

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



A Warning to Frances.

Ms Frances was playing and turning around. Her head grew so giddy she fell to the ground. 'Twas well that she was not much hurt; But, O what a pity! her frock was so soiled. That had you beheld the unfortunate child, You had seen her all cover'd with dirt.

A Few Don'ts.

- 1. Don't whistle in the streets, in public vehicles, at public assemblies, or anywhere where it may annoy. 2. Don't carry your hands in your pockets. Don't thrust your thumbs into the arm-holes of your waist-coat. 3. Don't chew tobacco. It is a bad and ungentlemanly habit. 4. Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, or thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyish, the other rustic. 5. Don't neglect personal cleanliness—which is more neglected than careless observers suppose. 6. Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

A Queen Mother.

Downy Back was a wee yellow chicken. He was so yellow he looked like a spot of sunshine on the floor. When he was hardly out of his shell, his mother went away and left him to take care of himself. Little cared he. All day he would scratch in the earth, finding the most ridiculous worms for himself. It was only when night came that he missed his mother's warm, soft feathers. But one night he found a feather duster standing in the corner of the barn, feather end down. Downy Back must have thought that it had been put there especially for him. And after that each night, when it came to bedtime, he would run and cuddle beneath the feathers and sleep as snug as could be until morning.

Mother Hummingbird.

Such a tiny, tiny nest was that in which Mother Hummingbird and her two babies lived, hidden away in a bush so carefully that only Betty knew where it was, and she kept the secret to herself. But one day Betty began to think. Suppose it should rain, what could such wee birdies do, for a drop of rain would be almost enough to drown one of them? Mamma only smiled when Betty told her. "Wait until it rains, little daughter," she said. "Little Mother Hummingbird will know what to do." Sure enough. The next day it rained and what do you think the mother bird did? A good-sized leaf grew at one side of the little nest. Mother Hummingbird took hold of the tip of the leaf and bent it over the nest. Then she fastened it to the other side to a little twig which happened to be on the nest. There the birdies stayed quite dry under the leaf roof, until the storm passed. Then Mother Hummingbird unfastened the leaf again.

Do the Boys Know This?

Every boy knows the three eyes to be found in one end of a coconut, and many a boy has bored these eyes out, or one or two of them, with the small blade of a pocket-knife, so as to get at the milk in the coconut, which he has then drained out into a cup or drunk direct from the coconut itself. But there is a more fascinating way still of getting at the milk in the coconut. By this other method the coconut is opened at the other end, from the eyes. The coconut is struck all around gently and repeatedly with a

hammer, or a stone will do, at a distance of about one-third of the way down from the top, about where the arctic circle would be on a globe. A continued gentle tapping will finally crack the shell of the nut all around, not in a line exactly on the circle, perhaps, but pretty near it. Sometimes it cracks shell and meat of the nut, too, so that both can be lifted off together; sometimes it cracks out only a shell cap at the top, which is lifted off, and the cap of meat underneath it is then cut out around with a knife. And then there you are with the white lined coconut cup to drink from.

How the Twins Caught the Doctor.

Ben came down the back steps with a stamp and a slam, just as Rob had succeeded in tugging Cousin Joe's big double-runner out of the barn. "She says we can't have it," he answered, crossly. "She says if Aunt Mary decides to let us when she gets back, why all right. But she can't take the 'sponsibility.'" "Huh! Who wants her to?" asked Rob, dropping the rope in disgust. "She isn't going to get hurt; Grandmothers don't know everything, anyhow."

The twins sat down side by side on the double runner. They gazed wistfully along the straight, icy hill that began at their gate, dropped steadily for almost half a mile, and then straightened out for another half-mile beside the river. It was the longest coast in town, and in perfect condition.

"There'd be two slides before supper," grumbled Rob. "Yes. And to-morrow's Saturday and Aunt Mary won't get home until night," added Ben. "It'll probably rain and spoil it all, anyhow."

At last, deciding to make the best of it, the twins got up and built a fat snowman. Then they found relief for their ruffled tempers by pelting him to pieces, until it grew dark and Nora called them to supper.

