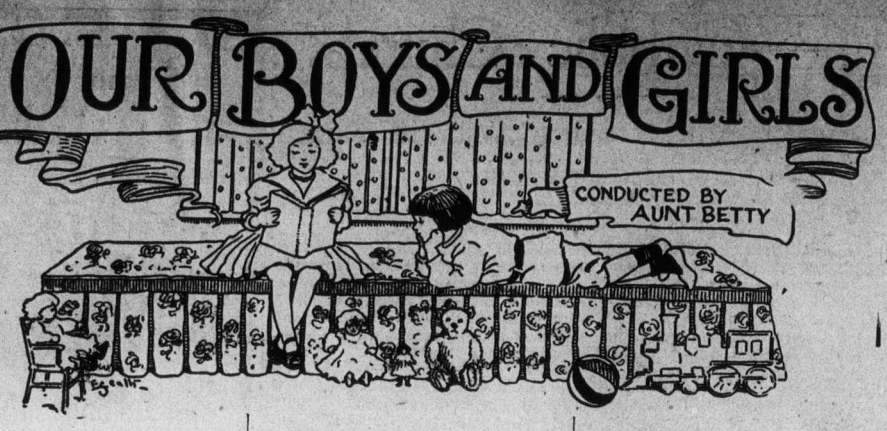
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY



IF.

If little girls were little boys
They'd always go to bed
When mother told them to, and not
Say "wait awhile" instead.
They'd come into the house like mice
So quiet and polite,
And after they had eaten tea,
Get up and say good-night.

If little boys were little girls
They'd not be 'fraid of things,
Like katydids and hoppertoads
And bats with ugly wings,
They wouldn't yell when they were teased,
And run and tell on you,
Like all the little girls in town
Most always want to do.

If we were little girls and boys,
Instead of folks grown old,
We'd never want to spank ourselves,
Nor bullyrag or scold:
We'd never wish to grow again,
But just in childhood stay,
As innocent as we were when
Our childhood went away.
—The Bentztown Bard.

Helpful on Roller Skates.

The lady, just about to ascend the steps of Mrs. Walter's cottage, turned and cast a smiling glance about her. "I declare, this street is quite a skating rink," she said. "You must have fine times here!"

"Yes'm, we do," said a chorus of voices. The smooth asphalt court was some distance from the cars, and was visited by few teams. Nearly every boy and girl in the block had a pair of roller skates, and the street presented a lively scene most of the day. It was no wonder that the lady on her way to call on Mrs. Walters had compared it to a rink.

A voice spoke out of the throng of boys and girls, checking the visitor's ascent. "Mrs. Walters isn't at home. She went out just a few minutes ago."

"Went out?" The stranger turned with a gasp of dismay. "Oh, dear! I'm afraid she's gone to my house. I know she wanted to see me to-day and I started out early so as to be sure to catch her."

"She hasn't been gone long," said one of the boys. "I don't believe she's got to the cars yet, she walks so slowly."

"I'm afraid I couldn't overtake her," the lady sighed. "I'm so sorry. It's such a long walk from the cars at the other end."

Then another voice spoke out of the crowd, the voice of Kitty Burke. "Maybe I could catch her for you, I'll try." She did not wait for any thanks, for she knew that no time was to be lost. Away she darted on her roller skates, covering the ground so swiftly that she had turned the corner before the lady on the doorstep had fully grasped the idea.

Far down the street Kitty could see Mrs. Walters' bent old figu standing on the corner, waiting for the car. She pushed forward bravely and waved her hand, trying to attract the old lady's attention. But Mrs. Walters was looking down the street for the car and did not see a small girl on rollers making frantic gestures.

The car came between them while Kitty was only half a block away. She could see Mrs. Walters climb aboard and settle herself at the end of the seat. But even then Kitty did not give up. "There may be somebody waiting at the next crossing," she told herself. As she turned the corner and started to follow the car, she saw that she had guessed right. Half a dozen people were waiting at the corner. The car would be delayed and she still had a chance of overtaking Mrs. Walters.

