

Our Boys and Girls.

THE BOY WITH THE PURPOSE.

Little man with cheeks so brown,
Eyes a-flashing and heart that glows,
Blood that hot like a mill-race flows,
Hope you life's highest prize to find,
Peace of body and soul and mind?
Work till the sup on your task goes
down!

Little man with the earnest eyes,
What if your coat be patched and
bare?

Holy each stitch, 'tis a mother's pray-
er.

What if from boots brown, toes peep
out?

Wake the welkin with joyous shout;
Work till the stars begem the skies!

Little man with a purpose high,
Do with a will what you have to do;
Heroes are made from such as you;
Admirals, generals, presidents,
Are but creatures of grit and sense—
Work while the world swings through
the sky!

Little man with the soul so pure,
No height's too steep for a boy to
scale,

No sea's too broad for his ship to sail.
There's nothing too great for a boy
to do.

So he to self and his God be true—
Work while the round world doth en-
dure!

—William Hale.

GRUMBLE-BOY AND SMILEY-BOY.

In the Jones house there were two
small boys, Johnnie Grumble-boy and
Johnnie Smiley-boy, but no one ever
saw both at once. At first they hardly
realized, this little boy's father and
mother and Aunt Emma, that there was
two boys; but when one morning a
little chap came down to breakfast with
a big frown on his face, and blue eyes
that were so cross that they looked
nearly black, and when pleasant remarks
from the family had no effect in making
the boy look pleasant, they were obliged
to make up their minds that a strange
little boy had come to take the place of
their pet. So they treated him with all
the ceremony necessary with a stranger
and, pretty soon he found himself feel-
ing strange and queer.

But he wouldn't tell any one that he
felt strange. Not a bit of it. He was
not that kind of a boy. When he came
down feeling that way, why, everything
was wrong. The oatmeal was too salty,
his milk didn't taste right, and his egg
was boiled too hard. And he just didn't
want to wear his old cap to kindergar-
ten. It wasn't comfortable at all.

This sort of thing went on for some
time, until Aunt Emma made up her
mind that some remedy must be thought
out. The mornings when Smiley John-
nie came down there was the happiest
little boy around the house all day, and
home was a very different place from
what it was on Grumble-boy's days.

So auntie thought and thought, and
one day when Johnnie came down, and
it was the Grumble-boy Johnnie who
climbed up to the seat beside father, he
found a great change in the atmosphere
of the family table. Usually when he
came down looking frowning and sour,
and complained about everything, the
kind members of his family tried to
persuade him by cheerfulness that
things were not as far wrong as he

thought them. But today it was differ-
ent.

"This hominy is too hot," piped a
small voice.

"It is entirely too hot," Aunt Emma
agreed, sulkily.

"Mine's burning my mouth," mother
said sadly.

"Mine's simply scalding," growled
father.

Grumble-boy looked up surpris'd, and
for five minutes there wasn't a word
said.

Then came the boiled eggs and toast.
"My egg's too hard," growled Grum-
ble-boy before he thought, just because
he was in the habit of saying it when
he felt cross.

"So's mine," wailed auntie.

"And mine," sobbed mother.

"Mine's like a rock, it's so hard,"
growled father.

Grumble-boy could hardly keep from
smiling, it was all so like the good old
story of Silverlocks and the three bears,
but he'd come downstairs feeling cross,
and it was his habit to stay cross.

And then the finish came when some
lovely hot griddle-cakes were brought
on. Grumble-boy wanted to complain,
just because he felt like it, so after he'd
poured maple-syrup over his cake he
touched it with his fork and grumbled:

"These cakes are tough."

"I can hardly cut mine," wailed moth-
er in a tearful voice.

Father started to cut his just then and
so did all the others, and at the same
time father growled:

"Shame to send such tough cakes to
the table," and the cakes simply fell
apart on their forks and everybody
burst into a roar of laughter.

After that, when by chance the
Grumble-boy appeared at breakfast, it
was enough for auntie to say:

"Hello, are your cakes tough this
morning, boy?" to break the clouds and
bring back sunshine.—*The Examiner.*

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO PLAYED.

The Visitor and Sue Frances sat on
the pleasant, shady piazza, eating cook-
ies. Between bites they took long,
straggly stitches in Lady Claire's
sleeves; they thought they were making
Lady Claire a dress. Since the Visitor's
arrival they had played croquet and ball,
go-a-visiting and school, travel and
guess-what's-in-my-mind. They were
really quite tired out playing.

"Who's that striped little girl 'cross
there, wheeling a baby carriage without
any hat on?" inquired the Visitor sud-
denly.

