

The

Children's Page

THE TWO TRAVELERS.
(Palmer Cox in April St. Nicholas.)
In bygone times it came to pass,
A tall Giraffe and a dwarfish Ass,
As fellow-travelers, side by side,
Were jogging through a country wide.
The Ass was much inclined to smile
At his companion's awkward style;
His great long legs to criticise,
And at his neck express surprise;
In short, to spare no cruel hit
Whereby he might display his wit.

But, as they moved the region through,
The vegetation scarcer grew,
Until upon the sterile ground
But little else than stones were found
And only on the tallest trees
Grew aught that could their hunger ease.

And there, with famine worn away,
The hungry Ass was forced to stay,
And watch his comrade eat the fruit
A dozen feet above the root.
"Ah me!" he cried, "no more I'll chafe,
Nor at your neck and figure laugh!
In truth, I find now, after all,
I'd give my ears to be as tall!"

THE REMORSEFUL CAKES.
A little boy named Thomas ate
Hot backwheat cakes for tea—
A very rash proceeding, as
We presently shall see.

He went to bed at eight o'clock,
As all good children do,
But scarce had closed his little eyes,
When he most restless grew.

He flopped on this side, then on that,
Then keeled upon his head,
And covered all at once each spot
Of his wee trundle-bed.

We wrapped one leg around his waist
And t'other round his ear,
While mamma wondered what on earth
Could aid her little dear.

But sound he slept, and as he slept
He dreamt an awful dream
Of being spanked with hickory slabs
Without the power to scream.

He dreamt a great big lion came
And ripped and raved and roared—
While on his breast two furious bulls
In mortal combat gored.

He dreamt he heard the flop of wings
Within the chimney flue—
And down there crawled, to gnaw his
ears,
An awful bugaboo!

When Thomas rose next morn his face
Was pallid as a sheet,
"I never more," he firmly said,
"Will cakes for supper eat!"
—Eugene Field.

A PRAYER TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Dear Angel sent from Heaven,
My guide on earth to be;
How sweet to know I have a friend—
A steadfast friend—in thee!
Who, though all others weary,
And coldly turn away,
Will cling to me with all my faults,
Wherever I may stray.

And who, when faith is silent,
And darkness like a pall
Her black wing spreads above my soul,
Will softly to me call:
"Fear not, poor child! thine Angel
Is keeping guard of thee;
So 'cast thy care upon the Lord,
And trust thyself to me."

'Tis thou, too, who, when Satan
Would hold before my eyes
Alluring visions of this world,
Will rend their frail disguise,
And, pointing calmly upwards,
Will breathe, "Behold the throne
Wherefrom thy King is watching thee
And waits to claim His own."

O dear unseen companion!
I thank thee for the love
With which thou hast fulfilled the
task
Assigned thee from above;
And I pray thee, lead me always
By paths of grace and prayer,
Till God, Himself, shall lift from thee
The burden of my care.
—Jennie M. Buhlinger.

AN AUTUMN SONG.
(By Emilie Poulsson.)
The song birds are flying
And southward are hieing,
No more their glad carols we hear.
The gardens are lonely—
Chrysanthemums only
Dare now let their beauty appear.

The insects are hiding—
The farmer providing
The lambskins a shelter from cold.
And after October
The woods will look sober
Without all their crimson and gold.

The loud winds are calling,
The ripe nuts are falling,
The squirrel now gathers his store,
The bears, homeward creeping,
Will soon all be sleeping
So snugly till winter is o'er.

Jack Frost will soon cover
The little brooks over,
The snow-clouds are up in the sky
All ready for snowing;
Dear Autumn is going,
We bid her a loving good-bye.

Why go limping and whining about
your corns with a 25 cent bottle of
Holloway's Corn Cure will remove
them! Give it a trial and you will
not regret it.

