

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

This thirty old boy of mine keeps the... When her friends... Directly replies...

A CONSCIENCE STRUCK CHILD.

Perhaps the quaintest letter in the whole White House collection is one which came from a child to President Cleveland...

To His Majesty President Cleveland:

Dear President: I am in a great state of mind, and I thought I would write and tell you all...

FROM ONE OF YOUR SUBJECTS.

The Gents inclosed with the letter was credited on the "Conscience Fund," and the fifteen-year-old boy or girl who sent it may feel sure that the restitution was accepted.

PUNNY EXCUSES.

There was a girl in our school who was nicknamed "the forger." When ever she was late or absent, she used to write a note and sign her mother's name...

"This spelling and writing is very like your own, Jennie." "Yes'm," replied the too ready Jennie...

A London paper tells of an apparently similar case. A little girl had been absent two weeks. Her teacher, who had been much annoyed by truancy...

"Louis was absent Monday, please excuse her." "Louis was absent Tuesday, she had a sore throat." "Louis was absent Wednesday, she had a sore throat." "Louis was absent Thursday, she had a sore throat." "Louis was absent Friday, she had a sore throat and could not shed her food." "Read this over again for the next week." If Louis wasn't the author of this ditto form, she had a remarkably ingenious "excuser" at home.

These cases are genuine: DEAR TEACHER: Please excuse Fritz for staying home he had der measles to oblige his father. J. B.

MISS BLANK: Please excuse my Paul for being absent he is yet sick with diphtery and der doctors dont tink he will discover to oblige his loving aunt Mrs. ... I am his mother's sister from her first husband. MISS ... Please let Willie home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave. Mrs. R.

ANGELS' FOOT-PRINTS. Every little kindness, Every deed of love, Every little action Prompted from above; E'en a cup of water given— In his great name given— These are angels' foot-prints Leading up to heaven.

Every little sacrifice Made for others' weal, Every wounded brother, sore throated, That we strive to heal, E'en a word of kindness To misfortune given— All are angels' foot-prints Leading up to heaven.

Then let angels lead us Whereso'er they would; Even let them teach us What is for our good, May they cross our path-way, When from heaven they roam, Let us follow after, Foot-prints leading home.

FAIRM AND GARDEN.

There are many sandy soils which only need potash to make them productive. Wood ashes contain both lime and potash, and they are the best fertilizers for clover on such soils.

DOMESTIC READING.

He who gains time gains every thing. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Success is the child of audacity. —Diemelt.

Some people have a great knowledge of society, and little of mankind. We enjoy thoroughly only the pleasures we give.—Alexander Dumas.

A great part of knowledge consists in knowing where knowledge is to be found. Sympathy is the solace of the poor; but for the rich there is compensation. —Syllb.

Where character is power we have one of the best securities for general morality. Tact does not remove difficulties, but difficulties melt away under tact. —Beaconsfield.

The way for a young man to improve his time is to improve himself when he has time. It is idle to talk of the abolition of distinctions, for Nature herself has created them.

The great mission of woman particularly consists in making virtues flourish by cultivating happiness. He that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

He who has merited friends will seldom be without them; for attachment is not so rare as the desert that attracts and secures it. If, instead of looking at what our superiors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be much less envy, and more pity, in the world.

The tissues of the life to be we weave with colors of our own, And in the field of Destiny We reap as we have sown. —Whittier.

The heart is the jewel which God covets for His crown; and if the heart which we do not see is better than the actions we see, God be praised! for then the world is a trifle less dismal than it seems.—Father Faber.

Oh, how easy it is to let any and every untoward circumstance pass by like the wind, when one is happy! When one has an inner refuge of calm, vexations do not ruffle, and even disappointments can be borne with sublime philosophy.—Christian Reid.

Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment; it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.—Addison.

Let not sleep fall upon your eyes till you have three reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed, and, in conclusion, at the ill which you have done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

Let us not fear giving pain to our brother who has gone astray; let us recall him to duty generously, delicately. Our words will cause in his heart a beneficent trouble, a salutary disquiet, which he will not, perhaps, avow either to himself or to you for the time being, but which he will confess with gratitude after his return. —Abbe Roux.

Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "See some good poems—in nature, if possible, or even in life—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish every yourself."

