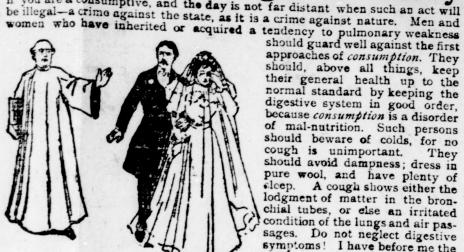
You Have No Right to Marry if you are a consumptive, and the day is not far distant when such an act will when such an act will be consumptive.



should guard well against the first approaches of consumption. They should, above all things, keep their general health up to the normal standard by keeping the digestive system in good order, because consumption is a disorder of mal-nutrition. Such persons should beware of colds, for no cough is unimportant. They should avoid dampness; dress in pure wool, and have plenty of cleep. A cough shows either the lodgment of matter in the bronchial tubes, or else an irritated condition of the lungs and air passages. Do not neglect digestive symptoms! I have before me the

portrait of a lovely young girl. When I first knew her she was but seventeen; at mineteen I saw her lying in the coffin, white and pure as the roses clasped in her attenuated fingers. Her first symptoms pointed to stomach trouble; but they were neglected. She grew frail and slender as a lily. Her lover—for she was engaged to be married—urged her to wed and go South with him; but she gently refused. Her family did not realize that the doom was upon her. Mothers, do not neglect such symptoms in your dear ones, or you may see them drifting from you, as did my dear young friend from her heart-broken mother. Stomach troubles are the initial symptoms of that fatal form of consumption which attacks the whole system, but does its most deadly work in the bowels. Tone up the stomach by means of some good preparation of herbs, and break up the cough with Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure. A grand remedy, pure, harmless, healing, tonic and expectorant. You will not waste

remedy, pure, harmless, healing, tonic and expectorant. You will not waste your money, for it is sold on a guarantee to refund the price if it fails to relieve.

Messre. S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.,

GENTLEMEN:—Three weeks ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled in my improve and brenchial tubes, giving evidence of a siege hable to last for months, as my previous colds had always affected me. More as an experiment than anything eise, I decided to try shich's Cough and Consumption Cure, and with most gratifying results. The first bottle disiodged the enemy; the second entirely expelled it from my system; and it is with sincere helled in its efficacy that I add my testimony to that of many others in its favor.

PIEBRE CUSHING, Rector of St. Mark's Church, Le Roy, N. Y.

P, P, The Three Helpers.

*Come, little ones, with earnest speed Begin your garden spot to till; Prepare the soil and sow the seed, And we will help you with goodwill."

So spake the generous helpers three Who, journeying on their different The children's allies meant to be All through the beauteous summer

One came with many a little ray To coax the seedlings from their bed;

One from the low clouds soft and gray In time of need his rain-drops shed. And one his frolic breezes brought; Around the garden space they ran,

The blossom-children to refresh, Each with a little perfumed fan. -Mary F. Butts.

Dolls.

It may interest some children to learn about the dolls that famous women have played with. When Charlotte and Emily Bronte were little girls they lived in a desolate section of the Yorkshire moors, and their chief pleasure was derived from playing with interested only in grown-up dolls, and among the grown-ups. they bestowed heroic names upon and he had armies of tin soldiers against Emily's Napoleon. Poems were were dedicated to them. The Bronce end was not so sad as that of Jane she piled on her favorite's bed all the doll's clothes, several lead pencils, and has, too. a few sticks of perfume, and she emptied over the funeral pyre a vial of perfume. Finally, with many tears, to the car, and at the touch of the she pretended that the doll had stab- driver's whip starts off and plods his bed herself, and placing the corpse on way along, nose down and ears laid the bed set fire to it. When the flames wearily back, for it is hard work, and arose her feelings gave way. She steadily and strong Ben pulls the car snatched it from the fire, but all too a mile or more to the end of the hill late. George Eliot loved her dolls by fits and starts. In "The Mill on the Sometimes h Floss" she writes of a little girl, Mag- there are passengers inside, anxious gle Tulliver, who kept in the garret a to get home to supper and a warm hideous wooden doll, lacking a head, fire, and has to be touched up with the one arm and a leg. When Maggie was whip to keep him from going to sleep, in trouble she went to the garret to for Ben is earning his ride now, and weep and drive nails into the forlorn he doesn't like it. But at the top of body of this wretched doll called "Fe- the hill he stops, is unhitched, and presented the fault for which Maggie end of the car and gets in, and the in life that she once possessed a doll side. Then the brakes are taken off, named Fetish, and that Maggie's be-

