

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

How are you all spending those dull autumn days? Much as usual, I suppose, for weather does not generally trouble little people. Going to school, studying lessons and playing with all the lightheartedness of your happy childhood. This disagreeable weather will not last long at most, and then for the jolly winter days, bringing with them the joy of snowball fights, sleigh driving, coasting, tobogganing, and skating. And I am sure you are all already thinking about Santa Claus, the first snowflakes always bring thoughts of him, the dear old fellow, and he is getting his orders ready now. I know I need not caution my boys and girls to be good so that he will not overlook them, for they are never naughty, but—be careful.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We were so pleased to see so many nice letters in the corner last week. Oh, I just love the corner! How strange! We are now three Winifreds in the corner, and two of them Winifred D's. I thank Edna and Winifred M. for their kind invitation and should love to go visit them indeed. But as they are older than I, they must come first: We must, I hope, meet sometime. I am anxious to know Winifred D's other name, and will be pleased to answer hers and Mary E's letters if they write to me, although I am not very well able to write alone yet. I hope Amy McG. will write again. Her little dog must be cute, and it seems funny, but Harold has a very large dog named Prince, and he is very fond of tea also. Harold has a toothache this evening and has gone to bed. We have a little snow since a few days, and we see so many little sleds out every evening after class is over. We send our love to all the little cousins. Harold hopes Johnnie M. will write as soon as he is able. Good-bye, dear Aunt Becky,

WINIFRED D. of Frampton.

CHIPS.

"Hallo, boy!" "Hallo, man!" the answer came back as quick as a flash. "Stop a minute, will you?" The boy stopped and turned about grinning. Mr. Arthur Millman, artist, had strolled beyond the village limits, looking for the picturesque to feed his sketch book. Catching sight of a tattered urchin swinging an empty basket, it looked as if he'd found something to fill the bill, or rather a page of the book. The boy's face was keen, but full of jolly good nature. "What's your name, my son?" "Chips!" The word came with a twinkle.

"Humph," Mr. Millman muttered, "bright youngster." Then aloud, "Baptized 'Chip'?" "Not 'xactly; but folks call me that, 'count of my business," and Chips swung his basket proudly. "Oh, I see! Well, Chips, if you want to earn a quarter easily, you stand still a little while just as you are and let me make a picture of you."

Chips grinned in delighted appreciation, and the artist sketched away. Chips was really a noted character—he was a monopolist. The man who owned the large Woodyard let him have all the kindlings. They were willing to do it without cost, in view of the fact that he was the mainstay of his mother, who was too feeble to do much. But Chips was no beggar; he meant to do business on business methods. Therefore he paid a small price for the kindlings, and sold them out by basketfuls, supplying most houses in the village. Everybody liked Chips, he was so industrious, so kind to his mother, so ready to give and take a job. He had a gay word for every household or servant maid; he grabbed off his cap and said "Thank you," with rough politeness, every time he was paid for the kindlings. It may be thought strange that other urchins did not poach on Chips' preserves. Indeed, it was tried once or twice, but Chips could fight as well as work, and he pointed on the offenders in a fashion not to be desired. After that the manager of the

wood-yard, wishing to give the boy the best chance, and not being devoid of humor himself, posted the following notice:

"The owners of this yard have sold the right to deal in kindlings to Richard Holmes, otherwise known as Chips. Anyone trespassing on this will be handed over to the police."

So Chips was really a monopolist, though he did not know it, until Mr. Millman, the artist, said so, after Chips had explained his occupation. Mr. Millman took a great liking to the boy.

"Chips," he said one day, "I'm going back to the city pretty soon, and all winter long I'm going to paint pictures. There are several things I'd like to put a boy such as you in. How would you like to go with me? You could learn to take care of my rooms, and then pose for me when I needed you. I'd give you—let's see." Mr. Millman thought a minute, and then named a sum that made Chips' eyes dance. "Think it over, and ask your mother."

