

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys—

So I am alone in my glory. How desolate the corner is, but, then, when school opens it will not be so hard to add a letter to the other tasks. I hope you are all well and that you will soon remember

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

JIMMIE'S PRIDE WAS LOWERED.

Little Daisy Jenkins had a small friend—Amy Smith—in to town. They had played with Daisy's doll house, then with Daisy's dolls, then some common wooden ones, till at last they grew tired of play and games together.

So then Daisy brought out some knitting, and she was just in the midst of this when her brother Jim dashed into the room.

He was only a year older than Daisy, but he made it seem years by the manner he talked and acted towards her.

"Oh, Jim!" Daisy called out at once, "we were just waiting for you! The toy drawer has stuck and we can't get it open. I wish you'd try for us." Jimmy seemed to grow bigger and broader all at once.

"Leave it to me"—grandly—"I'll soon fix it." First he gave a mighty heave, then he gave a tremendous pull, and at last open it shot, but so suddenly as to send him nearly flat on his back. However, he soon pulled himself together, and said proudly as he left the room:

"What would you girls do without boys?" Mother happened to be passing at the time and overheard, but, being a wise mother, she said nothing then, but bided her time.

Now it so happened there lived in the same village as these bairns a rich, but odd, old bachelor. He lived in an old-fashioned house, set in the midst of a grand old garden.

One day Jim and his chums plotted to go one darkish night and help themselves to his apples and pears. As Jim was one of the quickest and smallest, he was chosen to go over the wall first, and then, if all was safe, he was to hoist a signal, and the others would follow.

He climbed carefully, quietly up the outside, and then as carefully and quietly let himself down inside; but just as he was about to give the signal a pair of firm arms folded him in a grasp that hurt, and a stern, hard voice said:

"Now, what are you up to?" A whisper of all this had somehow reached Mr. Pusher's ears. At the sound of his voice all Jim's mates scampered off as quickly as their legs would take them, but he was taken to Mr. Pusher's house.

He was put into a room where he sat down feeling very bad, indeed, and wondering what the end of it all was going to be. It made him shiver and grow pale to think. Mr. Pusher indeed was very stern. I doubt not, too, Jim would have had to richly suffer but for one circumstance.

One of the other lads happened to be Jim's special chum, and felt very bad at leaving him in the hands of the enemy, but how could he save him? First he thought of going to his parents; then he grew afraid of that, and so at last—for he thought more of Daisy's wit than Jim did—he bethought himself to go and ask her what ought to be done.

He found that she was spending the evening with her little friend, Amy Smith, so he went there. The little girls were in dire distress when they heard what he had to tell, but it was Amy who first said:

"Oh, Daisy! Do let us go and see if we can beg him off. I know Mr. Pusher—just a little." So off they went, hand in hand, and later, with such a winsome look, they were shown into the awful presence of Mr. Pusher. There he sat with a pucker between his eyes in a great high chair just as if he had been one of the biggest judges in the land, and there stood they, hand in hand, before him.

Their little faces were so earnest, their voices so sweet and tremulous, their words so eager, what could he do later but take them both in his arms, kiss, and promise Jim's pardon?

They got more than this, too—a great pile of apples and pears apiece. "And young boy," finished Mr. Pusher, sternly (he might have guessed what Jim had thought about the girls), "believe me or not, but for these two little dears here, and the

sake of a girl I once loved, I'd have had an example made of you which you wouldn't soon have forgotten. Now you may go, but remember that you have sinned against the great God, and you must ask Him to forgive you."

And later, when mother got to know about it all, poor penitent Jim was thankful that he had been stopped in his wrongdoing and saved from being a thief.—Child's Companion.

THE BOY WHO GOT THE JOB.

"Here is a ticket, Jack, which that stupid conductor did not lift," said Judge Keys, meeting the little news-boy as he stepped from the morning express. "As it is unlimited, you can use it the first time you are coming back from visiting your mother, and save an honest two dollars."

"Would it be an honest two dollars, Judge?" asked the boy, as he looked critically at the ticket. "Yes, certainly. Don't you see it has not been punched? It has not been out of my possession since I paid two silver dollars for it."

"But you got the full worth out of it, did you not?" asked Jack. "It brought you from Claysville to Maxton, and it would be like taking advantage of the railroad company to use it again."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Judge. "It is amusing to hear of taking advantage of that great, swindling monopoly, the railroad. Why, my boy, don't you know that it would cheat us all out of our eyeteeth if it could?"

