

## Boys and Girls

### Peace.

Ah! here is what is sweet:  
To wander out some afternoon,  
Across the meadows, hand in hand with  
June;  
Then, sprawling down beneath some broad  
oak tree,  
To look up through the leaves half-drowsily  
And watch them glance and shimmer in the  
sun.  
Or, gazing out across the fields of wheat,  
To see across them little tremors run  
Beneath the air that crinkles in the heat.  
—J. A. Edgerton.

### How to Treat a Horse.

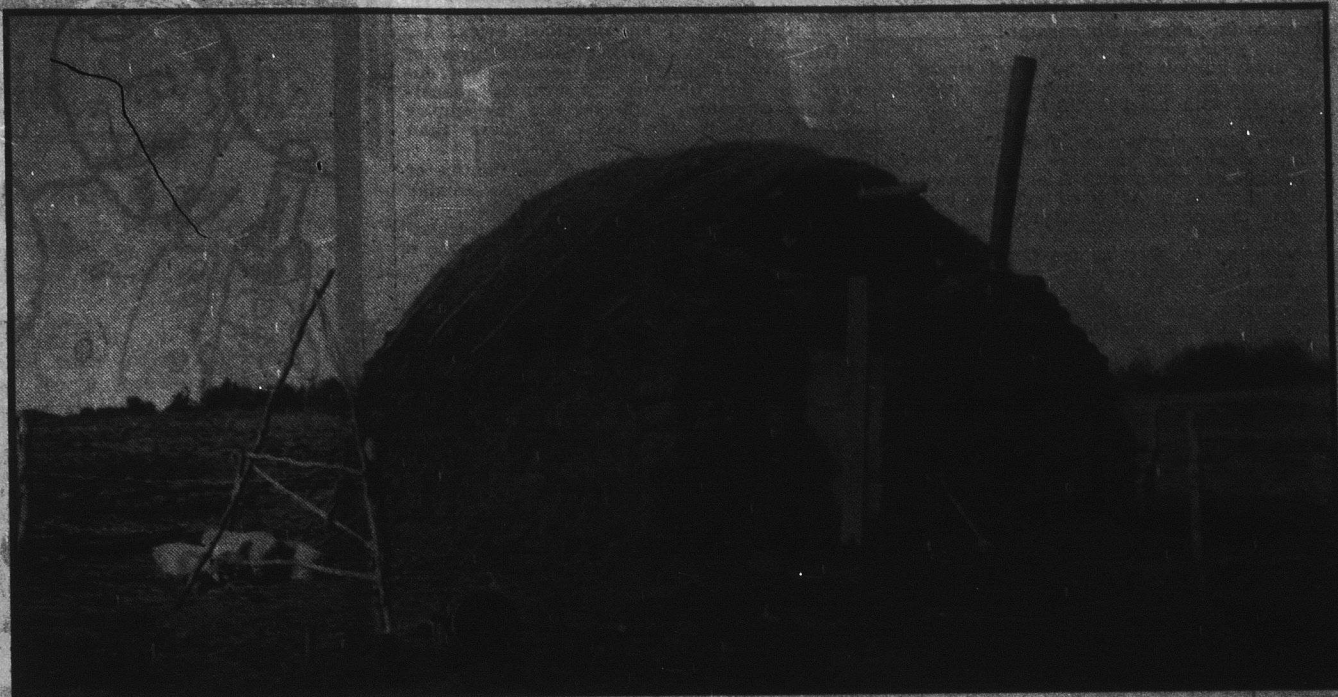
A horse is made of flesh and blood and nerves, just the same as a man or a woman. They must eat and drink and rest the same as other folks. A horse is not human quite, but he is capable of suffering from pain, or thirst, or hunger, or cold, the same as human beings do. Therefore, the way to treat your horse is to treat him as you would like to be treated if you were to change places with the horse.

Remember how faithfully the horse has served you all these years. Think how he has patiently plodded day after day in cold and heat, in storm and frost. Do you ever think of this—how faithful he has been? Do you ever care for your horse or show the slightest appreciation of his service to

