

Our Boys and Girls.

WHAT'S THE USE.

I
What's the use o' growin' up?
You can't paddle with your toes
In a puddle, you can't yell
When you're feelin' extra well.
Why, every feller knows
A grown-up can't let loose.
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

II
What's the use o' growin' up?
When I am big I don't suppose
Explorin' would be right
In a neighbor's field at night—
I won't like to get my clo'es
All watermelon juice.
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

III
What's the use o' growin' up?
You couldn't ride the cow.
An' the rabbits an' the pig
Don't like you 'cause you're big
I'm comfortablest now.
P'raps I am a goose
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

IV
What's the use o' growin' up?
When yer growed, why, every day
You just have to be one thing
I'm a pirate, er a king,
Er a cow-boy—I can play
That I'm anything I choose.
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

—St. Nicholas.

A FERN HUNT.

"Mamma, Mamma! Clover has hidden her calf down in the glen, and papa says he will give Fannie and me a dollar if we find it; may we?" shouted ten-year-old Addie Perry, as the two girls rushed into the dining-room, where their mother was cleaning the china closet.

"Have you done your Saturday morning work?" asked Mrs. Perry. "You know you never get back from the glen till supper time, no matter how early you go."

"I've done mine," said Fannie.

"I'm all through but practising half an hour," said Addie. "Can't that go just once, mamma?"

"How often during the week do you ask that, Addie? Six times?"

"That's so," laughed Fannie, "once every day. Addie," she whispered, "we can't go much before half an hour, anyway, for I looked into the kitchen a little while ago and Helen was just beginning the pies and cookies."

The two laughed gleefully, and Addie turned to her music lesson. Mrs. Perry's eyes twinkled as she caught the word "cookies." The children always took lunch when they went to the glen on Saturday, and part of the fun consisted in getting it out of the pantry so slyly that neither mamma nor sister Helen knew. Many were the schemes for getting them out of the kitchen while the children captured a pie, a turnover, gingerbread or cookies, which seemed nicer on Saturday than other days, and great was the mystery when Helen would say: "Mother, some one has stolen a pie right out of the pantry window. It is lucky I baked one ex-

tra. Some of the cookies are gone, too, but we'll have enough I guess."

"I'm going to ask Mabel and Grace to go, too, mamma."

"Very well," replied the mother, "but I want no more bad tempers when you four are together. Somebody was naughty last Saturday. Mrs. Sargent doesn't want her little girls to be quarrelsome any more than I do."

Fannie colored but answered bravely: "It was my fault, mamma, I won't do it again."

"Say so to Mrs. Sargent, then," and Fannie went off rather soberly, through the gap in the hedge to the next house.

In less than an hour four merry little girls set off with well-filled lunch baskets to the glen, a deep ravine back of the two homes, well wooded, with a clear but tiny stream rippling over stones and between mossy banks.

"Where do you suppose Clover can have hidden her calf?" asked Fannie. "She is so big, we will soon find her, and the calf must be near."

"Oh, there she is now!" shouted Addie, "wouldn't it be funny if we earned our dollar right away?"

There was Clover, sure enough, lazily nipping grass close to the stream, and the sun shone through the leaves making patches of shadow on her glossy red sides, but hunt as they might around her, no calf was to be found. Not once did she turn her head to watch them, though they pretended to go in different directions to test her.

"Isn't she queer?" said Grace.

"Let's leave our basket on the 'butter-bowl' by the spring until we hunt down to the big tree," suggested Fannie. So the baskets were put on the smooth round rock, like an inverted butter-bowl, just at the spring, where the water ran all around it, and the branches overhead kept all cool and shady.

This was the favorite lunching place for the four children, and nearly every pleasant Saturday found them here. In the spring they knew just where to find the earliest adder-tongues, violets, Dutchman's breeches and fern fronds. Through all the summer, the birds were watched, and their nests known year after year, and in the autumn the bright leaves and the nuts drew them to their beloved glen.

Up and down the hillside, and on each side of the little stream, they searched faithfully for the hidden calf; behind stumps, in tall bushes, in fern beds, everywhere, except, as Mabel declared, in the trees. Addie even poked with a stick in a deep place in the water to see if it had fallen in.

