

What God Gives a Boy.

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind brave words; but not to make a smokestack of or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird and tree and rill and human voice; but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's fingerprints in the flower and field and snowflake—but not to feast on unclean pictures or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason and decide and store up wisdom and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for the chaff and the rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as pure and spotless as a new fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

Deacon.

My name is Deacon, and I am a fox terrier. The first thing I can remember is tumbling around in a big box with my five brothers and sisters; and after that I remember I was taken each day with one of my brothers to a place on Twenty-third street, in New York, where our owner hoped to sell us.

Sometimes he held us in his arms, and sometimes we were put down on the side walk to run about. At first this used to frighten me, and I was always being stepped on and fallen over by some of the passers-by. But soon I learned to dodge around between them, and that startled them instead of me. Some people seemed to be amused, and stopped to speak a word or two, while others would try to kick, and mutter: "Little beasts! What a nuisance!"

One day, while our owner was holding us in his arms, a gentleman and a little girl passed, and the little girl, noticing us, exclaimed:

"O papa! please let me stop and pat those dear little dogs!"

The gentleman smiled, and seemed quite willing, so the little girl ran up and began to caress us.

Of course our owner, being anxious to sell us, mentioned that he would take what he called a "terribly low figure," and I was very anxious lest the gentleman might decide not to buy us. At last he said he would buy one, and the little girl chose me, because she said I was such a "funny, solemn little puppy"; and though I was very sorry to leave my brother, I was glad to go with people who looked so kind. So they took me then to my new home; and because my new master said I looked "as sober as a deacon," the name has stuck to me ever since.

I am quite happy now, but I don't like being made to do so many tricks. My little mistress told me, soon after

she bought me, that her mamma had died a short time before, and as she often was very lonely I must try to amuse her all I could. So whenever she says: "Now, Deacon, I want you to make me laugh," I know I must jump up on my hind legs and waltz about the room, or lie down and pretend to be a dead dog. Sometimes I have to sit up quite straight and balance a lump of sugar on my nose, which is very tiring; and I should be happier if some one would make my mistress understand that even a dog doesn't like to be funny to order, and that he has a back and four legs that do get awfully tired.

Inquisitive: or What is It?

A grand game of Hide and Seek has been going on, with Kitty on one side and her tail on the other. Over goes the sunshade as she tries vainly to catch the unruly member. Suddenly she sits down to consider a new plan, when there comes a bit of sunshine and lights on the edge of the parasol. "What can it be?" purs Kit—"Surely it can't be a very tiny kitten with wings."

Slowly the paws are made ready for a voyage of discovery. Now for a spring. But puss stops. The sparkling wings flit away the little body to another perch, and away goes Kitty in pursuit. And so the game of curiosity goes on till the butterfly thinks discretion the better part of valour.

"Ah!" says Kit, as she laps some milk with the old cat an hour after, "I saw a funny little creature to-day."

"A bumble bee?" says the old cat. "Did it buzz?"

"It made a flappy noise," answered Kit, "and I ran after it, and then it flew away."

"You've had an escape, my kitten. Never go near a bee or a wasp, or you'll live to repent it."

But kittens must live and learn by experience. Next day our pussy had a game with a different insect, that carried a sting in its tail; and though "Curiosity" did not "kill the cat" it certainly "cured the kitty."

Wait till you know a wasp from a butterfly before you make friends, applies to human "pussies" as well as to the fluffy little kit; so let our word to the young folk be "Have a care—Beware."

Come Out to Drink.

How pleasant is life on a farm in the summer time! First thing in the morning the shed door is thrown wide open, and the gentle cows, with their pleasant smell, come slowly out to drink, before they go to the meadow. John, the labourer, goes to the pump, and soon brings plenty of clear, fresh water into the long trough, while the cows eagerly avail themselves of the refreshment.

The cocks and hens have been awake ever so long, enjoying the bright sunshine, and wondering that everybody is not up and awake too.

Have you any idea what an intelligent animal a cow is, if kindly treated? I will tell you a true story of one.

A little girl lived in the north, where her father farmed his own land. There was one cow which was very much attached to her when she was a little maiden of eight summers. This cow grazed in a field with many others, but if the child entered the field, even at the farther end, the cow would at once see her and run to meet her, lowering its head with its formidable

Rich Red Blood

In the body of an adult person there are about 18 pounds of blood.

