

## 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. Instead of being bad for a few days, or even weeks, like the whooping-cough, or the measles, and then going away, it just stayed right along, and grew worse and worse all the time. Of course the children were not happy when they had it, and nobody else around them could be happy either, and father and mother tried many remedies, but none of them seemed to do any good, until they thought of the one that I am going to tell you about.

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? John 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 tattling about somebody. Jenny and John played quietly by themselves, wondering what he was 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 the everybody 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. And restful from the head to feet. A drowsy, 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 SUFOCATION.

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. One afternoon a little boy, named Harry, seven years old, picked up Spunk in the street, dirty as she was, and carried her in his arms into his mother's kitchen to have a play with her. At supper time he fed her, and then forgot all about her. Spunk did not forget herself, though, and had no mind to be turned out of that warm kitchen to spend the night in the street, for it was cold weather at that time, so Spunk sneaked slyly behind the kitchen range out of sight and went to sleep.

Harry got sleepy, too, in due time and went upstairs to bed. So did all the other seven people in the family when their sleepy time came, and not one of them knew about the tramp cat behind the kitchen range. It was a gas range, and one of the gas jets belonging to it had been left burning.

The lighted jet had been turned so low that when the early morning came and the gas pressure was reduced the light was quite extinguished, although the gas still continued to flow, filling the kitchen with its poisonous fumes. By degrees the gas mounted the stairs up, and through the rest of the house. All the family—father, mother and children—were still fast asleep dreaming of anything but the deadly danger they were in.

But Spunk, cat fashion, was an 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 then he 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 out to go astray, Rebellious temper has its sway, He kneels with sweet, uplifted eyes—

An angel robed in human guise—

My angel guide.

He holds me from the path of sin; He purifies my soul within, And, tho' my heart may ache with pain,

Tells me no cross, no crown I gain—

My angel guide.

He's ever whispering at my side; He leads me with a 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,

The burden be light if you carry a brother.—Advance.

## 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 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 mid-den 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 the smaller dolls, Hetty 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 dolls helped. Gertrude Maud did the pans, "Cause it doesn't seem fair, just 'cause she's black for her to do the hard part always."

When mamma came in and saw the row of dolls 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 Swan's" 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...chintinous wave; And even 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 oped 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 something called home; 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, where 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

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female trouble." There is less "female trouble" than they think.

Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, a dragging down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

Why, then, blame all your trouble to "female disorders?"

Most of the so-called "female disorders" are no more or less than "kidney disorders," and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

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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 M. Thiers's chats supplied me with 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 of Cannes, "The world will fall sooner than you think."

"What will succeed?" I asked. "A monarchy?"

"No, no," replied he, "never—that is impossible. No, a Republic, which so long as it steers 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-republican movement in these days. The attempt proved a terrible failure in 1793 and again in 1833 and 1848."

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.

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Amount

## A Christmas

Nightingale.

(Continued from page 6.)

was the joyful sound of a voice that was singing. It was wonderful—a child's voice that came from the little room where the boy had been put to sleep.

Maman Jammomaye could not at first understand, but soon, wide awake, she took up a lighted candle and went towards the child's bed. He was sitting up, but his eyes were closed, his head was thrown back, and in his sleep he was once more by his grandfather's side, singing his very best. It was a clear, bird-like melody, unlike anything Maman Jammomaye had ever heard. It seemed to her like the voice of an angel.

Could it be that perhaps she was harboring an angel, unawares?

As she stood transfixed, holding the candle in one hand and shading her eyes with the other, the door opened softly and Père Jammomaye came in, but he was not alone.

L'Abbé Gregoire accompanied him, his young face full of excitement, his blue eyes shining with a glorious light.

As they had come down from the church after the midnight Mass, the wonderful music reached their astonished ears, and it came unmistakably from the house at the end of the little domain.

"Whom have you there, Jammomaye?" the priest asked of the old man.

"A child that I found at the garden door," the old man answered.

"Lead me to him," L'Abbé Gregoire said, and walking rapidly to the house, they went in without knocking and found themselves at the side of the astonished old woman.

L'Abbé Gregoire put his finger on his lips. The melody gradually ceased and the child, smiling and leaning forward, bowing right and left, soon sank back among the pillows and, without having wakened, fell into a natural sleep.

Quietly withdrawing to the kitchen, the priest explained to Père Jammomaye the strange thing that had happened: how he had found the child at the garden door and had brought him in.

to his old wife; how they felt that in some mysterious way le bon Dieu had sent them a little one to take the place of their own, mourned for so many years, and when he finished the story exactly as he had had it from the boy's own lips—

"You must leave him with the choir in the morning," the priest said. "His voice is the one for which I have been waiting. Ah! there is no doubt that the boy is the Christ-mas gift of the bon Dieu."

That Christmas morning, when Papa and Maman Jammomaye climbed the stone steps that led to the upper road, each held one of the boy's hands. He smiled up at them as they talked to him, he felt quite at home with them, and seemed already to feel that the old people had been sent to take the place of his dear grandfather. He would be a good boy.

They went into the church together. It was garlanded with holly and laurel, and there in one corner was the crib; there was the star shining down above the Child that lay in the manger, with his Mother and St. Joseph, and the shepherds kneeling beside him. Giovanni took his place as he had been told among the choristers. He heard the music of the organ.

"Ye faithful, approach ye, Joyfully triumphing, On come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem."

Come and behold ye, Born the King of angels, Oh come, let us worship, Oh come, let us worship Christ the Lord."

The boy's head was thrown back, and he seemed forgetful of everything, as the song which he knew so well was carried through the church, and his voice, clear and strong and full of sweetness, rose above all the others—joyfully triumphant.

Papa and Maman Jammomaye looked at each other in astonishment. The child, who sat in the front pew, turned her head. L'Abbé Gregoire could hardly believe his own ears, even though he had been partially prepared by the wonderful singing of the night before. Could all, some one there—was there, after all, some one that could make such own little church? Verily God was good. He had sent him that for which he had hardly dared to pray this child with the glorious voice, Adeste Fideles and would yet be able to sing for him his beautiful Christmas song.

When the Mass was over and Giovanni walked down the hill again with his old friends and they were going through the little domain, Père Jammomaye noticed a few bread crumbs still lying on the window ledge, and turning to the old wife, he said with a smile: "When you scattered the crumbs for the sparrows, Maman, you did not think I would bring you in a nightingale."

And Giovanni whispered softly to himself, "Il voit tout, et partout."

—Patience Warren, in American Messenger.