

## Our Boys and Girls.

### THE LITTLE LAD'S ANSWER.

Our little lad came in one day  
With dusty shoes and tired feet;  
His play-time had been hard and long  
Out in the summer's noontide heat;  
"I'm glad I'm home!" he cried, and  
hung

His torn straw hat up in the hall,  
While in a corner by the door  
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,  
"This little lad comes always here,  
When there are many other homes  
As nice as this and quite as near."  
He stood a moment deep in thought  
Then with the love-light in his eye  
He pointed where his mother sat,  
And said, "She lives here, that is  
why"

With beaming face the mother heard;  
Her mother-heart was very glad.  
A true, sweet answer he had given,  
That thoughtful, loving little lad;  
And well I know that hosts of lads  
Are just as loving, true, and dear;  
That they would answer as he did:  
"T is home for mother's living  
here."

—Unidentified.

### A GOOD IMPRESSION.

ELSIE VERNON.

"Now, Elizabeth, do try to make a good impression on Aunt Edith. Be careful, child, and don't do or say anything queer. She can do a great deal for the one she fancies, and she hinted to your father that she was coming to see which of the girls she liked. Now try to remember, dear, that she is a model of propriety, and hates unconventional things."

"I'll try hard, mamma," said Elizabeth.

Her mother turned her about carefully and gave a sigh of relief as she reflected that no one could find fault with Elizabeth's appearance. Very sweet and dainty she looked in her immaculate white dainty and her face was quite serious under the responsibility resting upon her.

Three other girls were listening to practically the same instruction at the same time. To be sure, Aunt Helen and Aunt Lucy did not say anything about being queer, for their girls did not do such unexpected things as Elizabeth sometimes did.

A half hour later the four girls met at the station, where they were to wait for the train which was bringing the long-expected aunt. Aunt Edith might well have been proud of her nieces, and a spectator would have thought she would have to take all four, for there seemed no choice among them. All were sweet and modest and dainty, as young girls should be. Aunt Edith was a rich widow, and had said that she hoped to take one of the girls home with her.

The train was late. Jessie and Martha paced slowly up and down the shady end of the platform. Hilda and Elizabeth went on a longer walk all the way around the building. In one corner they saw a German immigrant woman, seated on her box, and trying to keep her flock of little ones near her.

"Poor thing," cried Elizabeth, "she looks tired to death. She has probably been traveling from New York with all

those children. I believe I'll try to amuse them for a little while. Look at the baby, it can't go to sleep with the sun in its face."

"Oh, Elizabeth," entreated Hilda, "they'll get you all mussy, and you know auntie will be here soon. I'd help you any other time, but I really can't today," and Hilda glanced down at her dainty gown and gloves. "Come on, dear, let's give the children some pennies and go on."

"Well, at least I'm going to ask her if she wants anything, and where she is going. Just think how lonely and frightened she may be in this strange place."

Elizabeth addressed the woman in German. The children gathered around and the mother's face lit up at the sound of her native tongue.

"Hilda," said Elizabeth "she is going clear to Minnesota. She's been waiting here two hours and her train doesn't come until three this afternoon. I'm going to show her where she can lie down and rest, and I shall take care of the children for awhile."

She held out her hands for the flax-haired baby, and it came to her willingly, and Hilda sighed in despair as she saw the damp little head nestled on the white frock. Elizabeth, followed by the entire uncouth flock, set off for the waiting-room. She showed the mother face couch in a little side room, and then took the children out. The baby soon went to sleep and Elizabeth sat down, keeping the other children near at hand, by telling them stories that taxed her German.

"I have to keep watching them," she said to Hilda, who had come in to see how she was getting along. "I'm so afraid one will get lost."

"Just look at your dress," said Hilda severely, "and your hat is on one side, and your hair in disorder, and they all look so funny that every one is staring at you."

"Hasn't the baby got pretty hair?" said Elizabeth, "and look at his dimples, he's smiling in his sleep."

Hilda retreated with a disapproving look.

A few minutes later Elizabeth came out with her kindergarten, as Martha said. The baby was awake now, and smiling good-naturedly.

"I'm going over to this little lunch-stand to get them some milk and sandwiches," said Elizabeth.

"You must not go," cried the others, "the train is due now. It might come while you are gone."

"They're hungry," said Elizabeth, and it will take only a minute.

The train did come in while she was gone. Aunt Edith in a fashionable traveling gown, descended and kissed her three pretty nieces.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she questioned.

"There she is by the door," said Hilda.

Aunt Edith looked and gasped.

"With that Dutch baby?" she cried.

And Elizabeth was the centre of a striking tableau. She had returned with her charges, each of whom was munching a big sandwich. The mother had awakened and come to collect her brood. She was chattering volubly to express her thanks, and trying to take the baby. But baby clung tightly to his new friend. He was disengaged at length after being bribed by a rose that Elizabeth wore in her gown. As soon as she could escape, she came to her aunt. The freshness of her frock was gone; her hat more on one side than ever; and her hair in sad disorder. But she was the same sweet, well-bred Elizabeth, and somehow Aunt

Edith didn't seem dreadfully shocked. But Elizabeth thought she had lost her chance, and she confessed the whole matter to her mother as soon as they were alone.