The conductor was just about to ring the bell, when a small girl on rollers skated up to the car. "Get off quick, Mrs. Walters," Kitty cried "The lady you want to see is sitting on your front steps!"

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Mrsi Walters. She climbed off the car in a hurry, and then Kitty explained. Kitty was rather short of breath and her cheeks were scarlet. "Why, child!" Mrs. Walters cried, "you look as if you were coming down with a fever!"

"It's nothing!" Kitty laughed. "Except that it's a warm day to skate so fast. Now I'll go back and tell the lady you're coming."

Old Mrs. Walters trudging slowly in the rear of the swiftly moving figure, watched it affectionately, till it turned the corner and vanished from sight. "Some folks'll use everything they've got to help other folks," mused Mrs. Walters, "even roller skates."

Jean's Algebra.

Jean unstrapped her books and took pad and pencils from the closet.

"I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall," she said, laughing across at her father's old friend, who was spending two days with him, "but I never dare to be polite till my algebra is done."

"What makes you like it so much?" Mr. Marshall asked, smiling. "Young ladies don't generally have much taste for algebra."

"Like it!" Jean repeated vehemently. "I despise it. That's why I do it first; if I gave myself the tiniest margin of excuse, I'd never get it done. And I may be stupid—I am stupid in it—but it shan't conquer my morals anyhow."

"I see," the guest replied, rising. "Well, good luck to it—and you, Miss Jean. Perhaps you'll like it better after a while."

"Never!" Jean returned emphatically.

A month later the three girls were looking at each other with dazed eyes. They must take care of mother, of course, but how? Corinne's music, Barbara's art? They had been studying only for accomplishments—they never had supposed that they would need them.

Then the letter came from Mr. Marshall, with the wonderful offer of a well-paid position for Jean.

"Jean!" Corinne cried, "why she is the youngest!"

"And never studied typewriting in her life!" Barbara chimned in.

"For Miss Jean," Mrs. Randall read. "A young lady who always tackles her hard things first in the determination that they shall not 'conquer her morals' is the kind of young lady that we need fifty-two weeks in the year."

"Who would have thought that a thing like that—" Barbara said brokenly.

Dollyology.

Oh! I'm looking for a doctor, 'n I've
got ter get one quick,
It's a very serious case, you know,
my dolly's dre'ful sick,
She looks so very tired out, I think
she needs a rest,
Perhaps the trouble really is, her
sawdust won't digest.

Oh, I'm looking for a doctor, 'n I
hope I'll get one soon,
'Cos my dolly's springs is busted, 'n
her stomach's out o' tune.
My brudder Jim sometimes he jams
her nose between the door,
So p'raps she's got the jim-jams,
Jimmy mustn't jam no more.

Oh, I think that's just the trouble
that she's got, or if it ain't,
She's got spinal salaratus, that's 'n
awful bad complaint,
Or p'raps she's got presumption, see
her face looks thin 'n long,
Her institution's all run down, it
never was quite strong,

P'raps her throat is sore, her tonsillighthouse, may be so,
I wonder what the trouble is? I'd
really like ter know.
It may be in her stomach, 'n it may
be in her head,
But I'll have ter find it out to-
night, before I go to bed.

So if you see a doctor, ter my
house tell him ter call,
If he don't know dollyology, he
needn't come at all,
But if he's sure ter cure her, just
you send him 'round to me,
'N I'll give him twenty hugs 'n forty kisses for his fee.

Patty's Reward.

"Good morning, Miss Barton." The manager of the grocery department in the great city store paused outside the Van Marsden Cocoa booth, smiling at the one on the inside. "This is surely a festive array; is it in honor of your reception day, Patty?" and he bent to inhale the fragrance from a bouquet of sweet peas on the corner of the counter.

"Yes, Mr. Lee." Patty Barton laughed, looking up from the Haviland chocolate pot she was rubbing till it shone. "Have you any idea how many I served last Monday? No?" as Mr. Lee shook his head. "Nearly two hundred."

