LITTLE GLADYS ELLIOTT.

HEAD, ARMS AND LEGS COVERED WITH ECZEMA

Mrs. L. Elliott, of 41 Henry St., St. Catharines, Ont., says: "My little daughter Gladys, 4 years of age, was badly troubled from infancy with eczema on the back of her head, under her hair, the joints of her arms and on the back of her legs. This terrible disease first broke out on the side of her head in the form of a red rash and pimples which, if rubbed or scratched sent forth a watery substance, and which later spread to the back of her head, joints of her arms and back of limbs. This proved a rather obstinate case and the child suffered intensely from itching and pain and was very restless and peevish. We tried all kinds of preparations, soaps, etc., but failed to bring about a cure. At last a friend who had been using Zam-Buk for small sores and wounds gave me a portion of her box to try. This seemed so good and showed such an improvement so I bought a supply, and thro' perseverance in using, the disease was soon checked and finally cured. I feel very grateful for the cure Zam-Buk has brought about."

Zam-Buk Cures cuts, burns, chapped hands, cold sores, itch, ulcers, eczema, running sores, catarrh, piles, bad legs, abscesses and all diseases of the skin. Of all druggists and stores, 50c., or post-paid upon receipt of price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Good also for rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., when well rubbed in.

Zam-Buk

FREE BOX.

Cut out this coupon and send with 1c. stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for dainty free sample box. 4K5

RALPH CONNOR AN EVANGELIST

He Believes Sudden Conversion is Better Than Reform.

(Montreal Witness.)

Dr. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of St. Stephen's church, Winnipeg, better known by his pen name of "Ralph Connor," is one of the most interesting and notable of the evangelists assisting in the great revival now being held in Philadelphia by Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander—a revival which is meeting with notable success.

Some months ago, says the New York Weekly Witness, Dr. Chapman conducted a mission in Winnipeg. Following the departure of Dr. Chapman and his party from the city, Dr. Gordon received into his church 177 persons as the result of the work there, and he has 100 more names on his list who are to be worked for, and a large number of them he believes will be won. This large ingathering so pleased and impressed Dr. Gordon and filled him with such evangelistic fervor, that he consented to assist in the Philadelphia campaign.

Dr. Gordon is thoroughly convinced of the value of revivals. In addressing a body of Philadelphia ministers one morning, Dr. Gordon said: "I would rather preach the gospel than write the greatest book ever written. I would rather win souls to Christ than make $10,000 a month. I believe in sudden and instant conversion. Reform won't do. I tried for six years to reform a man and it cost me hundreds of dollars, but last summer he forged my name to a dozen cheques. I quit the method and henceforth will strive not to reform men, but to get them converted."

Speaking at another time of his impression of the revival movement, Dr. Gordon said: "My impression is that the permanent results of this movement are to be just in proportion to the thoroughness and fidelity of the pastoral and evangelical work of the minister. This movement sets an ideal before the ordinary church and ordinary minister. That is, it reminds him that the church is a fountain of blessing to the people around him. If it is not doing them good, then he ought to close up.

"Here is a thing that surprised and rebuked me—when I found out, as a result of recent work in Winnipeg, just how many men in our churches wanted to work. There are thousands of men in the churches today who are wanting to work. One man came to me on Monday morning about three years ago in tears, and said, Mr. Gordon, tell me what to do. I'll do anything you tell me. I was surprised; I did not know what to say, and had to stop and scratch my head; but if he came to me now, I would tell him what to do. The reorganizing of men's devotion and directing it in a specific way is what we have been doing recently in our church with remarkable results."

Dr. Gordon is preaching night after night to the residents of the wealthy suburbs of Philadelphia, and is proving to be a successful evangelist. He believes in thoroughness in the work of conversion, and calls upon those who accept Christ to come out boldly before the audience and publicly confess their faith.

AT THE NICKEL

A picture play that will appeal not only to the true Irish people of St. John, but to citizens of all sister nations, is Shamus O'Brien, the Bold Boy of Glengall, which is the big feature at the Nickel for the remainder of the week. This is a film that measures over 1,000 feet and will take nearly twenty minutes to exhibit. It deals with the story of the brave Shamus most thoroughly, the acting, scenery, costuming and photography being without fault. The company producing the play before the camera is one of the leading repertoire organizations of Chicago. The next best picture is the Guard's Bride, a romance of Napoleon Bonaparte's time, while Give Me Back My Dummy is a ludicrous affair. Twenty-five new Rhineland views arrived in time for last night's shows and will be reproduced again today. Mr. Maxwell and Miss Davis are getting uproarious applause for their rendering of "I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark" and "Smarty," respectively. Mr. Maxwell's local hits caught the crowds.

