

Our Boys and Girls.

THE HEART OF THE HOME.

Her face is all freckled this girl
whom I know,

And her nose has a tilt in the air,
And not even her mother, with moth-
er-love blind,

Can truthfully say she is fair;
Her hair is the color that may be
called red,

And straight as a ruler hangs
down;
Her eyes are pale blue, and her fore-
head is low

Though it never is drawn in a
frown.

Her sisters are graceful and bonny
young things,

And her brother is handsome and
bright,

And all of them think in their in-
nermost hearts,

That their sister is truly a sight.
But the soul of this girl is a beauti-
ful thing,

And her voice is as sweet as a
bird's.

And her goodness of heart and her
wisdom of mind,

Are seen in kind actions and
words.

And the mother has ever a fond word
and smile

For this child of her daily delight,
And the father's eyes glisten with
tenderest love

As he kisses and bids her good-
night.

And, oh, they would miss, and miss
her full sore,

If out in the world she should
roam,

For the girl with beauty of face or
of form

Is most truly the heart of the
home!

— Emma A. Lente, in Visitor.

WHAT THE CHICKENS READ.

Raymond counted again to make
sure. Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one,
—only three more days to wait! He
went around to the little glass win-
dows again and peeped in at the rows
and rows of white eggs waiting in
Uncle Loren's incubator to turn into
little soft fluff-ball chickens. There
were two hundred and forty-three
eggs in there — two hundred and
forty-three chickens, think of that!
For Raymond would have it that
every egg was going to "turn into"
a chicken. Uncle Loren wasn't so
hopeful.

Raymond had never seen an in-
cubator before, or, to tell the truth,
very many little new chicks, so it
is hardly to be wondered at that he
spent most of his out-of-school time
near enough to those little glass
windows to look and run in — es-
pecially on those last three days.

"One chicken might reckon wrong
and come out 'head of time," he
laughed. I don't s'pose all chickens
—eggs, I mean—are good 'rithmetic
scholars any more than all folks!"

On the twentieth day Uncle Loren
set up little fences in the egg-tray
— one long one all the way down
the middle, and a little "cross-road"
fence to divide one of the sides into
little yards.

"That's to separate the differ-
ent families of chickens," Uncle Loren

explained. "You see, all the eggs
are marked in lead pencil, but the
little chaps themselves won't be!
They'd get mixed up."

"You can't play in my back yard,
— cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!" Raymond
laughed.

Raymond was almost always laugh-
ing, and he dearly loved to make
other people laugh, too. That was
the way the joke came about. Un-
cle Loren had the egg-tray out "cool-
ing," and had gone away somewhere
to hunt up another thin strip of
wood. One little fence — the longer
one — was already "built" and sep-
arated the rows of white eggs into
two lengthwise "yards." Raymond
stood looking at it reflectively. Then
suddenly he whistled a little low
whistle that sounded as if he were
laughing. He had thought of some-
thing funny.

When Uncle Loren came back,
Raymond had disappeared. That
afternoon mamma wrote a note to
his teacher asking her to dismiss him
early on account of the chicken that
might hatch 'head of time. For, of
course, Raymond must be there to
see him do it. Fortunately, the real
hatch day was Saturday, and all day
long how the chickens hatched out!
Raymond scarcely left the little glass
windows except at dinner time, and
then he could not afford time to eat
his cottage pudding.

It was not until the next day still
that Uncle Loren opened the door
and drew out the trayful of lively
chicks and scattered egg-shells. Some
of the little fellows were standing
looking up at the board "fence" with
an intent air, as if their hands were
in their pockets and they were read-
ing something up there — *What!*
Were they? For there, was some-
thing printed on the fence! Uncle
Loren put on his glasses to read it,
and then how he laughed!

"Post No Bills!" That was what
Uncle Loren read printed in "crook-
edy" letters on the fence. Maybe
some of you little readers can guess
who printed it.—*Zion's Herald.*

DAVY'S WEATHER WISHES.

BY JEAN E. HANSON.

"Horrid weather," grumbled Jacky
Junior. "Perfectly dismal!" mourned
Beatrix disconsolately. For of
course, the muth-looked-forward-to
day at Lowell Lake was out of the
question, as the rain was coming
down in torrents, and draining
ditches each side of the roads were
overflowing, till from bank to bank,
along the wood road, there was a
rushing, roaring stream of mud and
water.

And to-morrow was the day of the
picnic! Three carriage loads of
young folks, Jacky, Beatrix, and all
the Farnham cousins, were to drive
to the beautiful little lake seven miles
away, through the deep fir woods,
and spend the day fishing, boating,
and merry-making generally.

Cousin Jack would have charge of
them, and any one who knew Cousin
Jack knew that this meant a day of
delight for every youngster in the
party.

Even if the rain stopped, the sun
came out, and the next day was clear
and shining, still the picnic would
be impossible, as the roads would
not dry in so short a time.

Cousin Jack coming into the lib-
rary where the children were gath-



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ered, smiled sympathetically into the
dismal faces turned toward him.

"It is rather hard," he acknowl-
edged, "but aren't you glad you're not
responsible for the weather? Think
how hard it would be to suit several
million people, all wanting different
samples of weather, perhaps!"

"I'd like to have a chance just
once, anyway."

"Did you ever hear the story of
one man who tried it?" asked Jack.

In a second the group of cousins
had settled themselves around Cousin
Jack for one of his stories — for
Jack knew just how to tell good ones,
they all knew very well.

"He was a French-Canadian, nam-
ed Davy," began Jack, "and he lived
at St. Roch, so the story goes. It
was a jolly old priest who told it
to me that winter I was with the
lumbering party in Canada.

"Davy, they say, was plump and
merry, and always singing, for the
world went well with him.

"One bright, cold, morning, spruced
in his Sunday best, he started off
with his sacks in his sleigh, to take
the yearly tithes to the priest.

"It was a perfect day, and the deep
Canadian woods were as beautiful
with their robes of snow as in the
green of summer. And Davy, enjoy-
ing it all, puffed his pipe, or sang
merrily as he jingled along his snowy
way.

"It was several miles to the vil-
lage where the priest lived, and the
road led through a deep forest. Sud-
denly, in the deepest part of the

wood, Davy saw a stranger standing
in the way, and stopped his horse at
once, for this was an unusual sight.
The road was a lonely, seldom-trav-
elled one, and the stranger was like
no one whom Davy had ever seen
before.

"He was tall and fair, with beauti-
ful searching blue eyes, long hair,
flowing over his shoulders, and a
bearing grave, dignified, yet of won-
derous kindness. His flowing blue
robe, belted at the waist, was not
meant for rough, Canadian woods,
and he wore no cap or coat. He had
not been travelling, Davy saw; he
had appeared there suddenly and
mysteriously, and Davy gazed at him
with awe and wonder.

"Peace be with you," was the
stranger's salutation, grave and
sweet.

"The same to you," stammered
Davy, wondering but reverent.

"Where are you going?" asked
the stranger.

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