"There's always plenty of folks ready to sample free things," Mr. Lee observed. "We'll doubtless have a big crowd again to-day."

"That's why I got up early this morning to gather my flowers," Patty remarked, glancing with a satisfied little air at the bouquets of roses and sweet peas adorning the counter. "I love to make things pretty for my guests. Last Monday there was one dear old lady who said she hadn't seen a country rose for ages, and"—

A hurried "Excuse me, Miss Barton," from the manager interrupted the story, and he hurried away to answer a telephone call.

Left alone, Patty hummed a low song and continued her preparations of beautifying the booth and putting it into readiness for those whom she chose to call her "guests."

Not every girl employed in the department grocery store took quite the same view of the work whereby she earned her daily bread as did Patty Barton, who put her heart and soul into her work and gave of her best.

In return, many were attracted to her booth, and she had regular customers who often came out of their way to buy of her. There were those who considered it a privilege to rest a minute beside the cocoa booth, and while partaking of the sample cup of delicious cocoa, grew all the more refreshed by the sight of Patty's smiling face. Truly, if the customers had been her real guests, Patty Barton could hardly have treated them more graciously.

"I beg pardon, are you serving cocoa this morning?" Patty, bending to take a fresh supply of lump sugar from under the counter, raised two slightly flushed cheeks and saw a broad-shouldered, elderly gentleman looking down at her from the other side.

"I'm sorry; it isn't quite ready." Patty looked at the gentleman with an interest of which she was not aware. He was—of course he was, his accent denoted it—from the country which prepared and exported the cocoa she sold. "I've been so busy arranging the flowers and we rarely have customers so early. If you don't mind waiting a few minutes, I'll hurry."

The gentleman seated himself on one of the stools provided. "You consider Van Marsden's cocoa good? he asked, looking appreciatively at the flowers.

"The best in the market, sir," Patty promptly replied. 'We sell more of it than of any other kind."

"Because it is cheap?"

"It is cheap in the long run," Patty replied. "It really costs a few cents more per pound to buy than other cocoas, but it goes further. Now, I'm going to make it. That is another virtue it possesses—it is easily made. If you have the water boiling hot, and a little cream, you can't fail to serve a delicious cup of cocoa."

"You are enthusiastic," the gentleman observed smilingly, watching Patty's nimble fingers as they went assuredly about their task.

"Indeed I am, sir. But it makes a difference when you know you're handling the best production in the market of the article you're selling. One lump of sugar, or two, sir?—they're small, you see." Patty stood with the cup in hand and smiled with charming hospitality on the old gentleman.

"Two, if you please."

When the gentleman had drained the last drop he set the cup down and said slowly: "It is indeed, the most delicious cocoa I have ever drunk. Thank you very much. I shall not buy any to-day. I am a traveller and do not wish to be remembered with packages, but I shall carry away with me a very pleasant remembrance of your pretty booth with its flowers and everything so attractive and neat."

Patty's cheeks flushed. "You are very kind, sir," she said. And as he lifted his hat and walked away, Patty added to herself. "He's such a nice gentleman. It's lovely to meet with people who take an interest in you and your work."

Much to Patty's surprise, shortly before the store closed for the day, Mr. Lee paused beside the booth and handed a flat package to her. A minute later Patty looked with happy eyes upon a photograph of the broad-shouldered elderly gentleman to whom she had served cocoa early in the morning, and read underneath "To Miss Patty Barton with John Van Marsden's best wishes." There was something else beside—a thin slip of paper that also bore the signature of the great merchant, and which sent a wave of relief and thankfulness surging through Patty's loving heart when she thought of all the check meant for the little mother at home trying so bravely to make ends meet.

"It—it is too much!" Patty gasped to the manager.

"It is for faithful and willing service rendered," Mr. Lee replied. "Mr. Van Marsden was much pleased with your booth, Miss Barton. He said it was only occasionally he found his interests looked out for as you are looking out for them."

"Thank you for telling me," said Patty. "But I did it for love of the work, not for gain," she murmured, as she hurried away—"and mother!"

