

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

It looks as if Easter had had a bad effect on the nices and nephews. Not one has written this week. Oh, well, I expect that I will receive accounts the coming week of how you spent the beautiful feast, and how pretty all your churches looked; because on Easter day we all look for abundance of flowers on our altars. Now, do not disappoint me.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG.

I'm not too young for God to see; He knows my name and nature, too; And all day long He looks at me, And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say; He knows the thoughts I have within; And whether I'm at work or play, He's sure to see me if I sin.

If some one great and good is near, It makes us careful what we do; And how much more ought we to fear

The Lord who sees us through and through!

Thus, when inclined to do amiss, However pleasant it may be, I'll always try to think of this: I'm not too young for God to see. —Young Folks.

JOHNNY'S DIME NOVELS.

"Johnny, I want you to go to the store for me, please."

No answer.

A wait of several minutes.

"Johnny, I want you to go to the store, please."

Still no reply and a further wait.

"Johnny, will you please get up at once and go to the store for me?"

At this appeal there was a movement from the boy, who lay stretched out on the floor, and a lazy, "All right, mother, wait a minute."

"You get right up," said Johnny's father decidedly, "and do what your mother asks you to do at once."

Reluctantly the lad arose.

"I could have finished it in another five minutes," he remonstrated. "It had just come to the best part. 'Terrible Dick,' had almost caught 'Flying Tom,' and had got his pistol out and—"

"You ought not to read such trash," said Johnny's father reprovingly. "I wouldn't let him if I were you, mother."

"He's always got one of those horrible books with him; I wish he would give up the habit," replied mother.

"Here, Johnny," she went on, "take this list and go to the store for me. Take the big basket and please hurry; it's getting late."

Johnny took the piece of paper, put the basket on his arm, and sallied forth, buttoning up his coat as he went out.

It was some distance to Murry's store; for Johnny Billings, with his father and mother, lived in the country. Night was just falling, and he did not much relish the trip. However, he set out at a good pace, and had soon covered half the distance. Then he came in sight of the "Three Sisters."

The "Three Sisters" were nothing but three bare, gaunt trees, but somehow Johnny had always regarded them with a sort of awe. They looked so cold and foreboding as they stood there in the waning winter's day. The silly stories he had been reading would keep coming back to his mind. What if "Terrible Dick" were lurking behind those trees! Fear lent wings to his feet, and he fairly raced past the dreadful spot.

Soon he was at Mrs. Murry's store. She filled up his basket, but it was not big enough to take all the things, so he pushed some in the inside pocket of his overcoat. Then he started on the return trip.

It was quite dark now, except for the moon; but he whistled to keep up his courage. If he had only started a little earlier when his mother had first asked him, he would have been back home by now, he thought.

The bare trees cast such curious shadows, and sometimes he thought

he heard some one moving behind the hedge. What if it should be "Flying Tom!" Sooth the "Three Sisters" came in sight. He would have given anything not to have had to pass them. It had to be done, however. So, at a good, sharp trot he dashed by. As he went under their gaunt, bare branches he felt certain he saw someone on the other side. Poor Johnny was now thoroughly scared. His heart was beating so loud that he felt sure whoever it was on the other side of the trees must hear it. He started to run as fast as he could. Then he distinctly saw something behind him, and heard its feet beat on the hard road as it started to run after him. There was a loud report—"bang!" and Johnny felt a stinging sensation in his chest. He was shot, he knew it; he could feel the blood trickling down inside.

He must reach his home before he dropped or that thing would get him. He ran like the wind. With the perspiration streaming down his face, he burst in through the door of his home.

"I'm shot!" he screamed, and fell almost fainting into a chair.

Both his parents rushed over to him. Hastily his father unbuttoned his coat. Then he took from it a broken bottle.

"Mother," he said, "the yeast bottle burst."

And "Dover," Mrs. Murry's shaggy Newfoundland dog, came trotting quietly through the open door, with an inquiring look on his face which plainly said:

"Why didn't you wait for me, Johnny?"