God sets some souls in shade alone; They have no daylight of their own; Only in lives of happier ones They see the shine of distant suns. God knows. Content thee with thy night, Thy greater Heaven hath grander light, To-day is close, to-morrow are small; Thy s'vat' afar, and hush them all. —Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the recollection thereof. A child thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never returns again; use it, therefore, as the springtime, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

AS PARMELE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Root and Herb which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Caircross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

THE BABY IS CRYING TEETH Be sure and use that old, and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

PRESIDE FUN.

The man with the most experience in making resolutions turns out the poorest quality of the article. Found Parrot: "She's got a lot of music in her." Sarcastio Neighbor: "Yes. What a pity it's allowed to escape!" Noll: "Mr. Sharp said I was a perfect picture." Belle: "Yes, he asked me 'you had bought your color.'"

"Mamma, what is classical music?" "Oh, don't you know? It's the kind that you have to like whether you like it or not." Handsome Young Canadian: "Are you in favour of annexation, Miss Oldmaid?" Miss Yankee: "Oh, this is so sudden! Y-o-o-s, I am yours."

"Maria: 'It says here the 'classics' are very particular about who'll go down first to dinner.' Silas: 'Don't they have enough for everybody!'" Blobs: "Do you think the average man is as stupid before he marries as he is afterwards?" Cynicus: "Certainly, or he wouldn't get married."

An Aerial Traveller: Willie: "Do you know, Miss Hilda—say—I am somewhat carried away by my thoughts!" Miss Hilda: "Please think now!" Where he was Wounded: "And you say your father was wounded in the war?" "Bad; sir." "Was he shot in the ranks?" "No, sir, in the stomach."

Wife: "My dear, what is the subject of to-morrow's sermon, Minister?" "The Frivolities of Modern D. ss." Wife: "You must postpone it. I want to wear my new gown to-morrow for the first time." Boyd Carpenter, Protestant Bishop of Ripon, is amongst the illustrious "Bull" makers. In his sermon the other day he said: "My brethren, I beg of you to take off your own heart and look it straight in the face."

He: "And did you call at Monte Carlo when you were at Nice?" She: "No; papa called on him, I believe, but from his disappointed appearance when he returned to the hotel, I think Mr. Carlo must have been out."

Lady (angrily to servant): "Mary! some silver spoons have mysteriously disappeared, and you will have to go." Servant (indignantly): "I am't no detective man. Wo'd the good of sendin' me after the spoons?"

He: "But of course you will not forget me?" "Nonsense; I shall think of you when you are gone." He: "Oh, shall you?" She: "Yes; therefore the longer you are gone the longer I shall think of you. Won't that be nice?"

Port Officer: "What have you on board, Captain?" Captain: "Our cargo consists of one thousand cases of oranges." Port Officer: "Yes." Captain: "One thousand cases of eggs." Port Officer: "Yes." Captain: "Three cases of yellow fever."

Philanthropist (jocularly): "I am delighted to learn that you have promised your sick daughter £10 on the day she will well enough to go out." Old Closefist: "Yes, the doctor said she only needed encouragement." "That will, no doubt, do her good. £10 is a good deal of money to her." "Yes, and to me, too; but it would cost more than that to bury her."

"I should like to be excused, your lordship," said a man who had been summoned on a jury. "What for?" "I owe a man \$5, and I want to hunt him up and pay it." "Do you mean to tell this court you would hunt up a man to pay a bill instead of waiting for him to hunt you up?" "Yes, your lordship." "You are excused; I don't want any man on the jury who will lie like that."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert dropped into the opera box of a parvenue friend one evening when "The Magic Flute" was on the bills. After asking him who wrote the music, the lady said, "Mozart—Mozart? Never heard of him before. His mamma. Why isn't he here? Why isn't he doing something else? Why isn't he composing?" "Because he's decomposing," my dear lady," answered Mr. Gilbert.

Guad: "The doctor says I'm getting dyspepsia." Superintendent (kindly): "I'm sorry to hear that. What causes it?" "Why, sir, under the rules, I've got to take my meals while on duty on the train, and the doctor says eating so fast will kill me." "I see. You have to swallow your meals at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Well, I'll order the engineer to reduce the speed to nineteen miles per hour at meal time."

When you are about to purchase a solid gold or silver watch, that the case is stamped with a "Winged Wheel," thus: If you are buying a "gold-filled" watch, make sure that the case bears the stamp of a "Winged Wheel," thus: If you purchase a case which bears either of the above trade-marks, you will have something you can depend upon as being of the quality stamped upon it, because every case bearing one of these trade-marks is fully guaranteed by the American Watch Case Co. of Toronto, one of the largest and most reliable watch companies in America. These goods are equal in quality to any made in the world, and you can save the entire duty by buying them.

