

Our Boys and Girls.

WHEN JOHNNY GOES TO SCHOOL.

The brindle pet dog has a far-away look
 As he sits by the walk all alone.
 Or carefully searches each corner and nook
 For something that from him has flown;
 He seems to be lost with nothing to do
 And no one his actions to rule;
 Wherever he wanders attractions are few
 For Johnny has gone to his school.

The tortoise-shell cat is asleep on the hearth,
 Enjoying at last a good rest;
 Forever, it seems, from the day of its birth
 Disturbance has been its bequest.
 But now all is silent in kitchen and hall;
 It chases no longer the spool;
 And safe on the mantel reposes the ball;
 For Johnny has gone to his school.

And mamma has time for a number of things
 That she has been forced to neglect,
 And out of her basket her sewing she brings,
 And all that she does is correct.
 She even puts on her best bonnet and shawl,
 Her nerves sweetly quiet and cool,
 And trippingly goes for a neighborly call;
 For Johnny has gone to his school.

Now up leaps the dog with a cry and a bark,
 And the kittie awakes from her nap,
 And the long-silent house is as gay as a lark,
 And everything goes with a snap;
 And mamma joins in with laughter and glee,
 For her heart with affection is full,
 And all are as glad, yes, glad as can be,
 For Johnny is home from his school.
 —Selected.

BOYS AND MOTHERS.

School out! Shout, scream, jump, race,
 wrestle—everything by which boys let
 out their joy at being no longer quiet!
 "Let's go up the hill for nuts," was
 the cry.

"Yes, let's."
 "You come too, Cliff," as one boy
 worked himself out of the small crowd
 just let loose from the country school-
 house and went out the yard.

"No, I can't."
 "Why not?" We'll have lots of fun."
 "I'd like to." Cliff cast a longing look
 up the hill, shining with the scarlet and
 the gold of autumn. Very well he knew
 the fun of hearing the brown nuts rattle
 down accompaniment to the shouts of
 merry boys.

"Come on, then."
 For a moment Cliff wavered, then
 braced up.

"No," he said. "My mother'll be look-
 ing out for me. She always feels a
 little afraid about the bridge, and if I'm
 not home just at the time she gets
 frightened."

"I shaw!" cried Tom Barnes with a
 sniff. "As if I'd be tied to my mother
 as you are. I can't go up the hill 'cause
 my foot hasn't got over the sprain and
 it hurts. But, if I could, I'd go, mother
 or no mother."

Cliff was angry, and cast about for
 something sharp enough to say.

"Perhaps I would, if I had such a
 mother as yours."

"What's that?" cried Tom, flaming
 up.

"I say," answered Cliff, delighted at
 seeing the effect of his words, "that, if
 I had such a mother as yours, I suppose
 I'd do just as you do. But I haven't
 such a one. I wouldn't have a mother
 that wasn't worth minding."

Cliff had multiplied his words, fling-
 ing them out with more and more relish
 at Tom's anger. He now turned and
 ran away, with a laugh.

With a shriek of rage, Tom started to
 follow him, but was soon forced by the
 pain in his foot to stop. As he contin-
 ued to shout his anger after the en-
 emy, the teacher came from the school
 house and went towards him. The other
 boys were by this time beyond hearing.

"Did you hear him, Miss Morse? Did
 you hear what he said? I'll thrash him
 tomorrow," doubling up his fists, "till he
 takes every word of it back. And won't
 you punish him, too?"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss
 Morse, drawing the boy to the step and
 sitting down beside him. "What did he
 say?"

"He said—why, he said," said Tom,
 in his excitement not really remember-
 ing what had been said—"he said that
 my mother wasn't a good woman."

"I didn't hear that, and I could hear
 it all through the open window."

"Well he said he wouldn't—wouldn't
 like to have a mother like mine."

"Not exactly that either. I heard him
 say he wouldn't have a mother that was
 not worth minding. And I don't know,
 Tom, but I agree with him. I shouldn't
 like that kind myself."

"And who says my mother isn't
 worth minding?" said Tom, bristling
 again.

"Well, don't you."

"No; I never said such a thing in
 my life."

"See here, Tom" — Miss Morse
 smoothed the boy's hair and fanned his
 hot face with his hat—"don't you ever
 stop to think that there are different
 ways of saying things—that our actions
 speak as loudly as our words?" More
 loudly, I should say, for we can say
 what is not true, but what can we do
 shows really what we are and what we
 think. No, how does anybody know
 your mother is worth obeying? Do they
 learn it from you?"

Tom stared for a moment at his
 teacher, then gave a low whistle. She
 sat in silence while one new thought
 after another crowded upon his mind.

How did anybody know it, anyhow?
 Tom had never really intended to be
 undutiful to his gentle little mother, who
 indulged him far more than was good
 for him. Now he recalled the morning
 chores she asked of him. If he felt like
 doing them, they were done, but more
 often they were left for some one else.
 If there was nothing "up" among the
 boys after school, he heeded her mildly
 expressed wish that he should come
 home promptly; otherwise he stayed out
 as long as he pleased. No, certainly,
 nobody would know from him that his
 mother was worth obeying.

