

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Dreams of Youth.

A Triplet.

Still follow the dreams of your youth,  
And fortune will never betray you;  
Keep its ideal, believe in its truth,  
Still follow the dreams of your youth.  
And when you are old, and forsooth  
Ill-luck does its best to dismay you,  
Still follow the dreams of your youth,  
And fortune will never betray you.

HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

## All Alone in the World.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Beatrice, as she dragged herself discontentedly into the room and dropped upon a rug. 'I don't see what's the use of little bits of girls and great big ones. Littler than me are only babies, and have to be talked down to and petted, and even then they're whimpering half the time; and big ones just like to snub somebody. When I am not wearing myself out looking after the baby, I'm being shut up and told to run on errands by Ella and Blanche and the girls a size or two bigger. Just my size and talents are all that's any good, and there isn't a single other one in the whole hotel.'

'Isn't my little girl feeling well to-day?' asked her mother, solicitously.

'Yes, thank you, perfectly well,' answered Beatrice, pensively. 'It isn't that. I'm not ill, nor—nor morbid, nor anything like that. It's only that I'm all alone in the world. Ella has her bosom friend, and Blanche her chums, and even little Tommy Carter, who's only two years older than me, says he's got jolly companions. I haven't anybody—not anybody.'

'Too bad!' commented her mother, thoughtfully. 'You will have to content yourself with living alone, I suppose. There are those who do that and live very happy, I believe, in helping others, and—'

'But I don't want to help others,' interrupted Beatrice, impatiently. 'I'm sick and tired of running errands for others, with no thanks except "that's a good girl; now run away and play, and don't bother us." Hu! I don't want to be a good girl. I want jolly companions, like Tommy. If I can't have them, or chums, like Blanche, or something, I'll live alone, and not have anything to do with their foolishness. I can make believe to myself. I don't want to plan for anybody's good except just my own, and yours, mamma,' she said, decidedly. 'Other folks don't want me, so what should I help them for?'

'Suppose you stand here by the window and look out upon the world,' her mother suggested. 'See what people are doing, and imagine how they feel and what they need. Quite a good deal can be seen from our window.'

They were in the third story of a big hotel at Brighton, and their window overlooked a wide lawn, with summer pavilion and shade trees and tennis-court, and the blue waters of the sea beyond. Beatrice looked out indifferently, as befitted one who was set apart and alone.

'There's the Smith twins and Blanche,' she said, presently, 'and they're playing croquet. It wasn't more than an hour ago that I offered to play croquet with Eva Smith, and she tossed her head and said she didn't care much for it, though the game was nice enough for children. She was going to hunt somebody who could play tennis. Now they've got the croquet set out. Eva's half a year older than I am, and her sister Jean's a year and a half,' she added.

'Let me see,' said her mother, quietly, 'it's two weeks since that girl came down with the Smiths snubbed you?'

'Yes, ma.'

Beatrice's face reddened a little, though the humiliation had scarcely been absent from her thoughts a moment since.

'Unfortunately, you're a rather sensitive little girl,' went on her mother, in a matter-of-fact, impersonal sort of way, 'and it may be you took the matter to heart, and began to look for slights from everyone. I often sit here by the window and see quite a good deal that goes on at the pavilion and about the lawn. Before the girl came I used to think you quite popular among the young people. She was here only two days; but

since then you—er—have seemed a good deal alone. Do you remember how you spoke to Eva about the croquet?'

Beatrice was silent for some moments.

'I don't mean to put myself in the way for more slights,' she said, at last, doubtfully. 'I—I spoke to Eva as if I didn't care a bit about croquet myself, but I thought it might please her. Of course, I expected Eva to turn away, as all the girls are doing, and by speaking like that made it not matter so much, you see.'

'Cold water thrown into the face is apt to chill one a little at first,' smiled her mother. 'But, of course, such things don't matter now, so long as you mean to live alone. That will keep you from encountering any more slights. Now you can look out at people and forget yourself entirely. Remember you have nothing to do with them except to watch them for amusement.'

