

caught him before the crossing was reached, always knocked him over and held down till the whole train was safely past. Kikie never learned wisdom, but Major never gave him up as "past reformation."

KATIE'S SATURDAY.

"Dear me!" sighed Kate, when she got up that Saturday morning. "What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Kaitie. "No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk with a big piece of paper and pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of these things that trouble you. One thousand will do."

"Oh, mamma, you're laughing at me now" said Katie, "but I can't think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma, "put down ten." So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained so we can't play croquet.

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3. —"

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing.

"That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all first, but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad; aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mamma said, but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday trouble, and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up that paper now, mamma, dear," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mamma, "why not let troubles come before you cry about them. There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant if you'll only wait to see."

—The more one frequents his closet, the more he will enjoy it, and vice versa.

BOYS WHO MAKE GREAT MEN.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He became the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said "That boy will beat me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a wild novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well

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Eczema on the Head.

Mrs. Joseph Querin, Ethel, Huron Co., Ont., writes: "I was troubled with eczema on the head and face for about 9 years. My head was a mass of scabs, and though I tried the doctors I was all the time getting worse. I finally began to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to my surprise obtained relief from the first application. Three boxes have cured me, and I would not begrudge \$200 for the benefit I have derived from this great remedy. Dr. Chase's Ointment is of almost daily use in the home—and I would advise everybody to keep some on hand."

Weak and Nervous

Mrs. J. M. Bradley, 100 Jane Street, Ottawa, Ont., states: "For several years I have been gradually running down in health; I was very nervous and weak, and worried greatly over my future. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and the wonderful results it has accomplished in others, I obtained a box and began using it as directed. I began to improve immediately, and am now restored to full health and vigor."

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Kidney Backache.

Mr. David McLeish, 279 Slater Street, Ottawa, Ont., states: "I was troubled with kidney disease and backache for four or five years and have used very many remedies without obtaining permanent benefits. Some time ago I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and found them to be the best medicine I ever used. Their use took away that kidney backache, and made me feel better in every way, and gave me refreshing sleep, and made my digestion good."

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after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

—A golden chain may chafe as badly as an iron one.

—Fretting cares makes gray hairs. And this is all they make. What is the use of them?

—Distrust of man easily leads to distrust of God, and love of man is not far from the love of the Most High.

—It is wise to hide our sorrows as far as possible. It is not the trouble that we advertise the most that brings us the most sympathy.

—Not, "How much can I do in a day?" but, "How well can I do it?" This should be the motto of some of our young folks who always seem to be in a hurry.

—You are to go the road which you see to be the straight one, carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and as stoutly as you can without making faces or calling people to come and look at you.—Ruskin.

—It is a good thing to forget some things; the injuries done us or attempted towards us.

—It is easy to say how we love true friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old.—George Eliot.

—Bishop Brooks once said: "It is not God's truth, it is not God's law—it is God that is the salvation of the world—not an instruction, not a commandment, but a Friend."

—It pays to be polite. A kindly, courteous manner has been to thousands the secret of their rise to positions of honour, wealth, and power. But whether this is so or not, it pays to be polite.

—God does not promise supplies in advance. If we have only bread for to-day, and are doing our duty faithfully, we may trust Him till to-morrow for to-morrow's food. And it will surely come, for God's word fails not. As the days come, each one will bring with it its own little basket, carrying a day's supplies, but no more.