UNCLE JACK'S STORY.
"Uncle Jack, please tell us a real
wonderful story!" cried Hal, throw-
ing himself down on the steps beside
his uncle.
"Just a little story about a bad
boy," lisped Lucy, snuggling up be-
side her brother.
Uncle Jack stretched himself a lit-
tle lazily. "Well, I don't believe I
ever knew any bad boys, but I might
tell you a had story about a good
boy."
"Do."
"Yes, do," echoed Lucy.
Now Uncle Jack has told so many
stories since breakfast that he had
not many more ideas in his head,
and so he felt a little like teasing
the children. He began this way:
"Well, once there was a boy named
Tommy Teggs. He lived—"
"Do you mean Tommy Teggs?" asked
Hal, a little timidly.
"Why, yes, to be sure, I did get
that wrong! Well, this boy Tommy
started out one day to go to the vil-
lage. He carried a ten-quart pail of
milk in one hand and a hand-saw in
the other. He went gayly along,
whistling and throwing rocks at the
fence-posts—"
"Why Uncle Jack, did he set his
milk down every time?"
"Why, yes, yes, I think he must
have done that. Well, he went along,
looking off at the sea, that lay all
behind him—"
"Wasn't it in front of him?" asked
Lucy, eagerly.
"No, I think not; I said behind him.
He kept one eye on the sea behind
him and one at the long lane down
which he was walking."
"But—" began Hal; and then, not
wishing to interrupt, he contented
himself with trying to look back at
the door and at the same time keep
an eye on his uncle.
"As he went along down the street
he saw something in a tree that
caught his attention. It was a bird's
nest. He shaded his eyes with the
saw and saw the nest. 'I must go
up and look in that nest,' he said.
So he climbed up nimbly—"
"He set his milk down, didn't he?"
asked Hal.
"Yes; but he kept his saw because
he wanted to see." Uncle Jack wait-
ed for the pair to laugh at this mild
joke.
"He found that there were three
eggs in the nest, and as he was rather
a bad boy, he thought he would
take them out, so he reached in the
nest and took out the eggs, and be-
gan to come down the tree hand over
hand."
"But what did he do with the
saw?" asked Lucy.
"and how could he hold the eggs
and come down hand over hand?" ask-
ed Hal.
"that I don't know," said Uncle
Jack, seriously. "It is strange that
I cannot explain that to you. It must
have been that he could see by means
of the saw that he must hand over
the eggs to his pocket. On thinking
it over, I guess that was it."
"well, he thought he would like to
give the eggs to his mother, so he set
down the milk and the saw under the
tree, and sat down beside them to
watch that no one stole them while
he was gone; and he ran back as
quickly as he could down the lane—"
"but he was under the tree!" ex-
claimed Lucy, who was trying to
help matters all she could. "He could
not run home while he was sitting
there."
Uncle Jack rose up on his elbow
and looked at the children in aston-
ishment. "That is quite true," he
said, thoughtfully. "He could not
have done it—and in that case it
could not have happened, and thus
there is no story to tell, is there?"
and Uncle Jack opened the magazine
he was reading, as if that were quite
the only way out of the difficulty. The
children waited patiently.
"Put what about the bird's nest?"
questioned Hal.
"well, if the boy could not have
done what I said, he could not have
climbed the tree, and in that case
there was no one to bring down the
eggs, and so there could not have
been any one to see the eggs in the
tree, and thus we see that there was
no one to see the eggs there and so-
well, it all seems to be very unlikely.
In fact, I don't believe any of it, do
you, now, on your honor?" Uncle
Jack looked at them with smiling
eyes.
"Let's play horse, Lucy," said Hal.
"I'll be the horse," said Lucy.
"Stories are silly."
After this Uncle Jack, who was
rather tired of stories, read his mag-
azine comfortably. — Mary Wright
Saunders in Youth's Companion.

THE WOOD PROCESSION.
"now, children, you'll have to clear
out of this," said the head carpenter,
briskly. "It's too bad to rob you of
your play-ground, but we're going to
set fire to this pile of trash, and it
would be too dangerous to have you
near it."
The little folks reluctantly gathered
up their shovels and pails. For a
whole month they had a lovely play-
ground in the big sand pile, and now
they were to lose it. Every day dur-
ing that time an older boy or girl sat
on an old stool in the shade keeping
an eye on the happy children, and all
the mothers rejoiced to think they
were safe and having a good time. A
row of old buildings had been torn
down, and a large new brick house
was to be built as soon as the trash
and old boards could be disposed of.

