

Children's Department.

Mother's Right Hand.

Mother's Right Hand is quite separate from Mother, and does all manner of useful and helpful things quite of its own accord, while Mother herself may be perhaps out in the garden; out for a walk; writing letters—yes, fancy that!—in the library; gone shopping, or, stranger still, while Mother is sound asleep in bed!

Quite true, I assure you! Mother's Right Hand will steal out of bed, wash and dress Dick, and brush his hair, go downstairs into the kitchen, help cook—such a clever, bonnie, useful hand, cook says it is—bring Mother's little tray, set Mother's cup upon it, the little sugar-bowl and milk-jug that fit the tray so nicely, see to the boiling of Mother's new-laid egg, make Mother a delicious slice of toast, butter it, and finally go upstairs with it all to Mother's room; and there Mother will kiss her Right Hand, and wonder what-
ever she should do without it.

Stranger still, Mother's Right Hand will then take itself to the nursery, softly tickle baby-brother Rufus's face, and when he has woken up and rubbed his eyes a-while, will take him out of his cot, wash and dress him, and brush his hair, making the lovely front curl Mother loves to see him wear, take him downstairs when he has had his breakfast, and by-and-by has him out in the garden under the apple tree, and no one has any trouble or care of Rufus till Nurse takes him for his out-of-door excursion.

The Mother's Right Hand goes into the library, where Mother sits smiling and busy, takes a book, learns the lesson Mother has marked for the day, goes to the piano, and—but there! I had better let the secret out, for however clever a right hand of itself might be, it could never produce music worth hearing without the assistance of a left hand.

Exhaustion

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Descriptive pamphlet free.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

And Mother's Right Hand had a left hand, for it is of Daisy I have been talking all this while, Mother's nine-year-old girl. It was she they all called Mother's Right Hand, and she deserved the honor; for, as I think I have shown you, a more helpful, useful, sweet-natured little woman never lived.

It is wonderful what a little child can do to help a Mother, and make the sunshine of home the brighter and fuller by her presence!

Once, when Daisy's Mother lay very ill—the brown hair pushed away from the pale forehead, and the hands so full in health of eager, loving work for her household, lying damp and listless upon the covering of the bed—Daisy spent hours of her little life fanning the throbbing brow, or holding to the feverish lips the cup of milk or beaten egg which was all the nourishment that for a time the dear Mother could take; and when, all danger past, Mother was creeping back once more to life, Daisy in her turn grew wan and faint, and they laid her down upon her little white bed, fearing she would never more leave it.

But the little life was strong and vigorous, and though for many weary days she lay tossing in feverish unrest, the time came when the wasted hands lay quietly folded on the counterpane, and Daisy fell into a sweet refreshing sleep; and when she awoke she surprised them all by saying she was very hungry. She had scarcely been able to eat at all during her illness, and now to hear her say she was hungry was joy indeed.

But dear old Doctor Smart, who stood by when she woke up, said they must be very careful what they gave her—eggs and milk, and so on, for a day or two; after which they might send her up a nice little dinner.

And by-and-by they brought her down stairs, and carried her into the garden, and sat her down in mother's own easy chair under the branches of the dear old apple-tree, and there the roses came coyly back and nestled in her cheeks once more.

And then Doctor Smart ordered both Mother and Daisy away to the seaside; and as they drove away to the railway-station, the doctor stood in the doorway with Father; and while the latter stood kissing his hands towards Mother and Daisy, the doctor looked fiercely after them and shouted out, "Mind I don't see you back again for a month!"

And when, after more than a month, they came back again, Father met them in the hall, and kissing Mother said she looked bonnie, and if she had stayed away any longer he should have emigrated.

Then he raised Daisy in his arms, though she had grown so stout and heavy that he could scarcely lift her.

"Why, what do you mean by this?" he cried.

"It means," said Mother, "that my Right Hand is stronger than ever."

Love.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo? speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—George Eliot.

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The Pin and Needle.

A pin and a needle, being neighbours in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You're a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud, that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again."

"I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember, your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle.

"How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."

A Bit of Advice for Boys.

"Aim to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous, magnanimous." If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

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If there is a lame boy, give him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one help him to learn his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.

If a bigger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. It is much better to have a kind heart than a great fist. The Bible tells us that "gentleness" makes us "great." Find the text for yourself, and don't forget.

Betsy's ankle was swollen, and pained her. Mamma asked, "How long has it been hurting you, dear?" "O mamma," she said, "it has been complaining for a long time!"