

Our Boys and Girls.

AGREED TO DISAGREE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

A mouse, a cricket, a bumble-bee
Started out in the sweet spring weather.
"Let us all agree,"
Said the bumble-bee,
"To build us a house and live together."
"I'm willing to try,"
Said the cricket spry.
Said dear little mouse, "So am I."

"Under the porch, away down low,"
The cricket chirruped in rare delight,
"Is the place, I know,
For us all to go;
There's not the tiniest ray of light!
We'll hide away
From the dazzling day,
And chirrup and buzz and squak all
night."
Said the mouse, "O dear,
I fear, I fear
Such a place would be so dark and
drear!"

"Away, 'way up in the elm tree high,"
Said the bumble-bee, "is a cozy nook,
In the early light
Of the morning bright
A royal place. Let us go and look."
Said the cricket, "Why,
As I cannot fly,
I never could think of going so high."

Said the Mistress Mouse, "The finest
spot
Is out in the field of growing wheat.
We'll build a dot
Of a nest—why not?—
Convenient, cozy, and snug and sweet."
Said the bumble-bee,
"Dear me, dear me!
Such a house would never do for three."

Well, Mistress Mouse
Built a wee, wee house
And cuddled under the sun-warmed hay,
The bumble-bee
From his hole in the tree
Buzzed and hummed through the sunny
day.
While the cricket stole
To the darkest hole
And chirrup and buzz and squeak all
ray.
And though they could never live to-
gether,
All rejoiced in the sweet spring weather.
—*The Outlook.*

THE RUFFLED CAT.

"I think you'll get it, Persia,—I'm
most certain sure. You're the only
ruffled cat I know of a-nywhere."

'Lisbeth was giving Persia a bath the
last thing. The new blue ribbon lay
waiting on a chair, and Persia's own
special brush to brush out her long,
silky white hair. Persia's eyes and
the ribbon matched splendidly, and the
beautiful white silky ruff was most
charming.

'Lisbeth was going to the fair. So
was Persia. She was going to take the
prize! It was the first time they had
been at a cat show in the little country
fair.

On the way to the grounds they pass-
ed Ann Sally Dunn trudging on
through the thick white dust. 'Lis-
beth's father asked her to ride with
him.

"Let me take your bundle," he said
kindly.

"It's Pussy Willow," the little Ann
Sally murmured. "I'm going to exhibit
her and get a prize. I put her in a
paper bag so's not to get her dusty.
Pussy Willow doesn't mind; she's a
very polite cat."

"Oh my!" thought 'Lisbeth, "she's
going to exhibit that awful freckled
cat with hair just as short as—as—
mine. I should think she'd be ashamed
to!"

The paper bag rustled gently, as if

poor short-haired Pussy Willow were
making a feeble protest. Persia, on
'Lisbeth's lap, purred aristocratically
Then they got to the fair grounds, and
were swallowed up in the dusty holi-
daying crowd. The cat show had not
begun, because there were not any cats!
It began as soon as Persia and Pussy
Willow got there. By and by a few
others came, and were arranged in a
row along the side of the "Hall." Ann
Sally and 'Lisbeth wandered up and
down, and looked into all the furry
little faces, and gravely examined all
the furry coats.

"Nobody's as pretty as my Persia,"
thought 'Lisbeth.

"Nobody else has got a card round
her neck saying how many rats she's
caught," murmured little Ann Sally,
pulling a bit of pasteboard straight and
prim under Pussy Willow's chin. "I'm
so glad I thought to put it on! They
wouldn't ever have known 'bout that."

The card was tied on with a bow of
bright pink twine—ribbons were scarce
at Ann Sally's. It read, "I cort 7-
teen Rats in one Munth." 'Lisbeth
read it slowly, and felt a little ashamed
of Persia. Persia never caught any
rats in all her months!

It was a very interesting fair to 'Lis-
beth—the ice-cream soda was so good
and the merry-go-round was such fun.
And she bought a cane with a whistle
in one end, and listened twice to the
man singing "The Star-Spangled Ban-
ner" in the gramophone. Oh, yes, it
was a beautiful fair to 'Lisbeth! She
found Ann Sally after a while, and
compared notes with her, and Ann
Sally hadn't eaten anything or bought
anything or—listened—to a single—
thing! She'd just wandered round
and looked at the things that didn't
cost anything at all.

"It was nice just to come," Ann Sal-
ly said quietly, "and bring Pussy Wil-
low." That reminded 'Lisbeth of
Persia, and she ran up to see if she'd
got the prize yet. No, the prizeman
was just beginning at the other end of
the row with a pencil and paper in his
hand. He looked very important and
grave.

"Ann Sally'll be dreadful disappoint-
ed," thought 'Lisbeth. "An' she
hasn't had any fun, either. I'm real
sorry for Ann Sally." Then very sud-
denly indeed she remembered something
Aunt Meg had explained to Benny. She
remembered it, every single word.
Aunt Meg seemed to be saying it to
her right there in the big, bare hall.
'Lisbeth watched the prizeman coming
up the row of cats, and tried not to
hear Aunt Meg's sweet, low voice. The
prizeman had not put any blue ribbon
on any cat's neck yet—of course not.
He had not got up to Persia! Blue
ribbon meant the first prize, and red
the second.