"Are you going to burn all those
boards, Mr. Gray?" asked Margaret
Kirby, who was looking after the lit-
tle folks that morning. "It seems
too bad."
"You see, Miss Margaret, no one
would buy that stuff, and it costs too
much to get it cut into kindlings. I'd
willingly give it away, but no one
wants the stuff."
"Children," said Margaret, sudden-
ly, "how many of you have little
waggons?"
"i! i! i!" cried a chorus of
voices.
"now, Mr. Gray, if I get some big
boys to help, and the little children
haul this wood to old Mrs. McGuire's
house, may we do that?"
"yes, if you can get it done to-
day," said Mr. Gray. "The children
will soon be tired of the task, but
I'll give you till evening to dispose
of the old wood."
In less than two minutes Mr. Gray
was alone in the big yard. The chil-
dren were scamparing for their wag-
gons and Margaret was getting to-
gether all the big boys in the neigh-
borhood. The first thing old Mrs. Mc-
Guire knew of the plan was when a
procession of little waggons turned in-
to her yard all loaded with pieces of
old boards and shingles.
Whatever is the meaning of this?
cried the old lady, hurrying out with
two pairs of glasses on.
"we are bringing you a little wood,"
explained Margaret. "they were going
to make a bonfire of it to get rid
of it, but the children will bring it
to you."
"I thought the children would soon
give up," said Mr. Gray, coming out
to see the little waggons still making
trips to the yard and back again.
"These boys and girls deserve a whole
lot of praise."
The big boys broke up the long
boards and loaded the waggons, while
the girls helped the children all morn-
ing. It was a very busy time, but a
very happy one, and by noon every
trace of the pile of wood was gone.
Mrs. McGuire was crying over the
wood house full of dry wood and tell-
ing the children they had made her
very happy.
"I have another old house to tear
down on Summit street next week,
and—" began Mr. Gray, and all the
children shouted, "May we have an-
other wood procession? We can give
the wood to Mrs. Kelton."
And what do you think Mr. Gray
did? He made a large box out of old
boards and filled it with sand for the
little people to play in whenever
they want to, for he says they save
him a great deal of trouble, and the
wood keeps some poor person, warm
a long time. Don't you think it paid
them to give up one morning's pleas-
ure to carry wood to poor people?
—Hilda Richmond.

THE SPARK GOBLINS.
(By Willis Boyd Allen.)
It was a clear, cold winter's night.
The stars were like needle points of
light, over the earth lay a white snow
blanket to keep a thousand tiny crea-
tures warm.
They were snugly curled up in their
burrows and nests underground, while
Polly was curled up in the big arm-
chair watching the blazing logs and
the sparks that jumped out with a
crackling sound and were carried up
the chimney.
The fire was burning low, and the
little girl gave the biggest log a push
with her foot. How the sparks flew!
All but one hurried off out of sight,
that one alighted on the brass knob
of the right-hand and iron.
Stooping forward to brush it off,
Polly jerked back her hand with a
cry of wonder. The spark had legs
and arms and wings; it was, in fact,
a little manikin that could have stood
comfortably in her thimble and rested
his arms on the rim.
His whole wee form quivered and
glowed and sparkled, while he looked
up at Polly with a roguish twist of
his head.
"Thank you," said the goblin, with
a low bow.
"what for?" stammered Polly.
"for setting me free."
"were you in that log?"
"oh, yes, there were hundreds of
us there. Most of the crowd are off
—there goes one now!" he exclaimed,
as an unusually large spark flew off
in the rising smoke.

THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE
There are three periods of a woman's life
when she is in need of the heart strength-
ening, nerve tonic, blood enriching
action of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS
The first of these is when the young girl
is entering the portals of womanhood. At
this time she is very often pale, weak and
nervous, and unless her health is built up
and her system strengthened she may fall
a prey to consumption or be a weak woman
for life.

The second period is motherhood. The
drain on the system is great and the ex-
hausted nerve force and depleted blood
require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to
do this.

The third period is "change of life" and
this is the period when she is most liable
to heart and nerve troubles.

