

Our Boys and Girls.

THIS IS WHAT THE MOTHERS DO.

BY MARY L. C. ROBINSON.

Playing with the little people
Sweet old games forever new;
Coaxing, cuddling, cooing, kissing,
Baby's every grief dismissing,
Laughing, sighing, soothing, singing,
While the happy days are winging,—
This is what the mothers do?

Planning for the little people,
That they may grow brave and true;
Active brain and busy fingers
While the precious seedtime lingers,
Guiding, guarding, hoping, tearing,
Waiting for the harvest nearing,—
This is what the mothers do.

Praying for the little people
(Closed are eyes of brown and blue),
By the quiet bedside kneeling
With a trustful, sure appealing,—
All the Spirit's guidance needing,
Seeking it with earnest pleading,—
This is what the mothers do.

Parting from the little people,
(Heart of mine how fast they grow!)
Fashioning the wedding dresses,
Treasuring the last caresses;
Waiting then as years fly faster
For the summons of the Master—
This is what the mothers do.

—Sunday School Times.

A MYSTERY.

Harold Ames was proud and happy when Mr. Jones, the great newspaper agent, took him on as one of his boys. Not a moment late was he with any of the papers, and the wages were a quarter more than in his last place. Every one of those quarters should be put aside to buy mother the new dress she needed. Harold's mother was a widow, and he was her only child.

Five weeks had Harry kept his place, and five quarters rattled in his money-box—the rest of the money he always handed over to his mother to buy his food and clothes—when a terrible trial befell the boy. Subscribers complained that their papers were not left regularly, and one man even sent word that, though paid for, his paper had not come for a whole week past. Of course Harry was sent for and reprimanded, but he could only say earnestly, "Please, sir, I always did leave the papers at every house." And the answer was, "Don't make matters worse by telling a lie." He was not dismissed, but was to have a week's grace.

Poor Harry! Tears of indignation welled into his eyes. As to the missing papers, he knew nothing about them. It was a mystery, and it was a mystery that continued. He left the papers regularly in Mortimer Street, yet again people called at the office and said they had never got them. At the end of the week the boy was called up and dismissed. In vain Harry's mother pleaded for her child, a good boy, with a good character for honesty wherever he had been in a place; it was of no use.

Harry was sobbing bitterly at home when Mr. S., the photographer round the corner, knocked at the door to ask Mrs. Ames to send his wash home a little earlier. He was surprised to see

Harry in tears, and asked the reason. Mrs. Ames explained.

"Look here," the young man said, "I'm fond of mysteries; I'll take the boy." And the photographer laughed. "Cheer up," he said to Harry. "Come and work for me, and we'll find out this riddle." He knew Harry, knew him for a good boy.

A few days later Mr. S. called at the newspaper office. "Papers gone regularly since you dismissed young Ames?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it. Worse complaints than ever," was the reply.

"Ah, a mystery," said Mr. S., and went away.

Next day he got up very early and walked up and down Mortimer Street. Harry's successor was dropping the morning paper on every doorstep. Mr. S. leaned against the portico of No. 1 and waited, keeping an eye on the whole street. Then he went home chuckling and staring hard at No. 8, where the door stood open to air the house. You could do that in this quiet street. He asked Harry if No. 8 had ever complained of his paper coming irregularly, but Harry shook his head.

"No. 8 was too ill," he said. "They thought he was dying all last week. The girl told me so."

"Do they keep a cat?" he asked. Harry stared. "They keep a dog," he said, "a jolly one; it can do heaps of tricks."

"It is too clever by half," said Mr. S. "Come with me, my boy. You and I will go and ask how No. 8 is." Harry wondered, but got his cap and followed. To this question the girl answered joyfully that her employer was a great deal better,—out of danger.

"Can he read the papers yet?" asked Mr. S.

"Well, now, how odd!" said the girl. "I was just going to get it for him when you rang. Rover takes it always off the doorstep and lays it in the little smoking-room, but this two weeks past we've none of us thought of the paper or even gone into the room, we've been so dreadfully anxious about poor Mr. Orr."

"May I see the smoking-room?" asked the photographer.

"Certainly sir," said the girl surprised.

But when Harry, Mr. S., and Sarah entered the room, there was still a greater surprise; for the floor was littered with papers, yet folded, carried in from various doorsteps by the busy Rover. During his master's illness no one had taken the paper from him and praised him for doing it, so he must have tried to earn praise by bringing in more papers, searching every doorstep up and down the street.