Sue Frances took another bite, and
answered: "Oh, that's the Little Girl
That Never Plays. She's always wheel-
ing or sweeping or doing something;
she never plays."

"Never plays! Sue Frances Tre-
worthy!"

"Well, honest, she never. I guess
you'd pity her if you lived on the op-
posite side of her! It makes me ache!"

The Visitor got up rather suddenly.
"I guess I'll take Lady Clare to walk,"
she said: "she needs a constitution."

But it was not of Lady Claire's
health she was thinking; she wanted to
go a little nearer to the Girl Who Nev-
er Played and see how she looked.

Across the street the baby carriage
came to a stop as the Visitor approach-
ed. The Girl Who Never Played was
smiling! She looked just like other lit-
tle girls!

"How'd you do?" she nodded.

"No, thank you—I mean I'm pretty

well, thank you," murmured the Visitor
in some confusion. "You don't look a
bit different!" she added honestly.

"Me?—diff'rent?" in wonder.

"I mean because you don't ever play.
I s'posed you'd look"—

"Don't ever play—me! Why, I play
all the time!"

"Oh!" stammered the Visitor, "Oh, I
hope you'll beg my pardon! I thought
Sue Frances said you swept and—and
worked."

"Why, I do; but I play all the time
I'm doing it. I always take the baby
out like this; what do you suppose I
play then? I was playing it when you
came 'cross the street. You can't ever
guess, so I'll tell you. I was playing
body guard."

The Visitor's eyes opened wide.

"Yes," laughed the other, "I'm the
body guard, you know. The baby's the
Czar, and he can't go out alone for fear
of being bombed and—things. I have
to stay right with him every minute to
body-guard him."

"Then, when I feed him, I have to
taste everything first to be sure it won't
poison him; that's the way they do with
the regular Czar, you know. I take
little bites, and, when it doesn't poison
me dead, I give it to the ba—the Czar,
I mean. It's lots of fun to play that!"

"But—but you have to sweep a lot,
don't you?" questioned the Visitor
slowly.

"Course; and then I play I'm driv-
ing out the hordes."

"The—the what?"

"Hordes—of sin, you know. My, don't
I sweep 'em out like everything! I
make those old hordes fly, I tell you!
But they will creep back, so next day I
take the broom and drive 'em out again.
That play's fun, too."

The Visitor's eyes were getting very
wide open indeed. She had never
"played" sweep or body-guard the baby.
Suddenly she remembered a kind of
work you *couldn't* play.

"There's washing the dishes," she said
triumphantly. And as sure as you live
the other little girl nodded with glee.

"Oh, yes, that's splendid play!" she
laughed. "I play that three times a
day. Shipwreck, I call it."

"Shipwreck?" the Visitor gasped.

"Yes, the dishes tumble into the boil-
ing sea, waves always are soapsudsy on
the tips, you know. I play a great ship
has been wrecked, and I'm the life sav-
ing stationer saving the folks. The nice
white dishes are the first-cabin passen-
gers, and the cracked and nicked ones
the second-cabins, and the pans and pots
the steerages. The saucers are the boys
and the cups the girls, and the butter-
plates the little babies. It's the great-
est play, that is!"

The Visitor went back to Sue Francis
with a thoughtful face. She had quite
forgotten Lady Claire, who dangled ig-
nominiously by one leg.

Sue Frances was playing tea party;
she had tea all ready. "Well," she said
looking up from the little gold-and-
white teapot, "don't you pity her dread-
fully?—that poor little girl 'cross there
that you're been a-talking to? Think of
never play!"

"She plays all the time," the Visitor
said quietly. "I know, 'cause she said
so. She has the splendidest times
sweeping and taking care o' the baby and
—you guess what else, Sue Frances
Treworthy! But you can't, if you keep
right on guessing till the tip end of
forever. She makes a perfectly splen-
did play out of *washing the dishes!*"

The cambric tea in the tiny gold-and-
white teapot grew cold while they both
sat gazing across the street with won-



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HERE IS PROOF.

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der-struck faces at the Little Girl Who Played All the Time, while she patiently, cheerfully wheeled the bab—the Czar, I mean—up and down in the sunshine.—*Congregationalist.*

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Par-melee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

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An ugly family of skin diseases is the one generally described by the word eczema. In all its forms it resists ordinary treatment, but is completely cured by Weaver's Cereate used in connection with Waver's Syrup.

Many an aged man is finding this is true: "His bones are full of the sins of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust."

Nervous, irritable people are very trying to live with, we speak feelingly; to all such we recommend "The D & L" Emulsion. It is prescribed by the leading physicians and used in the principal hospitals.

The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.—*Robertson.*