Ottawa, April 23—Premier Hazen, accompanied by Mr. Grimmer, surveyor general, waited upon the National Transcontinental Railway commissioners today and requested a renewal of the arrangements of two years ago, whereby the commission provides fire rangers to protect the forests along the route of the railway. The commissioners gave a favorable reply.

The Canadian Pacific Steamship company will not sell tickets for passage across the Pacific to Hindus.

FREE SCHOOL BOOK SYSTEM

How it Works Out in Cities Where it Has Been Thoroughly Tried.

The Nova Scotia newspapers are keeping up the agitation in favor of free text books in the school. The Yarmouth Herald has been giving the subject a good deal of attention, having been the first paper in Nova Scotia to advocate government supply of text books. In its last issue it gives the experience of some Ontario towns in this respect. These are as follows:—

At Kingston, Ont., the free system is in force.

Books and supplies are obtained by tender from local firms.

20 per cent. saved to pupil.

Could save 30 to 35 per cent. by buying from wholesale firms.

Board owns the books.

Pupils pay at opening of term.

Secretary figures up cost of all books and supplies for each grade, and pupil pays average price. Board makes no profit.

Fee is remitted to very poor pupils.

Cost for books is about 14c a pupil a year.

Cost for supplies is about 60c a pupil a year.

It saves about 50 per cent. to parent, as books last twice as long under the teacher's supervision, and pupil takes greater care of a book belonging to the Board.

Books coming from families having infectious or contagious diseases are destroyed.

Pupils sometimes prefer to buy their own books.

Books are rebound as necessary and manilla covers provided (at a cost of 24c per hundred).

Kingston has about 2600 pupils.

Books are retained at end of term.

In Brantford (about 2,700 pupils).

About same as in Kingston.

Costs about 80c. per pupil.

This gives the pupils all the books and school supplies of every kind needed for their education.

Differs from Kingston in that each year every child gets entirely new set of books and keeps them. This change introduced recently, and will cost about 10c. per pupil more each year.

Toronto.

Free text books—cost comes out of general taxation—about 30,000 pupils.

Average cost for books to each pupil for 14 years—10 3-4c.

Average cost for supplies to each pupil for 13 years—13 1-2c.

Books are rebound at cost of 10 1-2c. each and last for years, some 4, some 6, some 8.

Losses and material injury must be made good by pupils.

ADVANTAGES OF FREE TEXT BOOKS

1 Much cheaper.

2 In harmony with general principles of free education.

3 Secure better classification of pupils.

4 Cause more regular attendance and longer attendance at school.

5 The very poor are placed in less invidious comparison with the other pupils.

6 Work of school is never interfered with owing to lack of necessary school supplies.

7 One of the best posible ways to train children in the proper use of public property—valuable moral training.

8 Never been discontinued where once adopted.

At a meeting of the St. John Association of London Old Boys, held on Wednesday, the following officers were elected:—M. F. Irwin, president; J. R. Miller, vice-president; Richard Arscott, treasurer; T. Gordon Wilson, secretary. The secretary would be pleased to hear from any ex-Londoners who are at present residing in the city; address St. John Hide Co.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effects is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

If it's painful periods with women, same cause.

If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CONDITIONS IN BRITAIN

(Toronto News.)

There is a world interest in the by-elections which are now in progress in Great Britain. There is no prospect that stable conditions will soon be re-established in British politics. It may be that between the Socialist and the Irish elements the Asquith government will go to pieces. But these forces would hang as sternly upon the flanks of a Unionist government under Balfour.

The truth is that Great Britain today contains four or five millions of people sunk in wretchedness and of a low order of industrial efficiency, and that the burden of their maintenance falls more and more upon the thrifty and prosperous classes. The condition of this unhappy multitude breaks the hearts of reformers and baffles the genius of statesmen. There was a cry of alarm when it was found that a score or two of Labor members had been sent to the British Parliament, and that a new spirit had entered British politics. But what else could be expected? This was the slow but certain fruit of reform bills and franchise extensions, and the natural result of long neglect of the drink and kindred evils, of unjust terms of land tenure, of social conditions which cry imperatively for consideration and amelioration.

