

before Tom, and looked at the boy in a most surprised way. "I hope you're not working for the 'E's' alone, Tom," she said gravely.

It was Tom's turn to be surprised now. Miss Perkins was somewhat like Uncle John, he thought. "But I am," he said. "Don't you think I should?"

Miss Perkins did not seem to hear his question. She was looking thoughtfully before her. "That is one thing I have been thinking of lately," she said, "and I intend to speak to the pupils about it Monday morning. The report cards are of no value, Tom, when you work for the mark only. We have them for the reason that the parents wish to know how their children are doing, but to the teachers they do not mean so much. Don't ever work for the mark, Tom. That takes away all the delights of learning. Get your lesson because it is your lesson; because you wish to gain the knowledge of it. Don't think to yourself, 'I shall try for such a mark this month,' but instead, 'I shall try to gain as much good from my lessons as possible. I will try and get all the pleasure and profit from them I can.' Work for principle, Tom."

Something in Miss Perkins' words made Tom look very happy. "Why, of course; I see now," he said. And then he told his teacher of his talk with his uncle.

One day, at the end of that month, Mr. Tapley said: "I haven't seen a report card lately, Tom. Are you still working for 'E's'?"

Tom flushed, but smiled. "No, sir," he answered. "I really believe I haven't thought of an 'E' for two weeks."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Tapley. "What have you been thinking of, Tommy?"

"Oh!" answered the boy, smiling, and glad to tell it, too, "I've been thinking of history mostly, for that is the hardest for me, and of Latin and algebra."

"Splendid!" cried Uncle John enthusiastically. "Perhaps you've thought of principle, too." He gave the boy's head a loving pat. "You come into my study after supper," he said, "and we'll both think over history, as that seems to be the stumbling block, and see what we can make of it."

So into the study Tom went, and Uncle John talked. History became very enjoyable all at once. The past was peopled with live folks. Tom was enthused. Never afterward in his school-work, did history fill the place that it had filled with Tom. Now he gets his lessons without thought of the mark in view, but learns them for the pleasure of learning, for the good he gains—and for principle, as his uncle suggested.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A certain man had two children, a boy and a girl. The lad was a handsome young fellow enough, but the girl was as plain as a girl can well be. The latter, provoked beyond endurance by the way in which her Brother looked in the glass and made remarks to her disadvantage, went to her father and complained of it. The father drew his children to him very tenderly and said, "My

dears, I wish you both to look in the glass every day. You, my son, that, seeing your face is handsome, you may take care not to spoil it by ill temper and bad behavior, and you, my daughter, that you may be encouraged to make up for your want of beauty by the sweetness of your manners and the grace of your conversation."

WHAT IS A BEAUTIFUL HOME?

The other day I happened to hear a girl of about sixteen say in a rather discontented and vexed tone: "We certainly have the meanest, homeliest, most dilapidated old house ever built. Maybe I don't wish the old thing would catch itself on fire, and I tell you I would make it burn all the harder by throwing on all those old chairs that look as if they were made in the year one, and those hideous old curtains that would take the prize anywhere for their ugliness, and then that miserable, horrid old bookcase. Mamma, where on earth did you manage to get such an ugly piece, anyway?"

The mother's reply was: "Well, dear, those chairs do look rather old, but we got them when we could afford no better, and as times are still hard, they will have to do till times change. Those curtains are not the latest, but they are all we have; and while the bookcase is not a good one, it holds some of the best of books, and what more would you ask? We ought to be very thankful for what we have, and not always be grumbling because we do not have more."

The daughter did not reply, but rather sullenly left the room, and I could not help thinking that if that kind, gentle mother should be taken out of that home, her daughter would think differently about what she had just been saying. Or if her pleasant, hard-working father and her jolly, good-hearted brother should have to leave that home, she would see that it is not the furniture that makes a home pleasant, but the hearts that are in it.

And is not this the way with a great many of us? We are constantly grumbling because we have not something that we would like to have, while if we would stop to think what we do possess,—and, if some of those that are so dear to us should be taken out of our homes, what we would not possess,—we would surely stop our grumbling and live more happy and contented lives.

What more ought we to ask for than to have those we love and cherish with us? and with these we can surely make the poorest of houses the happiest and most beautiful of homes.

THE SPENDTHRIFT AND THE SWALLOW.

A prodigal young fellow, who had run through all his money, and even sold all his outer clothes except his cloak, seeing a swallow skimming over the meadows one fine day in the early spring, believed that summer was really come, and sold his cloak too. The next morning there happened to be a severe frost, and, shivering and nearly frozen himself, he found the swallow lying stiff and dead upon the ground. He there-

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upon unbraided the poor bird as the cause of all his misfortunes. "Stupid thing," said he, "had you not come before your time, I should not now be so wretched as I am."

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

Dwight was very anxious to start to school.

"I wish I could go now," he said; "Sanford has just gone by."

"Oh, well," said his mother, "you know the way as well as Sanford does."

"Yes, mother; but 'two are better than one,' you know. What if Sanford should fall down and have no fellow to lift him up?"

Mrs. Crawford laughed. She understood this somewhat bewildering sentence. Dwight had been learning his "junior" verse for the day, and had repeated it to her wonderment; he had not known there was such a verse in the Bible: Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

"Very well," said Mrs. Crawford after a moment; "if the case is urgent, go ahead; you can do the errands at noon. Ouly see to it that it is not you who fall, instead of Sanford."

Then Dwight kissed his mother and made a rush for the door. It was easy to overtake Sanford. They jogged on together after that at an easy pace. They were just entering the school grounds when Sanford nudged his friend's elbow.

"Look there," he said, "up in that tree. That is Joe Burke's paper with his corrected sentences on. That they made such a fuss about. They blew out of the window when he opened it yesterday, and lodged in that hollow. Let's get a look at them."

The boys made a dash for the tree. Sanford went up its bare branches like a squirrel.

"Yes, sir!" he called out; "these are the very papers. Good for him, mean scamp! He is always cheating or doing an ill turn of some sort to a fellow. I wouldn't steal his papers, though he glared at me as if he thought I did; but I'm awful glad he hasn't got 'em. It's the only lesson he is sharp in; he won't beat me now."

"I'm glad, too," began Dwight. "Isn't it a lucky thing he had the window open when he ought not to have had? We'll come off with flying colors this morning, if he hasn't written them out again, and I don't believe he could get anybody to dictate for him to copy. We'll keep dark until after"—and here Dwight came to a sudden pause. "For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow." Were they two on the very edge of a tumble? It looked like that. And what was that his mother said?

"Look here, Sanford," he said; "don't let's do it. That would be putting ourselves on a level with Joe for meanness. Let's take them in and tell him we found them; they are all wet and muddy, but he can copy them before class."

There was a short argument, but Dwight prevailed, and the two marched into school, rescued papers in hand.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you put them there yourselves," was Joe's ungracious reply to this kindness.

THE BOASTING TRAVELLER.

A man was one day entertaining a lot of fellows in an ale-house with an account of the wonders he had done when abroad on his travels. "I was once at Rhodes," said he, "and the people of Rhodes, you know, are famous for jumping. Well, I took a jump there that no man could come within a yard of. That's a fact, and if we were there I could bring you ten men who would prove it." "What need is there to go to Rhodes for witnesses?" asked one of his hearers: "just imagine that you are there now, and show us your leap."