"And we all too upset to notice it!" said Sarah. "Well, I never! Rover, you're a thief! This will be news for your master."

"The mystery is discovered," said the photographer. "Could I ask as a favor that this room be left as it is for Mr. Jones of the newspaper office to see? I think your employer will not object when he hears that a boy has been accused of taking the papers."

"Certainly, sir," said Sarah. The agent was taken to No. 8. He found there all the missing papers, and Rover was kind enough to make things clear by bringing in another stolen paper during his visit.

"You are entirely cleared, my lad," he said. "We must have you back. This is a queer affair." And he patted Rover on the head.

"Thank you, but I can't spare my boy; he suits me," said the photographer.

"Well, then, we must give Ames a present; for he has suffered unjustly."

"I don't want anything, sir: I'm only too glad to be cleared."

"The boys said you were saving up money for some purpose: perhaps I could help you to that."

"Oh, nothing, sir, for me; but I did want to get mother a dress."

"Ah, yes. I won't keep you now. Good-bye, Mr. S. You have done us a valuable service by clearing up this little affair."

That evening a knock came to the Ames's door, and a parcel was left, directed to Harry's mother. It contained a beautiful dark dress "from Rover."—Working Boy.

A NURSERY ECHO.

"Mother," said George, "we had a nice time yesterday afternoon at Uncle John's. Do you know that there is an echo behind the barn? I wish we had one here."

"Well, so we have," said the mother. "This house is full of echoes."

"Is it?" said George. "Where must I stand to make my voice come back to me?"

"Anywhere you choose; but I think the nursery is the best place."

Off ran George delighted; but as he entered the room he saw that Baby Ned had possession of his new kite and was proceeding to fly it.

"Put that kite down," he cried angrily; "you will break it to pieces, you bad boy!"

"Bad boy! bad boy!" shouted the baby, and mother entered the nursery just in time to prevent a serious difficulty.

"I think you found your echo sooner than you expected," she said, soberly, when peace was restored, and George hung his head.

"Oh, is that what you mean, mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "that is what I mean. Just as the echo behind the barn sent back your tones and manner. I think if you will remember this, it will make you very careful how you speak."

Later in the day, George was playing stage coach with the little children, and with his shouting and his trumpet setting the nurse almost crazy. "I wish," she cried out, angrily, "that you would go downstairs; you are such a noisy, horrid boy."

"You are a horrid old thing yourself," he shouted back, and then suddenly he began to laugh.

"Why, he said, "I was an echo myself that time," and as mother came in just then, they had another little talk about echoes, and both George and the nurse determined to try to make some pleasant ones before the day was over.

When Baby Ned's supper came upstairs, he was cross, and would not drink his milk, and said that his bread was "sour."

"George," said his mother, "now is your chance," and George ran into the room and was so funny and bright with the baby that in a few minutes he was in high humor, and as mother listened she could not tell which was the laugh and which was the echo.—The Parish Visitor.

Church organization without spirituality is a corpse.

Lame Back for Four Months.

Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Help.

Plasters and Liniments No Good.

This was the experience of Mr. Benjamin Stewart, Zionville, N.C.

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Doan's Kidney Pills CURED HIM.

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BAD COMPANY.

We do not need to join in the low conduct of bad associates to get harm from their company. There is harm in listening to them, in seeing them do wrong.

A boy came to breakfast one morning with a badly swollen face. "You have had hold of dogwood," said his father.

"I have not put my hands to anything, that I know of," said the poor fellow. "What does dogwood look like?"

"At this season you can tell it by its red berries. Have you noticed bushes with red berries lately?"

"Why, yes; I walked along a path through the woods yesterday where red berries grew, but did not touch one of them."

They poisoned you while you were where they grew. The air around them is full of poison.

Bad company is like those poisonous trees.—Selected.

THE MARKS OF A LADY.

There are certain marks of a lady which are easily recognized and possible to cultivate. These are, a gentle voice, refinement in the use of language, and neatness in dress.

Not all girls can be educated, but they can be thoughtful in the use of words and can eliminate from their vocabulary all slang. Slang from the lips of a woman is exceedingly vulgar.

A gentle voice is possible. Thoughtlessness, more than anything else, is responsible for the loud, harsh tones often heard when girls are in conversation. Loud speaking spoils the attractiveness of the most beautiful face. It is worse than giggling, for the giggling