

Childrens' Department.

HOW HOWARD BOUGHT THE BABY.

Howard is a little boy, only six years of age, and lives with his papa and mamma in a village in the State of Michigan. One day, he came running into the house, calling, "Mamma, mamma!" and seemed very much excited. His mother asked him what he wanted.

"I do wish," said Howard, "we could buy Mrs. Lamb's baby. He puts his little arms around my neck, and hugs me so cute."

"Buy Mrs. Lamb's baby!" exclaimed the astonished mother.

"Why, yes," answered the little fellow, "I will take care of him all the time. We can buy his clothes, too; and you won't be bothered one bit."

"But," said mamma, "Mrs. Lamb will charge more for her baby than we are able to pay."

"I know what we can do," said Howard. "We can trade something for him."

Mamma laughed, and said: "I don't think of anything I can spare, unless it may be the basin of soft soap the soap man left here this morning. But, as Betty is doating on that for scouring the kitchen floor, you will have to ask her about it."

Away went Howard to the kitchen.

"Take it along. Oh law! what a child!" said Betty, when Howard made known his wish.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Lamb was surprised, on answering a knock at her back door, to find there a small, red-faced boy, with a large basin of soap.

"I've come to buy your baby and all his clothes with this soap," said the little man.

As soon as Mrs. Lamb could speak for laughing, she said—

"Do you think I would be willing to part with my dear little baby for a basin of soap?"

"Oh, I do want him so much! can't you trade him for something?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Lamb, "I might trade him for a big boy that I wouldn't be obliged to carry in my arms."

"Oh, goody good!" exclaimed the delighted boy. "I'll trade Fred for him, and send him right over when he comes home from school." Fred was Howard's brother.

"Take the soap home, and I will put the baby in his cab, and you may come back and get him," said Mrs. Lamb. Howard ran home and told his mother that he and Mrs. Lamb had made a trade, and that he would soon have a sweet little baby all his own.

In a short time, Howard appeared at the front gate, looking very happy, indeed, and wheeling the baby carriage. "Mrs. Lamb says she will give me the clothes when Fred comes. She wants time to pick 'em all up," he explained to

his mother, who had been enquiring after the wardrobe. His mother told him that he had better amuse baby by wheeling the carriage about the lawn, and then returned to her sewing.

All went well for a time; but, by and by, the baby became tired and began to cry. Howard sang, turned somersets, whistled and played all sorts of pranks, but to no avail. The baby only cried the louder. He then in despair called his mother; but mother was too busy, and only reminded him of his promise. It was not long before Mrs. Lamb saw a tired and disgusted boy enter the gate with her baby screaming at the top of his voice.

"Mrs. Lamb," said Howard, "you needn't 'spect Fred over. I don't want to keep this baby always. When I do want him, I'll borrow him."

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—A lady tells this true story of two four-footed vagabonds:

"One day at a railway station I met a wretched little white cur, and I said, 'Come on and I will give you something to eat.' We went together into the dining-room, and after he had eaten a good meal, off he went in a hurry. 'He is not very grateful' I said to my husband. But much to my surprise, in a few moments there was a little scratch at the door, and when it opened, in walked my small friend, accompanied by a more lean and miserable specimen than himself. He seemed to say, 'Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Black, and if you will provide him with as good a dinner as you have given me, he will be much obliged.' Needless to say, they both had a meal which doubtless they remember to this day; after which they trotted away together, wagging their tails, as happy and contented as dogs could be."

JEAN AND HIS MOTHER.

Little Jean was playing in his neat French home, where the windows opened inward like doors, and the wooden shutters opened outward, like doors too. He had but one soldier, (the rest were all dead, killed in the last battle), and a cart without wheels as toys.

One soldier isn't much use; you can't have a battle, or a parade, or anything else that requires a full regiment; you can only make a sentry of him, and there's no fun in that. Jean thought so, and soon got tired of his play. He went to his mother, who was knitting near the window, and leaning on her lap.

"Mother, dear, tell me a tale." She had dropped her work, and was reclining in her chair, with half-closed eyes, thinking.

"Well, my darling, I will tell you why I was taught to knit.

"When I was a little girl, I used often to play in the room of Madame Daudet, the concierge, and one day she left me there alone, while she went to buy some eggs. On the bed lay a shawl she was knitting, which was worked in stripes of gay colors and nearly finished.

"Without knowing or thinking of the mischief I was doing, I took out the pins and began pulling at the wool. I was so delighted at seeing it come curling out, row after row, that I went on slowly pulling it, so that by the time Madame Daudet returned the work was nearly all undone, and there was a perfect tangle of wool on the floor. She was very angry, and took me, the tangled wool and what remained of the shawl, to my mother, who looked very grave when she heard what I had done.

"Madame Daudet said I was a very naughty girl, and that I ought to be well whipped.

"My good mother neither scolded nor beat me, but next day she began to teach me to knit, and day after day the teaching was patiently continued till I could knit fairly well.

"Then said my mother, 'You shall now knit a shawl for Madame Daudet, to replace that which you destroyed.'

"The shawl was commenced, and I was made to work at it every day for two hours, one of which was taken from my play-time. That shawl took a long, long time to make, but at last it was finished and presented to Madame Daudet.

"Now," said my mother, 'you can understand what mischief you did in pulling out madame's work.'

"I certainly did, and I never forgot the lesson."—*The Child's Pictorial.*

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed: Hallet & Co. will start you. Either sex; all ages. Those who commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

LENDING A HAND.

About forty years ago several haulers were employed in carrying pig iron from Braymbo to Queen's Ferry. Among the number was one William Griffiths, who is still alive. This man, when going down Tinkersdale one day with his load of iron, was accosted by a stranger, who chatted very freely with him. Among the questions, the stranger asked how much he got per ton for carrying the iron.

"Six and sixpence," said the carter.

"What weight have you on the cart?"

"About a ton and a half."

"And what do you pay for gates?"

"Eighteen pence."

"How much does it cost to keep the mare?"

"Thirteen shillings a week."

Presently they reached the foot of the Mill Hill. "How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, I mun get my shuder, and push up here."

"I'll help you a bit," said he, and he at once put his shoulder to the cart and pushed up the hill well.

When they reached the top the hauler said:

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"Well, well," said the stranger, "I don't know how the poor horse's legs are, but mine ache very much indeed. I suppose you can manage now?"

"Yes, thank you," said the hauler; and, wishing him good day, they separated. As soon as the stranger had gone, a tradesman asked Griffiths if he knew who had been helping him.

"No," said he, "he's a perfect stranger to me."

"That was Mr. Gladstone," said the tradesman.

"Mr. Gladstone!" responded the hauler, "I dun know what he'll think o' me, then, for I never Sir'd him, nor nothin'. I thought he was some farmer."

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