

Our Boys and Girls.

SOMETHING FOR EACH DAY.

Something each day—a smile;
It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the day we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And the smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a word.
We cannot know its power:
It grows in fruitlessness
As grows the gentle flower.
What comfort it may bring
Where all is dark and drear!
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day—a thought,
Unselfish, good and true,
That aside another's need
While we our way pursue;
That seeks to lighten hearts,
That leads to pathways clear
For helpful thought each day
Makes happy days all the year.

Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
Oh, thus the heavenly will
We all may do while here!
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year.

HAPPY HOLLOW.

A sigh of content reached the ear of the discontented lady. She turned to see a little girl on the seat beside her. "You seem very happy," she said.

"O, I am happy—for now. We were afraid I couldn't do it. But it's done. They'll let Aunt Ella have the wool at the same price."

The unhappy lady opened her eyes. "Then you are a little wool merchant?"

"Just this once. Aunt Ella always bought it by letter, till now. They were going to raise the price. So I wanted to go and tell them. And I did. And they are not going to raise the price to Aunt Ella. I'm so glad!"

The lady had not felt gladness in a long time. She wondered at this child in worn clothing. "And do you make things to sell, out of the wool?"

"O, yes! Aunt Ella knits the most wonderful warm mittens and gloves—men's and boys' and ladies' gloves, too. For the cold weather. People come miles to get them. They say they could not get through the winter without Aunt Ella's gloves and mittens. You see, they're the good old-fashioned kind—nice and warm and strong. O, they wear like iron—almost."

"Do you help her?"

"Yes. I spin the wool. After school. Every day."

"Spin!"

"On the big wheel. It goes 'Hum! hum!' I love to spin. And I can reel the yarn off and double and twist it. Aunt Ella says I make the lowest, even yarn. And that's why the gloves and mittens wear so long—'cause the yarn is all right."

"And do you like to do it? Are—are you happy?"

The child turned. "Why, of course I like to do it. We live together, Aunt Ella and I. Suppose I had to go away

to work. Suppose she'd never got well, when she was so ill, that time when the will couldn't be found, and they took her beautiful home away. But the people who rented it let her have one room to live in. And I told her that it was the prettiest one in the whole house. And now she wouldn't have to be bothered with the rest. It's sunshiny. And there are honeysuckles over the porch. And it opens into a little corner of the garden that has a hedge all 'round it. It looks as if some giant had hollowed the garden out just there. So I call it 'Happy Hollow.' 'Cause we live there, all by ourselves. O, here 'tis! Good-bye" and the child hastened to the door as the trolley conductor shouted "Willow Grove!"

The lady followed her. "I get off here, too," she said. "Where do you go?"

"Up to the house there. To Willow Grove."

The lady bit her lip, then asked, "May I go too, and see the wonderful gloves and mittens?"

"O, yes! Then you'll see Happy Hollow too. That's better than to own the whole of Willow Grove, isn't it?"

"To be happy—as you are—is better than to be the unhappy owner of Willow Grove."

"Yes. I don't see how she can be happy. 'Cause it doesn't really belong to her. It's Aunt Ella's. Only the will couldn't be found."

A few minutes later there came the glad cry: "Here I am, Aunt Ella! And it's done! The wool won't cost any more. And here's a lady who wants to see the gloves and mittens."

The two women looked at each other. The face of the visitor flushed crimson, and the pale face of the other grew paler.

"Margaret, why did you come here?"

"To give back your own. Real'y, Ella, I never dreamed that it was this way with you. I was abroad you know. And they said you had money. I am just back—a heart-broken woman. I was coming out to look the place over. An offer was made for it and—I wanted it off my hands. But I met this child. She seemed so glad and loving that I couldn't bear to part with her. She led me to you. I didn't dream to whom I was coming, until a moment ago. But forgive me, will you Ella? The property shall be deeded to you at once. Only I beg that you will let me come once in a while, into this Happy Hollow."

The pale-faced woman came forward. "We'll share it together, Margaret. The child whom I took—a little waif, years ago—saved me from despair when my sorrow came. Perhaps she may do the same for you. Stay with us as long as you will."

