

The Children's Page

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS SCHOOL.

The great white elephant left the show, He said he was too refined; The ways of a circus did not suit His most superior mind.

"A creature as big and wise as I Should be teaching school," said he; "And all the animal little folks My scholars they shall be."

So into an empty schoolhouse near He marshalled them all one day; 'Twas in vacation time, and so The children were all away.

The kittens and puppies, the pigs and geese, Were put to work with a will; But the squirrel and fox to the platform went Because they would not keep still.

And then he began to teach his school The various things he knew; "There's much not down in the books," said he, "That you ought to know how to do."

And first he showed how to flap the ears, But their ears were far too small; And then he showed how to waddle the trunk, But they had no trunk at all.

The only thing that he taught his school, That the scholars accomplished well Was when he called in the peanut man And taught them the nuts to shell.

The elephant soon dismissed his school And packed up his trunk to go; "For, after all, my talents," said he, "Are best displayed in a show."

—St. Nicholas.

UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come wife," says good old farmer Bray, "Put on your things; 'tis market day; Let's be off to the nearest town— There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot! No, we'll leave old Spot behind."

But Spot he barked and Spot he whined, And soon made up his doggy mind To steal away under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face. "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, But I'm very glad he's left at home. He'll guard the barn and guard the cow, And keep the cattle out of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot, The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold, And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started home just after dark— Home through the lonely forest, Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree; "Your money or else your life," said he. The moon was out, yet he didn't see The little dog under the wagon.

Old Spot he barked, old Spot he whined, And Spot he grabbed the thief behind And dragged him down in mud and dirt, He tore his coat, he tore his shirt. He held him with a whisk and bound, And he couldn't rise from the miry ground; While his legs and arms the farmer bound, And tumbled him into the wagon.

Old Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife, And now a hero, grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day; And everywhere his master goes, Among his friends, among his foes, He follows upon his horny toes, The little dog under the wagon.

WHAT TOLD GRANDMA.

The sun is bright, the sky is clear, But grandma says a storm is near; And when I asked how she could know, She said the peacock told her so. When, perching on the old fence rail, He screamed so loud and dropped his tail; And the shy cuckoo on the wing Repeated over the same thing; And "More wet!" all the bob-whites cried.

That in the grassy meadows hide, The soot that from the chimney fell Came down, it seems, this news to tell. The kettle sang the self-same tune When it boiled dry so very soon; The grass this morning said so, too, That hung without a drop of dew; And the blue swallows, flying low Across the river, to and fro. So all these told her very plain That ere the evening it would rain; But who told them, and when, and how? That's what I want to find out now.

THE BEST LIFE.

Do not hurry, Do not worry, Grip your purpose and be true, Days must measure God's own pleasure When this truth is plain to you, Then be steady, Always ready; Never murmur, do your part, Light each duty With the beauty Of a wholesome, happy heart.

SMOKERS' CANCER.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

THE LOST DOLL.

There was once a doll whose name was Jennie Bluebell. She was named for a maiden aunt and a flower, and she was very proud of it. "You do not meet many dolls with such a name," she said to a rubber ball that lived in the same house with her.

"No, indeed," said the ball, who had no special name of his own. Jennie Bluebell had black hair and blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and on her feet were painted gilt shoes that shone like gold.

"I am made of china," she said to the ball, "and so are the vases in the parlor. They are my near relations. We are all most refined and delicate, if I do say it myself, and must be handled with care."

"Can you bounce?" asked the ball, politely. "Bounce!" cried the doll. "Horrible! Not one of our family ever did such a thing."

"It is easy to do," said the ball, and he rolled off the table where he had been lying and bounced on the floor, for he was very active. While he was doing this, the little boy and girl to whom the toys belonged came running in. It was their playtime, and they were going to a meadow near their home.

"I'll beat you there," said the little boy to his sister. And he picked up the ball from the floor and hurried away. The little girl followed him; but she was so afraid of dropping Jennie Bluebell, whom she carried in her arms, that she could not run fast, and she was still on the road when the little boy climbed the meadow stile.

There was grass planted in the meadow; but on one side near the fence there was a narrow path which led to an oak-tree, and under the tree no grass had been planted, for it was the children's play place. Their father had hung a swing in the tree for them, and there was a sand pile on the ground underneath the spreading branches, and the birds saug overhead the livelong day—oh, it was a pleasant place, and the children loved to be there.