"But what could I do, mother? She was a stranger, and in need of a little kindness."

And Elizabeth's mother kissed her and said, "There was only one thing to do, and you did it."

It was several weeks before Elizabeth found out what Aunt Edith really thought. She came into the dining-room one day when her mother and aunt were sitting in the next room, and Aunt Edith was just saying:

"Yes, I have decided to take Elizabeth with me, if she is willing to go. I want a bright young companion. And then I can get employment for her there, you know; there is a private school right next to my place, and they want a primary teacher. Elizabeth seems fond of children, and I know my recommendation would secure the place for her. She told me she would like to earn something to help the younger children with their education, and I think this is just the place for her, and I can enjoy her society at the same time. There is a good salary and I hope you will see no objection to the plan if you can spare her."

Elizabeth did not hear the rest. She ran back upstairs and cried for joy.—*Chris. Standard.*

### WHY THEY DIDN'T GO.

In the girls' room at the Hammond's house lay two new dresses, two new hats, two new pairs of slippers, white near by sat two happy little girls.

"How lovely they look," said Ruth, surveying the new clothes proudly.

"Yes, but wait till we get them on," replied Mabel.

Here a tall boy, with a mischievous face, stood before them.

"Aren't you afraid you will spoil your plumes before the party?" said he.

"Oh, Tom," cried Mabel, "what a silly question. of course I won't!"

Ruth and Mabel Hammond were invited to a lovely party, which was to be the next day at Grace Newcombe's.

All the next morning they were in a flutter of excitement, and they hardly saw their next-door neighbor, Grace.

The party was to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past two the twins walked sedately down the drive, wishing that it were three o'clock.

At last they saw an umbrella that mamma had left on the lawn.

"Oh, let's play it was raining," cried Ruth. So they took the umbrella and held up their tiny skirts "like mamma, when it's raining."

"Oh, I wish we had real rain, said Ruth.

"All right; I will turn on the hose and you can sit under it with the umbrella."

"Just the thing," exclaimed Ruth.

The umbrella did not quite cover Ruth's dress, and the front width was soaked and she fell and the dirt stuck to the wet.

Mabel also got wet and spotted her white slippers and stockings, as well as her dress.

Fifteen minutes before the party two muddy little girls went in to see "if it was time to go."

It wasn't time then, but when it was they didn't go. Two tear-stained faces peeked through the fence at the gay crowd. Two little gingham-gowned girls wept all through supper, only to go

## A Kidney Sufferer FOR Fourteen Years.

TERRIBLE PAINS ACROSS  
THE BACK.

Could not Sit or Stand with Ease  
Consulted Five Different Doctors.

## Doan's Kidney Pills

FINALLY MADE A  
COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Jacob Jamieson, Jamieson Bros., the well-known Contractors and Builders, Welland, Ont., tells of how he was cured: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with kidney trouble which increased in severity the last five years. My most serious attack was four years ago, when I was completely incapacitated. I had terrible pains across my back, floating specks before my eyes and was in almost constant torment. I could not sit or stand with ease and was a wreck in health, having no appetite and lost greatly in flesh. I had taken medicine from five different doctors and also numerous other preparations to no purpose. I finally began to take Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken five boxes the trouble left me and I now feel better than I have for twenty years. Those who know me know how I was afflicted and say it is almost impossible to believe that I have been cured, yet they know it is so. I have passed the meridian of life but I feel that I have taken on the rosy hue of boyhood."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or  
**THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,**  
TORONTO, ONT.

their rooms afterward and look at the gay lanterns flashing below.

Mamma made it easier by telling them a "go-to-bed story."

"I don't think Tom asked a silly question now," sobbed Ruth. "But whether he did or not I'm not going to play 'it rained' any more."

"Nor I," said Mabel.—*Katharine Mackay, in Herald and Presbyterian.*

It was formerly believed that an elephant's forelegs had no joints and therefore he could not lie down; but, inflexible as they are, he can lie down, and occasionally does, although he sleeps standing, or leaning against some object. He does not drag his hind feet under him when he lies down. White elephants are made so by disease; it is not their natural color.

### Are All Women Pretty?

Quite an unnecessary question, because so many women have such poor complexions. We want to tell all women with pale, sallow cheeks about Ferrozone, which quickly imparts fine color and gives the skin a clear, rich appearance. It's pure blood that makes fine complexions, so by producing lots of vitalizing blood, building up the debilitated system, increasing the circulation, Ferrozone quickly brings the glow of health to faded cheeks. It's no trouble at all to beautify your looks—simply use Ferrozone. Try it. Price 50c. at druggists.

Large numbers of ladybirds are looked upon with superstitious dread, and the owl and raven are birds of evil omen without good reason.

A Good Medicine requiring little advertising. Dr. Thomas' Electric gained the good name it now enjoys, not through elaborate advertising, but on its great merits as a remedy for bodily pains and ailments of the respiratory organs. It has carried its fame with it wherever it has gone, and it is prized at the antipodes as well as at home. Dose small, effect sure.