"Nobleness obliges," said Aunt Meg's
gentle voice in 'Lisbeth's ear. While
the prizeman was looking at a "brindle
cat"—two cats away from Persia, 'Lis-
beth ran ahead to Persia, and gathered
her little warm, silky body into her
arms, and slipped out of the hall.

"You won't mind, will you, Persia?"
she whispered in the silky ear. "You
see, Ann Sally hasn't had a mite of fun
eating things and hearing the Star-
spangled man. She's just got Pussy
Willow. And you know that Aunt
Meg said, Persia: You're noble and
handsome and ruffled, and nobleness
obliges you to let Ann Sally's cat get
the prize."

Ann Sally's cat got the prize. It
may have been the "7teen Rats," and it
may have been—wasn't it?—because

beautiful, "noble" Persia was not there
when the prizeman came along. At
any rate, when 'Lisbeth got back to the
hall, there was the blue ribbon round
Pussy Willow's neck beside the card
with "7teen Rats" on it. And there
sat Ann Sally close to her with the most
radiant little face! She was too ex-
cited to notice that Persia was in 'Lis-
beth's arms instead of in the row of
cats.

"She's got it!" cried Ann Sally joy-
fully. "I guess maybe 'twas the card
about the rats. I'm so glad I put it
on!"—*Christian Endeavor World.*



An Up-to-Date Moses and Miriam.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

"Well, I declare! That's funny!"
said John Griffing as he stopped at the
dining-room window to look out in the
rising water in the Kansas Valley one
morning in early June.

"What is it?" asked Jimmie as he
clambered down from the breakfast
table and ran to look out too. "Is it
that building that's just landed on the
bank? What is the sign of it?"

Mrs. Griffing now came, and, looking
out upon the awful flood, smiled as
she saw the great building set itself
right side up against a tree so that she
could read, "Salina Bakery." "Wav,
John, that building must have floated
two hundred miles!"

"Yes, I had noticed the building,"
answered Mr. Griffing. "But look
there, beyond the building, out in that
second cottonwood tree. See what the
current has just swept there! A box
—something alive in it. What is it?"

"O papa, papa! I see," exclaimed
Jimmie, with his sharp eyes and shrill
voice. "O papa! it's a kittie. It's
alive! And papa! there's something
else in the box. Go quick. It's alive,
too. Get the boat, quick! Let me go
and help!"

Mrs. Griffing took her opera-glass,
and as she looked cried out in dismay,
for she could plainly see that the box
was a rude baby-cart with a child and
a cat in it. The cat was stepping from
one side of the cart to the other evi-
dently to keep the cart balanced so
that it should not tip over in the cur-
rent.

Mr. Griffing pulled his boat out into
the stream, and with great difficulty
reached the tree and box. Jimmie saw
his father take the cat and put it in
the boat, then, taking cart and all, put
it also at his feet.

Mrs. Griffing and Jimmie went out
in the rain and down the hill to meet
the boat.

Sure enough, there was a beautiful
baby not a year old. The child had
been asleep, but tears were still on its
cheeks. When Mrs. Griffing took the
baby, it looked up into her face and
smiled. The cat, a great handsome
maltese, rubbed around her feet.

The bed had been a comfortable one
for the child, until the muddy water
had soaked through the bedding and
clothing of the little sweet-a-kins. It
did not take long to get the baby into
dry garments and provide milk for both
child and kittie.

"Shall we call the baby Moses?"
asked Jimmie, as he hovered over the
child with eager interest.

"Yes," replied the father, laughing.
"And you might call the cat Miriam.
I'll step into the *Star* office and adver-
tise the baby when I go down town this
morning."

It was only a few days later that a
telegram came to Mr. Griffing saying
that the parents were very happy to

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Mr. R. H. Sampson's, Sydney, N.S.,
Advice to all Sufferers from
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He says: "I have been ailing for about
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would be unable to survive them. I have
been treated by doctors and have taken
numerous preparations but none of them
helped me in the least. I finally got a box
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work, but now I can work as well as ever,
thanks to one box of your pills. They
have made a new man of me, and my
advice to any person troubled as I was, is
to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills."

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dealers, or

THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited,
TORONTO, ONT.

hear from their baby, and would send
for him in a few days. Their house had
floated away, and baby and kitty had
been separated from the family, and
they had been afraid that the baby had
been drowned.

Who do you suppose were the parents
of the baby? Why, they were old
schoolmates of Mrs. Griffing, who had
come from England to the West!

The maltese kittie was given to Jim-
mie, and it had a new her collar with
"Miriam" on it in gilt letters.—*S. S.
Times.*



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safe and certain relief use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of
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children. Let your children use only Dr. Hamil-
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When a truth really belongs to one
—when it vitally concerns him, it will
strike him with such force of convic-
tion as to down him, so to speak. The
natural assertiveness and opposition of
the mind will be in abeyance. One's
own truth requires no argument, for or
against. It comes straight from the
shoulder of all that is vital to a man.
It downs him, but it does not keep him
down. He is up at once and going
along with it.

Free and easy expectoration immedi-
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