WORTH KNOWING. In one corner of the living room stood a shrine: a paltry bunch of faded artificial flowers; two brass candlesticks, with tall tapers which were lighted on feast days; the rosary which Alfi's father had pressed to his lips when he died; the wreath worn by the mother on her bridal day, and a carved crucifix. These were the votive offerings which lay at the feet of an image of the Madonna, carved in wood and colored many years be-

Molly Casey.

One evening into it with my favo, To meet a charming creature, Whose airy gaze and nose portrait, Excelled both art and nature; Her curling hair in ringlets fair, Down to her waist both dangle; The white and rose-tinted face, Her beautiful cheeks bounding, Her rolling, glancing, sparkling eyes, Each gazer's heart at once surprise, And bind a train of love's soft chains, In Cupid's close entrancing swains, Whoever views her lovely face, That is bedecked with youth and grace, Must every hour proclaim the power Of Molly Casey's charms.

Uncle Baltazza, A Sicilian Vesper

DONABO'S MADRINE.

Little Alfi, whose last thou boon, that thou art so late?" "On the mountain, madro mai, and see, I have brought thee charcoal from the hut of the burners. Kiss thy Alfi, madrina: and now we will cook our supper, and thou shalt sit and rest thee like a great lady, whilst I and Serafina make the fire burn, and the water boil."

Alfi was ten years old; Serafina, the sister, was six. Two years ago they had set sail, they and the little mother, from Palermo, for America. Alfi was "a strange child," the people in Yalebrook said; and he was, with his flashing eyes, that were tender when he looked at the little mother, and the dark, thin face, and nervous little hands that were never idle. The signorina Peckham, the schoolmistress, said that she "could not make out the boy's quiet ways." She little knew that beneath those quiet ways was throbbing a turbulent tempest of hate and revenge.

Young as he was, he knew what it was to have tasted the bitterness of treachery and injustice. The madre and he were forever telling Serafina of their home in Sicily, with its fig trees, and vineyards, and mulberry trees, and silk worms, and old Gobbo, the horse, and Tudu, the donkey; and at twilight, twenty, yes, and thirty goats, white, black, brown, with long, silken hair, and clattering little hoofs, with bells on their necks, coming with full udders to be milked, when the goatherd drove them in from the Campagna; and best of all, the festa days, when the madre would dress herself in a beautiful shining gown of silk, and put a comb of real silver in her black hair, and place a pomegranate flower at the side. Her lips in those days were redder than the flower—and then she and the good father and Alfi would take Serafina, the bambino, in an open wagon, behind old Gobbo, with real wicker trappings on his harness, and scarlet tassels at his ears; and in all Palermo no one was so beautiful as the madrina; at least so old Gobbo and the father and Alfi and Serafina thought.

One day in spring, when the figs were the color of hyacinths, and the fields were blazing with scarlet poppies, Alfi remembered how his father came home with a white face, and Alfi heard him tell the madrina that they must leave their home. It was to be sold to meet a debt of honor. Yes! all, everything that they owned, even Gobbo and Tudu, must be parted with, and they themselves must go out into the world as beggars, to seek their fortunes. Then the father looked at his wife; but Alfi's ears were quick, and he heard his father tell the mother that the blow that had been dealt in the dark, by the hand of his own brother. Yes! it was Baltazza who had betrayed them, even to beggary; the brother whom he had loved and trusted. Alfi remembered how the look on his father's face that day never left it! Not even when he lay cold and still in his coffin—for he did not live a month after—with the sores on his eyes, and the candles at his head and feet. The look was still there, and it burned itself into Alfi's heart. "To be revenged upon the man who had killed his father!" this thought never left him.

Two years in a prosaic New England village had not turned him from his purpose. It waxed stronger as he saw how hard the little mother had to work, and how her sweet face grew pale and thin. The house they lived in was little better than a shanty; it stood at the foot of a mountain, a mile from Yalebrook. But two dollars every month must be paid for its rent. And there were clothes to be worn, and shoes, too, in winter—to be worn, and food to be eaten. Alfi raised in summer a little lettuce, beans and onions, and fennel for their salad, and made out very well. But in winter, when no garden grew, it was different. Just to keep themselves in spaghetti, with now and then a treat of boiled meat, meant to be very keen at one's arithmetic and to count every penny.