"Let's play catch with my ball," said the boy, when his sister had reached him. "As soon as I make a bed for my doll," she answered. And she parted the long grass that grew like a hedge about the playground and laid Jennie Bluebell down in it very tenderly.

"How glad I am," thought the doll, "that I am not thrown about like that poor rubber ball. My nerves could never stand it."

The rubber ball would have laughed to hear her, for he was having a glorious time. "How glad I am," he said to himself, as he flew from one child to the other, "that I do not have to keep still all the time like the china doll. This is what I call fun."

The children thought it was fun, too, and they played until the dinner bell called them to dinner. "I'll get to the house before you do," said the little boy.

"Wait, wait, till I get Jennie," called his sister. "I put her right here, at least I thought I did. Why, I can't find her," she cried as she hurried from place to place. The green grass all looked alike to the anxious child; and, though she parted it with her hands again and again, hoping each time to see Jennie Bluebell's smiling face looking up at her, the dear doll was nowhere to be found.

The little boy ran back to help her search; but it did no good, and at last they both gave up looking and went away sorrowfully.

"Perhaps the fairies have taken her away," said the little girl, who was almost crying. "Or a rabbit," suggested her brother. "Father saw one in the field yesterday."

But rabbits or fairies had nothing to do with the lost doll. She lay all the while in the very spot where the little girl had put her. The grass had swayed back into place and hidden her from sight; and, though she called, "Here I am, here I am," with all her might, she could not make herself heard.

"I shall have to lie here all the rest of my life," she cried. "And I wish something would fall on me and break me to pieces right now."

She did not really wish this thing, for, when a cow that had gotten into the meadow came walking by with her heavy tread, the doll called out, "Be careful where you step."

It was lonesome in the meadow, and the doll longed for some one to keep her company. "Tis true that a family of beetles, who had their home under an old log in a corner of the field, came out to look at her and even crawled on her dress; but she had nothing to say to them, and was glad when they went away.

"I shall not close my eyes all night," she said to herself when it began to grow dark; and she did not. She lay on her back and stared into the darkness till the rooster crowed for morning, and the sky grew bright again.

Almost as soon as it was light she heard a noise in the meadow. Swish, swash! Swish, swash! It sounded. The farmer was cutting his grass with his sharp-bladed scythe, but the doll did not know this; and, when the grass in which she lay fell down in a heap upon her, she thought the end of everything had come.

"What in the world has happened?" she asked a grasshopper, who had been caught in the fall. "That is just what I should like to know myself," cried he. And he struggled up toward the sunlight, and never came back; for it was difficult traveling in a new-mown field.

The children did not come to the meadow that day or the next, and the doll gave up all hope of being found. "They have gone to visit their grandparents," she said. "I heard them talking about it the day I was lost. They have forgotten me, and I shall never see them again."

The very next day, however, they came to the meadow to help their father rake the grass, which the sun

by this time had dried into sweet-smelling hay. They had been on a visit, sure enough; and as they worked they talked of the things they had done while they were away from home. The china doll could hear every word they said.

"I rode grandma's horse to water two times all by myself," said the little boy. "And I fed grandma's chickens every day with corn," said his sister. "Grandpa plants corn in his fields," said the boy. "You can't rake corn."

"I love to rake hay," said the girl, "and mamma says that I may find Jennie Bluebell when all our hay is raked."

Ah! how the china doll's heart leaped with joy when she heard that! "Here I am, here I am," she cried. And, as if in answer to her call, the grass was lifted from her, and she lay in the sunny field right before the little girl's eyes.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the child, "here she is, my precious doll! I never was so glad in all my life!" "Nor I," said Jennie Bluebell to the rubber ball when she was safe in the house again. "I have had a dreadful time. My dress is faded, and I am afraid my shoes are, too, and I feel years older."

"I am older myself," said the rubber ball, who had a dimple in his cheek, which is always a sign of age in a ball. "But we are well loved, and that is enough to make any one happy."

And I agree with the rubber ball, don't you?—Maud Lindsay, in Kindergarten Review.

They Wake the Torpid Energies. — Machinery, not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

HOW JOHNNY WAS CURED. Johnny was a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim: "Pooh! That's nothing! Who could do that?"

