# For Boys **And Girls**

Cheer Up!

A little bird sings, and he sings all day"Cheer up! Cheer up!" "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!

No matter to him if the skies be gray-He flies o'er the fields of waving corn, And over the ripening wheat; He answers the lark in the early morn In cadences cheery and sweet. And only these two little words he

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

A message to earth which he gladly

brings"Cheer up! Cheer up!" He sings in a voice that is blithe and

"Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And little cares he for the storm or cold-"Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And when in the winter the snow

comes down. And fields are all frosty and bare, He flies to the heart of the busy town, And sings just as cheerily there. He chirps from his perch on my win-

"Cheer up! Cheer up!"
This message he brings with a right "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

This dear little messenger can but say, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!" As over the house-tops he makes his

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" Oh, let us all learn from this little bird lesson we surely should heed; For if we all uttered but one bright

The world would be brighter indeed! If only earth's children would blithely up! Cheer up! Cheer up!' How jolly a world would ours be today-

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!" -Eva Best, in Child-Life.

### What Grandma Sent.

[Susan H. Cole.] Ralph Rogers was making a collection of birds' nests. He had become interested in watching the birds while ing from the Edinburgh Scotsman: studying about them in school, and when his vacation came he began looking for birds whenever he had an op-

habits of the different kinds and how later in the season, when the baby It will do you good. But worry, worry, birds had learned to fly, and the nests worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's were of no more use to the bird fam-ilies, he began his collection. He would penance, reformation, hope nor resocut down the small branch of the tree lution in it. It's merely worry.' on which the nest was hung, or dig up bit of sod or moss on which it rested, and in this way his nests made a fine showing. His collection was praised by the older members of the nily, and by his teachers, until Ralph began to take a great deal of

At the close of his vacation he wrote a long letter to his grandmother who lived in the country, but away off in another state, telling her how he had spent his vacation, and what he had summer months. learned during the Of course one of the main things told her about was his collection of birds' nests. He described how he had thrown bits of string out on the lawn, and then had watched the orioles come and take them and use them to weave into their nest on the Then after the orioles had left the nest he had cut it down and kept it. Grandma always enjoyed Ralph's letter, and she enjoyed this one especially well, because she knew at once that she could give him a delightful

About a week later Ralph received a letter from grandma, and in the same mail was a strong, spuare pasteboard box directed to him Ralph opened the letter and this is

"Dear Ralph: I was very glad to receive your letter, and very much in-terested in your collection of birds' nests. And now I have a story to tell you about a bird's nest. One day in the early summer grandpa was out on the side porch having his hair cut. (Ralph remembered what beautiful silvery-white halr grandpa had). Of course the wind blew the bunches of hair out into the grass, and a little while after we noticed that a pair of small birds were making frequent trips from a tree near by to the grass beside the porch. Then we saw that they were carrying away the bunches of hair, and we knew that they must be makdng a nest. And sure enough, as we found out afterwards, they were lining the nest with the soft white hair, to make it smooth and beautiful for their babies. Now if you will open the package which I have mailed to I think you will find something in it which you will like to add to your collection of nests.

Your loving Grandma." Ralph opened the package pretty quickly after finishing the letter, and ere inside the box, was a little round nest beautifully made, and with the completely covered with soft, white hair, woven so that it formed a 'It's grandpa's hair," Ralph exclaimed, as he ran to show the treas- brother's?

ure to mamma. And do you wonder that all the members of the family considered that nest the chief treasure of all Ralph's collection?-New York Observer.

The Diary of a Lonely Rooster. Monday, Oct. 1 .- I am a lonely rooster. I am alone, all alone in the world. I was an only chicken, and my only mother is with me no longer. I may have had an only father, too-I do not know-but he is not here, either. I have lows: no playmates but a big horse and a big cow, and they know very little about

I must find something to amuse me. or my feathers will drop out for sadness. I am walking by the pond, and writing my diary in the soft mi must talk to someone, if it is on! , .ny-

Tuesday, Oct. 2.-I was right. My satisfied. feathers have begun to fall. Half my tail is gone this morning. My master feeds me well but I cannot eat alone Even the cow pushed me when I strolled into her stall just now. She is so big she cannot understand me.