A tremendous change is taking place in
the system, and it is at this time many
chronic diseases manifest themselves.
Fortify the heart and nerve system by the
use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and
thus tide over this dangerous period. Mrs.
James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I
have been troubled very much with heart
trouble—the cause being to a great extent
due to 'change of life.' I have been taking
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some
time, and mean to continue doing so, for I
can truthfully say they are the best remedy
I have ever used for building up the system.
You are at liberty to use this statement
for the benefit of other sufferers."
Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for
\$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co.,
Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"But how came you there?" in-
quired the little girl, hardly able to
believe her ears and eyes.
"why, we often creep into the
trees in the summer time, to take a
nap, and the wood gossaws so fast that
we can't get out till the tree crum-
bles away, or somebody burns it.
Every one of us has a story. Here
is mine:
'I came from Greenland, where I
lived in an Eskimo hut. How the
snow glistened on every side, and the
bears roared, and the Northern Lights
streamed up at night!
"The night lasted four months, and
when it was day I flew southward un-
til I reached a great pine and crept
under the bark to keep warm. That
was 40 years ago. All that time I
have waited for freedom. "Good-bye!"
and away he went up the chimney, af-
ter the rest.
"O, dear!" began Polly, disappoint-
ed at the shortness of the story—
when Crick! Crick! and two more
fiery little goblins were before her,
perched on the andiron knobs.
"I came from the Tropics," began
one without the least introduction.
"The lions roared and made me trem-
ble. Huge palms waved over my
head, and one day a gray mountain
lion crashed through the forest. That
was an elephant.
"A hurricane rose and blew me
thousands of leagues northward to
the great pine. Then I—"
Here a strong draft pulled him of the andiron
and up the chimney.
"i! i! i! i!" began the other hurriedly,
"where gold and silver glistened and
miners worked tick-tack, with their
pickaxes all day and all night. The
noise disturbed me and I found my
way through the deep shaft and few
eastward till my wings were tangled
in a tassel of tall pine. Good-bye!"
Crick! and his place was taken by
a glowing little fellow whose wings
fluttered impatiently while he tall-
ed.
"my story is the shortest of all,"
said he. "I was blown up into the
cloud in winter time. They held me
fast till I escaped on the back of a
snow-flake. Whew how cold it was!
But now I am warm!" and away he
went, like a shooting star up side
the chimney.
Crick! "I lived in the depths of
the sea with a mermaid. Ah, how I
loved her! One day a storm arose
and drove us apart, I saw my pretty
maiden no more. Ah, me!"
The speaker grew paler and Polly
cried in alarm. "O, don't cry,
please! You might put yourself out!"
She hastened to revive him with a
puff of the bellows, which brightened
him up and held him off to join his
comrades.
Chick—crick—snip! It was a jovial
little chap 'his time, with a laughing
face.
"my home was in Santa Claus'
workshop at the North Pole," he be-
gan with a chuckle. "I had to braid
the doll's hair and drill the tin sol-
diers till they stood bravely in a
row. I helped about the animals for
the Noah's arks. There was one pol-
ar bear who used to sit for his por-
trait two hours every day. It was
very hard for him to look pleasant so
long at a time.
"Last Christmas eve I was in the
sleigh with my master. The reindeer
were lively, it was so cold, and just
as we were skimming over a great
pine forest the off-leader in the team
went knee deep into the top of the
pine. As he struggled to recover
himself the sleigh lurched and I was
thrown—"
At this point Polly's excitement
was so great that her foot slipped
and struck the andiron. The log
broke and the two halves fell with a
crash that sent a whole swarm of
sparks—or were they goblins?—scurry-
ing up the chimney.
"Bedtime, dear!" said a gentle
voice.
"O, mamma, can't I hear just one
more goblin—"
But mamma stroked the brown
curls and led her little girl off up-
stairs, while Polly eagerly told her
all her wonderful adventure in the
fire.

SCHOOL DAYS OF POPE PIUS X.
A writer in The Century, who had
been a guest at the home of Signora
Sarto Parolin, sister of Pius X.,
gives numerous reminiscences of the
school days of the Holy Father, re-
lated to him by Signor Parolin, a
class-mate of the future Pope.
"I, too, used to frequent the class-
es at Castelfranco," said Signor Pa-
rolin, "so as a rule, we did the jour-
ney together. Generally we were
three, four, or five Riese boys, and
we used to walk the distance in com-
pany, unless an occasional drive had
been arranged, or a rarer 'hit' secur-
ed at hazard. On certain days Giu-
seppe slept at Castelfranco and on
others at home.
"well, he was not impeccable. Occa-
sionally he was thirsty and hungry,
as I often was, and we would pick
berries, or even bore a hole in some
hedge and take a bunch of grapes or
some fruit. We had many a lark.
He was what would be called a merr-
y boy, always in good humor; at all
times sprightly in speech, especially
in reply; and ready for any fun, how-
ever elaborate, expensive, or risky.
"An odd day or spell of trauancy,
some idling, and some scampagnate
(literally, 'careerings over country')
must be put down to him, but Giu-
seppe Sarto was a hard student and a
model boy.
"His parents were poor, as I have
said, and often, I remember, his fa-
ther used to say at evening: 'Giuse,
I have nothing to give the donkey.
Go and take him out to grass.' Now,
Giuse had probably returned from
Castelfranco on foot, and from early
morning till late in the afternoon had
been a long day. Then at the time
when he should have been preparing
his lessons for the next day he was
obliged to take out the asinello (lit-
tle ass). So I see him yet with his

