

Our Boys and Girls.

THE NEW YEAR.

The mother sits in her chair today,
And watches her boy at play;
And she brightly plans for the coming
years,
When her locks are silver-gray;
And she says, with the light of faith in
her eyes,
"What a man he'll be some day."

The young man thinks of the future,
And the old man thinks of the past;
And one is gathering in his grain,
And one has his seed to cast;
And both are wondering how 'twill be
When the Reaper comes at last.

But children, types of a greater mould,
Have never a doubt or fear;
They only care that the old has gone,
And they shout for the glad New Year.
And they little reck for the sorrow to
come,
But they think of the joy that's here.

O guileless children! blessed throng!
Victors in a race unstriven!
Of whom the Saviour lovingly spake,
When the sweet command was given;
Your tiny fingers seem to clutch
The keys of the gates of Heaven!

NED'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION AND HOW HE KEPT IT.

This being the first day of the year,
it is just and right that I make some
suitable resolution for the day; there-
fore, be it

Resolved, That during the coming
year I will strive, as far as possible,
to do unto others as I would be done
by.

(Signed) EDWARD LAWRENCE.

"There, now, that's done right up in
a business manner, I think," said Ned,
proudly surveying the paper. "I ex-
pect it will be pretty hard work," he
added, ruefully.

"Edward, my son," said his father,
directly after breakfast, "will you clean
off the walks the first thing this morn-
ing?"

"Oh, dear," Ned was beginning,
when he thought of his resolution, and
answered promptly:

"Yes, father, I'll see to it at once,"
and started off with a merry whistle.
His father looked in surprise, for Ned
had been much given to whining when
asked to do anything.

When he came in, his mother asked
him to go an errand for her, and he
went at once, notwithstanding he was
anxious to get to his book, "Tip Lew-
is," which he had received Christmas,
and in which he was much interested.

When he did get a chance to read, he
found his sister was reading the book.
"Give me my book," he cried.

"Oh, Ned, I'm right in the middle of
a chapter and it is so interesting!
Might I just finish this chapter?"

"No," he answered crossly. "You had
no right to get my book."

Then as he noticed her regretful face
he thought: "Now I guess that's not
just as I'd be done by;" and added:
"Well, finish the chapter, then, Nellie."

"Oh, Ned," exclaimed his little broth-
er, "won't you show me how to spin my
new top?"

"Not now Freddie; I'm reading,
don't you see?"

"But I'm lonesome," pleaded the little
fellow, "and I can't do it right."

"Come here," said Ned, suddenly re-
collecting himself. And in a few mo-
ments the little fellow was as happy as
could be.

That afternoon Ned went coasting.
It was fine sport, and Ned's sled was
recognized as the swiftest on the hill.
It's queer how boys will tug up a long,
tiresome hill just for the sport of rid-
ing down again, when, if asked to work
half as hard, they would think them-
selves awfully abused. But they always
will, I guess—and girls too, for that
matter—and Ned was no exception to
the rule.

No one noticed the poorly dressed
lad who had no sled, and stood shiv-
ering with the cold, and wistfully
watching the merry makers. Ned saw
him.

"It must be pretty hard," he thought,
"to have no ride at all, but it's none of
my business."

And his sled, when he reached the
top went merrily down the hill again.

But he was not as easy as he climbed
back again.

"Suppose you had no sled, and he had
one," whispered a small voice, "what
would you like him to do? Your sled is
large enough for two. Why not take
him on with you?"

"But my sled would not go so fast."

"Supposing it wouldn't. Do as you'd
done by."

By this time he reached the top of
the hill.

"Here, you," he called to the boy;
"wouldn't you like a ride?"

Wouldn't he? His cheeks flushed
and his eyes sparkled.

"Well, come, jump on then."

And away they went.

Not once, but many times, they went,
for Ned never did things by halves;
and he acknowledged to himself that
comehow he felt lots happier, and the
boy was such a nice fellow, too.

"Come next Saturday, and you can
ride some more," he said, when he
started for home, and his new friend
promised as he ran joyfully off.

"Well," agreed Ned that night as he
thought over the day, "it may be a much
harder way, but it's also much nicer,
and I think I'll keep right on for the
year."

KENNETH'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

EMMA C. DOWD.

Kenneth lived in a beautiful house,
and all his life he had been surrounded
by beautiful things. He was as happy
and sweet-hearted a little boy as could
be found, for his father and mother
were too loving and wise to spoil him.
Kenneth was seven years old.

One evening, in the bedtime hour,
Kenneth's mother told him that she
was going to make him a New Year's
party, and that he could invite whom
he chose.

"Think it over," she said, "and de-
cide on the guests; then tomorrow
morning we will write the invitations."

"May I ask whoever I like?"

"Certainly," his mother answered.