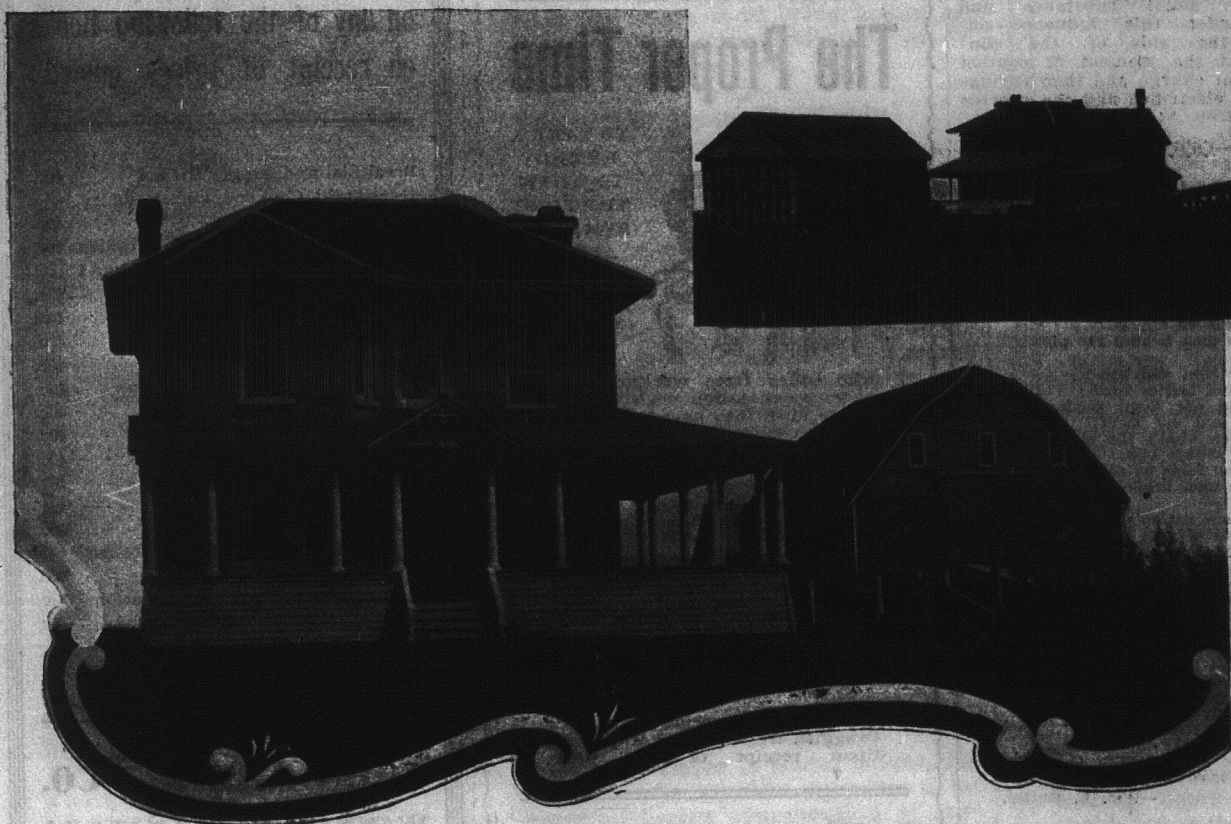
slight offences when you are driving. Do not check him up high, especially if you use that form of rein known as an over-draw. Give him a chance to put his head down on a level with his body.

will serve you better, live longer, and keep fatter. Keep your horse fat. It costs no more to keep a fat horse than a lean horse. A bony and lean horse is a disgrace to its driver. Protruding hips and sunken spaces

would like to be treated yourself. It hurts when you hit him. It injures his feelings when you are brutal with him. Remember that you are partners, you and your horse. He is helping you with your work. He is



ON THE FARM OF M. THORP, RIVERDALE, ASSA.



ON THE FARM OF R. JACKSON, HARTNEY, MAN.

you? Why not give him a bit of sugar or a piece of an apple or pull up a wisp of fresh grass and hand it to him? Pat him on the neck and talk to him, and he will appreciate it—your horse will.

You will be surprised to find how much sympathy and good feeling there is possible between a man and a horse if you will treat him right. Do not jerk him up fiercely for

The check-rein is a useful part of the harness. It keeps the horse from putting his head on the ground and getting himself tangled up in the hitch-strap, but do not make it too tight. Give the horse freedom. The rein hurts his throat—he cannot pull as well—he does not breathe so freely. Give him a loose check-rein.

Keep on the good side of your horse. He

between the ribs are evidences of brutality on the part of the owner.

To half starve a horse and then expect him to work, or to give an old horse (whose teeth are worn out) food that he cannot properly masticate, is so mean and low down that a man who would do such things ought to be publicly horsewhipped.

Be kind to your horse. Treat him as you

drawing your plow or taking you from place to place in your comfortable buggy. Be kind to your partner. His strength is yours to use and not to abuse.

### Katie's Answer.

Och! me Katie's a rogue, it is true,  
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,  
An' her dimples so sweet,  
An' her ankles so neat,  
Shure she dased an' she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we went for a ride,  
Whin, demure as a bride, by me side,  
Like a darlin' she sat,  
With the wickedest hat,  
'Neath a purty girl's chin I was tied.

An' me heart, arrah, thin, how it bated!  
Fur me Kate looked so temptin' an' swate!  
'With cheeks like the roses,  
An' all the red posies,  
Ye 'ud see in her garden' so nate.

But I sat jist as mute as the dead,  
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,  
'If I'd known that to-day,  
Ye'd have nothing to say,  
I'd have gone wid me cousin instead.'

This I aint megal grow very bowld,  
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld  
Ov the love at me heart,  
That ud never depart  
Though I lived to be wrinkled and owld.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,  
I'd let go of the haste an' I'd throw  
Both me arms round yer waist,  
An' be stalin' a taste  
Ov thin lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,  
As she said, widout raisin' her head,  
An' her eyes lookin' down,  
'Neath their lashes so brown,  
" 'Ud ye like me to drive, Misher Ted?"  
—Miss C. E. Thayer.

### Dainty French Girls.

The French girl dresses more tastefully than the girl of almost any other nation, and yet she does not spend much on dress. What she likes is not so much the clothes as dainty collars, waistbands and other accessories, which she often makes up herself from such simple elements as bits of silk, chiffon, or lace. If she can afford but a single good dress, she does not choose one for its showy color, but prefers some dark material that will wear well and that can be enlivened by a light cravat. As a rule, she likes a nice hat better than a nice dress, and for choosing her headgear she certainly has good taste. She does not take one that looks pretty in the shop window, but carefully selects a hat that will suit her style of face and match her gown.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.



FARM HOME OF ROBT. STEELE, NEAR SOURIS, MAN.