

Our Boys and Girls.

THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart,
The words may be soft as the summer
air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner
self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then, would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—The Youth's Companion.

HOW TURDY AND PURDY MADE UP.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

"I shall never speak to you again as long as I live, Turdy Douglas," said Purdy, tempestuously.

"I think you are the very hatefulest girl in the world, Purdy Claxton, said Turdy, with flashing eyes.

And then Purdy ran away to her state-room and flung herself down on the bench and cried.

And Turdy went up on deck, swallowing something that would not stay swallowed, and looking with a very unhappy little face out over the great blue world of water around her. She and Purdy had never quarreled before in all their nine-year-old lives. It was very terrible.

And it had all been about such a little thing, too.

"But I don't care," said Turdy, resolutely. "It was all Purdy's fault—well, mostly all, anyhow."

Down in her berth Purdy was saying between sobs:

"I'll never speak to Turdy again—I won't! She was all to blame—pretty nearly all, anyway."

They went on board a big steamer that was plowing its way over the Pacific Ocean from Japan to San Francisco. Turdy and Purdy had lived in the cherry blossom land for five years. They had always been the very best of friends. Now the Claxtons and Douglasses were returning home, and Turdy and Purdy had quarreled there in the middle of the Pacific Ocean!

"If it were only somewhere where I could get off and get away," lamented Turdy. "I've just got to stay here and look at Purdy."

That day seemed very long to the little girls. They missed each other terribly, but each was too proud to be "the first to make up."

"If there only wasn't any 'pologizing to do," sighed Purdy. "I hate 'pologizing, and so does Turdy. I don't see how we are ever going to make up."

The next morning all the Claxtons and Douglasses were together on deck after breakfast, among them too seem-

ingly very independent little maids.

"It seems so odd to think that this is Saturday again, when yesterday was Saturday, too," said Mrs. Douglas.

"Saturday again?" said Turdy, in bewilderment.

Mr. Douglas laughed.

"Yes, Turdykins. It isn't often one gets a chance to live a day over again, is it? But this is one of them."

"I wish you's 'splain," said Turdy, patiently.

Mr. Douglas explained. He said that to preserve equality in time ships sailing east over the one hundred and eightieth meridian have to live one day over again without changing the calendar date.

Turdy listened and looked very wise—although I fear she didn't understand it very well, after all. But she did understand that somehow or other this was Saturday again, and that horrible other Saturday, when she had quarreled with Purdy didn't count.

"Yesterday wasn't Saturday—it was Friday," she said, aloud, so that it would sound more really and truly.

Purdy heard her. If yesterday was Friday there was no quarrel, and so no need of apologizing.

"We hadn't quarreled Friday, Turdy," she said. "And this is Saturday morning, so there isn't any quarrel. That funny yesterday has just dropped out, I think."

Turdy nodded. Her face was radiant.

"Come out on the saloon deck," she said, "and let's finish the story about the Princess of the Castle of the Clouds. But I guess, Purdy, we'd better be very careful not to quarrel any more; we mightn't have another chance to live the day over again."

HENRY'S REVENGE.

A FACT.

Henry was a boy of ten when the following incident took place. The little lad was generous and good in general—but, like other people, Henry would sometimes do wrong.

His father was dead and Henry's mother was wont to tell him that he must comply with the wishes and even the commands of his elder brother. This was not tasteful to Henry, especially at times when, to him, the elder brother seemed exacting.

One day the two boys fell to quarreling and the younger felt himself the injured party. After the quarrel Charles, the elder boy, went upstairs to his room and in a little while called "Henry, Henry, bring me up a pitcher of water."

Henry, wrathful and resentful, would have flatly denied the request but for his mother's injunction ever fresh in his mind. With this before him he did not dare to refuse to do his brother's bidding, but as he filled the pitcher at the well he murmured to himself, "I'll fix him, I'll fix him."

After he had filled the pitcher with pure fresh water he scooped up some dirt from the path and threw it into it, then gathered up a few twigs and pushed them into it, and, last of all, stuck his bare toes into the now almost muddy water. He chuckled to himself as he went through the hall and began to ascend the stairs with the pitcher, saying softly, "Mother can't say I did not mind Charlie, but Charlie won't care much about this water, I guess."

