash his tail about, and scare the intruder away.

Some people say that a few kernels which some of the park visitors threw him had accidentally fallen into the loam and thus corn had sprung into life. But the keeper shakes his head. He believes the chipmunk planted the corn on purpose. If the chipmunk did not sow the corn, he says, it is no sign that he did not know enough. At any rate he is wise enough to reap his harvest.

CHINESE PRINTING.

The Chinese typesetter is hampered by the fact that he has to work with eleven thousand types as against the single hundred that suffices for the English printer. To do this he must classify his types in some way, and he does it by a classification of subjects—animals, flowers, furniture, clothes, and so on—in some three hundred lockers; even so he cannot set up a thousand characters in less than three hours. The arrangement by subjects reminds us that the first Latin and English vocabularies were arranged in the same way; so are modern conversation books in foreign languages; it was only by degrees that what seems to us the simple plan