

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE SPELLING MATCH.

Ten little children standing in a line,  
 "F-u-l-l-y, fully," then there were nine.  
 Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,  
 "C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.  
 Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven,  
 "B-u-s-y, busy," then there were seven.  
 Seven grave heads, shaking in an awful fix,  
 "L-a-d-y, lady," then there were six.  
 Six eager darlings, determined each to strive  
 "D-u-t-y, duty," then there were five.  
 Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more,  
 "S-c-h-o-l-l-a-r, scholar," then there were four.  
 Four mouths like rosebuds, on a red rose tree,  
 "M-e-r-r-y, merry," then there were three.  
 Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true,  
 "O-n-l-y, only," then there were two.  
 Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run,  
 "T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.  
 One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun,  
 "H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was won.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many afflicted with rheumatism and we urge all who suffer from this disease to give this medicine a trial.

THE NILLENIUM.

'See here,' said Dilly to Freddie Burr, as she pushed the toes of a pair of stout new shoes through the fence.

'Where did you get 'em?' asked Freddie.

'And see here!' continued Dilly, bobbing up for an instant to show the pretty hood that covered her yellow hair, and touching it significantly with her finger.

'Where did you get 'em?' repeated Freddie.

'My pa worked and bought 'em and brought 'em home; an' they didn't get into nobody's barrel, either,' explained Dilly with great pride and little regard for grammar, pressing her face close against the fence for a prolonged interview.

'You see, Freddie Burr,' began Dilly, 'the Ni'llennium has come to our house.'

'The Ni'llennium!'

'It's a pretty long word,' explained Dilly, complacently, 'but it means good times. Anyhow, that's what ma called it, and I guess she knows. It was just this way, Freddy Burr. When you told me Mr. Barney had all our good things down to his store in his rum barrels, I just went down there right off and asked for 'em—me and Toddles.'

'You didn't!' exclaimed horrified Freddie.

'Did too!' declared Dilly, with an emphatic nod. 'Well, he wouldn't give us one of them, and he was just as cross as anything. So then pa got up from behind the stove and walked home with us. He didn't scold a bit, but he just sat down before the fire this way, and thinked and thinked. At last he put his hand in one pocket, but there was nothing there, then he put it in his other pocket and found ten cents, and he went out and bought some meat for supper. When ma got home he talked to her and they both cried. I didn't know what for, 'less it was because we didn't get the things out of the barrel. And ma hugged me 'most to death that night and kissed me lots, she did. Well, my pa got some work the next day, and brought some money, and he has found a place where he works every day. He bought all these things, and he said his little boy and girl shall have things like other boys and girls. So now you know what the Nillennium means, Freddie Burr, when anybody asks you; and you can tell them that Dilly Keene spained it to you.'—*Religious Herald.*

Ladies, rough hands are a horror. Bathe them well at night in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

LITTLE PETER.

This is the real name of the petrel, a bird that lives on the sea. The harder it storms the better he likes it, and the more noise the sea makes the louder he cries.

The sailors, who are all so jolly, never like to meet a petrel. They are so dismal in their coal-black coats, and seamen think they bring them ill-luck, too.

You could not guess how the petrel sleeps. He first makes of himself a feather ball, and sits on the water, just as your canary does on his perch.

Why does he not sink? Because his feathers are so oily he cannot.

These birds grow so fat that, to the poor islanders in very cold countries, they are invaluable. After they are dead a wick is drawn through their bodies and set on fire, and you can hardly believe how well this queer kind of lamp lights up their simple huts.

The petrel never goes on shore except to build their nests, which are hidden snugly away between rocks or in the sand. There she lays her one egg and brings up her baby. All day the petrel lives on the water, but she never forgets at night to feed it.

Sometimes they are called 'Mother Carey's Chickens.' If you ever go across the water, you may see them some day.

THE ADVERTISING

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

A TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

More than forty years ago, in eighteen hundred and fifty one, I visited a party of friends in the Bendigo gold-fields in Australia, where I was cordially welcomed. Among the valued possessions of my friends was an English mastiff which belonged to one of the gentlemen.

The good understanding between myself and the mastiff appeared to have become so well established during the evening, that on the next day I left the claim where my friends were at work, to fetch a kettle of tea from the tent, without the least misgiving as to my reception by him.

'Rex,' who was always allowed to run loose, came forward to meet me. He allowed me to stroke his head, and, so far as I could see, showed no interest in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea. But when I started to leave the tent, with the kettle in my hand, imagine my astonishment when I saw the supposed friend Rex facing me, and showing his teeth in a very threatening way. I put down the kettle, seated myself on the edge of the camp-bed, and spoke to him. He wagged his tail and looked so friendly that I thought I must have made a mistake about his intentions. Not at all. The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle, I had reason to know that Rex's broad grin was no mere notion, but, on the contrary, a real sign that he was true to his trust as he understood it.

I talked to him again, set down the kettle, and attempted to leave with out it. Still Rex objected. He had his doubts, and determined to give his masters the benefit of them. There was no help for it; I was held prisoner, and could do nothing but sit down and wait patiently for one of the party to come to my relief. No one came until nearly an hour later, by which time my long absence had caused my friends to suspect that I was being held prisoner by Rex. I bore the dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, and in a few days found he would let me come and go, and take whatever I wished.—*October St. Nicholas.*

KITTY KNEW ABOUT SHEEP.

Seven sheep were standing  
 By the pasture wall.  
 "Tell me," said the teacher  
 To her scholars small,  
 "One poor sheep was frightened,  
 Jumped and ran away,  
 One from seven—how many  
 Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—  
 A farmer's daughter she,  
 Not so bright at figures  
 As she ought to be.  
 "Please ma'am"—"Well, then, Kitty,  
 Tell us, if you know."  
 "Please, if one jumped over,  
 ALL THE REST would go."

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