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting-room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: "Look at my drawing. I did it to-day at school. Isn't it good?" "Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew. It beats yours all hollow."

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing. "I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny, "you need not try to draw, for girls can't make even a straight line."

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading and mamma and Alice were busy with their lessons.

"At last I have finished my hem," remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously. "Pooh!" said mamma, contemptuously, "that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!"

The children looked up quickly, for who would have believed she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing. "Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake," said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

"Pooh! That's nothing," replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. "You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age."

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her father.

THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

There are three periods of a woman's life when she is in need of the heart strengthening, nerve toning, blood enriching action of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

The first of these is when the young girl is entering the portals of womanhood. At this time she is very often pale, weak and nervous, and unless her health is built up and her system strengthened she may fall a prey to consumption or be a weak woman for life.

The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles. A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. Fortify the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and thus ride over this dangerous period. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, for I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

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generally loved father, and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything, and work went on as before. Johnny was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the children continued their studies.

"My flowers look so well. I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again," remarked mamma. "Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter," said grandma, contemptuously.

"What is the matter with everybody?" thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocery's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he had "tipped the beam" at one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and that was doing "pretty well" for him, mamma said, crossly: "Pooh! You call that doing pretty well? Old Mr. Benson weighs two hundred and twenty-five, and no one ever heard him bragging of it."

Everybody laughed; papa shouted, it was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

Johnny saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to "smell a mouse," as the saying goes. "Papa," said he, "what are you all laughing about? Is it at me?"

"Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting of our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded; but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it."

Johnny looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered whether he was as disagreeable as the older folks that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit.

It Reaches the spot.—There are few remedies before the public to-day as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has demonstrated its powers in thousands of instances and a large number of testimonials as to its great value as a medicine could be got were there occasion for it. It is for sale everywhere.

ROVER A SMART COLLIE.

Until a few months ago he was known as the Black Diamond mystery. The Black Diamond Express is the fastest thing on the Leigh Valley, says the New York Sun.

Going west the Black Diamond scoots over a crossing two miles east of Burdette, a hamlet in Seneca County, not far from Watkins' Glen, N.Y., at 7.30 o'clock every evening, if she's on time. The head of the Black Diamond is Conductor G. M. Pierce, of Buffalo, who, except for his big frame, reminds one greatly of the late United States Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts.

One fine evening about a year ago Conductor Pierce noticed on a little elevation near the Burdette crossing a splendid Scotch collie, ears erect, watch narrowly the approach of the train. As it passed the crossing the dog turned deliberately and trotted back toward the hills.

The next night, same dog, same place; same result. Next night ditto, and so on for a week.

Conductor became interested. So did all the other regulars on the train. They wanted to know why the dog came down from somewhere every night to meet the train. After a week had run by Conductor Pierce said:

"I'll try an experiment to-morrow night, and we'll slow down a little at the crossing and see what happens."

After the train pulled out of Wilkes-barre, the following night, Mr. Pierce made up a bundle of the latest editions of the New York afternoon papers, and when the train approached the Burdette crossing he went out on the platform of the observation car and threw the bundle toward the dog.

The collie gave a quick, sharp bark, wagged his tail furiously and bounded toward the bundle, which he picked up in his mouth and trotted away over the hills.

Every night thereafter the dog got his bundle of papers. All of the regular passengers on the train and all of the crew wondered where the collie carried his burden, to whom he belonged and what was his name.

Conductor Pierce hit on a way of finding out. Into the bundle one evening he slipped his card, on which he wrote his address.

Not many days thereafter there came to Mr. Pierce's Buffalo home a letter from George M. Canfield, a well-to-do farmer of Burdette, in which the receipts of the papers were gratefully acknowledged, together with a little biographical sketch of the dog.

His name was Rover; he'd been in the Canfield family since he was a puppy, was the chum of the children, herded the cows and from pasture, drove the sheep and did pretty generally the work of a hired man about the farm. Whatever gave him the notion of going down to meet the train Mr. Canfield didn't know, but he had noticed many days before the first bundle of papers were brought home that Rover skeddaddled for somewhere immediately after he had brought up the cows from the pasture.

