

BOYS and GIRLS

HOW THE FEVER WAS CURED.

John and Jenny had the tattling fever, and really it was the most disinteresting disease that they had ever had.

When father came home from the office that night mother met him at the door, exclaiming, "Oh, father, what do you think the children did? Jenny broke a saucer and John tore a hole in his coat."

"Such little things to tell father about," whispered Jenny indignantly, to which John retorted promptly:

"No littler than some you told mother about me the other day," and Jenny had nothing more to say.

At the supper table father remarked: "I had to walk upstairs to my office this morning. I rang and rang but the elevator boy didn't pay any attention."

"The grocery boy left the gate open this morning, and so did the peddler that was here," complained mother.

"There was a big man on the street when I was coming home, and he bumped into me and nearly knocked my hat off," said father.

"John didn't come for nearly ten minutes when I called him at lunch time," said mother, "and Jenny had company, and didn't help me any all the afternoon."

And so it went on. No merry talking at supper, no pleasant hour spent together afterward, for if father or mother spoke it was to tattle about somebody. Jenny and John played quietly by themselves, wondering what could be making father and mother talk like that.

Presently John, who was painting with his water colors, accidentally touched Jenny's dress with his brush.

"Oh, mother," she began, and then stopped suddenly.

"Excuse me, please," said John. "I will," said Jenny.

A few minutes later Jenny happened to touch John's arm, making him make a crooked line. "Mother," he began, "Jenny—" and then he stopped, too.

"Excuse me, please," begged Jenny and then they both laughed.

When father was going upstairs to bed he said to mother, "If we have to keep up this tattling until the children are cured, I hope they will be cured pretty soon, for one evening has been about as much of it as I can stand."

"They're cured now," called a voice from the children's room, and another voice added, "We're tired of it, too, and we'll stop if you will."

"All right, it's a bargain," said father heartily. "And anybody rejoiced to be rid of the disagreeable tattling fever.—Louise M. Oglevee, in S.S. Times.

THE LAND OF LIE-A-BED.

The lazy land of Lie-a-Bed Has two fat pillows at the head. A downy comfort spread all neat.

A dreamy, dreamy place to stay And yawn, "I'll not get up to-day." And many children like to go To wonder-wander here, you know.

It is a pleasant land, and yet If I were you I would forget The pathway there and follow back The shining merry morning track.

The dream world lies too far away From honest work and happy play. And you must heed what you have read And shun the land of Lie-a-Bed.

—Youth's Companion.

A TRAMP CAT AND HOW SHE SAVED A FAMILY FROM SUFFOCATION.

Spunk was a tramp cat that haunted the garbage barrels and basements of a neighborhood in New York city.

She was not at all clean and not a bit handsome, but she was tame and good natured, and the neighborhood children had a lot of fun with her.

early riser. She wandered through the kitchen, looking for something to eat. Then she smelled the gas.

It seemed as if she knew all about it, and maybe she did. Who can tell? Spunk bounded lightly up the stairs and through the rooms till she came to Harry's bed.

She sprang upon it with a big bounce and stroked Harry's face with her paws till he waked suddenly.

He jumped up, with a yell, for he had been suddenly awakened from a sound sleep. The yell waked all the rest of the family.

In an instant they smelled the gas, and the grown folk knew what it meant. Harry's father jumped to the windows and opened them, and let the air in and saved their lives.

Then he bounded downstairs and shut off the gas jet. As to Spunk, she just sat still upon Harry's bed and looked mightily pleased.

MY ANGEL GUIDE.

He walks beside me all the day, And tells me what to do and say, And when my wicked thoughts arise, He gently points up to the skies— My angel guide,

When tempted oft to go astray, He leads me with his hand of love To realms of peace—to God above— My angel guide.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

"Tell me where is fancy bred, Or in the heart or in the head?" Quoted mother,

Then small brother In distress Did thus confess, "In my stomach, not my head. If you mean that gingerbread," —Margaret Jewett.

CARRYING BROTHER.

The crossing was muddy, the street was wide, And water was running on either side. The wind whistled past with a bitter moan,

As I wended my weary way alone. In crossing the street I chanced to pass A boy in the arms of a wee, toddling lass,

"Isn't he heavy, sweet little mother?" "Oh, no," she replied, "he's my baby brother."

Thy load may be heavy, thy road may be long, The winds of adversity bitter and strong; But the way will seem bright if ye love one another,

ISABEL'S DOLLS.

Monday morning in vacation is horrid; Isabel thought so as she ruefully eyed the big pile of dishes.