"But does that make it right for us to cheat back again?" questioned the boy. "Will two wrongs make a right?"

"There's no wrong in this last transaction," argued the Judge. "I bought the ticket according to law, and paid for it, but the conductor passed through the train half a dozen times without taking it up. He did not even look at me, or he would have seen it in my fingers. It was his business to collect all fares, and not mine to run after him with the ticket. If I'd report his carelessness he would probably be discharged, but I would get no thanks for meddling with other folks' business. According to law, that ticket is mine until it passes out of my hands. It's good for another trip between Claysville and Maxton, and no conductor would refuse to accept it."

"Then you would better keep it," said Jack, holding the bit of paper out to the Judge. "No; I don't know when I shall make the trip again," returned the Judge. "I gave it to you, knowing it would help you out when you went out to see your mother next week."

For a moment Jack held the ticket between thumb and fingers, as if weighing the consequences. Then he deliberately tore it into bits and threw them on the ground, saying, as he did so, "Now all temptation to use it is out of my reach, and I am glad it's settled."

"Nonsense," returned the Judge, with a show of temper. "You'll never make a successful business man, never. That two dollars would have brought you a great deal of pleasure and the rich railroad company would never have missed it."

"The railroad company is not much richer, I suppose, but—well, I have saved my own self-respect," said Jack, "and I'm sure mother would rather miss my visit than have me use a ticket that I had no right to travel upon. She's kind of old-fashioned about such things, you see."

"And she seems to have raised a boy who is no more up-to-date than herself," said the station agent, who had heard the discussion from first to last.

"Honesty is honesty," said the Judge, "but a boy who knows no more of the ways of the world than to throw away two dollars just because he could not prove legitimate ownership will go through the world on his knees, a crawler as long as he lives. I would not care to trust my interests in his hands, at least, and most other business men will take the same stand when they find him out."

Nevertheless, a few weeks later, when a boy was needed in the bank of which he was president, Jack was the boy the Judge recommended, saying that one who would not cheat a railroad company out of a trifle, even under pressure, would be a safe one to have in an office where tempting piles of money would be in his keeping continually.—Sunday School Advocate.



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KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right!" is the law of the road; Make it a law of your moral code. In whatsoever you determine to do. Follow the road of the Good and True. Follow and fear not, by day and by night, Up hill or down hill, "keep to the right!"

Doubt will assail you, temptation will woo; "Keep to the right," for the right is the true. Doubt is a traitor, temptation a share; The heart that is honest, a life without blame, Will rank you far higher in worth and renown

Than the grandest-of kings, with his sceptre and crown. "Keep to the right," is the journey of life

There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife; The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong, And many go under and many go wrong.

He will acquit himself best in the fight Who shirks not his duty, and "keeps to the right."

"Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you In touch and accord with the Good and the True.

These are the best things in life, after all; They make it worth living, whatever befall; And Death has not terrors, when he comes in sight, For the man who determines to "keep to the right."

— N. Y. Weekly.

INVENTED FOR GIRLS FIRST.

Handball is the oldest game known. Millions of boys and girls play it the world over, yet never give a grateful thought to its inventor. Most of them will be surprised to learn that so simple a thing needed "inventing" at all. Herodotus and Homer, two famous Greek writers, have preserved the inventor's name, and it is a feminine one. Yes, a woman made the first toy ball, and her name was Anagallis. She was a noble lady of Corcyra, and she gave it when finished to the little daughter of the King of Alcioneus.

No other toy has furnished so much amusement, nor is there another so necessary in many games as is this simple article. It is strange, too, that so few of these games are for girls. Do not forget that the ball was invented by a woman for girls, although boys may be grateful for all the fun they have with it.—N.W. Advocate.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.

SMALLER THAN A POSTAGE STAMP.

The smallest book in the world is believed to be a Dutch one, entitled "Bloem Hofje," or "The Garden of Flowers," published in 1647. The printed page covers a space ten millimetres (about half an inch) by six in area. The area of the entire page, including the margin, is seventeen millimetres by eight, and there are forty-nine pages in the whole work. The book is elegantly bound in old calf, and has a decorated gilt back and gilt edges. It is illustrated by well-printed plates, and is closed by a gold filigree clasp of exquisite workmanship.

This dwarf volume is in the library of M. Georges Solomon, of Paris, who is said to have the best collection of such tiny books in the world. In the same collection are no fewer than six other books, published between 1793 and 1823—larger than this, it is true, but nevertheless not exceeding a postage stamp in area, and all remarkable for the beauty of their binding.

