

Boys and Girls At His Post

The older boys in Oakley were building a snow fort, and Philip Merrill watched the boisterous fun with envious eyes.

"May I help?" he asked.
"No, you'd only bother," replied Tim Drake, as he and George Lewis placed an enormous snowball on the tower of the fort.
"But I won't get in the way," urged six-year-old Philip. "I could help a lot."

"Only boys that are big and brave enough to stand a real hard fight can belong to this garrison," said George. "You'd cry at the very first snowball that hit you."
"No, I wouldn't. I can be brave," insisted Philip.

"Well, then you come here to-morrow. We want a brave man for sentinel," said Tim, winking at George. "I'll come. I'm awful glad I can be a soldier," and Philip's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Then we'll depend on you for sentry duty. Its getting dark now. You'd better skip."

The boys laughed as the child ran home. "He'll stand guard about three minutes when he gets here and finds no one at the fort," remarked Tim, "for to-morrow is Saturday, and we'll all be skating."

"Papa, what does a sentinel do?" asked that Phil that evening.

"Why, usually he just walks to and fro in front of the place he is guard-

ing, and carries a gun," replied his father.

"How long does he do that?"
"Until he is relieved; that is until the soldier, whose turn it is next to stand guard, comes."

"What if he gets tired?"
"He goes right on just the same; if he is a faithful soldier he will not desert his post," explained Mr. Merrill.

"I s'pose it wouldn't be brave to stop before the other sentinel came?" asked Philip, after a pause.

"No," returned the father, who by that time was thinking of something else.

The next day at noon Mrs. Merrill said, "I wonder where Philip is? I thought he was playing in the yard, but when I went out to call him he wasn't there. It is snowing hard, and I wish he'd come home."

"He'll turn up soon, hungry as a little bear," answered Mr. Merrill. But an hour passed and Philip did not come, and his father, who began to share Mrs. Merrill's anxiety, started out in search. The storm had developed into a blizzard, and he fought his way through it to the houses of Philip's various playmates, but none of them knew anything about the child. As he was returning in the hope that the child had come home during his absence, he met George Lewis.

"Can't you find Philip?" said George, sympathetically, and then with a sudden thought he added, "Have you been to the snow fort at the school-house?"

"Snow fort?" repeated Mr. Merrill, reminded of Philip's questions. "Let's go there at once."

Wearily trudging back and forth, painfully struggling against wind and snow, they found the small sentinel.

"I didn't stop till you came," he murmured. "I was a brave soldier." The toy gun dropped from his numb fingers and he sank unconscious in the snow at his father's feet.

His father gathered him into his arms and carried him home, where all night long George and Tim, who humbly came to be of any assistance possible, heard his baby voice crying between croupy gasps for breath: "I was a brave soldier, papa—I didn't d'sert the post."

In the early morning, when the little fellow was pronounced by the doctor out of danger, Tim and George, with hearts too full for words, looked at each other with swimming eyes.

As they left the house, George said: "It seems to me I couldn't have stood it if that brave little chap hadn't gotten better. I guess it's a lesson for us, Tim."

"It surely is," answered Tim in a choking voice.

LOCKJAW.

A short time ago a lad died of lock-jaw in one of the New York City hospitals. He had stepped on a nail. The wound healed rapidly, and with a bit of adhesive plaster over it the boy was hobbling about within a couple of days. Two weeks later lockjaw developed and he was taken to the hospital. The physician investigating the case said that the boy probably would have had no trouble if the wound had been properly treated. "The germ of lockjaw," he said, "can develop only when it can get no air. To make it in laboratories bacteriologists have to exclude all air from it. When air gets into the wound the germ does not develop, especially after it has been painted with iodo-antiseptic at present known. If the boy had kept the wound open, and kept his foot bare and not used the foot for two weeks, no serious effect from the rusty nail in all probability could have followed." This is a very important fact to remember.

