

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am so disappointed in my little friends, and yet maybe I am exacting, for who likes to be bound to a task in this hot weather. I just hope you are all well and having happy vacations.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

* * *

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I saw so many letters in the corner from all the boys and girls, I thought I would write too. I will be thirteen years old the 22nd of August. I go to school all the time. I am in the fifth reader. I study grammar, geography, arithmetic, algebra, history, geometry, bookkeeping, hygiene and catechism. We have a beautiful school house, and there are about twenty pupils going to school. I passed the primary examination last year, and am standing for preliminary this year. We live in the country on a farm. We have three horses, Pup, Min, and Dandy; we have a lovely cat and six lambs. It is a very nice place in summer. We have a nice grove at the back of our house. We have an acre of ground for cabbage and turnips. We grow a hundred and fifty barrels of potatoes each year. As this is my first letter, I may fill up too much space in the corner. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain,

Your loving niece,

TERESA A.

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A LITTLE MISTAKE.

I prayed for a baby sister, Oh, much as a year, I guess. But I didn't remember the number, For I s'posed God knew the address. And He sent the darlinest baby, All pink, and dimpled, and sweet, And where do you s'pose they left her? Why, over across the street. And what do you s'pose they's named her? Why, Sarah Elizabeth Pratt! Just think of a soft little baby With a name as solemn as that. But soon as I could I kissed her, And whispered close in her ear, "You're my own little baby sister, And your name is Rosamond, dear."

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NED AND WILL.

"This is a splendid peach," said Ned; "just as sweet and juicy! I'm going to plant the seed. Come out into the orchard with me." "Oh, what's the good?" said Will. "Papa says that if a peach grows well it will begin to bear—just begin, you know—only a very little at first—in about four years." "Oh!" said Will again (this time in great scorn), "four years! Why, think how long a year is, and four years to wait!" "But the time goes by anyway. That's what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better plant your seed." "I shan't bother to, come on." He waited very impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig; and finally, after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach stone. "See me shy this at Rover." Rover gave a little yell as the stone hit him; and that was Will's last thought of the kernel in which was wrapped up so much of beauty and sweetness, ready to be brought out with a little care. Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot, where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight. "What is it?" asked Will. "My peach tree," said Ned; "I've been watching out for some blossoms this year, and here they are." "And will the peaches be all your own?" "Why, of course; I planted the seed. Don't you remember? You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away."

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ROBERT'S MIDNIGHT ERRAND.

Robert Stanwood had come to Uncle David's for a fortnight's visit. It was his first sight of the great city, and everything filled him with admiration and awe. It was so different from his father's farm, where they had not a neighbor within half a mile. His three cousins, Janet, Helena and Norton, gave up their time to him, and every day there was an excursion to some point of

house at once. Then he turned homeward. On his way he had to pass an intoxicated man, who unintentionally ran into him; but he discovered that the poor unfortunate was harmless, for he uttered a courteous apology that made Robert ashamed of his fears.

Doctor Bascomb soon had the suffering boy comfortable. Robert heard the doctor tell Miss Parsons that it was evidently a case of poisoning, and that it was well he was called early.

The next day the matter was explained. Norton had eaten ice cream at the house of a boy friend, and all that had partaken of the cream had been made sick in a similar way. One of the boys, for whom a doctor had not been called till morning, came very near to death, and was saved only by the greatest exertions.

"O, Rob, Rob!" cried Janet, when she heard about the others. "How can we ever thank you enough for what you have done?"

As for the sick boy, his admiration for his young cousin was as wholehearted as was the contempt for himself in having made the brave little fellow the butt of his ridicule. And Robbie—his midnight errand to the police station had effectually cured him of his fear of the dark.

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ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

"Oh, goody!" said Beth, clapping her hands, as she looked all about the big shady yard, "I was afraid maybe Fred would be in the swing, but he isn't even in the yard, and we can have it all to ourselves."

