

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

A SAD DAY FOR DOLLIES.

"Oh, dear, such an accident happened to-day... While Dora and Molly and I were at play! We harnessed my kitty to Molly's red cart...

OUR LEAD PENCILS.

Many a boy is made happy these days by a present of half a dozen pencils with his name printed thereon in gold letters.

THE BOYS WE ALL LIKE.

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit and unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

POCKET WISDOM.

Never lean. Stand on your own feet. They were given to you for that purpose.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.

The seven sleepers of Ephesus were seven young men, converts to Christianity, who during the persecution of Christians under the Emperor Decius, A.D. 250, refused to bow before an idol set up by the Emperor.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, dizziness, nervousness, irritability, and dragging-down feeling in the loins.

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Bonny had flushed with pleasure at the praise bestowed on him, but when Herr Hausmann came to the end of his sentence the child understood perfectly that it was a slighting remark, and glared angrily.

A TINY MOTOR CAR.

Just think of two tiny tots having an automobile of their own! Their father is a French gentleman by the name of M. Valentine, and made the car especially for these children.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

They both stopped at the entrance of the visitor, but he bade them go on, and remained listening attentively, with his head critically poised on one side.

When they had finished he said to Bonny in German, "How old are you, my little fellow?"

"I am nine," Bonny replied. "Surely you look no more, and you play like that. Is it just one piece that you have learned by heart, or have you others?"

Both the children laughed at so absurd a question.

"We play many things with my uncle," Liese replied modestly, "and also in some quartets, when other gentlemen join us. My cousin Johann plays also many things by himself."

"Let me hear some." They brought him a portfolio of music, and he chose a solo for Bonny. It was one, fortunately, of which both he and Liese were very fond, and they played it extremely well.

"Bravo! bravo!" the delighted German exclaimed when they came to the end. "It is plain to see, my little friend, whose pupil you are. Your father will be proud of you. You will be also a great player like him. But why have we heard nothing of this infant wonder? Is it that your father meditates taking the world by storm, or that he fears a rival in his own son?"

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

of your father. Do you understand?" "Yes," Bonny replied eagerly. "It is a good secret to keep, and you are a good doctor. You will make our dear Herr Papa quite well very soon, will you not?"

"We will do our best, please God?" the doctor said, as he jumped into the carriage and drove off.

When Bonny ran in again the drawing-room was quite empty. He wondered very much what had become of Herr Hausmann, whom he had not seen go out.

He took up his violin and began playing softly to himself. Presently Liese came into the room.

"Where is Herr Hausmann?" Bonny asked her. "He must have gone out through the conservatory and into the garden. He ought not to do that, ought he, Liese? He's a bad, horrid man, I think."

"He's not gone, Johann; auntie took him upstairs to see Herr Papa."

"Liese," Bonny cried out, "he mustn't. The doctor said Herr Papa would die if he was worried, and that bad man will worry him to play. You know Herr Papa never likes to break his promise, and I believe he will go. Liese, don't you wish we could play for Herr Papa?"

"Johann, how can you? As if you could play like Herr Papa! You are not so clever as that," Liese exclaimed, mistaking Bonny's meaning for conceit.

Bonny scarcely heard her answer, for he had put down his violin and gone. He went straight upstairs to the bedroom, into which the children had not been admitted that day.

Truly enough the little manager was there, seated in a big chair by the bedside, talking quickly and with much vociferation in his German tongue.

Bonny glanced at the figure of the professor propped up with pillows in the bed, and, child as he was, he could see that his kind friend was very ill.

He breathed with difficulty and seemed scarcely able to speak, but to Bonny's horror, he heard him gasp out, "If it is possible to play, I will play for you."

The manager broke out into protestations of gratitude. "You will keep your promise, I know," he said, "and excitement will pull you through. Let us hope, too, that you will be much better by that time. Such an event, too; it will be an occasion for a life-time!"

Herr Bruder signed to the manager that the interview was ended. As he rose he faced Bonny, whose young face was all aflame with anger.

"How dare you?" he cried, "when you know what the doctor told you!" Then he turned to the bed. "Herr Papa, tell him you won't come," he exclaimed entreatingly.