"I don't know Cliff's mother," went
 on Miss Morse, "because I haven't been
 here very long, and it is quite a walk to
 their house. But I want to know her,
 for I feel sure from what I have seen of
 Cliff that she must be a good woman.
 When you see a boy ready to think of
 his mother, anxious to keep her from
 anxiety, willing to give up pleasure
 rather than run the risk of distressing

her, I can give a pretty good guess what
 she must be."

Tom colored deeply. "My mother's
 good," he growled under his breath.

"I haven't a doubt of it, my boy. But
 how are people to know it through you,
 unless you are? People will judge you
 by her. If you do not honor her by
 obedience, how can you wonder at their
 thinking that, as Cliff expressed it, she
 is not worth minding?"

"But she is," exclaimed Tom, firing
 up again.

"I wish more boys would remember,"
 said Miss Morse, gently, after another
 little pause "what joy and comfort they
 can be to their mothers, if they will.
 And, oh, that they would remember it
 while they have time! There must come
 a time, you know, when their voices
 will be hushed. Our words can never
 reach them when the sod is between
 them and us, no matter how we ache
 and ache to tell them how much we did
 love them, in spite of all our careless
 ways."

Tom set his lips hard together as he
 choked down a lump in his throat.

"And I think those of us whose
 mothers are mild and quiet, not sharp-
 and loud, but low-voiced in their way
 of letting us know what they want of
 us—we ought to feel special tenderness
 for them—don't you?"

"Yes'm, I do," said Tom, getting up.
 "Good-by."

* * * * *
 "Why, Tommy, you're home so early,"
 said his mother, looking up with a
 pleased smile as he entered the room at
 home. Tom liked the smile; it was so
 different from the troubled look with
 which she usually met his home-com-
 ings.

"Yes—'cause," he began, in the em-
 barrassment of the new feeling, which
 he did not like to show, "my foot hurt
 —an—say mother," with a burst, "I'm
 coming home when you want me to.
 Every time."

"Are you, dear. Well, that will be
 great comfort to mother."

She looked after him as he went about
 some small duties neglected for days,
 and there was a mist in her eyes along
 with the smile as she thought:

"The dear boy will forget it all before
 long. But it's good to have him think
 it."

* * * * *
 Cliff, arriving at home, found the
 house quiet and his mother away. It was
 disappointing, and he growled a little.

"There, now! I might have stayed
 with the boys as well as not."

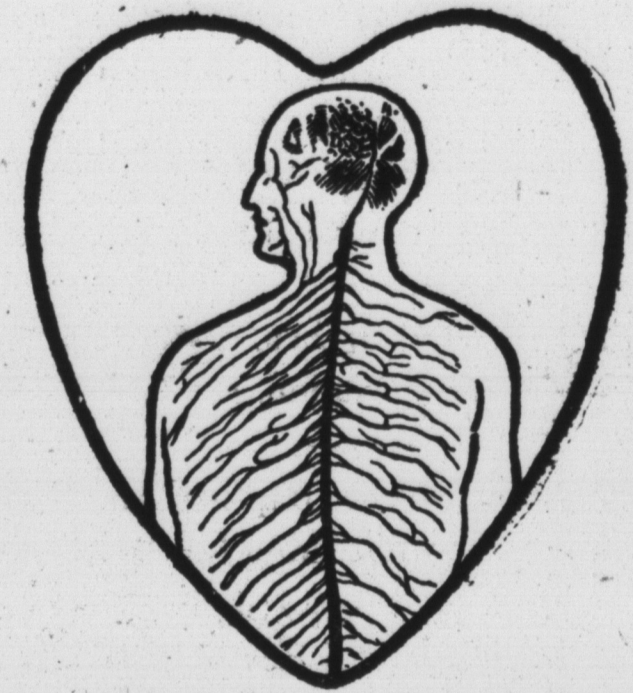
And the feeling stayed with him as
 the lonely evening dragged on and she
 did not come home until late. But the
 last of it went out of his heart when she
 said:

"My good boy! I had to go to your
 aunt, who is ill. But I should not have
 had an easy moment if I had not felt
 sure you would be at home just when I
 expected you."

Tom did not offer Cliff the threatened
 thrashing. Indeed, it seemed from that
 day on to take so much of his time and
 energy to show that his mother was as
 well worth minding as Cliff's mother as
 to leave little opportunity for quarreling
 with anybody.

And Cliff never knew the effect which
 his brave stand for duty had had upon
 one of his mates. For some of us is or-
 dered the joy of seeing the blessing fol-
 lowing one good word or work, but for
 most is simply the faith, not to be
 changed to sight until we reach the great
 hereafter, that our good must surely
 reach into the lives of those about us.—
Sydney Dayre, in The Advance.

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Any intelligent physician will admit that you can't catch small-pox because someone else has it, but because your condition favors it. Low vitality always encourages sickness and at this season especially, everyone should take Ferrozone, which destroys disease germs and makes the system so strong and healthy that sickness can't exist. Ferrozone is a vitalizing tonic that makes rich, red blood, builds up the nerves, cures nervousness and drives away tired, languid feelings. To get strong and keep strong, use Ferrozone; it assures health and costs but 50c. at all druggists.

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Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant; adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Everywhere God's strong hand was busy during the nineteenth century preparing a highway among the nations of the world for his spiritual and eternal kingdom on the earth.—James S. Dennis.

When you go to the country take a bottle of Weaver's Cerate along. It is useful to relieve the pain caused by bites of animals, stings of insects, and in treating accidental burns and scalds.