

For Our Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY THOMAS WHELAN.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Johnny and Amy went out to play one beautiful, sunny autumn day, and they ran and shouted and laughed and sang, till the whole big farm with their merryment rang.

At length, in their play, they chanced to pass, some queer little houses with windows of glass, and they went up close, too close—oh, dear!

And they poked their sticks in the door, I fear.

Out tumbled the angry bees, one by one, and Johnny and Amy—oh! didn't they run?

But the bees could go faster, for bees can fly, and one stung Johnny just under his eye.

But though it hurt dreadfully, he said, "Oh, my!"

And shut his lips tight, for he would not cry, because he was a great big boy, you see,

And he wouldn't cry for one little bee!

Now, another bee had taken a nip at poor little Amy's red, ripe lip, and though she screamed like everything,

The bee didn't fly till it left a sting, and then do you think that she didn't cry?

Well, but she did, though—oh, my! For it hurts very much to be stung by a bee,

And Amy was only a girl you see.

—Am. Woman.

THE GIRL'S EDUCATION.

Education begins with the life of a child. It is conveyed into the tones of those who care for it, in the expressions of their faces, in their manners, in their gestures even.

I would begin as early as possible to teach a girl to be habitually truthful, industrious and obedient to parents and teachers, says a writer in an exchange. She should be trained to be gentle in manner, courteous to everybody, scrupulously neat in person and habits, orderly in all things, with a careful regard for purity in speech and behavior. These are womanly qualities which one expects all young girls to possess. Their absence is always noticeable, and stamps the girl as more or less vulgar.

In a well ordered family where parents are right minded and in accord with one another, the young girl catches the spirit of her home, and her education along these lines proceeds unconsciously.

Women stand on higher vantage ground to-day than ever before. Never have they been so honored, so trusted, so loved.

I would give a girl, finally, a domestic education that would lay the foundations for her successful discharge of the duties of the wife, mother and home maker. If women do not marry they rarely reach adult life without being circumstanced, at times, so that a domestic training is invaluable to them.

The details of the knowledge necessary to success in home making can only be learned in practice, and slowly. But the foundations should be laid early. And this can be done if mothers love their homes and families and dignify their duties by a proper observance of them.

A love of home life should be cultivated in young girls, and they should share the duties and responsibilities, of making home happy and attractive. To allow a girl to lead a life of gaiety, without serious purpose, is sure to bring a life of sorrow.

Let our girls be taught accomplishments if they wish. Give them amusements, and let them breathe a sunny atmosphere. Encourage them to look always for the best and brightest side of things, a trait which Dr. Johnson pronounced "worth a thousand pounds a year."

Give them the highest education demanded by the hunger of their souls, and fit them for any profession or calling for which they are adapted. But do not fail to train them so that they shall make good wives, mothers and home makers, for it is always the aggregate of the homes of a nation that gives to the nation its character.

HAS A DOG THE RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENCE?

Roeder, a big Newfoundland dog, met his little nine-year-old mistress, Lottie Selter, at Hoboken, N. J., and rescued her from school bully.

day, patiently waiting on the corner near the school, as Roeder was always more than punctual. At the sight of his mistress he became overjoyed, and joined eagerly in the romp that followed.

This meeting at the corner was always a trial for Roeder, because while waiting there he was the prey of the bad boys in the neighborhood. They would pull his hair, throw stones at him, and cause all kinds of annoyance to the poor dog.

To this he took no notice, his training or intelligence being superior to that of the boys. At last, when a particularly rough boy devised some unusual method of torture, the dog growled, and this bringing no relief, in self-defence, he bit the boy's hand.

The faithful dog and his owner were taken before a judge, who sentenced the dog to death.

Little Lottie with her arm about the big dog's neck, pleaded for his life.

"The dog will have to be shot," announced the judge, clearing his throat suspiciously. "The boy's father has the right to have it done, under the law."

Mrs. Selter, with tears in her eyes took Lottie in her arms, while an officer called to the dog.

