

Children's Department.

Courtesies to Parents.

Parents lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine.

Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which our lips may quaff and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do; but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and made her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough for his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah! but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities, and make the journey less wearisome.

Material aid is good so far as it goes, but it was not that sustaining power which the loving sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has outgrown these weaknesses and follies, and is content with the crust that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention, your escort to church or concert, or for a quiet walk, brings back the youth of her heart; her cheeks glow, and her eyes sparkle with pleasure, and, oh! how proud she is of her son.

Exhaustion

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

A wonderful remedy, of the highest value in mental and nervous exhaustion.

Overworked men and women, the nervous, weak and debilitated, will find in the Acid Phosphate a most agreeable, grateful and harmless stimulant, giving renewed strength and vigor to the entire system.

Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Me., says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

Three Little Chicks

Three little chicks
Got into a fix,
Would you like to know what about?
Well, listen a minute,
There's something in it
It is well for you all to find out.

Hear the old hen say,
In an old hen's way,
That each little chick understood,
"O dear! O dear!
I dreadfully fear
You are all very naughty and rude!"

But they stretched up their necks,
And continued their pecks,
As they wickedly fought with each other;
And the hen saw beside her
A hairy, fat spider,
And then she knew what was the bother.

It hung by a thread
From the rafter overhead,
And Whity and Speckle and Gray
Each wanted the bite,
And you see how the fight
Began in the usual way.

Whity crowded off Speck,
And gave Gray a peck,
And said, "Go away; it is mine!"
But Speckle and Gray
Said emphatically, "Nay;
I am bound on that spider to dine!"

And now would you see
Just which of the three
Secured the prize he was after?
While they were fighting,
And scratching and biting,
The spider went home to the rafter.

And each little chicken
Had lost a good dinner,
And the spider might chuckle and say,
"Ha, ha, my fine chicks,
That is one of my tricks,
And I gain and you lose in that way!"

The old mother hen
Turned soberly then,
And said to her children three,
"You may see, if you chose,
How you always will lose
By acting so selfishly."

"You go hungry to bed,
With each a sore head,
While the spider sits up on the rafter
To enjoy your defeat,
In taking his meat,
And is shaking all over with laughter."

From this little fable
I am sure you are able
To learn what you all ought to know—
That selfish contention,
As I hardly need mention,
Will never a good thing bestow.

Singing in the Dark.

You do not know what a favor certain creatures make of their existence. It happened that the night was rather a dark one, and that was not at all to the taste of the pool, who grumbled from his very depth of depths, saying he was made for the light, to sparkle in the sun, not to lie there in the night, all black and cold. The water-lily on his surface rocked uneasily, closing up her petals as tightly as ever she could. The owl, sailing along noiselessly as a spirit, seated himself in a hollow trunk, and with a most melancholy "tu-whoo," declared night was very wearisome to him, and that he wished day would come, that he might cease his wanderings and rest. Then they all betook themselves each to his or her own different mode of self-consolation. The owl remarked that his wanderings must end some time or other, so he would endure until then; the pool gave a long sigh, oh! such a long one, saying he would "be resigned"; the water-lily owned that she had had bright times, to be sure, and said she would, in consideration of that, endeavor to be content. They were all martyrs—every one of them, according to their own thinking, creatures enduring hard times; and it was with a great lamenting over their misery

that they settled to resign themselves, as they said, to their appointed lot.

They all gave one sigh that went up with a weary sound.

"What is this?" was the inquiry of an old acquaintance—the night-wind—as he felt himself burdened with that voice of discontent.

"It is resignation," the pool said; and the other, not at all pleased, bore it upward. As he left them, and their murmur died away, there burst forth a song from among the trees at the end of the avenue; a long, sweet, trilling song which echoed through all nature with a sound of rejoicing.

"Is there any creature so mad or so much of a hypocrite as to pretend to be happy in this gloom?" grumbled the pool.

It was towards midnight when the wind next came slowly sweeping by, lifting the willow boughs, and ruffling for a moment the pool, which thereupon heaved and sighed again and again.

"Heigh-ho! sighing, what does it mean?" said the wind.

"Ah!" replied the pool, with another deep-drawn moan; "it means, —yes, it means resignation."

"Oh! indeed!" and the wind whistled as if it were amused, but added: "What are you so resigned about, if I may enquire?"

But the pool was not sure he could make him understand. "You see you are the night-wind," said he.

"I am; but what of that?"

"Why, night is all natural to you; but if you had been a creature made for the day, made, as I was, to sparkle in the light of the sun, you would know the misery of being condemned to the gloom of night."

The wind admitted that probably he might.

"And if so," continued the other, "what would you do, I should like to ask?"

Before the wind had time to answer, the song broke forth again, lingering with a flood of music on the midnight air.

When at last it sank into silence, there was a hush for some time, but by-and-by the pool spoke.

"Folly! what do you call all that?" said he in his most contemptuous tone.

"I call it resignation," answered the night-wind, quietly, and he sped away to carry the sweet notes upward.

"We are no such hypocrites, but we are resigned, you and I," said the pool to the water-lily; "we accept our lot."

"That's because you can't help it," remarked a voice; and a dip of the broad wing in the water told that the wind was listening yet.

"You never dreamed of this, did you, lily," continued the murmurer, "when the sunlight drew you up, up from the deeps, and wakened you into beautiful

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life? You never dreamed that that light was so soon to be withdrawn and you were to be left in the night?"

"Don't you go to make her discontented," interrupted the watchful wind; and then he went to the water-plant, whispering, "Never fear; there is a morning coming yet, lily."

"I never dreamed of it, that is certain," complained the pool; "I never dreamed, when first I glittered in the light, that I was ever to be left so cold and miserable. Indeed, I could not endure it but for the thought that, as you have just observed, there is a morning coming yet." And then he relapsed into a melancholy silence.

Once during that night a single star, bright and beautiful, shone between the trees and down full into the water; whereupon the lily was gladdened, and whispered, "Cheer up, friend; don't you see a little light?" But the murmurer, not to be cheered by anything so trifling, met the kind little speech with rebuke.

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