

A Strong Statement.

When a mother puts a thing emphatically it is because she knows what she is talking about. Mrs. J. F. Harrigan, Huntingdon, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets in our house for over a year, and I can say that they are all that is claimed for them."

Strong Endorsement.

Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did him as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

A Mother's Comfort.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a fine medicine for children of all ages," writes Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man. "I would not be without them in the house. They are truly a comfort to baby and mother's friend."

Just The Thing for Baby.

Mrs. Ed. Jones, 55 Christie street, Ottawa, says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and find them just the thing for baby."

Satisfactory Results.

Mrs. Hunt, Dumfries, N. B., says:—"I am glad to say that I have used Baby's Own Tablets with satisfactory results."

Free to Mothers Only.

To every mother of young children who will send us her name and address plainly written on a postal card, we will send free of all charge a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. This book has been prepared by a physician who has made the ailments of little ones a life study. With the book we will send a free sample of Baby's Own Tablets—the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of infants and children. Mention the name of this paper and address The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Great Help.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a great help for my little ones," writes Mrs. James Clarke, 63 Conway street, Montreal, and I think so much of them that I would advise mothers to keep them in the house all the time."

An Experienced Mother.

"I am the mother of nine children," writes Mrs. John Haulan, of Mackey's Station, Ont., "and have had occasion to use much medicine for children, and I can truthfully say I have never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are prompt in their action and just the thing for little ones."

A Cure for Constipation.

Many little ones are troubled with constipation and it is a dangerous trouble. Mrs. John King, Sylvan Valley, Ont., says:—"My baby has been badly troubled with constipation and I have never found any medicine to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They soon put baby all right."

Surprising Results.

Mrs. William Fitzgibbon, Stenburg, Ont., says:—"My little baby, six months old, was very sick. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and was surprised to find the change they made in him in a few hours. I shall always keep the Tablets in the house after this."

Miss Quay?"

"Yes—I see," murmured Constance thoughtfully. "But it would be something to hope for; it wouldn't be counting the days you had left, for six terrible months. Think of it! One hundred and eighty days, one hundred and seventy-nine, one hundred and seventy-eight, seventy-seven, seventy-six,—always one less—the horror creeping on you every day!"

"God pity her!" murmured the kind great man in his beard.

"And I thought it was all one could suffer to wear glasses!" laughed Constance tremulously.

* * * * *

Six months afterward, three people came together again in that inside room. It was Constance Quay's face that was white with dread. The face of little Judith Reese was flushed with eager hope. There seemed a bond of quiet affection, and the familiarity of long dwelling together, between the two girls; and Judith's bandaged eyes were turned always toward the sound of Constance's voice. But Judith did not hear the low, strained whisper.

"Let me take them off, doctor, when you say, 'Now.' You need not be afraid; I will be calm."

Dr. Bell was drawing some of the shades and darkening the room. He moved about briskly. His good face was full of courage. Why not? Things had worked along so well, there had been every chance in the world. Surely, now—

"Now," the doctor said quietly.

The bandages slipped away from Judith's patient eyes. An instant's breathless waiting—then a clear cry of joy.

"I can see! It isn't dark!" And, again: "It is light! I can see!"

Judith caught Constance's hands and gazed rapidly into the joyous face, as if she must see that first. Was it the light there she saw?

"I can see everything, Miss Constance. I can see the tears in your eyes, but you ain't crying? O, how beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! It's the end of six months, and I ain't blind. I can see!"

Constance took off her glasses and wiped them hard; then she set them astride her pert little nose again, and curled their slender golden bows around her ears. She looked at the smiling doctor gaily through them.

"I can see, too," she laughed.—C. E. World.

Little Hands Are So Quiet Now.

The little hands are so quiet now,
And the little feet are at rest,
And so placid and smooth is the baby-brow,
Where so often our lips have been pressed.
We have taken one curl of golden hair,
And have placed it with tears away;
We have bidden adieu to our baby fair,
Who brightened our home each day.

Lay the little shoes and stockings aside
Our darling so lately wore,
And his useless playthings somewhere hide,
For never he'll use them more.
His cosy cot and his empty chair
Now carefully place them by
In a quiet room unused, and where
I can muse when none is nigh.

The years will come, and the years will go,
But sorrow will last for aye—
And life, like a darksome dream, shall flow,
Since baby has gone away.
The flowers will open beneath the smile of spring,
And the flowers of winter flee,
But the darling to whom I fondly cling,
Shall never return to me.

The Sinful Brother.

It was at a certain church meeting, and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B, a lay delegate.

"Brother B, what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop, briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother.
"What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian, and not hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother quietly.

"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."

"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he is."

"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man, hold family prayer?" thundered the bishop.

"He has no family," meekly answered the brother.—A. J. B. in Harper's.

The Seven Wonders of Korea

Korea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated, they are as follows: First, a hot mineral spring near Kin Shantoo, the healing properties of which are believed by the people to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious.

The second wonder is two springs, situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities—when one is full, the other is always empty; and, notwithstanding the fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other pure and sweet. The third wonder is a cold-wave cave—a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it. A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done to the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly, like the phoenix from her ashes.

The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite sides of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever. The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has lain glowing with heat on top of a high hill. The seventh and last Korean wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy. These are very great wonders if true.—Outlook.

Southey says, in one of his letters, "I have told you of the Spaniard who always puts on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they may look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments, and pack away my troubles in as small a compass as I can."

Read the exquisite songs of Burns. In shape each of them has the perfection of the berry; in light the radiance of the dewdrop.—Tennyson.