Dimbie's Dustman Tales

By M. O. TAYLOR

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VI.

DIMBIE pressed her face close to the soft warm grass and said: "When you're in Flower Land do as flowers do," and then she could hear

LITTLE BROWN BROTHER

talking way down under the earth. Listen to what he is saying:—

"Little brown seed, O little brown brother!

Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie closely close to each other,
Hark! to the song of the lark.

"Waken!" the lark says, "Waken and dress you
Put on your green coat so gay
Blue skies above you, sunshine caress you
Waken! 'tis morning, 'tis May."

And the next minute there was pushing and scrambling and then two little green heads bobbed up in the grass and said "Good Morning" to Dimbie.

"Are you the little seeds I heard talking?" said Dimbie.

"Yes, but we're not ugly and brown any more," said the tiniest one. "We've been asleep such a long time and then we opened our eyes and found the Fairy Queen had left us a lovely green coat and so I woke up my big brother and we climbed and climbed through the brown earth and here we are." "Why," said the tiny one, looking at her big brother:—

"Why! you're a sunflower—
How I shall miss you
When you grow golden and high.
But I'll send all the bees up to kiss you,
Little brown brother. Goodbye."

And the little brother grew, and grew, and grew until he nearly reached the sun and then he threw off his green coat and stood up straight, and tall, and golden.

But his little sister, who was a tiny daisy, stayed behind to talk to Dimbie.

"Do you like my pretty green coat?" said Daisy.

"Yes, I do," said Dimbie, "but will you wear it always?"

"Oh no," said Daisy, "just till the sun warms me and I get used to this big world, and then I shall just wear my pretty white frock, and, perhaps, if I am very good and try to grow, the dear sun will paint the edge of my dress with pink. You see, Dimbie, only a few daisies have pink on their frocks, and when you see them you'll know the Sun has kissed them because they have been very good and tried to grow hard."

"But," said Dimbie, "I shouldn't like to stand still all the long day with nothing to eat or drink and no one to talk to, and no Mammy to take care of me."

"But I have," said Daisy. "Dear Mother Earth is my Mammy and she holds me close to her all the time; she sends food up into my little cupboard which helps me to grow and —"

"But where is your cupboard?" said Dimbie.

"Right under my petals, Dimbie, just where you see that little green ball at the top of the stalk."

"Oh, yes, I see," said Dimbie.

"And Mother Earth can send food right up the stalk and into the cupboard; just like my Mammy, only she takes it from the cupboard and gives it to me."

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"Well, I help myself," said Daisy. "And, then, Dimbie, every morning when I open my eye, I find the Fairies have left a big drop of dew for me to drink, enough to last me all day; and then the dear Bees come to see me and tell me all about the big world and all the wonderful things they see, and I give them some of my gold to make bee bread; so you see I'm not a bit lonely, and the Sunbeams come and pay with me and help me to grow, and when night comes and the Sun goes to bed, I fold my little white frock carefully round me, put on my green coat to keep me warm, shut up my little eye —"

"Ah! but," said Dimbie, "you have no one to sing you to sleep and kiss you good-night."

"Oh, yes, indeed, I do. The birdies sing me to sleep and the Sun kisses us all good-night, and that's when he makes our frocks pink if we're good; and then the wind rocks me to sleep. Isn't that lovely? The wind never rocks you to sleep."

"How lovely," said Dimbie. "Do you think I could be a flower, a beautiful, high, golden sunflower?"

But Daisy never answered, although Dimbie asked her three times.

"Perhaps she's too busy trying to grow," said Dimbie. And I think she was too.

Bilious Spells Become a Habit

And It Requires Active Treatment
to Break Up the Sluggish,
Torpil Condition of
the Liver.

Drumbo, Ont., April 4, 1918.—So often you meet people who are feeling miserable and out of sorts, unable to relish their food and suffering from headaches and indigestion. "It is only one of my bilious spells," they will tell you. "I have had them for years."

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