Johnny doesn't read dime novels any more.

THE DOLL'S HOSPITAL.

A dolls hospital! and why not? Doesn't dolly often sustain both internal and external injuries? And when injured, doesn't she need the assistance of the surgeon? Of course she does. And so it has come to pass that kindly people have opened hospitals where dolly may be cured of her hurts—if the head has not been smashed.

The writer visited a doll's hospital a few weeks ago and there saw a room full of the poor, maimed things. Here in one corner lay a fine French dolly, with one eye gone, an unsightly scar on her piquant nose, and a broken ankle. Near this little French lady was another dolly with hair gone, a maimed hand, and two legs missing. (These members, however, were wrapped in a bit of paper, waiting the surgical operation that would join them to their wonted places again.)

But the saddest plight was that of a dear baby doll who had lost its cry. When one pinched its stomach the springs would not speak; therefore the little one had no way of expressing pain or anger, but must lie on a shelf and be still. And a serious operation would be performed on her soon, for the doll doctor would cut her open down the back and put in another crying spring or fix up the one already in her body.

And that's the advantage of being a doll. Dolls undergo most terrible accidents—are pulled limb from limb, hair from head—to be put together again without much trouble and no fuss whatever.

As I looked about the hospital, I wondered how the children who owned these maimed dollies could have been so careless, heartless—yes, cruel—in their treatment of the helpless things.

THE ROSE AT THE WINDOW.

A rose looked in at the window, One bleak November morn;

'Twas a lingering ray of summer, 'Twas the wreck of the year to adorn."

Miss Rose Sylvester sang the words of her favorite song. Her white fingers touched the keys lightly, and her young voice was fresh and sweet. She was visiting her friend Margaret Gordon, who was busy just now with a dressmaker from a city establishment, leaving her guest to amuse herself at the piano in the library.

The dressmaker's apprentice sat in a small room upstairs, her rapid fingers busy with some needed alterations in the new gown before it should be tried on again. Through the hall and open doorways, floated the words of the song:

"The beauty and grace of the blossom  
Shed gladness and joy through the room;  
And the rose looking in at the window  
Dispersed November's gloom."

Miss Sylvester sang with great distinctness, and Martha Gregg heard every syllable. She drew a sigh of pleasure in the sweet music, to which she was keenly alive, and then heaved a deeper one as she said to herself, half bitterly, "I wonder what it would be like to have nothing to do but sit and sing like that." Poor Martha, hurried from morning till night with the only work she was fitted for, owing to the hard conditions of her early girlhood that cut short educational advantages, had secret yearnings of which no one ever dreamed.

"There's a rose looking in at the window,  
And pleasant it is to see  
In the palace of pomp and splendor,  
In the cottage of low degree."

So the song went on. "Not in our flat," commented Martha, thinking grimly of the plain, bare rooms where Want and Care often looked through the windows, and little of beauty or pleasure. But the singer's voice carried on the song:

"Where'er there's the smile of a woman,  
As bright as the beam from Above,  
Is a rose looking in at the window  
And filling the dwelling with love."

Martha was naturally bright. She saw things quickly, and loved to think out suggestions while her fingers flew. There was a sudden stir of feeling in her heart. "I wonder," she thought as Rose played an interlude, "if maybe there's a rose at our window, only I don't look sharp and see it? And I wonder if I could be a rose at some window even if I can't have one at my own when I like? Anyhow, if I could keep smiling, and pleasant at home, it might make things happier."

"There's a rose looking in at the window  
In every condition of life,  
In times of content and enjoyment,  
In days with bitterness rife.

The voice of a friend in affliction,  
Her comfort in trouble's dark day,  
Is a rose looking in at the window,  
And chasing the shadows away."

The sympathetic voice gave strange power to the words.

"There's poor Maggie Dorn across the way, worse off than I am," thought Martha with a smiting conscience. "I'll go give her a kind word this night."

