

Children's Department.

SECOND-BEST MANNERS.

"Where are the boys? Aren't they up yet?" asked Mr. Rosenbush for the second time, looking across the oatmeal dish at mother, who was supposed to be informed about the boys and girls and everybody else under the roof-tree.

"Up, and down!" she answered cheerily, turning her head to smile at the three tall fellows who entered at that moment and slid into their seats with the usual scramble at breakfast. Mrs. Rosenbush had heard a good deal from her sons about the hardships of term-time, and had a kind of fellow-feeling. Meals were literally served at all hours, as if it had been a railroad restaurant, and anybody who was especially delicate had his breakfast in bed—and a nice breakfast, too!" said Tom, who had tried it.

Yet with all these indulgences, the boys brought anything but gracious manners to their mother's table. She had noticed it and worried and thought her way out of the dilemma.

"Do you call these eggs fresh?" grumbled Tracy, tossing his 'dropped egg' about his plate discontentedly. "Mother tries to economize by getting 'store eggs.'"

She almost started to answer as usual. "My dear, they are the nicest to be had!" She hated to have the boys come home and find any lack of luxury or even any signs of economy. All that was tucked out of sight, like her headaches. But she checked herself with a sudden thought, and answered tartly:

"Good enough for you, I guess! The grocer called them 'strictly fresh,' I believe."

"Just like Tray!" cried Tom, thumping his brother's back delightedly. "You haven't anything to say now! Didn't know mother was so bright."

Delicious Drink

HORSTFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

with water and sugar only, makes a delicious, healthful and invigorating drink.

Allays the thirst, aids digestion, and relieves the lassitude so common in midsummer.

Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

"Bright? What?" said mother, who had not meant any pun, if they saw one.

"Oh, that's good! And Tray deserves an answer like that," added Tom virtuously; "only it doesn't sound like you, mother?"

"Oh," said mother sweetly, "those are my second-best manners. I have concluded to have two sets, one for company, and one for own folks. What do you want, Will? Sugar? Well, I'll pass it as soon as I get through with it. Don't take all the milk."

Father sat by enjoying his breakfast and other things. By and by Tom spoke.

"Second-best will do for company, mother! if you don't mind, we'll pass the other kind!"

"With pleasure!" said mother.

THE SEED SOWN FIRST.

Jamie had a little garden plot given him in the spring. He had great plans for planting it, but put off doing the work till late.

When the seeds began to sprout and grow, it appeared that the good seed sown was not all that went into the garden. Some carelessly dropped grass-seed had been scattered first, and among this some weeds sprang up. Jamie was much disappointed to find that he had so much weeding to do in the beginning.

An old gardener who lived next door, leaned over the fence one day and talked the matter over with the boy.

"You see, Jamie," he said, "it makes a deal of difference what seed is sown first. It gets the best chance and is likely to come up ahead of everything else. You'd better make sure after this that as soon as your ground is ready, the good seed gets in."

It is so with the heart-gardens. Let the seed of God's Word and everything good and true have the first chance.

A plot of earth has to take the seed that is scattered; it can't help it, nor can it cast out what is dropped. But Sunday-school scholars can keep the good seed from being sown in the heart-gardens or can allow other seed to be sown, if they choose. Oh, let

the good seed be scattered first, and have a chance to grow!

"NO HARM DONE."

"Yes, I know I am a regular spitfire when my temper runs away with me, but I stay angry only a moment, so there's no harm done."

This was the argument advanced the other day by a girl who thinks she is privileged to fly into a passion at the slightest provocation.

"No harm done?" Ah, she little realizes how those outbursts of temper wound all about her, and how unlovely they render her, or she would never thus express herself. But if she does not soon see the folly of acting the "spitfire" and curb that temper of hers, the result may be so serious that instead of saying indifferently, "I'm made that way, and can't help it!" she may be brought to realize that her temper has left her the legacy of a lifelong sorrow.

Going through a city hospital, recently, I saw a patient whose condition sent a pang to my heart. The door of the room where she was lying stood open, and I was about to enter—not out of curiosity, but in the capacity of "hospital visitor" for the month—but at the sight of the closed eyes, the face drawn with pain, and the little wasted hands working convulsively, I passed on.

"What a sad case!" said the nurse having the patient in charge, as I met her in the hall.

When I replied that knew nothing of it, she enlisted my sympathies by telling how the little sufferer came to be lying on that cot, instead of being the happy, healthy child she had been a few weeks before.

It was all the result of an uncurbed temper, the outcome of an uplifted foot and a kick—not from a dumb animal not responsible for its acts, but from a boy, who at a slight provocation had kicked his school-mate, the act resulting in a diseased bone and an amputated leg. No wonder that wan face was drawn with pain!

Just think of it! That innocent child not only endures untold suffering, but she must go through life a cripple, just because a boy let his temper master him.

I listened to the sad story, and then, with deepened interest in the little patient, retraced my steps. Halting again at the door I gazed on the sweet, pinched face of the innocent sufferer, and I heartily wished everyone with an uncontrolled temper might stand where I stood and hear what I heard. If you ever feel inclined to say: "I have a dreadful temper, but I'm soon over it, so there's no harm done," think of this sad story. And remember, too, that you can curb your temper instead of being controlled by it, if you ask Jesus to help you.

PRACTICE ECONOMY

In buying medicine as in other matters. It is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because there is more medicinal value in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses and will average, taken according to directions, to last a month, while others last but a fortnight.

—Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.



Paint 'em!

The houses, barns, out-buildings, fences, roofs, floors, cupboards, shelves, boxes, furniture, baseboards, window-blinds, bath tubs, iron beds, flower-stands, garden tools, children's toys, and in fact everything. That's the way to keep the home bright and attractive; that's the way to double its value as a place to live in or a place to sell.

Our booklet, "Paint Points," tells how to paint all these things and what paints to use for the different surfaces. It tells all about good paint and bad paint. It's a practical, money-saving book. Write to us to-day for a free copy.

Sherwin-Williams' Family Paint is the very best paint for painting baseboards, benches, brackets, flower-stands, and in fact all the little things about the house. It is made for this one purpose. Over 10,000 dealers sell Sherwin-Williams' Paints. Not one slap-dash mixture for all surfaces, but a specially prepared paint for each surface.

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THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"Go away from there, you old beggar boy! You've no right to be looking at our flowers," shouted a little fellow from the garden where he was standing.

The poor boy, who was pale, dirty and ragged, was leaning against the fence, admiring the splendid show of roses and flowers within. His face reddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly, when a little girl sprang out from an arbour near, and looking at both, said to her brother:

"How could you speak so, Herbert? I'm sure his looking at the flowers don't hurt us." And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, she added, "Little boy, I'll pick you some flowers, if you'll wait a moment," and she immediately gathered a pretty bouquet and handed it through the fence.

His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence the girl had grown to a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden, when she observed a young man in workman's dress leaning over the fence and looking attentively at her and at the flowers. Turning to her husband she said: "It does me good to see people admiring the garden; I'll give that young man some of the flowers," and, approaching him, she said, "are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment into her fair face, and then said in a voice tremulous with feeling. "Twelve years ago I stood here a ragged little beggar boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers and your pleasant words made a new boy of me; ay, and they made a man of me, too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in many dark hours of life; and now, thank God, though that boy is still a humble, hard-working man, he is an honest and grateful one."

Tears stood in the eyes of the lady as, turning to her husband, she said,