They didn't enjoy their meal as much as usual, however, for grandma was upstairs most of the time taking care of Baby Alice, who had been sick more than a week, and was worse to-night. The twins felt that even if grandmothers don't know everything, it was rather pleasant to have one around. Just as they were finishing their cookies in silence, grandma hurried through the dining room, with an anxious face. They heard her tell Nora to run for Dr. Brown and they heard Nora hurry down the steps and out of the yard.

Now, the doctor lived in the very next house down the hill, with only Aunt Mary's field in between. So Nora was back in a few minutes. But the twins knew from her look, as she ran into the dining-room, that she had not found the doctor. "Oh, mum," she gasped, as soon as she saw grandma, "the doctor was driving out of his yard as I got to our gate. He turned down the hill, and I ran and called, but I couldn't make him hear. Oh, what shall we do?"

The twins didn't wait for anything more. Catching up their caps and mittens, they rushed out into the yard, where they almost tumbled over the double-runner, standing as they had left it. The same idea flashed into both minds at once. Without a word, Ben settled himself into the steerer's seat, with his feet against the braces, and wound the steering-rope around his hands. Rob gave a running push, leaped on behind, and in a few seconds they had rattled down the icy street, and started in hot pursuit of the doctor.

The bright moonlight showed them the sleigh nearing the bottom of the hill. But the double-runner rattled and swayed along the icy track, gaining speed every second. Now the sleigh left the hill and started along the level road. The twins half way down, and still flying faster. So they could hear the jangle of the sleigh bells above the rattling of their runners. Now they, too, left the slope and began spinning along the level, gaining fast upon the sleigh.

As the bits of ice thrown up by the horse's flying feet began to spatter in Ben's face, "Hi, Doctor!" he called out. "Go back!" But before he could finish, the double-runner tore past the sleigh like a racehorse. Rob turned quickly in his seat at the end, and shouted back the rest of the message: "It's our baby. Please go, quick!"

Rob saw the doctor turn, and start up the hill again. "It's all right. He's going," he called to Ben. Then the twins waited for the double-runner to slow up and let them off. When they got back into the yard again, some twenty minutes later, the doctor was just coming out of the door. "She'll get along nicely now," he heard him say to some one inside.

"But it was lucky enough you thought of that double-runner." And when the twins came into the kitchen, grandma drew them close to her, one on each side, and put her arms around them. Grandma's voice was always a little shaky, but it trembled more than usual as she said: "I don't know what I should do if anything happened to you; but if you want over so much to coast to-morrow—"

"Oh, I guess we can stand it till Aunt Mary comes," said Ben, with a smile. "Yes," added Rob, looking at his red hands, "it's too hard work pulling it back, anyhow."—Christian Register.

A Model.

"Made admires you so much. She tries to talk as you do, and to carry her head in the same way. I should take it as quite a compliment to have somebody modeling herself after me in that fashion." The girl addressed made a dismayed gesture, which, under its extravagance, had an undertone of sincerity. "I won't have it," she declared. "I won't be a model for anybody." Tell Madie to stop, please." She laughed lightly, but the earnestness of her protest was not to be mistaken. Her friend smiled. "I'm sorry you take it to heart so," she said, "for I am afraid you can't help yourself."

In that judgment she was right. The girl who was unwilling to be a model was obliged, nevertheless, to act this part. In spite of her reluctance to set an example for other people, it was a foregone conclusion that she would have imitators. Not only her carriage and intonation would be copied, but other things possibly more important.

The average girl does not like the idea of being an example for others. She is too conscious of her own faults and weaknesses to wish to pose as a model. But willingness and unwillingness have very little to do with the matter. Whether we like it or not, each of us is obliged to serve as a model for someone else and it becomes us to be the best model possible.

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn cure be used.

Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe: Sailed on a river of misty light Into a sea of dew. "Where are you going and what do you wish?" The old moon asked of the three; "We have come to fish for the herring fish." That live in this beautiful sea; Nets of silver and gold have we," Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song, As they rocked in the wooden shoe And the wind that sped them all night long Ruffled the waves of dew; The little stars were the herring fish That lived in the beautiful sea. "Now cast your nets wherever you wish, But never afraid are we;" So cried the stars to the fisherman three, Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw For the fish in the twinkling foam When down from the sky came the wooden shoe Bringing the fisherman home; 'Twas all so pretty a sail its seemed, As if it could not be; And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed. Of sailing that beautiful sea; But I shall name you the fisherman three: Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, And Nod is a little head, And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies Is a wee one's trundle bed; So shut your eyes while mother sings, Of wonderful sights that be, And you shall see the beautiful things As you rock on the misty sea. —Eugene Field.