I am so unhappy! Shall I wade out in the pond and drown? I am still here. Something has happened. Something new has come to the darm. It is smaller than I. It is alive.

Akitten. It has four legs. It can run. son for a few moments in shence, then, it makes a little bit of a funny noise, not nearly as loud as my best crow. marked: "At the head of the class, only, and she wore a calico dress and former went tenantless at \$3.50 per a poke-bonnet. It is recorded in the parish records that one Annie Sell-

the kitten was afraid. But I will not hurt it. I am kind. Saturday, Oct. 6.-The kitten play nicely. I feel quite happy when she chases her tail. I forgot to write my diary yesterday, it was so gay in

Sunday, Oct. 7.-The kitten let me eat out of her saucer this morning. I am grateful. I brought her a nice fat worm just now. She will like it much. I will take her to the pond by and by. Monday, Oct. 8 .- She did not enjoy the pond after all. She says she does not like to wet her feet. She thinks it is better fun to play in the barn

What sweet things kittens are! Tuesday, Oct. 9.-I am so happy! The kitten cuddles down by my side and purrs, when I lie on the barn floor and ruffle out my feathers in the sun-shine. I am not lonely now. I shall not write my diary any more. I have a friend.-The Outlook.

## Picked Up in Passing.

The women of a fashionable church in Denver have all agreed to take off their hats at the first note of the voluntary, and keep them off during the service. Thus the display of millin-ery will neither obstruct the men's view of the minister, nor distract the women's thoughts from the sermon.

The composer Beethoven was possessed of a grim satiric wit which resembled nothing so much as the caus- If I have freedom in my love, tic humor of Carlyle. It is related of him that one day his brother, who was very proud of a little piece of property he owned, called on him, but found him out. So he left a card inscribed: "Johann von Beethoven, land proprietor." Next day he had it returned to him written on the back: "H. von Beethoven, brain proprietor,'

The late Archbishop Tait was in the habit of instructing his chaplin to answer the letters of foolish correspondents in this wise: "Tell him he is an ass, but say so kindly." Perhaps is a duty as well as a temptation to set some conceited people down. But the thing should be done in a kindly fashion, considering ourselves, lest we also should be in danger of displaying weakness. Speaking the truth in love is as much incumbent upon us today as ever. \* \* \* \*

than disease"—in fact, worry is a kind of disease—is recalled by the follow-"Don't worry about things you can't I pray you hear my song of the boat, help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all, if you He learned a great deal about the want to be penitent now, and then it abits of the different kinds and how won't hurt you a bit to go into the they constructed their nests. Then sackcloth and ashes business a little. worry, fret, fret, fret-why, there's penance, reformation, hope nor reso-

> To their credit be it said that many prominent railroad men of the present day are thoroughly alive to the necessity of furthering the moral and religious wellfare of their employes. But it would appear from an incident recorded in an exchange that not all railroad officials are up in the geography of grace. The story goes that a tract society not long ago sent a Chicago railway agent a bundle of tracts to be placed on the timetable rack. One of the tracts was en-"A Route to the New Jeru-The agent wrote back to the "We cannot place the tracts, salem." as the N. J. is not on our route." Alas for such ignorance of true terminal

## XXX XXX A Smile: A Laugh.

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De Quincey, it is said, had trouble with a census paper, as he considered himself obliged to fill up every blank in it. After considerable thought, he succeeded in putting himself down as "a writer to the maga-zines," but failed utterly to compass the occupations of his three daughters. At last he bracketed their names, and described them as "lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin.'

\* \* \* \* Bet Flint, a humble friend of Dr Johnson, was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane. She was tried at the Old Bailey, and Chief Justice Willes, who had a kindness for sex, summed up favorably, and she was acquitted. After which Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air: "Now that the counterpane is my own, I shall make a petticoat of it.

Willy and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, and a gentleman was their first patron. Willy's sign "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was: "Two Being a man with an cents a glass." eye to the fact that "a penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lemonade. paid the two cents due, and casually

Why is yours cheaper than your "Cos mine is the lemonade that the puppy fell into.

