

## THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

you are no longer Little Bow-legs.—Drink some milk, and go to sleep."

For the next few days Jim was very quiet; his legs were rather painful, and he had to lie flat on his back always. Then gradually he got more cheerful than he had been in his life before, he chatted with the other children and played with the toys the nurses gave him, and whenever his bed was made, he gazed anxiously at those two straight legs in the wooden splints. Did they really belong to him? Should he ever stand upright on them and walk like other boys? Mrs. Millan came constantly to see Jim, for she was a good mother as East-end mothers go. She was never cruel to the boy; she was even kind to him in her own way; but she never dreamed of petting or carressing him.

"How's my bird, mother?" Jim always asked.

"Oh, it's all right: ever so much better nor it was when you was always foolin' it about. I reckon you'd better sell it before next winter, though. You'd get five shillings for it easy."

Jim had another plan in his mind, but he kept it secret for the present. At last, after many days of patient waiting, came the anxious time when the splints were to be removed. The great surgeon himself was there to see the result of his skill; and oh! with what suspense Jim watched while bandage after bandage was unrolled and the bits of wood were taken away. He held his breath while Mr. Pell Taylor ran his hand over the thin little legs and lifted first one and then the other.

"Yes, that's all right, Mr. Roberts. Wonderfully successful!—Where are those casts?"

Sister fetched the casts of the two little bow-legs out of a cupboard, and Mr. Roberts put them side by side with the two straight limbs which Jim was eyeing so anxiously. Were they really his legs? He tried to move one, and it felt dreadfully heavy and queer, still it did move a little, and certainly the great surgeon seemed content.

"Splendid! splendid!" he exclaimed. "We must have a cast of the legs as they are now, and keep both for comparison.—Put a plaster of Paris bandage on now; but before the boy goes out, be sure and take a cast."

"Is it all right, Sister? Shall I be able to walk on them?" whispered Jim.

"Yes; it is quite right. You shall run races and win them, in a week or two."

The next time Mrs. Millan came, Jim told her the good news with a smile. The old grave expression was leaving his face, and he was always laughing now.

"I suppose you'll be home soon?" said his mother.

"I s'pose so.—Do you think father would give me a cage for my bird? I've got tenpence here the doctors and people have gave me."

"Bless me, child, you can keep the bird where it is till you sell it."

"But it's my very own bird, mother, and I don't want to sell it. I want to give it to the doctor what made my legs straight."

"You little stupid! he don't want a bird."

"Please bring it next time, mother, and let me try."

Sister was rather dismayed when she found a canary in full song located at Jim's bedside; but when she learnt what was in the boy's mind, she was greatly pleased. A few days afterwards she came running down the ward; and none of the children had ever seen Sister running before, so they called out: "Hi Sister!"—"Golly! look at Sister running!" But Sister only smiled, and ran on till she reached Jim, who was sitting on a small chair with two crutches by his side. Sister seized the cage and put it in Jim's hand and whisked away the crutches. Just then Mr. Pell Taylor entered the ward, followed by the usual crowd of students.

"Now Jim," said Sister, "walk to meet him and offer him the bird."

Jim struggled to his legs and walked down the ward, firmly and uprightly, till he met the great surgeon. "For you, sir," said Jim, holding up the cage, "'cause you have cured my bandy legs."

### ELOCUTIONARY.

Farmer John.

OR "THE NEW WOMAN" ON THE FARM.

Said Farmer John to his wife one day  
"You wimmen folks must manage some way,  
An' do su'thin' ruther to airt the cash  
To buy your furbelows an' trash;  
'I tell you," said he, "it's mighty tough  
An' is usin' a man most all-fired rough  
To keep him forever down in the ditch,  
To buy your dresses and music and sich."

"Why, father!" said she in a voice weak and thin,

"Don't the girls and I bring anything in?"  
"Wal, yes in course, but reely," said he,  
"Housework don't 'mount to nothin' yer see.  
It takes clean farmin' an' good big crops  
An' stiddy peckin' to bring in the rocks;  
An' it's kind o' tough when all on it goes  
For flowers an' feathers an' furbelows."

"Well, father please tell us," said daughter Bess,

"What shall we live on, and how shall we dress?"