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

POET'S CORNER

WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND?

(M. B., and others have requested us to reprint the following:) "O Soggarth Aroon! sure I know life is fleeting; Soon, soon, in the strange earth my poor bones will lie; I have said my last prayer, and received my last blessing, And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die. But, Soggarth Aroon, can I never again see

The valleys and hills of my dear native land? When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow, Will it pass through old Ireland to join the blest band?"

"O Soggarth Aroon, sure I know that in heaven The loved ones are waiting and watching for me, And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them, In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free; Yes, Soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever, Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,

Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving 'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal.

"O Soggarth Aroon, I have kept through all changes The thistle-blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay; And, oh, it has minded me often and often, Of that bright, smiling valley, so far, far away.

Then tell me, I pray you, will I never again see The place where it grew on my own native sod? When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger, Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to God?"

"Arra! bless you, my child! sure I thought it was heaven You wanted to go to the moment you died;

And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving, But a coupon to Ireland I'll stick to its side; Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies, And I'll land you at Cork, on the banks of the Lee, And two little angels I'll give you like fairies,

To guide you all right over mountain and lea."

"Arrah, Soggarth Aroon! can't you do any better? I know that my feelings may peril your grace; But, if you allowed me a voice in the matter, I won't make a landing in any spot place.

The spot that I long for is sweet County Derry, Among its fair people I was born and bred; The Corkies I never much fancied while living, And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead.

"Let me fly to the hills, where my soul can make merry In the North where the Shamrock more plentiful grows— In Counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry I'll linger till called to a better repose.

And the angels you give me will find it inviting To visit the shrines in the Island of Saints; If they bring from St. Patrick's a small bit of writing, They'll never have reason for any complaints."

"A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it Need not be confined to a province so small; Through Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Connacht, In less than a jiffy you're over it all.

Then visit sweet Cork where you'll find Soggarth was born; No doubt many new things have come into vogue— But one thing you'll find—that both night, noon and morn, As for centuries back there's no change in the brogue."

"Good Mother, assist me in this, my last hour, And Soggarth Aroon, lay your hand on my head, Sure, you're Soggarth for all, and for all you have power, And I take it for penance for what I have said, And now, since you tell me through Ireland I'm passing, And finding the place so remarkably small I'll never let on to the angels while crossing That we know a distinction in counties at all."

IN OBSCURITY.

Night to night showeth knowledge. —Ps. xviii.

Lord, Lord, a sign! What wouldst Thou have me do? Domnus.

Trust Me, since I have made these with My hands. Anima.

Lord, Lord, the past,—each sin laid bars to view?

Domnus. Where? I do only see the track of tears. Anima.

O Lord, the future—every weakness clear? Domnus. Know thou that I sustain the universe. Anima.

But, Lord, so little time is left me here? Domnus. Oh, learn that I am all Eternity. Anima.

Lord, Lord, this dark! I cannot find Thy feet! Domnus. No, no, because I hold thee in My heart. Anima.

O Lord, this cold! I cannot feel Thy heart! Domnus. Ah, no; for thou art frozen into Self. Domnus.

Lord, Lord, do Thou expand and melt me then! Domnus. Love thou the brethren first and pass to light! Anima.

Lord, Lord! this is indeed Thy voice amen! LOVE.

True love is but a humble, low born thing, And hath its food served up in earthenware; It is a thing to walk with, hard in hand, Through the everydayness of this workaday world.

A love that gives and takes, Not with flaw seeking eyes like needle-points, But, loving kindly, ever looks them down, A love that shall be new and fresh each hour. —James Russell Lowell.

FROM A SHADOW TO ROBUST HEALTH

Is the Change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made in a New Brunswick Woman.

