

## A LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep  
Thy father watches the sheep,  
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland  
tree,  
And down falls a little dream on thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The large stars are the sheep,  
The little stars are the lambs I guess,  
The fair moon is the shepherdess.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep  
Our Saviour loves His sheep;  
He is the Lamb of God on high,  
Who for our sakes came down to die.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep  
I'll buy for thee a sheep  
With a golden bell so fine to see,  
And it shall frisk and play with thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
And cry not like a sheep;  
Else will the sheep dog bark and whine  
And bite this naughty child of mine.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Away and tend the sheep;  
Away, then, black dog, fierce and wild,  
And do not wake my little child.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!  
*Old Song: From the German*

OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS endured the severe marching of the North-west campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and everybody else should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

## JOHNNY'S DRUM.

Johnny had a drum, a big one, which made so much noise that everyone in the neighborhood could hear it, and when he would begin beating upon it early in the morning, more than one sleepy head spent bad wishes upon it. *Drum-a-drum, drum—drum-a-drum, drum;* and all the boys on the street went marching to its music, one bearing a flag, another a gun, another a broomstick—each believing himself to be a real soldier, the bravest of the brave.

This regiment was on the march one morning, the drummer performing his duty in the most approved style, when, as they approached the humble dwelling on the street corner, a woman came out, and calling Johnny to her, kindly asked him to stop drumming for that day and until her poor boy was better. He was very sick, and every noise made him moan with pain. Johnny cheerfully promised to grant her request, and the woman was shedding tears of gratitude when she returned to her house.

The boys were deeply disappointed and all excepting Johnny walked away with downcast faces. That day had been appointed for a grand parade. They were going to encamp on a common, close to the sick boy's house, storm a fortress, and go through a variety of military exercises, which must now be postponed. They thought him altogether too good-natured about it.

"I'd be ashamed to annoy a sick boy," said Johnny. "I remember when I was sick, how every noise hurt my head."

"But this is only Pat O'Leary," said the captain.

"He does it to break up our parade," said the ensign. "He is vexed because he cannot play with us."

"Just as if a little drumming would hurt his head," remarked a private. "Give me the drum, Johnny—I dare."

Johnny's eye flashed indignantly. "No. I shall carry my drum home, and put it away until Pat is well again. What if we do lose our sport for a few days? I'd stop drumming for Pat's sake as soon as I would for any of yours."

It was a long, dull Saturday to all of them. During the forenoon Pat's physician came and charged them to make as little noise as possible, for the poor boy's life depended on his being kept quiet. Not one of them wished to hear the drum after that, and they were glad that Johnny had not given it a single beat after he was requested to desist.

That afternoon Johnny went up to see how Pat was. He found him lying quietly upon his bed, his large blue eyes wandering vacantly about the room. He kept asking for his mother, and did not know her, although she was by his pillow all the while. She said the doctor thought him somewhat better, and gave some hopes of his recovery. "But he would not have been better," she said, "if there had been as much noise in the street to-day as there was yesterday. If you had heard him shriek when he heard your drum this morning, you would not have been sorry to put it away I know. If Pat ever gets well again, he will do you many a good deed."

For more than a week Johnny's drum was silent. Pat was getting better; and every day some of the "regiment" called to see how he was, and to leave something nice and suitable for him to eat. They waited very patiently, for such noisy boys, for the time to come again when they might shout to their hearts' content, and march to the beat of Johnny's drum.

One afternoon, when Johnny was coming home from school, he saw Pat sitting before the open window. His head was supported by pillows, and his thin white face and sunken eyes made him look very unlike the ruddy Irish boy he was a few weeks before. At Pat's request, Mrs O'Leary called Johnny to come and speak with them. Pat wanted to see the boys march up and down the street again to the music of Johnny's drum.

It did not take many loud taps upon the drum to bring the regiment together again, and then, with the colors flying, they marched up the street, and gave three cheers before Pat O'Leary's window.

When Pat was well enough to handle his jack-knife skilfully, he made several wooden guns and swords for the company, and Johnny never had a firmer friend than that same poor Irish boy.

## A FATHER'S SURPRISE.

A boy was once made the happy owner of a jack-knife. When a boy has a knife it must whittle; and this knife kept up its share of chips. But the boy had a head as well as a knife. With the strong steel blade he was ever fashioning something for a purpose. He never made the shavings fly merely to make the stick smaller or time less. While he was carving the wood he was carrying out an idea. And when you see a boy do this, look out for a big man in a few years. One day this boy presented his father with a model of a machine, which had come from under his jack-knife. The father glanced at it a moment. He was not able to take in the design, and he waited for no explanation. He saw at once that the whittling had been immense, and time had been given to the toy. This enraged him, as he was a severely practical man, and could see no use in such trifling employment. He snatched the pretty machine out of the boy's hand and threw it upon the ground, stamping it in pieces.

Soon after this the father sent his son to learn the trade of a blacksmith. His employer quickly discovered more than ordinary talent in him. Again the jack-knife was at work. Again the same model was made. With pride he explained it to the blacksmith. At once it was recognized as a useful invention. It was a power loom, the first ever made. A loom was then constructed out of substantial material. It worked with satisfaction. A loom factory was next established. A trade was built up. The boy had half the profits. One year after the invention was tested the blacksmith wrote to the father that he would make him a visit, and bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. What was the astonishment of the old gentleman when his son was introduced as the inventor, and when he told the father that the invention was but the model he had kicked to pieces last year.

Let the boys whittle as long as they whittle out ideas.—*Selected.*

## NO "IF."

There was a knock at the door of Aunt Fanny's kitchen one morning, and on the steps stood a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Don't you want to buy something?" she asked as she came in.

"Here are some nice home-knit stockings."

"Surely you did not knit these yourself, little girl?" said Aunt Fanny.

"No, ma'am; but grandma did; she is lame, and so she sits still and knits the things, and I run about and sell them; that's the way we get along. She says we are partners, and so I wrote out a sign and put it over the fireplace: 'Grandma and Maggie.'"

Aunt Fanny laughed and bought the stockings; and as she counted out the money to pay for them, Maggie said: "This will buy the bread and butter for supper."

"What if you had not sold anything?" asked Aunt Fanny.

But Maggie shook her head.

"You see we prayed, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and God has promised to hear when folks pray; so I guess there wasn't any 'if' about it. When He says things, they're sure and certain."—*Selected.*

—A blind beggar had a brother who went to sea, and was drowned. Now the man who was drowned had no brother. What relation was the man drowned to the blind beggar? The blind beggar was the drowned man's sister.

—An old sailor said, a few days ago, "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since."

—We must ever remember that there are three things from which we cannot escape—the eye of God, the voice of our conscience, and finally, the stroke of death.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c.  
German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c.  
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c.  
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.



## Welland Canal Enlargement.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this office, from mechanical, skilled, practical contractors, until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the NINTH day of MARCH next, for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, &c., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Port Dalhousie and Thorold.

The works throughout will be let in sections. A map showing the different places, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after Tuesday, the 3rd February instant, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works will be supplied at the Resident Engineer's office, Thorold.

Parties tendering are requested to examine the locality and bear in mind that the season and circumstances under which the works have to be done render some of them of an exceptional nature. Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates or prices stated in the offer submitted. The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.  
Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 17th February, 1886.