

Sunday Reading.

My Bad Little Boy.

Did you ever see him, my bad little boy,
Down on the sands by the sea?
This is his picture—my boy's own self—
With his big eyes smiling at me!
With his hands in his pockets, his hat awry,
And his face all covered with tan;
Oh, he was a bad little boy—my boy,
Who never will be a man!

He kept me busy from morn till night;
I lived in a babel of noise!
He would romp and play in the roughest way,
After the fashion of boys.
He spilled my ink and he broke my pen,
I had never a chance to write,
Till the mystical music of winds and waves
Had lulled him to sleep at night.

But once in a while he would come and lay
His curly head on my knee,
And watch the Sun King going down
To his kingdom under the sea.
And talk in his odd little way of things
Too deep for my duller ken
After the fashion of some little boys—
Boys who will never be men.

Alas and alas for my bad little boy!
It happened one summer day
That the light went out of the tired eyes
And the little feet lagged on the way.
And just as the sun was going down
To his kingdom under the sea,
The angels came for my bad little boy
And took him away from me.

There is quiet now when I want to write,
There is never a toy on the floor.
Nobody teases the cross old cat,
Nobody pounds on the door.
Nobody loots or breaks my pens,
Nobody spills my ink;
I have plenty of time to read and work,
I have too much time to think.

And I think as I sit here alone to-night
In the shadowy silence and gloom
I would give the wealth of the world to see
My bad little boy in the room.
To hear the rollicking ring of his laugh,
To see him among his toys.
Or playing at leap frog over the chairs
After the fashion of boys.

I would give the world—for I miss him so—
To have him with me again!
My boy who has entered the silent ranks
Of the boys who will never be men.
And I think if an angel looked down to see
His song would lose some of its joy,
For all that was dearest in life to me
Is gone with my bad little boy.

Margerie's Surprise.

The sun wondered why Margerie slept so late. It was such a beautiful morning, and her birthday, too. The birds in the old apple-tree under her window had been singing and chirping for hours. 'This will never do,' thought the sun, so he travelled across the room and opened Margerie's eyes. She sat up in bed, then she remembered it was her birthday and jumped up to dress, for she was anxious to see her presents.

Wasn't Margerie surprised—standing in her shoes were two dolls in caps, as like as two peas. 'You dear dollies,' she cried, sitting down beside them. 'I'll call you Bluebell and Pink, 'cause you are dressed in blue and pink.' On a card around Bluebell's neck she read, 'We are two of nine little dolls, come to live with our Mamma Margerie. Look for us.'

Margerie had declared she never could have too many dolls, and her mother had made this plan to surprise her. Margerie dressed as fast as she could and began to look for the other dolls. But though she hunted all over her room, not another one appeared.

Just then the breakfast-bell rang, and Margerie ran gaily down-stairs with Bluebell and Pink. 'Good morning, everybody,' she cried, as she entered the dining room. Mamma, papa, and Cousin Edith were already at the table.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,' said mamma, kissing her. 'How fast my little girl is growing!'

'Stop,' said papa, 'it is my turn.' Throwing her arms around his neck, Margerie gave him a great hug.

'Mamma, mamma,' said a faint little voice.

Margerie was amazed. Then she saw papa's coat pocket bulged out very suspiciously, and in a minute more she had pulled out a dear doll with long, golden curls. 'Can you shut your eyes?' asked Margerie, laying her down.

'I don't want to go to bed, I don't want to go to bed,' protested dollie, kicking her arms and feet.

Margerie could only stare with astonishment. Was there every such a wonderful doll? Papa was so smothered with hugs and kisses that he had to beg for quarter. Margerie was too excited to eat much. She would not have been surprised to see the waffles and chicken turn into dolls before her eyes.

After breakfast she hunted all through the dining-room. 'There are none in here,' she said, sorrowfully. But peeping over the rim of a pitcher on the top shelf of the buffet was a jolly black cook, with cap, apron and spoon.

