

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Archie's Mistake.

(From 'The Adviser.')

'Mary, where have you put the bottle of wine that was standing on the shelf in my room?' cried Mrs. Smith to her little maid-of-all-work. That had been a busy day with Mrs. Smith. It was house-cleaning time, and her bedroom had been turned upside down, and a half-year's dust dislodged, and now Mary had been despatched to get a cup of tea, while Mrs. Smith and her little daughter Maggie busied themselves dusting and rearranging the furniture.

Nothing delighted Maggie more than this. She thought she was

Maggie, emerging from the depths of a dark closet, 'If it's the one the doctor said you was to take a glass of, when you was tired.'

'Ah, yes, child; how clever you are! hand it over and I'll take some just now,' said Mrs. Smith, 'for I am dog-tired. But,' she immediately exclaimed, 'it's empty! Why, what have you done with it, Maggie?'

'Nosing,' said the little creature, shaking her head; 'Maggie did nosing wif it.'

Mrs. Smith looked at Mary, but it was evident she had no clue to the mystery.

'Never mind,' said she, 'we shall

times even dangerous, while what she would drink from her cup would make her feel happy and pleasant.

'But what has come of Archie?' said Mrs. Smith.

Maggie immediately jumped from her chair and ran off to look for her brother.

'Oh, Mummy!' she cried coming back, 'Archie is lying in the back passage, and he won't neiner speak nor move.'

Mrs. Smith went to see for herself, and there, sure enough, was poor Archie, lying like a log, and deaf to everything she could say.

What a fright they all got. And what do you think was the cause of it?

When he came to himself, as he did in the course of some hours, although still having a splitting headache, he told them that as he was exploring in his mother's room he came on the bottle the doctor had told her to take when tired, and, thinking he would like to try it, drank it all off, and remembered nothing more.

'But catch me,' said he, 'ever tasting anything of the kind again.'

'Or me either,' said his mother.

'Or me eiser,' echoed Maggie.

When Mr. Smith came home that night Maggie ran to him, saying she was always going to drink out of the cup he gave her, and never be stupid or sad.

'Yes, my pet,' he returned, kissing her, 'and I wish everybody were of the same mind.'

## Armor-Plated Boys.

It is important in these days that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.

His ears—against impure words.

His hands—against wrongdoing.

His heart—against irreverence and doubt.

His feet—against going with bad company.

His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

His pocket—against dishonest money.

His tongue—against evil speaking.

The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor plate can on her ships.—'Christian Guardian.'



a great help to her mother, as, indeed, so she was, with her bright cheery ways and her readiness to run for anything that was wanted. You would have thought it funny to see her deft little hands flourishing her small duster, and then, having rubbed up a chair, she would step back and say, 'Zat quite 'ike a 'ooking-gass.'

'Please, ma'am, I don't know,' said Mary, arriving hurriedly with a loaf in one hand and a huge knife in the other, having been interrupted in the act of cutting a plate of bread.

'Here it is, Mummy,' said

have our tea and that will be better.' The tea was delightful, as what meal is not when you feel you have earned it by a good spell of hard work. Maggie drank hers from a little cup and saucer her father had brought her the last time he was in town. The cup had a pretty wreath of flowers round the edge, and inside that the words, 'The cup that cheers but not inebriates.'

Maggie did not understand what that meant, but her father explained that some drinks people used made them stupid and sad and noisy and often irritable, and some-