Once when Helps came to stay with us on his return from Blenheim," writes Professor Muller in Cosmopol-is, "he told me how the duke had left the day before for London, and that on that very day the emu had laid an egg. The duke had taken the greatest interest in his emus, and had long looked forward to this event. A telegram was sent to the duke, which, when shown to Mr. Helps, ran as fol-"The emu has laid an egg, and in the absence of your grace, we have taken the largest goose we could find

to hatch it." The son of a well-known Providence lawyer came home at the end of his first term in college exulting in the fact that he stood next to the head of

his class. His father was less easily "What! next to the head?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I send you to college for! Next to the head, indeed! Humph! I'd like to know why you aren't at the head, where you

The young man was naturally crest-Wednesday, Oct. 3.—I did not drown. fallen, but on his return to college he am still here. Something has happen- went about his work with such ambition that the end of the term found him in the coveted place. He went I like to watch it.

Thursday, Oct. 4.—They say it is a kitten. It has four legs. It can run.

home very proud indeed. It was great news. The lawyer contemplated his son for a few moments in silence, then,

## The Poets.

To Althea From Prison. When Love with unconfined wings Hovers within my gates, She thinks And my divine Althea brings To whisper at the grates; When I lie tangled in her hair fettered to her eye,

The birds that wanton in the air Know no such liberty. When flowing cups run swiftly round With no allaying Thames, Our careless heads with roses crown Our hearts with loyal flames; When thirsty grief in wine we steep,

When healths and draughts go free,

Fishes that tipple in the deep When, linnet-like, confined, 1 With shriller throat shall sing The sweetness, mercy, majesty And glories of my King; When I shall voice aloud how good He is, how great should be, Enlarged winds that curl the flood

Stone walls do not a prison make Nor iron bars a cage; Minds innocent and quiet take That for a hermitage. And in my soul am free Angels alone that soar above Enjoy such liberty.

Know no such liberty.

-Richard Lovelace. \*\*\*

Longing for Home.

A song of a boat-There was once a boat on a billow; Lightly she rocked to her port remote, And the foam was white in her wake like snow. And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow. And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a Went courtseying over the billow, marked her course till a dancing She faded out on the moonlit foam,

And I stayed behind in the dear loved The adage that "worry kills more And my thoughts all day were about the boat. And my dreams upon the pillow.

> For it is but short—
> My boat, you will find none fairer In river or port. Long I looked out for the lad she bore, On the open, desolate sea. And I think he sailed to the heavenly

For he came not back to me-

shore.

Ah, me! A song of a nest-There was once a nest in a hollow. Down in the mosses and knot-grass Soft and warm, and full to the brim: Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,

With buttercup buds to follow. I pray you hear my song of a nest, For it is not long-You shall never light in a summer quest The bushes among-

hall never light on a pro-A fairer nestful, nor ever know A softer sound than their tender twit-

That wind-like did come and go. I had a nestful once of my own. Ah happy, happy I! Right dearly I loved them; but when

they were grown They spread out their wings to fly-O, one after one they flew away Far up to the heavenly blue. better country, the upper day, And-I wish I was going too.

I pray you what is the nest to me,-My empty nest? And what is the shore where I stood My boat sail down to the west? Can I call that home where I anchor

Though my good man has sailed? Can I call that home where my nest was set, Now all its hope hath failed? Nay, but the port where my sailor

And the land where my nestlings be; There is the home where my thoughts are sent. The only home for me-Ah, me!

-Jean Ingelow.

## ~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~0~0 News Links.

THE Dowager Lady Tweedmouth, mother of Lady Aberdeen, recently laid the memorial stone of the mortuary chapel she has gifted to the Northern Infirmary, Inverness, the building of which is now nearing completion.

AS THE English upper classes do not object to their boys being birched, it is only royal princes and the sons of blemen who receive corporal punishment in the great English schools So, at least, says the head master of

LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL MAC-NAGHTEN had his watch snatched from his pocket by a thief in London one evening recently. Though nearly 70 years of age, he sprinted, caught him within a couple of blocks, and got his watch back.

BRUMMAGEN French is dangerous. A Birmingham citizen passing two policemen on the street in the evening said, "Bon jour, monsieur," to them. They at once arrested him, charging him with being drunk and swearing at them in a foreign language.

