

For Boys and Girls

From Rockaway Beach to Bedford Town.

By Martha Burr Banks.

Every day, when the sun goes down,
The babies are off to Bedford town;
All of the little folks, grave or gay,
Down by the river of Rockaway.
A mother's lap is each bonnie boat;
The Lullaby Lady will set it afloat;
Little Ed Lazzyd pushes from shore,
Good Fairy Dreams lends her aid at the oar;

Nod, nod goes each weary young crown,
And it's all aboard for Bedford town.

Rock, rock, they ride over the billows;
Sleep, sleep, mother-arms are the pillows;
Glide, glide over the rippling tide,
As the eyelids drop and the dimples hide;
Swing, swing, while the mother shall sing
Of lands in the meadow, of birds on the wing;
The stars light their lanterns afar in the sky,
Each tired little daisy-bud closes its eye,
While the babies, steadily drifting down,
Drop into the harbor of Bedford town.
—The Outlook.

Jack and Jill's First Visit to the Seashore.

Jack and Jill were two of the prettiest little horses you ever saw in your life. Roth had the glossiest black coats and long silky tails, and the only way you could tell them apart was that Jill had a little white star on her forehead and Jack had none.

The day after their mistress arrived at the seashore, where she had taken a pretty cottage for the season, she said to John, the coachman:

"John, you can give Jack and Jill a good run around the field this morning; it will do them good."

When Jack and Jill found themselves with only light ropes around their necks, absolutely free to run and jump around the green field, no poor children sent for an outing on a Fresh-Air Fund ever seemed more overjoyed than they. Jack straightway got on his back and rolled over and over on the grass in his delight. Jill immediately following suit. Then after they were tired of this sport, Jack stood still a moment sniffing the fresh salt breeze in the sunlight, and then off he galloped the whole length of the field and then back again, forward and back, and Jill came galloping after, but, as you will be glad to know, neither fell down and broke his crown.

Presently both Jack and Jill stopped to take breath at the stone wall nearest the beach. They saw the cool waves breaking along the smooth, hard sand, and Jack turned his head to Jill as if to say, "Shall we go?" and Jill, looking back as plainly as could be, "Yes, let's what a lark!" And then, with one bound, the two little horses jumped over the wall and daintily trotted down the long slope of the beach. At the water's edge they stopped again, side by side, and Jack lifted up one hoof in the air, and again looked at Jill as if inquiring, "Do we dare?" and again Jill responded "Yes," and the two horses went gently against their warm skins. Finally they were in shoulder-deep, and again Jack turned as if to say, "What do you think?" and "Let's swim," responded Jill, as plainly as possible, as she gave a delighted snort and began to move her legs in and out. So the two horses, with faces seaward, swam and swam and swam, as delighted as two children with their first experience of the water, but adapting themselves to it as no two children in the world ever did.

In the meantime John, the coachman, was becoming more and more alarmed. He had watched the horses go down to the beach, and had expected that, of course, they would turn back as soon as they reached the water. To his astonishment, they went further and further in, paying no attention to his loud exhortations to return, and when he saw them swimming off, as if they fully intended visiting the old country before their return, his consternation knew no bounds, for he knew their strength would give out long before they could cover even the distance they had gone. Over the stone wall leaped John, and along the beach the quarter of a mile to the United States Life Saving Station he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Quick!" he shouted to the astonished sailor who sat smoking in the doorway. "Quick! get a boat out, or our horses will drown before our eyes!"

As quick as a flash out ran the boat along the pulleys, and four strong sailors were rowing with might and main to the horses, now becoming exhausted. Neither Jack nor Jill knew enough to turn around, and were swimming with hard, quick breaths, as the boat at last caught up with them.

MELLIN'S FOOD

"I have been an invalid for three years and a half and still enjoy my daily cup of MELLIN'S FOOD and Milk as much as ever. Plain milk alone does not suit me but when mixed with the food it digests perfectly. Such an agreeable and digestible preparation as Mellin's Food is a great blessing to sick people."

