

Our Boys and Girls.

MUD PIES.

Of all the enjoyments under the skies
There's nothing so jolly as making mud
pies.
Prepare a nice shingle or short, narrow
plank,
Lay it carefully down on a bright, sun-
ny bank.
Take the freshest of earth and the clean-
est of sand
And mix them up thoroughly well with
your hand;
Add a cupful of water, then stir with a
stick—
A little more water if it seems too
thick.
Now take up a lump of this beautiful
dough,
About just enough for a mud pie, you
know;
Roll it softly around and give it a pat,
Don't have it too humpy and yet not
too flat.
Lay it down on the board to bake in the
sun—
Then make all the others just like this
one.
Then sprinkle white sand over each lit-
tle cake,
And leave them about fifteen minutes
to bake;
And, when they are done, you'll cer-
tainly say,
"That's the best fun I've had for many
a day."
—Selected.

SEND THAT BOY TO ME.

"The pay is forty dollars a month, and a good youth is sure of promotion. That is what the permanent men at the railroad shops complain about; this place is now vacant because the lad your partner sent us, and who filled it worthily a year, is now placed where he gets eighty dollars a month. So we trust you to choose his successor. They may ask you a few questions about the candidate for form's sake, at the office, but your man is sure to pass muster."

The above was addressed by a busy railroad official to a city lawyer, who replied:

"There is my friend's son, Urban Starr; his father spoke to me about employment for him. To be sure, Urban is rather above the place as to talent and culture; but times are hard, and the young should climb the low rounds of the ladder. I'll see about proposing him."

"Thank you! I'll be doubly obliged if you will take your applicant up to the office and see him accepted." And the railroad man hurried away.

To this conversation there had been a deeply interested but sad-hearted listener—Theodore Young, the faithful office boy, who longed with unspeakable desire for some such place as the one described. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, whom he yearned to help, and who was so poor that forty dollars a month seemed wealth to her boy. When the railroad man left, the lawyer turned to Theo, saying:

"Here, Theo, though it isn't your work, won't you note the dates of these letters and file them away in order while I write a letter for you to take up to Mr. Starr's?"

Theo attended carefully to the papers and was waiting for the letter before it was finished. A great desire was swell-

ing in his throat till it ached, and when the finished letter was handed to him his request burst forth in trembling eagerness:

"Do you think, sir, there are, or may be, any low places at the railroad shops for which you would venture to recommend me? I would begin very low, and work very hard to deserve promotion, and perhaps in years I might come to such a place as this for Urban Starr."

"How can we spare our good, trusty Theo? But, I own it is too bad to keep you here. If Urban consents to apply, when I go with him you may go, too, and I'll interview the parties about something for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," cried Theo, and he was so glad that he ran instead of walking on his errand. A few hours later found Urban and Theo waiting in an ante-room, while the lawyer made known his business about Urban to the railroad officials, who said:

"Oh, yes; thank you for bringing him. The last employee your firm sent was a treasure, and we don't need to ask questions about this one; yet there is one essential thing that I will mention. Of course, you know this person, like the last, to be strictly temperate—total abstinence, pledged and practiced?"

"No, sir, I know nothing of the kind; but on the contrary, while my friend, Mr. Starr, is temperate he isn't one of the total kind. There is wine for the guests at New Year's and Urban takes his glass like the rest."

"Excuse me, then; but he won't do for our employ. Total abstinence principles and habits are our first requirements."

"He is no drunkard. Perhaps if you see him you will think he has qualifications of great value to you."

"It is useless for us even to see him, since we desire one who has been from boyhood voluntarily abstinent."

"Very well; Urban Starr is above need of the place. Good morning! Oh, excuse me for having forgotten another matter; there is here a lad with me—in fact, our own office boy—for whom I've promised to ask if you've any kind of a place ever coming vacant into which you could put him with hope of the future. We hate to lose him, for he is trusty, capable, willing, writes a good hand, and is quick at figures."

"How is he on total abstinence?"

"Oh he is square on that. Signed the pledge when a child. Never took a first glass. Regards a glass of wine with superstitious horror."

"Send him in, if you please; we would like to talk to him."