EFFECTIVE ORIGINALITY.

The shrewdest thing a young man can do—to say nothing of the influence upon his character—is to determine to put the greatest possible originality and the highest possible excellence into everything he does. To make a resolution, at the very outset of his career, to stamp his individuality upon everything that goes out of his hands, and to determine that everything he does shall have the imprint of his character upon it as a trademark of the highest and best that is in him. This is his patent of nobility. If he does this he will not require a large amount of capital to start a business and advertise it. His greatest resources will be to himself. Originality is the best substitute for advertising, as well as the best thing to advertise, if quality goes with it.—O. S. M., in Success.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Julien Constructed it to Represent Birth, Life and Death of the Saviour.

In the Northampton County Almshouse is a man who deserves, because of his mechanical genius, to be somewhere else. His name is Lewis Julien, and he formerly lived in South Bethlehem, Pa.

He has built the most wonderful clock in America. It is 7 feet in height and more than 2 feet square, and contains a remarkable lot of machinery inside it.

Mr. Julien was born in Vast, Department of La Manche, France, in 1827. At the age of twelve years he went to Belgium and learned the trade of clock and watch making from his father. Five years ago he conceived the idea of building his clock, and after forming the works of three different-sized time-pieces commenced work. At odd times he drew diagrams, and by much mental calculation has succeeded in putting together a greatly-admired eight-day clock, which is so constructed as to work automaton to represent the advent of the birth of Christ in the manger, surrounded by the ox and ass, the visit of the wise men; the flight of Joseph, Mary and the Child seated on an ass to Egypt, and the coming of Herod and the soldiers.

Besides this the clock has a dial giving the day of the week and the month and the signs of the zodiac every twenty-four days, and also shows the rising and setting of the sun and moon in a separate department. There is a time dial, and the clock strikes hourly and quarter-hourly. If the clock is stood near or within reach of a person lying in bed, when it strikes the quarter, half or three-quarter taps and it is dials, one merely has to reach to the side of the clock and on pulling on a small cord, which hangs on the side of it, the hour will strike at once, thereby saving the trouble and time of getting out of bed and lighting a light. The weight that runs the whole mechanism is sixteen pounds, and the one that runs the strikers is eight pounds.

Why should not a man be happy when he is growing old, so long as his faith strengthens the feeble knees, which chiefly suffer in the process of going down hill? True, the fever heat is over, and the oil burns more slowly in the lamp of life; but if there is less fervor, there is more pervading warmth; if less of fire, more of sunshine; there is less smoke and more light. Verily, youth is good, but old age is better—to the man who forsakes not his youth when his youth forsakes him.

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MRS. WINSHIP'S BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Winship was soliloquizing. "I've never had anything like that in all my life. Whatever is given me is something to use about the house," said Mrs. Winship, as she hurried to the kitchen, where a kettle of vegetables was boiling over. "Sometimes it's a set of knives and forks, then again some table linen. I've had a gasoline stove, a dozen dining-room chairs, some window shades for the parlor, and my last birthday gift was a churn.

"I don't suppose they think," she added, "that something like what father and the boys gave Millie would please me."

She held up her hand, rough hands, and tried to imagine how the ring Millie had just received as a birthday gift would look. She changed the position, as though for a better light.

"You would look rather out of place, perhaps a little bit ashamed, with a ring on. I reckon you wouldn't know how to act, but perhaps you'd get used to it."

"Isn't it a beauty, mother? Father and the boys are just splendid to give me such a darling little ring! They're so good to me! I wish your birthday came the same time as mine, instead of three weeks later. See it sparkle!"

Millie, who had just entered the kitchen, held the ring so the sun, shining through the window, scattered little flashes of color about.

"It's a beauty, dear!" There was yet just the faintest trace of longing in the mother's tone.

"What do you suppose they're going to give you? Of course I'm going to put my money with theirs," and Millie looked up expectantly into Mrs. Winship's face. "Don't know? I knew you couldn't guess, but it's something nice!"

"Father asked me only yesterday, what you needed, and I mentioned so many things! There's a new parlor lamp—we can hardly go any longer without one. Then the front stairs carpet is almost threadbare!"

I also suggested how often you had hinted for a new pump; how the old one is so hard to bring water with. Then, while I was about it, I suggested a clothes horse. The one we have is such a rickety affair it hardly stood up while I was hanging the last ironing on it. Don't you wish you knew which you'd get?"