Caesar, Herodotus, or some book of
mathematics, studying, and holding
the cord, while the asinello nibbled
the delicacies of the roadside or the
bank of the stream."
Bepi—to use his loving household
name—was early efficient, then bril-
liant, in mathematics, in which he
was principally to shine as a college
student, though his life was to be
cast in other spheres of work.
Another companion and school-fel-
low confirmed these details, and told
Mr. Croke of other experiences, and
the penalties incurred by the Italian
scholars.
"as a penalty two boys used to be
beaten on the fingers with an iron
ruler. Each had to place his pins on
the table, all the boys in line,
when the call to punishment came,
and the old man remembered Sarto's
getting the ferule thus, and his laugh-
ter, tears, and impatient vivacity un-
der punishment. The master was an
old man with a crooked nose, and
when Sarto, the brightest of the
boys, recited his lesson, he often
found a way of getting in a joke at
the expense of the old teacher.
"he was very, very, very 'right in
every way," said the farmer, "but he
always loved his joke, even if this
was at times mischievous."

LITTLE PICKLE'S TREAT.
The Burns children lived in Sunny
Terrace. Before their father failed in
business they lived in a big house
with lawns and gardens. Now the
sidewalk was their play-ground, and
they hob-nobbed with every child in
the neighborhood.
Bell, or "Little Pickle," was a
"horn leader," even of the boys. She
was afraid of nothing; into every
mischief, active in every quarrel; ready
to fight for her friends and pro-
tect the weak; a scornful of shams
and pretenses; deserting the well-
dressed for the shabbiest in the
street, if once she had called them
friends.
At the end of the block lived a
family called "Showey," the wealth-
iest in the street; but, instead of be-
ing thankful that they had so many
nice things, it only served to make
them vain and proud, and sometimes
—I am sorry to say—rude and unkind.
There was only one little child in
this family, a delicate, peevish child,
she was lonely, too, and gazed wist-
fully at the others at their play. At
last her doctor told her mother that
it would do her good to run around,
so she joined the children in their
games, becoming Bell's greatest ad-
mirer.
When any of the terrace children
gave a party, Lily Showey was al-
ways invited, and enjoyed herself with
the rest. On Lily's birthday she had
some little visitors even grander than
herself. Dressed very prettily, they
came out with their dolls.
"Little Pickle" and her young
friends drew near to admire, but Lily
was ashamed of her every-day com-
panions because they were untidy, and
tossed her head and would not speak.
There was no more fun now, but
discontent and envy and sad little
hearts.
"Never mind!" cried Bell. "Some-
day I'll have a party, and we'll
see!"
After tea the children were made
more unhappy by seeing "the party"
eating ice cream on the steps. Some-
one called Bell just then, and she ran
into the house.
"Hurrah!" she shouted, coming
back, dancing and laughing. "Two
dollars from my god-mother! Now,
we'll see!"
Into the brilliantly-lighted rooms
of "Connell's restaurant" half an hour
later—where silks rustled and gems
sparkled—into this scene of beauty
marched a motley crowd—half tumbled
hair, smudgy faces and grimy fingers;
but joy and delight on every counten-
ance.
At the head marched Bell, triumph-
antly—eyes shining, cheeks rosy red,
brown curls flying followed by four
little sisters and five little play-
mates; totting Tommy last of all.
Not one whit abashed nor awed
were they by the grandeur—no, in-
deed. For were they not following
their leader, Bell, and did not she
know best? Bell seated her guests
and gave her orders. Presently, pink
ice cream was slipping down ten thir-
ty little throats, and fancy cakes
were being generously distributed.
Bell was happy—blissfully happy—
that she had given a treat, perfectly
certain that it had been enjoyed. On-
ly—when bedtime came—she whispered
to her mother, "Only—mother—I'm
sorry now that Lily wasn't in it, 'cos
she'd have loved it so."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator
is pleasant to take, sure and effectual
in destroying worms. Many have
tried it with best results.

NOTHING JUST RIGHT.
(Ey Florence Wilkinson.)
Good stories always are too short,
The dull ones are too long;
Nice people always go too soon,
There must be something wrong.