Theo came back to the lawyer's office radiant with joy, exclaiming: "They say I'm just the one they want for the place you didn't take for Urban. They only laughed when I said I feared there was some mistake. Don't Urban want the situation?"

"It is all right, Theo. Please remember when you are a railroad president that you owe your success in life to —?"

This occurred, for this is all true, several years ago, and Theo has now a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with the love and confidence of all who know him, while Urban is intemperate, out of employment, and a grief to his parents.
—*Christian Statesman.*

There is no such thing as a harmless cough. The trouble goes from bad to worse unless checked. Allen's Lung Balsam cures the worst of colds. It allays inflammation and clears the air passages.

A PASSING TOUCH.

When Janet Carr was twelve years old all her grievances were summoned up in three words—she was the middle girl. Being the middle girl meant so many unhappy things; it meant that you never had a dress, but always had to wear Marian's and Madge's made-over ones; that you could not romp like the little ones, because you were too big, and you could not sit up late like the older ones because you were too young; that you could never go to places like the others because when mother went anywhere she always took the little ones who could not take care of themselves, and when father went anywhere he took the older ones, who could. Janet was sure that she could do as well as Madge and Marian, but nobody else seemed to think so.

As she grew older some of these trials passed away, but she was still the odd one of the merry crowd—not clever, like Madge, nor "good company," like Marian, nor pretty, like the little ones. She was not good for anything, she thought dimly.

One day she had to go to Philadelphia for some shopping. Janet finding no unoccupied seat, asked permission to share one with a little old lady who wore the Friends' dress, and settled down for the usual monotonous ride. Presently the gentle face in the Friends' bonnet turned toward her with a simple question. Janet answered as simple, forgetting to be shy with a stranger, who did not know her as the middle one. Before she realized it, she was deep in a most delightful talk. As they reached Philadelphia she hesitated, longing to express her pleasure, but the sweet voice anticipated her. "I have to thank thee for making part of the journey so pleasant for an old lady. Thee has made the hour seem but a few moments. I wish thee well upon all thy happy journeys."

Janet left the train with the words echoing in her heart. Nobody had ever said anything like that to her before. Did it mean that she really could talk and make friends like other people—that she should have "happy times" through her days? Janet's eyes darkened and her mouth—it was a very determined mouth—set resolutely. "I'm just going to try!" she declared.

Six months later, Madge and Marian were talking together.

"Did you ever see anyone improve as Janet has lately?" Madge asked.

"I hoped she'd grow sensible in time," Marian answered.

"They did not guess—how could they?—the hope and courage given in one passing touch."

HOW TO GET CONSUMPTION.

Ninety per cent of the "lungers" contract consumption by allowing power of resistance to fall so low that a favorable condition of the development of the bacilli is provided. In a healthy system consumption can't take root. But where there is weakness and debility, there you find tuberculosis. For developing strength and building up the weak, nothing equals Ferrozone. It makes the blood nutritious and the nerves enduring. The way it converts food into nutriment, the appetite it gives is surprising. Just what the man verging on consumption needs,—that's Ferrozone. If tired and weak don't put off. Fifty cents buys a box of fifty tablets—at all dealers.

Obstinate Coughs and Colds.

The Kind That Stick.

The Kind That Turn To Bronchitis.

The Kind That End In Consumption.

Consumption is, in thousands of cases, nothing more or less than the final result of a neglected cold. Don't give this terrible plague a chance to get a foothold on your system.

If you do, nothing will save you. Take hold of a cough or cold immediately by using

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

The first dose will convince you that it will cure you. Miss Hannah F. Fleming, New Germany, N.S., writes:—"I contracted a cold that took such a hold on me that my people thought I was going to die. Hearing how good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was, I procured two bottles and they effected a complete cure."

Price 25 cents per bottle. Do not accept substitutes for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Be sure and insist on having the genuine.

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,
TORONTO, ONT.

Edmund Duval, who nearly half a century has managed the Monte De Plete in Paris, is about to retire from his position. It was as a messenger boy that he began his connection with the greatest pawnshop in the world. He is now more than seventy years old.

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parnee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

When you find yourself—as I dare say you sometimes do—overpowered as it were by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody or other.—*John Keble.*

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parnee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

No mud can soil us but the mud we throw.—*Lowell.*