

THE LITTLE CAVALIER

He walks beside his mother
And looks up in her face,
He wears a glow of boyish pride
With such a royal grace.
He proudly waits upon her,
Would shield her without fear,
The boy who loves his mother well,
The little cavalier

To see no trace of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet approving smile,
To hear her softly speak
And what in all this wide world
Could be to him so dear
The boy who loves his mother well,
The little cavalier

Look for him in the future
Among the good, the true
All blessings on the upward way
His little feet pursue
Of robes and crowns and sceptered kings,
He stands the royal peer,
The boy who loves his mother well,
The little cavalier

A BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

Many a boy fails to rise from his chair when his mother enters the room, while he would get up at once if a stranger entered, and one would suppose that his mother, who is more to him than the rest of womankind put together, should, to say the least, have from him the same marks of courtesy as strangers. In fact, you can tell a boy's character pretty accurately by the way in which he treats his mother, for as a mother has probably done and will do more for her son than any other woman—with perhaps one exception will ever do, so he ought in return to treat her as his most valuable possession. His courtesy, his chivalrous and knightly bearing toward her are never thrown away.

A FUNNY LITTLE STORY.

Some time ago the Queen of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk mittens for her birthday, giving her the money for the material. A pair of beautifully worked mittens arrived on the Queen's birthday. The little girl received in return another pair: one mitten contained lilies, the other bouillons. Queen Marguerite inclosed a little note, saying "Tell me, my dear child, which you like best." The reply ran as follows: "Dearest Queen. Your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mitten with the money, my brother had the bouillons."

MAKING A WAY.

The boys in Mr. McMynn's academy were given to wondering how it was that his son invariably stood at the head of his class. "Partiality," suggested one; "smartness," whispered another; "good-luck," went on a third; and so they continued. As to "partiality," there was none; Mr. McMynn was too just a master and father for that. "Smartness" there was some. "Good-luck"? Well, is there such a thing as good-luck? If anyone were to have taken the trouble to question Robert on his success, his reply would probably have been, "What get, I earn. If I can't get a thing with one trial, I make a second, and if a second fails, I try a third."

And it is this spirit of determination to conquer, that wins for the toiler the victory. There is no royal road to learning, any more than there is to any accomplishment. If you cannot find a way, make it; and if it proves a hard road, resolve to meet every ob-

stacle bravely, and do not be discouraged by trifles.

It was a royal Roman in Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward craver before a castle say,
"There's safe in such a fortress, there is no way to shake it
"On, on!" exclaimed the hero, "I'll find a way or make it"

PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN OF PETERBORO CURED OF ECZEMA.

Mr. Thos. Gladman, bookkeeper for Adam Hall, Esq., shoe and tinware dealer, Peterboro, writes the following facts: "Have been troubled for nine years with Eczema on my leg, and at times the itching was something terrible. I tried many eminent doctors and was pronounced incurable. I had given up hopes of ever being cured when I was recommended by Mr. Madill, druggist, to try a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am happy to testify that after using two boxes I am completely cured."

"Our spirit nature, like the vine, needs something on which to cling and by which to climb. God's Word is the trellis by which our spirits climb up toward God."

BABY ECZEMA AND SCALD HEAD.

Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

—It is not talent, nor power, nor gifts that do the work of God, but it is that which lies within the power of the humblest; it is the simple, earnest life hid with Christ in God.

O. S. Doan, of Clinton, says not to go on suffering as he did for years with Salt Rheum, when a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure you.

Dr. Chase's Ointment cured Hiram Frey, of Norwood, after suffering ten years with Eczema of the leg. Chase's Ointment also cured his little girl of Eczema on her face.

—What men want is not talent, it is purpose, in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour

Mrs. S. James, Seaforth, suffered for years with what is called old people's rash. She was treated by many physicians without any result. Mr. Fear, the local druggist, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which relieved the irritation at once and speedily effected a permanent cure of the skin eruption. Mrs. James also says Dr. Chase's Ointment cured her of Itching Piles which she had been troubled with for years.

—There never did, and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

CRACKING NUTS.

Some boys were cracking nuts. More than that, they were eating and enjoying them.

"That's a bad one," said Hubert, tossing one away.

"I guess not," said John, picking it up. "It looks as nice as can be."

"It has a tiny hole in it, though," Hubert answered.

But John did not look for the hole, nor did he take his friend's word for it. He took the nut between thumb and fingers and brought down his hammer with a hard blow. The worm-eaten nut went to pieces and John pounded his finger at the same time. Wasn't he foolish to crack such a nut? He got nothing out of it, after he had hurt himself cracking it.

But people, big and little, will do things like this. They want to see for themselves whether there is anything to be found in a book that is called good-for-nothing, so they read it, and get nothing but harm. It is so with many other things that do not need to be tried in order to be found out. If some one else finds out a speck of wrong, don't waste time, as John did, cracking the nut. If the wrong is there, then let it alone.

CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out. You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on your mind and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

—God knows when you do your best; surely that is enough reward for trying.

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