BOYS' AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

Farmer Crescrow sat on the piazza where the early spring sun was falling over him as warm as milk. A tortoise-shell cat was stretched across his lap and his left hand stroked the fur thoughtfully. His right hand was in a sling. Out in the cowyard, where, the day before, had stood a group of straw stacks, there was now but a smouldering mass of refuse. Where a red barn had stood there was a heap of timbers, warped clapboards and blackened shingles. The ell running out from the kitchen and comprising the milkroom and ample woodshed, was minus its window panes, and its sills were warped and its doors sagging. It had been a big fire, but the house was saved.

Farmer Crescrow stroked the cat and looked down at the daffodils just showing in the black, streaming mold by the piazza steps. The doctor's rig stood at the gate. A child had been crying in the room beyond, but the cries were stilled now. From the kitchen came the sound of dishes being washed. The farmer knew that, in the big bedroom off the shaded sitting-room, his wife was at last sleeping quietly after all the excitement of the fire. There were tears in the farmer's eyes as he thought of the pale, pained face on the pillow where the white curtain was swayed to and fro by the fresh spring breeze. There was a heavy tread on the piazza, and the doctor, case in hand, stood beside his chair.

"Well, how is it going with them?"

"Very, well indeed. The baby had a close call, and if that brand had struck an inch nearer the eye—but it didn't!" The doctor pressed his lips firmly as though regretting that he had said so much. Then he added quickly, "Your wife is bearing it remarkably."

"Is Red Head in there?"

"Miss Kent? Is her hair red? I never noticed."

"That's queer! How could you help it?"

"Doctors look at hands rather than heads. Miss Kent has a wonderfully capable way of doing the right thing. She would make a good trained nurse."

"Good anything, trained or not trained," said the farmer. Then he pushed the cat off his lap. "I tell you, Doc, I never saw the like! We would have been burned down to the ground, if she hadn't got that engine here. And you ought to have seen her rip off the end of a clapboard when we were trying to get the hose in between!"

"I can imagine," said the doctor with a smile, drawing one glove on slowly and then the other.

"You can do nothing of the kind. It has to be seen to be known, the way that girl gets her innings," said the farmer. Then he leaned forward and said, with a quizzical look in his eyes. "Say, there never are quite such fools as old fools, are there? Now, do you know, Doc—" and the farmer adjusted the sling more to his ease. —"when I came up from Stanford's horse sale and found who the committeemen—I had left them wrangling over who, out of five applicants, should be given the place—had decided upon, I said it didn't look to me as though Dalton District was going to get much show for its money, hiring a slip of a girl like that. You see, she had been to see me the day before, and I had said in my own mind, 'Not much, ma'am!' But if you'll believe it, there isn't a boy in that school—and there's some pretty big ones, too—nor is there a girl, that she hasn't toeing the mark, and without any talebearing to the committeemen, either. And such an unpretentious-looking girl, too!"

The doctor laughed. "You can't judge by appearances, you know."

Farmer Crescrow watched the doctor whirl away. A little later there was a tap of light heels on the oilclothed hall, and a young girl in a gray jacket and with a white quill thrust in among the gray velvet on her hat, stood where the doctor had stood a short time before.

"They're just doing fine, Mr. Crescrow, the doctor says. Baby minded taking off the bandages, but he's sleeping like a dear now. Mrs. Bascomb will stay until Sarah gets back."

The farmer slowly surveyed the young girl from the tips of her shoes to the tip of the quill, and then said:

"How old are you, anyway?"

Louise Kent laughed. "I am eighteen years, six months and two weeks old."

"How much do you weigh?"

Louise laughed again. "My regular weight Mr. Crescow, is ninety-five and a half, but, since I came to Crescrow farm I have actually tipped the scales at one hundred and four. The girls at home are wild, and you may expect a raid on you of shadlike girls, as soon as school is out, making for your fresh milk."

"Give 'em milk! Give 'em cream—I don't care! They're worth it, according to the sample they've sent."

Mr. Crescow arose and walked with Louise down along the narrow gravel path, and laid his hand on the gate.

"Without any joking, Miss Kent," he said, a strangely softened tone taking the place of the brusque one generally used, "we can never let you know what you stand for in the Crescrow family. Now I suppose you know, without my telling you, that I was not so much set on the one I found the committeemen had chosen for the Dalton District School as I might have been. I even went so far as to say, point blank, that I thought they would not get much for their money if they proposed hiring a slip of a girl like that for the Dalton District. But you've come off with flying colors, Miss Kent."

"Thank you, Mr. Crescow; I am glad you think I am succeeding."

"Succeeding? There's not one in a thousand could have done what you have. But what amazes me is the way you've got everyone—the boys and girls—in line. I must say I don't see how you accomplished it with our Ben."