Later, Rose Sylvester, meeting the apprentice girl in the hall, noticed her earnest expression. With a sweet impulse, she smiled a bright "Good-morning," as she passed, never dreaming what a helpful message her song had carried to a tired heart.

"A rose has looked in at my window, true enough," thought Martha; and that night, Maggie Dorn heard "the voice of a friend in affliction."

Look for the rose at the window, girls; be or carry one to others; and oh, sing songs worth singing, that give wings to beautiful thoughts!

A DOG AND A PARROT.

That reminds me of a very clever compact which has been entered into between a dog and a parrot out in my neighborhood," said a man who had listened to a story about a dog, "and I doubt if you could find a more forcible evidence of the dog's and the parrot's intelligence than in the compact I have in mind."

"They seem to have established a

perfect understanding of each other. How they went about the matter I do not know. I only know that the results are achieved quite as satisfactorily as if the dog and parrot in question were human beings and capable of all the processes of reasoning.

"The parrot's cage is in the back yard. It is close to the ground where the dog can reach the sliding door by rearing up on its hind legs. Between the back yard and front yard there is a gate with a latch on one side toward the front part of the house. As a rule the dog and parrot are kept in the back yard, and the little gate which crosses the alley way and opens into the front yard is generally kept latched. A little while ago the dog and the parrot were found out in the front yard together.

"The man of the house was not a little perplexed to know how they had managed to get out into the front yard. He made up his mind to watch them for the purpose of seeing how they overcame the difficulty. The first thing that attracted his attention was the call of the parrot.

"Promptly the dog, who understood the language, responded. He walked over to the parrot's cage, used his nose to root the slide door up, and let the bird out. The dog then let the door fall back in its place. The parrot flew over the side gate, and the dog trotted across the yard in the same direction.

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"Now, what do you think of that? If that isn't intelligence, what is it? It seems to me to be intelligence of a very high order, and I am willing to put this dog and this parrot bird against anything you can scrape up for anything less complex than a combination lock of the most improved kind wouldn't count with them.—Selected.

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel sadder than when they went to bed.

They have a dim sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Fortage in Pacific, Minn., writes: "I was afflicted with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak back. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all orders to the T. J. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## We take your word for it and refund money

IF GIN PILLS FAIL TO CURE

Even after you buy GIN PILLS, your money is yours until you say that GIN PILLS have done you good. Every box of this famous Kidney Cure is sold with a positive guarantee that the pills will give welcome relief from Backache, Swollen Hands and Feet, Burning Urine, constant desire to urinate, and all other kidney and bladder troubles. If you pay 50c for a box of GIN PILLS, and do not honestly believe that they have done you good, and are curing you of kidney or bladder trouble, return the empty box to your druggist and he will refund your money. And because we know that you want to be cured your simple word shall decide.

WALKERTON, Ont., Feb. 28th, 1905. Adolph Misch, one of my customers, says of GIN PILLS: "I have used all the different kinds of kidney pills and tried several doctors, but none of them did me any good. I got a sample box of GIN PILLS, and since have used two boxes and am completely cured."

Peter McGarrity says: "They are the best kidney pill I ever used, and I would recommend anyone to buy them."

C. W. CRYDERMAN, Druggist.

Buy GIN PILLS on our positive and unconditional guarantee of money back if they fail. Send us your name and address, mentioning in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of these famous pills that cure. Sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50

THE DOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

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his voice as he tried to explain, "I fought, maybe, if I planted it, an ozzier grandma would grow."

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WHY THE OCEAN DOESN'T FREEZE.

If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference. The ocean is prevented from freezing not so much by its salt as by its size and by its commotion. On account of its size, large portions of it extend into warm climates at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast storehouse of heat. Its currents distribute much warm water among the cold.

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A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

My doll, my doll, my Annabel! She's really feeling far from well— Her wig is gone, her eyes are out, Her legs were left somewhere about,

Her arms were stolen by the pup, The hens ate all her sawdust up; So all that's really