LARRIKIN, a famous Australian steeplechaser, fell in the Grand National hurdle race near Melbourne, breaking his neck. As soon as the race was over the crowd broke in and began to cut up the dead horse for relics. One man took his tail, another ears, and others the teeth and hoofs.

A MARRIAGE which recalls some of the marriages in England in the days when a newly-made husband was held and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in by the law responsible for any-thing his bride wore on her wedding day, took place at the end of last month in a North Carolina high road in Johnston county. The bridegroom and his bride were barefooted. He wore a

wood was married at Chiltern All Saints in 1714 "wearing only her shift." But her husband had a legal reason for wanting her only in that garment.

QUEEN VICTORIA has paid \$800 for the walking-stick Prince Charlie forgot by his bedside at Culloden Castle when he went out to fight the battle. It has a handle with two heads carved on it representing Folly Wisdom. The bed on which the last of the Stuarts slept for three nights brought \$3,750, and a lieutenant's commission for a Mackintosh, signed and sealed by the prince, \$475.

GRAND DUKE ADOLF OF LUX-EMBURG, who is now 80 years of age, is the oldest temporal sovereign in Europe. He was formerly Duke of Nassau, and after a reign of 27 years was turned out by the Prussians in

1866. Seven years ago he found an-

other throne on the death of King Wil-

liam III. of Holland, whose next male

heir he was, as the Luxemburg law of inheritance does not admit women. IN HIS recent book on "The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote" Mr. Charles Dudley Warner quotes from William Harrison, a writer of 300 years ago, an extract explaining why Englishmen eat so much. William says: "The situation of our region, lying neare unto the north, doth cause the heat of our stomachs to be of some what greater force; therefore our bodies do crave a little more nourishment han the inhabitants of the hotter re gions are accustomed withal, whose di-

gestive force is not altogether so ve-

hement because their internal heat is

not so strong as ours." IT IS well known that some of the Highland regiments number a good many Irishmen. An amusing story in proof of this is told by the Fusilier. At the final relief of Lucknow, as Sir John Campbell was riding into the city with his staff, he passed a stalwart "Heelander" on sentry. Reining up, the general thus proudly apostrophised the kilted warrior: "Well, my brave mon, the Scotchmen did weel the day, and we're proud of our coun And, with an outburst of fraternal clannish fervor, adding, "Where do ye come fra, my mon, and what's your name?" Sentry: "From Connemara, sir, and my name is Pat Kelly. Sir Colin and his staff smiled and rode

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON is now re-visiting her native land-Sweden. Her countrymen bear her in affectionate remembrance, and when she was seen walking in the exhibition at Stockholm the other day she was quite mobbed. She travels as the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University, and, in response, she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at the Floral and St. James' Halls. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm o the Swedes in welcoming the once famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand otel. Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd was so dense that many persons were either crushed to death or forged into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was re cently sued by the Messrs. Dunveen, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of contract, growing out of a letter in which she wrote to them: "Gertrude, countess of Pembroke, wishes to inform Mr. Dunveen that she is willing to sell her tapestry. She is anxious to turn her room into a library, and cannot find room for her books unless she sells the tapestry. She would sell it for £5,000." In answer to this note the plaintiffs asked the countess for her lowest terms, to which she sponded: "Gertrude, Countess of Pembroke, does not mean to part with the tapestry under £5,000." The plaintiffs then sent her a check for that amount, saying that they accepted her offer, but she took the ground that there was concluded contract and refused let them have the tapestry. Mr. Jusice Kekewick held otherwise, and decided against the countess on the trial and be has just been sustained on The tapestry once belonged to

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the head. "Paine's Celery Compound does all that is claimed for it. I have recom-mended it to my friends, and they all speak highly of the results received I wish Paine's Celery Compound the success it so richly de-

English women, as a rule, are taller than their American sisters, and the Yankee ladies in their turn can look down at the gentler sex in France.

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## In Memoriam.

A Tribute to the Memory of 'the Late Rev. Alex. Grant, of Precious Memory, Drowned in the Nipegon River, August 4, 1897.

Upon thy proud summit, Oh, Mount of Gilboa, No dew may there be, neither let there be rain; Now weep, O ye people, in sackcloth Lament, for the beauty of Israel lies

In the midst of the battle the mighty has fallen. Whose sword e'er returned overladen with spoil; Now low is his head, for our prince lieth smitten As though he had ne'er been annointed with oil.

