



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Said the Raggedy Man of a hot afternoon,
My sakes!
What a lot o' mistakes
Some little folks make on the Man
in the Moon!
But people that's been up to see
him, like me,
And calls n him frequent and intui-
tively,
Might drop a few hints that would
interest you
Clean through!
If you wanted 'em to—
Some actual facts that might in-
terest you!

"Oh, the Man in the Moon has a
crick in his back;
Whee! Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his face that is pur-
ple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they
water and run;
If he dares to dream even he looks
at the sun,
So he jes' dreams of stars, as the
doctors advise—
My Eyes!
But isn't he wise—
To jes' dream of stars, as the doc-
tors advise?"

And the Man in the Moon has a boil
on his ear—
Whee! Whimm!
What a singular thing!
I know, but these facts are authen-
tic, my dear,
There's a boil on his ear and a
corn on his chin,
He calls it a dimple, but dimples
stick in.
Yet it might be a dimple turned over
you know!
Whang! Ho!
Why certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over,
you know!

"And the Man in the Moon," sighed
the Raggedy Man,
Geta so!
Solunome, you know!
Up there by himself since creation
began,
That when I call on him and then
come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs
me to stay,
Till—well, if it wasn't for Jimmym-
cum—Jim,
That Limb!
I'd go partners with him!
Jes' jump my job here and be pard-
ners with him!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Quick Temper.

What did you say? That you had
a quick temper but were soon over,
and that it was only a word and a
blow with you sometimes, but you
were always sorry as soon as it was
over?

Ah, my boy, that was the way
with Cain. People almost seem to
pride themselves on having quick

tempers, as though they were not
things to be ashamed of, and fought
against. God's word does not take
your view of it, for it says expres-
sly that "he that is slow to anger
is better than the mighty," "that
better is he that ruleth his own
temper than he that taketh a city,"
and "and anger resteth in the bosom
of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper
about with him is much like a man
who rides a horse which has the
trick of running away. You would
not care to own a runaway horse,
would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit ris-
ing do not speak until you can speak
calmly, whatever may be the provo-
cation.

Words do lots of mischief. Resolve
as God helps you, that you will imi-
tate your Savior who was always
gentle, and when He was reviled re-
vile not again.

What the Book Said.

"Once upon a time," a library
book was overheard talking to a
little boy, who had just borrowed
it. The words seemed worth re-
cording, and here they are:
"Please don't handle me with dirty
hands. I should feel ashamed
when the next little boy borrowed
me."

"Nor have me out in the rain.
Books, as well as children, can catch
cold."

"Nor make marks on me with
your pen or pencil. It would spoil
my looks."

"Nor lean on me with your el-
bows when reading. It hurts."

"Nor open me and lay me face
down on the table. You would not
like to be treated so."

"Nor put in between my leaves a
pencil or anything thicker than a
single sheet of thin paper. It would
strain my back."

"Whenever you are through read-
ing me, if you are afraid of losing
your place, don't turn down the cor-
ner of one of my leaves, but have a
neat little book-mark to put in
where you stop, and then close me,
and lay me on my side, so that I
can have a good, comfortable rest."

"Remember that I want to visit
a great many other little boys after
you are through with me. Besides
I may meet you again some day,
and you would be sorry to see me
looking old and torn and soiled."

Help me to keep fresh and clean,
and I will help you to be happy."

Selected.

Maria's Bluff

"Have you prepared the lesson in
physics?" asked Lucy of Maria, as
they walked together to school one
morning.

"I have not opened the book,"
was the reply. "I had so much to
do, and the examples I had were so
difficult, that bedtime came last
night before my home work was

done. However, I shall make a
bluff in the recitation. I often do
that and I find it is a good way of
getting through, especially if the
teacher is tired."

Lucy shook her head. "Mother
says that of all mistakes, one of
the worst a girl can make is to
have guess work in her studies where
she should be thorough. When ex-
aminations come or when we have
tests it is ever so much harder to
pass if we have, as you say, made
a bluff at what we did not know."

Lucy proved to be in the right.
Maria occasionally managed to slip
through a recitation, sometimes in
physics and sometimes in another
study, without being thoroughly pre-
pared, but when the time for the
final examination arrived she was
left behind, while Lucy was promot-
ed to a higher grade.

It pays in the end to prepare hon-
estly each lesson as it comes.

Amy's Occupation.

The small boy at the corner of the
pier began to cry suddenly, digging
his knuckles in his eyes, and swal-
lowing his sobs as if he were
ashamed of them. One of the group
of girls a few feet away shrugged
her shoulders petulantly.

"I do hope he isn't going to
keep that up!" she exclaimed. "It
makes me so nervous to hear a child
fretting. Oh, there goes Amy to
see what is the matter!"

