

Children's Department.

Is It You?

There is a child—a boy or girl,
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to,
Is it you?—it can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child;
I hope that wasn't you.

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few—
Who told a lie—yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know a boy,
I cannot love him though—
Who robs the little birdie's nest;
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know—
And I could love her, too—
But that she is so proud and vain!
That surely isn't you.

Are They Heathen?

We refer to the people of India often as heathen, but they are very like Christians in some things, and very unlike some boys who would be very indignant if they were called heathen. In India a certain bungalow was overrun with mice. Sir John Crowe, who has lived in India and written a book about it, says that a Hindu boy was hired to set traps and dispose of the mice. He bought a number of traps, and in great triumph took his employer to show him that in every trap there was a mouse. The days went by, but there were just as many mice in the bungalow. The boy's employer asked him what he did with the mice.

"Have you set the traps?"

"Yes, sahib."

"How many mice did you catch?"

"Fifty, sahib."

"What did you do with them?"

"Let them out again."

"But," said the master, "they were to be caught and killed."

Exhaustion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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, Maine 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."

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.
For sale by all druggists.

Keep up hope. There are thousands of cases where recovery from Consumption has been complete. Plenty of fresh air and a well-nourished body will check the progress of the disease. Nutritious foods are well in their way, but the best food of all is Cod-liver Oil. When partly digested, as in Scott's Emulsion, it does not disturb the stomach and the body secures the whole benefit of the amount taken. If you want to read more about it let us send you a book

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

"Oh, sahib, I never kill anything," replied the boy.

Even insects that torment men are not injured by the Hindu children. When we see how cruel boys especially can be to dogs and cats, how ready they are to stone birds and rob birds' nests, one thinks there are heathen at home.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old Physician, retired from practice having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Words.

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;

You can't do that way when you're flying words.

'Careful with fire' is good advice, we know;

'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so;

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;

But none can kill a word when it is said."

Grandma Carrol's Visit.

I am sure you will say, 'What a dreadful story Daisy Carrol is telling us!' But it is true. It was a year ago, and I was only eight. Now I am nine and should be more sensible. But I was a foolish little thing then, and so, Fred—but I must tell my story.

My Grandma Carrol was coming to see us. She was my father's mother. Grandma May was my mother's mother, and lived just a little way up the river, and we used to go and see her very often, and she came to see us, too. But Grandma Carrol lived in Canada, and even mamma had never seen her but once, before there was any me in the wide, wide world. That was funny, but it was so, because mamma wouldn't tell me so unless it was. Fred was the only, onliest baby, and they took him, and they travelled and travelled, and they came to grandpa's home; and out of the window you could hear such a strange sound. What do you think it was? The Falls of Niagara. And

they used to ride out to look at them.

Mamma said that I must try to behave well while my grandma was there, and not be naughty. She said grandma had English ideas about children, and expected them to sit up straight, and speak when they were spoken to, and obey without asking why, when they were told to do anything; but that she was very kind and good. To tell the truth, I was just the least little bit afraid of my grandma Carrol.

So when the day came that she was really expected, and papa and mamma went to meet her at the depot, and I was left at home, and was told that if by any accident they failed to meet grandma, and she came alone, I must receive her and be as polite as possible, I really felt a little afraid. Of course, as soon as papa and ma were gone Fred went away too.

Bridget was in the kitchen cooking, and I felt dreadfully lonesome, and began to wish something would happen. It did. At the very moment there came a great knock at the door, and I knew just as well as though I could see through it that my Grandma Carrol had come. Of course, people generally ring the bell and wait until they are let in, but Fred has a habit of leaving the door open. So up I jumped in a hurry, and there, to be sure, was a lady standing in the hall. She wore a big storm-cloak and a large hat, with a blue veil tied all about it, and under it a white cap, and she carried a blue umbrella by the very middle, and when she saw me she shook it at me, and said in such a strange voice:

"What do you mean, child, by keeping me outside so long? Is this the way people bring up their children in the States? I'm your Grandma Carrol. I've come all the way from Canada to see you, and here I'm kept waiting until you please to let me in. I shall go home again directly—directly."

"Oh, dear me! Please don't do that, Grandma Carrol," I said. "Mamma and papa have gone to the depot to meet you, and I was watching at the window. I didn't hear you until just this minute. I am very glad to see you, and I hope you are well, and have had a pleasant journey. Won't you please sit down in the rocking-chair and rest, and shall I take your things?"

"No, you shall not, until I tell you; I'm not sure I'll stay yet. Come, tell me your name."

"My name is Daisy, Grandma Carrol," I answered, as well as I could for sobbing.

"Daisy, Daisy!" she cried, shaking her umbrella at me. "Nonsense; that can't be true. Daisy is the name of a flower."

Hood's

Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier and building up medicine leads everything ever produced. It is positively the best. Others may make the same claim. But there's this difference: *We prove it.* Not by antiquity, but by *Merit*. Not by what we say, but by what Hood's Sarsaparilla does. It has a record of Cures unequalled in medical history. It positively, perfectly and permanently cures when all other medicines fail. That the keen discrimination of the people recognizes its merit and the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, is shown by the fact that they buy Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference and to the exclusion of all others.

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the peculiar combination, proportion and process used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla, and which give it merit peculiar to itself. This is the secret of its wonderful power, of its wonderful sales, of its wonderful hold upon the confidence of the people. This is why it cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Rheumatism, all Humors, Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, That Tired Feeling, builds up the nerves, creates an appetite and strengthens the whole system. Its merit, its sales, its

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Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. Easy to take, easy to operate. All druggists. 25 cents.

"But my name is Daisy, please," I said.

"Then I'll have it done over," she said sharply, "I'll have you named Florabella Arabella Rosabella Victoria. I won't have a grandchild christened after a weed."

"Oh! oh! oh! I didn't know it!" I said, breaking right down and crying aloud.

"Stop crying, or I'll call the chimney-sweep to put you in his bag," she

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