

ass took a deal of pains to divide the stag into three pieces, which should be as nearly equal as possible. The lion, enraged with him for what he considered a want of proper respect to his quality, flew upon him and tore him to pieces. He then called on the fox to divide. The fox, nibbling off a small portion for himself, left the rest for the lion's share. The lion, highly please with this mark of respect, asked the fox where he had learned such politeness and good-breeding. "To tell the truth, sire," replied the fox, "I was taught it by the ass that lies dead there."

GOOD COMPANY.

The story is told of an English nobleman who sent his agent everywhere to find a certain picture, which he wished to buy, and, after he had given up the search, found the picture in his own attic. That we are apt to overlook home treasures and search for similar or poorer possessions at a distance is frequently shown. A girl, lately, returning from a visit to a school-mate, gave this experience:

"Esther's home is the most delightful place I ever visited. Why, the children, big and little, never seem to want to go away anywhere to get company, but make friends of their father and mother. They frolicked with them, as though they were their older brother and sister. When evening came, the whole family gathered around the great table and gave themselves up to having a good time for an hour. In the stories and games even the small sleepy-head of six had a place till her bed-time. The boys got their father to telling his adventures of travel, and the mother was the merriest girl of the lot, when it came to games. The strangest thing about it all is that I shouldn't have found out before what good company a father and mother are!"

Perhaps there are more children, like this girl, who are fond of good company, who are uneasy and lonesome unless they are off with their mates, who, when they are tired of books, think they must get away from home to have a good time. Suppose such seekers after interesting companions try at home the next time they want company. Here is your father. He is tired, no doubt, with his day's work. But ask him, after supper, to give you some page out of his youthful history. Get him to talking of the time when he and your mother were young. Persuade both father and mother to join in games like "Authors" or even to teach you some of the plays they used to like. If such an evening is a new experience in your home, I am sure that a delightful discovery awaits you. You will find out that there is no other company so good as your own father and mother. You will learn that you have been used to take much trouble and make distant journeys after a treasure that it all the time under the home

roof. More than this, you will contribute rare enjoyment to the best friends you have in the world.

Never accustom yourselves to think that the years that separate your parents from you unfit them to be your companions. All this added time has added to their riches of experience and knowledge and skill. They can talk better, and have more interesting things to talk about than any of your mates. They can probably beat you at your own games. If you can beat them, you will find out that their interest and sympathy in the sport are as fresh as yours.

I remember one home, where the mother was the loving companion of her boys and girls. All the young people of the neighbourhood were attracted to that house. They found the mother the best company in it. There comes the memory of another home, once thronged with bright boys and girls, of home festivals, when all filled the spaces around the great table, when the merriest talk and the wittiest jokes were from the father's end of the board, and where age had only made both parents choicer and dearer company. As the boys grew up they were like brothers to their father; as the girls went away to make other homes, they were proud to be thought like mother. To each living member of that happy household the old homestead will ever remain a holy place.

Follow my advice, young people, and discover what wonderful companions for merry hours you have at home in your father and mother.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A wolf devoured his prey so ravenously that a bone stuck in his throat, giving him great pain. He ran howling up and down, and offered to reward handsomely anyone who would pull it out. A crane, moved by pity as well as the prospect of the money, undertook the dangerous task. Having removed the bone, he asked for the promised reward. "Reward!" cried the wolf; "pray, you greedy fellow, what reward can you possibly require? You have had your head in my mouth, and instead of biting it off, I have let you pull it out unharmed. Get away with you, and don't come again within reach of my paw."