Chips' face fell at the word "mother." Chips marched off, frowning hard. That night he lay awake—an unheard-of proceeding. One thing he resolved, "I'll not trouble mother with it till I've settled it myself." It was not the first time he had shielded her from anxiety. Toward morning he went off to sleep.

When he awoke and had plunged his towelled head in cold water, every thing cleared up. He knew! It was like him to go straight to Mr. Millman.

"Well?" the artist asked. "I've thought it over, sir. I'd like to go mighty well, but mother couldn't spare me. Yes, sir, I know it's big money to what I get now, but it's just this a-way. You want me three months, say. Then I comes back, and some other boy has my place, 'cause they can't have the kindlin' 'tillin' round. An' maybe I wouldn't like to sell kindlin' after I'd been a city feller. An' the wood-yard man has promised me a place's quick's I'm big enough, so it's slow an' sure. But it's mother mostly. She'd grieve every minute. Ta'n't like she was strong. Thank you, sir, but I've 'cided."

There were pretty nearly tears in the honest eyes. Mr. Millman grasped the boy's hand; he never wanted so much to paint him as he did at that moment. "I'm proud of you," was what he said, "and when I come back next year we'll make up for what we can't do this winter, eh?" As the boy turned away, the artist thought to himself, "Chips has a good head and a good heart."

MEG'S DOLL.

Her name might have been Margaret, so far as anybody knew, but nobody ever called her so, and they were not rich enough to own a big family Bible, with its gilded blank pages for the family record.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system. The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain. How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever. I have 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50 at all druggists, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont."

Her mother had called her "Meggie dear," and it sounded real good. As Meg recalled it that afternoon she remembered how pleasant it sounded, and then she tried to forget it and to hum "Clementine," but the tune faded away on her lips.

She was sitting on the rickety steps in front of her house, and she was caring for dear Josephine. Dear Josephine had lost an arm, evidently by some act of violence, and there was a hole in her head that leaked sawdust alarmingly, and she had a weak neck, so that her head lopped to one side quite dejectedly. But these slight imperfections made no difference in Meg's love for Josephine. Perhaps she loved her sick baby more than she could a well one. And then Meg had neither brothers nor sisters, since they had been distributed around to whoever wanted them. And so through the long days Josephine was doubly dear.

The hot sun glared down into the little alley in a furious way, but Meg seemed not to mind it. She was very busy. She was mending dear Josephine. She had a big darning needle and a length of string, trying to sew up her baby's head and make it whole again. The needle was too big, and it did not act so, but the patient child tugged away in the glare of that August afternoon, poking and pulling and coaxing the unruly string—when a boy appeared.

He was sauntering by, with a keen eye out for recreation in a very monotonous vagrant boy world. He stopped and eyed the child curiously. "Hallo!" he grinned. "What ails her? Looks as though she had the string halt."

Meg did not deign to reply. She just wished he'd go along. Boys always teased her. She didn't like boys.

But this boy, instead of going away drew nearer. His eyes shone maliciously as he stooped over to examine her work more carefully.

Meg had both hands on the needle, trying to pull it through the doll's head, when the boy suddenly snatched it away and drew back to the sidewalk, dancing it above his head by the string, which now was like a hangman's noose.

"Poor Meg! It would do no good to scream. He was stronger than she, and he would only run off with dear Josephine, and she would never see her any more. He was jumping the doll about to the tune of

"Dance a jig, my pretty miss; Hain't she just a beauty, though!"

Meg's eyes filled with tears and her chin quivered. And then she ventured to ask him a question: "Is your mother dead?" "Dead?" and the dancing doll was halted a moment in midair. "Not as nobody knows of."

"Mine is," continued Meg, in a sorrowful little voice. "She made this doll for me, and I cut the clothes 'cause she was sick and cried so she couldn't see. They don't fit very well; she was a-leamin' up in bed when she made 'em, and her hands trembled just like this—here Meg trembled her hands in imitation of the sick mother's hands—"an' I s'pose Josephine is crooked, but I love her."

The boy stopped and whistled long and low. "Oh, that's the how of it, is it? So there was crepe on yer door. I forgot it."