Prince Jonathan, Oh, thou was't pleasant and lovely, And our sore hearts are stricken and bleeding in pain: We weep, for the bow of the mighty is broken: We weep, for the beauty of Israel lies slain.

Oh, rend ye your garments, ye people of Israel, In dust and in ashes now bow down thy head; Weep, O ye streams, cry aloud ye bread prairies. Lament ye for Canada's Spurgeon lies dead.

Distinct from all others like unto Mount Hermon Towering aloft in its beauty and Again like a garden of roses embow-Where the Master walked daily, and took His delight.

That he, the best, the dearest, should be taken! Can it indeed be true that he has died? He, the most precious son in Zion, The people's darling and the Bap-tists' pride.

Of all the sons of God the best beloved: Strong, gentle, tender, and so faith-We gloried in the sunshine of thy Our Jonathan, for thou was't beauti-

Thou, Lord, dost rule aright in mighty wisdom; But, Oh, it is so hard to let him go; Ten thousand hearts are crying in their sorrow. "He is needed here, and, Oh, we love him so.'

Our earliest recollections round thee gather. Thy simple words a child could comprehend As thou with winning grace and words of sweetness,
Taught us of Jesus Christ, the child-

Thy words of earnest love, thy winning grace, Thy noble form, thy strong yet tender face With the Christlikeness there so clearly traced, Have made an impress deep that years will ne'er efface.

"The good fight fought," and thou did'st fight it well The Christian race thou did'st with valor run; Rev. R. Warner, M. A., Principal, St. Thomas, Ont. And well we know the dear Lord welcomed thee With loving smiles, and "faithful one, well done.'

Now, sleep, beloved, sleep both long Thy God will over thee his sleepless vigils keep; For thou was't loved of him, and well we know "He giveth his beloved sleep." For calendar address REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M.A., Principal. Waves of the northern seas,

In thy low-toned melodies As ye flow in sparkling ripples on the shore. Ah, thy murmurings seem to say, Fraught with tenderest sympathy Hearts bereaved, Oh, cease to grieve, Though thy loved one cometh back

no more.

Winds of the northern seas, We entreat thy sympathies, Oh, breathe a requim o'er our loved one who lies at rest, Soft as a mother's sigh, As she breathes a lullaby O'er the sleeping babe she cradles on

her breast. Farewell, farewell, a long and last Thou king of men, thou prince in Though words are vain, and cold our love to tell. We loved thee deeply, and we loved thee well.

Farewell, until we meet in yonder Where waters ne'er can reach, nor waves o'erwhelm: Where sorrow never comes, and there

-Mary Llewellyan Claypole. London, Ont.

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Three Red Letter Days in the history of the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM, when this grand achievement of bridge-building will be formally opened to the general EXCURSION FARES will be granted from EXCURSION FARES will be granted from all points on the whole system, Chicago, Toronto, Quebec and Portland, and a grand Programme of amusements will take place on the whole three days, and on the evenings of Sept. 23, 24 and 25 a Grand Illumination of the BRIDGE and River. Some of the finest Bands of both countries have been engaged for this occasion Programmes giving full details of this magnificent affair, which is expected to excel anything heretofore in this line, will be issued in a few days. The whole affair will be under the supervision of an expert manager.

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ONE OF THE palatial side-wheel steamers of this line will leave Toronto daily (Sundays excepted) at 2 p.m. for Montreal and intermediate ports, passing through by daylight the

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convey the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubed with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin Derry and Liverpool, \$52 50 and upwards. Second cabin Liverpool. Derry, london, \$34. Steerage, Liverpool. Derry, lelfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, \$22 50 and \$23 50. Special low rates by steamer Hamilton, leaving Hamilton every Monday at noon and Clasgow-New York service — From New York: Mongolian, Aug. 20. State of Nebraska, Sept. 3. Cabin. \$45 to \$65: return \$90 to \$123 50: second cabin. \$335: return. \$64 13: heaving Hamilton every Monday at noon and way ports: charges on this boat include meals and berths both ways.

For tickets, state rooms, etc., apply to E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas streets, or T. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets, or T. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. B. Clarke. 416 Richmond street.