

BOYS AND GIRLS
a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

The fairies with their paint pots
Came to our farm last night;
They came along with old Jack
Frost.

"Why, what's the matter, Bel?
Anything happened?"
"Yes, there has. Miss Peterson
called yesterday, and I showed her
to her-my pictures. I asked her
to tell me the exact truth about
them-and she did. That's all."

"So, take your paint, good fairies,
And make their dresses gay,
And when you've finished all your
work,
Then stay a while and play;
Be sure you hasten home again
At morning's earliest ray.

"Well," said Rob with boyish can-
dor, "it's just what I think my-
self, honest it is. I'm awfully sor-
ry, though, because you're disap-
pointed. Buy, say, don't look as if
the underpinning had dropped out
entirely. You said there were plenty
of other things to do. Look here,
what I found yesterday. I didn't
dare read it then, but maybe you'll
feel more like hearing it to-day."

"Yes," said Annabel, carefully
putting the finishing touch to an im-
possible red cow browsing in a field
of equally impossible grass that
spread greenly across her canvas,

"That's all right," said Rob, sur-
veying the red cow with critical and
not altogether friendly eyes, "only it
kind of strikes me that it might be
a good plan to find out first which
particular star belongs to you be-
fore you hitch too tight."

"Now, Robert!"-Annabel's voice
was patient as she befitted one who
dealt with that difficult creature, a
boy-"that's exactly what I'm doing.
All the girls say my paintings are
not quite as good as Miss Peterson's
yet, but you wait and see,
Robbie Brickett."

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," Anna-
bel laid down her brush with a re-
gretful sigh. "It's pretty hard not
to have your talents appreciated by
your family. But they'll feel dif-
ferently when I begin to sell my
paintings. Oh, I can't wait for
Miss Peterson to see them! Of course
she will tell me to study, and per-
haps she will offer to help me her-
self!"

Roseate dreams of fame and for-
tune overflowed the sewing room,
and did not increase either the quan-
tity or quality of the mending Anna-
bel accomplished that afternoon.

Presently, opening her eyes, the
poor woman said, "My boy, my lit-
tle son, where are you?"
The child ran to her, and they were
soon clasped in one another's arms,
mingling tears and kisses.

"It's in the kitchen fire, Robbie
Brickett, and there is never going
to be another-at least not for a
long, long time, if ever."

How many women
there are that get no re-
freshment from sleep.
They wake in the morn-
ing and feel tired than
when they went to bed.

St. George's Baking Powder
Glad it's too! I don't get
any more compliments-but lots of
compliments.

"No, no, my Ninette. First of all,
their wool will grow again very
quickly," said her aunt, "and then,
too, you must remember that we are
at the end of the month of June,
and the days are warm enough for
you to fear nothing from the weat-
her or for those dear little lambs."

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except what would injure her little
one; so Ninette soon reappeared in
the garden, dressed for her walk.
It was Thursday, and Robert had
a half-holiday; he was to be of the
party. In the part of the country
where they lived, the flowers were
wonderfully abundant; there were
quantities of myosotis, daisies, cow-
slips, and buttercups, with which
the children made splendid bouquets.

"That is quite certain," he replied
the child's mother, feeling alarmed,
though she believed the old hut to be
uninhabited. "There is no one in
it, my child, that is one comfort,"
she continued.

Wildflower.
CHAPTER I.
I am going to tell you about a
poor little girl whose father and
mother both died when she was a
baby, and she had consequently been
brought up entirely by her great-
aunt, Mademoiselle Brigitte Médine,
who had bestowed upon her all a
mother's care.

How many women
there are that get no re-
freshment from sleep.
They wake in the morn-
ing and feel tired than
when they went to bed.

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the vitality of the Catholic Church
in 35 x 20 miles of the County of
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ed to). What is sought is the
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vout Clients of the Sacred Heart
and St. Anthony in England, Ire-
land, Scotland, Wales, and the
Colonies. Each Client is asked to
send a small offering-to put a few
bricks in the new Church. May I
not hope for some little measure of
your kind co-operation?

IT RESTS WITH YOU
to say whether I am to succeed or
fail. All my hopes of success are
in your co-operation. Will you not
then extend a co-operating hand?
Surely you will not refuse? You
may not be able to help much; indeed
But you can help a little, and a mul-
titude of "littles" means a great
deal.

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