

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



Grandmother and Me.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady.
Grandmother dear can't see.
But when she drops things or loses her spectacles,
Grandmother's eyes are—me.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady.
Sometimes she never hears.
But I always run when the postman comes ringing—
I can be grandmother's ears.

Grandmother dear likes the house all tidy.
Everything dusted and neat;
Do I work with my little red broom and my duster—
I can be grandmother's feet.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady.
Can't walk, and can't hear, and can't see.
You never could tell, though, the fun we have playing—
Grandmother dear and me.

Making Others Happy.

Agnes was a little girl with such a bright happy face that it was a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's, two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled, too.

"Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said the mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns. And oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I happened upon so that he got all over it, and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up, and then someone stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed.

"Why, what a happy time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys and babies and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true, the more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.

Rax.

Rax was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew.

Now you may wonder what his real name was, and will laugh when I tell you it was "Borax." Wasn't that a strange name for a dog?

He was a nice, clean-looking dog, all white, with very expressive brown eyes.

He used to come from Boston, his home, down to the beach every summer with his owner, Mrs. Aldrich. She was very deaf, and "Rax" used to be "ears for her," she said. When anyone went to the cottage to call, Rax would inform his mistress of their presence by barking loudly, and if she didn't go to the door at once he would go where she was and bark louder still, as much as to say, "Hurry up, they will be tired waiting."

He seemed to understand that he must look out for her very carefully, and always followed her wherever she went.

At night when he went upstairs to bed it was his custom to go to the bureau where the pocketbook was kept and bark till she gave it to him, then he would take it in his mouth and go upstairs, and lie down with it until his mistress came up to bed. No one could get it away from him but his mistress, either.

One night his mistress sent him upstairs, and, as usual, he had the pocketbook between his teeth. When she was ready to go to bed she went into the kitchen where the stairs led up to the chambers, and said, in an ordinary tone of voice, "Rax, bring my pocket-book down here. I want some change for the milkman." She waited a moment and then said, "Are you coming?" As she spoke the words she turned around and there was Rax with the pocketbook.

I was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and often did the errands for Mrs. Aldrich at the store. When I went to inquire if I could do anything for her, Rax would jump up and put his nose on the bureau and bark and whine till he had the pocket-book, then he would come to me and put it in my hand, as if he could go to the store with me.

One night Rax was lying on the foot of his mistress's bed as usual, and, although apparently asleep, yet was on the alert for any disturbance.

turbance. Just then there rang out on the air the old bell, clanging wildly the alarm of fire. Rax heard the noise, and rushed downstairs, but was driven back by a cloud of smoke which was pouring up the stairway.

He jumped around wildly and barked loudly trying to arouse his mistress, but she was a heavy sleeper and did not awaken. Then he quickly jumped onto the bed, and gently put his paw on her face. She started up quickly and, realizing her danger, hastily threw some wraps on and, opening the window, tried to crawl out on the roof. Rax was there before her; and, jumping down to the ground, ran around the corner of the avenue as quick as his four paws would carry him. By this time the firemen came rushing along and, guided by the dog's frantic movements and barking, rushed to the room, and in a few minutes had rescued Mrs. Aldrich from the burning cottage.

They soon had the flames extinguished, and found that there was not much damage done to the cottage.

Rax was the hero of the hour, however, and seemed to understand what he had done, as he went to his mistress and lapped her hands and face and looked at her with those expressive eyes. All agreed that if it had not been for his efforts, Mrs. Aldrich would have been burned to death.

Don't Angels Need Dollies to Play.

Oh, dear, I'm so tired of waiting up here in the dust and the cold; Who doesn't Blue Bell come and take me.

And play like she used to of old? I'm sure if she knew where they placed me.

She'd ask God to take me away, And not keep me waiting and waiting.

Don't angels need dollies to play? Just once did they take me to see her.

And put me beside her in bed; And oh, how she kissed me and hugged me.

And nestled me close to her head. That night while the whole world was sleeping.

And angels came down from the sky.

To take her, she kissed me and whispered.

"Good-bye, dearest dolly, good-bye."

And here from my seat at the window, I see where they've hid her to rest.

To sleep in the cold and the starlight.

With no doll to press to her breast.

Oh God, if there's room for this dolly,

Please come quick and take me away.

