

Our Boys and Girls.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

That is altogether true;
I know a little saying
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray—so deep and bright—
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you,
And whether wrong or right,
No child in this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave and true;
And watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high!
You do whatever thing you do
Beneath some seeing eye;
Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon the round, round earth
Is ever out of sight.

—Selected.

THE SPELLING EXAMINATION.

BY FERDINAND A. WYMAN, JR.

The day of the spelling examination had come at last, and Johnny went to school in a very nervous frame of mind.

He had worked hard and faithfully, and had studied his little blue spelling-book until it seemed that he knew it all.

There was to be a prize for the child passing the best examination. It was a beautifully bound book of stories. Johnny did so want that book and now at last the day had come.

Each scholar was given a strip of paper ruled off into 25 lines. The teacher was to read the word and give three minutes to write it in. There were to be 25 words.

Johnny tried his pen, and, because it did not write easily, he raised his hand and asked for a new one. It was given him, and, with his little forehead drawn into a scowl, he wrote the heading and then waited for the teacher to give out the first word. He looked around, and he was so excited that nothing seemed natural. The clock looked as though it was laughing at him, and the big insurance calendar seemed twice as large as before.

"Running." The teacher pronounced the word slowly and distinctly. Johnny knew how to spell that all right, and he quickly wrote it down. It seemed an age before the teacher gave the next word.

Johnny soon got used to waiting; and, when the twenty-fifth, the last word, was about to be given, he knew that he had all of them right so far. If only he could get the last one!

"Business," said the teacher. Poor Johnny was heart-broken! It was the one word in the whole book that he

could not remember. Did the "i" come before the "s" or was it "b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s"? For the life of him he couldn't tell. So he sat there looking blankly at the calendar, slowly reading the advertisement. Suddenly a flush came to his cheeks, and, with a quick glance at the teacher, he wrote down the word correctly.

The next day on which the prize was to be given Johnny went to school with a sorry little heart under his jacket. Even the thought of the prize could not make him feel happy.

After the morning exercises, the teacher stood up to give the prize. "The spelling of the class has pleased me greatly," she said. "It was a hard examination, and I did not expect to have any one have them all right; but one boy did have them all right, and another had all right but one. I am going to give the prize to Johnny Fairbanks, as he had every one right. Tommy Jones had all except one." Then she started to pass the book to Johnny. Johnny was very white and seemed to be trying to say something. Finally he burst out: "Give it to Tommy. I cheated, Miss Hawley. I couldn't think how to spell that last word, and I was looking at the calendar there, and the word was on it; and I didn't say anything about it, but wrote it down just as fast as I could."

Poor Johnny! If he hadn't looked at the calendar, he might have had the prize; for without that last word he had as many as Tommy. But the teacher had given the book to Tommy as he had asked.

That evening at the supper table Johnny told all about it to his father and mother. His father said, "I had rather see you man enough to own up than to see you win a thousand spelling prizes." So Johnny went to bed happy.

Two days later his joy was made complete by a handsome book of stories, prettier than the prize book. On the first page his father had written, "To take the place of the spelling prize which your honesty made you give up."—*Chris. Reader.*

TEDDY'S FIRST POCKETS.

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy.

"You are too little," said mamma.

"Please, mamma!" Teddy pleaded. "Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."

"Well," mamma replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Emily. "Clara you don't mean to let that baby have pockets? He will have them full of rubbish and in a dreadful condition all the time. He's too little for trousers, to say nothing of pockets."

But mamma put the pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went round with his hands in those little snuggeries, feeling very proud and grown-up, and trying to whistle; and by and by he began to put things into them.

"If I had the darnin'-cotton, I would mend the stockings," said grandma, "but it isn't in the basket."

"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket. "I found it behind the door, grandma. I didn't know it was darn-cotton; I thought it was just string."

"You didn't happen to find my pencil, did you?" asked Sister Sue. "I lost it yesterday, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Yes," said Teddy. "It was in the waste-basket. I picked it out and put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was

yours, Susie," he said, as he passed it to her.

Pretty soon mamma could not find her thimble. "I had it this morning," she said, "and all at once I missed it. I am sorry; for it was the one you gave me, Emily."

"Here it is," said Teddy. "I found it down in the pansy bed. I meant to give it to you, but I forgot."

"It must have fallen off the window-sill," said mamma. "I remember now; I was sitting by the garden window."

That afternoon Sister Mary asked if anybody had seen a button, for she had lost one off her blue dress; Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was using at noon and mislaid; Johnny needed a piece of string in a hurry; and grandpa could not find a little nail. All these things Teddy produced as they were wanted.

"I take it all back, Ted," said Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockets certainly are the most useful ones in the family. You don't happen to have a box of chocolates, do you?"

"No," Teddy replied soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me. It's taffy."

Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said, "I told you so!"—*Elizabeth Hill, in Youth's Companion.*

DOING WELL DEPENDS ON DOING COMPLETELY.

"If I were a cobbler it would be my pride,

The best of all cobblers to be;

If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, as a writer in the Living Age says, but no one has a right to make him do discreditable work. Judge M., a well-known jurist living near Cincinnati, loved to tell the anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job, even when directed to. He had occasion to send for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared.

"I want this fence mended. There are some unplanned boards—use them. You need not take time to make it a neat job. I will pay you a dollar and a half."

Later the judge found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job, he ordered him to nail them on just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said, angrily; "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was done, there was no other part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on that fence, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll only take a dollar and a half." He took it and went away.

Ten years afterwards, the judge had a contract to give for the erection of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among the

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals.

Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and am effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

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master builders, but the face of one of them caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys and girls are not taught in their earliest years that highest success belongs only to those whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—*The Interior.*

Tearing down signals does not delay storms. Opium-laden "medicines" may check coughing, but the cold stays. Do not trifle. when you begin to cough take Allen's Lung Balsam, free from opium, full of healing power.

"I saw there was just time to cross ahead of that car," said a young man on a city street, "but some foolish fellow had to attempt to follow me, and for a second I thought he was going under." That is just where the trouble lies. It is with the man following you. Whatever you do, good or evil, you cannot escape being followed at every turn in the path. It is safe for you, you say. But what about the one following you? The little doubtful pleasure—it seems to do you no harm! You know just when to stop. But are you sure the one following you is not going to be hurt? Are you making a path that will be safe for the one who follows after?

That horrid stuff; no wonder people say that about Cod Liver Oil, for it is; but it is real food when properly prepared as it is in "The D & L" Emulsion, and nothing will add solid flesh as fast as it will.

Practise strict temperance and in your transactions remember the final account.