

and a quiver went all through it, which showed that it was hard hit; but it pulled itself together at once, threw back its head viciously, and struck at poor Tommy with all its force. But Tommy dodged the stroke cleverly, and, fastening on the cobra tooth and nail, gave him a second bite worse than the first, wounding him so severely that he was evidently weakened, and began to show signs of giving way.

From the bed where I lay I could see the whole battle quite plainly; and you may think how trying it was for me to have to lie there helplessly while a duel was being fought out upon which my life depended.

But it didn't take me long to find out how the fight was going to end, for the cobra had the worse of it from the very beginning. Do what he might, let him try as hard as he pleased to strike his enemy or to coil around him, the snake might as well have tried to hurt a shadow. Brave little Tommy escaped him every time, and repaid each new attack with a fresh bite, making old scaly back twist and wiggle like a speared eel.

At last the cobra, in its writhing and flopping about, knocked over a small table with a lot of glasses on it, which came down with a crash that might have woke up a country policeman on duty. The next moment there was a shout and a scurry outside, and my chum, Harry Templeton, came bursting headlong into the room, just as the valiant Tommy got hold of the snake by the head and fairly bit its head off.

"Hallo!" cried Harry; "what on earth has been going on here? Why, my poor old fellow! to think of your being left to face that horrid brute all alone, and you not able to stir, too! If I'd only known, I would have been in to help you like a shot. Well, thank God! it's all right now. But where on earth did you pick up that mongoose?"

"What sort of goose do you call him?" asked I, in surprise. "I never knew before that a goose had four feet!"

"Pooh!" said Harry; "you're not going to pretend that you don't know yet what a mongoose is! Why, man, they're the greatest serpent-killers alive; and if it hadn't been for that one you'd have been as dead as a coon nail by this time. I only wish we had a dozen more of 'em here in the sanatorium to clear off these confounded snakes!"

Thus it was that I found out that my little friend Tommy was a specimen of the snake-killing mongoose of India, and that my friendship with him had actually saved my life. You may be sure that I made a greater pet of him than ever after that. Harper's Young People.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE THE LITTLE ONES.

It has lately occurred to the ladies on the Board of Management of the Infants' Home, if people in Toronto knew something of the work that is being carried on there, they would meet with more interest and sympathy toward the children, which is so

greatly needed, for in such a large institution it is not easy to keep everything in good order without some help from outside. The Editor of the Canadian Churchman has, therefore, most kindly given us permission to write from time to time paragraphs in our Church of England paper, which goes into so many Christian homes, and we hope to gain the hearts of some of its readers and at least win their sympathy and prayers. No one knows how far a few words of interest go when collectors are giving up time and energy each year trying to get public aid, in order that such a home may be carried on. Surely it is universally acknowledged how great is the need of one in every large city, and yet many tell us they know nothing about it.

The Infants' Home, 72 St. Mary St., is for babies under the age of three years, when they are transferred to other homes, such as the "Children's Aid," "Girls' and Boys' Homes," etc.

It takes in mothers with infants, whose maintenance is otherwise cut off by sickness, desertion, or misfortune, and although not a foundling asylum entirely, it gives shelter to all waifs who may be sent in by the city authorities, found from time to time in the streets of Toronto.

Our nurseries are kept in spotless order, and the children carefully attended by the mother nurses and others placed in authority over them. The mothers sometimes leave their little ones in the Home and go out to work when they can safely do so, and make a large enough sum to support



The Wise Mother

*The day's duties over she rests in her chair,
And thinks of the doses that doctors prepare
To her children when sick no doctor she'll bring;
She has proved beyond doubt "Abbey's Salt" is the thing.*

ABBEY'S SALT is especially suited to children. It is made from fruit juices—contains no calomel, or other powerful drugs—and is pleasant to take. It is a tonic laxative—NOT a purge or violent cathartic. It may be taken every morning by children, as well as grown folk, without fear of ill-effects.

It corrects all the bowel troubles of childhood—prevents cramps—keeps the little ones fresh, rosy and healthy.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt The Family Tonic Laxative

their children themselves. To see the little tots at their meals, and watch them running about the big, airy rooms, is a sight that would interest many a boy and girl, if they could get their parents to take them through the Home on visiting day, and I think many a little gift of toys, clothes, or perhaps fruit in the warm weather, would gladden the hearts of the babes, who though cared for, have so little brightness or pleasure in their lives.

Another time I hope to write something more in the form of a story about our waifs, and I ask you who are parents of children, ineffably blessed with the luxury of being able to shower good gifts on your own, to draw their attention by reading our paragraphs to our Home, that we may gain some kind thoughts and prayers in our work for the sake of One who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

GRANDMOTHER'S REMEDY.

"Girls don't have to do anything!" declared Bobby, as he sat down with a thump on the shoe-box in grandmother's room. "Girls don't have to feed hens or fill the wood-box! I wish I was a girl, so I do!"

"Girls don't have to do anything!" exclaimed Grandma Stone, in surprise. "Well, well, well! You come with me a minute, Bobby, and we'll see if you are right."

Bobby followed grandmother into the sitting room. But when they got there both were surprised, for, sit-

ting in the big rocker, was Beth, her eyes full of tears.

"I wish I was a boy, same as Bobby!" she said, sorrowfully. "I'm tired as anything of dusting rooms. Boys don't have to dust or mend stockings or do anything! Oh, dear, dear, dear!" and Beth hid her curly head in the duster and sobbed.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed grandmother. "Suppose you do Bobby's work to-day, and he will do yours. I know that he will be delighted to change places with you."

But would you believe it! Grandma was mistaken, for Bobby shook his head.

"I'm going to feed the hens myself," he said.

Beth wiped her tears in a hurry. "Girls never fill wood-boxes," she murmured.

Then they both laughed and that was the end of grumbling for that day. So you see grandmother's remedy was a wise one, after all—Our Sunday Afternoon.

HELPING THE HORSE.

That was a thoughtful little boy of whom I read the other day, and it would be a splendid thing if some men would learn to show the same spirit of that little boy.

It was cold, wintry weather, and the street had become coated with ice. This made it very hard pulling for the horses, especially up the hill near where Bobbie lived.

"Papa," said Robbie, when his father came home that evening, "I

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