Puddings and doughnuts don't grow on the trees,

Nor can we be clothed like Adam in leaves;

Just give us the poultry, the milk, fruit and honey,

And we'll never ask you for any more money.

We'll raise chickens and turkeys, make butter and cheese,

We'll take care of the fruit and attend to the bees."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the farmer with chuckle and grin

"You kin hev all o' that and the truck patch throw'd in;

An' I'll plow it an' harrer it nice an' fine,  
But putt'rin' with garden sass ain't in my line.

But you mus' s'ply the table outer your cash  
Before buyin' gewgaws an' sich kind o' trash

Mother an' Sue du you gree with Bess?"  
Mother quietly nodded and Sue answered "yes."

Then as Farmer John went away to his work  
He said to himself, "I don't want to shirk

Any duty or responsibility but then  
I kin help 'em out of their troubles agen.

They've tried it an' failed an' gen up they're beat  
In tryin' to make both financial ends meet,

An' maybe they'll 'con'mize a leetle more when  
They've larnt the reel cost of a dollar, like men."

Now Farmer John's heart was lightsome and gay,

And he whistled serenely as much as to say  
"I'll roll up a few hundred dollars or more,

To add to the pile that's already in store;  
Fur it stan's to reason an' natur' too

'T I can't allus work the way I now do;  
An' if I don't save fur the rainy day,

Who's goin' to do it? That's what I say."

"Now mother," said Bess, on the very first day  
They tried the new plan to make housekeeping

pay,  
"I think we're rich and I'm glad for one,  
That there's something new here under the sun;

We will all of us work with a hearty good will,  
With you for our teacher and guide until

We take our diplomas on butter and cheese,  
And on growing celery, cabbage, and peas."

"And you still further our banker shall be;"

"No, no," said the mother "we're partners all three,

We'll share in the work, and share in the pay,  
And then all consult how to spend the best way."

Then mother and daughters grew merry and bright,

An' sang at their work from morning till night  
While Farmer John wondered and puzzled his

head  
The sequel to fathom but not a word said.

And Farmer John's table had its full supply  
Of milk, butter and cheese, pickles, pudding and pie;

Garden sauce, fruit and eggs with poultry and honey,

But never a word did he hear about money.  
The mother and daughters were neat and trim,

And the house was as tidy and as nice as a pin,  
As for mothers and daughters themselves I ween,

A happier trio than they was ne'er seen.

When the harvest was ended and stored away,  
Then Farmer John said to his wife one day;

"Wal, mother a very good harvest this year,  
I cal'late I've made a cool two hundred clear;

That depends, come to think"—with a poor sickly grin,—

"On how deep inter debt you three've got me in."

"No, we've kept free from debt and have money in store,

Though it's not very much, it's three hundred or more.

Bess can now study music and Sue go to school,  
Without as you see, breaking over our rule

To keep out of debt"—Was Farmer Jones dumb?  
No, he simply remarked, "Wal I never, I vum?"

If you three are spec'mens I can't see no harm  
"That 'the new woman' does—when she lives

on a farm."

### What Victoria Could Do.

As a matter of fact, says London Tit-Bits, our sovereigns have rarely taken any active part in politics since George III.'s time, but they could still do some very astonishing things if they chose. The Queen could dismiss every Tommy Atkins in our army, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest drummer boy. She could disband the navy in the same way, and sell all our ships, stores and arsenals to the first customer that came along. Acting entirely on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign country, or make a present to any foreign power of any part of the empire. She could make every man, woman and child in the country a peer of the realm, with the right, in the case of males who are of age, to a seat in the house of lords. With a single word she could dismiss any government that happened to be in power, and could, it is believed, pardon and liberate all the criminals in our jails. These are a few of the things the Queen could do if she liked; but it is not necessary to say that her majesty never acts in matters of state, except on the advice of the government for the time being.

### Old Scotch Practices.

At New Year's in Scotland children make calls upon their older friends and sing in front of the house, after the style of Christmas carols:

Get up, gude wife, and shake your feathers.  
Dinna think that we are beggars.  
We are children out for play.  
Gie's oor cakes an' let's away.

Of a different class are the men who, wearing disguises, call begging upon their richer neighbors and shout:

Get up, gude man; be na sweer,  
And deal out bread as long as you're here.  
The day will come when you will be dead.  
You'll neither care for meat nor bread.