Beatrice made a grimace, but continued to look out. There was Tommy going down to the beach to sail boats, and two or three of the next size were accompanying him. Ella was walking under the trees arm-in-arm with a friend; and there were several young people playing games about the lawn.

Beatrice's gaze passed from one to another a little wistfully; but finally went under the trees to a little hammock where it remained a long time. At last she turned indignantly.

'Mamma,' she cried, 'that young lady in the corner front house is down in the hammock all alone, and her maid isn't in sight anywhere.'

'The sick one?'

'Yes, ma. It's the first time she's been out in three days, and her papa and mamma went off driving this morning, and now the maid—it's a shame. And she's looking quite lonely—as if she needed something.'

'Somebody ought to go down and see if she does want something,' she exclaimed. 'May I go, mamma?'

'Certainly, if you wish.'

It was an hour before she returned. Her face was glowing.

'She's Miss Esten, and she did want a drink of water so badly,' Beatrice cried. 'And she's such a charming girl! She made me sit down on the grass, and we talked and talked

and talked. And this evening I'm to go and take tea with her in her rooms. It's beautiful in there, for I went by once when the door was open. And, oh! say mamma,' with a tone of surprised ecstasy in her voice, 'when I was coming back, just running, you know, because I was so glad, I met Eva face to face, and before I thought I said 'twas a lovely day, and did she have a nice time playing croquet, and then O mamma!' drawing a long breath, 'she threw her arms right round my neck, and said she was so glad I'd got back, and would I come out in the morning and play croquet. She and the other girls would be so glad to have me. I—I can't understand it, mamma, only that I'm so glad!' But her mother only smiled.—'Christian Globe.'

## 'Mardie's Way.'

It is a great comfort to live with equable people. Nothing is much more trying to the nerves than to be associated in domestic life with those who are all good cheer and friendliness one moment and tornadoes or pent-up storms the next.

Stella M— was a young person of this description. Her whole family suffered from her; suffered in silence, for expostulations only seemed to make things worse. They accepted with gratitude the sunshine she bestowed, and with chastened hearts the sullenness and petulance.

But one summer after a visit to a class-mate Stella came home a changed being. A liberal dose of the same kind of treatment she had accorded her father and mother, brothers and sisters, had been meted out to her. Her family wondered at the change and rejoiced, but said nothing. They were afraid to break the charm. Finally, however, an older sister spoke hesitatingly.

'Tell me, Stella,' she said, 'what it is that has changed you so?'

'Is the change for the better or for the worse, do you think?' was the mischievous response.

'Nonsense; for the better, as you well know. Tell me what has happened.'

'Well,' she replied gravely, 'I have been seeing myself as others see me. That is all. The evening I got to Mardie's she was so cordial and kind in every way, that she made me feel as if I were her dearest friend. But the next morning all was changed. There was a pall over everything. I wondered what I could have said or done to hurt her, when lo! all was changed again and she was the same as before. So things kept going on, giving me chills and fever alternately, until finally I spoke to her mother about it, for I could get no satisfaction from Mardie.'

'Oh, that is only Mardie's way,' she said. 'Don't let it worry you. We are so used to it that I suppose we do not notice it as you do. She doesn't mean anything. It's simply a question of moods!'

'Moods or not, I was so disgusted with my lady at the end of my six weeks' visit that I made up my mind that when I returned home you should profit by my object-lesson. That's all, dear.'

How helpful if all of us could only see ourselves as others see us!—'Young People.'

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(See Family Club on page 11)

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suburbs, or for United States.)

## Something About Our Favorite Nuts.

(By Lena Blinn Lewis, in the 'Union Gospel News'.)

As the cool days come and with them our old friend—Jack Frost—we remember the nuts and the pop-corn, and at Thanksgiving, Christmas and often between, we invite the foreign cousins of our home grown nuts to spend an evening with us. But perhaps we know very little about them after all.

However, before we talk of these visitors I wonder if the Searchlights know that the wood from the black walnut trees is greatly in demand. For some years back walnut furniture has not been popular, but now it comes in a very beautiful form and is also expensive, owing to the manner in which it must be prepared. It is quarter sawed. If any of our members do not understand just what that means they had better look it up.

After the wood is correctly sawed and