The blood has as its most important elements, small round corpuscles, red and white, in proportion of about 300 red to 1 white one.

If the number of red corpuscles becomes diminished and the white ones increased the blood is impure, thin, lacking in the nutrition necessary to sustain the health and nerve strength of the body.

Then That Tired Feeling, Nervousness, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or others of the long train of ills, according to the temperament and disposition, attack the victim.

The only permanent remedy is found in a reliable blood medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts upon the red corpuscles, enriching them and increasing their number. It thus restores the vital fluid to healthy condition, expels all impurity, cures Nervousness, That Tired Feeling, Scrofula and all other diseases arising from or promoted by low state of the blood.

That these statements are true we prove not by our own statements, but by what thousands of perfectly reliable people say about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the testimonial in the next column from a beloved clergyman. Then take

"In view of the benefit I have had from Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to give the following testimonial. I have several times been badly

Poisoned With Creeping Ivy.

As the old school of medicine simply tried to remove the symptoms instead of the sources of them, much of the poison was left in my system to appear in an itching humor on my body with every violent exertion in warm weather. At all times there were more or less indications of poison in my blood, up to a year ago last winter, when

Large Sores Broke Out

on my body. I then purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using that and a half of another bottle, the sores and humor disappeared. I attended the Christian Endeavor Convention in Montreal and also visited the World's Fair in the hottest weather of the summer. Was on the goal the time, but

Had No Recurrence

of the burning and itching sensation which had marred every previous summer's outing. I have reason, therefore, to be enthusiastic in my praises of Hood's Sarsaparilla." SAMUEL S. SCHNELL, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Apalachin, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Blood Purifier and True Nerve Tonic.

horns, in a manner that would have frightened any stranger. But little Annie would hold out her arms, and run to meet her friend in a warm embrace. It was a pretty sight to see the child's arms round the cow's great neck, while she kissed its brindled coat, and the gentle creature licked with its rough tongue the little maid's golden curls.

You would not think a cow could show so much affection, would you? Yet love begets love, even when shown to a cow; and it is better to have the animals friendly towards us, than to see them run away or grow angry when we come near them, is it not?

Not Ready to Come In.

"I don't want to come in! I don't want to come in!" And the little fellow burst into tears and sobs, with his head against the gate post. It was just at dusk of a summer evening. He had been enjoying himself on his bicycle, and now his mother had called to him to come in for the night, as she stood with kindly look at the door of an attractive home, and spoke to him in loving tones. But he would not come in, and at every repetition of the warm invitation he moaned and sob-

bed the harder. There were many little fellows in the city where he lived whose hearts were aching, at that very hour, because they had no home to go to for the night, and no loving voice proffered them a welcome. How strange that boy's sorry reluctance! And yet how very human was his conduct! The loving Father speaks in tender voice invitingly to His children, asking them to come home and rest in His care, and they moan out: "I don't want to come in! I don't want to come in!" They would rather remain out in the night, seeking pleasure for the hour in their chosen enjoyment, than to find shelter and rest and love in their Father's home. The Father waits and calls, and the silly children refuse with tears His loving invitation.

The Horse's Nose.

In my stable, alongside of each other in stalls, live a little brown pony and a large grey horse: they are only separated by a wooden partition, on the top of which are iron railings.

Nora, the pony, and Joe, the horse, are great friends, and have many a conversation through the bars. Out of each feed of hay given to Joe he reserves some for Nora, poking a mouthful at a time over the partition, and following it with his nose till it is well within her reach.

The last time, however, that I visited the stables, poor Joe had a wounded nose—the pony having bitten a piece out. The groom explained to me that the horse had been feeding his favourite with hay as usual, and when she had eaten all, he had offered her a mouthful of straw, at which Nora was so angry, that she snapped at his nostrils. The man evidently credited Nora with spitefulness, but personally I believe it was pure greed on her part. Joe will soon forget his injury and continue to try to share his meals with Nora, but she will now be tied up too closely to reach the hay he would wish to give, so her sin has speedily brought its own punishment.

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