

the little jacket was, how bruised and blistered the poor hands were with too hard work, and how he stood on one foot, because his toes were out of the old shoes.

A month's wages were in the man's pocket, and he meant to spend them in more whisky when his jug was empty. Now the money seemed all too little to make his son tidy, and he couldn't bear to think how much he had wasted on low pleasures that made a worse brute of him than the pigs.

"There!" said Jimmy, "I guess that will do. We, Tom and Jerry, do solemnly promise never to touch, taste or handle anything that can make us drunk."

"Now for the names. Which will mark first?"

"I will!" said the man, startling Jimmy so much that he nearly tumbled into the pen as he was climbing up. The paper fluttered down inside, and both forgot it as the boy looked up at the man, saying, half ashamed, half glad,—

"Why, father, did you hear me? I was only sort of playing."

"I am in earnest, for your lecture was a very good one; and I'm not going to be a beast any longer. Here's money for new shoes and jacket. Give me the saw. I'll do my own work now, and you go tell mother what I say."

Jimmy was about to race away, when the sight of Tom and Jerry eating up the paper made him clap his hands, exclaiming joyfully,—

"They've taken the pledge really and truly. I'm so glad!"

It was impossible to help laughing; but the man was very sober again as he said slowly, with his hand on Jimmy's shoulder,—

"You shall write another for me. I'll sign it, and keep it too, if you will help me, my good little son."

"I will, father. I will!" cried Jimmy with all his happy heart, and then ran in to carry the good news to mother.

That was his first lecture, but not his last; for he delivered many more when he was a man, because the work begun that day prospered well, and those pledges were truly kept.—*The Press.*

BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT ERECT.—One of the worst habits young people form is that of leaning forward too much while at work or study. It is much less tiresome and more healthy to sit or stand erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested and almost deformed persons one meets every day could have avoided all the bad results from which they now suffer had they always kept the body erect, the chest full, and shoulders thrown back. A simple rule is, that if the head is not thrown forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by carelessness in this respect is by compressing the lungs, preventing their full and natural action, resulting in lung diseases, usually consumption. Sit erect boys and girls, and look the world in the face.—*Mining and Scientific News.*

THE REASON WHY

BY SENNY L. ENO.

I saw quite a boy to-day, children;
I wish that you all had been there.
Though such sights are getting quite common,
And never were any too rare.

He was such an uncommonly small one,
Swelled out to such size with conceit,
And strutted so proudly and grandly
Past all whom he happened to meet.

There was dirt on his face, and his fingers
Were nearly as black as a coal;
And as for his dingy old garments,
Not one of them seemed to be whole.

But still he kept strutting and pushing
His cap more and more to one side,
With an air too distressingly funny
To be half described if one tried.

You don't see what made him so pompous?
To be sure, I've not told you that yet,
Well, children, if you will believe it,
He was puffing a small cigarette.

—*Youths' Temperance Banner*

"ALWAS SPEK PLESENT WHEN ENNYBODY SPEAKS X."

"Alice and Harriet, take your knitting work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the woodshed. May, you may take your slate and write; and I guess if they are let alone the two babies will take care of themselves. Now, for half an hour, let us have silence. If anybody speaks let it be in a whisper.

The fact was there had been so much noise; and some of it in half quarrelsome tones, that Mrs. Ford was tired, and took the best way to stop it, for half an hour at least. The children were all young and wanted their own way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the noise the little mother made with her baking, and the occasional prattle of the two babies.

Little May sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much painstaking labor. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother, said in a whisper:

"May I have a little piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something."

"What is it? Let me see," said her mother.

May hesitated and blushed, but held it up to her, saying, "You won't tell, will you, mother?"

Her mother read it twice over. Tears gathered in her eyes.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated little May.

"No, no, certainly not! It shall be a secret between you and me."

She got a nice piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie-making.

May copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief-box, saying:

"I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and I."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes, and as May's was empty, she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it in at a glance.

"Alwas spek plesent when Ennybody speks X. MAY."

Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief-box, with a resolution written more neatly, but to the same effect:

"Resolved, That I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones. HARRIET FORD."

It made a great difference that was easy to see when two of the children began to practice this resolution. There was less quarreling.

"That's mine! You better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet one day, when she took up a top and was putting it in his drawer.

"But John, mother wants me to clear up the room," said Harriet.

"Well, I want the top to stay there!" said John obstinately.

"Well, perhaps its no matter. A top isn't much litter," said Harriet pleasantly.

John was fully prepared for a contest, I'm afraid he would rather have relished one. He stared. Then he looked ashamed.

"What made you say that Harriet?"

Harriet laughed and colored a little.

"Come here, and I'll show you," said she.

She took him into the clothes-press where was the row of handkerchief-boxes, each labelled.

She opened little May's, and took out the clean, soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she. John read.

"The good little thing! She never *does* quarrel anyhow," said John.—*Selected.*

Consumption is a disease concentrated by a neglected cold; how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. One of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunnville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."