Our Boys and Girls.

ALL ABOARD FOR SLEEPY LAND.

Have you heard about the children's
train that in the dim twilight
Takes them off to "Sleepy Land," and
keeps them there all night?
Oh, it is a very fast express, and goes,
I understand,
To Dreamytown, the capital of dear old
Sleepy Land.
Then its choo! choo! choo! the
engine puffs,
Ding, dong! ding, dong! bell!
Ooo-oo-ooo the whistle blows,
Over hill and dell.
Tickets! tickets! please hold them
in your hand.
A good-night kiss will do as well
For fare to Sleepy Land.

Oh, the train stands in the station as
the twilight's falling down,
Boys and girls and babies, too, on board
for Dreamytown;
And the engineer is ready for the start-
ing-off command.
The conductor calls out, "All aboard!"
and we're off for Sleepy Land.

Now, the station that we come to first
is known as Winky-boo,
But we can never stop there, for the
train goes rushing through;
But when we get to Noddyville the
shadows darker creep,
And winky eyes and noddy heads are
going fast asleep.

Please keep the engine steady now, and
don't go quite so fast;
That was Slumber Junction there, the
station we just passed.
Please let the train go slower now, and
in the station stand;
We're all arrived at Dreamytown, and
safe in Sleepy Land.

* * *

FLOSSY'S SHOPPING.

BY ROSALIND RICHARDS.

Flossy sat on the floor, looking at her doll. Violet was the doll's name, and she had on the prettiest dress that ever was seen, soft blue silk, with lace to trim it, but Flossy was looking at her with an earnest frown. Real little girls did not wear silk in the morning, but simple frocks, like her own blue gingham, and her child must be dressed like other little girls. Flossy did not know much about sewing, but she had a precious pattern which her cousin Helen had cut out when she and Violet went to visit her, she had scissors and a needle. (Flossy never could remember which one of the chubby fingers a thimble ought to go on), and somehow it could be done.

Flossy has no mother, and the cousin with whom she lives had gone out to spend the day. She trotted out to Bridget in the kitchen.

"Bridget," she said, "Please, I would like some cloth, to make Violet a dress."

Kind Bridget turned out all the drawers in the dresser. There was some cotton from the last kitchen aprons, and some thick stuff to make iron-holders, and some stocking-ends that Bridget was saving for a rag mat; but nothing that looked at all like a little girl's dress.

"Then I has to buy some," said Flossy.

It is a terrible thing to find yourself alone in a great, crowded shop, particularly if you do not happen to reach above the counter. The shop was in a whirl of noise and hurrying people, and glaring with hard bright lights. No one asked her what she would like to look at this morning, as the kind woman at the five and ten cent shop always did, when Flossy sometimes went there with Bridget; but you cannot buy cloth at the five and ten cent shop.

Flossy has a stout heart, and she held herself firmly on her strong little legs against the people who crowded against her, and looked around. Standing near the wall was a tall man who wore no hat, and looked as if he might be a shopkeeper. Flossy worked her way to where he stood.

"I want to buy some cloth, please, for Violet's dress"—

"Broadcloth?" said the tall man, scarcely glancing down at Flossy. "Third counter to the left."

"Oh, I think not very broad, because Violet isn't—but the tall man had moved away.

Flossy knows her left hand because Bridget ties a bit of darning cotton on to it when she sends Flossy to the milkman's, which is the fourth house on the left. The darning cotton was not there now, but Flossy remembered. She went past a counter shining with pins and scissors, and one where there were handkerchiefs and lace things, and then stood up on tiptoe beside the third counter, which had some rolls of cloth against the wall.

"I would like to buy some cloth, please, only not very broad"—

"We have only broadcloth and lady's-cloth here," said the young woman behind the counter, not unkindly. "If you want lighter goods you will find cashmeres and flannelettes three counters further down;" and she turned to some other customers.