I'm so tired waiting and waiting; Don't angels need dollies to play?—Will P. Snyder.

Girls' Different Ways.

"Wait a minute, Jenny; I'm going your way!" Margaret Worth, coming out of Sunday school, hastened to overtake her friend. "Isn't it a glorious day! If only we had this kind of weather yesterday! What did you do?"

"Spent the happiest afternoon imaginable!" Jenny answered, her eyes lighting reminiscently as she linked arms with Margaret.

"And I a miserable one," the latter lamented. "The weather was so threatening that I just moped around the house. The Circle wanted me to join their picnic in the park, but I was afraid it might rain and spoil my clothes. It did rain quite heavily after I got home from the store."

"I believe it did!" laughed Jenny. "The fact is, I drove out into the country ten miles with mother's friends, the Marshalls. They invited me the week before. I wasn't going to let a threatening cloud mar my last Saturday half-holiday this year. If I could help it, so I hurried right from the store to the Marshalls' and found them ready and waiting. The rain began to fall just as we started, but it came straight down, cooled the air, laid the dust and did us not a bit of harm, since the bus we were riding in had a cover. We were eight people—Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Uncle Dick and his friend, Mr. Brewer, four children, two dogs and half a dozen bunch baskets."

"Weren't the roads muddy?" Margaret asked.

"Not till we'd left the city limits, then we struck a rather bad stretch. The men got out to flatten the wheels into a rut. Mrs. Marshall and I got out. I started into a mud-hole, but I didn't mind that.

with plenty of big leaves to clean my shoes. It was fun!" Margaret commented dryly. "And your dress?"

"Fortunately I wore my white linen under my mackintosh, that washes, and the mud would never have come off my black. But I wish you could have seen the truck-farms we passed! Acres and acres of lettuce and beets! I never knew before what a beautiful shade of green lettuce is, till I saw it in the rain beside the rich red beets; with straight rows upon straight rows of onions, standing guard like sentinels. Mr. Marshall bought a whole armful of greens for our supper, and all for a dime—fresh right out of the rain, mind you!"

"But where did you eat supper?" Margaret asked.

"In a pavilion just off a garden, where we would have feasted had it not been for the rain. However, the rain stopped just as we reached the pavilion, so the men folks built a fire in the grove and boiled the kettle gypsy-fashion. It was such fun! But the 'mostest fun,' as little Helen Marshall would say, was when it seemed as if we would be stranded all night in the middle of the electric car track on the bridge crossing the canal. Such a picturesque spot, with the river a little farther along all spread with pond lilies, a fine camp on the bank, and the air so soft and sweet and faintly misty."

Margaret shrugged her shoulders dubiously. "You have such queer ideas of enjoyment, Jenny!" she said.

"Maybe," Jenny laughed. "But it was just heavenly after the storm! I feel as if I never could take in enough deep breaths of that air and look my fill on the picture, all round. The clouds were the most delicate tints of gray, the trees so green and shiny, and every blade of grass seemed jeweled with diamonds. Mr. Marshall was driving us to some woods to dig ferns, and we had left the village about a mile behind, when the same wheel that had slipped into the rut broke, just as Mr. Marshall was turning off the electric car track. The folks in the camp came running to our help, and the man said we might get another wheel in the village. The men took the bus back, Mrs. Marshall and I, the children and the two dogs bringing up the rear. Perhaps our return to the village was not marked with an excess of dignity, but the villagers gathered on the corners—as they always do seem to gather on a Saturday afternoon—were in a solicitous, rather than a critical, frame of mind, and constituted themselves into an advisory board and escorted us in a body to the blacksmith's. It took quite a while to find a wheel and fit it in place, but at last we got away. We had to drive carefully and slowly on account of the odd wheel, which was smaller than the other three, but this gave us more opportunity to see the truck-farms; they made a prettier picture than ever in the sunset. It was a lovely sunset, after the rain."

"I should think you'd have been afraid every minute of another breakdown, with the odd wheel," Margaret suggested.

"I wasn't," Jenny declared. "I felt that Mr. Marshall would get us safely home. And he did. The hardest part was getting up this morning. You see, I dreamed of the lettuce and the beets and the pond lilies and all the rest, and I didn't want to leave it. Oh, it was delightful. I wish you had been along to enjoy it."

