OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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16½—at 25 cents
ared pictures for BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER. The judge came slowly down the steps buttoning his gloves. At the bottom step he turned and looked back and up to the drawing room window.

There, framed in the background of misty, frostlike lace curtains stood a charming young girl, who blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers to

> The judge smiled and uncovered his iron-gray head to his lovely daugh.

As he entered his waiting carriage and gave the order, "Stop at Dor-ley's," he again looked back and sal-uted the child he adored.

Father and daughter were devoted companions. The sweetest of all comradeships existed between them. She was his housekeeper, his chum, his in-timate friend. Through all trying and tragic scenes of his daily life her face was ever before him. Sometimes when he sentenced a criminal her sweet blue eyes looked in his and pleaded for mercy for the unfortunate.

Every morning the daughter pinned a flower in his coat, kissed him good-by and then watched him from the

his child. When he came home at night she stood in the window watching for him. And when he opened the hall door she received him in her loving arms, with the question, "Well, papa, have you been merciful to day?" And Judge Henry Saxton had come

to be known to criminals and court employees as the "Easy Judge." But no one save his few close friends dreamed that the dominating influence and control of his life was vested in a

mere slip of a girl.

Evenings it was her custom to read aloud to him. This was the delightful and sacred hour to which the judge looked forward all day. In his luxur ious library, before a glowing open fire, his weary head thrown back against the cushions of his arm chair, lazily enjoying the fragrance of his cigar, the judge would sit, listening to the sweet voice-the voice that so re minded him of another long since hushed in death.

Just now the daughter was reading Shakespeare's comedies to him. Last night it had been "The Merchant of Venice." He recalled the accents of her voice as she read:

The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath It is twice blest;
It blesseth he that gives and him that takes.

And then he thought how she had looked across the table at him with her serious eyes and said, reguishly and yet earnestly—" Now, papa, you are to remember that all day to morrow. The judge smiled gently and tender ly touched the flower in his coat. He was remembering.

The courtroom was crowded. The seats were packed with rows of the usual hangers on supplemented to day by many well-known people. It was day on which Judge Saxton was to deliver his charge to the jury in the

famous Appleton Tremaine case.

The whole miserable, wretched story had been rethrashed. The unfortu nate man, once condemned to the chair for murdering the pretty wayward Tenderloin girl, had undergone his second ordeal. His devoted wife haddsat by him throughout the trial and had listened unshrinkingly to the dreadful details of her husband's liasion with the frail butterfly creature whose life he was accused of having crushed out.

loosened all his batteries against the prisoner, and the eminent counsel for the defence had pleaded and explained and begged for clemency.

It now remained for the learned

judge to deliver the final solemn instructions to the twelve haggard faced men in the box, and then the last act in this drams of love, hatred, jealousy and revenge would be at its finish. But the trial was to be interrupted

this morning by the sentencing of a batch of convicted prisoners. One after another, the sullen, hopeless, de One fiant, despairing criminals were brought up to the bar to listen to the words which shut them away from their fellow beings for years.

"It's mighty lucky ye were," said more than one officer to his prisoner, that ye were before the Easy Judge. If it had been Judge Cleveland, now, ye would have got it in the neck.

There came to the bar two women One was young, not more than seven-teen. Her face was pretty, but bragen. Her eyes, blue as violets, stared at the judge with an expression at once of terror and defiance. She wore a tawdry coat, cheaply imitative of the finery of ladies. Her hair was in a bushy tangle of curls over her ears in that outrageous fashion af-

fected by many young girls.

She had made a brave attempt to be smart by daubing her cheeks with rouge and sticking a bedraggled feather in her shabby Tam-o' Shanter cap. Altogether, she was a sad and sickening sight, and she looked so young !

By her side stood a woman, plainly dressed in black, a woman with a serene, kind face and gray hair, one of those good women whose lives are spent in ameliorating the conditions

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A

rebellious face.
"She is so young," kept beating in his brain. "Why, she must be just his three score and ten years, said yesterday:

She made no answer, but gazed sullenly at the floor.
"May I speak, Your Honor?"

