

Our Boys and Girls.

Neddy's Long Word.

"REMEMBER, Neddy," said mamma, one day, "always to accommodate every one that you can."

"Yes'm," answered Neddy, heartily, "I will." And mamma felt sure he would, because Neddy is one of the very best boys to remember things you ever saw.

The next day Mrs. Camp called to him as he was running down the street with his new sled flying along behind him.

"Neddy, Neddy! come here a minute, won't you?" Neddy heard her and stopped, though he didn't much want to. He was going over on the Wilson hill coasting, and was in a great hurry; but he went up to the door where Mrs. Camp was standing, and pulled off his cap with a polite little bow, which pleased the lady very much.

"Will you run down to the store for me dear?" she asked. "I want a spool of twist, and I have no one to send."

"Neddy's eyes clouded up the least bit in the world, but Mrs. Camp was looking in her purse for the right change, and didn't notice; and before she found it the bright sun of good-nature was shining again in Neddy's eyes, and he answered, "Yes'm," as cheerfully as could be.

"It didn't take long, after all. The store was not a great way off, and there was no other customer; and Neddy, in less than five minutes, was back again with the spool of twist.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Camp, smiling at him. Then she took a bright, new dime from her purse. "Here is something for you to buy peanuts with," said she, kindly, "and I'm very much obliged besides."

But Neddy shook his head at the dime, though he liked peanuts almost as well as maple sugar, which is saying a good deal.

"You're welcome as can be," said he, "but I can't take pay for going, Mrs. Camp, 'cause you know, mamma tells me always to a-boninate every one I can!"

Didn't Mrs. Camp laugh! She couldn't help it, though she tried so hard that she choked, and frightened Neddy, who could not think what the trouble was.

"Bless your dear heart!" said she, as soon as she could speak. And then she went to the corner closet and took out a little pyramid of maple sugar—more than Neddy could have bought at the store with two dimes. "There," said she, "I know you like sap sugar, don't you? And this isn't pay—it's a present."

"Oh, thank you," cried Neddy, eagerly. "I'll go right home and show it to mamma!"

So he did; and Mrs. Camp sat down by her window and laughed and laughed.

"Bless his dear little manly heart!" said she.

Good Enough.

NOTHING is good enough that is not as good as it can be made. The verdict "good enough," says a well-known writer, which in boyhood passes the defective task, will become "had enough," when the habit of inaccuracy has spread itself over the life.

"You have planned that board well, have you, Frank?" asked a carpenter on an apprentice.

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It need not be to very well planned for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planned as neatly and as smoothly as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect, it is not good enough for me."

"You haven't made things look very neat and orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"Well, I thought it was good enough for back there where things cannot be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant sharply, and then added, in a kinder tone, "You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'"

The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as it was when first spoken, and it will always be true.

Customs of Easter.

AN Easter represents a new birth into the best life of all. It is easily seen how the pagan idea that the egg was the beginning of all kinds of life should become purified in the minds of the typical offering of good wishes and emblematic of pleasant hopes between believers in the glad Easter Day. The egg in some form or other has been the unquestioned type of new life from the very dawn of the Christian era.

In Russia as early as 1580, eggs colored red, typifying the blood of Christ shed as an atonement for our sins, were the most treasured of exchanges at Easter. Every believer went abroad at this season with his pockets well supplied with Easter eggs, as the society man of to-day attends to his well-filled card case. When two Russians met for the first time during the Easter holidays, if they had not met on the day itself, the belated Easter compliments were passed, first by solemnly shaking hands in silence; then the elder (or the younger, if he out-ranked the elder) would say: "The Lord is risen," and his companion would reply: "It is true." Then they kissed each other and ceremoniously drew from their respective pockets the Easter emblem, and exchanged eggs.

The Chinese claim that the world was formed of two parts of an enormous egg. From the yolk of the egg stepped forth the human being whom they call Poon-too-Wong; he then waved his hand and the upper half of his late castle, the egg shell, went upward and became the concave heavens of blue, the lower half fell reversed, making the convex earth, and the white albumen became the sea.

The Syrians believe also that the gods from whom they claim descent were hatched from mysteriously laid eggs. Hence we infer that our present custom of offering the Easter egg emblem has the heathen legends for its origin; in fact, all our most precious festivals come down from similar sources, but purified with the light of Christianity.

Judge Not.

HOW often we misjudge people's motives; and that, sometimes, because we see at the moment but part of what they are about. If we knew the whole of a matter our opinions would often be greatly changed. Amongst the lots put up at an auction was one, "a pretty pair of crutches." In the crowd was a poor crippled boy, and the crutches were just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them.

An elderly, well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of "Shame, shame!" in the crowd. The boy bid again, and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman out-bid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the great surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple and made him a present of them. The crowd was now as enthusiastic in their praise as they had just been with their abuse, but the old gentleman heard nothing of it. He had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole.

Sun and Moon.

THE most touching of all folklore stories may be found in Charles F. Lummis' "Pueblo Folklore."

It is one of the many myths of the moon and beautifully conceived. The sun is the Allfather, the moon the Allmother, and both shine with equal light in the heavens. But the Trues, the superior divinities, find that man, the animals, the flowers, weary of a constant day. They agree to put out the Allfather's, or sun's eyes. The Allmother—the moon—offers herself as a sacrifice. "Blind me," she says, "and leave my husband's eyes." The Trues say, "It is good, my woman." They accept the sacrifice and take away one of the Allmother's eyes. Hence the moon is less brilliant than the sun. The man finds rest at night, and the flowers sleep.

In Mrs. Leiber Cohen's translation of Sacher Masoch's "Jewish Tales" there is a variant of the sun and moon story derived from the Talmud. Briefly told, the sun and moon were equally luminous. It is the moon who wants to be more brilliant than the sun. Deity is angered at her demands. Her light is lessened. "The moon grew pale. Then God pitied her and gave her the stars for companions."

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