As matter of fact, another girl
about the age of the first speaker
had detached herself from the group
and was bending over the grieving
lad with an air of sympathy which
won his confidence at once. "Lost
your mother?" the girl heard her
say. "I don't believe she's lost very
far. Mothers are likely to keep
close to such nice little boys as you
are."

The sobs stopped rather suddenly.
It was clear that the little lad was
not beyond compliments.

"Suppose you stand on a chair,"
Amy continued. "And then your moth-
er can see you. And do you think
you could eat some popcorn while
you are waiting?"

The small boy was very positive
on this point. And while munching
the white kernels from Amy's bag,
his equanimity was quite restored.

All at once he caught sight of a
familiar figure on the opposite side
of the pier and dashed away with-
out the formality of a good-bye.

Amy saw him caught in a pair of
outstretched arms and hugged to
somebody's heart, and she went back
to her friends quite satisfied.

"I declare, Amy," exclaimed one
of the group she had quitted so abrup-
tly, "you seem to think your forte
in life is taking care of lost chil-
dren and homesick girls at school.
You're always at it."

A smile curled Amy's lips. She did
not deny the accusation. "It's not
such a bad occupation," was her
answer.

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captive bird that had beaten its
wings against the pane. He under-
stood better now the supplication of
the gaze lifted to Heaven. Poor
child, poor little thing!

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Madame could. She herself had a
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said, his face clearing.

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He carried little more than a change
of linen. In an inner wallet of the
bag he discovered Aunt Kate's let-
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a lean grey horse, turned out of the
gates of the chateau. For a moment
his heart sank with a sense of disap-
pointment. Then uplifted again as he
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Mdle. Marie as the occupants. Was
it possible that by an unheard-of
chance he might see Mdle. Suzanne
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He knew by what barriers French
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Mdle. Suzanne's presence in the
Comtesse's absence. Still—some luck-
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great extent, but the carriage drive
wound in, and out the little wood
with an ingenious deceptiveness. As
he followed it he saw down a side-
path the slender figure of the girl
he sought. She was apparently sit-
ting on a rustic seat. Her chin rest-
ed on her hand. Her attitude was

one of the utmost dejection.

"Mdle. Suzanne," he said, coming
up to her.

She looked up at him with a ter-
rified air. "Monsieur," she began.
There were traces of tears on her
cheeks: her bosom was heaving with
agitation. This coming face to
face alone with a strange young man
was a new experience for her, a ter-
rifying one she would have felt it if
somehow Dick's kind, young brown
eyes had not expressed the most ten-
der pity and sympathy for her.

He explained in fluent French—it
was something he had acquired ear-
ly from Aunt Kate, who loved the
polite language; it was one of her
little affectations to talk in French
half the time—the reason of his ap-
pearance, extending to her at the
same time the letter of introduction.
He noticed for the first time that it
was sealed, with a little wonder.

Amut Kate was always so particular
about doing the right thing.

Mdle. Suzanne took the letter and
looked down at it shyly, a little col-
or coming and going in her cheek.
Madame de Lorme would return
about five o'clock. After that hour
she would welcome Monsieur.

There were two mortal hours to be
got through before five o'clock. What
on earth was he to do with them?

However, plainly he could not ask
to stay as he might have done with
an English girl. He went away with
a tender compassion aching in his
breast for Mdle. Suzanne.

He strolled about the village, mak-
ing acquaintances as he went. He
turned into the little graveyard on
the cliff, and wondered over its bead
wreaths and garish ornaments.

He had no intention of intruding
again on Mdle. Suzanne. In fact, he
was rather overwhelmed when he
came upon her standing by a new
grave. It was covered with artificial
wreaths, but in the midst of
them lay a cross of seashell which
had apparently just been laid there.

He felt that he ought to go, but
he stayed. When he said a word of
sympathy her tears began to flow,
and having no words he touched
softly a fold of her dress.

"It was my brother, Monsieur,"
the girl said, turning to him as
though she were hungry for sym-
pathy. "When he died I thought the
worst had befallen me—alas!"

The young fellow muttered his in-
articulate sympathy. They stood
there looking into each other's eyes,
while the intimacy between them
grew with every second that passed.
They were quite away from human
eyes, alone amid the sand-dunes and
the cornfields.

"If but he had taken me with
him!" she said, with a tragical
hardening of her little soft face. "In-
deed there are worse things than
death, Monsieur."

The color flooded her cheeks.
"I do not ask so much of life," she
said. "Only that I might be at
peace in the convent of the Carme-
lites at Arras. But that will not
be granted me."

When he was shown into the salon
of the Chateau de Lorme he found
Madame seated in a high-backed
chair, her daughter by her side, her
grand-daughter on a low tabouret,
waiting to receive him. In her hand
she held the letter of introduction.