Anaemia—bloodlessness—is a trouble confined largely to women and growing girls. Its victims are pale; they lose all strength—the least exertion greatly fatigues them and they suffer continually from headaches and depressed spirits. Nothing will cure anaemia so quickly or so surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they have cured thousands of cases, not only in Canada but throughout the whole world. They do this because they make good blood. Among those cured by these Pills is Mrs. T. Chalmers Hartley, East Florenceville, N.B., who says: "At the age of sixteen I fell away to a mere shadow. I had scarcely any blood and suffered from all the distressing symptoms of anaemia. Doctors did not help me in the least, and acting on the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They effected a remarkable change in my condition; indeed I really believe they saved my life, as I have been well and strong ever since I took them. I also recommended the Pills to a neighbor's daughter who was similarly run down, and they also completely restored her health." Every woman and growing girl should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally. If you are ailing from any of the many troubles which afflict your sex they will cure you; if you are not ailing they will protect your health and keep you well and strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

News by the Irish Mail.

A farmer residing near Belturbet, says the Anglo-Celt, sent a consignment of 20 tons of Irish Champions to the United States from Belturbet Station. This order was sent direct to him by an Irish-American, who states that the potatoes in America this season are not up to the standard, and that there is no potatoes like the Irish grown. Other orders are expected to follow.

The death occurred recently of Roger Harte, of the townland of Raragh, parish of Killinuremy, Leitrim, at the extra-ordinary age of 110 years. The deceased, up to a few years ago, enjoyed the best of health, and assisted his son during harvesting operations, went to local fairs and markets, to Mass on Sundays, etc., and always took much delight in recounting stories of the old days. At the Local Government and Parliamentary Elections he never failed to record his vote, and often told of the difficulties faced by voters in the hey-day of land lordism, when anxious to return the popular candidate, but could not do so unless at the risk of eviction. He was a habitual smoker and enjoyed the custom to the end. For the past few years he seemed to shrink very much in bodily size, and reduced the weight to such an extent that he was frequently nursed on the knee of one of his grandchildren.

The "Catch-my-Pai" Total Abstinence Crusade was organized in "An-

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, AND All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute respite of symptoms as they are known to engender, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but cough and colds.

Two weak cures cannot be laid upon the admission to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a cure for Consumption but for affections preliminary to, and that result in, that disease. It combats all the lung healing victims of the Norway pine with other abundant, expectorant and soothing medicines of unguished worth, and is abundantly palatable, prompt and safe. It has been the means of this world's greatest blessing to only a million of suffering humanity. It is a medicine that is not only a cure but a relief. It is a medicine that is not only a cure but a relief. It is a medicine that is not only a cure but a relief.



St. George's Baking Powder

It's simply astonishing the way St. George's Baking Powder has taken hold of my customers. "They say it makes lighter, tastier, finer-grained Biscuits and Cakes than any other they ever used!" Send for our new Cook-Book—free. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

bridge on Jan. 24, when the Rev. R. J. Patterson, LL.B., Armagh addressed a public meeting. Rev. Mr. Patterson, dealing with the origin of the movement, said that he had been greatly struck with the work which was being done for temperance in Armagh by Father Sheeran, who had established a temperance organization, numbering over 2,000, amongst the Catholics, the consequence of which was that the slur was cast upon the Protestants that they, and they only, were supporting the drink traffic in Armagh. He got the inspiration from Father Sheeran to do something like what he had done, and he had many interviews, and received many valuable hints from the reverend gentleman. They had all heard what Father Rooney, parish priest of Banbridge, was doing on the Catholic side in Banbridge for total abstinence. He understood Father Rooney was a splendid man in the cause, and he would like to get into as close association with him as with Father Sheeran. He asked them to give a good cheer for any man, no matter whom, who came out on the side of total abstinence. The audience heartily responded to the invitation.

Mother—William, didn't I say I'd whip you if you put another rubber button on the stove? Willie—Tain't me, ma. It's pa smoking one of the cigars you bought him for his birthday.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Stimulate the Sluggish Liver. Clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, clear away all waste and poisonous material from the system in Nature's own manner, and prevent as well as cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Water Break, and all troubles arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Mrs. J. C. Westberg, Swan River, Man., writes: "I suffered for years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble. I tried several kinds of medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me." Price 25 cents a box, or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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