"And," continued the letter, "I have come to think since I have been getting the New York daily papers regularly that I'm probably 'the only farmer in the state living not far from 400 miles from New York who has the pleasure of reading editions of all the New York afternoon papers at his tea table. Somehow Rover must have gotten the old philosopher's notion that 'all things come to him who waits.'"

A LITTLE GIRL APOSTLE. (From the Missionary.) Lillian — was the daughter of a Unitarian minister. When only 7 years of age she became acquainted with a little Catholic girl of her own age who had just begun to go to Mass. Delighted with all she saw and heard at church, the latter would speak of

it to her little Protestant friend, who, being of an affectionate nature and ardent temperament, soon conceived the desire of being a Catholic. The care and vigilance of her parents prevented her from accompanying her young friend to church, but she was permitted frequently to visit her home. After many entreaties she induced the mother of the little girl to take her to see a priest.

To the surprise of the good father, who knew who her parents were, she told him that she wanted to be a Catholic, and begged him to baptize her. When he told her that he could not do so without her parents' consent, she began to weep and pleaded most earnestly, saying she was nearly eight years old; that she would always say she was a Catholic and be one, too. She said she felt that her parents, who idolized her, would let her have her way in this, as in all things.

Her father, who about this time had some misunderstanding with his church authorities, gave up the exercise of the ministry and began to engage in literary pursuits. He soon afterward removed with his family to N—, and was there prevailed upon by some Protestant acquaintances to send his two little daughters to a Catholic school, because of its well-known educational advantages.

Here the dear child had every facility for the pious practise of her own religion, but it was only after many fervent prayers and earnest pleading that she could induce her younger sister to embrace the faith. As she grew older her one desire was to see her parents enter the true fold, and in this she was joined by her sister. Prayers and sacrifices were multiplied. Their mother, who was a most gifted person and a writer of note, after much reading and study, became a fervent convert. Only their father remained out of the Church.

He was now quite elderly, was considered a remarkably learned man, and was the editor of a well-known literary magazine. His eldest daughter constantly begged him to read and study the truths of the Church, as her mother had done. To please her he finally consented to recite the Hail Mary daily, and soon after that began to show an inclination on his own part to examine seriously into the truths of faith. She was all anxiety to assist him to do so. Every mission or lecture that was given she would prevail upon him to go with her, and afterward to speak privately to the missionary father or lecturer. In this way he had argued with many, but, to her great disappointment, always came away unconvinced. "Now, father," she said to him one day, "you just have to come with me to St. S— (the academy from which she had lately graduated) and speak to Mother C—." He smiled at the idea, but went to please her. She insisted upon his telling all his doubts to the reverend mother, and our Divine Lord permitted that she should answer him in such a way, and so clearly and simply, that the venerable old white-haired gentleman, to her great confusion, went down on his knees and took her hand, which he reverently kissed, saying, with tears in his eyes: "Reverend Mother, you have convinced me; I now believe all the truths of your religion." He then went without delay to one of the Jesuit Fathers, with whom he had before conversed on religious subjects, and asked to be admitted into the Church. He requested that the ceremony of his baptism and that of his First Holy Communion should take place in the chapel of St. S—.

He was soon after confirmed and took the name of the Holy religious who had been instrumental in his conversion.

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ANNIE'S SURPRISE.

"I don't think it's so much fun to pick blackberries," said Elmer, as he trudged over the pasture lot toward the blackberry patch in the edge of the wood.

"It does get sort of common," admitted Mildred, "and you can't eat berries all the time."

"Say," said Elmer in sudden excitement, "there's a little girl with a pink apron right over there in our berry patch."

"Oh, dear, I hope she hasn't got all the big ones," said Mildred.

"I'm going to chase her right away," declared Elmer, and he started toward the offender.

The girl in the pink apron didn't run nor did she show the slightest fear when he approached her, so Elmer stopped to consider matters. You know you can't chase anyone if he persists in standing still.

"You get out of here," he shouted fiercely. "This is Farmer Hopkin's berry patch and he said I might pick these berries."

Then Elmer picked up a very sharp stick.

"I'm not afraid, 'cause gentlemen don't hit ladies with sticks."

"I wasn't going to hit you," he muttered. "Just trying to scare you."

"But I'm not scared," she said, and

went on picking berries as fast as she could.

So Elmer and Mildred turned their backs on her and began to fill their baskets.