Oh, yes, it was very funny; but when Henry reached about the middle step of the stairs he stumbled, and down came the dirty water all over the stairs, running in a polluted stream over the clean

and pretty carpet. The pitcher was broken, and the mother, hearing the crash, came from the sitting-room to find out the cause of it.

She did not have to ask who did the mischief, for the culprit stood with wide open eyes and frightened face right in the middle of the stairs.

This mother believed in the rod, so chastisement followed, and Henry had to carry another pitcher of pure, fresh water to Charlie in the bargain.—Anna D. Walker, in *Christian Work*.

BOYS AND THEIR FATHERS.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler tells of a touching story of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Lichfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Ottoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the bookseller was sick and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the English Dictionary, and one of the most distinguished authors in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard toiling father; so when he visited Ottoxeter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm, to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it, in marble, on the Doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his act of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their graves.

Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never could forget how, when his old father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie that "the druggist had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and said to him, "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine."

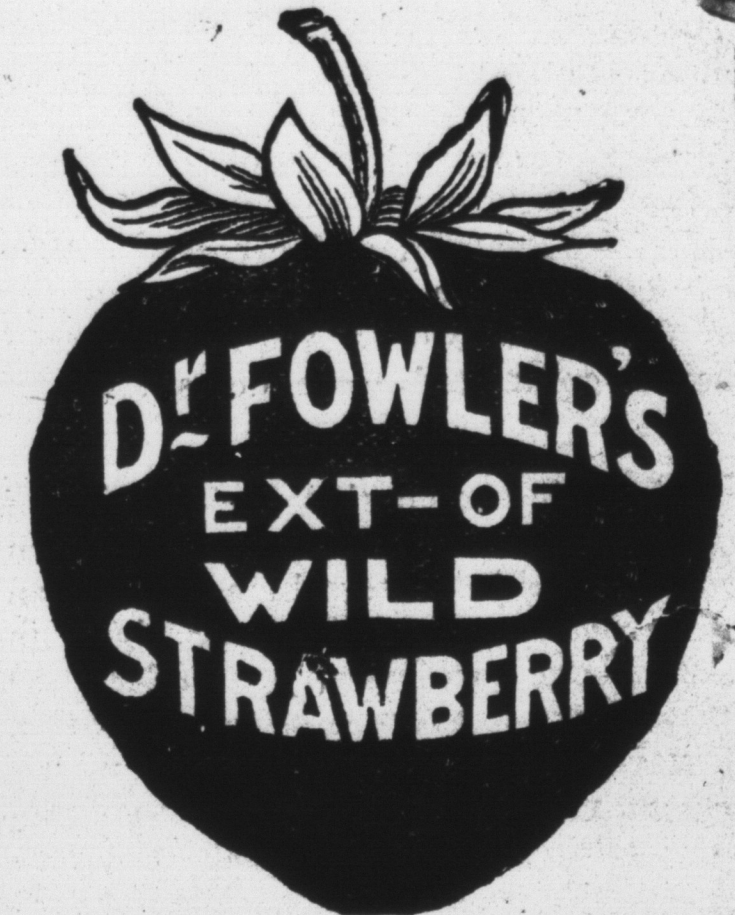
Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father, on his return, was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy: "Love God and always keep the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you." Now kiss me once more, and farewell.

Through all his life after Dr. Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of our sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a willfully disobedient son.

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Happy will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

A RIDDLE THAT SOLVED ITSELF.

After a hard day's work the boys' raft was at last finished. Of course, grandfather must see it launched; and they rushed pell-mell to the house to bring him down to the creek. Grandfather admired the new raft, even as much as the boys thought it deserved, and that was a very great deal.

"But this isn't the first raft I've seen on the creek this summer," he said. The boys looked at him in astonishment.

"Why, how can that be, grandfather?" Ted ventured. "We're the only fellows that play here, you know; and we never built a raft before."

"The other raft was made of leaves," grandfather began, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Of leaves! What good would that be?" Hal interrupted.

"But it really was made of leaves," grandfather insisted; "of dried leaves and twigs, all nicely sewed together with

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