So she and Ruth, and Ruth's small sister Madge, and Baby Wallace, who lived next door, hurried across the smooth lawn, and seated themselves in the big red swing, which they began to sway gently back and forth.

"Isn't it fun!" Beth said, when they had got the swing to going quite fast. "I'm glad Fred isn't around, because he'd want to swing, too, and you know this is only meant for four persons."

But she had hardly finished speaking when a cheerful whistle sounded at the other side of the house, and in another instant, Master Fred, with his cap on the back of his head, and his hands deep in the pockets of his small trousers, came strolling toward them.

"I'm going to have a swing! I'm going to have a swing!" he announced, and began to hurry his steps.

"Oh, Fred, go away!" Beth said, crossly. "Can't you see that there are four in the swing already?"

"But I want to swing, too!" Fred began, dolefully, all the sparkle gone from his eyes, and the corners of his mouth beginning to droop.

"Well, you can swing by and by, when we're through," Beth said. But Ruth spoke up quickly: "Why, Beth, let him swing with us. There's room enough, because Madge and Wallace are so little. You can squeeze him in all right, and it's too bad to make him go away."

"Well," Beth said, slowly. "Come on, Fred." And poor Fred, who was screwing two small fists into his eyes, brightened up in an instant, and hopped into the swing.

"You're squeezed in pretty tight, aren't you, Fred?" Ruth asked a few minutes later, when they had got the swing going as fast as it would. "You don't mind that, though, do you?" she added, smiling as she looked at Fred's happy face.

He shook his head with a great deal of energy. "I'd rather be squeezed in than be squeezed out," he said, with a glance at Beth out of the corner of his brown eye.

Both's cheeks grew rosy red, and then she laughed.

"You're a rogue, Fred," she said. "You're sorry I was so mean, and I'm glad Ruth wouldn't let me squeeze you out."

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JIMMIE O'HARA'S DOG.

Jimmie O'Hara and his teacher did not love each other. The teacher considered Jimmie a little wretch, and the boy did all he could to tease her. So one morning, when Jimmie presented himself at school tardy, dirty, and defiant-looking, the teacher's lips tightened and she mentally armed herself for the fray. "I suppose," she said, "you worked so carefully at your toilet that you were unable to get here in time?"

The children giggled, but the usually ready Jimmie answered not a word. The teacher, although she had a bit of temper, had a warm heart as well. Half an hour after Jimmie had gone to his seat she noticed that his dirty shirt-waist over his hunched-up shoulders was shaken by sobs.

"Why, Jimmie!" she said, "What's



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the matter? Are you sick? Why don't you tell me?"

"Gwan!" said Jimmie. "I ain't sick." He squirmed away from her friendly hand. "You let me alone! The dog-catcher got my dog, and that's what made me late."

His head went down again. The children murmured sympathizingly. "He was a dear little dog. His name was Ginger," said one small girl.

"He was terrible smart," said a boy. "Jimmie was always learning him tricks."

"It's too bad," said the teacher. "Didn't you have a license?"

"Where'd I get two dollars for a license?" asked Jimmie. "I carried him all the time in the street, but he wanted to play in the park, and I let him down and they got him—and they dragged him and they hurt him." His voice trailed into a sob. "When I get big I'm going to kill every dog-catcher I see."

The teacher after school went to the pound to make an effort in behalf of Jimmie and his dog Ginger. But all she got was a demand for five dollars for the license and expenses.

She turned to leave, but the prospect of seeing that disconsolate boy and the memory of an equally disconsolate yellow dog proved too potent. She heaved a sigh and mentally pushed away the chafing-dish for which she had been longing. And although she had always detested a "woman" with a dog," she carried Ginger home in her arms. Since then she has had no more trouble with her bad boy.—Catholic Fireside.

WHO IT WAS.