"It was the good angel at the girl's side. His Honor gravely inclined his "It was her first offense," faltered the kind soul. "She was foolish and frivolous and was tempted by her love

I beg —! But the good woman could go no further. Her voice died away. Some-thing choked her. She put her hand to her throat, and the tears ran down her face. The judge suddenly covered

his face with his hand. Then an intense silence settled upon the courtroom. People gazed awe-stricken at the beach. Reporters locked up from their tables to see what the impressive stillness meaut. A big policeman looked out the window and covertly blew his nose.

drawing room window. Every day the father stopped at a florist's and ordered the choicest flowers sent up to His honor was weeping.
Yes, there was no doubt of it.
Through the fingers of his strong,
well-shaped white hand tears, like the gentle rain from heaven, slowly trickled down his face.

"She is so young; she is so young!" Over and over these words repeated themselves. "Just about the He saw again that sweet flower like face, he heard the earnes words. "Now, papa, you are to re-member that all day to-morrew."

The judge wiped his eyes and con-trolled his emotion. A sigh of relief rang through the courtroom. The girl at the bar was troubled and ashamed. She began to tremble. The good Samaritan at her side put her arm about her. His Honor cleared his throat.

"In consideration of the youth of this unfortunate girl, I will suspend sentence and remand the prisoner in the custody of this excellent woman.

The oldest lawyers all agreed that never before had they listened to so masterly a charge as that given by Judge Saxton in the Appleton Tremaine case. The evidence was so startling, so sensational, it had presupposed the prisoner's guilt. Until the opening sentences of his honor's charge every one in the courtroom had decided on a verdict of "guilty!"

But the judge with that marvelous dexterity, that keen knowledge of the law, that astonishing acumen for which he was distinguished, deftly sifted and weighed the evidence, carefully sorted the true from the false, admonished the men who hung on his words and jealously guarded the rights of the ac-"Strong in favor of the prisoner,"

was the caullous whisper that passed

from lip to lip.

When His Honor rose to charge the jury his eyes rested for an instant on the prisoner's hopeless face, bleached by long confinement in Sing Sing's death chamber, and bearing traces of horror that could never be obliterated Then with one swift glance the judge marked the face of the prisoner's wife She was a young woman, but her hair was gray. Suffering had laid its iron fingers on her countenance, and her soul -her blameless loyal soul-looked from its windows with appealing, helpless misery.

"How would she look if she were happy?" thought His Honor as he rushed out.

The z-salous district attorney had faced the expectant jury. And then a sudden mental convulsion shook him. What if he were to live to see such a look as that on his own daughter's

"Papa, papa, be merciful," rang voice as sweet as a silver bell. are to remember this all day to mor

row, and be merciful." His Honor was remembering.

When the white haired foreman stood up in the jury box and in a voice choked with emotion said "Not guilty!" when that woman with the pallid face and terror-stricken eyes, who had risen with the prisoner to hear sentence, turned and flashed one never-to be forgotten look at the judge, his honor softly repeated to himself, "it blesseth Him that gives and Him that takes!"

The carriage stopped, and as the judge descended he looked up at the drawing room window. Yes, there she stood, the exquisite girl for whese sake and under whose influence he had taken compassion that day on two wretched women.

wretened women.
The door was opened and into the
genial warmth, the soft meliew light,
the loving embrace, he was tenderly
drawn, while a soft voice murmured in his cheek. "Well, papa, dear, have you been good and merciful to day?"

N. Y. Heraid.

The mission of Jesus Christ on earth was a mission of peace. He came to establish in our hearts a triple peace, peace with God, peace with our neigh bor and peace with ourselves. But Christ's mission of peace had a wider scope than to the individual man. His mission was also to bring peace to the family and society. Before the advent of Christ, war was the rule, peace

"What is the charge?" he asked, coldly.

An offiser glibly explained, "Grand larceny, Your Honor."

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed?" the judge addressed the girl.

She made no answer, but gazed and bodies. They eat heartly. They shrink from getting up early in the morning, from cold baths, from hard exercise, from self - restraint, from

pain. "When I was a boy I was fond of dogs and there was a man in the neighborhood who had the same liking. But he had no use for curs. He us to pick a dog up by the back of the neck, and if it howled he would kick it away. He liked any brave beast who had good traits and was useful, no matter how it was in looks. He glor-ied in thoroughbreds on account of their excellent points but mostly because of their courage, their 'grit,' their stam-

ina.
"When I see a boy who squals when the play with his mates is a little rough: or a youth who has no backbone and is led astray by evil companions; or a young man who is soft and yields to the temptations of the flesh, I think there's a cur!' And then I remember the scorn of the man I knew in my boyhood who had no patience with curs but kicked them away. "And now Lent is at hand to try

the thoroughbreds and the curs. The 'softys" will endeavor to sneak out of fasting, no matter how physically robust they are, or how much in need of expiation. 'It gives me a headache,' they whine. 'It makes me so weak!'
they protest. The poor things! One
would suppose it was intended by the Church to give them a sensation of friend.