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John, who was in the stern, finally managed to get hold of Jack's halter and a grateful neigh from the tired horse repaid the sailors for all their exertions. Slingsing a longer noose around Jill's neck, she again came following after, as Jack was gently turned around. Both horses, with the sight of the shore and the sound of John's familiar voice, were encouraged to fresh exertions, and though at last almost exhausted, they kept afloat till they were again able to walk on the sand to the beach. The moment they were out of the water they fell exhausted on the beach, and it required a stiff dose of whisky for each horse and a brisk rubbing down by John before they regained enough strength to walk to the stable. Jill next day could hardly stand for lameness, and Jack seemed a year or two older; but as they looked out of their round windows on to the deep blue sea, Jack looked at Jill as if to say, "But it was a lark, wasn't it?" and Jill responded with an appreciative neigh that plainly meant a "yea."—The Outlook.

Can't Afford It.

"Don't keep turning her head so much, Ruthie."

"Why not?"

"Because mamma says it might break."

"Ho! I don't believe it will. It feels as strong. I want to see how far around it will go."

So she twisted Mariana's head to the right, now to the left, until the poor thing looked helplessly over first one shoulder and then the other. Bessie was fixing the lunch table, and once in a while gave an uneasy glance at Ruth.

Mariana was a doll that could do almost anything but walk and talk. Her eyes would open and shut, and her joints turn after head turned so that she could look either way in a manner which Ruth thought very cute and cunning. But as she kept on Ruth all at once heard a little snuffing sound, and the head back again an ugly crack came in the pretty neck. When she tried again the crack grew louder.

"O dear," she said, as Bessie came to look. "What is the matter?"

"Don't," said Bessie, as Ruth still tried to turn the head.

"See, it's broken. I don't believe it will ever turn again."

Tears came into her eyes. It was so hard not to say something angry to Ruth that she wisely followed a bit of advice often given by mamma: "When you find yourself tempted to say something unkind get out of the room for awhile."

She went out of the room, leaving Ruth feeling very miserable. Indeed, here was Mariana, Bessie's very best doll, the most beautiful one Ruth had ever seen, broken. Ruth placed her in her own little chair and there she sat gazing in a most uncomfortable fashion over her left shoulder. After awhile Bessie came back into the room. She laid Mariana in her bed, saying:

"There, dearie, you've got a bad crook in your neck, so you must go to bed."

Then going to Ruth she said:

"Come, Ruthie, we'll play with the other dolls."

"But," said Ruthie, with a little snuff, "I feel so bad about it—it's dreadful."

"Yes, so 'tis. It's so dreadful that we can't afford to feel bad about it."

"What?" said Ruthie in surprise.

"That's just the way 'tis. Here you've come to spend the day with me and have a splendid time. Mariana's broken, and that's dreadful enough without making things worse. Don't you see, we can't afford to spoil our nice day for it."

"Well, you're queer," said Ruth. "Who told you all that?"

"I was feeding her canary. She didn't tell me I might. I let it out, and oh, the cat caught it, and that was the end of that poor little bird. Cousin Bertha cried a little at first. I went to my room and was going to cry all day. I felt so badly. But pretty soon she came to me, so sweet and bright, and said: 'Come, Bessie, when a thing is very bad we can't afford to fret about it. Didn't you, Cousin Bertha?' cried Bessie, rising her voice as a pretty young lady was passing the door."

"She came in, expressing sympathy for the poor crooked-necked doll, adding:

"Yes, that's right, little girlies. It is a bad business, but how much worse it would be if you let it take all the sunshine out of your day and the smile off your faces."—The New York Observer.

A New Boy at School in China.

Everyone knows the absurd character to Occidentals—of Chinese conversation, but every fresh account of a first interview with a Chinaman with whom etiquette must be observed is a new entertainment. A gentleman who was for a long time at the head of a school in China, who was patronized by Chinese, has contributed to an exchange an account of the usual interview which took place between him and the father of a boy brought to the school.