"Jean Ingelow's special favorite was now; right gaily he sniffs the fine dear children, that makes you feel so uncomfortable and unhappy after you went everywhere with her young friend, and was always gowned like But his rest is all too short. At the her mistress. An ill-advised bath on a hot day ruined Amelia's beauty and sawdust constitution, and she was pronounced by the family physician to be hitched on again for the pull up quite dead. Her funeral was largely the hill. When I first rode with the attended, and Jean's sorrow was such funny passenger I didn't like to sit that she never took another doll to her | very near his end of the car, but now heart. The New Work Sun tells an I feel like patting Ben and telling him interesting insident in the childhood of what a good/faithful old fellow he is, Florence Nightingale. Her dolls were and how glad I am I don't have to pay always ill. Time and again disease my fair as he does .- Youth's Companvisited the nursery and laid the dolls ion. so low that their lives were despaired of, but the little girl, who was to grow HOW GEN. GREELY WAS FOUND. up to be a ministering angel to thousands in real suffering, always pulled her babies through their worst at-

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ules, or droplets. We use machinery to do the work of the digestive organs, and you obtain the good effects of the digested oil at once. That is why you can take Scott's Emulsion.

> oc. and \$1.00, all druggists SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

go to bed, because a feverish rag baby Boys and Cirls. would need to be watched constantly. It was only when both nurse and mother assured the little girl that one of With one wise friend, or one them would sit beside the invalid that Florence consented to go to bed. When at the age of 14 George Sand heard someone laugh at the idea of a big girl playing with dolls, she concluded to give them up. With tears and hearty hugs she bid every one of them farewell and locked them up in a garret closet. At first the separation from her beloved playfellows was almost more than she could bear, and every day she would sit for an hour or two, sad and tearful, outside the closet door, sometimes whispering words of comfort through the keyhole to the poor exiles, but she never broke her vow to have done with dolls, and at last they were forgotten. When the dolls of Annie Thackery suffered an accident she went weeping to her father, and he assur-ed her gravely that all dolly needed was an interview with the family physician. Putting the toy in his pocket he would pretend to be off to the doctor's. Instead he went straight to a toy shop, had the doll repaired.

Paying His Fare.

and returned

his daughter.'

I wonder how many of the Companthe street cars every day? I suppose every one of you who does has to pay his fare when the conductor goes through the car to hunt you up in the crowd. Of course he never loses sight a number of wooden dolls. They were of you, even if you are hidden away

Well, I want to tell you about a very them. Charlotte's favorite play-fellow odd passenger who takes many rides was called the Duke of Wellington, on a street car every day, and with whom I have taken many a ride in this city away at the foot-hills of the written in their honor, and romances Rockies. This strange passenger never says a word, not even a "good morndolls had very exciting lives, but their ing" to the conductor when he gets on the car, though he is certainly old Welsh Carlyle's doll. Jane loved only enough to talk, and really cannot be one doll. When she began to trans- said to lack good manners, since he is late Virgil she was still very young; quiet and kind in his behavior. Then she decided, however, that it was time he carries neither money nor tickets to give up doll games. Accordingly with him, but earns his ride in quite

Sometimes he seems to forget that Every nail in Fetish's body re- walks around to a platform across the havior was the true story of her own long hill, with its strange passenger on behind. Ben is a different horse

It has doubtless been forgotten by many that Gen. A. W. Greely, who tacks. One night Florence assured has written a graphic article on "The Polar Bear" for the Youth's Companon, owes his rescue from starvation in the Arctic to Commodore W. S. Schley, now commanding the United States flying squaredon. Commodore Schley, in his book, "The Rescue of Greely," thus describes the finding of the explorer and the other frozen and starved survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition in July, 1884: On his hands and knees was a dark man with a long, matted beard * * * and brilliarit, staring eyes. As

Lieut. Colwell approached, he raised himself a little and put on a pair of eve-glasses. 'Who are you?" asked Colwell.