"Benjamin? Oh, he's fine! He's my right-hand man. There! he's ringing the bell now! He said he would open the school for me. The scholars just stand by Benjamin."

She stopped and looked over the road to the meadow that lay between the schoolhouse and the Crescrow farm, and which was now emerald green, with a line of golden cowslips down by the creek. At last she turned her quiet eyes to Mr. Crescrow's questioning ones.

"I don't think it would be just fair, Mr. Crescrow, not to say that I go a little further, perhaps, than some teachers. Some teachers love their work and stop there. I go further, and love my scholars. I love every one of them."

"I believe you do," said the farmer, heartily. "And you don't stop at the children, either. Why, Miss Kent, you've done more for that little woman in the house this spring, keeping her chirked up, than anyone who has come to her of late. You see, since Nannie died, it has been hard rowing for her. You know Nannie was about ready to get her school certificate, and we thought as how, maybe, she would be willing to teach, for a while, at any rate, in Dalton District, and her mother kind of counted on having her here for a time, she being gone so long away to school." Mr. Crescrow's voice broke. He waited a minute, and then added, "'Taint so much saving the house—we could build another house; but you did a lot by getting hold of that telephone over to Meechin's so mighty quick. But there's only one mother, you know, for us." He turned and went slowly back up the narrow walk.

Just a moment Louise stood to steady herself, and then she took the path across the meadow. In a low voice she said:

"He loved 'Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.' I am so glad he showed us so lovely a ministry. I am just the little teacher, but I can be the big lover."

At the creek she stopped and pulled great bunches of golden cowslips, and, with the clear water dripping from their long stems, she ran with her arms full of gold to the children awaiting her.

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WHAT THE OIL DID.

Angie sat back in her chair as she reached the end of the seam, and wiped her forehead. "I thought I'd never finish," she said. "It seems to me that this machine is getting harder and harder to run."

"Yes it is," her sister agreed. She sat in a patent rocker with an iron frame, slowly swinging back and forth to the accompaniment of a most unpleasant grating sound.

Angie shuddered. "That chair is dreadful," she remarked. "That creaking sets my teeth on edge."

"Yes, it does," agreed her sister. "I would't ever sit in it if it were not so comfortable."

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"May I come up, girls?" called a cheerful voice, and Aunt Anna briskly ascended without waiting for permission. As she pushed open the door, it uttered a dismal sound like a protest against her entrance.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Aunt Anna. "How that door creeks!"

"Everything creeks in this house," said Angie.

"Even the pedals of the piano," added her sister.

Aunt Anna laughed. "We'll soon put a stop to that," she said. "Where is the oil can?"

It was some time before they found it. Jack, it seemed, had carried it off to his workshop; but it was recovered at last and Aunt Anna went to work. The door stopped creaking, the sewing machine no longer protested against doing its work, but ran so easily that Angie declared that sewing another seam would be play. The patent rocker ceased to be a patent music box. And the oil held out till the piano pedals had been looked after. The girls were loud in their expressions of appreciation.

"We've been complaining about the squeaks for I don't know how long," said Angie, "and scolding because it was so hard to run the machine. And all the time a few drops of oil would have made everything right."

"It's often that way," said Aunt Anna. "Folks go through life thinking they're having such a hard, unpleasant time, and all they need to make things easy and pleasant is a few drops of oil. Sometimes it is the oil of politeness that is needed. 'Please,' and 'Thank you' will stop a lot of creaking. Sometimes the oil of cheerfulness is what you want. A laugh often makes the difference between hard running and easy. If our world is full of squeaks and creaks, it's our own fault nine times out of ten. Keep your oil can handy."

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"THEY SAY."

"Do you know, Gertrude," she said, "I had such a surprise at Mildrid's!"

"What was it?" Gertrude asked, interested at once, for Mildred was a great favorite with the other girls.

"Well, we had mentioned Esther Morrill's name, and Mildred leaned over to me, and began: 'They say,' Helen,'—I almost gasped, Gertrude, for you know that when anybody begins 'they say,' it means that there's some unkind or unpleasant story to follow. I would not have thought anything of it from some of the girls, but Mildred is always so lovely and charitable that I was disappointed."

"And what was the story?"

"That's the funny part of it," Helen resumed. "She told me the sweetest story about Esther, and how she has given up her trip East and sent her mother instead. I was so relieved, Gertrude! I couldn't really believe that there would be anything unkind to say about Esther, and I didn't want to think that Mildred would say it if there were. But I've heard that beginning a good many times, and I don't wonder I was frightened for a minute. I'm surprised Mildred would begin that way."

"Good for Mildred, I say!" Helen declared with enthusiasm. "She'll be doing a good work if she does even a little to change the atmosphere that hangs about those two harmless little words."

"They say,"—the two words are almost always taken as indicating unkind, uncharitable gossip. Why should this be so?" Can we not do a small part toward making them the sign and token of charity?