There used to be an old gardener at the big house on the corner who made Flossy dreadfully uncomfortable by saying, "How's your health?" whenever she passed by; and she used to walk around three streets on her way to school to avoid him, for she did not know at all what "How's your health?" meant, nor what she ought to answer. She had the same feeling now. She could not possibly think what cashmeres or flannelettes could be, and a crowd of customers had come to the counter and were pushing her to one side. She felt hot all over, as if she had been naughty, and wondered if she could possibly get across the crowded street alone.

Just then a kind voice from the counter behind her said, "What is it that you wanted little girl?"

Flossy started, and saw the young woman at the lace counter looking down at her with a kind face.

"What is it, dear?" she asked again.

Sometimes gentle people make you feel more miserable than cross ones, just for a minute; but Flossy is six now and does not cry so easily as she used to. She steadied her voice, and spoke slowly, and though the face she lifted was very red and the eyes swimming, the tears did not run over.

"It is for Violet," she said, "she has got—only one dress"—

"I see," said the young woman. "And Violet is your dolly? and you would like to buy her another dress? Come in here a minute."

She opened a sort of little door and lifted Flossy up on to a stool, in the wonderful place behind the counter where all the boxes of lace were; and in a few minutes Flossy had told her, in a voice which grew happier every minute, all about Violet and her blue silk clothes—"And you know she couldn't go to school in only her best dress, could she?"—and had shown her the fourteen cents which was all she could get out of her bank, with shaking and Bridget's hairpin.

The kind young woman spoke a minute to someone who was tending the same counter, and then took Flossy's hand.

"Now let us come, and see if we can't find something that will do," she said. Flossy took a firm fold of her cool fingers and they started off. The shop seemed quite different now, with all its lights, quite like a fairy place. They stopped to look at the shining pearl and bead things which go on ladies' dresses, and then at a counter which had brushes and combs and sponges, and pretty cakes of soap.

I don't believe fourteen cents ever went so far before. When they came to the counter that had the lawn and muslin to make summer dresses, the kind woman picked out a piece of lawn figured all over with pink roses; then some lace must be got to trim it, and finally the prettiest pink ribbon, for a sash. When these were tied up safe and sure, in a bundle, Flossy's kind helper took her to the door, and though it was beginning to rain, came out, bareheaded, in her pretty white apron, and held Flossy's hand all the way across the crowded street, and then kissed her, and started her on the right way for home. All this time poor Bridget, who did not even know where Flossy had gone, was in a terrible taking, as you can imagine! For Flossy forgot to tell her that she was going out; only now she had promised never to go down town alone again.

I wonder if you ever saw anything quite so nice as Violet's clothes. She has a white apron now, which she puts on over the pink and white dress when Flossie sets her down with a book to study her lessons, and then starts off herself to school; and she has a nightgown and a blue wrapper and a little hood. And the best thing is that Flossy made these things nearly all herself, for what do you think? The kind young woman in the shop lives with her mother, right across the way from Flossy's house. And on Saturday mornings, when she does not have to be in the shop, Flossy comes over with Violet in her arms, and they have a delightful sewing bee together; and Flossy is even learning to cut out. Just now they are making a little brown coat, trimmed all around with fur. But that is for Violet's Christmas present, so you must not tell.
—*The Congregationalist.*

* * *

HABITS.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Did I?" asked grandpa.

"Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned, but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do it there?"

"To shake out scorpions or centipedes, or other nuisances that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking."



FOR

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY,
COLIC, CRAMPS,
PAIN IN THE STOMACH,
AND ALL
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS.
IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM.
RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effectual.

EVERY HOUSE SHOULD HAVE IT.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. TAKE NO OTHER.

PRICE, - 35c.

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned, thoughtfully.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa; "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing stronger all the while you live."
—*Mayflower.*

* * *

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Corn is a very useful vegetable. If it were not for corn there would be no corn cakes with butter and molasses. Corn grows in large fields, and you plow it with a horse. There was a man who had a cornfield, and he had no

1840. 1903.
During this period
Painkiller
(PERRY DAVIS')
has cured more cases of sickness than any other medicine. It's the best remedy in the world for
Cramps,
Colic,
Diarrhoea, Etc.
A household remedy.