"I'm afraid it would not have held the same amount for me that it did for you," Margaret said, truthfully. "I haven't your happy faculty for enjoying whatever comes my way."

"Perhaps the faculty lies dormant and needs cultivation," Jenny suggested.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879
FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Cresolene's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use.

For Sale by All Druggists
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet
Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the irritated throat, 10c.
Loring's Mucus Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.

Many Women Suffer Untold Tortures in Silence

They Can Be Relieved by Keeping the Blood Supply Rich and Pure With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A woman needs a blood-building medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood supply is irregular she suffers from headaches, back-aches, sideaches, and other unspoken distress which only women know. Some women have grown to expect this suffering at regular intervals and to bear it in hopeless silence. But women would escape much of this misery if they took a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to help them over each critical period. These Pills actually make new blood. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. They have done this for thousands of women throughout Canada, why not for you?

Mrs. Joseph Kinney, Gilbert's Cove, N.S., says: "For ten years I suffered from nervousness and those troubles that make the lives of so many women one of almost constant misery, at times I would be confined to my bed for weeks. I spent sleepless nights and seemed to lose

all courage. I tried several doctors but they failed to give me any relief. The last doctor I consulted told me frankly that he could not undertake my case unless I would undergo an examination. It was then I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After taking six boxes I was much improved in health, but I continued to take the Pills for a couple of months more, when I felt like a new woman, and was enjoying such health as I had not experienced for ten years before. I have had no return of this trouble since, but I have used the Pills once since that time for the after effects of a gripe, and the result was all I hoped for. These are plain facts from my own experience, and I have always felt that I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the many women who suffer as I did."

You can get this great blood-building, health restoring medicine from any dealer in medicines or direct by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

POET'S CORNER

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle.
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untrod border
Of Life's mysterious land—
Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

These rose-white feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! who can have the heavenly burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty and smooth and fair—
Will cut away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when a mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!—
Into what dreary mazes will they wander?
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track untroubled,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this world is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope of friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.
—Elizabeth Akers, in "The Silver Bridge."

LIFE.

Give me a taste of life!
Not the tang of a seasoned wine;
Not the drug of an unearned bread;
Not the grape of an untitled vine.
The life that is really life;
That comes from no fount afar.
But springs from the toil and strife
In the world of things as they are.

Give me the whole of life!
The joy, the hope and the pain,
The struggle whose end is strength,
The loss that is infinite gain;
Not the drought of a cloudless sky,
And the haze in which to rest,

Not me the sun and the storm,
The calm and the white-sea crest.

Give me the best of life!
To live in the world with God,
Where the seed that is sown and dies

Lifts a harvest over the sod.
Where beauty and truth are one,
Where the right must have its way,

Where the storm clouds part for stars
And the starlight heralds the day.

Give me the life of toil!
The muscle and mind to dare,
No luxury's lap for my head,
No idly won wealth to share.
Whether by pick or plane,
Whether by tongue or pen,
Let me not live in vain,
Let me do a man's work among men.

—George B. Cleaves, in Youth's Companion.

LEADERS OF MEN.

When they are dead, we heap the laurels high
Above them where, indifferent, they lie;
We join their deeds to unaccustomed praise,
And crown with garlands of immortal bays,
Whom, living, we but thought to crucify.

As mountains seem less glorious viewed too nigh,
So, often, do the great whom we deify
Gigantic loom to our astonished gaze—
When they are dead;
For, shamed by largeness, littleness die;
And partisan and narrow hates put by,
We shrine our heroes for the future days;
And to atone our ignorant delays
With fond and emulous devotion—
When they are dead.
—Florence Earle Coates.

Religion as the Handmark of Medicine.

Writing of the effect of firm religious belief on nervous diseases, Dr. James J. Walsh says: "Professor Oppenheim, the distinguished Berlin specialist in nervous and mental diseases, whose text book on this subject is recognized as one of the best published in recent years, has expressed himself very emphatically on the subject. Professor Oppenheim is himself a Jew. He does not hesitate to declare that for many nervous diseases especially those that are either incurable or are accompanied by great solicitude of mind, nothing is more valuable as a therapeutic adjunct than a belief in an over-ruling Providence—a readiness to recognize that in the moral world suffering has a definite and reasonable purpose. If suffering is looked upon only as an incident in the physical world, then its inevitableness is a tragedy without consolation of any kind. In the moral order, however, it takes on quite a different significance, and therefore deeply religious souls have a fountain of consolation within themselves which is very helpful to the physician."

