

## How Roy Caught A Bird With Salt.

BY MRS. A. E. C. MASKELL.

The boarders at Glendale Farm thought little Roy Rogers just "too cute for anything," for he had so many winning ways and said so many bright things,—and then he was the only little boy on the farm.

It was Roy's first summer in the country, and every day he could scarcely eat his dinner for telling them, at the table, how many wonderful things he had seen.

The birds delighted him most, especially when they sang. He would stand as if spellbound until the song was ended, then he would pucker up his little rosy mouth in a round "O," and try his best to whistle something like what the bird sang.

"If I could only have a bird for my very own!" he said one day, at the table.

"Then why don't you catch one?" asked a big fat man, looking over his teacup at the little boy, as his mother was tucking a napkin under his chin.

"How can I?" he asked, opening his eyes very wide.

"Sprinkle some salt on their tails," said the old gentleman.

There was a general laugh, but Roy remembered. He wondered if a bird could be caught in that way, and, after dinner, he went out into the kitchen and filled his pockets with salt.

"What do you want it for?" asked the cook.

"Wait until I can tell you," laughed Roy, hop-skipping out of the door.

Then all that afternoon Roy tried to get close enough to a bird to get some salt on its tail, but found he could not. Much discouraged, he went out into a field back of a barn, where were some little white houses with little bits of doors. These doors were open, and out of them something was coming,—yes, surely, just the prettiest yellow birds he had ever seen. But, when he tried to catch one, they would run back into the white house and Roy would lose sight of them. At last one fellow, more venturesome than the others, came farther out, and, quick as thought, Roy stopped up the door, then got out a handful of salt, and chased the soft downy creature round and round, while it chirped with fright.

"It can't fly or sing," he said to himself, "I think 'cause it's too young." And, throwing the salt, it fell just above the bird's short tail, and it fell, staggered-like to the ground.

In an instant Roy pounced upon it, and picked it up in both fat little hands, and fairly flew over the ground until he reached the house. There were mamma and all the rest of the boarders seated at supper.

"I've caught one! I've caught one!" exclaimed Roy, in great excitement.

"What can the child mean?" asked his mama.

"Why, the bird, mama! I caught one with some salt. I frowed it on his tail," and, opening his hands, out dropped something into mama's lap, almost scared to death.

"Sho, now!" said the landlady, looking on curiously, "if the boy hasn't gone and caught one of my little chickens!"

Then everybody laughed so that Roy nearly cried, and persisted in wanting to know "if a chicken wasn't a bird."

"To be sure it is," said the old gentleman who had told him about the salt. "To be sure it is,—only a domestic bird.

Go and put it back in the coop. You have proved salt will help catch a little chicken if not a bird. You have done well, my boy, well indeed."

## I Jest Keep A-livin' Along.

Some folks they keep huntin' for sorrow;

They sigh if they're right or they're wrong;

But this day's as good as tomorrow,

So I jest keep a-livin' along.

I jest keep a-livin' along.

I jest keep a-singin' a song;

There's no use to sigh

While the sun's in the sky;

So I jest keep a-livin' along.

When the Lord made the world, was I in it

To give him directions? He knowed

I would not know how to begin it,

Bein' nothin' but dust by the road.

So I jest keep a-livin' along.

And I can't say the Lord's work is wrong;

I never will sigh

While he's runnin' the sky;

I jest keep a-livin' along.

I'm thankful for sun and for showers;

The Lord makes the winter's an' May;

And he'd hide all the graves with his flowers

If folks didn't weed 'em away!

So I jest keep a-livin' along

Still thankful for sunlight and song;

I know, when it's snowin'

God's roses are growin'

So I jest keep a-livin' along!

Frank L. Stanton.

## How Grandpa Boiled The Eggs.

"It is half-past eleven," said grandpa, "and the mason will not have the chimney fixed before 3 o'clock."

"Then I suppose we must get along with a cold lunch," said grandma.

"Well," said grandpa, after a moment, "perhaps I can boil some eggs. I will try it."

"But, isn't it too windy to make a fire out of doors?" asked grandma.

"I shall not need a fire," said grandpa.

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith.

"No joke at all," said grandpa. "Come out and see. Bring the eggs," he added, "and a can with a tight cover."

When a few moments after, grandma and Edith went out into the backyard, grandpa was putting some fresh lime into an old pail.

He took the can of eggs they brought, and filled it nearly full of cold water, then, fitting on the lid carefully, he set it in a hollow place he had made in the lime. Edith watched him curiously.

"Will the lime burn?" she asked, "shall I bring you the matches?"

"You forget," said grandpa, "I was not to use any fire. We'll start it with cold water."

"Now, I know you're joking," said Edith.

"Wait a moment," said grandpa, "and you will see."

He poured in the water and put a board over the pail.

"Oh," cried Edith, when, in a very short time, it began to bubble and steam as if a hot fire were burning under the pail, and "Oh," she cried, a great deal louder when a white, creamy mass came pouring over the top and down the sides of the pail.

It did not last long. In six minutes the bubbling had almost stopped, so grandpa took a long iron dipper and gently lifted out the can, all coated with the lime.

He rinsed it off, then opened it, and took out the nice white eggs, and, when they broke them at lunch, they found them cooked just exactly right,

## PEEVISH CHILDREN.

MADE THE MOTHER'S LIFE ONE OF CARE,

WORRY—HOW TO KEEP THE BABY

HEALTHY AND HAPPY.

Indigestion is one of the common diseases of infancy, and it is also one of the most serious for unless it is controlled, the constitution will be weakened, other diseases will find easy lodgement, and the child's whole future will be imperilled. At the first sign of indigestion, or any trouble of the stomach or bowels, Baby's Own Tablets should be administered. They act with promptness and perfect safety in strengthening the stomach and removing the offending material. Mrs. W. C. Tefft, Markham, says:—"Up to the time my baby was a month old, he was a perfectly healthy child. Then his stomach began to trouble him. He looked pinched and starved; his tongue was coated and his breath offensive. He vomited curdled milk, and was also constipated. After taking his food he would scream with pain, and although he seemed always hungry his food did him no good. He was so restless and sleepless that I was almost worn out. Medicine seemed to do him no good until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. I gave him the Tablets and they helped him almost immediately, and in a very short time he began to gain in weight, and is now rosy and healthy. Baby's Own Tablets cured my baby when nothing else helped him, and I would not be without them in the house."

This is the only medicine for little ones that gives an absolute guarantee of purity. Milton L. Hersey, M. A., Sc. (McGill) one of the best known analysts in America, says: "I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain absolutely no opiate or narcotic; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant, and that they are a safe and effective medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

Such an endorsement, from so high an authority, stamps Baby's Own Tablets as the safest, the surest and the most reliable medicine for the ills of children.

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages. They reduce fever, cure colic, prevent and cure indigestion and constipation, check diarrhoea, sweeten the stomach, allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, and promote sound, healthy sleep. Guaranteed to contain no opiate. Crushed to a powder or dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Kindness.

Horace Mann says: "You are made to be kind, boys; generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags within his hearing. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; or if one boy is proud of his talents, and another boy is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him."