

price, give the shortest hours, and accept the lowest quality of service.

"I DARE NOT."

A group of boys stood on the walk before a fine large drug store, pelting each other with snowballs. In an unlucky moment, the youngest sent his spinning through the frosty air, against the large plate glass of the druggist's window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow, who now stood pale and trembling, with startled eyes, gazing at the mischief he had wrought.

"Won't old Kendrick be mad! Run, Ned! We won't tell. Run, quick!" "I can't," he gasped. "Run, I tell you! He's coming! Coward! Why don't you run! I guess he won't catch me!" "No; I can't run," he faltered. "Little fool! he'll be caught! Not spunk enough to run away! Well, I've done all I can for him," muttered the elder boy. The door opened; an angry face appeared. "Who did this?" came in fierce tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this, I say?" he shouted, as no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew near. The little, delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man, and in tones of truth replied: "I did it, sir." "And you dare tell me of it?" "I dare not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a lie." The reply was unexpected. The stern man paused. He saw the pale cheek, the frightened eyes where-

in the soul of truth and true courage shone, and his heart was touched. "Come here, sir. What's your name?" "Edward Howe, sir. Oh, what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything"—his eyes filled with tears—"only don't make my mother pay it, sir!" "Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls?" Ned's face was radiant, as he answered: "All winter, sir! I'll do it every time, and more, too, sir." "Well, that's enough; and do you know why I let you off so easy? Well, it's because you are not afraid to tell the truth. I like a boy that tells the truth always. When the next snow falls be sure you come to me." "I will, sir." "We'll all help him!" shouted the others; and, as they turned away, three hearty cheers rose for Mr. Kendrick, and three more for the boy that dared not run away.

A QUEER RAFT.

Did you ever hear of a raft made of eggs? If you have not, and would like to see one, just take a walk to some quiet pool or marshy place and you may see these little egg-boats floating on the surface of the water any sunny summer day. You may even be fortunate enough to see the dry case of the pupa burst, when out will fly a full-grown—mosquito! For these audacious little highwaymen, whose tiny lances do such execution on tender skins, and whom nothing short of

blood can appease, have a very curious and interesting life-history.

Mosquitoes lay their eggs in stagnant water. All through the cold winter weather, which kills off the old mosquitoes, these eggs remain in a dormant state, securely hidden away under the ice which seals the pond.

They are air-tight, oval in shape, and each one has a tiny air-bubble inside, which, if the egg happens to get under water, brings it quickly to the top again, right side up, and none the worse for its dip.

The eggs are cemented together in bunches and are covered with a waterproof coating, which ensures the safety of these floating cradles. Each egg is fitted with a lid at one end which opens when the larva is old enough to make its escape.

These larvae propel themselves through the water by an odd, jerky motion, which has gained for them the name of "wrigglers." At this stage in the life of the mosquito its breathing organs are at the tail, so it has to wriggle through the water head downward. When the larva casts off the first skin, and enters the pupa stage it breathes through the thorax, and then the head is turned uppermost. After a time the second skin bursts and away goes the free, full-grown mosquito, in the sunlight, singing the little song of greeting which is anything but music to our ears.

The mosquito carries his weapons of attack upon his head. They consist of two or three sharp lances and several tubes enclosed in a sort of yielding sheath.

When the Liver Goes Wrong

Every Organ in the Human Body is Deranged, Study the Symptoms and Set the Liver Right by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

A sense of fullness and oppression about the stomach, a pale, sallow complexion and pain in the shoulders and back, are among the first indications of a disordered liver.

Then there comes indigestion, wind on the stomach, headache, coated tongue, a bitter taste in the mouth, depression of spirits and despondency.

The bowels become irregular and constipation and looseness alternate. The bile left in the blood by an inactive liver poisons the blood and causes liver spots, blotches and pimples.

The prescription from which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prepared was perfected by the doctor in his immense practice, and has proven the greatest liver regulator ever discovered. It acts directly and promptly on the liver, making it active and vigorous as a filtering organ. At the same time it regulates and tones up the kidneys and bowels, and sets the whole filtering and excretory system in healthy working order.

In these days of experimenting with all sorts of new, untried remedies, appliances and treatments, it is a comfort and pleasure to know that you can turn to this prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase and find in it a safe and certain cure for the many dangerous and complicated disorders of the liver, kidneys and bowels. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates, & Co., Toronto.

Impossible to Make a Bad Cup

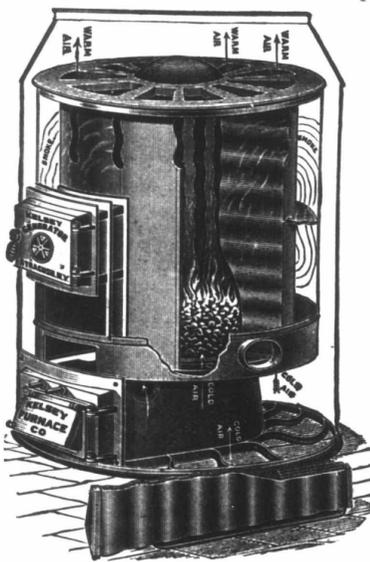
If the directions are followed. Every packet of MONSOON is guaranteed absolutely pure. Do not take a substitute, insist on the genuine. Grocers sell it. The best families use it.

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

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Goderich, Ont., May 26th, 1900. The James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville, Ont. Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in recommending your "Kelsey" Heater, the one installed in my house last fall having given the greatest satisfaction, and the quantity of fuel consumed was not much over half used with the former heater.

I wish to add that the warm air register in my dining-room is connected to generator with a long crooked pipe, and I must say that at first I had my doubts as to whether this room could be warmed by your heater, but by using your "positive attachment" I can in a few minutes make my dining-room uncomfortably hot. I believe the "Kelsey" Generator to be the best warm air heating apparatus made. Yours truly, D. C. STRACHAN.

The "Kelsey" Warms all your House all the Time.

3 times as much heating surface and air capacity as the ordinary hot air furnace.

Made in six sizes, 5,000 to 100,000 cubic feet capacity.

Particularly adapted for the proper and economical warming and ventilating of churches, schools, large residences, etc. Our "Kelsey" Booklet tells all about them. Write for one.

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Ltd.

BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO

Exclusive Makers for Canada

After lancing the flesh, the mosquito deftly deposits a drop of liquid poison on the spot. This thins the blood sufficiently to enable him to draw it readily through his sucking tubes, and it is this which causes the swelling and irritation which follows a mosquito's sting.

—Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never have heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—Pascal.



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