He held Josephine by her arms now and eyed her with growing respect. "Didn't mean to hurt her. Only a little fun, yer know. She's a first-class doll," and he laid her down carefully in Meg's lap.

"She ort to have a new dress," he continued, with evident interest in her wardrobe. And then he took off his cap and looked sharply at the lidling. He was the only boy in that community whose hat had a lining, and he quite enjoyed the distinction. It was a bright blue.

"See here, now, this lining'll make that baby a hull dress, an' you kin have it if you won't tell anybody I was mean to you."

Out it came with a jerk and was laid down beside dear Josephine.

His coat had several buttons more or less large and ragged, but only one button. He turned his attention to that now. He fingered it lovingly. It was a metal button, and once had been the shape of a dog's face.

"Yer dress'll want to button, likely," he said, as a sudden pull loosened it. This was placed beside the other offering, and then he turned quickly up the street, his hands in his pockets, and his lining cap shoved back on his head.

WHAT MATTIE SAID.

"Della," said Irene Van Horne just after school was dismissed for the day, "did you hear what Mattie Merritt said about you at recess?"

Della Adams, who was walking briskly out of the school house gate, stopped and faced the indignant-looking girl who had arrested her attention.

"No," said Della, quietly, "I did not hear her say anything about me, and I do not think she did."

"Oh, yes, she did," said Irene, eagerly; "and I told her right to her face that I'd tell you the very first chance I got. Oh, it was so mean!"

"Was it?" said Della, with a gentle smile. "Perhaps you had better not tell me, then."

"Oh, but you ought to know! I'm sure you'll be furious." Della checked her. "I do not care to hear what she said."

"But, Della, you ought to know." "I think not," replied Della, gently, but very firmly. "What good would it do for me to hear that Mattie slandered me, as I infer she did? I could not punish her, even if I wished. I could not make her recall the words, and I am sure it would not give me pleasure to hear them repeated."

"Then you don't want to know—" "Not a single word. If I know, I might find it impossible not to show Mattie that I felt badly over it."

"Why, I should think after your quarrel you would not care much for her opinion."

"My quarrel?" said Della, in surprise. "We have not quarreled. Mattie is angry because I excelled her in school studies this week, but it takes two to make a quarrel, and I am not angry at her. Whatever she may have said, I'm sure she will be sorry for it."

"Well, you are the queerest girl!" exclaimed Irene, as they walked along, and Della began to talk on other subjects. "I don't suppose there's another girl in school who wouldn't have been curious to hear what Mattie said. And to think that you don't care what anybody says about you!"

"I do care," said Della, rather sadly; "and that is why I prefer to hear nothing but favorable comment. I would like to believe that all the girls liked me."

"So they do," said Irene, impulsively, "and that was why I was so indignant when Mattie—" "There you go again," cautioned Della. "Now, dear, don't say a word to anybody about Mattie, and I am sure it will turn out all right."

Irene kissed Della good-bye, and walked away, shaking her head in a doubtful as well as a thoughtful manner.

A week passed, and every day when Della met Mattie Merritt she spoke to the girl just as pleasantly and smiled just as sweetly as ever she did.

Mattie at first returned the salutations with a defiant toss of her head, then with a scornful look; then with a puzzled expression, and finally she came to Della one day at recess, and said, shortly:

"Della, I owe you an apology." "I think not, Mattie," said Della. "Yes, I do," persisted Mattie, very red in the face. "Last Tuesday at recess, you know, I said—"

"Please don't tell me what you said!" exclaimed Della, putting her arms around Mattie's waist. "I would rather not hear it."

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" Fruit with tonics. Try them for constipation, headaches, biliousness, skin and kidney diseases. "I am taking Fruit-a-tives, and find them all right. The easiest to take and the most effective laxative I have ever used." At druggists—6c. a box. Mrs. L. DAVY, Prescott, Ont. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

Some of the Things the Woman Reporter Had to Write About.

(From the Metropolitan Magazine.)