"Then," said Kenneth, after a mo-
ment's thought, "I'll invite Mr. Butler
for one."

"Mr. Butler!" repeated Mrs. Hous-
ton, looking puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, the grocer down on
Chestnut Street. He is always giving
me red apples and dates and almonds,
and I've thought for a good while I'd
like to do something for him."

Mrs. Houston was about to speak,
but Kenneth went on:

"Then there is the postman—I think
he deserves an invitation. You know
how many valentines he brought me
last February, and such a lot of birth-
day and Christmas presents. Yes; I'll
surely ask him. Oh! and I must have
Mrs. Fielding. I don't believe she has
a chance to go to parties very often,
and don't you think she'd like to come
to mine, mamma?"

Mrs. Fielding was a poor widow who
came to Kenneth's home every week to
do the mending. She was white-haired
and wrinkled and lame, but her heart
was still young and cheery, and she
could tell the most wonderful stories
while her needle plied in and out of the
rents in Kenneth's garments. It was no
wonder that the little boy loved her.

By this time Mrs. Houston had be-
come interested in Kenneth's list of
guests, and she said that she thought
Mrs. Fielding would be delighted to
receive an invitation.

"Let me see," and Kenneth rested his
chin in his small hand, "I think I must
ask Mr. Waters. He is such a pleas-
ant man and he brought me that ginger-
bread boy, you know, and those cooky
twins."

Mr. Waters was the baker who sup-
plied the Houstons with home-made
bread and pastry.

"Then I want the cologne lady—what
is her name, mamma? I always forget."

"Miss McIntyre, I suppose you mean."

"Yes; the one that you buy your co-
logne of. I like her. She gave me such
a dear little bottle once—don't you re-
member? And she always smiles at me
on the street. How many can I have?
I've got five now," and Kenneth count-
ed them off on his fingers.

"I thought we would invite six—
that with you will make seven, and you
are seven years old."

"There are a good many more I'd like
to ask," said Kenneth; "but I think—
perhaps—I'd rather have the paper boy
than anybody else. He's a nice, clean
boy, mamma; but I'm afraid he's poor,
and I'd like him to have a splendid
party supper for once. Oh, it will be a
beautiful party, mamma! I do hope
they'll all come!"

They all did come, and if their
clothes were not of the latest cut, no-
body cared. The party was a success.
Mrs. Houston had spared neither labor
nor money in arranging for Kenneth's
guests, and never were efforts better
appreciated.

"It's just like a big, beautiful flower
garden!" Mrs. Fielding declared, as she
limped from room to room, hand in
hand with the little host.

As for the supper—it is safe to say
that not one of the guests had ever seen
just such a table, and the paper boy's
appetite fully satisfied even Kenneth.

When, at last, the music was hushed,
and the good-nights had all been said,
the little boy turned to his mother, his
face radiant with happiness:

"Wasn't it beautiful to see them en-
joy it all so? I'm glad we asked the
folks that don't go to parties every
week or two—aren't you, mamma?"

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That isn't equalled the world over is
Nerviline, the greatest relief for cramps
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Excellent for inward use—good to rub on.
Price 25c.

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warmed over.

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Very often they think it is from so-
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suffer from backache, sleeplessness,
nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-
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The pain in my back gradually left me,
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sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.
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BESSIE'S BUTTONS.

BY SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

Bessie was learning to sew on but-
tons. Her mother had marked the
places where they were to go, and Bes-
sie was sitting beside the open window
sewing them on her new dress. They
were pretty white pearl, with little stars
cut on every one. Bessie just loved to
look at them as they lay arranged in a
row on the window sill, shining in the
sunshine.

"I've sewed on three," said Bessie;
and she reached out her hand for the
fourth, when in some way she knocked
six of them out of the window.

"Dear me!" she said, "now I shall
have to go out and pick them up. I
hope I'll find them all." So she took
off her thimble, laid the dress across a
chair, and ran out.

Somebody was there before her, and
had picked them up, every one. Mr.
Toots, the big, snow-white rooster, was
standing under the window, and the
last button was disappearing within his
beak when Bessie came around the cor-
ner.

Now Bessie was very fond of Mr.
Toots. He was quite tame, and when-
ever she caught him, she would lay her
cheek against his smooth neck and hug
him. Whenever he saw her he would
come up on the doorstep "on purpose
to be hugged," Bessie said.

But now, when Bessie saw what he
had done, she turned and ran into the
house as fast as she could. She was
almost crying. "O mamma, mamma,"
she said, "Mr. Toots has eaten six of
my buttons, and he will die!"

Mamma looked surprised; then she
smiled. "O no, Mr. Toots won't die,"
she said. "Buttons are just the sort of
things Mr. Toots needs to chew his food
with."

Bessie opened her eyes wide at that,