Patty's feet could not move fast enough now, How glad she was she had served with "good measure!"

NO CHARLIES OR WILLIES.

Maud—What in the world did you do with yourself at that lonesome beach?

Ethel—Sat on the sand and watched the eddies.

Maud—Eddies! I thought you told me there weren't any men there.

POET'S CORNER

THOUGHTS IN SORROW.

"In every soul there is a secret chamber,
In every life there is an untold tale.
In every heart there is a covered picture,
That human hands can never dare unveil,
In every heart there is a line, deep graven,
Whose meaning is, to dearest friends unknown.
In every character there is a stronghold,
The key of which lies in God's hands alone.

"In every soul there is a chord of feeling,
Too subtle to be seen or understood,
Which vibrates with a certain sad discordance,
Swept carelessly by heedless hands or rude.
In every heart there is an undercurrent,
Whose depth is fathomless by love or hate;
In every soul there is a sanctuary,
Which neither friend nor foe can violate.

"So there lies hid in every human bosom
An unknown world of evil and of good,
And all of us at times, each in our measure,
Misunderstand, and are misunderstood.
For since the golden days of sinless Eden,
No one has fully read another's soul.

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ round
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow
No night but has its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark be driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The habitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

THE GIFTLESS.

Thou wilt not pass them in the crowded city,
Nor in the meanest street,
These are Thy children, Lord of Love and Pity,
Tire not their tireless feet.
Seal not their eyes with tears of bitter weeping,
Be with them waking, and be with them sleeping;
So whereso'er they meet,
O Lord of Love, Thou hast them in Thy keeping.

Thou fetched them to Thee in the shining story,
And at the Virgin birth,
Great Kings and Prophets rode, in pomp and glory,
With gifts of priceless worth.
These are the giftless, yet of Thy bestowing,
And what to them, to Thee, O Lord is owing,
Where sounds our fairy mirth!—
The horn of Elfland in the distance blowing.
—Alfred Turner.

Was All Run Down.

Weighed 125 Lbs. Now Weighs 185

Mrs. M. McGann, Debec Junction, N.B. writes:—"I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Another Modern Miracle
Paralysis Permanently Cured.

The Sufferer Paralyzed From Waist to Feet—Encased in Plaster of Paris for Nine Months—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure After Four Doctors Had Failed—The Cure Vouched for by a Well-Known Clergyman.

Paralysis, no matter how slight, is a terrible affliction, but to be paralyzed from waist to the feet, to be a helpless cripple, totally dependent upon what others do for you, is a condition as wretched as man could possibly bear. Such was the state of Mr. Allan J. McDonald, of Rice Point, P.E.I. For over a year he was a helpless invalid. He was paralyzed from his waist to his feet and for nine months lay in bed encased in a plaster of paris cast. Four of the best doctors in Prince Edward Island were unable to help him, and he seemed doomed for a life of misery and despair. But hope came to him when he read of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for other sufferers from paralysis. He procured a supply of the Pills and began taking them. Gradually they broke the chains of disease that bound him, and filled his whole body with new blood, life and vigor. Mr. McDonald says: "I am a farmer and in consequence have a great deal of hard work to do. One day while about my work I injured my back, but at the time I paid little attention to the injury and continued my work. As time went on, though, the pain became more severe, and I soon found myself unable to lift anything no matter how light. It was not long before I had to stop work altogether and consult a doctor. He treated me but his treatment did not help me, and I rapidly grew worse. I had to take to my bed, and in hope that my spine might receive strength I was encased in a plaster of paris cast. This did not help me, and I could feel the paralysis slowly creeping over me till I was totally paralyzed from my waist to my feet. I lost all control over my bowels and bladder and my legs had no more feeling than if they were made of wood. Three other doctros strived to cure me, but their treatment also was a failure, and for eleven months I lay in bed unable to move. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were then advised and I was shown testimonials of others who had been cured of paralysis through them. I bought a supply and in less than three months they made a remarkable change in me. I was able to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands and knees. Gradually my limbs became stronger. Soon I could walk with the aid of a cane, and inside of nine months after I had begun the use of the Pills I was totally cured, and once more able to do light work. Now I am as strong as ever I was and can do my work about the farm without the least trouble. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are without an equal, for, besides my own case, I know of two other cases of paralysis cured by them. Two young girls who had been cripples and whom I advised to try the Pills."

