Our Boys and Girls.

MA'S HERO.

Ma sez 't I'm th' bests' boy
 'T ever, ever wuz,
An' sez 't I'm her little man,
 An' sez I'm brave, she does,
So's while it's daytime I feel big
 An' think it's surely so,
But when it 'gins a-gittin' dark,
 I'm 'fraid p'r'aps ma don't know.

'Cause when I get to bed an' ma
 Puts out the light an' goes,
An' all them dreadful bogie things
 Comes 'round an' pulls th' clo'es
An' tries to get my head out from
 Th' blanket where it's hid,
I yell a'most th' loudest
 'T a feller ever did.

An' ma comes up th' stairs, an' she
 Jes' skeers 'em all away,
An' seems like she ain't no more skairt
 'N ef 't was light ez day;
An' sez they dassent touch good boys
 Like me—not ef they could.
But I'm afraid ma don't understan',
 I ain't so awful good!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

BATTLING WITH THE FIRE.

E. R. RAND.

"You read it, Jabez," said Aunt Mehetabel to her husband. "Aunt Hetty" she was called.

"This is from Cousin John, who looks after that Home for Orphan Boys," said Jabez, opening a letter. "I 'spect Jesse Dunbar at the village wants a boy."

"We have the fust bit off that cherry, Jabez. Read 'bout this offin."

Jabez, a blue-eyed sharp-featured man, read slowly about "Billy Thompson," "a poor boy wanting a home," who was "somewhat slow," "very quiet," but a "good boy."

"And, Hetty, my!" exclaimed Jabez, "I told Cousin John we wanted a boy and wanted him soon, and if he don't say he will come in the stage tonight!"

"And if that ain't the bells of the stage comin' down the road now!" exclaimed Aunt Hetty, jumping up.

Not only was it a stage coming, but, in one minute, a stage halting. Then came a timid knock with the big brass knocker.

"One of them offins!" said Aunt Hetty. "I 'spect he's thinner than a lath."

When the hired woman, Ann, ushered the arrival in, Farmer Jabez Smith and his wife saw a stout, round-cheeked boy, with a rather sleepy look to his dark eyes.

"My! And this ain't Billy?" said Aunt Hetty.

"It's Billy," said the arrival.

"I'll get you some supper."

She left her husband and Billy talking, and went to the kitchen. When supper was ready Aunt Hetty led Billy to the table, and then she had a talk with him.

Aunt Hetty and her husband compared notes when they were alone a few minutes after supper.

"He beats the Dutch, Jabez!"

"He don't know beans, Hetty!"

"I axed him if he had ever been at a huskin'. He sez, 'What is it for?' I told him to get husks for a bed. 'O,' he sez, yes, I know them, and they are good.' "

"Haw—haw!" roared Jabez.

"Hark! Who's that?"

The hired woman came in to say that the fire bell at the village was ringing.

"Now I have it!" exclaimed Aunt Hetty. "I'll send Billy to the village to find out where the fire is."

"And Hetty, I'll give Billy a note to Jesse Dunbar, who wants a boy."

"But he don't know where Jesse lives."

"He can inquire."

Billy went off to the village promptly. In his pocket was a note addressed to Jesse Dunbar. It contained a proposition that Jessee should receive the orphan to his home.

It was not a big fire that Billy found in the village, but the kind of fire that will make a big conflagration. One little shed had been devoured by the fire dragon, and it was thought the dragon had eaten itself up next, for there was supposed to be no sign of fire, when suddenly a boyish voice exclaimed: "There's another shed catchin'!" As if it were a tongue of the dragon, a shoot of fire could be seen over a corner of the shed.

"Who will get on the roof of my shed there, and let us pass pails of water to him?" It was the owner of the building, a tall man.

He said "pass pails of water," for the village owned only one fire engine, and that had been sent off to be repaired. So the tall owner said again: "Who will get on the shed?"

"I will," said a boyish voice.

It was Billy. He may have been slow at Aunt Hetty's, but here he was spry as a squirrel. He sprang so quickly upon the shed roof that he was not aware of the fall of a book from his pocket. The tall owner picked up the book. He sat proudly on the ridge-pole, as if he were riding on the back of a horse.

"Bring on your water pails!" he shouted. As he called to the spectators they changed to workers. A line reached from the shed to a pump. Along this line went pails of water. Bucket after bucket passed up to Billy. He sent it splashing crystal into the impudent face of that fire dragon. He quickly retreated, and the shed was declared saved.

"All the fire is out," said the tall owner. "My property is saved, and I am very thankful."

"Three cheers for our fire engine on the shed!" called a voice.

The huzzahs for Billy were enthusiastically given.

"What can I do for you?" asked the owner, turning to Billy, who was scrambling down the shed roof.

"Please tell me where Mr. Jesse Dunbar lives. Here is a note for him."

