

## Our Boys and Girls.

### STEADY AND STICK.

A rush is good in its place, lad,  
But not at the start, I say,  
For life's a very long race, lad,  
And never was won that way.  
It's the stay that tells—the stay, boy,  
And the heart that never says die;  
A spurt may do, with the goal in view,  
But steady's the word, say I;  
Steady's the word that wins, lad,  
Grit and sturdy grain;  
It's sticking to it will carry you through  
it,  
Roll up your sleeves again!

Oh! Snap is a very good cur, lad,  
To frighten the tramps, I trow,  
But Holdfast sticks like a burr, lad—  
Brave Holdfast never lets go.  
And Clever's a pretty nag, boy,  
But stumbles and shies, they say;  
So Steady I count the safer mount  
To carry you all the way.

The iron bar will smile, lad,  
At straining muscles and thew,  
But the patient teeth of the file, lad,  
I warrant will gnaw it through.  
A snap may come at the end, boy,  
And a bout of might and main,  
But Steady and Stick must do the  
trick,—  
Roll up your sleeves again!

—Sunday-school Advocate.

### POETIC JUSTICE.

#### A DOG STORY.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the table.  
"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said the mother.  
"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson to-day, and, when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said she would see how many of us could find out for ourselves, and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, that I think will furnish the illustration you are after."

"I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and myself went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us; and, when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch-basket, he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and boy-like tried to find out what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he could 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, or how far away we threw it, he would reach it, and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all.

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornet's nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and rung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and as I scampered up the latter, I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and the hornet's nest should have connected themselves in my mind; but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union.

"'Rob! Will!' I called to the boys; come here. 'We'll have some fun!'

"They came promptly, and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornet's nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it, and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be funny. We selected a good-sized round stone, called Rover's especial attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim; and, as the ground was smooth, the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute, the furious insects had swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation; and we had just begun to double ourselves in paroxysms of laughter, when, with frenzied yelps of agony, he came tearing up the hill towards us, followed closely by all the hornets.

"'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black avenging cloud over us, and the scenes that followed baffles my power of description. We howled with agony.

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted; but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we, too, were in distress, and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through a meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream, and looked at each other dolefully through our swollen, purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and creeping up to me licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.

"'Boys, I said, 'we've had an awful time; but, I tell you what, it served us right.'

"Neither of them contradicted me; and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward, with Rover at our heels. That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

### SOME BOYS I HAYE MET.

I saw a small boy stealing a ride on the back of a street car. "Not much harm in that?" Well, it is cheating; that's all.

One boy I have seen I would not recommend for any position whatever. He is bright and energetic, he has winning manners, but he is dishonest.

What does he do? He cheats a little, mean ways—and thinks it's smart. He writes a note on the corner of a newspaper, and mails it at newspaper rates; he holds his railroad trip-ticket in such a way that when the conductor punches it the boy gets three rides where he should have but two, and then boasts of "getting the better" of the railroad; he borrowed a pencil when he entered an office on trial, and the pencil went away in his pocket. He had no keen sense of honor, he has lost his self-respect, and, worse still, he does not know it.

"John," said a lady in the office where John was employed, "don't you live near the corner of Fifth street and West Avenue?" Yes, he did. "Then will you take this parcel around there on your way home?"

John did not care to say "No," but he grumbled out after the lady had turned away, "There's no money in working overtime." He never knew that one listener might have recommended him for a better position, nor that his surly remarks lost him the chance.

"What he wants," two men were saying of a third, "is a truck that will come right up to the job and load itself." Tom was that kind of a boy. He would do his work—yes, but in grudging sort of way, and never in the way he was told to do it if he could possibly devise another. Unless constantly called to order, he would tip back his chair in his leisure moments, put his feet on the top of the table and drum with his fingers. Tom lost his place after a very short trial, and so will every boy who takes no pains to do as he is told or to be courteous.

"Across the lake? Take you over for one cent. Just as cheap as the bridge."

"No, thank you. I want to go down to the pavilion."

"Take you down there for 5 cents."

"All right! That's cheaper than walking," and I stepped into the boat, leaned back at mine ease on the cushioned seat, and watched the young oarsman. He couldn't have been more than twelve years old. He had a frank, clear face, and he managed the oars as if used to them.

The camera in my hand gave the clue for opening conversation, and I soon learned that he owned one, and could use it, too. But he had discovered that "it costs a good deal to keep up a camera," and, being fond of music, he had agreed to a proposal by his mother to change it for a mandolin.

Of course he rode a wheel. "Can you swim?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Mother wouldn't let me out with the boat if I couldn't."

Our ride was all too short for the talk with the active young American who had an eye for business, who believed in his mother, and whose mother trusted him.

Coming from an office to which business occasionally calls me, I met a newspaper boy with the evening papers under his arm. Selecting one from the big bundle and folding it with care as he spoke, he said, "Mail and Express?" in the confident tone of one who knew what the answer would be.

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Smiling and taking out my purse, I asked, "How did you know I wanted a *Mail and Express*?"

"Oh, you've bought it from me two or three times," he replied quickly.

"Well, you remember me better than I do," I said.

"It's worth while to remember your customers," was his answer.

One of these days that boy will be a treasure to an employer, and his customers will come again and again, and buy of him something more valuable than the daily papers.—*Alice M. Guernsey.*

### A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

The late Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburg capitalist, took great interest in poor children, and left numerous bequests in their behalf. One day he tried to test an urchin's intelligence. The result is given as follows in *The Lutheran Observer*:

Pointing to a pile of stones, he asked how they were made. The boy replied that "they growed, just like potatoes."

Mr. Oliver shook his head. "No, my lad, you are wrong," he said. "Stones can't grow. If you were to come back to these stones five years or ten years or twenty years from now, they would still be the same size."

"Of course," said the little boy, sneering; "they've been taken out o' the ground now, and have stopped growin', same as potatoes would."

Does your milkman know that you are a Christian?

Has your butcher found out that you have made a start for heaven?

Does your newsboy suspect that you belong to a church?