"They're all very useful," replied Mrs. Winship. "I don't know as there is any choice."

Millie turned and glanced suspiciously at her mother. The way in which she spoke didn't seem quite natural; or was it because she was tired.

"Mother does have too much to do," thought Millie. "I believe we'd better get the pump, for it would so lighten her work! That's what we'll decide on; father'd as soon get that as one of the others, I am sure!"

Hiram Winship had been an unusually prosperous farmer. His acres had increased as the years came and went, until the original farm "was almost squeezed to death, situated in the middle of so many additions," as he facetiously expressed it. Sarah Holm's dowry had gone to stock the place and buy improved farm machinery.

"I'll get a ring soon—we're on our feet—your engagement ring," Hiram had declared once, but the slender fingers had grown red and big-jointed, and the ring had not been bought. Hiram had forgotten all about it and his promise long ago.

The afternoon following Millie drew the strings of her sun hat about her neck and started for the meadow with a berry basket. She stopped before she reached the gate.

"I mustn't wear you, you might get lost," she said to the birthday gift, and slipping it off, she ran back up the stairs to her room, laid the opal on the velvet pin cushion and hurried back to her basket.

Some time later Mrs. Winship stood before the bureau of her daughter's room, holding the ring in her hands. "It's rather too small for me. I imagine it's just the size I could have worn when I was married."

She didn't hear Millie's step on the

stair, nor did she notice her daughter's form in the door.

"Even though I'm growing old I like pretty things! I haven't had a very large share; perhaps that is why I wish they knew, and would give me just one little thing for my own. Not something for the house," Millie heard no more. She crept softly away and down the narrow stairs.

"Pump! Clotheshorse! Mother mine, we never thought, else we'd never been so cruel! We've just given you the things we needed for ourselves and called them presents. Mother, why didn't you tell us how selfish we were? You've never even whispered a protest!"

"Have you decided, daughter, which we'd better get—the pump or one of the other things?" asked Mr. Winship.

It was after the supper dishes had been put away, and Millie had found her father on the cool veranda. She could see her mother in the warm kitchen, sprinkling the clothes for to-morrow's ironing.

"Yes, father, the other things," and while she spoke it low, that her mother might not hear, there was an anxious determination in her voice that caused her father to look up with questioning surprise.

"Not all—clotheshorse, lamp and carpet?" he asked, with a smile on his sunburnt face.

"No, father; let me whisper." When the conference was over, there was a look of regret and resolve in Mr. Winship's face.

"We'll get the rest, too—the pump and the other things!" he declared. "They seem to have a good deal of mystery over getting my birthday present," thought Mrs. Winship, a fortnight later. "It may be over the make of the pump or the color of the lamp shade. But there, I must be grateful; a spirit like this isn't becoming in a woman of my age!"

The Tuesday before her birthday the hardware man from the village drove into the Winship yard.

"It's a pump," exclaimed Mrs. Winship, and though she had half expected it, there was a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"Shut your eyes and come with us," and Millie took her mother's hand after breakfast the morning of Mrs. Winship's birthday, and started toward the stairs.

"But the present isn't up there!" remonstrated the little woman, positively.

"Who said so?" "It couldn't be—a pump; besides, I've seen it."

"The pump! Sarah, don't!" and over the face of her husband passed an expression of shame.

"You'll have to give again, mother," and Charles and Harold gently lifted Mrs. Winship up and carried her to the stairway.

There on the bed was a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna, from Charles; a work basket fitted with sewing implements of steel and silver from Millie; a set of the works of her favorite author, from Harold; creamy lace and a dress pattern, from Hiram.

"And here, Sally," said her husband, calling her by an almost forgotten name, "here is your engagement ring," and he forced it over the enlarged finger joints.

EX-PRESIDENT QUOTES PRIEST TO COLLEGE MEN.

I have recently read of a shrewd old parish priest who, advising his young assistant, said: "Be up and about the world. Be a man and live like a man." I cannot help thinking that these words furnish a clew to the human sympathy and interest in the concerns of everyday life which have given the Catholic priesthood such impressive success in influencing the conduct and consciences of those to whom they minister.

In the light of all I have written, I do not believe I can do better, by way of saying a parting word to the entire body of our college men, than to repeat to them the advice of the old priest:

"Be up and about and out in the world. Be a man and live like a man."—Grover Cleveland, in Saturday Evening Post.