How Ireland Treats Anarchists.

Ireland is evidently not a fruitful soil for the propaganda of anarchism and one of the preachers of disorder and violence who invaded the country not long ago met with a reception that surprised him. He was called M'Ara. At least that was the name he gave, and he came from Scotland, where there are a good many anarchists.

He appeared one morning on the Belfast Custom House steps, which forms a free forum for cranks of all sorts who think they have a message for the people. The usual crowd listened with the usual languid interest, thinking that M'Ara was only a new brand of crank, but when he began to justify the assassination of the king and crown prince of Portugal some one threw a brick that narrowly missed his head.

M'Ara dodged and declared that, in his opinion, all rulers ought to be killed. A shower of bricks followed this remark and several of the audience began to dig up the paving stones. At this point some one rushed into the police barracks close by and begged the officer in charge to send a strong force of police to lock M'Ara up before he was thrown into the Lough. The police arrived just as the crowd had decided that the Lough was the best place for him.

The police rescued him after several heads had been broken, and the next morning he was sent to prison for three months. As he left the police court he remarked that Belfast did not seem ripe for anarchist propaganda.

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An Odd Occupant of a Pulpit.

Possibly Bishop Blomfield would have considered that Norfolk pulpit, which Mr. Ditchfield tells us about in "The Parish Clerk," appropriately occupied. "Many years ago ecclesiastical matters in Norfolk were in so slack a state that absentee rectors and vicars subscribed to pay a curate to discharge all their Sunday services. Hence some parishes were necessarily without his services for a month or more. The parish clerk would stand outside the church to watch for the parson, and, if he saw him in the distance, would immediately toll the bell; if not the parish went without a service that Sunday. It happened on one of these monthly occasions that the parson on his arrival at the church door was met by the obsequious clerk, who, tugging at his forelock, asked, 'Sir, do yew mind a-preachin' in the readin' desk to-day?' 'Of course I do mind. The pulpit is the place to preach from.' 'But, you see, sir, we fare to have an old guse a-sittin' in the pulpit. She'll be arf her eggs to-morrow; t'would be a shame to take her arf to-day."

Banish Pimples and Eruptions

Everyone Needs a Tonic in Spring to Purify and Build Up the Blood.

If you want new health and strength in spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Indoor life during the long winter months is responsible for the depressed condition and feeling of constant tiredness which affects so many people every spring. This condition means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions in some; others have twinges of rheumatism, or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Poor appetite, frequent headaches, and a desire to avoid exertion is also due to bad blood. Any or all of these troubles can be banished by the fair use of such a tonic medicine as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich, red blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens every nerve, and brings a feeling of new health and new energy to weak, tired out, ailing men and women. Here is proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest of all spring medicines. Mr. Henry Baker, Chipman, N.B., says:—"Last spring I could hardly drag myself about. My appetite was poor. I did not sleep well, and dreaded work. My blood was in a terrible condition which caused pimples and small boils to break out all over me. These would itch and pain and caused me much trouble. I tried several medicines but without the least benefit, when one day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He spoke so highly of this medicine that I decided to take his advice and give the pills a trial. I got half a dozen boxes and the result was that by the time they were finished I felt like an altogether different man. They purified my blood built up my whole system, and I have not had a pimple on my flesh, nor a sick day since. For this reason I can highly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and purifier." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TWO CURRENTS.

Protestants are becoming Catholics all over the country. Almost every pastor of a parish has some neophytes under instruction. Rarely does a Bishop administer confirmation without giving that sacrament to a number of converts.

There are two strong currents in religion, which are rapidly growing stronger. One current is bearing multitudes out to the ocean of infidelity, by way of the gulfs that one religion is as good as another; that it does not matter what a man believes so long as he does what he thinks is right; that it is not necessary to belong to any church; that it is allowable to pick and choose what one will believe out of Christ's teaching; that agnosticism is the proper thing; that doubt is not sinful, and that there is nothing clear and sure concerning God and the future life.

The other current goes out towards authority, doctrine, certainty and infallibility. It is flowing towards the Catholic Church.

Protestantism is declining as a religious force. It is losing power with the people. It cannot exact obedience or insist on sacrifice. It is still a strong social influence, but it is turning more and more from things spiritual to things mundane.

Catholics should spread good books like "The Faith of our Fathers," "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," "Catholic Belief," and "The End of Religious Controversy." Thus they would help to make converts. Thus they would hasten the time when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

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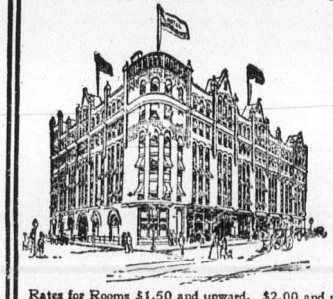

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMES LAWS & REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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