

UNCLE JACK'S SOLDIERS.

BY GRACE T. THOMSON.

The Trenton children were in a state of great excitement. All day there had been the bustle of preparation and everything was arranged in fine order, from Uncle Jack's great rooming house down to the little Toddlers' room, for Uncle Jack was coming to Wildwood on the five o'clock train.

The children considered this uncle as their special property and a visit from him meant any amount of fun. Long before the clock struck five they had stationed the mothers at the window to catch the first sight of the carriage. Every one in the house knew when it appeared by the abrupt they gave as they made a grand rush for the door.

"Here he comes! Here he comes! Here he comes!" Hushed! Hushed! Hushed!

Certainly no uncle ever received a warmer welcome than they gave him. It was not long after when the tea bell rang, but in the little time there was, the boys had recited him to the playroom, where he was seated all the day, complimented them upon their fine order, and had answered more questions in half an hour than most people could answer in a day.

Uncle Jack was a champion storyteller, so after tea, as soon as he was seated in a large, easy chair, with a nephew perched on either of its arms and one on each knee, came the usual demand:

"Now tell us 'bout the war."

After he had told them a number of their favorite stories, Uncle Jack said with a sigh:

"I do wish we had some enemies. Do you 'spose there'll be any battles to fight when we're men?"

"We want to be a soldier too," put in Toddlers, who always had to have his say.

"Yes, my boys," answered their uncle, "I think there will be battles for you to fight when you are grown; more than that, I think there will be battles for you to fight while you are small boys, for even Toddlers, here, has his enemies."

"Toddlers!" exclaimed all the boys at once.

"Toddlers! Why, Uncle Jack, every one loves Toddlers!"

Uncle Jack laid his hand lovingly upon Toddlers' head while he told them that the enemies he referred to were faults; that the smallest boys and the largest men have these to fight against; that each time one is overcome, a great victory is won; and that some of the greatest victories that have ever been known were men who had conquered themselves.

Uncle Jack had his doubts as to whether this kind of battle would appear as attractive to his little nephews as the wars they already had in mind, but a few days later he had the pleasure of watching them gain just such a victory. And it came about in this way:

He had not been in Wildwood many days before the boys told him of a "dandy new merry-go-round" at the Park. Finding that they were eager to try it, and that mamma was willing they should, it was not long before the merry little party of five were on their way. Before they started, Uncle Jack gave each little boy a silver piece, telling them that it was to be spent in any way they liked.

Just as they reached the edge of the woods where they could get a full view of the merry-go-round, candy-stands and all such attractions, Uncle Jack met an old friend, and after giving the boys permission to run on where they could watch the children ride, the two gentlemen were soon deep in conversation. No one knows how long they might have talked had not the children come racing back eager to carry their uncle away with them.

Uncle Jack, I find these wooden horses are most tired of waiting for us," announced Toddlers as he climbed up on his uncle's knee.

His uncle laughed and said:

"Then I think we'll have to go and get on their backs pretty quick, but when we start I want my boys to wait just long enough to hear a little story about some children who live 'way over in China. This gentleman has just come from there and I know he will be glad to tell us something about them."

Perhaps it was a little hard at first for the children to listen quietly to a story while within sight and sound of that wonderful merry-go-round, but Mr. Dean had a way of drawing the attention of children as well as grown folks, and soon four eager little faces were looking up into his.

When he had told them many things about the people so far away and the little children who had never heard of the love of Jesus until he went there,

Rella asked.

"Do they all know now?"

"When the gentleman answered 'No!' it seemed to puzzle Jack who asked wonderfully:

"Why didn't you stay and tell all the rest of them?"

"Then Mr. Dean explained how money was needed to carry on the work, and that he had only come back to America to see if the people here wouldn't give some more."

Rella had been feeling in his pocket during the latter part of his talk, and he now took out his silver piece and looked at it and then all three boys put their heads together and held a consultation in low tones, after which George asked, in a half audibly whisper,

"Uncle Jack, will you mind if we give our silver pieces to Mr. Dean?"

"Why, boys?" exclaimed their uncle, in a pleased and surprised tone. "But do you really mean that you are willing to give up the rides on the merry-go-round and the peanuts and candy?"