The man made no answer, staring Bridget?" asked the lady. at him vacantly. "Who are you?" again. One of the men spoke up: "That is the major—Major Greely."

Colwell took him by the hand, saying to him:

"Yes," said Greely in a faint, broken ice, hesitating and shuffling with his words. "Yes, seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men! Did what I came to do-beat the best record!" Then he fell back exhausted.

The evidence in the case proves Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, about him. What did he ever do to salt rheum, boils, humors, and all deserve it?"
eruptions. "An' is it what did he ever

With the Poets?

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er, Half smiling, half reluctant to be led.

`®+©+©+®+©+©+0+©+©+©+©©*

the floor, Still gazing at them through the open Nor wholly reassured and comforted By promises of others in their stead, please him more; So Nature deals with us, and takes

away Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand Leads us to rest so gently, that we go stay, Being too full of sleep to understand How far the unknown transcends that

4 2 In-Dwelling.

Like to a shell dishabited, Then might He find thee on the Ocean

we know.

shelf, And say: "This is not dead," And fill thee with Himself instead. But thou are all replete with very

thou, And hast such shrewd activity, Unto thyself-'twere better let it be: It is so small and full, there is no room

-Rev. T. E. Brown.

asked.

'Well, I never!"

Ode in May. Let me go forth and share The overflowing Sun Better than wise, being fair, Where the pewit wheels and dips On heights of bracken and ling. And Earth, unto her leaflet tips. Tingles with the spring.

What is so sweet and dear As a prosperous morn in May, The confident prime of the day, And the dauntless youth of the year, When nothing that asks for bliss, Asking aright, is denied, And half of the world a bridegroom is, And half of the world a bride?

The Song of Mingling flows, Grave, ceremonial, pure, As once, from lips that endure, The cosmic descant rose, When the temporal lord of life, Going his golden way, Had taken a wondrous maid to wife That long had said him nay.

S & Gossamer Threads. (On a Scotch Moor.)

-William Watson.

(Golden hair in the heather)-

Stray silken threads from their dainty heads May haply cling to the flowering ling Or the pink and purple heather. (Mine eyes are blind in the mystic light,

When morning breaks and the fairies (Gossamer threads in the heather)-The moorland shines with glist'ning Like harps new-strung with gold, and

On the pink and purple heather. (Gossamer threads are all I see, But none the less are they harps for

And when the wind breathes, far and than he could well afford. His fellow-(Aeolian harps in the heather)-(Aeolian harps in the heather)—
Sweet music rings from the tiny strings, much as he did, and yet because they And wild and free is the harmony Through the pink and purple heather. Never a note may reach mine ear, But none the less it is sweet to hear.) -Pall Mall Magazine.

A Smile: A Laugh.

Aunt-Harry, do you love your baby Harry-What's the use? He wouldn't

"Say, mister," said the little freshmourned. George Eliot confessed late driver fastens the little door at the joying their cud, "do you have to buy air child, as she watched the cattle engum for all of them cows to chew?"

Sunday School Teacher (illustrating uncomfortable and unhappy after you have done something which you ought Dear Child-A lickin'.

** ** ** Mamma (putting her little girl to bed)—Why, Dorothy, I thought you were going to run a race with your-Dorothy (undressing very slowly)-Yes, mamma, but I'm the one that don't beat, you see."

** ** ** Although Napoleon slept very few hours in the 24, he had the faculty of going to sleep whenever he wanted to. "That's nothing," said Clarence. "I can do that myself.' "Well, supposing you go to sleep now, just to prove it.' "I don't want to."

A Slight Difference.-A London journal tells of a certain lady who has in her room a piece of statuary which bears the inscription, "Kismet." The housemaid was dusting the room one day, when the mistress appeared. "Sure, ma'am," said the girl, "would you mind tellin' me the m'anin' of this writin' on the bottom of this figger " "'Kismet' means 'fate,' " answered the lady.