The Chinese gentleman is escorted to the reception-room, and both he and the teacher shake their hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a water-pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea."

The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"What is your honorable kingdom?"

"The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America." This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" This means, "How old are you?"

"I have vainly spent 30 years."

"Is the honorable and great man of the household living?" He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children, have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

"When the Chinaman comes to business, 'Venerable master,' he says, 'I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge.'"

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor, and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are made for his sleeping-room, and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave.

"I have tormented you exceedingly today," he says.

"Oh, no, I have dishonored you!"

As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

With the Poets.

Service.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone,
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all;
Near to thee it chanced to fall.

Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born;

He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask.
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.

His shall be no stumbling feet,
Failing where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends unto him shall be true;

Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform,
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.
—E. R. SILL.

One Way of Love.

I cannot measure for thee, drop by drop,
Thy draught of love, my hands,
Dear, tremble so,
Behold the chalice! How the bright drops glow!

And still I pour, although thou bidst me stop,
Till the rich wine mounts to the goblet's brim,
And the dry earth receives the overflow.

Too generous I am? Beloved, no! Love's hand should count its gift is a weak prop
Whereon to stay a weary human heart.

Yes, let me closer still; perchance I may,
Clasped in thine arms, forget the dreary day.

When thou dost love, my life, my soul's best part,
In cold satiety will turn thee round,
And dash the poor cup, broken, to the ground.
—ELIZA C. HALL.

Two Rooms.

A beautiful room with tinted walls,
A bust where the colored sunlight
A lace-hung bed with a satin fold—
A lovely room all blue and gold—
And weariness.

A quaint old room with rafters bare,
A low white bed, a rocking-chair,
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,
An open door—and all within
Peace and content.
—ANNA JANE GRANNIS.

A Laugh--A Smile.

Fogg says that everything at his house is done by rule—the rule of three, he explains; his wife, his wife's mother, and the hired girl.

German Friend—De picture you haf bainted is most butiful; dere is only von vord in the English language which describes it—and I haf forgotten it.

Professor—Give me the names of the bones that form the human skull.

Medical Student—I've got them all in my head, but I can't recall 'em their names.

Miss Scragg—Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night, I saw a man, and oh, my, how I ran!

Little Willy—And did you catch him, Miss Scragg?

"Sister McGinnis, you must exercise patience with your husband's infirmities."

"Dr. Fourtully, the weather is too warm for such exercise, and I won't."

Little Dot—"I don't see how the cows can eat grass."

Little Dick—"I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keep saying to their children, 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

"Your friend, Van Dooze, is a great Practical Joker, I believe."

"Yes, but he is not my friend any more."

"What's the matter?"

"I played a joke on him the other day."

One exceedingly warm day in July a neighbor met an old man, and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," said Joe, "if it wasn't for one thing I should say we were going to have a thaw."

"What is that?" inquired the friend.

"There's nothing froze," said Joe.

Mother of Nine—Well, Bridget, I am quite sure she shan't have to do any stockings in heaven after ten o'clock at night.

Bridget—Shure, an' that's thrufe for you, mam, for all the pictures of angels that Ivor I saw was barefooted.

A visitor to Wexsex inquired of an old man if he knew Thomas Hardy, and received the following "delicious bit of depreciation" in answer: "O, the written chap! I've read some of his works. They says 'tis a gift. Seems to me 'tis just written—just silted down an' written, an' not done! 'Tis the One True Bird Purifier. It's great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for 'Swayne's Ointment.' LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Wholesale Agents."

An editor who is also postmaster at Great Bend, Mo., offers a year's subscription to his paper at \$1, agreeing that the paper shall be sent free if Bryan is beaten.

How to Cure Skin Diseases
Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures, tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, healthy, and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Wholesale Agents."

A suitable description.
"Come, old man, tell me what your fiancée is like."