Mamma had asked Margerie's two little

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cousins, Lucille and May, to spend the day with her. They were as excited as Margerie over the new dolls. Together they searched in every out-of-the-way place they could think of.

'Hurrah for Ching-Chang-Ching!' called May, holding up the little Chinaman in gay flowered gown and pigtail. 'I found him under a hat on the hall settle.'

'Yes, but just see the dear little milk-maid I found in the umbrella stand,' said Lucille. Sure enough, there she was ready to go a-milking, with a little stool tucked in her belt.

'It's my turn to find one now,' said Margerie. 'I wonder what kind of a doll it will be.'

'I am going to hunt in the library,' said May. 'We haven't been in there yet.'

But Lucille and Margerie were sure there were more dolls in the parlor. Presently they heard May calling excitedly, 'Come, see what a pretty one I got out of the waste basket.'

Running to the library, they beheld a demure doll in short-waisted gown, mitts and bag.

'Miss Priscilla Prue, how do you do?' said Margerie, making her a bow.

The little girls then looked in every nook and corner, but no more dolls were forthcoming, so they sat down to rest and play with those they had found.

'Oh! I know where we can look,' exclaimed Margerie, suddenly; 'in the packing-room.' And they all flew up-stairs as fast as their feet could carry them.

'I told you so; see Gretchen,' said Margerie as she pulled a little Dutch doll with velvet cap and bodice and fat, flaxen braids from under a pile of quilts.

'I wish we could find the other doll. Where, oh where, are you hiding? I don't believe she is up here at all,' said May, when they had spent some time hunting around.

'Well let's put everything as we found it and look somewhere else,' answered Margerie.

Such a long search as that dollie gave them. Down stairs, up stairs, and down stairs again, but no doll appeared. At last tired out, the little girls went into the pantry for a drink of water.

'Did you ever?' cried Lucille as she climbed up to get a glass. 'It's time you were found, you bad, bad doll.'

By the side of the bread-box sat Miss Dollie, smiling and looking as cool and unconcerned as though three little girls had not been hunting for her over an hour.

The children had their supper in the nursery. There was a big bunch of pink roses in the middle of the table in honor of the birthday. After they had eaten their bread and milk, Molly, the waitress, brought in a sponge cake, which she put in front of Margerie to cut, and three little dolls made

CONSTIPATION.

In the summer especially should the bowels be kept free, so that no poisonous material shall remain in the system to ferment and decay and infect the whole body. No remedy has yet been found equal to B.B.B. for curing Constipation, even the most chronic and stubborn cases yield to its influence.

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B.B.B. not only cures Constipation, but is the best remedy known for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and Blood Humors.

**Burdock
Blood
Bitters.**

of ice cream. They had chocolate feet and vanilla faces and strawberry gowns. I think Margerie must have been satisfied. Don't you?

A War Funeral.

Two generations have learned by heart the fine poem on 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.' Its truth as a war funeral sketch is emphasized by the scene at the burial of Surgeon Gibbs and his three comrades at Guantanamo, Cuba, last June. At the point where

But half of our heavy task was done

When we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.

the repetition of history is striking, though the situation in the Cuban incident is far more critical and thrilling than in Chaplain Wolfe's poem. It was the same national 'foe' whose 'sullen firing' had slain four brave American marines, and threatened again the lives of the men who buried them.

By the new graves on the hillside, near the camp of the marines, a troop of several hundred stood with uncovered heads while Chaplain Jones of the war-ships Texas began the service for the dead.

He had scarcely pronounced the words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' when a volley from a party of concealed Spaniards on a neighboring ridge startled them with a hail of scattering bullets. Most of the marines retired to their trenches, but a few remained with the intrepid chaplain.

Falling flat in the grass, they sighted their rifles at the ridge, and gave the hidden enemy shot for shot, while the clergyman, partly sheltered by a little mound of earth, went on with the funeral service, uttering every word with a calm, strong voice, and apparently as undisturbed as if he had been in his own pulpit.