"Sure, an' is that it?" said the girl. A few days afterwards the housemaid came limping into her mistress' 'Why, what is the matter with you, "Oh, ma'am, sure an' I have the most turrible corns on me kismet!"

said the girl. In the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne's recent book, "Social Hours with Celebrities," some of the best Irish stories are told by Cardinal Manning. None is better, however, than the following, which the cardinal, doubtless, would have been glad of the chance to tell: When Cardinal Manning was lying in state, an unsympathetic passer-by

nian near him. "You just come outside an' take off yer coat, an' I'll show ye what he did!" ** ** **

Pat had acquired the reputation of always getting the better end of the argument, and it had become the ambition of the rest of the office to see Leads by the hand her little child to him thrown down. This happened one slippery day last winter, just outside the office door, and Pat's colleagues And leaves his broken playthings on beheld it with interest. Presently he entered, smiling as ever.

"Well, Pat," remarked his employer, the sidewalk got the better of you that time, didn't it?". "Oi'm not so shure," returned Pat. Which, though more splendid, may not "And, at all evints, Oi sat on it pretty harrd for the presoomption."

The Golden Penny tells an amusing story-some readers may think it improbable-concerning the examination of a young man who desired to be ap-Scarce knowing if we wish to go or pointed a member of the Hampshire county (England) police.

He put in an appearance one morning, accompanied by his mother, and was taken in hand for examination by the inspector. This progressed satisfactorily until the inspector observed: "Of course you're aware you'll have lot of nightwork to do. You are not If thou couldst empty all thyself of afraid of being out late, I suppose?" self,

Before the candidate could reply, his mother electrified the amazed official with the statement:

"That'll be all right, sir; his grandmother's going round with him the first two or three nights until he gets used to it!" ** ** **

She Found Out .- It was at the busiest hour of the day, and the busiest That, when He comes, He says, "This place in all the store was the lace department, says the Washington Star, in telling the incident. Four eager women were waiting. The fifth woman had the only saleswoman at the end of the counter, and was looking at lace, real lace. I think she must have examined a dozen pieces. "Haven't you something wider?" she

> "Certainly," answered the tired saleswoman, dragging out another box. This is \$15 a yard. The eyes of the fifth woman glis-"Yes," she said to her companion. 'that's like mine. I just wanted to know what he paid for it. That's all. And she sailed out of the shop. Not one of the four women found a word

CASTE AMONG WORKERS.

to say, but the saleswoman gasped,

Clerks Are Not Artisans, Mechanics,

or Laborers. [Pall Mall Gazette.] "Is a clerk a laborer?" is a problem that has just been thrust upon the Glasgow public. It arose thus: The corporation provides tramway cars at early hours in the morning, and at the close of the day's labor for the benefit of "workingmen," who are allowed to travel at special rates-about onehalf of the usual fare. Any person not a "workman" can travel, if he choose, by the same cars, but must When fairies dance on the moor by pay according to the recognized scale. The guard is the sole judge as to whether any particular passenger is a "workingman" as defined in the bylaws governing these special cars, and consequently entitled to ride at the reduced fare. His guiding principal is clothes. Last week a young clerk But none the less 'tis a winsome sight.) boarded a workman's car and demanded to be carried at the diminished rate on the plea that he was as much a laborer as the man who used a hamfused, and the matter ended in the poice courts. The defense of the clerk was at least one which gained him public sympathy. He declared that his

mer or carried a hod. The guard promptly rejected the plea, and in-sisted on the full fare, which was rewages was only £25 a year, and that it was no fault of his if he had to attend to his duties in a better suit of clothes occupants of the car were men who were what they were they received a benefit to which from his inferior circumstances he had more right than they. The magistrate before whom the case was tried took time to consider his decision. That decision has now been delivered. He defines a workman as laid down in the bylaws, as "artisans, mechanics or day laborers," under which category a clerk has no place. The clerk was therefore convicted of refusing to pay the legal fare, but was dismissed with an admonition. The

Zeserrararararararararak/ **Eleaning** Up

cision in a higher court.

Sonce a Year.

clerks are likely to dispute the de-

The majority of people treat their systems in the same manner as a housekeeper treats her home—
they go in for a good
cleansing once a year. In
the "home" it is a ration—
al custom. In the case of the human system it is a most irrational habit. Your health is your most valu-able possession, and it should not be necessary to have to impress upon you that you should take constant care of it. If you have been neglecting it durations ing past seasons, and feel the need of a Spring medicine, take

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