When they heard the church bell ring for noon, four tired little hunters were glad to sit down around the "table," a flat rock near the "butter-bowl" for their lunch.

"Now let's watch Clover all the time," said Grace, "and if she starts, let's go, too."

"Let's eat, anyway," urged Fannie. "I'm awfully hungry."

Such fun as they had eating the good things they had pilfered out of the pantries, and drinking cold spring water out of cups fashioned from big leaves. One opened at the bottom and emptied itself into Mabel's sleeves before she could get it to her mouth.

At last, the fragments were put on the "bird's table," a flat stone fitted in the crotch of a tree.

"The birds don't get it all," said Grace. "I saw a squirrel there once with a chicken bone in his paws, he looked so funny."

"Now, let's find Clover and that calf," said Addie.

"There's Clover by the big tree," ex-

claimed Grace. "I told you she was there," and they all laughed.

"Wasn't she smart to give the calf its dinner while we were eating ours?" said Addie.

"Girls, let's carry our baskets, then we can go home by the lower path," suggested Fannie, "that calf must be below the big tree."

So farther down the glen the search was continued. The bushes were thicker here, and the children found several new nests, some with eggs, others holding tiny birdlings, and the afternoon wore away before they knew it.

"I'm going up to my fern bed," announced Fannie, pointing up the hill to a level spot where another spring came from under a rock, and up she climbed.

"Oh," called the girls, "here's Clover coming!"

"Oh," screamed Fannie, "here's the calf!" and sure enough there was the little red calf lying right in Fannie's fern bed!

As Clover gave a gentle "moo," the calf slid and tumbled and ran down to meet her, and the children patted them both, and named the calf "Fern" on the spot.

They drove Clover and her baby home in triumph, and Mr. Perry gave them a shining silver dollar.

In their room at night, undressing for bed, Fannie said: "Didn't she look sweet on that fern bed?"

"Yes," assented Addie. "Hark, it is raining! I know Clover is glad that Fern is in the stable, and not down in the glen."—*The Advance.*

WHAT MRS SQUIRREL THINKS.

The old apple-tree in the corner by the lane is hollow. There is a hole in the trunk of the tree near the top. Here lives a little family of squirrels.

One day Mr. Squirrel ran up the tree as fast as he could go. "My dear," said he to his wife, when he was safe in the hole again, "I was afraid I should never reach home alive."

"Have those boys been throwing stones at you again?" asked Mrs. Squirrel.

"Stones?" repeated Mr. Squirrel with an angry whisk of his tail. "They were rocks! They were as big as apples!"

"Rocks are bigger than apples," said Mrs. Squirrel. "Still I must say it is a shame. You have never done anything to hurt those boys."

"They don't think of that," said Mr. Squirrel, who was really angry.

"And our dear little ones are not yet big enough to hunt for nuts," said Mrs. Squirrel. "They might starve if you never came home."

"Boys don't think of that," said her husband.

"You are so little and they are so big," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"They don't think of that," said Mr. Squirrel.

"Don't they know how to think?" asked his wife. "Perhaps they are stupid after all."

"They think it is fun to see me run," said Mr. Squirrel. "And that seems to be all the thinking that they are able to do."

"That is like a baby," said Mrs. Squirrel, gravely. "It is very sad to grow up to be stupid, I am glad our children know more than that."

Mr. Squirrel whisked his tail over his head, and took up a nut from a pile in the corner. But Mrs. Squirrel was not thinking about her dinner.

"Poor boys!" said she. "How dreadful to be so stupid as not to be able to think!"—*Jones's Third Reader.*

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When young people grow up to manhood and womanhood, they find that the habit of putting things down anywhere, "just for now," has become a tyrant that fills their lives with confusion and disorder.

FEVERISH FROM WORMS.—Two of my little boys were troubled with worms. They would wake up in the night and vomit and through the day would sometimes be very feverish. I gave them Dr. Low's Worm Syrup and it completely cured them.

Mrs. Wm. Mercel, Teetersville, Ont.