A few days later the deed was made over. But the place was called no longer Willow Grove; it received the new, sweet name of Happy Hollow.—*Chris Advocate.*

A Benefaction to All.—The soldier, the sailor, the fisherman, the miner, the farmer, the mechanic, and all who live lives of toil and spend their existence in the dull routine of tedious tasks and who are exposed to injuries and ailments that those who toil not do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

Hold the mind prayerfully in conference with God. We are certain of success; go, nothing doubting.—*R. S. Storrs.*

HOW PUSS GRAY AND POPOVER GOT DOWN.

There were three Ross children and there were three Ross kittens.

Mrs. Ross had thought, at first, that one kitten was enough; but at the end of a week she decided that the kitten, at least, was not having a very happy time. The children wanted it to be in three places at once and the little thing was sore all over.

The first kitten was yellow and named "Sunflower." When the two other little cats were added, the children called them "Puss Gray and "Popover." Puss Gray was very well-behaved indeed. He wore white gloves and would let you hold him as much as you liked. Sunflower was cross and nervous. Popover wanted to play all the time. If you would not wiggle strings and things for him he would go off and romp with the grass and the shadows. He was very fond too of cuffing Puss Gray just as he had closed his eyes to take his afternoon nap, and he liked much to jump out at Sunflower from beneath a bush. Whenever he saw Mrs. Ross going upstairs, he would run up after her, and then ride down upon her dress, bump, bump from stair to stair. But cuffing Puss Gray was his favorite fun.

One day when Polly Ross and Sunflower were away out at the farther end of the garden making calls and the two boys were fixing a dam in the brook, something happened.

A little yellow dog came running into the yard and badly frightened Puss Gray and Popover, so that the two scampered as fast as they could toward the tall elm tree by the gate. Popover was ahead, but Puss Gray was hardly a tail's length behind; and, before the boys, just come in, could drive the dog away, both of the kittens were far up among the leaves of the elm.

The dog of course was sent home and then the boys went back to the tree and called to the cats to come down; but the louder the boys called, the higher the frightened little creatures went, and at last it seemed to the children as if they were fully half-way up to the sky.

The ladder in the barn was not long enough to reach them and nothing that any of the Ross family could do was of any use; for it was decided to be unsafe for the boys to climb to such a height, as the kittens were hovering up among the merest twigs. Perhaps you remember that the first time you ever climbed a tree you were afraid to come down; if you do, you understand what was the matter with Puss Gray and Popover—it was the first time they had ever been up in a tree!

At night At night the children had to go to bed and leave the kittens on the tree, where the poor little things cried so hard that Polly slept with her window closed, although it was a very hot August night.

In the morning, when Polly awoke, she ran at once to the window to see if she could see the kittens. Puss Gray had come pretty far down and was sitting upon a large limb, and he looked to Polly as if he were fast asleep. At first Polly could not find Popover anywhere in the tree, but after a moment she discovered him; he was walking slowly out along the very limb upon which Puss Gray was curled up. When he reached him to Polly's horror, although she felt perfectly certain of what he was going to do, he stopped for a second and then he raised his paw and gave Puss Gray a smart cuff on the tip of his white ear.

Treated by Three Doctors

for a Severe Attack of Dyspepsia,

Got No Relief From
Medicines, But Found It At
Last In
Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, for a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."

Down came Puss Gray, tumble, tumble; and the naughty Popover lost his own balance and downward through the air he came too!

Polly gave a little cry of dismay for she was almost certain they would both break their necks; and then she turned and ran out of her chamber and downstairs as fast as she could, wiping the tears from her cheek. But, when the little girl reached the yard there the two kittens were, sitting on the back doorstep, side by side, and mewing for their breakfast.

Polly's father gravely told her that all kittens had nine lives but she did not understand very well what it was that he meant.—*Florence Elizabeth Dunn.*

HOW TO GROW.

The father of Alice and Jessie found them one day studying with their heads bent low over their books. They said they were very tired.

"Let me see you walk up and down the veranda," he said.

The little girl's wondered what papa meant, and walked slowly past him across the veranda.

"You are not growing right," he said. "I cannot tie you up to a stake as I did my young peach trees, but I must do something. Come out here on the veranda tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, and tomorrow night at 6, and let me see what I can do."

When Alice and Jessie went out on the veranda before school the next morning they found their father there in the big hickory chair. There four tin pails standing near him and he held two books in his hand.

"I want you to fill these pails at the outdoor faucet put these books on your heads, and, with a full pail of water in each hand walk up and down the long