

## Our Young Folks.

### OVER THE RIVER OF DROOPING EYES.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes  
Is the wonderful land of Dreams,  
Where lillies grow as white as the snow,  
And fields of green and warm winds blow,  
And the tall reeds quiver, all in a row—  
And no one ever cries;  
For it's a beautiful place for girls and boys,  
And there's no scolding, and lots of noise,  
And no lost balls or broken toys—  
Over the River of Drooping Eyes  
In the beautiful land of Dreams.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes  
In the wonderful land of Dreams,  
There are horns to blow and drums to beat,  
And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,  
And no one ever cleans their feet,  
And no one ever tires!  
There are plenty of grassy places for play,  
And birds and bees, they throng all the day—  
Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay  
Over the River of Drooping Eyes,  
In the beautiful land of Dreams?

### CHAINED TOGETHER.

The mail-car stood at the garden gate,  
with baby strapped into it. Mother waited  
at the hall door to give Mary, who had just  
lifted the mail-car down the steps, some  
directions about the dinner.

Jack and Oscar came rushing through  
the hall, snatching their caps as they pas-  
sed; they were going out, too, for a walk  
with mother and baby.

"It's my turn to push the mail-car,"  
shouted Jack, jumping the steps with a  
bound and seizing the handle.

"No, it's 't," said Oscar.

"You had it all the way to the post-office  
on Wednesday. Let go!" And Jack rough-  
ly twisted Oscar's hands from their grasp on  
the car.

Oscar struck at him, and then began to  
cry, while baby looked with solemn blue  
eyes at them both.

"Boys, hush! I am ashamed of you.  
What are you quarrelling about?"

"Mother, Oscar wants to wheel the mail-  
car, and it's not his turn, and he knows it,  
mean sneak!"

"For shame, Jack! Don't let me hear  
you call your little brother such names.  
No matter whose turn it is, I could not al-  
low either of you to roll the car to-day after  
showing such selfish ill-temper to each  
other."

"Let me," pleaded Oscar, while Jack  
walked sullenly ahead.

"No, Oscar, certainly not. I could not  
trust baby to either of you. It makes me  
very sad to see you so often quarrelling with

each other. Only this morning at break-  
fast your father had to speak to you, and  
now again it is the same."

As the boys walked on, silent and asham-  
ed, all their pleasure gone, there was a  
quick, light sound of horse's hoofs coming  
down the bridge across the river, and a  
horseman cantered past.

"Look, boys!" said Mother.

Jack raised his head, and Oscar turned  
quickly.

Then both stood still and laughed.

Two little dogs were running swiftly,  
keeping close to the horse's heels. In quick,  
even trot they went, head to head, chained  
together by a short steel chain which glis-  
tened brightly in the afternoon sun. As if  
with one purpose straight on they ran, so  
evenly that the little chain hung loosely  
between them without a strain.

Oscar clapped his hands with delight.

"Aren't they funny, mother? How fast  
they go; and they don't pull each other a  
bit."

"They don't seem to know they are  
chained at all," said Jack.

The boys stood and watched until the  
little dogs were only a speck in the cloud of  
dust at the horse's heels, then they ran after  
their mother, who had sat down on the bank  
of the river.

"I wish," said she, "my two boys were  
as wise as those little dogs."

"As wise as the dogs, mother," exclaim-  
ed Jack.

"Yes. You are both chained together  
by the chain of relationship which keeps  
brothers or sisters, living in one house,  
sharing meals, lessons, play, everything.  
Your lives run as close together every day  
as those two little dogs. But unlike them,  
instead of running evenly, you are always  
pulling each other in different directions.  
Jack wants this, and Oscar wants that, and  
neither is willing to give up their own way,  
and so the chain, which ought to be the  
bright chain of love, is always clanking and  
straining instead of hanging easily. And  
mother feels so disappointed and ashamed  
that she wishes she had little boys like the  
two little dogs."

"Oh, mother!" said Oscar.

"We'll try to be like the dogs, mother,"  
said Jack, smiling at Oscar; and Oscar  
smiled back. And presently they were rac-  
ing, hand in hand, down the bridge.

"We'll never let mother wish us to be  
like dogs again," said Jack, as they paused  
for breath.

"Never!" said Oscar, decidedly.—P.A.  
in *Great Thoughts*.

## John Kay, Son & Co.,

34 KING STREET WEST.

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**T**REATS are in store for everyone housefurnishing to any extent this autumn. In announcing the receipt of our Fall Importations, we can say that owing to the constant great increase in our business, contracts placed with manufacturers for this season have been on a larger scale than at any time in the long and successful history of our business. Qualities and designs never received more complete attention, and many of these cannot be had in any other place in Canada, the goods being made up specially for our own trade. It is also well known that we have the exclusive sale in Canada of the goods of some of the best manufacturers in Europe. The extent and character of our trade make these advantages possible.

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