Disasure, and only to the exceptional This page and many scores of such leasure, and only to the exceptional few cause any suffering.
"Don't be a cur! Don't be afraid

of pain ! A spiritual writer says that hardly will any one arrive at great sanctity except his body endure anguish through hardships, sickness or self-

inflicted mortifications. "For several years after I reached my majority I, too, got excused from fasting, because my health was delicate, but on Ash Wednesday I said to my self: "I'm going to keep this Lent." And I did. I kept it faithfully. I worked hard on a farm and on a rail road track, but I stuck it out. I had many a pang in my stomach and in my brain, but I wouldn't yield. And accustomed by Easter the body had accustomed itself to the one meal and the collation a day. I was in tip-top health then and enjoyed a deep peace. And from that day on, for forty years and more, I kept the fast. I've helped to bury many a man who said he couldn't fast. "Now I don't eat much at any time. but the doctor will have me take

thing five times a day, and my Father Confessor says that I can do some extra praying and let the young men of today do the fasting for the Church." What this old gentleman says is worthy of thought, even his very ex-

pressive admonit.
"Bon't be a cur!" sive admonition:

There are no More Self-Made Men. "From the highest home to the low est in America this idea of caste has entered, destroying our old, high ideals and making us pretent ious and vuigar," writes "An American Mother," of "How We Can Lead a Simple Life," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The idle rich man cover high social place with a hunger that is both ridiculous and tragic. money enough he buys a titled hus-band for his daughter. He tries to es tablish a precedence for himself over his neighbors by claims of high des cent. Nor is this appreciation of rank confined to the leisured class in this country. It is universal. No candi date for office finds it necessary now to pose as a self-made man or to put his respectable ancestors out of sight. The self-made man is no longer the popular hero. On the contrary, noble ancestors are in such demand that if we do not have them we invent them as we do air-brakes or motors, or any thing else necessary to our well being and comfort. The rich American finds it as easy to have a coat-of-arms and a pedigree as to have a dress ceat.

The seldom goes to Burke or the
Heralds' Collage for these things. He plants and grows his own family tree as he does his maple at the front doer."

Something Better. Do not be satisfied with making nancy. Do semething else and some thing better while you are in this world. We are made for something higher. Try to live out what you are Endeavor to be kind and truthful and honest and sincere. Work in the sight of God whom the Angels adore. True it is necessary to have money in order to live But if we only tried to get money sufficient to live comfort sole end. Try to be a man with an upright conscience, with a leyal heart, a determined will and money sufficient will come to supply your wants. Try ing to become a courageous man will not make one poor. Nor is it necessary to have money to be a man of courage or renown. We are indeed something in ourselves. We have the dictation of God in our hearts. Why can't we live up to the spirit which is planted in our hearts? Christianity would be little better than Paganism if it could not lift us above what the Paspent in ameliorating the conditions surrounding prisoners. Her face was fixed imploringly upon the judge.

The judge regarded the prisoner gravely. She was very young. He marked the reddened cheeks, the poor,

flashy finery, the stubborn, frightened, CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN, jate much of the misery and suffering which this world brings.

> Opportunity. In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can sure ly discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveller and the

"What is thy name, O Statue?"

"I am called Opportunity." Who made thee?'

"Lysippus." Why art thou on thy toes !" "To show that I stay but a mo-

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?

"To show how quickly I pass by." "But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

That men may seize me when they meet me."
"Why, then, is thy head so bald be-

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught.'

hind?"

JESUS' ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMAN.

Her Helper, Friend and Sympathizer. Many hundreds of millions of women have lived and died happy because of he work that Jesus did for women. He came to save all mankind. While the work that Jesus did for

preaching to men, he preached for women. He worked for them, talked with them, advised them, strengthened

them, defended them.

He was their advocate and their

pages would not contain the briefest accurate summary of Jesus' work for omankind.