The more excited marines watched and fought the foe, but did not for a moment forget the solemn ceremony. In the face of all perils they resolved to suitably honor the remains of their uncoffined comrades. Their guns strangely accented the reverent responses they gave to the chaplain's recital, and the closing 'Our Father' mingled with the dropping of Spanish bullets all around them. When before was the Lord's Prayer ever chanted to the accompaniment of a battle? It was the Old Testament and the New in tragic symphony—a duet of death and life.

Chaplain and men kept to their sacred duty, omitting nothing till all was done. They covered the graves and went away. A religious rite under such circumstances was one to be remembered; and later some one of those present at the scene may tell its story more adequately than we have told it here.

NEARLY DISCOURAGED.

The Experience of Mr. Ralph Giberson. Who Suffered Greatly From General Debility.

Ralph Giberson, postmaster Monquaet, Carleton Co. N. B., is also known as a prosperous agriculturist and an enthusiast in his line. Now stalwart and rugged, weighing 250 pounds, he scarce would be recognized as the man who six months ago was the picture of one suffering the terrible symptoms of general debility. He was run down in health, suffered much from dizziness, almost blindness, general dullness and depression of spirits. He had a poor appetite and such food as he ate gave him great distress. He was incapacitated for the work that fell upon him and was well nigh utterly discouraged. The symptoms bordered on those by which hypochondria is manifested. Through reading the Advertiser he learned of the particular benefit that several of his friends in this vicinity had received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by the hope held out by their testimonials he secured a supply and took them according to directions. The result was almost magical; immediately his symptoms began to become less disagreeable and he steadily gained until now he is perfectly free from his old troubles. He gladly and freely gives this testimonial, that all who may read it may know the remedy if ever they are troubled with general debility.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. The genuine can only be had in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.'

Little Glenn was dining with a friend of his father, and had picked his second drumstick when he was offered a third. The little fellow looked from the leg poised on the carving-fork to the two bones on his plate and exclaimed, "Why, our chickens don't have hind legs!"

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine has been found of great service in croup and whooping cough. No house where there are children should be without a bottle.

AN ISOLATED RACE.

Ainos of Japan, who had Never Seen a Foreigner.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd writes for the Century, from personal observation, an article entitled 'In Aino Land.' Mrs. Todd says: In the summer of 1896, as a lay member of the Amherst College expedition which visited northern Japan to view the total eclipse of the sun, I had the rare opportunity of seeing the absolutely primitive 'hairy Aino' of that region. In the southern portion of the island, near Hakodate and Sapporo, and about Volcano Bay, travelers have visited these shy and silent people. But several hundred miles north are many Ainos who, until the summer of 1896, were strangers to the members of any race but their own or the few Japanese who are establishing small fishing villages along the coast. The dwellers in the province of Kitami [are too distant to be sought by visitors; and a foreign woman, the Japanese officials] informed me, had never before reached Kitami.

Skirting the rough western coast by steamer, and rounding Cape Soya, the eclipse party located at Esashi, which must not be confused with another town of the same name near Hakodate. The news of the arrival of strange white foreigners spread quickly among the neighboring villages. Walking with stately tread, bushy-haired and bearded groups of Ainos often passed the expedition headquarters, apparently, looking for nothing unusual, and giving no evidence of curiosity, yet never failing to see every foreign figure within their range. Humbly accompanying their lords, women and children frequently followed, far less imposing than the men. Somewhat larger, and apparently stronger than the Japanese, although not taller, the older men are actually patriarchal, with long beards, and masses of thick hair parted in the middle. Many faces have a benign and lolly expression.

Driven gradually through ages from the south to Hakkaide, the Ainos are among the few races yet remaining, in this over-civilized world of ours, an utterly unspoiled simplicity. Their origin has never been satisfactorily traced, but they were certainly in Japan long before the present race of Japanese had arrived, and names clearly originating in the Aino tongue are still retained all over the empire. Gentle and suppliant to the conquering race, it is evident that they formerly held more egotistic views than now, even fancying themselves the centre of the universe, as is shown perhaps by an old national song:

Gods of the sea, open your eyes divine,
Wherever your eyes turn, there echoes the sound
Of the Aino speech.