He followed the man willingly, but before leaving the court-room he looked wonderingly to where his little mistress was sobbing in her mother's arms.

"Come on, old fellow," coaxed the officer. Roeder was legally murdered ten minutes later.—Humane Alliance.

JEAN.

In the days of her prosperity, Madame Le Mer had been a person of consequence, and her tall, commanding figure and strong face had gone almost as far to inspire respect and obsequiousness as had the extensive cotton and sugar plantations which her husband owned on the borders of the Bayou Tintier. But now the husband and the plantations and the prosperity were all things of the past and Madame's soft, thick hair was as white as the cotton which had once made her name familiar to the brokers and merchants of Lower Palatex Street, and under the relentless weight of years and affliction, her tall figure had become bowed, tremulous, and her strong face had grown wrinkled and sad and retrospective. The friends and acquaintances of her prosperity had drifted away with her falling fortunes, and now the only reminder of her former state was the title of Madame, and the respect it conveyed. Even the rich bourgeois who gave her washing and plain sewing spoke of her courtously as "Madame." Many of them did not know why, only the old families did it, and, besides, there was a certain air of distinction about the tall, bowed figure that unconsciously commanded their deference.

Time was when the Le Mer family had had many representatives; but the war had taken some, and the fever had taken some, and the rest had followed the vanishing prosperity of the house and gradually been lost sight of. Now, there were only Madame and her tall, big-eyed grandson in the whole city. They lived in a shabby, two-room house near the wharves, and Madame washed and ironed and sewed, and Jean sold papers and ran errands and did chores, and between times he went to the public school on the corner, and in the evenings, when there was no work and no public school, his grandmother taught him from the lore of her own studious days in the pension in far away France.

At fourteen, Jean was already dreaming and planning for his future. He would be a physician, and surgeon, like his father; and he would own cotton and sugar plantations and be good to everybody, just as his father had been. Only he did not say much of this to his grandmother. One day when he had mentioned it she had caught him to her with a wild passionate "Non, non, mon cher! mon petit fils! N'oubliez pas votre père! You are all that I have, little Jean, mon enfant! You must never leave me. Surely le bon Dieu can not ask more."

Since then Jean had kept his ambition to himself. He helped provide the few necessities for the house and bought little luxuries for his grandmother; and even after these expenditures, was able to save occasional pennies from his papers and errands and chores to purchase books on the science he loved. As he grew older he longed for an opportunity to go away to the great medical schools, as his father had done. He worked

harder, and began to store up dollars instead of cents; only, as his board increased, he would discover that his grandmother's clothing was getting shabby, or that there was some expensive food on order in market that would please her, and then his money would melt away. But it did not matter, he would tell himself consolingly, la grandmere was getting old and needed these things; there was plenty of time.

Sometimes more money and spent it for la grandmere; and hoarded again, and again and lavished it on la grandmere. But all the time he was working and studying and thinking. He bought books when he could, and he borrowed books and pamphlets from the free library and from an old physician who was becoming interested in him. And this same old physician took him to the hospital, and explained cases; and occasionally even allowed him to assist in the work. At eighteen, Jean had a general knowledge of hospital practice, and his untrained course of reading had been modified and made useful by the advice and companionship of the old physician. But there was much yet for him to learn, and more and more he realized the necessity of spending a few years in a good medical college.

He was earning steady wages now as a clerk in a drug store; but la grandmere was getting more feeble, and every day there were new things to be purchased for her comfort. The college was a long way off, but it would come, he told himself, confidently. Some day la grandmere would see the future as he did, and then her strong, true self would be the first to let him go. For the present, he was young and could wait; he would not urge matters. La grandmere had suffered—ah! le bon Dieu knew how she had suffered. Few women were called upon to sacrifice husband and sons and brother in one short week. Non, non; he would not urge matters.

Every year there were rumors of yellow fever in the city, but only once or twice in a lifetime did it become the tidal wave of death which had desolated la grandmere's life. Jean had been only a child then, but each year it was brought home to him by the mute terror which the rumors brought into the dear old eyes. At such times he would draw her to him and promise never to leave without her consent.