Nothing could so become the British Parliament as the consideration of these great problems which go down to the roots of civilization. It is not so much that social privilege and ecclesiastical privilege are threatened, but that the assault is made in a temper which menaces the very character of the nation and may destroy much that is sound and beneficent, and overwhelm the conservative spirit in which all salutary and enduring reform must be accomplished. Much that is untimely and unwholesome will be swept into the rubbish heap and consumed. But there are only a few steps between social revolution and national disaster.

It is impossible not to believe that there is bread enough for all and to spare if it is wisely distributed. "The rich and the poor shall lie down together; the Lord is the maker of them all." But how to effect this distribution and how to overcome unequal conditions in the Old Land is a mighty problem of which no man sees the solution. It is the tremendous business of British statesmen to deal with these problems in an old nation; it is ours to strive against the appearance of the slum and the tenement, and all those conditions which breed want and crime in a new nation. That is a labor which is worth while, a Socialism which is worth while, a service in which the gods might well engage.

The farewell Christian Endeavor service for the men of the sea was conducted by John Belyea in the institute rooms last night. At the close, several sent in their addresses, requesting that endeavor literature be sent them. The service closed with the sailor's favorite parting hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

IT BRINGS THE DEAD TO LIFE

Breathing Restored By New Invention---Wonderful Results Claimed for Machine.

Washington, April 23.—Following the international patenting of the "artificial respiration machine" invented by Prof. George Poe of Norfolk, Va., there has just been completed by Poe and several enquiring scientists a series of amazingly successful experiments with the little contrivance which mechanically puts oxygen, the breath of life, into inert lungs.

Those who participated in the tests returned to this city today firmly convinced that thousands of lives may be saved by the "brass heart," which is what Poe's machine practically is.

It will be especially valuable in cases of suspended animation caused by drowning, by gas asphyxiation in mines and by coma resulting upon typhoid fever and other diseases.

Prof. Poe, by letting the contrivance force upon him inhalation and exhalation of oxygen, was enabled to stop breathing for ten minutes. Animals, declared dead beyond all doubt by the visiting physicians, were revived in a few minutes, and were able to scamper out of the operating-room.

Practically, though not literally, of course, the artificial respiration machine brought the dead to life. And the experts say it will work equally well on human beings.

Prof. Poe's machine is built as near as possible along the lines of the human heart. It is about 18 inches in height, with two cylinders—corresponding to the ventricles and auricles of the heart—and inlet and outlet valves. Double tubes enter the larynx and nostrils of the patient. Roughly, the contrivance resembles a bicycle tire pump. While one set of tubes draws off the poisonous fluids and gases from the lungs, the other set forces in the life-giving oxygen.

The first experiment was upon Socrates, a pet rabbit on the Poe farm. It was given two grains of morphine, enough to kill a man. Then immediately four ounces of ether were administered. The physicians pronounced the rabbit dead, after all ordinary restoratives failed.

The machine was then applied, and within three minutes the effects of the poison and anesthetic were drawn off, and Socrates jumped from the table and hopped away. A large dog was then "killed" and brought to life again within five minutes.

CURE FOR INTOXICATION.

The doctors present realized then that many of the evil after-effects of anesthesia could be done away with by the machine. And there dawned upon them another side of its value, which had rather a humorous aspect. Intoxication, it was found, could be cured within a few minutes.

This experiment was actually made. The machine was applied to a hilariously drunken man, drew off the poisonous alcoholic fumes and straightened him out in three minutes. Since then, it is said, Prof. Poe has been approached with a proposition to manufacture pocket respirators for this purpose.

LAMBS MAKE MONEY

(Toronto World.)

On April 15, in the live stock reports of The World appeared an account of the sale of 124 lambs by Mr. John Burns of King. Here are the figures he made on the deal:

124 lambs brought $4.90 per cwt., cost him	$401.02
Selling price of 124 lambs at King Station, at $8.25 per cwt., was	$1237.83
Gain to cover feed for six months on 124 lambs	$836.81

The lambs averaged 66 lbs. at purchase, and 121 lbs. at the sale. If farmers would put in some rape for fall feeding and then feed with grain the results ought to pay.