A distinguished authority in England, who was selected as the President of the section of the British Medical Association devoted to the study of mental diseases, in his inaugural address as President, four years ago, stated very explicitly his experience with regard to prayer. Far from thinking or finding that religion or its personal manifestations hurt his patients (and this man has been for many years the head of a large asylum in England), his observation had shown him that those who prayed fervently were in the hardest trials of life much better than those who had not prayed.

He stated that, occasionally, sincerely religious persons did go into the worst forms of insanity, but that the worst forms of insanity manifested themselves in the irreligious, or rather the unreligious. And when his patients began to pray, not loudly, but quietly and in solitude, then he always knew in a distinct sign of improvement had come, and that it would not be long before further decided amelioration might be looked for.—The Catholic World for February.

Century of Balmes.

Preparations are being made in Spain to celebrate the century of the birth of the Rev. Jaime Balmes, the noted Spanish priest, philosopher and publicist, whose "European Civilization: Protestantism and Catholicism Compared" is a monument of learning and a splendid defence of the Church. A splendidly conceived originally as a reply to Guizot's "History of Civilization," it is much more, says the Catholic Encyclopedia, "than a critique or a polemic. It is really a philosophy of history—or rather of Christianity—combining profound insight and critical analysis with wide erudition. It searches for the basal principles of Catholicism and of Protestantism, and summons the comparative influence exercised by the former and the latter in the various spheres of human life—intellectual, moral, social and political."

This is probably Balmes' masterpiece, but he was the author of a great many other valuable books, and he used his pen also as a Catholic editor. All classes in Spain are to honor his memory on the occasion of his centenary (August 28, 1910), and the Liberal premier, Senor Moret, has made a contribution toward the fund for carrying out in a becoming manner the proposed celebration.

A MOTHER'S PRAISE FOR BABY'S OWN TABLETS

There are thousands of mothers throughout Canada who have no hesitation in saying that the good health enjoyed by their little ones is entirely due to the judicious use of Baby's Own Tablets. And there are many mothers who do not hesitate to say that at a critical period Baby's Own Tablets have saved a baby's life. Such a medicine should always be kept in every home. Mrs. J. A. Porter, Paquetville, N.B., says: "We give Baby's Own Tablets all the credit for keeping our little one well. They are an excellent medicine for children." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

\$10,000 for Charity's Sake.

(N. Y. Herald.)
New York Chapter, Knights of Columbus, gave a charity ball in Madison Square Garden last week. More than two thousand couples danced. Every box and chair was occupied. Only a small proportion of the dancers could find room on the floor at one time. Red and gold streamers and American flags were used effectively in the decorative scheme.

After the Old Guard band had given a concert of nine selections the Fourth Degree Corps of the Knights of Columbus, of which Wetherard J. Boyd is master, and P. J. Maguire, Commander, gave an exhibition drill and dress parade, following which was a drill by the Fourth Degree Color Guard, W. J. Costigan commanding. Colonel Louis J. Connelley, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, was the reviewing officer.

Mr. Frank Flynn and Miss Margaret Carpenter led the grand march and opened the ball. In the arena boxes were Judge Victor J. Dowling of the Supreme Court; Mr. William H. Wiley, Mr. John Delaney, Mr. Thomas F. Smith, the Rev. William G. Murphy and the Rev. Charles F. Murphy. Mr. Edward A. Arnold was chairman of the Ball Committee. Mr. Owen F. Dolan vice-chairman. Mr. John F. Keller, secretary and Mr. James A. Dowd treasurer.

The net profits, it is estimated, will be more than \$10,000, and will be used to establish a home in a suitable climate for victims of tuberculosis, to maintain a free hospital bed fund and a free employment bureau.

Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Can Eat Anything Now.

Mrs. H. H. Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach trouble."

Burdock Blood Bitters has an established reputation, extending over 34 years, as a specific for Dyspepsia in all its forms, and all diseases arising from this cause.

For sale by all dealers.
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Import
Bishop of S
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A terrific arraig
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