The old physician had been a classmate of his father's, and had always treated la grandmere with tender deference and sympathy. One day he met Jean on the street and told him that he must not return to the hospital; there were cases of fever just brought in, and it would not be safe. So Jean waited and a few days multiplied the cases to twenty; and then a few more days, and the city was hushed in the apprehension of a great terror. Business ceased, and those who were able fled to the hills, to the North, out to sea, anywhere to get away from the plague. The hospital was soon full, and there were not enough physicians and nurses to look after them; then new buildings were levelled up for the temporary use of patients; and then—the whole city became a hospital.

Jean had been working day and night at the drug store, but that was not enough. He had a fair knowledge of medicine, and there was a wonderful lack of physicians and nurses. An appeal had been made to the country at large; but it would take time for volunteers to arrive and just now every moment was precious. He left the drug store and went home.

"Thank God you are come, Jean," cried la grandmere, fervently, as he entered. "I have been counting up our money, and we have twelve dollars. It will take us back among the hills. We can get along some way, mon cher, and at least you will be safe."

But Jean threw his head back and looked at her silently; and la grandmere, after one swift, agonizing glance, at his set face, fell back into her chair with a low cry.

"I feared it would be so, mon petit fils, mon pauvre petit fils," she moaned. "Le bon Dieu has dealt severely with me, and I hoped that He would let this pass. 'Non, non,' as he was about to speak, 'I know what you would say. There are hundreds dying, and no one to minister to them. You would give your life—ah, mon Dieu! I know it is right. I have been through it before, and gave all I had. But it was hard, mon petit Jean. I am an old woman now, and not so strong as I was when your father and two boy uncles came and looked at me as you do now. Not one of them came back to me; little Jean—not one. Ah, mon Dieu! mon pauvre petit fils!" She rocked to and fro, and obeying a sudden impulse Jean sprang to her side and threw his arms across her shoulders.

"Non, non," he whispered. "I will not leave you. We will go back among the hills."

Madame answered as though from a

blow; and as she rose slowly from her chair there came to her the same strong, resolute expression which Jean remembered to have seen far back in his childhood.

"It is right that you should stay, Jean," she said, simply. "I knew it all the time, but I was weak. May le bon Dieu overlook our frailties. 'Oui,' in answer to his look, 'you may leave me now. They need you more than I. But hold me close closer, little Jean; we may never see each other again. Now, gardez vous bien!'"

She was standing firm and erect when he looked back at her from the door; then he turned away, and gave himself and his thoughts to the duty before him.

Madame scarcely left her room during the terrible weeks that followed. Occasionally she heard hushed whispers along the sidewalk; and, every morning, the dull rattle of the dead cart, stopping here and there on the street to pick up its silent passengers. She did not listen for the footsteps of Jean; she had given him up.

Rumors reached her of physicians and nurses dying at their posts, and of the gradual extension of the plague to other coast cities; but she scarcely heeded. She had given up her future, and now she was gradually falling back into dreaming of the past.

One day slow, uncertain footsteps shuffled along the sidewalk, and then the door opened and Jean stood before her, big-eyed and emaciated.

"The plague has run itself out," he said wearily. "They have no further use for me."

Madame looked at him wonderingly, incredulously; then, as she caught him in her arms a look of ineffable joy drove the expression of stony resignation from her face.

"Le bon Dieu has blessed me," she said, reverentially, "even while I was cursing him. 'N'oubliez pas, mon petit fils.'"

THE COUNTRY BOY.

One thing I note about the country boy, says a writer, and this is a wonderful softness and a facility in helping the women in their work. The country boy assists his mother in her bed-making and her dish-washing; he can even wash and iron when there is occasion. And why should not a boy lend the strength of his muscles to aid a tired mother in her daily round? It is at least no harder work than lacrosse, or football, and, the world over, soldiers and sailors engage in such tasks, and do not feel themselves at all demeaned. I fear that our city boys will be inclined to sneer at such a thing; but if they will only take the trouble to enquire into the boyhood of many of our prominent men in various walks of life, they will find that some of our finest specimens of manhood have come from country homes, where they were brought up to help in whatever was on foot.

"WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

Little Mary very much wished to learn to read, for she had so many pretty books; and although her elder brothers and sisters often read the stories to her, she thought it would be far nicer to be able to read her own books for herself, and as her kind mother was quite willing to teach, she was anxious to make a beginning.

But learning to read was not quite such easy work as Mary had thought it would be, for even in her simple little story-books there were some words that were difficult to pronounce, and which she could not understand. Now Mary was often in such a hurry to get to the end of the story, that at first she would try to stumble on, not caring whether she was right or wrong; and sometimes she would "skip" the long words altogether. But her patient mother would say:

"Stop, stop Mary, what does that mean?" and then she would explain the long word so simply and pleasantly, that Mary thought her mother's instructions almost as interesting as the stories. Until at length whenever she met with a word that she could not understand in any book, she would not rest until she had found out its meaning.

I need not tell my young readers that Mary grew up to be a very wise and well-informed woman; and able to talk and to listen sensibly and intelligently to any body. I have heard people make very ridiculous blunders sometimes, through using long words in the wrong place, because they misunderstood the meaning of them; and I think it would be a very good plan if all you little boys and girls were to follow Mary's example; and always ask the meaning of words that you do not understand, or find it out for yourselves in the dictionary. It would not give you much trouble; and it would afford you a great deal of useful information.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists, 10 cts a bottle.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

THE RESULT IS OFTEN A LIFE OF PAIN AND MISERY.

Mr. David Crowell, of Horton, N.S., was an Intense Sufferer and Almost Despaired of Finding a Cure—Tells the Story of His Release.

The Acadia, Wolfville, N. S.

Recently a reporter of the Acadia was told another of those triumphs of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are becoming very common in this vicinity. The fortunate individual is Mr. David Crowell, a highly respected resident of Hortonville.

Below is his experience in substance as he gave it to us: "About two years ago, for the first time in my life, I began to realize what ill-health meant. The first symptom was a feeling of overpowering drowsiness which crept over me at times. Often I would be at work in the field when the drowsiness would seize me and I would find that it required the exercise of all my will-power to keep awake. In a short time I was attacked by sharp piercing pains, which shot through the lower part of my back. At first this did not trouble me very much during the day, but at night the pain became almost

unendurable, and often I would not close my eyes throughout the whole night. Gradually a nausea and loathing for food developed. Sometimes I would sit down to a meal with a keen appetite, but after a mouthful or so had passed my lips, sickness and vomiting would follow. I became greatly reduced in flesh and in a short time was but a wreck of my former self. The doctor said the trouble was disease of the kidneys, but his treatment did not help me. My mother who was something of a nurse urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last to satisfy her more than from hopes of being cured, I took up their use. After taking one box I seemed better and I resolved to try another. Before the second box was used my condition was improved beyond gainsay and I felt sure the pills were responsible for it. I took two more boxes and before they were all used the pain in my back had wholly disappeared, my appetite had returned and I felt like a new man. For the sum of two dollars I cured myself of a painful disease. There cannot be the least doubt but that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was the sole cause of my recovery, and I consider them the best medicine in existence."

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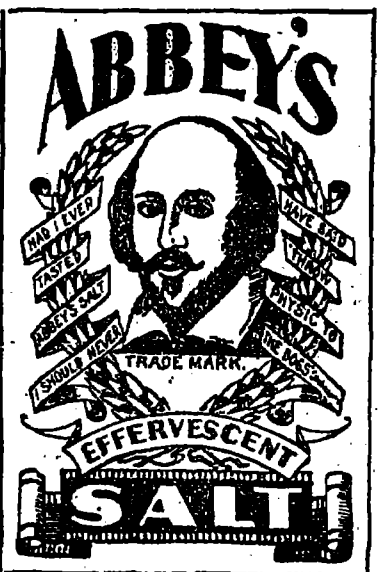
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