The stately wife of the great man and millionaire who owned the Morning Glory swept glistening draperies down the carved stairway of her handsome residence, and came to the girl reporter with a startled and perplexed look on her calm face. "Did my husband send you? I see you came from the Glory," she said. The girl felt a strange, sinking sensation, as of one taking a sudden jump into unknown space, but she fixed her eyes steadily upon the piece of pasteboard Mrs. Aubrey held in her strong, slim fingers, and responded:

"No, Mr. Aubrey did not send me, but I have an assignment to interview prominent society and professional women on the kissing question as ventilated by Mrs. McCorkingdale, of Kansas, and if you please I would very much like your opinion and your photograph."

Mrs. Aubrey was a tall woman, but in that instant it seemed to the girl that the proprietor's wife rose up and up, like a tree, until her head nearly touched the ceiling. The sensation of falling through the air became stronger.

"Impossible," said Mrs. Aubrey, "there is some mistake. I am never interviewed. And certainly I could not consider such an absurd subject. It makes one ridiculous even to think of it. The idea! I cannot imagine any woman lowering herself sufficiently to talk about it."

The girl bowed and turned to go, but there was that expression about her lips which caused Mrs. Aubrey, herself a woman of keen humor and sympathetic insight, to stop her with the quick words: "Wait a moment, please; I want to know why you came to me."

"I was told to interview several prominent women—I had no more specific instructions—except that the interviewed women must be of note socially or professionally, and that I must obtain their opinions and their photographs."

"But the whole subject is so silly; what made you choose it?"

"I choose it! Dear madam, do not accuse me of that! It is the Sunday editor's idea."

"Surely he doesn't expect nice women to talk of—of—such things—for publication?"

"I interviewed nine ladies last week—nine ladies of position, to ascertain their views on the alleged common practice of wives going through their husbands' pockets. The week before that we had a symposium concerning the probable abolition of corsets by law. Three weeks ago I wrote up a lot of fashionable women who are opposed to the curling iron and the manicure scissors, and collected opinions as to the benefit of a raw carrot diet upon the complexion. This has used up the longest part of my list of nice women. I am trying this time to get an entirely new set."

Sacrifice, which is the passion of great souls, has never been the law of societies.—Amiel's Journal.

The love of God always includes love of our neighbor; and therefore no pretense of zeal for God's glory must make us uncharitable to our brother.

A LITTLE TYRANT.

There is no tyrant like a teething baby. The temper isn't due to original sin; the little one suffers worse than the rest of the family. He doesn't know what is the matter—they do.

But baby need not suffer longer than it takes to make him well, if the mother will give him Baby's Own Tablets. They ease the tender gums and bring the teeth through painlessly and without tears. Mrs. C. Connolly, St. Laurent, Man., says:

"Some months ago my little girl's health became so bad that we felt very anxious. She was teething and suffered so much that we did not know what to do for her. I was advised to try Baby's Own Tablets, and from almost the first dose she began to improve, and there was no further trouble. She is now in the best of health, thanks to the Tablets. The Tablets cure all the minor ailments of children, and are a blessing to both mother and child. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Try them and you will use no other medicine for your little one. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

POPE RECEIVES SAILORS.

The Pope recently received Lieutenant Frank E. Ridgley, three other officers, and forty-eight Catholic sailors of the U. S. cruiser Minneapolis, now at Naples.

His Holiness received the Americans in the hall of the consistory. To each he gave his hand to kiss, while he spoke kind words. To the Pope was then presented a basket of beautiful flowers tied with ribbons from the caps of the sailors. This presentation greatly pleased His Holiness, who expressed his pleasure at the thought which prompted it.

The Pope then delivered a short address, thanking the Americans for coming to see him, and expressing his pleasure at meeting so many representatives of the American navy. When the Pope left the hall the sailors saluted him with three hearty cheers which resounded throughout the Vatican.

The privilege of speaking the truth is not accorded to a few chosen persons. Get away from the horrible ghost of Fearing-Yea-Won't-Be-Understood! Speak and act with the assurance that you will be understood by those persons who should understand you. It doesn't make the least difference about the others.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

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