In corroboration of what Mr. McDonald says, the Rev. D. MacLean, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: "I visited Mr. McDonald many times during his illness. He was attended by three or more doctors and put in plaster paris, and everything imaginable which might be of benefit was done for him without success. He had lost all power of his body from the waist down, and I think he was nearly a year under treatment before he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was with him the first day he moved his big toe and from that time on he has gradually improved, and for the last few years he has been perfectly well. I can vouch for the cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effected in his case."

If you are sick and the treatment you are now taking does not help you, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. They have cured thousands after doctors and other medical treatment had hopelessly failed. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, feed the starved nerves and bring health and strength to every part of the body. This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. McDonald's, and it is why they have cured thousands and thousands of sick, discouraged people in every part of the world. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE QUIET HOUR.

My heart is tired, so tired to-night—
How endless seems the strife!
Day after day the restlessness
Of all this weary life!
I come to lay the burden down
That so oppresseth me,
And, shutting all the world without
To spend an hour with Thee!
Dear Lord,
To spend an hour with Thee.

I would forget a little while
The bitterness of tears,
The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,
The buried hopes of years;
Forget that mortal's weary toil
My patient care must be,
A tired child I come to-night
To spend an hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
One little hour with Thee.

A foolish, wayward child, I know—
So often wandering;
A weak, complaining child—but O
Forgive my murmuring,
And fold me to Thy breast,
Thou who hast died for me,
And let me feel 'tis peace to rest
A little hour with Thee,
Dear Lord,
One little hour with Thee.

The Proper Relation of Religion and Medicine.

These present-day movements, that exaggerate the influence of religious belief over physical nature, are in no way new in the world's history. Originally medicine was quite subordinate to religion and the first physicians were priests. A recurrent tendency to re-assume this relation has frequently shown itself. But the result has always been unfortunate both for religion and medicine. It has taken much of the spirituality out of religion and much of the science out of medicine. Professor Munsterberg calls attention to the work of Pastor Gassner in Southern Germany in the eighteenth century, because it represents certain similar movements of our own time. Father Gassner believed that a great many nervous diseases were from the devil, and he cured them by various religious means. The Catholic Church did not, however, approve of the exaggeration of his ideas in this regard, and so Father Gassner died in obscurity, though not before he had influenced Mesmer very materially and so led to a new medical movement.

Religion and medicine are intimately related. Each has its own definite limits in life. They are co-ordinate factors for happiness here, for there can be no happiness without health, and for pain and suffering help and strength from above are needed. These necessities are given by the two co-ordinate factors—religion and medicine, but each must be kept in its own place. Whenever two such intimately related factors exist, there is apt to be mutual invasion of the other's domain. Medicine for a time promised to make life so much happier and so much longer that men forgot how essential religion is in enabling them to withstand the trials of life. There is danger now of a reaction in which religion, in turn exaggerating its importance, will invade the domain of medicine and most likely do much harm. In the midst of all such agitation it is important to realize that the Catholic Church has been quite unmoved. As she was the main barrier against the infidelity that came from over-confidence in science, she now sanely places spirit and matter each in its proper place; shows us how other-wo[illegible] may make for happiness even in this world; how confidence in God may lessen tribulation; how self-denial may lead to happiness; and, above all, how prayer and confidence in Providence may give that placidity which robs suffering of its terrors.

SETTING HIM STRAIGHT.

Him—You're the only girl I ever loved!

Her—That's interesting but immaterial. What I want to know is, am I the only girl you're ever going to love?

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous and florid magistrate, according to the London Daily News, "you are charged with stealing ag pig, a very serious offence in this district. There has been a great deal of pig stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

Headache and Constipation Cured.

Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all."

For sale by all dealers.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.