"Yes, sir," answered all three boys at once, though Jack's lip quivered and George's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, then, boys," said Uncle Jack, "you may do as you please. You know I gave you the money to spend in any way you liked."

As the boys were handing the money to Mr. Dean, Toddlers, who always liked to do just what his brothers did, exclaimed:

"Me div money for Jesus, too!"

Then opening his chubby little fist, for he had insisted upon carrying his silver piece tight in his hand, he blazed the light coin and handed it over like the rest.

"Well, well, you have fine boys!" said Mr. Dean to Uncle Jack. "If grown folks were as willing to sacrifice their own pleasures for the sake of spreading the gospel it would not be long before all people would hear of the love of Christ."

Then he added, patting little Jack's head, "How do you think you would like to be a missionary, when you are a man?"

Jack hesitated a minute, then he replied:

"I don't know, but I think I'd rather be a bachelor uncle what fought in the war."

The answer seemed to amuse Mr. Dean very much. He tossed Jack in the air and then started through the woods with him mounted on his shoulder.

Uncle Jack and the rest of the boys followed. He was too much pleased with the sacrifice they had made to spend all by giving them just what they had so bravely given up. So into the woods they went, where he cut whips and made whistles for each one, and succeeded in making them have such a jolly time that they reached home in fine spirits.

"So you're really home again," said papa, as they all sat down to a late tea. "I didn't know you would be able to leave that merry-go-round much before midnight."

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Suppose you had a friend in the City whose judgment you could depend on, and who was only too willing to do your shopping, would you not readily send to such an one at all times for DRY GOODS that could not be bought to the same advantage at home. If so, and unless you have some such friend, why not make up with our Mail Order Clerk. At any rate, you might send a Trial Order; if everything paid for is not wholly satisfactory, money will be refunded. Not much risk in that.

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Lot 1—Four Buttons, Black only. Our regular price for these goods was 78 cents, now 50 cents.

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Lot 3—Seven Hooks Lacing Gloves, Black and Colors. Same as above, only longer, always sold for a dollar. Our price while they last 75c.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Cream or Milk.

"What am I going to do this vacation?" said Tom, laying his books down on the old porch and turning to look at his cousin.

"Why, I'm going to find something to do that will help mother—that's what."

"Well, I'd like to help mine, too, if I could get a chance," said Cleve. "There is need enough, now that father is laid up with his broken arm."

"Chance?" repeated Tom, catching up the word in his brisk fashion; "there's got to be a chance for me, I tell you. I'm going to spin around this old town like a top till I find it."

"That's true, my dear," said Cleve, with a cheerful shake of his head, "but there's no such easy get. I've tried a little already mornings and evenings. I've asked at several of the big stores and offices, and nobody wants any help."

"Big stores and offices?" Tom fell back on the repetition once more. "I might go to the bank and ask Money-bags to let me be president for a little while; I haven't thought of that. No, sir; that's not the kind of looking I'm going to do. Mother says this world is like a great pant of milk with only a little cream on top. If you are willing to take milk you may get your share; but if you must have cream, you are likely to wait long and fare ill."

Cleve did not see his cousin again for several days. He made his own way round, trying here and there for the things he thought he should like to do, but the world seemed uncomfortably crowded. It occurred to him that, since Tom also was in search of work, it was strange that he did not run across him somewhere; but when he inquired, he learned that Tom had already found work.

It was very strange, Cleve thought, chagrined and somewhat envious, that Tom should have been the more successful of the two. Cleve was older, taller, and so he flattered himself upon preparing in appearance and address than Tom, and he was a more serious worker. But one evening he went around to the old porch again; the matter was explained. Tom had just come home from the wooden mill.

"At such dirty work as that!" exclaimed Cleve in surprise. "Well, it earns clean money, and that is more than can be said for all easy work," laughed Tom, pouring a fresh supply of water into the great bowl before him, and preparing for another wash. "As for my face and hands, they'll wash; no danger of soap and water hurting them. Besides, I couldn't afford to spend my whole vacation in looking up something. I took what I could get, and this is steady work, too."