"SPRING FEVER"

The need of a spring medicine seems to be universal. This is due to the fact that during the winter the blood becomes impure on account of the hearty food eaten. This causes that tired, weary, all-gone, don't-care-to-work feeling which is so prevalent at this time of year.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

THAT TIRED FEELING.

Mr. F. H. Leard, Saskatoon, Sask., writes:—"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a blood builder and think it an excellent remedy. Everyone should take it in the spring to cure that tired feeling that comes to so many at this time of year."

USES IT EVERY SPRING.

Mr. H. Langley, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring tonic, and I find it the best thing I can take. It builds me right up and I use it every spring. It is excellent for the blood."

"SPRING MEDICINE"

CENTENARY SCHOOL REPORTS GOOD YEAR

Encouraging Reports Submitted at the Annual Meeting Last Evening.

The annual meeting of Centenary Methodist Sunday school was held last evening. At 6 o'clock the teachers and officers enjoyed tea together in the school room and then the business of the annual meeting was taken up. Rev. Dr. H. D. Sprague presided.

A very successful year was reported. Roy McKendrick, the secretary, reported total enrollment of 267, not including the home department, which numbers 79. The average attendance was 142 for the year. The attendance in winter is about 200, the low general average being caused by the summer exodus.

The treasurer, Harold Lynam, reported total receipts of $496.53 for the year and expenditures of $390.84, leaving a balance of $105.69 on hand. The first Sunday of every month is a missionary Sunday and the contributions for the year for missions amounted to $121.90.

In the home department the superintendent, Miss Hea, reported increase in membership from forty to seventy-nine.

The librarian, R. P. Pearce, reported the library opened for the first time after the fire, on Oct. 13, 1907. Since then 2,708 books were issued. There are 817 volumes now in the library, including forty-seven books of reference for the teachers.

The temperance superintendent, J. Hunter White, reported sixty signatures to the pledge during the winter.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Superintendent, F. R. Murray; Associate Superintendent, Thomas Jenkins; Secretary, Roy McKendrick; Assistant Secretary, T. Albert Linton; Librarian, R. P. Pearce; Assistants, G. Fred Barbour and Frank Smith; Treasurer, Harold Lynam; Sup't Home Dep't, Miss Hea; Sup't Primary Dep't, Miss Mabel Barbour; Sup't Cradle Roll, Mrs. George Jenkins; Sup't Temperance Dep't, J. Hunter White.

THE REFRESHMENT SCHEDULE

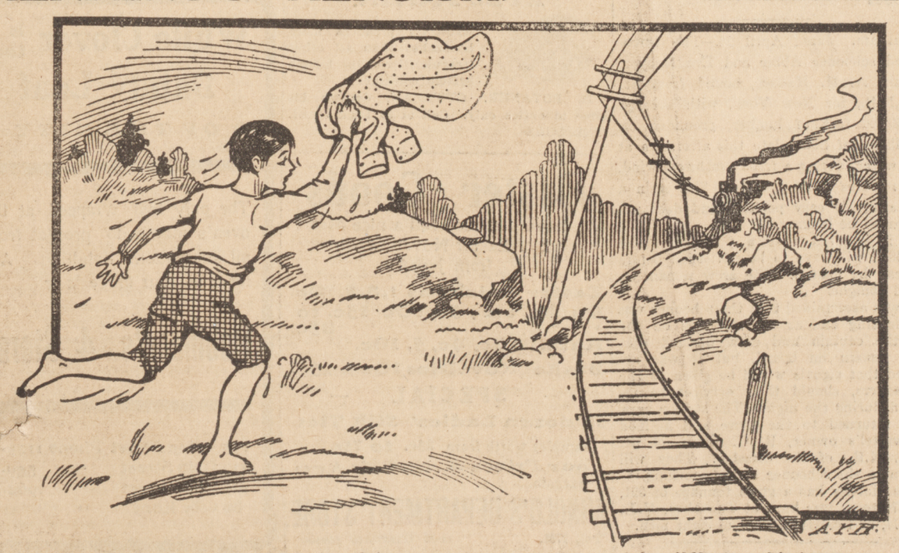
Wifey—Come, Henry, it is time for you to get out and work the lawn mower

Hubby—All right, Marie, and it is time for you to go in the pantry and work the lemon squeezer.