"Well, she is a high-grade girl with a '66 expression; weighs 112 pounds and has the narrowest tread I ever saw. Her voice has a tone that is all its own, and her heart is built like a watch, her disposition is perfectly adjustable, and her temper comes with a brake, and she isn't the sort to be frightened because life isn't all asphalt."

Missard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

GREAT MEN AS LOVERS

Not a Whit Less Silly Than Their Intellectual Inferiors.

Addison fell in love with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, but she did all the courting, and gave him no trouble in that regard.

When Helme was in love he was so jealous that he poisoned a parrot belonging to his mistress, for fear it would claim too much of her affection.

Byron was crazily jealous of every woman he ever loved. His loves were almost innumerable, and sooner or later he made every one miserable.

Thomas Moore, was always in love. The names of no less than fourteen different ladies to whom he vowed eternal fidelity are to be found in his poems.

Walter wrote his most pleasing poetry of Sacharissa. After she rejected him, he, in a letter to a friend, said, "She is only a red-headed drab, anyhow."

Alfred de Musset fell in love with George Sand, and when she tired of him, as she did of everyone else, he took to absinthe, and soon succeeded in drinking himself to death.

When Sterne was in love, he sent his sweetheart, Mrs. Draper, "a pot of sweetmeats and a pot of honey, neither of which contains half the sweetness peculiar to yourself."

When Goethe was first in love he carved upon a tree in a neighboring forest a couple of hearts, united by a scroll, and a little later received a sound thrashing from the forester for damaging the tree.

Beethoven almost went crazy over the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi. He calls her "My Immortal Beloved," and declares his love to her in his "Ever mine! Ever each other's! Amen."

Alfred fell in love with a noble lady of Turin, and determined to effect a cure, his hand tied in a chair and remained thus for a month, during which time he wrote "Cleopatra," and established his reputation as a poet.

General Pittman, the sturdy American hero, fell in love with a young girl at a festival in which the pairing of apples for drying was the long employment. He tossed one long peeling over his shoulder, after the manner of the fortune-telling, then common, and it fell in the shape of an initial on her name—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A REGULAR CRIPPLE.

The Story of an Old Settler in Dufferin County.

Suffered Terribly With Rheumatism, and Used One Remedy, and Applied to Turn in Bed—Friends Thought He Could Not Recover.

From the Economist, Shelburne, Ont.

Almost everybody in the township of Melancthon, Dufferin county, knows Mr. Wm. August, J.P., postmaster of Augustus, Mr. August, now in his 77th year, came to Canada from England forty years ago, and for 38 years has been a resident of Melancthon.

During some 30 years of that time he has been a postmaster, and for eleven or twelve years was a member of the township council, for some years holding the position of reeve. He has also been a justice of the peace since the formation of the county. It will thus be seen that Mr. August stands high in the estimation of his neighbors.

In the winter of 1894-95 Mr. August was laid up with an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, being confined to the house and to his bed for about three months. To a reporter of the Economist, Mr. August said: "I was, in fact, a regular cripple. Suspended from the ceiling over my bed was a

ropo, which I would seize with my hands, and thus change my position in bed or rise to a sitting posture. I suffered as only those racked with rheumatic pains could suffer, and, owing to my advanced age, my neighbors did not think it possible for me to recover. I had read much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last determined to give them a trial."

He commenced taking the pills about Feb. 1, 1895, taking at the outset one after each meal and increasing to three at a time. Within a couple of weeks I could notice an improvement, and by the first week in April I was able to be about as usual, free from the pains, and with but very little of the stiffness. I continued the treatment a short time longer, and found myself fully restored. It is now nearly a year since I discontinued taking the Pink Pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble in that time. I have no hesitation in saying that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

These pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous headache, all nervous troubles, palpitation of the heart, after effects of grippe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six for \$2.50. See that the company's registered trade mark is on the wrapper of every box offered you, and positively refuse all imitations or substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Remember no other remedy has been discovered that can successfully do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A SUITABLE DESCRIPTION.

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