

Our Boys and Girls.

BETTER THAN ONE.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best,
Two little ponies must go to a span,
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes and two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose set in,
Two little shoulders chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long,
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day—

Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down—
And two little angels guard him to bed,
One at the foot and one at the head.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.



THE LITTLE BOY WHO FISHED.

The little boy lived a long, long time ago. He went to school in a rough log school-house and sat on a high board bench, without any back to lean against. And the bench was so very high that his small feet could not touch the floor. And, too, he had no desk on which his teacher could put pretty pictures and bright blocks and sticks for him to play with. He never sang pretty motion-songs nor marched to sweet music, tired sitting still and doing nothing but So this little boy used to get very swing his feet hour after hour. Once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon he went out on the floor and stood by his teacher and learned his A, B, C's, and how to spell "A-b, ab."

Don't you suppose he often thought of the shady woods where the birds were singing and the squirrels scampering about, or of the silvery little brook that ran through the meadow in which the tiny minnows were darting around?

One day, while he was twisting about on his seat, he spied a little gray mouse peeping out from a hole in the floor in the corner near him. He almost laughed out loud. Then he quietly pulled a piece of line out of his pocket and tied on a bit of cheese from his dinner-basket. Then he threw the line out as far as he could toward the mouse's door in the floor.

It was not long before the teacher saw him. "Jimmie," said she, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing, ma'am," the little Jimmy answered, frightened.

"What are you fishing for?"

"For a mouse, ma'am."

The children all laughed; but the little Jimmy didn't, for he saw that the teacher looked very sober.

"Very well," said she. "I will give you just five minutes to catch that mouse. If you don't get him in that time, I'll have to punish you for playing in school."

Jimmy sat very still, holding the line, his heart thumping fast and such a lump in his throat.

There was perfect silence in the little log schoolhouse. Every childish heart was full of sympathy for Jimmy. No one thought of laughing.

Pretty soon a pair of bright eyes peeped out of the hole. The baited string lay so near and the cheese did smell so good! So the poor foolish

mouse—out he crept, nearer still and nearer, all unconscious of the eyes watching him. He took a dainty nibble—how good! He took another and another and—

"Oh, ma'am, I've caught him! Here he is!" shouted Jimmy, flirting the dainty mouse up in the air, his tiny teeth stuck hard and fast in the hard cheese.

Then the children laughed and clapped their hands, so glad that Jimmy would not be punished. I am sure the teacher was glad, too.

As for Jimmy, with the teacher's permission, he took the pretty mouse outdoors and let him go and he never fished in school any more.—*Flora B. Brown, in Little Folks.*



THE TRAVELLING DOLL.

BY EMMA F. BUSH.

Helen sat gazing out of the window. Her little white hands were clasped listlessly in her lap, and there was a decided droop to her mouth. Out of doors the sun was shining, and a bed of pansies under the window nodded blithely to her in a morning greeting. Her little kitten raced up and down the walk, chasing the dead leaves as the breeze blew them about in their last dance, but his little mistress never noticed him. "Altogether it is time something is happening," thought Aunt Mollie, as she came into the room.

"Why, Helen," she said brightly, "how tired you look this morning! What is the matter?"

A big tear rolled down Helen's cheek.

"I want to go out," she sobbed, "into the sunshine. I am so tired sitting here, and the doctor says I can't go out for a week yet."

"How very strange!" said Aunt Mollie gravely. "I came across Ethel May this morning in the attic, and she told me the same thing. She assured me she was very tired of staying there, and longed to go into the world again. In fact, she said that, were it not that dolls were made with no crying apparatus, she would have been drowned in tears long ago."

Helen saw the little sparkle in Aunt Mollie's eyes that always came when she had some beautiful plan to propose.

"Yes," she said, with a little suppressed excitement in her voice, "did she tell you where she wished to go?"

"No," said Aunt Mollie, "she simply expressed a desire to see the world. But I have a plan. Suppose we dress her in her best clothes, pack her trunk, and, when the doctor comes this morning we will ask him if he knows a good boarding place for her."

"Goody!" cried Helen, clapping her hands. "The very thing, Aunt Mollie. I have so many dolls I haven't played with her for a long time, and I suppose she is lonesome; a change would do her good, poor thing! Will you please bring her now?"

In a very few minutes Aunt Mollie and Helen were very busy over the wardrobe of the little traveler.

"I think," said Helen, "I will let her wear her blue dress with her coat and hat to match."

"That will be very pretty," said Aunt Mollie, "and suppose you put in this white party dress. I will run some fresh pink ribbons in it, and, with her pink stockings and shoes she will look very nice."

"She had better take her golf cape," said Helen, "as the weather is growing cold."

They worked busily for a while, and

just as Ethel May was ready for her journey, the doctor appeared, and Helen eagerly laid the plan before him.

"Let me see," he said, pretending to think very deeply; "over on Pine Hill is a little girl I think would be glad to see her. She has broken her hip, and has to lie very still in bed."

"Oh, dear!" cried Helen, "please take her right over. Has she any dolls?"

"No," said the doctor; "but I am going there now, and will take Ethel May with me."

Several days later the doctor brought Helen a little square envelope.

Helen opened it eagerly.

"Oh!" she cried. "A letter from Ethel May."

"Dear little mama," it began, "I have had a lovely time with my little hostess, and she says I helped her bear the pain. While here I have met a little girl who admired me very much. Now she is sick, and must go to the Children's Hospital in the city. The doctor thinks she will be less lonesome if I go too. May I go? Your loving daughter, Ethel May."

"Well," said the doctor, "shall I take Ethel May on another trip?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Helen. "But, doctor, she must have her winter clothes. Wait, and I will get her furs."

So the doctor departed with Ethel May's winter clothes, and soon she was on her way to the hospital.

One morning Helen saw the doctor coming up the walk, and rushed to meet him and learn the latest news from her traveling child.

"Ethel May," announced the doctor, "is homesick, and I have come to take you to her."

It did not take Helen many minutes to get ready to go with the doctor to the city, and soon they were in the hospital ward where lay the little sick girl who had come there with Ethel May.

They stopped before a bed by the window in which was the little patient the doctor had come to visit, and Ethel May. It did not take the little girls long to get acquainted, and the doctor left Helen with little Julia while he was busy elsewhere. One of the pleasant-faced nurses gave them a nice lunch, and then, under her care, Helen and Ethel May visited each child in the ward, and Helen was very sorry when the doctor came to take her home.

"I think," she said, "Ethel May's clothes are getting shabby, and I had better take her home for mama and Aunt Mollie to make some new ones. The doctor can bring her back again when they are finished."

So Ethel May went with her mama, but only for a visit, and then the doctor carried her back to the hospital again.

That was several years ago, but Ethel May travels from bed to bed in the hospital, coming home twice a year for a new wardrobe, and a new wig (given by the doctor); and she has grown so accustomed to traveling that Helen says she knows just as long as she holds together Ethel May will insist on seeing the world.—*S. S. Times.*



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LITTLE BOYS AND LITTLE SHEEP.

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet. "Just knew the ice wasn't strong enough," he grumbled.

"Then why did you slide?" asked auntie.

"Cause all the other boys did," said Joe, "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His auntie gave him dry clothes, sat him down behind the stove and made him down behind the stove and made told him a story:

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things. Where one went, all the rest followed. One day a big ram found a gap in the fence and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could, and the sheep at the bottom of the well almost smothered to death."

"My, what silly things they were," exclaimed Joe. "Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed."—*Youth's Companion.*

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