I'd like to find a story book,
The best I've ever read,
Which should go on forever 'n' ever,
At least, till I was dead.

My porridge bowl is much too big,
The pie plate is too small;
The fatted cherries hang too high,
It isn't right at all.

I wish the cook would bake a pie
As big as that full moon,
And then a little one besides,
To eat to-morrow noon.

Suffered Terrible Agony
FROM PAIN ACROSS
HIS KIDNEYS.
DOAN'S
KIDNEY PILLS
CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McDonnell,
Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney
Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years
I have suffered terrible agony from pain across
my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sleep,
eat, or walk. I consulted and had several doctors
treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice
of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable,
life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to
my surprise and delight, I immediately got
better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have
no equal for any form of kidney trouble."
Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or
three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all
dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of
price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto,
Ont.
Do not accept a spurious substitute but be
sure and get "Doan's."

THE BOYS WE ALL LIKE.
The boy who never makes fun of
old age, no matter how decrepit or
unfortunate or evil it may be. God's
hand rests lovingly on the aged head.
The boy who never cheats or is un-
fair in his play. Cheating is con-
temptible anywhere and at any age.
His play should strengthen, not
awaken, his character.
The boy who never calls anybody
bad names, no matter what anybody
calls him. He cannot throw mud and
keep his own hands clean.
The boy who is never cruel. He has
no right to hurt even a fly needlessly.
Cruelty is the mark of a bully;
kindness is the mark of a gentle-
man.
The boy who never lies. Even white
lies leave black spots on the charac-
ter.
The boy who never makes fun of a
companion because of a misfortune he
could not help.
The boy who never hesitates to say
no when asked to do a wrong thing.
The boy who never quarrels. When
your tongue gets unruly, lock it up.
The boy who never forgets that God
made him to be a joyous, loving, lov-
able, helpful being.

RIDDLES FOR ALL.
When are two people only half-wit-
ted?
When they have an understanding
between them.
Why is an egg like a horse? Because
you can't use it until it is broken.
What is the difference between a
thoughtless lady and her looking-
glass? The one talks without re-
flecting and the other reflects without
talking.
Why is a horse jockey like a ship's
anchors? Because they are always
weighed before they start.
Why is a spider a most excellent
correspondent? He drops a line at
every post.
What is it that occurs twice in every
moment, once in every minute,
but not once in a thousand years?
The letter "M."
Why can a clear summer's night
furnish you with an excellent weath-
er forecast? Because it gives you
dew, not ice (due notice).
Why is an umbrella like a hot cross
bun? Because it is never seen after
lent.

WHY IS LIFE THE GREATEST RIDDLE OF ALL?
Because you must give it up.
When does a man have to keep his
word? When no one will take it.

HERE ARE FUNNY BLUNDERS.
When the people who wrote these
advertisements were young they either
didn't have a chance to go to
school, as you have, or they didn't
study while there, so now the world
laughs at these blunders they have
made:
"Annual sale now on. Don't go
elsewhere to be cheated—come in
here."
"A lady wants to sell her piano, as
she is going away in a strong iron
frame."
"Furnished apartment suitable for
gentleman with folding doors."
"Two sisters want washing."
"Wanted—A room by two gentlemen
about thirty feet long and twenty
feet broad."
"Lost—A collie dog by a man on
Saturday answering to Jim with a
brass collar around his neck and a
muzzle."
"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her
passage to New York; willing to take
care of children and a good sailor."
"Respectable widow wants washing
on Tuesdays."
"For Sale—A pianoforte, the prop-
erty of a musician with carved legs."
"A boy who can open oysters with
reference."
"Builded for sale; will eat any-
thing; very fond of children."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.
Beautiful ground on which we tread,
Beautiful sky above our head;
Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with glittering light;
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds merrily sing,
Beautiful lily, beautiful rose,
Beautiful every flower that grows;
Beautiful trees and woods so green,
Beautiful buds and blossoms seen,
Beautiful every little blade,
Beautiful all that God has made.

Strictly private and confidential is
all correspondence in reference to our
most marvellous treatment for can-
cer and tumors. Our remedy is pleas-
ant to use and even the members of
your own family need not know you
are using it. Many severe cases of
CANCER have been permanently
cured. Let us send you the names of
some of these persons so that you
can investigate this truly wonderful
treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowman-
ville, Ont.