"The doctor said you mustn't; he did tell me you really, really couldn't—and I know why you mustn't. He only wants you to because he's frightened of the prince; he wouldn't mind if you died afterwards. He's only a cruel little coward, that's all he is, and he doesn't love you a bit."

Herr Bruder smiled and laid his hand on Bonny's head. "Little one," he said, "doctors do not know everything. Perhaps Herr Papa will be well again by then."

"But to play would make you ill again. The doctor said it would kill you, and he's a good doctor, a real making-well one, not a nasty killing one. Herr Papa, I want to say something to you. He said I played beautifully; let Liese and me go and play instead of you, and the people will say, they are only children, and will be kind to listen to us when they know you are too ill and if the great people are angry, I will stand up and tell them we would not let you be killed for all the princes in the world; and then

CHAPTER XV.—THE TRIAL. Like many older people, Bonny little knew at the time what he was undertaking, though even if he had, I feel sure he would have been just as determined to do it.

For you know very little about Bonny if you have not discovered by this time that he had a determined will of his own. Just as he had been earnest in his play when he was almost a baby, carrying out all the details of the curious games he invented, not because there was anyone to see him, but because it was a natural instinct with him to put his whole soul into everything he did, so when he once made up his mind to learn the violin, he devoted all his mind to the task in a way that astonished and delighted even his teacher.

Frank E. Donovan

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we will come home and laugh."

Herr Hausmann had in his own heart a misgiving that the professor might, after all, slip through his fingers. That he would keep his promise if he could stand upright and hold a violin he felt sure, knowing what sort of man the great violinist was. But he also saw that even this might be beyond the professor's powers.

"My friend," he said to Herr Bruder, "if it were possible to spare you I would gladly do it. I think well of your little son's idea. To me, he plays remarkably well for such a child, but would he have the nerve to perform before a crowd of people? We must put him to a test. Let him come to the grand rehearsal to-morrow, when all the musicians will meet together, and he shall play before them. If he does well, I will take him as your substitute."

"Herr Papa, I will go," Bonny said emphatically. "Tell him 'Yes.'"

It was thus arranged, and Bonny saw the manager depart with feelings of pride and satisfaction.

He flew after Liese. "The wretch is gone," he cried, "and we must practise hard, Liese, for we must and shall play for Herr Papa."

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If Bonny wanted to do a thing difficulties did not daunt him, and while another child would have been saying, "Oh, I can't do this, it's so difficult," Bonny had gone straight at it and done it.

The first difficulty in this new task was Liese. "Johann, how can you?" she asked incredulously. "Think of all the people, and the princes, and the musicians; why I shall be so frightened, I shall not know what I am doing."

Oh, Johann, you are a conceited boy! I wonder how you can dare. Just think of you taking Herr Papa's place. You, who are nobody, and Herr Papa, they say, plays better than anyone else in Germany."

Bonny did not care one bit for all that. He was determined to do it, and did not mind what anyone thought. In fact, he did not trouble himself about any other thing at all than that determination, but went straight at his purpose, and that is the way the greatest deeds in the world have been done. Liese was a very good and kind little girl but she did not understand Bonny in the least.

However, she was quite ready to practise with him, and even to give up all her play and reading at his wish. So as there were no lessons that day, they spent the whole of it in practising over all the music they knew, although Liese kept on declaring that she was sure she shouldn't be able to play when the time came.

Bonny got rather cross about it at last. "Then I shall have to play with someone else," he said, "but it's very unkind of you, Liese, because you have always played the piano for me, and we know how to go together. Perhaps someone else would play differently, and then it would put me out."

"But I can't help being nervous, can I?"

"Yes, if you don't think about anything but the music." On the next day the children were to be taken into Berlin by Herr Hausmann, at whose house they were to spend the night under Madame Hausmann's care. (To be continued)

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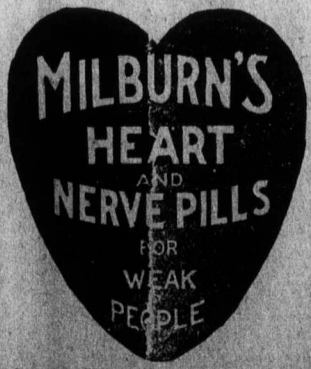
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