Halifax, N. S., April 23.—Chief Justice Townshend today filed judgment in the matter of the will of the late Jairus Hart. The sum of $80,000 was invested in bank stocks by the trustees. His lordship holds that the proceeds arising from the sale of rights to subscribe to the new shares is capital and is to be added to the corpus of the trust funds, not income payable to the life annuitants, and he also fixes the trustees' commission at five per cent. on the income arising from the two trust funds, and that the same is payable out of the income of the funds, and not out of the general estate.

HERBERT'S HEROISM.

By William Wallace, Jr.



He pulled off his gingham shirt, doing so as he ran, and waved it wildly over his head.

HERBERT JONES was 12 years of age. He lived with his parents on a farm several miles from town. He was a brave, industrious boy, well-liked by all who knew him. He was fond of fishing, and of all the country sports, and when not in school or busy with his work on the farm he spent much of his time on the river bank angling for finnies.

One bright day in early April Herbert decided to go fishing. The week had been a rainy one, pouring for hours every day, and the ground was too water-soaked for plowing or garden work. So Herbert had nothing to do but spend the day angling, hoping to bring home a fine string of fish for supper.

"I'll show you a fine catch when I come home this evening," Herbert said to his mother as he left the house, fishing rod over shoulder and bait in the form of angleworms in an old tin can. "Just you and dad fix up your appetites for a fine supper of fish," he added, waving his fishing rod in farewell.

"Be mighty careful, son, not to fall into the river," called out his mother in warning. "The river is very high now, since the heavy spring rains, and you might find it too deep for wading and so cold that it might produce cramps. So, be very cautious."

"All right momsey," called back Herbert merrily. "I'll hang my clothes on a hickory limb and not go near the water!"

En route to the river Herbert was obliged to cross a little railroad ditch. It had been what the farmers called a "draw," but when the railroad was built this "draw" had been dug much deeper to form a drain-ditch. During the rainy season this ditch became quite a pretentious stream, almost filling to its banks with water from the surrounding hills.

When Herbert arrived at the ditch he was astonished to find it was fuller of water than he had ever seen it, and he could not cross it by leaping from stone to stone, as had always been his habit. He was obliged to go half a mile out of his way to the railroad crossing, where he might walk across on the ties.

But hardly had Herbert stepped upon the ties when he noticed that a piece of timber, evidently from the trestlework, was floating in the swollen stream. And, furthermore, he noticed that the water was surging under the crossing like a very torrent, pouring down from all the hills round about and making of the "draw" a veritable river. As it dashed, seethed and roared about the base of the slight trestlework Herbert felt, or imagined he could feel, the ties and framework of steel trembje. He paused and looked below, scanning closely the framework beneath him. Only one sign of weakness was apparent, the loose beam or piece of timber, which was floating away. But, surely, he thought, if one piece of the trestlework had become loosened, other parts connected with it must be insecure. "I don't like the idea of the afternoon train coming along over this crossing. But—I reckon the section men will be along before noon and examine this place. They know enough of these high-water tricks to keep on the alert during rainy times. I guess it's not my lookout."

And deciding thus, Herbert went on his way, whistling a happy tune to the time of his feet. He reached the fishing place to find the river so high that he knew no fish would bite that day.

"Now, isn't that just my luck!" he exclaimed in a voice of disappointment. "When I had hoped to take home a dozen fine fish for supper, too, and momsey and dad expecting the fine treat. Poor old dad, he's so blue over not being able to send me away to college next year. When Billy and Tom Brown went away to school last year dad said to me: 'Never mind, son, next year shall come your turn. You shall go to the best school in the state. So study hard this year, and when next year rolls round you'll be ready to enter a finer school than our little one of the district.' But last years our crops failed. So the outlook for any school except our little district school is now out of the question. It's harder on dad and momsey than it is on me. They want to give me every advantage, and it hurts them awfully to be too poor to do so. Well, I can get a good education right in our own little country school. But—I really would—like—to go—away. The other boys go away every year to school, and I'd—like it, too. But I don't ever mean to fret about it to dad and momsey. They aren't to blame, goodness knows. They'd go without bread and meat to give me a chance. So I'll plug along and do the best I can another year, and maybe another and another year on top of that. If only we could depend on our crops and cattle! But—well, what's the matter with me, anyway. I came out to fish, not to hold a debating society with Herbert Jones, Esquire."