He worked steadily at it, and Cleve tramped pretty steadily, asking here and there—seeking somebody to see somebody else and figure whether a thing or body could make an opening for him. These embassies necessitated a good deal of waiting, and there were other days when poor Cleve was too discouraged to even try. He did get some odd bits of employment now and then, but these occupations were too transient to afford much profit.

He saw little of his cousin, until, with the crisp, bright autumn days, school reopened. Then Tom appeared, looking remarkably well in a comfortable new suit of clothes, buoyant and ready for the winter study.

Cleve glanced down at his own coat, where his pale-faced, anxious mother had put in a bit of dainty darning that morning, and over which she had sighed and wept for many a day, and he could not be made to last much longer.

"Did you really earn those yourself?" he asked of Tom.

"Yes, sir, besides helping mother through she says providing these helps as much as anything," answered Tom, triumphantly. "Why, it was steady work, you see, and that counts up pretty fast. I say, Cleve, that 'milk' mother is always telling about isn't so bad. If you dip in and take your share, that's all right, and you can't get it any other way."

—Kate W. Hamilton, in Sunday School Visitor.

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Literary Notes.

Pelcubet's Select Notes. A Commentary on the Sunday-school Lesson for 1894, by Rev. F. N. Pelcubet, D.D., and Dr. Pelcubet, 866 pp. Illustrated, \$1.25. W. A. Wilde & Co., 25 Richmond St., Boston, Mass.

It has been said "there was only one best," and among all the many helps for teachers of the International Lessons the "one best" is surely Pelcubet's Notes.

There are many helps that partially cover the lesson subject, but for a complete understanding of the text from every standpoint the teacher must have this book at hand for weekly reference in studying the lesson.

It will be a regular help during 1894, because the first six months' lessons, being from the earlier books of the Old Testament, introduce many perplexing questions that must be quickly answered, and Dr. Pelcubet has been extremely wise and judicious in so presenting these controversial subjects that they become incidental rather than prominent, and thus do not obscure or tend to lead away from the main teaching of the lesson.

In handling the lesson on the life of Christ for the last half of the year, the author has drawn from his incomparable store of past study and thought the brightest, most trenchant, expressions and teachings of the world's students.

The notes are simply complete in every respect, and even a captious critic would have to scan close to take exception to them.

The text is illustrated with abundant original engravings which illuminate many otherwise dark passages, and as a whole, in its mechanical as well as literary make-up, the book will at once interest and instruct any teacher of the Word.

It is published in one volume, uniform with its nineteen annual predecessors, and is a rare reference book for one's library, even after the year's study is completed.

The *Delinquent* for January commences a new volume, and is called the "Winter Holiday Number." It is an unusually attractive issue, the fashion being appropriate to the season, and the reading matter varied and interesting. Household Renovation deals with the cleaning of various articles, and gives valuable information about cleaning fluid, Child Life treats of Training a Boy for Business, and Physical Culture continues the instruction given last month on the Physical Expression of the Emotions. Small Economics is a particularly readable and valuable article at this time, and one that will be of service to every housekeeper; and much may be gained from the second paper on Things that should be left Unseen. An Illustrated article on House and Street Cleaning is a new monthly article which we have received. It is edited by F. S. Spence of Toronto, and the present issue is devoted mainly to the prohibition question, which has so prominent a place in the mind of Canadian people just now. The *Vanguard* is in magazine form, sixty-four pages, and both neat and attractive in its get up. The November number, which we have received, contains a vast amount of information, which must be practically invaluable to students of the temperance question. Much of it is prepared for them in more convenient form than any in which it has before been presented to the public.

The title of some of the articles are "Canada's Liquor Revenue and Drink Bill," "Municipal Revenue and Prohibition," "Ontario Provincial Revenue," "The History of the Prohibition Plebiscite Movement," "The Scott Act and Drink Licenses," "The Stupendous Failure of High License," "Canada's Per capita Consumption of Liquor," "Tavern and Shop Licenses in Ontario," "Crime in Canada," "What the Beer Business Does for the Country," "Canada's Finance Minister and the Liquor Revenue." A copy will be sent by the publisher to any address for fifteen cents.

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