

Our Boys and Girls.

THE BOY WHO DARES.

FRANCIS M. HAWLEY.

Show me the boy who dares to do right,
Though his comrades may laugh and sneer
I'll show you a boy who, with all his might
Will stand his ground without fear.

Show me the boy who dares to say No,
When his honor is put to the test,
I'll show you a boy who is going to row
His canoe ahead of the rest.

Show me the boy that's good to the old,
To his mother is tender and kind,
I'll show you a boy with a heart of gold,
And his equal hard to find.

Show me a boy that loves the truth,
And cares for his books and school,
I'll show you a boy—a boy forsooth—
That a nation may some day rule.

Dare to do right! Dare to say NO!
And against all wrong raise your hand,
In manhood you reap what in youth
you sow,
And be honored by all the land.

WAYS OF TINY JAPS.

In Japan there are a lot of babies. In the daytime the streets, lined with the paper-sided houses are full of them. The street is their only play-ground. There are so many in the streets that if you want to ride on a horse through them you have to send a fast running "Jap" ahead to clear the way.

A funny thing about a little "Jap" is that when he is pushed over he does not cry. He falls down hard enough, you think, to make a hole in the street, and you listen to hear a "boo-hoo." For a moment you think there is to be one, but there isn't. The youngster is still a moment to collect himself, and then he jumps up on his awkward little wooden shoes and runs off to play. Oddly, although the porches do not have rails around them, the babies never tumble from them.

A birthday in Japan does not mean a real birthday. Everybody has the same birthday. It is New Year's day, and the boys and girls each have another birthday besides. The girls' is the third day of the third month, which would be March 3, and the boys' the fifth day of the fifth month, which, of course, would be May 5. The moment a blinking, almond-eyed "Jap" is born, he or she is a year old. When New Year's day comes he is two years old. Even if he was born as the bell in the temple was ringing the last stroke before midnight of New Year's eve, he would be two years old when the first stroke of New Year's day rang out on the air. Everybody has a good time on this great birthday. The fun is supposed to last two weeks.

The girls on their birthday get out their dolls. You have seen Japanese dolls with pink cheeks, queer flat eyes, and a little circle of bristly, black hair glued on the back of their heads. Well, they have big and little dolls like that. Some of the dolls look so much like real babies that you have to look twice to see whether they are real or make believe. The girls carry their dolls

fastened on their backs, just as their mothers once carried them. Little girls and boys the world over, when they can have half a chance, like to do just as "grown-ups" do.

On the boys' birthday the air is full of strange fish, which look as if they were trying to swim against the wind. They are on top of poles and every boy is holding one of these up. The fish are of paper. The wind blows through them, making them wriggle back and forth, as if they were actually swimming.

The Japanese mother delights to shave the head of the little "Jap," or at least she acts as if she did. She begins to shave his head as soon as there is enough hair there to shave off.

And then what a funny way she shaves him! Perhaps she will go all over his head except one spot, at the back of the neck. Here she will leave a little tuft of hair, like a small Uncle Sam's chin whisker. A little later she does with his hair what is done with some dogs and what gardeners do with some shrubs on the lawn; she tries to cut it in queer shapes, in order to see which is the most becoming. Sometimes she shaves the top and leaves the hair growing around the edge in a ring, like a monk. Sometimes she shaves the rim and leaves a circle on the knob of his head at the back just as you see hair on the small Japanese dolls. And again, sometimes she will leave only a scalplock and two love-locks.

In these different ways, just as an American mother twists the hair of her little girl or boy into curls, she fusses with his hair until he goes to school, which he does when he is five or six years old.

The little girls, just as soon as they are able to do so, carry their baby brothers and sisters about on their backs. It looks funny enough to see a little girl carrying a baby almost as large as herself on her back and playing hopscotch at the same time. You wonder how the baby stays on, if he is not heavy for the little girl to carry and how she can bounce about so with that plump little shaver on her back. And more than all, you wonder why he does not make a fuss about it, for he seems to pay no attention to what his nurse is doing.

He seems to be staring up at the sun and in danger of becoming blind, but you look more closely and you see that not only are his eyes covered by his thick eyelids, but he is actually asleep. His head rolls around, but he does not wake up as his nurse takes a nap.

It is surprising how many games like ours the "Japs" have. Beside hopscotch there are battledore and shuttlecock, archery, bouncing balls, tops, kites, prisoner's base, puss-in-corner, pease-pudding hot, fencing and many forfeit games.

One game is quite like "Simon says 'thumbs up.'" It is called hana, hana, which in English means nose, nose. The leader puts his finger on his nose and says, "nose, nose, nose, eye," at the same time clapping his finger on his chin. The others who are looking at him hard probably will find their fingers on their chins, too, unless they have remembered to do what the leader said instead of what he did.

