

was very willing to run races and carry on with him, but he longed for Edith's gentle sympathy and forgiveness. Now, without her, he felt how much better she was than many stronger girls. "Dear Sister Edie," he thought, "I ought to take care of her and save her from fatigue. Oh, if she only gets well, I'll show her what a good brother is!"

But Harry was not easy until he had told his father of his impatient ways, and asked him if he could think of anything he could do to make it easier for Edith to get to school.

"Could you not pull her in a little wagon?"

"Yes, indeed; part way, anyhow."

"Well, I'll buy four strong wheels, and you can make a box for the wagon?"

So, for several afternoons, Harry worked in the barn, and when Edith grew strong enough to go to school she was invited to get into her new little carriage, which was painted dark blue, with "Sister" in white letters in front.

"There, Edie; I'll never tease you about getting tired any more, but draw you more than half way to school, at least. I would rather have you than any sister in the world."

Years after people used to say, "What a true gentleman Harry Long is! He is so careful of any one who is weak or ailing. What makes him so different from most men?" And Edith, grown into a strong and beautiful woman—thanks to her brother's loving care—would say to herself, "I know."

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TO MOTHERS.

I was walking leisurely down a quiet London street the other day, when a little girl and boy scurried round a corner, the girl leading. They got just ahead of me, and this was the conversation I overheard:—

Little Boy. You'll tell your mother won't you?

Little Girl. Tell my mother! no, that I shan't; I never tell her nothing.

Little Boy. Oh, come now, you'd be obliged to tell her some things!

Little Girl. No, I shouldn't. I never tell her nothing, I say.

Little Boy. Oh, but if you fell down in the street and cut your leg very bad, and the blood was all running, you'd have to tell her.

Little Girl (firmly). No, I shouldn't then. I wouldn't tell her.

I wish you could have seen the determined look on that child's face as she turned it towards the boy behind her; she could not have been more than eight or nine; fair-haired, blue-eyed; a little creature, who, if washed, cleanly dressed and kindly treated, might have been a mother's joy and pride, but who, for some reason, had no confidence in her mother—told her nothing.

She did not look a naughty little girl, and, from the short conversation, I gathered that the mother in question was not a person to whom this little child could bring her misfortunes, her perplexities, her troubles.

Left at eight years old with no better counsellor than her comrades in the streets, I did feel sorry for that child. To whom will she go for help and sympathy (things all of us—good and bad—must and will have) when she is twelve, fifteen, twenty?

Did that mother beat her child, I wondered, or had she perhaps only a harsh tongue?

Anyway, the girl feared her, and, as it seemed, did not love her. She would 'tell her nothing.'

Now, I want all mothers to ask themselves, 'Are my children afraid of me, and why? Dare my little girl come to me if she got into trouble—say, through wrong-doing?'

I fear with most mothers it would be a case of shaking, at the very least, if their little girl came to them confessing, 'I broke the best mug this morning,' or 'I took a halfpenny off the school floor this morning, and spent it, and now the teacher is asking about it: what shall I do?'

I seem to hear the sharp words that would be showered on the poor offender, and to see that no help or pardon would come to her from her mother.

And yet very often that same mother would nurse the child through a long illness with real affection.

It is the momentary vexation which a worried mother cannot (she says) bear. It is such a temptation to slap a child when it is the bearer of ill tidings. I have heard mothers say of grown-up girls when they have committed a real sin, 'And I'm sure it isn't my fault, for I've always punished her well as a little one whenever she did wrong,' or 'I've got her father to beat her with the stick.'

Oh, mothers all, this is no way of making your children good, and it is a sure way of hindering them from making a friend of you while they are little! And if you are not your child's friend then, you never will be.

What are you to do then—never punish a child when it is naughty at all?

I do not say that. But, to begin with, do not punish it for misfortunes and accidents, such as these:—

Money dropped or lost.

Broken crockery.

Torn or muddled clothes.

Messages forgotten, unless the child is really very careless.

Saucepans upset, food accidentally wasted or spoilt.

Such a lot of slaps and shakings as might be spared a poor little girl who

is often frightened and troubled enough when she has brought about some such misfortune as the above, often through carrying too heavy weights or doing more than her strength will allow.

A mother sometimes says, 'I did slap her, to be sure; but my temper was up, I meant nothing.'

But you did something, angry mother! You put a hedge between yourself and your child. She may come, too, to telling you 'nothing' if you are so harsh to small sins.

Do think this over. You would not like your nice little girl of eight or nine to speak of you as the poor little one I overheard did of her mother. I will copy you a bit of poetry by way of advice on the subject:—

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?

Love, Hope, and Patience—these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

Do you see what the poet advises? To love your child, always hope it will get rid of its tiresome little faults, and, above all, to be patient with it.

Then it is likely to tell you everything—its troubles, its temptations, yes, even its sins. And you can comfort it over the first, help it not to fall before the second, and teach it to confess and be sorry for the third.

Then you will be real mothers, mothers whom the children will love and confide in, mothers who can and will save them from many a pitfall in this dangerous world.

Next Sunday when you hear the petition in the Litany for the 'young children,' think of this little girl whom I saw in the street and ask that she may not be led into sin through having a mother to whom she dare tell nothing.

TELL THEM SO.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them tell them so,
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power;
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

A CHILD OF GOD.

What is it ringing in my ear
When doubts and fears assail?
My child! My child! dost thou not hear?
When did I ever fail?

"Have I not given thee strength to bear?
Courage to wait for Me?
Have I not answered every prayer
Poured out in faith by thee?"

"Have I not turned thy faltering feet
From dark ways into light?
Have I not made thy trials sweet,
Bright day from clouded night?"

"Have I not filled thine awe-struck heart
With wonder at My love?
Have I not promised thee a part
With Me—in Heaven above?"

"No grief too small for Me to hear,
No pain I do not see—
My child! My child! Why wilt thou fear?
Thy Father loveth thee."

Ring on! Ring on! O blissful words!
Transcendent in your power—
"A child of God!"—Be ye still heard,
Unto my life's last hour.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN.

Of Which the Public Knows But Little, Worthy Careful Consideration.

To the Editor of the scientific American:

Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of Truth. It is needless to say, no medical Journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for every obvious reason.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand, the body of the average size man contains about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers, as they may be called, many times a day, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in three minutes. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or walking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from sixty-five gallons of blood each hour, or about forty-nine barrels each day, or 9,125 hogshead a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are?

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which