If but he had known he had never
looked better than at this moment
when his eyes and his uplifted head
were a declaration of battle. His
little love was sitting with her eyes
down—perhaps she did not dare lift
them, lest their secret should be
read—her attitude as submissive as
that of a child. Mdle. Marie! Why
it was a kind face if a plain one,
and it was looking kindness at him.

And Madame! Madame's voice was
like silver rain as she welcomed him.
After that the days passed in Ra-
vigot village, sleepily, sunnily, hap-
pily, for Dick Longrishe. He broke
through no more hedges. He saw
Mdle. Suzanne only in the presence
of Madame and Mdle. Marie. He was
eager to win Suzanne if he
might according to their ways,
if they would but let him.

"The betrothal is spoken of no longer,"
she conveyed to him in a whis-
per. "I do not understand it. The
name of M. le Comte d'Herault is no
longer spoken by the Comtesse. What
does it mean, my friend?"

He knew no more than she. He
only knew that he came and went,
as he would, at the chateau, that
he was treated with an almost
motherly kindness by Madame, that
Mdle. Marie smiled at him, with a
vague sympathy and encouragement
in her eyes.

It was early in August when he

came to Ravigot. It was late golden
September when at last he
spoke. And Mdle. Suzanne
became a golden rose. There was
a little significance in the air, in
the way people looked at him. He
read in the eyes of M. le Cure, of
Madame Hefort, of all his friends of
the village, what they knew was
coming: the smiles were full of a
roguish congratulation.

Madame made a fine stately little
speech. She had known that Mon-
sieur desired the hand of Mdle. Su-
zanne since she had received the let-
ter of her dear friend, Mdle. Kate.

Monsieur's family was ancient, of
great consideration, like the De
Lormes, and Monsieur himself had
won her affection and esteem. She
had the pleasure to consent to the
marriage.

There was a word of Mdle. Su-
zanne's dot, which was not a large
one. Longrishe desired no dot with
his beloved. Why, Mdle. Suzanne
was the treasure of all the world.

In England, in Ireland, the dot was
not necessary, certainly in his own
case not desired—unwelcomed. He
waved away the question of the dot
loftily.

And so Aunt Kate had helped to
bring the marriage about after all.
She had anticipated his desires. He
smiled radiantly as he thought of
Aunt Kate. People called the little
old spinster crazy. Well, this spe-
cial bit of craziness was the very
height of wisdom.

As for M. le Comte d'Herault, he
passed quite out of the story. Some
few months later he married an
American, which fact might or might
not shed some light on his with-
drawal from the affair.—Katharine
Tynan (Abridged.)

POET'S CORNER

O DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and
stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern
homes once more.

Why must flowers die!
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears
or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft, white, ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon
again.

The sun had hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the
earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on 'high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden
mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night:
What sound can break the silence of
despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the
air.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

"MOTHER TO CHILD."

Is there no way my life can save
thine own a pain?
Is the love of a mother no possible
gain?
No labor of Hercules—search for the
grail—
No way for this wonderful love to
avail?
God in Heaven, O, teach me.

My prayer has been answered; the
pain thou must bear
Is the pain of the world's life which
thy life must share.
Thou art one with the world—
though
I love thee the best,
And to save thee from pain, I must
sate all the rest,
With God's help, I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest; I must
love thee in them!
Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy
mother must stem
The sin of the world. Thou wilt
weep, and thy mother must dry
The tears of the world lest her dar-
ling should cry.
I will do it, God helping.

And I stand not alone, I will gather
a band
Of all loving mothers from land un-
to land;
Our children are part of the world
—do you hear?
They are one with the world; we
must hold them all dear,
Love all for our child's sake.

For the sake of my own, I must
hasten to save
All the children of earth from the
fall and the grave;
For so, and so only, I lighten the
share

Of the pain of the world that my
darling must bear.
Even so, and so only.
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

RENEWAL.

She was old, the year,
So bent with all that bows

Lapocresolene

For Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Sore Throat,
Croup, Bron-
chitis, Cold,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while
you sleep."

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the
paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dread-
ed Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is
used. It acts directly on the nose and throat
making breathing easy in the case of colds.
CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide,
acting both as a curative and preventive
in contagious diseases. It is a boon to suffer-
ers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best re-
commendation is its 30 years of successful
use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal
for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Anti-
septic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat,
of your druggist or from us, inc in stamps.

THE LEEMING-MILES CO., Limited.
Canadian Agents,
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

more than days!
The wind had swept her green fa-
miliar ways
Where summer made sweet cheer;
The snow had blinded her,
Had choked her harp, whose rich
and wanton song
Had sent her pulses laughing for
so long;
Her blithe, young feet astir.
She was bent and gray
We saw her die in blessing not in
grief,
Her rustling shroud knit of the fal-
len leaf,
Her watcher the dark day.
Now from the glistening blue
A kindler sunlight looks upon the
earth,
Now from the russet shell in joy-
ous birth
The living spring leaps now.

