

MAGGIE'S SECRET.

The sun was shining brightly into a small lattice window, half hidden by the ivy, which seemed to have wound itself around the cottage in a very determined way. It was still early, and anyone who could have peeped through that window would have seen the curly head of a little girl, about six years old, lying fast asleep on her bed. Her slumbers, however, did not last long. With a start the little one jumped up, rubbed her eyes, and stared at the doll lying beside her for a few minutes; then, as if suddenly remembering something, darted to the window, and with an anxious look peered out.

"Oh, I am so glad it's fine," she cried, and springing back to her dollie assured herself that she also was awake. To enable our readers to understand this little scene, we must confide to them Maggie's secret.

For a long time this most anxious of mothers had been planning a little treat for Dolly. "She is so very pale. I know she wants change of air," she gravely said to herself, and having heard nurse say that morning air was a fine thing for delicate people, she arranged that the first fine day they should both go to the wood, a little way from the cottage, before breakfast, without "Mudder" knowing; for if "Mudder" knew, she might laugh and say there was no good in Maggie going with Dolly, and perhaps she might object. What would happen then? Why, Dolly would cry, and be so disappointed it would be a grief to her little mother. You see it was all on Dolly's behalf! Well, with these thoughts in her little head, Maggie dressed as fast as she could get her fingers to fasten all the tiresome buttons and strings. How fortunate it was for her that nurse was away, and mother sound asleep. But, oh dear! the hair; what tangles! Oh, she could not really get them out. So, with Dolly in her arms, the hat was popped on top of them all, the door softly opened, and down they went. Here was another good thing! The glass door of the drawing-room, opening on to the lawn, was actually open. How strange it was that it should be open! But she did not stop to think about that. Out went the little woman carefully, gathering some fine ripe strawberries in the garden on her way, and placing them in her basket. How tempting they looked! She would just have one to keep her awake (for, in truth, she was terribly sleepy), and then she would cover them with a cabbage-leaf to keep them cool, and also out of sight: for, probably, Dolly could not have withstood the temptation, if she had seen them.

Once out of the garden gate Maggie trotted along bravely, feeling pretty certain now that she would get there without "Mudder" finding out her secret. But it was terribly hot; and, on reaching the wood the strawberries were actually forgotten. A few flowers were picked by Maggie, and then she hung her hat on a bramble, and threw herself on the ground under the shade of the trees. Dolly was still in her arms, and very quiet were the two; so quiet, indeed, that a rabbit came quite close, without seeming afraid. To tell the truth, she was fast asleep, dreaming of strawberries to her heart's content; but, somehow, in her dream, the rabbit always started up and ate them. Just then the rabbit did, in

reality, pop up, but not to demolish the strawberries. Putting his head on one side he gravely contemplated the little form beside him; then, bounding away, he was soon lost to sight amongst the trees. A little bird also came and perched itself on a tree over the sleeper's head, threw down a few leaves, but as all remained quiet, he too went off.

Was it the rabbit or the little bird that went and told tales out of school, or rather out of the wood? Whichever it was, they brought, in a very short time, "Mudder," who bent over her darling, trying to gather from the Dollie, and the basket of fruit, what her pet's plans had been. Little by little she began to understand, and a merry smile played over her face. Bunny and the bird were both there. Which of the three looked most guilty? Well, perhaps, if we were to enquire a little further, we should find that, after all, Mudder was not quite sound asleep when Maggie found the glass door so conveniently open; and that, in fact, she knew what was going on all the time, and was quietly on the watch to see that no harm came to the venturesome little maiden. — *Ethel Louise Matthews.*

MRS. CHARLOTTE LIBLE, of Chicago, well known to the western press, ascribes the cure of a dangerous cough, accompanied by bleeding at the lungs, to Hale's honey of Horehound and Tar. "My cough," she says, "threatened to suffocate me, * * * but this remedy has removed it."

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A POOR LITTLE GIRL.

A poor little girl was taken sick one Christmas and carried to a hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered:

"I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go away from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"O, just like most o'folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "bout Jesus bein' born?"

THE FIRE BELLS ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the great sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get Putnam's.

TEASING THE BABY.

"We all love papa, except Baby. Baby doesn't care for poor papa at all!"

"Yes, I do! *do* I, papa!" says the tremulous little pipe, as if the charge were as new as terrible.

We always smiled at the quaint phraseology, and the prick of the accusation never failed to call forth the protest in the self-same terms. Looking back, now that the sensitive heart will never ache again nor the loyal lips cry out against unmerited slur, I can see what deadly earnest the trifling was to the child. Devotion to papa was part of her religion; doubt of it was sacrilege. The evidence of her passionate attachment was interesting to us, and flattered the object. The instant flash of indignant denial diverted those to whom her trial by fire was no more than the explosion of a toy-rocket.

The cruelest teasing is that which takes effect through the affections. Baby is all emotion; his heart throws out feelers through every sense. The truth that he loves and is beloved in return makes his world. Be careful, then, how you utilize moral antennae as the levers to accomplish ends of your own. Like unattached tendrils, they wither and drop off soon enough with the growth of a physical and mental man. While they are alive and sentient treat them tenderly. Do not tell your child he does not love you, for the sake of hearing him deny the charge. Let banter find other food than his preference for this or that playfellow; teach him that love is divine always and everywhere, and show how honestly you prize and reverence it. — *Marion Harland in Babyhood.*

A NEW WONDER is not often recorded, but those who write to Hallett and Co., Portland, Maine, will learn of a genuine one. You can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Full particulars will be sent you free. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. You are started in business free. Both sexes, all ages. Immense profits sure for those who start at once. Your first act should be to write for particulars.

"WITH TRUMPETS ALSO."

The Children's Sunday Afternoon Service had commenced. The first Hymn was given out, and the organist began to play. At that moment a little girl who was near the organ took out her penny trumpet, and blew as loud a blast as she could. Her performance was soon stopped. But why did she begin? It was not because she was a naughty girl. She had been at church in the morning. On that Sunday some wind instruments were used, I believe, for the first time. Naturally she thought she might help, and do her little best at the children's service.

Do your little best, though it be little, and even though you think it will not tell, will not be noticed, will be useless or worse. God will see your effort, and who can tell what will come of it?

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DEATH.

At Weymouth, Dorsetshire, the Rev. Alexander Williams, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Rector of Upcerne near Dorchester, and formerly Rector of Cornwall, Ont. (1840 to 1844), in the 70th year of his age.

—A hard fate it is indeed to always remain in poverty and obscurity. Be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located you should write the Ontario Tea Corporation, Toronto, and receive free full particulars about work at home. Capital not required; you are started free. Better not delay but write at once for particulars.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and other kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 6c. in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

FATAL ATTACKS—Among the most fatal and sudden attacks of diseases, are those incident to the summer and fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., that often proves fatal in a few hours. That ever reliable remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for use in emergency.

A MODERN MIRACLE.—In a recent letter from R. W. Dowton, of Deloraine, Ont., he states that he has recovered from the worst form of Dyspepsia after suffering for fifteen years; and when a council of doctors pronounced him incurable he tried Burdock Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health.

IN GOOD REPUTE.—James McMurdo, writing from Kinsale, says: "B. B. B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."