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fore by some long dead artist. Thus some image of Our Lady had turned her compassionate face upon the dear father when he, too, was a little child, and had clasped hands before it with his brother Baltazza, when they stood there with their mother at the Angelus and lipied out baby Ave's. In memory of those moonlight days, at every Angelus, the little mother and Serafina knelt there and said an Ave for Uncle Baltazza—Alfi never. This was a great grief to the little mother. Surely no one had greater need of prayers than Uncle Baldo. "Messer Baldo," they heard he was now in Rome, with his lottery and his riches, and the wrong he had done his brother. Yes! it would be had for poor Uncle Baldo when he "came to pass the great eternal gate." But to every appeal of the little mother, Alfi was dumb. He would gladly have died for her, but to pray for Uncle Baltazza, never—and a flash of the resolute eye would silence the pleadings of the voice he loved more than anything on earth.

The night that I am telling you of was the last of December; to-morrow would be New Year's Day. The wind had risen and was clapping its leaves against the window panes; the twilight was short, it looked yet a half hour to the Angelus. The little mother had drawn the curtains of Turkey-red. Serafina had thrust the long sticks of spaghetti into the boiling water, without breaking one (a clever child was Serafina); Alfi had lighted the lamps and laid the table; a mug of milk at each plate, and a loaf of brown bread, a bowl of onions, and soon the bubbling mass of spaghetti. Surely that was a meal to be thankful for, and quiet enough, with management, for three; but all the same, hungry Alfi was glad it was not for four.

Suddenly as they stood there, through the sighing of the wind, a sound came to them. Then the sound took shape in a well-remembered song of Sicily, "Bella Teresina." It was as if the twigs on the bare tree had formed themselves into skeleton fingers and were picking out the melody from a ghostly keyboard. The little mother and Serafina crossed themselves and fell on their knees. But Alfi threw the door wide open, and the light from the lamp fell full upon the face and figure of an old man; the hand that turned the crank of the wheezy old piano-organ stayed its uncertain gyo, and was outstretched in a mute entreaty to Alfi. The rain beat upon the rage which searcedly covered his poor flesh. And out from the darkness another figure, in grotesque imitation of his master, took shape—a small gray monkey; his coat, gay and soiled, was faded and spotted; a molting plume flapped in the wind from a pathetic little cap, the strings of which were tied in a limp bow under his chin. These two wretched beings stood with uncovered heads in the storm; on each face was an agony of supplication. The old man spoke; but so intelligent was the face of his companion that it would have surprised the group on the door sill—for the madre and Serafina had taken courage and joined Alfi—had he opened the conversation.

"Yo travel alla day, ze monk and me. We hat a nodings to eat, no a place to sleep. Ze leste monk he vain ongree; ze peep' zey no give us mun." And when he added, "We come a from Palermo," the madre, Alfi, and Serafina all burst forth in a string of Sicilian welcome. The sounds of his own native tongue were as silver to the ear of the wanderer. The man and the monkey were hidden inside, and madre took from an old sea chest a suit of clothes which had belonged to the father. Alfi gave the old man (Tonio Ventura, he said he was called) his own little bed-chamber; and while he was making himself dry and warm, Serafina laid a fourth plate. Barrabas, the monkey, cuddled down at the feet of the little mother, and showed white teeth in grins of gratitude. By this time the smoking spaghetti was on the table, the milk by a miracle was made to fill five mugs, for Barrabas must have his share as well as the others.

The little mother and her children forgot their own need of supper when they saw how much greater was the need of their guests. It was wonderful how delicate appetites the madre, Serafina, and Alfi had, to be sure. The plate of Tonio Ventura was heaped up twice, and it was empty and shining with rubbings of bread when a clock in the village told, in six strokes, the Angelus.

"Alfi, wilt thou not this night say an Ave for thy Uncle Baltazza? To-morrow is the New Year. Perhaps thy poor uncle's soul is no longer on earth. I have thought much of thy father and of him to day."

But the boy's face grew stern as he answered: "Madre mia, thou knowest the wrong he has done. Never, never, never shall he have prayers of mine."

With a sigh the little mother sank on her knees, with Serafina, before the shrine. Old Ventura and Barrabas seemed too sleepy to heed either the boy's excitement or the mother's devotions. Then they all gathered about the fire, and with the confidence of childish souls Ventura soon had the story of their exile from them. Yes, strange as it seemed, he had actually seen Uncle Baltazza in Rome, at the lottery, where he was one of the officials, and took part in the drawings. It was true, Ventura's pumbers all

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