

On the Safe Side.

A confectioner desiring a boy to work for him in his store advertised for one. The next day a number of applicants came in answer to the call, and each was shown, as he arrived, into a back room where the master was busy dipping chocolate creams.

"You'll have to wait a few minutes, boys, until I've finished this batch," he remarked, glancing up from his work.

Some of the new-comers seated themselves on convenient barrels, but most of them gradually drew near a long table on which were cooling several tins of tempting-looking candy. A keen observer would have noticed that the master watched the boys furtively, but he did not speak until the last cream-white morsel had been converted into a rich brown, and then he said, advancing toward the group:

"Well, my lads, I want a boy to help me in the store, one that won't be stealing a taste of things every time he believes I'm not looking. Which of you thinks he can be honest in this respect?"

"I!" came in a chorus.

The master smiled. "Now, I go by actions more than by words," he said. "Though you didn't know it, maybe, I've been watching you while I was over there. What did I see? I saw every boy, except that one near the stove, help himself once or twice to the candy on the table. I've no objections to my helpers having a taste of the good things here occasionally—in fact, I've been accustomed to giving my boy a box of candy to take with him every Saturday night—but not a lad here had a right to take one piece off that table."

Then the speaker called to him the boy who alone had not yielded to the temptation, and after asking a few questions, that were answered satisfactorily, gave him the place.

"Such a fuss to make about nothing!" remarked one boy in disgusted tones as he passed out.

Was it about "nothing?" Is it nothing to take even a piece of candy that one has no right to take? Everything has a beginning; little things lead to greater, and if one begins taking little things wrongfully, who can tell what he will end in taking? Far wiser it is to be on the safe side and strictly honest even in trifles.

"Do Let it Fly."

A little boy, six years of age, walking out with his governess, one day saw a big boy on the opposite side of the road, holding a pretty little butterfly by its beautiful wings.

The boy had just caught the butterfly by throwing his cap at it, as it was merrily flying about. Poor little thing, it was now a prisoner in the hands of this cruel boy.

The little boy had been taught by his teacher that it is wicked to be cruel to any of God's creatures.

He ran across the road, up to the naughty boy, and, in a very kind manner, said, "Oh, do let it fly; do please, let it fly, pretty little thing."

This request was made in such a very pleasing manner, that the boy at once let the pretty creature fly. "Thank you; thank you," said the little pleader, clapping his hands and looking quite happy, as the butterfly waved its delicate wings and flew off to the nearest flower garden.

We trust that all our little readers will strive to prevent cruelty of every kind.

GRENADIER AND BUTCHER

A Military Bandsman of 50 Years' Standing and a Young Butcher Experience the Marvellous Curative Powers of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A NEWSPAPER INVESTIGATION

In the Case of Mr. Henry Pye, Diabetes Had Brought on Paralysis—Two Doctors Said Wm. Wade was Dying of Bright's Disease.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Them.

Each of them tells an interesting story to a newspaper Reporter—Mr. Pye played in the Marine Band at the Duke of Wellington's funeral—in the Royal Grenadiers' Band for 20 years—He had given up hope when Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him—Wm. Wade, after being sick for years with Bright's Disease and his life despaired of, tests the power of Dodd's Kidney Pills and is now in good health.

From Mail and Empire.

The reputation which Dodd's Kidney Pills enjoy to-day must have been built upon a broad foundation of sure curative qualities. To verify this view, a Mail and Empire representative yesterday investigated two wonderful cures that have been much talked of in the East End of the city, and the results of the enquiry are worth recording.

The first man interviewed was Mr. Henry Pye, 115 Pape ave. He is a genial, happy, prosperous-looking man of 65 years, and was very pleased to see anyone who wished to talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills. "Why shouldn't I talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills?" asked Mr. Pye. "In the first place, they saved my life—no doubt about that—and in the second place, if it hadn't been for them, I couldn't have kept my situation. A neighbour of mine, Mrs. Farrell—she's a great Methodist—was cured by them, and she calls them God's Kidney Pills."

"But you want to hear my story. I'm a bandsman, you know. By trade I'm a shoemaker, but six years ago I laid away my last, and since then have given all my time to music. I've been a member of the Royal Grenadiers' band for twenty years. It's just fifty years ago last month since I joined the Marine Band in England. I played at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, in 1852."

"For thirty-five years I have lived in Toronto."

"In the winter I play at the rinks. Two years ago the first night was very cold, and I got chilled through. That was the beginning of my sickness. Last summer, when the Grenadiers went to Berlin, I could hardly get through the day. The next morning I got up feeling pretty well. But after breakfast I was taken with frightful pains in my back. I had to send for a doctor. He gave me morphine, and pronounced it a very bad case of diabetes. In a week I lost forty pounds of flesh. I would drink so much water that I would go out and vomit it. But I would come in with just as great a thirst as ever. I must have drank gallons of it a day."

"But could you still get round all right?"

"Well, no. My right leg began to be paralyzed, and at times my foot would swing about as if I had no control of it. I was living on Grant street then, but as I couldn't walk, I thought I might as well ride a bit farther, and came out here to get the country air."

"I have been accustomed to play in the band at the Exhibition, and last year, as the Exhibition time drew near, I was anxious to stick it out for that engagement, thinking it would be my last. I was beginning to feel the paralysis in my fingers, so that I could

scarcely work the keys. My friends too, thought it was all up with me.

"During the Exhibition I stayed with my daughter, who lives in Parkdale. I was getting worse every day. My son-in-law said he had heard of several women in Parkdale who had been cured of kidney disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. So he got a box for me, and I started taking them. Before two days I began to feel better. I took that box and ten others. By that time I felt so well that I stopped taking them, except occasionally. My health is now first-rate, but I still take the pills, off and on."

"Last winter I played sixty nights at the rink without the least inconvenience. Yesterday I walked ten miles. Last summer I could no more have done that than fly. Really, I feel myself getting stronger every day. I can run up the four flights of stairs to the band practice-room easier than I could crawl up them last summer. I'm just about my healthy weight, and fit as a fiddle."

"I tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right. I've started a dozen people taking them since I was cured. My daughter, who has been sick and doctoring for a long time, has begun to take the Tablets, and she says they help her as nothing else has done."

William Wade, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. Henry Wade, the well-known East End butcher, 940 Queen street east, was another who it was reported had been marvellously cured. When seen by a Mail and Empire representative, he was in the act of hoisting a hundred-and-forty pound quarter of beef to his shoulder and carrying it into the shop.

"Are you the boy who was thought to be dying of Bright's disease a year and a half ago, and had been given up by two doctors?" asked the newspaper man.

"I am, and it was a pretty close shave I had."

"Well, you don't look much of an infant or invalid now."

"You saw what I was doing. Well, I was as good as a corpse a year and a half ago. It'll just take a minute to tell you about it."

"Six years ago I had a bad attack of diphtheria. I was just over it when I went hunting, and got a relapse. Kidney trouble set in. It would come back every spring and fall for three or four weeks. Of course, the attacks became more severe, and in the intervals I was of little use to myself or anyone else."

A year ago last fall I got so bad that two doctors were attending me daily. It was Bright's disease, they said. They said, too, that if I got over that attack I would not be able to work for six years. Before long they gave me up altogether, and said my death was but a matter of a few weeks. It was then that some one brought me a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took fifteen boxes, and was cured."

"I continue to take the Pills occasionally, especially after heavy lifting. Now I can do a heavy day's work and feel first-rate after it. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone that I know has kidney trouble."

—Neither a great fact, nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any other great thing, can be fathomed to the bottom in a moment of time.—Ruskin.

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