Then Herbert sat down on the bank and fixed a bit of bait on the hook. "It's no use throwing in the line," he said to himself, "for no fish could be induced to bite with the water in such a turmoil. But there might be one playing along close to the bank, and seeing a nice, fat worm would take it as he passed by."

But all in vain did Herbert throw in his line. The swiftness of the water carried the bait as far down stream as the length of the line would allow, and several times the hook became entangled in some floating driftwood.

"Oh, there's no use," declared Herbert, drawing in the line and rolling it up. "I might sit here for several days—till the water falls—and not get so much as a nibble. So I'll just home. I can always find work there, if it's nothing more than rolling carpet rags for momsey. Poor dear momsey! How she and dad do work for me. It's their one aim in life to do for their Herb. I wonder if I shall ever be able to return their many goodnesses to me. Well, whatever good luck comes into my life shall be shared by my momsey and dad. Won't they be surprised when I go home and tell them how the river has risen since the last heavy rain? And that railroad ditch—that little draw. Gee! it's like a river, too. And it's dangerous, I'm afraid. Hope the section men have been along with their handcar and tools this morning. I didn't like the way that piece of timber had become loosened."

Herbert took up his fishing rod, throwing the bait on the ground and telling the worms to "make for tall timber till he wanted to go fishing again," and started toward his home. When nearing the railroad crossing he was startled to see a part of the trestle work gone. That part of the road which was supported by the trestles had, of course, gone into the ditch also. And the waters rushing madly through the ditch were threatening to break away the banks, which would mean greater damage to the railroad.

"Well, now, how am I to get across that stream?" Herbert questioned himself. "I don't like swimming, for the water is cold, besides being full of dangerous driftwood, caught all along the banks. But—what am I talking about? Go home and let the train come along without warning? I guess not." And Herbert turned his face in another direction, going at full speed over the railroad track.

It was about noon, so Herbert judged by the sun. The train was due at that point at 1:30. He had an hour and a half. He could reach the house of the section hands before that time and they could signal the train as it came along.

But he had calculated without thinking twice, as he said to himself half an hour later. The "draw" or railroad ditch which he had left behind him wound about in such a way that the railroad crossed it a second time two miles further on. And to Herbert's great surprise the trestlework at the second crossing had also been washed out. Here was a dilemma. How should he get across? The section hands were quartered two miles further on, and to reach their place he must cross this swollen stream. And there was but one way to do it. He must swim. It was a dangerous undertaking, but Herbert could not allow thoughts of personal danger to detain him in his duty. But suppose the section men had already been there and seen the washout! They had no doubt sent a wire already to the train officials at the station five miles away. And why should he, Herbert, risk his life by swimming the stream if the section men had already attended to their duty?

He was on the point of returning to his own home when a shrill whistle came on the air. It was the train, and it was whistling as it drew close to the section hands' houses. Herbert bent his ear to the ground. In another minute he would know what to do in the matter. He heard the rumbling of the heavy train as it flew along the steel way. It must have passed the section hands' quarters without stopping, for the rumble did not [illegible] for an instant. Instead of doing so, it had increased in sound and speed. No, the train had passed the section houses without warning from the men placed there to keep watch over the road.

Herbert's mind was instantly made up. Jerking off his shoes, coat and hat, he threw himself into the turbulent water that rushed so madly through the deep-banked ditch. The stream was not wide, but it was a perilous time for Herbert, and when he at last reached the opposite bank and drew himself out of the water by catching hold of some weeds and grass he was all but exhausted. Then, dripping and barefooted, he ran along the railroad track towards the coming train.

It was only a few minutes till the train came in sight around the foot of a steep hill. It was coming at high speed, and Herbert flew toward it, waving his arms madly and crying out, "Stop! stop!" But fearing that the engineer might not understand the signal, he pulled off his gingham shirt, doing so as he ran, and waved it wildly over his head.

The train began to slow down very quickly. Passengers thrust their heads from the windows. A few seconds later the conductor and engineer, accompanied by several excited passengers, were on the ground, talking to Herbert, whose breath was now quite gone.

From a special coach, which was attached to the rear of the train, came the president of the road; with him several high officials. When it was learned that Herbert had saved the train from a terrible wreck their words of thanks and praise knew no bounds.

