

Children's Department.

Do what You Can.

There's enough for you children to do in the house,
To keep you as busy as any old mouse,
There are errands to run,
Little tasks to be done
That will do much to lighten your mother's hard work,
So children, don't shirk,
But do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

There's enough for you children to do all about,
If you try you will very soon find some work out.
There are chickens to tend,
Little tasks without end,
You will find you can do if you just take a start.
So, children, be smart,
And do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

There's enough for you children to do anywhere,
So hurry around and each do your full share.
And just see how bright
You will feel when at night
You can think you have done what is honest and fair,
So, children, take care
To do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

And, children, whatever you do, do it well,
People always in looking it over can tell
If you hurry it through,
Whatever you do,
Not caring at all if it's done ill or well;
So whatever you do,
Do the best you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

Exhaustion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Overworked men and women, the nervous, weak and debilitated, will find in the Acid Phosphate a most agreeable, grateful and harmless stimulant, giving renewed strength and vigor to the entire system.

Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Maine says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.
For sale by all druggists.

Suppose!

Suppose there were never any quarrels between brothers and sisters!
Suppose brothers were never rough and thoughtless, and sisters never peevish or perverse!
Suppose 'I shan't' were words never heard from little lips, and little fists were never clenched to strike!
Suppose tears of passion were never shed, and the sun never went down on anger between little ones!
Suppose all this to be the case, and would not some homes be brighter, would not father and mother be happier, and would not the Great Father 'which is in Heaven' see it all with approving eye?
A. R. B.

Truth in a Nutshell.

Impure blood is the natural result of close confinement in house, school room or shop.
Blood is purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all the disagreeable results of impure blood disappear with the use of this medicine.
If you wish to feel well, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Useful Flowers.

"Oh, how these nasty thorns do catch me! And the sun is so hot! I hate picking blackberries, nasty, horrid things! Why can't the boys get them, if mother must make such a lot of jam? It is too bad to be set to do this on a holiday afternoon," grumbled Agnes dolefully.
Jessie was picking, too, and the sun was just as hot, the thorns quite as sharp, and the basket as big to fill. But Jessie sang over her work, and looked as happy as possible.
"You've picked ever so many more than I have!" Agnes went on fretfully, which was not to be wondered at, seeing Jessie had not wasted her time in grumbling.
"Pick away, Agnes; I'll help you when I've finished mine," she said.
"You are good, Jessie," said Agnes, when she saw both baskets full.
"Don't you mind picking fruit?"
"I don't like it," owned Jessie; "but I put a flower in my basket before I began, and then I didn't mind at all."
Agnes peered into the baskets.
"What flower? I don't see one!"
"A flower that can't be seen," laughed Jessie. "A 'please mother flower' helped me fill my basket, and a 'please-sister flower' helped me fill yours. What useful flowers these are! Won't you try them?"

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is known to be an honest medicine, and it actually cures when all others fail. Take it now.

Making the Best of It.

When grandma came into the nursery she saw Ted staring out of the window with a scowl on his forehead. Mary Esther was lying stretched out on the floor drumming her heels up and down, and Dick was pulling the cat's tail.
"What's the trouble, Teddy?" she asked, sitting down in her chair and beginning her knitting.

"Oh, this rain is such a bother!" said Ted. "I was going over to John's to make a bird-house, and I took my tools over last night to have 'em there, and now I can't go because I've got a cold, and it rains."

"I saw a carpenter making a mud house the other morning without tools," began grandma; and the three children came over and clustered around her chair.

"And that wasn't all," she went on; "he had no arms, and he made it with his head."

"He acted very oddly, too," said grandma, lifting Dick up on her lap. "First, he rubbed his floor in, and he sang a funny little song as he did it. Then he went off for more mud. When he got back, he walked in every direction but the right one, and I thought he had lost his way; but I really think he wanted to make me stop watching him, for he finally got there, and he went on building, always singing his queer little song. After his pile of mud was large enough, he pressed his head against one end until he had bored a little round room in it. I thought it must be hard work; but he always sang, and seemed determined to make the best of it."

"Where is his house?" asked Dick.
"Out in the roof of the back porch," said grandma, so they all scampered off to find it.

"Oh, yes!" said Ted, pointing up in one corner. "There it is. It's a mud-dauber's nest."

"It's a wops's, I think," said Dick.
"Well, a mud-dauber is a wasp," said Ted, laughing. "That's built better than I could do with tools," went on Ted. "I believe I'll make the best of it, too."

So, when grandma saw them again, Ted was mending Mary Esther's doll's head, which had waited a long time for her glue medicine; Mary Esther was sewing on her doll's quilt, and Dick was rubbing up the nickel parts of their bicycle, and they sang so hard and worked so steadily that when the dinner-bell rang they were surprised to find the rain all stopped and the sun shining.

At Bedtime.

Don't nag the little ones when the bedtime hour comes. Make it bright and bonny, as if it were the happiest place to go to—Slumber-land—at nightfall.

Some mothers are unwise enough to bring up the unpleasant things that have occurred during the day—summing up, as it were, the short-comings, the mistakes and wrong doings that the little ones have unfortunately committed during the day. It is a sad thing to see little ones going to

March

April, May are most emphatically the months for taking a good blood purifier, because the system is now most in need of such a medicine, and because it more quickly responds to medicinal qualities. In winter impurities do not pass out of the body freely, but accumulate in the blood.

April

The best medicine to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and thus give strength and build up the system, is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands take it as their Spring Medicine, and more are taking it today than ever before. If you are tired, "out of

May

sorts," nervous, have bad taste in the morning, aching or dizzy head, sour stomach and feel all run down, a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will put your whole body in good order and make you strong and vigorous. It is the ideal Spring Medicine and true nerve tonic, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil prepared as a food. At the same time, it is a blood maker, a nerve tonic and an up-builder. But principally it is a food for tired and weak digestions; for those who are not getting the fat they should from their ordinary food; for children whom nothing seems to nourish; for all who are fat-starved and thin.

It is pleasant to take; at least, it is not unpleasant. Children like it and ask for more.

Some druggists have a "just as good" kind. Isn't the kind all others try to equal good enough for you to buy?

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

**PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates**



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their **Breakfast Cocoa** is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their **Premium No. 1 Chocolate** is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their **German Sweet Chocolate** is good to eat and great to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine **Walter Baker & Co.'s goods**, made at **Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.**
CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.