

Our Boys and Girls.

BABY'S GRIEVANCES.

O, I'm sorry I came to this funny old world,
To be jiggled and joggled and trotted and whirled.
Unless I'm asleep, or pretend to be so,
These giants all think I must be on the go!

If I'm hungry, or cry when I wake from my nap,
I'm soon taken up into somebody's lap,
And trotted and shaken and tossed to and fro,
And then I'm expected to laugh and to crow.

When the nurse takes me out in my carriage, bye, bye,
You would think I might quietly and peacefully lie;
But no, as she wheels me along through the town,
She joggles the springs so I jump up and down.

If wiggle and squirm and howl for relief,
She still seems to hold her mistaken belief,
But changes her tack back and forth, I am rushed,
Till for sheer lack of breath my wailing is hushed.

Oftentimes my wee mouth is as dry as a chip,
And of fresh, cooling water I long for a sip.
Not a draught do I get, because they don't think
A baby can ever want water to drink.

Our wants are not many, but one thing is sure,
If grown people knew what we babies endure,
They'd very soon learn to interpret each tone,
And when we are good they would let us alone.

—Frances P. Carson.

A TWILIGHT STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY MISS MABEL NELSON THURSTON.

Outside it was raining heavily. Inside—well, inside the weather was threatening, to say the least. One of the nurses, going to the linen-room with an armful of fresh towels, shook her head. "I pity ourselves today," she said. "I know—it will be so hard to keep the children bright," the other answered. A nurse was taking the temperatures and marking the charts that hung at the head of each white bed. She stopped a moment and looked down at one especially listless face.

"Don't you want some of the scrap-books to look over, Jennie?" she asked. Jennie's weak voice was utterly uninterested. "No," she answered. The nurse's voice kept its brightness in spite of her discouragement. "Then, don't you want me to bring you one of the puzzles?" You could play with it nicely there."

"No, I don't want any," Jennie answered, wearily.

A hand pulled at the nurse's skirt, and she turned quickly. The thin, pain-sharpened face of the girl in the next bed smiled at her cheerfully.

"Don't bother about Jennie, I guess I can make her do something," she said, in a low voice.

The nurse bent over her with a swift caressing touch. "Thank you little assistant," she said tenderly.

Maggie lay thinking for a few minutes. In the room outside, where the patient's clothes are kept in a case full of big pigeon holes, was one bundle shabbier than the others, this was Maggie's. In one of the beds were some queer cruel-looking weights that meant suffering for greater than the most of the little invalids there could imagine, and they were Maggie's too. Perhaps in all the long roomful she had the fewest things to make her glad; but what of that? God teaches us how to make our happiness, if he will; God and Maggie together made hers.

She opened her eyes when the sharpest pain had passed, and called across to the next bed, "Jennie!"

"What is it?" Jennie asked listlessly. "Jennie, let's see things; we haven't for ever so long. You wanted to the other day, you know."

"Well," Jennie answered, doubtfully; "you'll have to begin, though."

"Oh, yes, I'll begin. Well, then, I see some great red roses, just as soft and dark as velvet; and they feel all cool when you touch them, and they smell—my, don't they smell sweet?"

"I know something prettier than that," Jennie answered. "It's vi-lets—a lady gave me some once. They ain't anything like 'em, velvet nor nothin' else. I 'most cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie Dulin!"

"But I see somethin' else," Maggie went on. It's a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the beautifullest flowers—yellow and white, and all colors, and there aint no sign to keep off the grass—you kin jest lay and roll in it all day long. And there's birds in the trees, and you never heard nothin' sing like them; and you kin see the sky, jest miles of it, and you kin 'most taste the air, it's so sweet.

Round the ward word sped quickly, "Maggie's seein' things!" Children who could walk went over to her corner; wheel-chairs rolled there; from some of the cots eager patients sent messages to her, and waited for hers back again. The dull day was forgotten, and the long room was crowded with visions. Flowers bloomed there, and birds sang, and happy girls went to parties or cherished wonderful dolls. The gladness of the world was theirs, as God meant it to be; and all because one girl knew how to keep fresh in her life every bit of beauty she had seen.

The doctor smiled as he went his rounds. "She's as good medicine as the sunshine," he said.

"Poor little thing!" the nurse answered, with a loving glance toward the corner.

The doctor corrected her. "It's the heart that makes one rich or poor—rich little thing!" he said.—*Woman's Journal.*

TIPTOE'S NEWSPAPERS.

Tramp and Tiptoe were friends. Tramp was a black-and-tan dog; Tiptoe a gray parrot. Tiptoe talked almost all day; Tramp barked almost all day.

At four o'clock every afternoon Tramp came into the house, walked up to his mistress, looked into her face, and waited patiently until she gave him a piece of money. Tiptoe always watched Tramp as he took the money into his mouth. Then, with a shrill shriek, she would call: "Hallo, Tramp! Four o'clock, Tramp! Buy a paper, Tramp! *Herald, Globe, Rekkid!* O my!"