"Ah, indeed! Let me see it. But here's something for you; this book you dropped."

Tall Jesse Dunbar read the note. Then he sat down in his office near by, and wrote off this note, and at once sent it off by a messenger to Aunt Hetty and Uncle Jabez:

"Dear Friends.—You ask me if I don't want Billy, and that I may take him tonight. I should say you were hasty. You did not give the boy a chance to show what was in him. You can't see to the bottom of stream with pearls at once. We have had something among our sheds that has brought to the sufface Billy's pearls. He is ready to make a sacrifice; and so he climbed my shed roof to fight the fire. He has patience, and stuck till the fire was out. He is a Bible boy, for his Testament fell out of his pocket. I take Billy, therefore, tonight, and thank you for sending me a big pearl."—*Nat. Advocate.*

MY FIRST CHEW.

BY H. E. M'BRIDE.

I'll introduce myself to you by telling you that my name is Tommy Tompkins and then I'll go on and tell you about my first chew of tobacco.

I did take one chew of tobacco, but my first chew was also my last chew. I haven't taken any chews since and I feel sure I'll never let a small particle of the abominable stuff get into my mouth again.

John Dalton and I were going down the road one day about three years ago and John said to me, "Tommy."

And I said, "What?"

And John said, " 'Sposin' you take a chaw of tobacco."

You see he called it chaw, but chew is the proper word, according to the dictionary.

And I said, "Pooh, I'm not a pig. If I know myself I'm going to keep a clean mouth and a level head."

But John talked on and talked on and he kept saying that one chew would not hurt me and that all boys ought to take at least one chew just to see what it tasted like.

And I don't know hardly how it came about, but I gave way—I surrendered—I caved in, so to speak. I said to myself, "I'll take a small piece just to taste it and to keep him from everlastingly talking to me about it."

That is the way you see. The devil sends out his emissaries—(that's a pretty big word for me, but I know what it means,) and those emissaries go out over the land and do their best to entrap the young and the innocent by getting them to chew and smoke tobacco, and to drink intoxicating liquor.

That emissary, John Dalton, caught me once, but if I know my stature and my strength he'll never do it again.

I took a small piece of the nesty stuff and whacked it into my mouth. And I am confident that there was a sardonic grin on John's face when I did so. But he wanted to make me think that he was generous. He wanted to make me sick and then go out and tell to the world how he had entrapped me. I despise boys of that kind. He got the cinch on me that time, but he'll never do it again. Anybody can bet high on that.

After I had chewed awhile I felt kind of sick and it seemed that the world was slipping away from me. Then I got so's I couldn't see right. Things seemed to be all fussed around and mixed up. And the world seemed to be getting clear out of my reach. I hollored "Oh!" five or six times and then I thought I'd better sit down and rest for awhile.

About this time John got somewhat serious and he said, "Better lie down, Tommy. Don't exert yourself and it will pass off.

I did lie down and I stayed that way for some time. When I kind of waked up I saw two boys. One of them was John and the other was Jim Jenkins. I never asked the particulars, but I think John had got scared and he ran away some distance to where Jim was and got him to come and look after me a little.

Oh, but I was sick!

John said, "Better get up, Tommy, and I'll go home with you."

But I didn't feel a particle like getting up. I felt more like throwing up. But I couldn't even throw. I was too sick.

But I recovered—yes, I recovered. I have hated tobacco ever since, and if anybody should offer me a chew now, I'd shake my fist at him. And probably I'd strike.

Deranged Nerves

AND

Weak Spells.

Mr. R. H. Sampson's, Sydney, N.S., Advice to all Sufferers from Nerve Trouble is

"GET A BOX OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS."

He says: "I have been ailing for about a year from deranged nerves, and very often weak spells would come over me and be so bad that I sometimes thought I would be unable to survive them. I have been treated by doctors and have taken numerous preparations but none of them helped me in the least. I finally got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before taking them I did not feel able to do any work, but now I can work as well as ever, thanks to one box of your pills. They have made a new man of me, and my advice to any person troubled as I was, is to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for $1.25, all dealers, or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited,
TORONTO, ONT.

When tempted to be sensitive, suspicious, servile, severe, to be somber, sulky, scowling, to be subtle, stealthy, sordid, selfish, to be slipshod, slovenly, shiftless, snobbish, to be sensational, showy, to be self-conceited, self-opinionated, self-assertive, self-willed, to be slanderous, spiteful, sacrilegious, satanic —don't yield.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Look up, "Hope thou in God." Call upon him in the hour of temptation. Encourage thyself in him. Trust him. "He lives and loves and cares." Overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of thy testimony. "Reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin." Refuse its claims. Be free. "Whom the Son makes free is free indeed."

HEAD BACK LEGS **ACHE**

Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

Painkiller

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS'"