Thro' all the throbbing air
A million songs, a million blo-
soms break,
O happy year! that only died to
wake.
More young, more wondrous fair!

Ah! so shall I depart
With broken harp, my laughing
songs all sung;
So shall I sleep—to wake more
fair, more young,
More rapturous of heart!
—New Broadway Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP.

I do not pray that useless stores of
golden treasure,
Beloved or not,
Nor yet that one unbroken round of
earthly pleasure,
May be your lot;
But rather that your faith and love
no dross possessing,
As gold may shine,
And all your path be lighted up
with heavenly blessing
And peace divine.

I cannot ask that naught of bitter
pain or sorrow,
Thy cup may hold,
Or that you may not feel the shock
to-day, to-morrow,
Of conflict hold;
But that the sanctifying power of
furnace trial,
Though burning hot,
May leave your soul, as gain for
every self-denial,
Without a spot.

I would not seek to rescue you from
grief's grim clutches,
Nor cry to spare,
When God, with His own loving,
skilful master touches
Thy heart lays bare;
But I would wish to see the rich
in heavenly treasure,
Full well refined,
Yea, rich as God alone His boun-
teous gifts doth measure,
Nor fall behind.

I do not, cannot ask for you a les-
ser blessing
Than God's own love;
To dwell with Him and all His
boundless wealth possessing.
In heaven above,
For you and I are only waiting here
as strangers,
Still bound for home,
Abiding 'mid earth's darkening
shades and many dangers,
Till God says come.
—Frank Willoughby, in N.Y. Ob-
server.

AUNT KATE'S LETTER.

The omelet was excellent. So also
was the white wine. The bread
and butter said the last word of
excellence. When he had finished the
meal he found himself in good hu-
mor with all the world. He lit his
pipe in Madame Hefort's sanded
room, its small billiard table taking
up the centre.

It was a way Richard Longrishe
had with him to propitiate old wo-
men and little children and animals.
He looked up with a smile presently
when the little old woman approach-
ed him with his coffee and an in-
tention of conversation. It was the
day of the fete. Monsieur perhaps
would wish to see the procession.

Presently the procession came
the corner, down the street.
The official part of the pro-
cession people in ordin-
g the Rosary, with
in their fingers
ads.

There were three
attention.
their long
their be-

stuff through which one guessed her
slenderness.

Longrishe stared at them till they
were out of sight. Then he turned
to the little old woman at the ad-
joining window.

"Those ladies there, following the
procession, who are they?" he asked,
and waited for the answer with
an eagerness that surprised himself.

"Madam la Comtesse from the
chateau, Mdle. Marie, Mdle. Su-
zanne."

"Ah, Mdle. Suzanne de Lorme?"

"Yes, Monsieur was right. It was
Mdle. Suzanne de Lorme, the grand-
child of the Comtesse. Mdle. Marie
was Madame's daughter. They were
a great family, the De Lormes, al-
though poor in these latter days."

"Madame la Comtesse de Lorme—
Madame de Lorme"—What was the
association in his mind?

Suddenly it flashed upon him. Whv
he had a letter of introduction to
the lady. She was one of Aunt
Kate's friends. Aunt Kate had
loaded him with introductions when
he set out on his leisurely walking
tour through the north of France.
He had not had the strength of
mind to refuse them.

Madame Hefort's voice broke in
thoughts.

Madame is to be affianced
to d'Herault. M. le
gentleman, hand-
not so young per-
able. In fact
he had lost
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sought. She was apparently sit-
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Was Troubled
With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief
Until She Tried

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Can Eat
Anything
Now.

Mrs. H. H. Her-
man, Benton
N.B., writes: "I
have used Burdock
Blood Bitters and
find that few me-
dicines can give
such relief in dys-
pepsia and stomach troubles."

I was
troubled for a number of years with
dyspepsia and could get no relief until
I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took
three bottles and became cured and I can
now eat anything without it hurting me.
I will highly recommend it to all who are
troubled with stomach trouble."

Burdock Blood Bitters has an establish-
ed reputation, extending over 34 years
as a specific for Dyspepsia in all its forms
and all diseases arising from this cause.

For sale by all dealers.
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn
Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

She was old, the year,
So bent with all that bows

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large
majority of the people are troubled with
some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the
heart palpitates. You have weak and
climpy spells, a smothering feeling, cold
clammy hands and feet, shortness of
breath, sensation of pins and needles,
rush of blood to the head, etc.

Wherever there are sickly people with
weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills will be found an effective medicine.

Mrs. Wm. Elliott,
Angus, Ont., writes—
"It is with the great-
est of pleasure I write
you stating the bene-
fit I have received by