This was a long sentence for Tiptoe,

but Tramp always waited for the last word; then he would spring through the open window, bound down the path, across the street, and into a small store.

And Tiptoe, watching intently, would cry, as he returned, bearing a paper in his mouth:

"Tramp's bought a paper! O my! O my! What a funny dog!"

One day at four o'clock, Tramp was away with his master. As the moments passed, Tiptoe became restless and excited. She hopped from one window to another, and looked in all directions for her friend Tramp.

By and by the clock struck. "One! two! three! four! five!" counted Tiptoe, in a loud voice. She waited a few minutes longer, and then she sprang from her mistress's shoulder.

"*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*" she said; "*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*" One, twice, three times.

And then her mistress understood her meaning.

"Oh," she said, "so you'll buy a paper if I give you money."

"*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*" screamed Tiptoe, in evident delight.

"Well, take it. Don't swallow it."

Out of the window hopped Tiptoe, with the money in her bill, down the path, across the street, and into the store. Her mistress watched her anxiously. "I wish I hadn't let her go," she said; "somebody may frighten her."

Into the store hopped Tiptoe, and sprang upon the counter. Then, dropping the money, she called imperatively: "*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*"

Laughing, wondering, praising her cleverness, the shopman gave her a paper.

Clutching it firmly in her beak, Tiptoe flew down, hopped out into the street, up the path, into the parlor.

Then she flew to her perch, and, rocking herself back and forth, she cried: "O my! O my! Tiptoe bought a paper! O my! O my! *Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*"—*Our Scrap Book.*

FEARLESS AND HONEST.

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden, the brightest, yet the lonliest passenger of an emigrant ship. He was barely fourteen and had not a friend in America, and only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow passenger, who had befriended him during their voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish you were safe now with your mother in the old country?"

"No," said the boy; "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage.

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

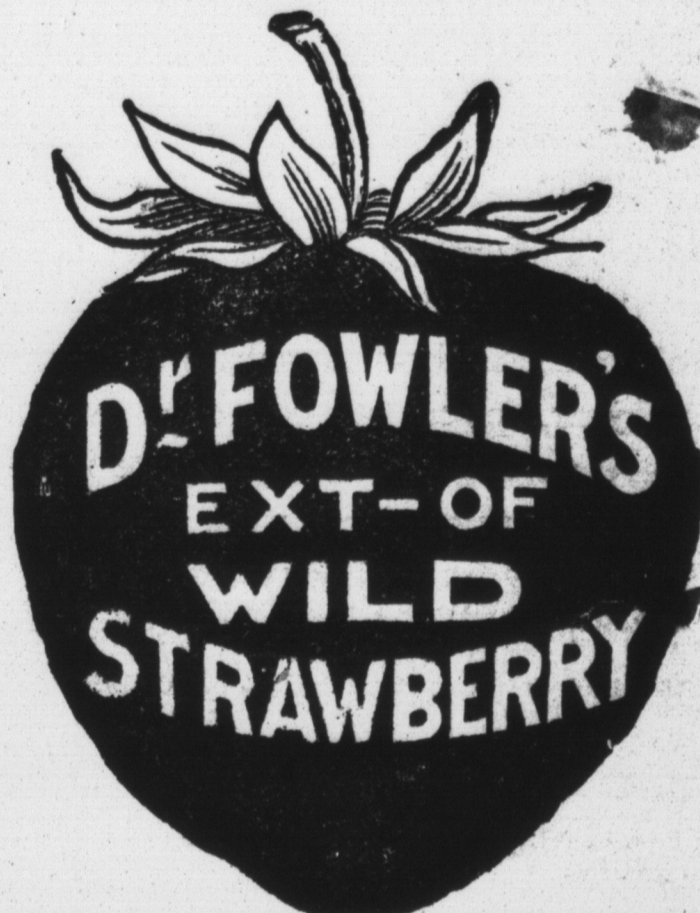
"I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkship in his office had been unfavourable, had taken a stroll down Broadway to ascertain whether he could find a boy to his liking. A canny Scotchman himself, he had noticed the arrival of a Glasgow steamer, and fancied that he might be able to get a trustworthy clerk from his own country. Sand's fearless face caught his eye. The honest ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell me your story," he said kindly. It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but

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when her health failed she had bought his passage to America and given him what little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she had said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who cannot work for you any longer."

Sandy's patron engaged him as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is in you. Write to your mother today that you have found a friend who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Clients seldom left the office without pausing to have a word with him. He attended night school and became an expert penman and accountant. He was rapidly promoted until he was his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother, he went back to Scotland and brought her back with him.

"You have made my fortune," he said, "and I cannot have luck without you."

He was right. When he had studied law and began to practice at the bar, his fearlessness commanded respect and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries liked to hear him speak. They instinctively

HEAD BACK LEGS ACHE

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