But after a while the little girl in the pink apron said: "Say, I'm on a desert island and you are in a boat coming to me. Let's have this big patch for the island."

"All right," said Mildred in delight, and she began picking berries as she went. Elmer followed more slowly. He was a little cross yet at having failed to scare the stranger. "Aho, there," shouted the girl. "Look at that big rock near the shore. My boat broke all to pieces on that."

"We'll be careful," said Mildred. Elmer couldn't withstand the charms of this game any longer. "It is just terrible hard rowing in such big waters," he said.

"I know it is," was the sympathetic answer. "I do hope you won't get shipwrecked; but if you do, I'll help you out."

"Oh, I can swim," said Elmer, "and I could get my sister out. I can swim more than a hundred miles."

After some very hard rowing they reached the island. The little girl, whose name was Annie, stood on the shore to welcome them.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "I have been on this island ten years and it's awful lonesome."

"Oh, I hope we won't have to stay ten years," said Mildred. "I would not like to be away from mother that long, and, besides, I would get hungry."

"There's lots of things here to eat," said Annie. "This is Swiss Family Robinson's Island. Come over to the banana tree and pick a whole basketful."

It is surprising, but very true, that the blackberries tasted very different when one called them bananas, and the little baskets on the children's arms filled up much faster. The island was a most wonderful place. All sorts of fruit grew on the trees, and all sorts of birds and beasts lurked in the thickets. But Annie declared that all the animals were tame and her special pets, because Mildred was frightened when they spoke of seeing big bears or lions coming. They sat down to eat their lunch in a little nook in the bushes, which they said was the Swiss Family's cave.

Mildred was a generous little soul, and when she saw that Annie had nothing but bread and butter, she said they would have a picnic lunch all together. So Annie was given a share of the nice things that Mother White had put up for the children.

The afternoon waned too soon. Mildred and Elmer said good-bye to their new friend and started home. As soon as the bushes separated them, Mildred said eagerly: "Let's give Annie our berries. She hasn't any father, and her mother sells the berries to get money. Our mamma don't want any more, anyway. She said yesterday that she wasn't going to make any more jam."

"All right," said Elmer. "Let's go and put them in her big basket without telling her."

So they did and I suppose Annie wondered how her basket got so full. "It's lots of fun picking berries," said Elmer, as they ran across the pasture with empty baskets.

"Yes," said Mildred. "Let's go again to-morrow."

"We will," said Elmer.—Zelia M. Walters in Christian Standard.

HOW ANIMALS SWIM.

Most people think that all animals swim better than man, but a traveller asserts that this is not true. Camels, llamas, monkeys and giraffes never venture into the water if they can help it. Camels have been taught to swim when partly supported, and apes have been known to scramble across narrow streams when hard pressed, but llamas and giraffes always drown when forced into the water.

Nearly all other animals swim well on their first trial. Strange to say, certain members of the seal family which, when full grown, take their places among the best swimmers in creation, are at the beginning the most helpless.

The rodents are, perhaps, the most interesting swimmers. All the good swimmers among the rat family are also expert divers, and are able to raise or depress the body in the water at will.

The paws of hares and rabbits in swimming are like an ill-ballasted ship, down by the head. Like the squirrels, these two animals show great timidity in the water.

Roes, though good swimmers, move so slowly in water that a dog can outstrip them. The hippopotamus is, of course, at home in the water, but it is not so generally known that the elephant, too, is a splendid swimmer, and will often remain in the water thirty-six hours at a stretch, swimming all the time. As a general rule, they swim very deep in the water, only the top of the head and the back being visible, but occasionally—perhaps for their own satisfaction, or at the instigation of the mahout—they will swim high, even when they have a burden on their backs.

Of pigs it is commonly reported that they are so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they get their throats with their forefeet. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they dig their throats with their forefeet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels.

The lion fairly detests water. He will travel any number of miles to avoid putting his paws into it. In captivity a thimbleful of water thrown at him will make him jump back as if in great fear. When in the jungles, and he is forced to swim a stream, he does so exactly like a dog and very swiftly.

SURE THING.

Gunner—"And you say that tall man is playing for the heart of the beautiful Boston heiress. What chance has he? Why, he has a heart of ice."

Guyer—"Oh, he'll capture her all right. He is an official of the ice trust."

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Moland, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I proc