His love for the disciples who were to carry on his work did not excel his love for the devoted women who fol owed him and believed in him from the first days of preaching to the last, darkened day on Golgotha. Women owe to Jesus their rank in

the world, their mental and physical emancipation. Thousands of women died eagerly for His name's sake during the years

of martyrdom, and they died gladly. For the Son of Man, who had come to save all hereafter, came to free them Jesus first announced His divine

mission to a woman. To the woman of Samaria He first declared His Mesdahship. (See the fourth chapter of John). He was brought into the world, cared for in babyhood and trained in boyhood by a woman-the thrice blessed

pray to day.

His last words spoken from the cross placed His Mother in the care of His

Virgin, to whom millions of mothers

beloved disciple:
"When Jesus therefore saw His mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His nother, Woman, behold thy son.

Then saith He to the disciple, Benold thy mother ! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."-John xix., 26 27.

He said no word thereafter, except 'I thirst," and "It is finished His last thought in the earthly life months. That the pills are a wonder

had been His mother's welfare.

At His mother's request he performed His first miracle, the changing of the water into wine. (See John, second chapter, fourth and subsequent

Oaly to a woman did He promise perpetual remembrance here—to the woman who came to Him in the house of Simon the Leper, and poured upon His head the box of "ointment of

"She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my

body to the burying.
"Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken for memorial of her."-Mark xiv., 89 The first at the tomb of Jesus was a woman.

The first to see the risen Christ was woman.

A woman was the first to believe in Him and the first to bear witness to When the men whom He had taught

had left Him to the Reman soldiers and to His death, the women who loved Him had not deserted Him

Uader the darkened sky His dying eyes looked down upon the kneeling forms of His Mether, her sister Mary, wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen. Well might they follow him and neel at His feet. He was dying to kneel at His feet. save women from injustice and oppres

In all the words of Jesus there is not one word of harshness for woman. The sins of men are threatened and

with threats that to this day chill guilty hearts that no other word can touch The selfih rich man, the oppressor of the poor, are promised their punishment hereafter. But not one word is uttered against

unfortunate sinful women.

For them, only kindness, sympathy, compassion. The woman brought becompassion. fore him had committed the crime, he saw the temptation, and he saw the tempter :

He that is without sin among you,

let him first cast a stone at her. The men eager to stone the victim of man's evil nature slunk away and Jesus was left alone with the unfortunate woman. His wild eyes looked compassionately upon her bowed form:

"Woman, where are they? Did no man condem thee? And she said, no man, Lord. And Jesus said, neither do I condemn thee : go thy way : from henceforth sin no more."—John viii.,

10 11. There is a scene to be studied by the "haters of vice." There is a scene to fill with thought those who think that men can be made better by the hunting of women.

But one Man was without sin and it was He who said : "Neither do I con-

demn thee."
While Jesus lived the British islands were inhabited by half naked savages

animal language.

While Jesus lived an "intellectual" race living in India practised child marriage and the annual burning alive of thousands of widows. The words of Jesus Christianized and civil ized Great Britain, and the descendants of wood painted British savages, carrying out Jesus' orders, have abolished the child marriages and

widow burning of India. All over earth's surface His wonders have been worked, and everywhere His teachings have brought nearer and nearer to realization the perfect

equality of woman.
God's great preacher of equality was

There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female ; for ye are all one in Jesus Christ .- Gal. iii., 28.

EXTREME WEAKNESS.

RESULTING FROM POOR WATERY BLOOD.

HEART PALPITATION, DIZZINESS AND WEAKNESS IN THE LEGS FOLLOWED UNTIL THE SUFFERER FELT THAT HIS CASE WAS ALMOST HOPELESS

From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont. No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone masor by trade, and has helped construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had re ceived great benefit from the use of Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following state-"Last March," said he, ment: "Last March," said he, "my health became so poor that I was com pelled to quit work. The chief sym ptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and paipitation of the heart. least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently, and if I stooped to pick up anything I would be overcome with dizziness. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctor I consulted said I had a bad case of an aemia. He prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that

it seemed impossible that I could re cover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. William's Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved and by the time I had used four boxes I felt better than I had done for ful remedy there is not the least doubt. IA. I can do light work about home withnt experiencing any of the unpleas We make E

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HOBBS N ant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man despite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other similar sufferer to try

them. To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bearing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Oat.

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overcomes all the effects of catarrh, too, and builds up the whole system.

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Inflammatory Rheumatism.— Mr. S. Ackerman, concercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC O'IL for Laftammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete care. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rhsumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of DR. THOMAS' O'IL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn

Where can I get some of Bolloway's Corn Care? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chi-cago.

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