and dreve disease away from the land and every one said, "God bless th Spirit of Cold.

Keep in Good Humor.
keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter exist ence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the lattle disap pointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and temper sour.
Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is sindled by seeing wrong done to ànother; and even then a noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good bumor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert-no misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper Until cheerfulness is lost nothing is lost. Keep in a good humor.

## More Curative Power

Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sar saparilla than in any other simila preparation. It costs the proprieto and manufacturer more. It conts the jobber more and it 18 worth more to the con-umer. It has a record of cure unknown to any other preparation It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.
-Hood's Pills are the best family catbartic and liver medicine. Gentle reliable, sure.

## Politeness Pays.

I have often heard my uncle, said the nephew of a noted lawyer wh died lately, "dwell upon the fact tha be owed much of his success in lif to a habit of invariable politeness withnut any eltment of toadyism which had been instilled into his na ture by the teaching of a wise mother

His first start in his profession ame through an old scrub-woman wh was employed about the Louse where he boarded when a young man. One morning he passed out as she wa corubging he passed out as she was orubing politely as usual She topped him. topped him she said.

Well, I know a poor widdy woman that wants a lawyer and if you give me your address I'll tell her.
"The ' poor widdy ' proved to be the chief heir to a large eatate in Delaware county, Pa. My uncle became her attorney and trustee of her children, recovered her interest in the estats and derived a good income from its man agement for many years.'

## Look Out for Heroes.

Oh, Johnny, robbers again! cried an anxious mother to her boy "Why do you never read about any thing but crimes and fights whe you read the newspaper? There are stories of good people and the good things they do, as well as of bad ptople and bad ones. Why don't you read about them? I should think you, would enjoy reading heroic deeds?
"People don't seem to do any," find them in the papers.'

Now it is unfortunately the fact that, though heroic deeds do find thell way to the papers, they do not hold the conspicuous positions accor'ed $t$. narratives of crime. This is partly due to the fact that it is in some sense a safeguard to eociety to have its enemies and their methods described, partly because it is to the interest o police and detectives that their successes should be made known, and reatly because the horrors resulting from crimes, violence, and elaborate ricks and plans, offer an easy chance to the seneational reporter to interest the pub ic. While often a striking narrative of equal length could be readily made from a good act as from bad one it is too seldom done. The bad which are brave and splendid ar acts whin and and suasily also brief and simple, and paragraph. But such paragraphs art warth watching for
The day after Joh
The day after Johnny's conversation with his mother, he found a marked passage in the morning paper. It described the rescue of a father anc on, both entangled in a lily pond where they had been bathing, by an invalid who knew when he plung، d into the water thatohe ran not only
the risk of being bimself entangled. the risk of being bimself entangled
or of being pulled under by the drown ng pair, but of dying at any momen simply from the excitement or the shock of the cold water.
A few days later another paragraph was marked: a gallant engineer had died at his engine, losing his life for the sake of his passengers, when he knew a collision was impending.

- We can baidly belp knowing something of men who do wrong in the world,", said the wise little mother when Johnny spoke of these incidents. but don't let us allow them to make us overlook the men aho do right If we must read of the weak and the guilty, let us not forget the brave and the strong. Let us look out for th eroes.'
In one household, at least, this sug gestion has borne fruit. There is a blue scrap book upon the sitting room cable which Johnny is always ready to show and explain to visitors. It filled with newpaper cuttings and i labelled on the back in gilt letters of bis own drawing, " Brave Deeds," and he never tires of gathering new and noble items for its pages.
-Why not profit by the experience of others who have found a permanent cure for catarrh in Hood's Sarsaparilla.


## "Heaps o' Trouble."

Brunk Davis was a barefooted boy who lived down in Scott county, IIl His smaller brother, Fletcher, was his old swimming hole and the rabbit chase, gre


Fibre Chamois label. Think difference in price doesn't coun

Reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Take notice to-day. This ad. will not
\$150 FREE! FREE!
GOLD Women

## Presentation

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A. H. Howard, R.C.A.,
king se. Eact, Toronto

## Three New Subscribers



At last with a heroic effort, Fletch himself launched out into the sea of bimell laucched out into the sea o wish I could find a six-blade knife right down here in the road
right down here in the road
Brunk was at first amazed at th audacity of his little brother, but rally ing, he assumed the role so frequently taken by elder brothers and exclaimed "Whll, if you did, I'd take it away from you."
Fletcher thereupon began to cry and his grief was of such a cumulative sort that by the time they had reached home his heart was almost broken and his subs were all tangled up with "You're always taking my things away from me."
No one could question the reality of his grief, though the knife was purely imaginary. I have met many " grown-ups " whose " heaps o' trou ble " were of the same character
but in his mental excursions as well for twelve-year. rld boye have imagina tions as vivid as those of any frenzied poet.
One hot summer day, Brunk and Fletch were walking the dusty lave that led from Winchester to their country home. They were playing wishing, a juvenile exercise that has never died since the days of Aladdin' great.