A well-known New York clergyman was telling his Bible class the story of the prodigal son at a recent session, and, wishing to emphasize the disagreeable attitude of the older brother on that occasion, he laid special stress on this phase of the parable. After describing the rejoicing of the household over the return of the wayward son, he spoke of one who, in the midst of the festivities, failed to share in the jubilant spirit of the occasion. "Can anybody in the class," he asked, "tell me who this was?" A small boy, who had been listening sympathetically to the story, put up his hand. "I know," he said, beamingly; "it was the fatted calf."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

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In the hot weather the little ones suffer from stomach and bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Their vitality is lower now than at any other season. Prompt action at this time saves a precious little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for little ones. They speedily relieve, promptly cure and give sound refreshing sleep. And they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmful drugs. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm, and no home should be without the Tablets, especially during the hot weather months, when dangerous troubles come suddenly and almost unperceived. Mrs. Adam Martineau, Chlorey, Quebec, says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea and stomach troubles and always with the most perfect success. They are better than any other medicine I know of." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that every box bears the name "Baby's Own Tablets" and the picture of a four-leaf clover on the wrapper. Anything else is an imitation.

REASON OR INSTINCT.

One of our well known natural historians thinks that there is no difference between a man's reason and a beaver's reason, because, he says, when a man builds a dam he first looks the ground over and after due deliberation decides upon his plan, and a beaver, he avers, does the same. But the difference is obvious. Beavers, under the same conditions, build the same kind of dams and lodges, and all beavers do the same. Instinct is uniform in its workings; it runs in a groove. But reason varies endlessly and makes endless mistakes. Men build all kinds of dams and in all kinds of places, with all kinds of materials, and for all kinds of uses. They exercise individual judgment, they invent new ways and seek new ends, and, of course, often fail. . . . A lower animal's intelligence, I say, compared with man's, is blind. It does not grasp the subject perceived, as does ours. When instinct perceives an object, it reacts to it, or not, just as the object is, or is not, related to its needs of one kind or another. In many ways an animal is like a child. What comes first in the child is simple perception and memory and association of memories, and this makes up the main sum of an animal's intelligence. The child goes on developing till it reaches the power of reflection and of generalization—a stage of mentality that the animal never attains to.

All animal life is specialized, each animal is an expert in its own line of work—the work of its tribe. Beavers do the work of beavers; they cut down trees and build dams and all beavers do it alike and with the same degree of untaught skill. This is instinct, or unthinking nature.

Of a hot day a dog will often dig down to fresh earth to get cooler soil to lie on. Or he will go and lie in the creek. All dogs do these things. Now, if the dog were seen to carry stones and sods to dam up the creek to make a deeper pool to lie in, then he would in a measure be imitating the beavers, and this, in the dog, could fairly be called an act of reason, though it is not such in the beaver, for in him it is an instinctive act.

All animals of a given species are wise in their own way, but not in the way of another species. The robin could not build the robin's nest, nor the oriole build the robin's nest, nor the swallow's. The cunning of the fox is not the cunning of the 'coon. —John Burroughs, in the Cosmopolitan.

Chief Scout of Oyama's Army A Canadian.

It will be interesting to Canadians generally, and to Torontonians in particular, says a writer in the Globe, to learn that the chief scout in the Mikado's grand army in Manchuria is a Toronto man, no other, in fact, than Lieutenant Tom Casey Callaghan, whose widowed mother lives with another son "over the Don" near the corner of Withrow and Pape avenues. Tom Callaghan has had a career which would hardly be equalled for excitement by the hero of the most amazing yellow-back. As a lad in Riverdale he was well known as an expert baseball player. Being of an adventurous turn he went west as a very young man and started roughing it on a ranch, which, later on, he purchased, so that it is evident, there is a touch of shrewdness in Mr. Callaghan's composition. While on the plains he became an expert horseman, rifle shot and trapper of big game, which qualities served him well in his later vocation as a scout. When the Boer war broke out, Callaghan sought enlistment in the Canadian Mounted Rifles, but was refused because he was below the regular height. Nothing daunted he asked permission to qualify by giving an exhibition of horsemanship, and so excited the wonder and admiration of the recruiting sergeant that he was straightaway enrolled and went off to South Africa. After serving some time with the Mounted Rifles, he joined "Gat" Howard's Scouts, most of whom were Canadians, and on the death of that adventurous spirit formed a new corps known as Callaghan's Scouts, who became the eyes and ears of Lord Kitchener in his sweeping manoeuvres. Callaghan's favorite device for detecting the enemy was by reclining prone on his back on the ground. Lord Kitchener on one occasion, it is said, missed capturing a large body of Boers because he declined to believe in scouting of this nature. Callaghan did not get off scot-free by any means in his South African experiences. On one occasion he was shot through the body and given up for dead; he was dressed for burial and was already lying beside a newly-dug grave intended for him when