Going to bed Hungry.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is never good to eat before sleeping. Many an hour of sleeplessness may be avoided by nibbling a biscuit at bed time. On this subject the New York 'Ledger' says: 'All animals, except man, eat before sleeping, and there is no reason why man should form an exception to the rule. Fast-ing during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep add greatly to the amount of emaciation sleep-lessness and general weakness.' So often met with it it well known that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue—sleeping or waking: it is therefore, natural to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those in whom the vitality is lowered. As bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period add more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result. If the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless were to take nightly a light meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, they would be raised a better standard of health. It has been our experience that after digesting a bowl of bread and milk or a saucer of oatmeal, before going to bed, for a few months a surprising increase in weight, strength and general tone has resulted.

How To Select A Boy.

A Gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken" said the gentleman; "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to the lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly."

He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it

upon the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding showing that he was honourable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean.

"Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."

ANCIENT REMEDIES.

Alchemy and Superstition Proposed Some Ridiculous Compounds.

It is strange to notice the great belief which the ancients appeared to have in the restorative properties of human blood. So, for epilepsy, diseases of the brain, and even for spleen, human blood was much recommended. 'In the month of May take a considerable quantity of healthy young men's blood.' The blood was distilled twice and dried in the sun. One wonders what the 'healthy young men' had to say on this subject of blood-letting, especially as 'a considerable quantity' was taken. In olden times no one need remain wrinkled. All that was necessary was to 'smear the face with a mixture of water and the ponded root of wild cucumber.' If any one was afflicted with freckles it was his own fault; the remedy was simple if scarcely pleasant; he must 'rub a bull's gall on the face.' To us who are apt to be irritated by dust or smoke in the eye while on the railway the following prescription should be valuable: 'Chant the psalm 'Qui habitat' thrice over water, with which then douches the eye.' A certain remedy for curing an inebriate was to give him as many eggs of the screech owl boiled hard as he could possibly eat, when he would ever after be a total abstainer. This is surely worthy the attention of the societies. The search for 'the philosopher's stone' seems to have been no mere craze of the unlettered. Men of unimpeachable ability and great learning wasted the greater part of their lives on this quest. Some supposed mercury to be the chief transmuting force; others thought that by sulphur the bodies of metals could be turned into 'the most fine pure gold and silver.' Though Bacon was a firm believer in the elixir vitae, Paracelsus was the most diligent inquirer after this wondrous liquid. He prepared a remedy called 'Primum Ens Melissae,' which was made of pure carbonate of potash and the fresh leaves of the melissa plant, on which was poured pure alcohol. Generally, however, the idea seems to have been that the elixir of life was composed of the four elements blended together—London Spectator.

Tallest of Trees.

In New South Wales, Victoria and Tasmania grows a species of gum tree—Eucalyptus amygdalina is its scientific name—which, Sir F. von Mueller says, probably represents the tallest of all trees of the globe. The loftiest specimen of this tree yet measured towers to the height of 471 feet. A prostrate tree, measured in Victoria, was 420 feet long, and the distance from the roots to the lowest branch was 295 feet. At that point the trunk was four feet in diameter, and 360 feet from the butt the diameter was still three feet. The wood of the tree is hard and of good quality of volatile oil from its leaves, which are very abundant.

Ill Temper.

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. 'Putnam's' sure, safe, painless.

The Language of Notepaper.

Said a young lady to a 'female' friend: 'Why do you use two kinds of paper in writing your love letters?' 'When I write to Jim I use red paper, because that means love, and when I write to Tom I use blue, for that means faithfulness.'

Tapped his Cheek.

A school-inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, 'With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?' and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his cheek and asked: 'What is this?'

The Wholes Class: 'The jawbone of an ass.'

A Fairy Story.

Willy: 'Grandpa tell me a story.' Grandpa: 'Once upon a time, before people thought of marrying for money—' Willy: 'Oh, I don't mean a fairy story.'

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