The boys have kite battles. The strings are gummed with powdered glass. Two boys will try to cut the strings of each other's kite with powdered glass. Of course, the kite attached to the string which is first cut flies away to the owner's sorrow and the joy of his opponent. That is a

much better way of fighting than some boys indulge in.

Then there is thumb wrestling. Two boys sit down opposite each other and take hold of hands with their thumbs in the air. Then they press their thumbs together hard, each trying to push the other down. They also build snow forts and have snow battles in the winter time.

Every boy and girl who has seen the circus has seen the Japanese jugglers. If you could go to Japan you would know why Japanese jugglers are so clever, for the Japanese boys and girls can do very clever juggling with bouncing balls and tops. They throw them up in the air, and while they are going up they dance, clap their hands, pass a fan over and under the ball, catch it on the backs of their hands and guide it around the room or along the road at will.

With tops they do wonderful tricks. They send the top up one arm, around the shoulder, and down the other one into the hand. From the hand they make it jump to the edge of a sword, where it goes on spinning. They can even throw it into the air in such a way that it will come back to them again like a boomerang.—*The Tribune.*

THE ROMANCE OF TWO OWLS.

Romeo and Juliet died recently at a road-house in the Bronx, says the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and there is much sorrowing there. Romeo and Juliet were a pair of owls. They lived and loved together and in death they were parted but a short time.

Last March a dead tree up the hill beyond Bronx Park was blown down. The boys passing the spot soon afterwards discovered a big owl blinking its great eyes vacantly at the wreck of the tree, which proved to be also the wreck of its home, for the boys found two of the oddest looking nestlings, consisting mostly of eyes and mouth, among the ruins of trunk and branches.

They took the two queer little birds away with them, the old one making no protest, although they were plainly its own. The owlets were purchased by the proprietor of the road-house, and it was a wise investment, for their short but interesting career they brought many dollars to his till.

The young birds were well cared for and grew and thrived. When they were large enough to look out for themselves they were placed in a cage, and soon became great favorites with the old customers of the place and attracted many new ones.

They were a source of constant amusement, not only because of their grotesque appearance, but also of the avidity with which they accepted things edible from the hands of their admirers to say nothing of the unmistakable adoration they had for one another. For this last reason the owner of the owlets named them Romeo and Juliet.

Mice seemed to be their favorite choice in the food line, and if two mice were put in the cage at the same time each would take one. If one mouse was larger or plumper than the other, the male owl invariably took the smaller or the scrawny one, thus giving plain evidence of his gallantry and his consideration for his mate. If there was only one mouse in the cage, Romeo divided it and never failed to give the larger and presumably the choicer portion to Juliet.

The affections between the two birds seemed to grow stronger daily, and the manifestations of it were an ever-pleas-



LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES.

IN THE SPRING THE SYSTEM IS LOADED UP WITH IMPURITIES.

After the hard work of the winter, the eating of rich and heavy foods, the system becomes clogged up with waste and poisonous matter, and the blood becomes thick and sluggish.

This causes Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Lack of Energy and that tired, weary, listless feeling so prevalent in the spring. The cleansing, blood-purifying action

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

eliminates all the pent-up poison from the system, starts the sluggish liver working, acts on the Kidneys and Bowels, and renders it, without exception,

The Best Spring Medicine.

ing sight to the many people who were constantly around the cage. Whether liberality of feeling was responsible for the calamity that befell Juliet one day is not known, but just after putting away a particularly fat mouse that Romeo had gallantly parcelled out to her from a pair that some one had brought in for their dinner, she gave an uncommonly large and solemn blink and tumbled off her perch dead as a stone.

A moment Romeo, who had bolted his mouse, sat on his perch, gazing down at his prostrate mate, his eyes open to their widest extent. Then he seemed to realize what had occurred.

He dropped down to the side of Juliet, caressed her feathers with his beak, and showed the greatest distress. He continued this for several minutes, and then apparently awoke to the fact that it was all useless.

He returned to his perch, where he sat for an hour gazing down at his dead love, refusing to pay the least attention to anything that was going on around him. Then he dropped to Juliet's side again.

The bottom of the cage was covered deep with sand. Romeo drew his dead mate over to one corner of the cage, and with his beak and feet threw sand upon her until she was covered out of sight by a mound. Then he went back to his perch.

He persistently refused to eat or drink. He would not get off his perch, but sat gazing sadly at the mound below him. On the morning of the second day after the death of Juliet they found Romeo dead at the side of the mound.—*The Presbyterian.*

Eleven Years of constant use in Blythe, Ont., is Dr. H. J. Milne's experience with "The D & L" Emulsion. Do you suppose he would have continued ordering it unless it was the best?