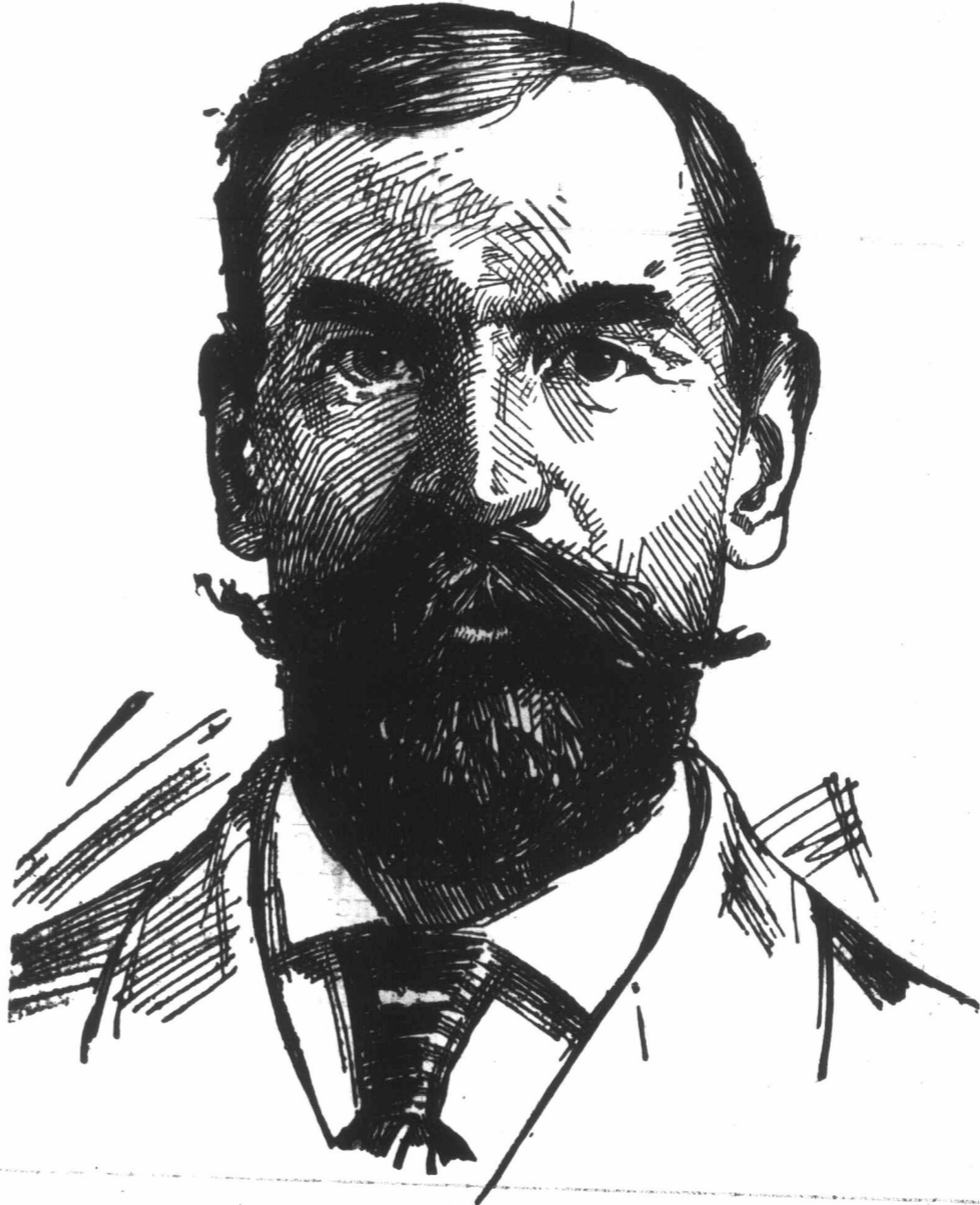
THE COLLIER AND THE FULLER.

A friendly collier, meeting one day with a fuller, an old acquaintance of his, kindly invited him to come and share his house. "A thousand thanks for your civility," replied the fuller; "but I am rather afraid that as fast as I make anything clean, you will be for smutting it again."

—No cup is so bitter but faith may sweeten it.

Backache and Kidney Disease

After 20 Years of Suffering Mr. Major was Marvellously Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Endorsed by Dr. Gauthier, Mr. Major's Family Physician.



MR. ISADORE MAJOR

VALLEYFIELD, QUE.,
July 17, 1898.
Messrs. Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs.—I am happy to write to inform you that, after 20 years of suffering, I owe my life to Dr. Chase. About one year ago a friend commented on my miserable appearance and asked why I did not try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I told him I had used over 200 boxes of 25 or 30 different kinds and received but slight relief from the kidney disease which had so long afflicted me.

Remembering the advice of my friend and seeing Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills very highly recommended in the papers, I made up my mind to try them. Two pills that night and two next morning gave me great relief and I decided to take them every night. I did so, and can now say that I am completely cured. My body is as supple as a 20-year-old man, though I am 47 years of age. My relatives and friends are surprised and pleased to see me well again, for I had spent hundreds of dollars in vain, trying to get cured.

Before I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills my back ached so much that I could not put on my shoes and I could not lift 20 pounds. My shoulders were sore

and I was subject to headache, a bad taste in my mouth and indigestion. My eyes were bloodshot and dim, and reading caused my eyes and head to ache.

These troubles are now gone, and what I tell you I am ready to prove. You can send to me any who doubt this, for I am ready to take my oath that what I say is the truth. I have told my friends about my wonderful cure by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and many have been greatly benefited by their use. You may publish this good news so that all may know of the merits of these pills, which have been such a blessing to me. I remain, the man you have saved,
ISADORE MAJOR,
Son of Alexis.

Dr. Gauthier is familiar with the facts of this case and certifies to the cure in the following letter:—

VALLEYFIELD, QUE.,
Oct. 18, 1898.
Messrs. Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I, the undersigned, certify that the contents of this letter, in regard to the cure of Mr. Isadore Major by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills is correct.
JAMES T. A. GAUTHIER, M.D.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.