

A Boy's Room.

When the boy got as far as a room of his own, papered with scenes from circus posters, and peopled by tin soldiers, he used to play that his bed was the barge Mayflower, running from Barrytown to the foot of Jay street, North River, and that he was her captain and crew. She made nightly trips between the two ports; and by day, when she was not tied up to the door-knob—which was Barrytown—she was moored to the handle of the washstand drawer—which was the dock at New York. She was never wrecked and she never ran aground; but great was the excitement of the boy when, as not infrequently was the case, on occasions of sweeping, Hannah, the upstairs girl, set her adrift.

The Mayflower was seriously damaged by fire once, owing to the careless use, by a deckhand, of a piece of punk, on the night before the Fourth of July; this same deckhand being nearly blown up early the next morning by a bunch of fire-crackers which went off by themselves—in his lap. He did not know, for a second or two, whether the barge had burst her boiler or had been struck by lightning!

Barrytown is the river port of Red Hook—a charming Dutchess County hamlet in which the boy spent the first summer of his life, and in which he spent the better part of every succeeding summer for a quarter of a century; and he sometimes goes there yet, although many of the names he knows were carved, in the long ago, on the tomb. He always went up and down in those days, on the Mayflower, the real boat of that name which was hardly more real to him than was the trundle-bed of his vivid, nightly imagination. They sailed from New York at five o'clock p.m., an hour looked for and longed for by the boy, as the very beginning of summer, with all its delightful charms; and they arrived at their destination about five o'clock the next morning, by which time the boy was wide awake, and on the lookout for Lasher's Stage, in which he was to travel the intervening three miles. And eagerly he recognized, and loved, every landmark on the road. Barringer's Corner, the half-way tree; the road to the creek and to Madam Knox's; and, at last, the village itself, and the tavern, and the tobacco factory; and Massoneau's store, over the way; and then when Jane Purdy had shown him the new kittens and the little chickens, and he had talked to Fido and Fanny, or to Fido alone after Fanny was stolen by gypsies, he rushed off to see Bob Hendricks, who was just his own age, barring a week, and who had been his lifelong friend for fifty three years and nearly six months; and then what good times the boy had!—*St. Nicholas.*

—It is unquestionably a great truth that, in any exile or chaos whatsoever, sorrow was not given us for sorrow's sake, but always and infallibly as a lesson to us, from which we are to learn somewhat, the somewhat once learned, ceases to be sorrow.

—The right human bond is that which unites soul with soul; and only they are truly akin who consciously live in the same world, who think, believe and love alike, who hope for the same things, aspire to the same ends.—*Bishop Spalding.*

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.

—A vast population of thoughts, good and bad, are born and die in us daily, bringing forth multitudes in their turn.—*General Gordon.*

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.

—Honour is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.—*Bossuet.*

Prominent Business Man of Peterboro' Cured of Eczema.

Mr. Thos. Gladman, bookkeeper for Adam Hall, Esq., stove 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; 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."

—He who hates his neighbour hates himself, because hatred deprives us of Divine charity.—*St. Catherine of Siena.*

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.

—Economy is itself a good income.—*Tennyson.*

Convinced the Sceptic.

The Merits of the Great South American Nerve Withstand all the Assaults of the Credulous and Sceptical—when they are Converted to its use in Their Personal Ailments they Become its best Friend—For it never fails Them

Mr. Dinwoodie of Campbellford, Ont., says: "I recommend South American Nerve to everybody. I consider it would be truant to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; he procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that he continues to purchase and use it, and has proved its great worth as a stomach and nerve tonic. It has done wonders for me and I keep it constantly in my house. An occasional dose acts as a preventive and keeps me well and strong. It is wonderful medicine."

"Jennie First"

It was hot and dusty in the city, and in the great dry-goods stores the heat was unbearable. Morton & Lee's waiting-room was filled with ladies, and the fount yielding an unending supply of cold water was besieged with patrons.

Presently the elevator stopped to allow some passengers to alight. Among them was a woman accompanied by a boy and a girl. The faces of the children were tanned and they looked warm and weary.

"Oh, mother, I've found the water. See! there it is!" the little boy cried gladly, darting forward. The mother and sister followed, and as soon as the former could secure an empty cup she filled it and held it out to her son. He was about to take it when he chanced to look at his sister. He hesitated a moment, then said quickly, "Jennie first, mother. She's so thirsty."

"So are you, dear," the mother said as she turned and held the cup to her daughter's lips. "But you are a good boy to give up your turn."

And some there were who beheld the kind act and agreed with the mother.

HAVE YOU ECZEMA?—Have you any skin diseases or eruptions? Are you subject to chafing or scalding? Dr. Agnew's Ointment prevents and cures any and all of these, and cures Itching, Bleeding, and Blind Piles besides. One application brings relief in ten minutes, and cases cured in three to six nights. 35 cents.

—There is in Jesus a real answer to every vital question, to every genuine need of the hour. There are partial answers elsewhere, but they are only partial, and they are absorbed in the answer given in Him. Every revelation given in the Great Book and every other book flows into the revelation we have in Jesus, loses itself in Him.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER.

Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Baptist Emmanuel Church, Buffalo, gives strong testimony for and is a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He had tried many kinds of remedies without avail. "After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was benefited at once," are his words. It is a wonderful remedy. It relieves instantly.

—Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.—*Sprat.*

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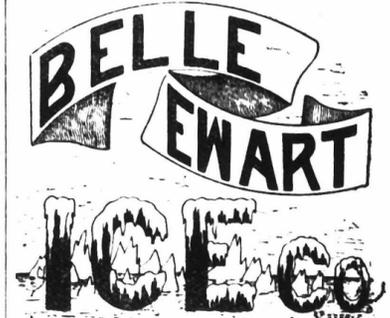
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A Wise Crow is Dick.

Mrs. James D. Martin, of North Bennington, had a crow that is a born humorist. It is continually playing pranks on the different members of the Martin household. The bird's name is 'Dick.'

'Dick' has a strong love for jewelry, and never allows an opportunity to steal a ring or other ornaments to pass. Recently Mrs. Martin missed a plain gold ring. She at once suspected the crow of being the thief.



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