"Here, little man, give us your address," said the president of the road. "You shall be amply rewarded for this, I tell you. Swam the swollen ditch and ran barefooted and dripping with cold water, in the teeth of this April wind, to save us? Well, I call that the act of a real hero."

A week later Herbert's reward came to him while he and his parents were at dinner. It was brought by a special messenger, and it was of a nature to make Herbert's mother weep for very joy, and his father to pat him on the back and say: "You deserve it all, my little son, for you ran a terrible risk to save the lives of those poor unsuspecting passengers on that train. You deserve it all, boy. And now you can go to college—not one year, but as many years as are needed for you to get your education. And I thank the good man—the president of our little railroad—for remembering your act of heroism, and for so richly rewarding you for it."

But for a few moments Herbert could not speak for the emotion which choked him. Then he said: "And you, momsey and dad, shall share my good luck. I would not be happy otherwise."

And that day there were three very happy persons in the little farmhouse of Jones, wife and son. And the two older ones declared there was not a braver or nobler boy in all the world than their little Herbert, to which the whole neighborhood agreed.

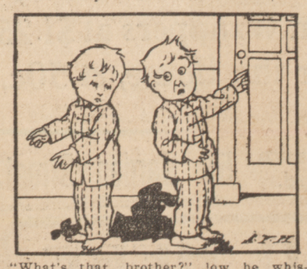
Tit for Tat.

Early on the first of April
Benny waked and looked without;
Then he turned to sleeping Charlie
And into his ear did shout:

"Come, 'tis raining toads and pitchforks,
And a horse is in each tree;
Come, just look out of the window;
Such strange sights you'll surely see!"

Charlie, of the day not thinking,
Jumped up, eyes wide with surprise,
Ran to look from out the window,
And saw bluest of blue skies.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried merry Benny,
"April Fool!" Then he did fear;
When, all of a sudden, Charlie
Stared and pointed toward the door.

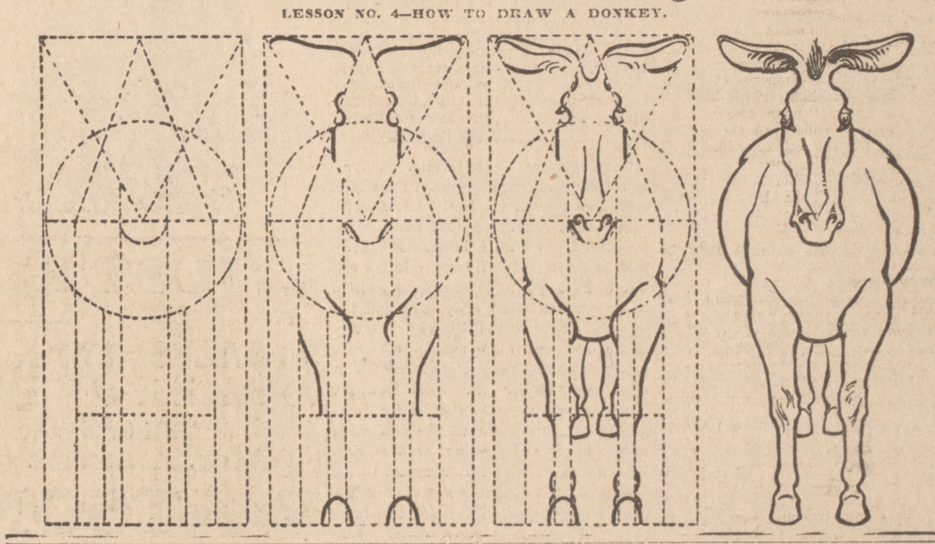


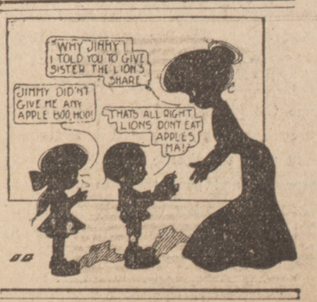
"What's that, brother?" low he whispered;
Benny quickly looked about,
"April Fool, yourself, young smarty!"
Laughed gay Charlie, with a shout.

MAUD WALKER.

Helpful Hints for Our Young Artists.

LESSON NO. 4—HOW TO DRAW A DONKEY.





Answers to last week's puzzles, Beheadings—(1) Lore—ore, (2) Brave—rave, (3) Brain—rain, (4) Brook—rook,

Enigma—Swimming.