a chum named Drewry thought he detected signs of life and succeeded in reviving him with a cup of green tea.

Callaghan received the distinguished service medal for carrying an important despatch seventy miles from General Hutton's army to that of General Smith-Dorrien. Two horses died under him in the performance of that feat.

The war over, Callaghan returned to Canada, and on the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and Russia asked Col. Evans of Winnipeg to use his influence in enabling him to enlist as a scout in the Intelligence Department of the Japanese army. The application was successful, and Callaghan rose rapidly in his difficult and dangerous work until he is now commander-in-chief of a regiment of two hundred scouts, the flower of the Japanese Intelligence Department. Callaghan's mother hears from her gallant son occasionally, but, as may well be imagined, under all the circumstances he does not maintain a flying correspondence.

Japanese Surgery and American Practice.

Sir Frederick Treves, the great English surgeon, sees in Japan the possible origin of a remarkable school of surgeons. The Japanese long ago acquired the virtue of cleanliness, for which western surgery waited until Dr. Holmes and Lord Lister severally discovered it; every Japanese is taught almost in babyhood to use his fingers; the entire nation has that strong control of the nerves which the west wears itself into nervous prostration to gain; and last, and most important of all, the Japanese revere ritual, that is to say, they are absolutely obedient to the orders of a superior, to the words of a prescription, to a formula of procedure.

All this is very well, but until the American, and for that matter, the European soldier has a similar reverence for ritual, the best doctors and soldiers will be wasted upon him. The white man boasts of column movements, thunderbolt charges and firm formations that are but the expression of the commander's will, and it is well, but how are the commands of the medical officer obeyed?

For instance, at the beginning of the Spanish war, the medical department issued an admirable, although brief, set of rules for the observance of the soldiers. One was that all drinking water must be boiled; how many officers and soldiers can swear that they obeyed that rule throughout the war? The Japanese obey it. Does anyone reply that water cannot be boiled without proper utensils and fuel? The Japanese provide both. Is it objected that all camps do not furnish drinking water? The Japanese find camping places thus provided. It is a point of honor with the American to be careless of danger. It is a point of honor with the Japanese to guard every one of the Mikado's soldiers, himself included, from death unprofitable to the Mikado, and he delays halting, drinking, eating, until he can safely indulge as conscientiously as he charges upon the enemy. When the American, the Briton, and the European learn the same lesson they can afford to attack him, but until then it is best to continue to sigh over unhappy Russia.

"The Green Peril"—Absinthe

Its production has recently been prohibited in Belgium. The 735 hectolitres annually consumed in France fifty years ago have now become 133,000. Half a century ago, the total amount of alcoholic drink consumed in France was about 600,000 hectolitres; now it is 2,000,000. Lunacy and crime have increased in proportion. Sixty years ago there were 10,000 lunatics, now there are 80,000. Within about thirty years, crime has increased almost tenfold. The havoc wrought in France by "absinthism" is fearful. Fearing an invasion of it, Belgium prohibits the Green Peril. The "clerical" government of Belgium, the most stable popular government in the world, passes not one useless parliamentary measure, nor omits any really useful one, while the enlightened secret society administration of France has been engaged for now five or six years in paralyzing the power of the nation and in making it a joke. —The Messenger's Chronicle.