Washday mamma always did the dining-room and kitchen work while Janet was busy in the laundry, and always in vacation time Isabel had to help.

To-day mamma had some extra work, and it was Isabel's task to wash and dry the dishes all alone.

"They're just mountains high!" she declared. They weren't at all, though I must confess that there were a good many of them.

When mamma had called to her that the dishes were ready, Isabel was busy playing with her numerous family of dolls. Very reluctantly she laid Gertrude Maud back into her bed, and covered Gladys Emily carefully in the doll-carriage, and started with lagging footsteps toward the kitchen.

She filled the big dish-pans with hot water, and gave the glasses, then the silver, their morning bath. Somehow the large kitchen seemed lonely without either mamma or Janet in spite of the fact that the sunshine was streaming in brightly through the windows. Then a sudden thought came to her.

"I'll bring the dolls out here and make believe they are helping me," she said to herself.

So Gertrude Maud and Gladys Emily and Lillian, and black Alice with her apron and turban looking very much fitted for her task, were all seated in a row on the big table, with their backs against the wall and their feet sticking out straight in front of them.

Then Isabel began her game. "The plates you shall wash and wipe," she said, addressing Gertrude Maud, "cause you're the biggest."

So Isabel carefully washed and wiped the plates and placed them in front of Gertrude.

"And the cups and saucers belong to you, Gladys. Be sure to do them nicely," she said.

Then they were done, and piled on the table by Gladys.

The smaller dolls, Hetty and Lillian, had the little butterplates and oatmeal dishes to do.

It was great fun. Isabel made be-

lieve they didn't want to do them at all, and then had to scold them a little and remind them that such tasks had to be done by little girls, and it was well to learn how to do them properly.

Black Alice had the frying pans and oatmeal pot to do. But the next time Isabel had the dishes to do alone, and the dollies helped.

Gertrude Maud did the pans, "Cause she's black for her to do the hard part always."

When mamma came in and saw the row of dollies and the nicely washed dishes, she was much pleased with Isabel's little game of dish-washing and dolls.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The night was stormy, and wild the wind, As over the waves the "White Swan" flew, And wild was the roaring of the deep, dark waves

As they smashed and shattered the "White Swans" crew. And sharp were the lightning which split the dark clouds,

Like the swords of bad angels, who though conquered are proud, That their powers of evil are but veiled in a cloud.

They labored well those sailors brave, And fought for their lives through each untainous wave;

And on though they felt that each sea was their last, They fought as do heroes, lashed to the mast.

The fight was unequal and God from above Looked down on those men, whose souls he so loved;

And summoning angels about His great throne, Commanded them quickly to guide the ship home.

And quickly the waves were as quiet and calm, As if o'er their crests had been poured some sweet balm;

And soon the grim thunders, their crashing they ceased, And the wind grew as gentle, as if from the top

Of some soft summer breeze it were wafted to earth. And blown through the branches of whispering trees,

And soon through the clouds the Moon ope'd her eye, And smiled on those men from her fair starry sky.

And then in the hearts of those men of the deep, Was aroused a strong longing for a home which was not to be found in their port.

Nor even in every bright palace of earth, But in some safe harbor, where storms were unknown,

And where was not heard that deep dreary moan. Of a sea that would relish the death of all men,

So that it might truly call all things its own.

HAD BACHACHE.

Was Unable To Do House-work For Two Years

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Thier's Prophecy.

In 1869 I formed the acquaintance of M. Thiers, who was then wintering at Cannes. I can see M. Thiers even as I write; a stout little gentleman, with a large, white-haired head, featured not unlike Mr. Punch,

and moreover blessed, or otherwise, with the squeakiest voice imaginable notwithstanding which drawback he was, I believe, one of the finest orators of modern times. I had in those days a mania for diary keeping, and some admirable "entries" which I have carefully preserved. The Second Empire, which was drawing so near its close, seemed at this particular time almost as firmly established as the Pyramids. One Sunday afternoon M. Thiers said to me, as we all sat on a seat facing the sea, enjoying the glorious view of the bay, "What will succeed?" I asked, "A monarchy?"

"No, no," replied he, "never—that is impossible. No, a Republic, which so long as it stands clear of the traditions of the great Revolution, otherwise Jacobinism, will last a very long time. Jacobinism, however, will eventually kill it. It is all nonsense trying to establish an anti-political movement in these days. The attempt proved a terrible failure in 1793 and again in 1833 and 1848. The only result of the collapse of liberal movements that might have led to happy results. If I had my way, instead of

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St. Joseph's Home Fund The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt. FILL OUT THIS COUPON. FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND. Name Address Amount