

She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers,

Chase & Sanborn,

contains the purest, best and most delicious coffee that expert buyers can procure.

Shealso knows that this coffee comes to her in all its original freshness and strength, because leading grocers sell

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha,

in one and two pound cans.

For Boys And Girls

The Tired Maiden.

I am a-weary, mother dear, Enfeebled and o'erworn; I cannot wield a broom, I fear, Nor pull and husk the corn.

"Twould jeopardize my health make The beds or can the fruit Or help you dust, or sew, or bake, Ere I my strength recruit."

Thus spake the maiden, gave a cough To strengthen her appeal, Then donned her bloomers and rode off Ten miles upon her wheel. -Christian Work.

2, V.

Two Friends: In the zoological gardens in San Francisco is a big lion named Paul. There wandered one day into these cardens a little kitten. So far as this little kitten knew, there was nothing in this great big world but friendly. lovable people. The kitten went about all day in the gardens, being fed by the children, and when night came she found herself in with the animals in the zoo. She felt quite at home, for some of them were her relations-very much larger and somewhat different in shape, but still they were cousins and second cousins. In one of the cages is a big lion who is very old. The kitten, just like all lovable things, felt very sorry for the big lion, who found it difficult to stand up, and whose head was gray; so Kitty made up her mind she would be his friend; and wasn't it beautiful? Old Paul was just as anxious to be Kitty's friend. When Kitty got into the cage Paul got up and met her, and put his head down close to her, so that it was almost like a kiss. When Paul lay down again, poor tired little Kitty crawled right on his neck, and there the keeper found her in the morning. After this Paul and Kitty were the closest friends, and Kitty for several weeks slept right in the curve of the lion's neck, and in daytime crawled all over him.-The Outlook.

Sophia's Sailor Sweetheart.

Slowly strolling seaward, some sailors sonorously sang sea songs. Sophia Sumpter, Shagtown's sweetest singer, startled, shrieked shrilly. Seeing sailors, she stared surprised. Smiling, she

"Sir sailors, sing something softly. Something sorrowfully, sweetly sad." Silas Sears, senior sailor, seeing So phia's sentence singular, stood stupidly | Guess dere's nothin' now to hinder,

She, still standing sorrowfully solus, ward, saw silvery stars soon studding Hi! I feel like shoutin' glory! Bilent sky. Sheltered spots soon shaded seemed, sun setting silently, surely. Sophia's sirene splendor subdued Silas Sears' soul-singing seemed superfluous. Still some sweet singers— strangers—softly, sweetly, serenaded

Sadness subsiding, she smilingly scanned sailor Sears steadily. Sears, slender, straight, stately, still stood silent.

"Stranger, sit," suggested Sophia. "Scarlet streaks slanting skyward, say Sophia's sister Susan, sensible spinster, soon served supper.
"Supper, stranger," said she.

So Sears, supping serenely, sagaclously said some sensible sentences. Sophia's sire seeing stranger seek Sophia's side, seemed sorely suspicious. Seeing such suspicions, Sears, settling score, strode seaward, seeking

Sophia's sire scolded soundly. 'Stop, stop!" solicited she, "sailor simply sought supper." Senselessly suspicious," she sighed,

sleeplessly sorrowful. Sunrise saw Sophia Sumpter seeking

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.. with a severe pain and contraction of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for the pain, and was unable to put my foot to the floor.

Three doses brought great relief. Two or three bottles completely cured hermon and was unable to put my foot to the floor.

Three doses brought great relief. Two or three bottles completely cured hermon and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINI. kind left. It is truly a wonder work-MENT, and one hour from the first ap-plication I was able to walk, and the pain

entirely disapp ared. You can use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used.

Ingersoli, Ont. Christopher Gerry.

strawberries. Seeing some striped snakes, she screamed shrilly, startling Shepherd Sampson's sheep so sharply, sheep scattered, seeking safety some-

Some scapegraces seeing sheep scattered, stole several; seeing same, So-phia shouted: "Say, Sampson, some scoundrels stealing sheep."
Sneaking stealthily, scoundrels sought shelter, sending sheep straying.

Shepherd Sampson seeing same, sav-agely shouting, sought sheep. Securely secreted somewhere, Silas Sears, sallor, saw Sophia's scare. Slaying snakes, Silas sympathizingly soothed Sophia. She, sweetly smiling, sought strawberries successfully, Sears

seeking same. Sometime subsequently Sophia's spousal surprised Shagtown. Sire Sumpter sent superb silver set, senseless suspicions subdued, Sophia Sumpter Sears seeming such sweet signature,-New York Observer.

The Poets. HERMAN HOORE ANNEX HONEX XXXXX XXXXX

. . Gone in the Wind.

[Ruckert.] Solomon, where is thy throne: It is gone in the wind. Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind. Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the blind, Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man, canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind? Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind; Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined, Myriads and millions of brighter are

Solomon, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind. Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed

Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind. Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined: Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind: Honor and affluence? Firmans that

Fortune hath signed, Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind. Solomon, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind. Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind. Who is the fortunate? He who in an-

guish hath pined!

dust in the wind. James Clarence Mangan.

At Emmaus.

They did not know Him as they walked, Their eyes were holden while He talked, But when at home He brake the bread, "It is the Lord!" they quickly said.

Wouldst know the Christ? Make Him thy guest; His hearth-stone manner shows Him

William H. Woods.

Hark! I Hear de Angels Comin'. Hark! I hear de angels comin',

Take dis pore old darkey home; Some a-blowin', some a-drumming'; Sure de jubilee am come! Massa Gabriel, he look splendid In his robes so dazzlin' white, Eyes like diamon's on me bended Seem to pierce me wid deir light.

Life has just been one long trouble, Full of care an' want an' ill. Little else dan weeds an' stubble Dis pore heart of mine to fill. Only friend I've had was Jesus, Only comfort, hope and joy; Bress de love that from sin frees us, Satan's wicked arts destroy.

Wait a minute, Gabriel, honey, Won't detain you bery long, I've no houses, lands nor money To divide my friends among-Nothin' but dis worfless body, Broken up and pore and weak, Ready, like a piece of shoddy, Drop to pieces while I speak.

What you say? You're in a hurry? Can't delay, de time's up now? That it ain't wurf while to worry 'Bout such pore things anyhow? Blessed Marster! I've had nothin' But pore things to give to thee, In return for all I've gotten Of thy love and mercy free.

Ignorant an' pore, none more so, But I've loved and trusted thee. I have kept thee always foremos', All my hope an' guide to be. Massa Gabriel, don't be 'fended, Don't go 'way now anyhow; Dis de time I need be friended,

Bery weak I'm growin' now. Nothing here that can allure; Lift me up now bery tender,

Sure de jubilee am come! Pears as heaven was just before me Bress de Lord! I'm goin' home! -[William G. Haeselbarth.

5, 16 Good-Luck and Bad-Luck.

Good-Luck is the gayest of all gay Long in one place she will not stay: Back from her brow she strokes the

Kisses you quick and flies away!

But Madam Bad-Luck soberly comes And stays-no fancy has she for Snatches of true-love songs she hums, And sits by your side and brings her

John Hay. THE "SMITHY'S" DAUGHTER

-[Translated from the German by

Attacked by That Most Insidious of Marauders-Kidney Disease-Gets Good Health Back by Using South American Kidney Cure-A Kidney Specific. Theophile Gadbois, of Arnprior, writes: "My daughter was a great sufferer from kidney disease. Medical men did their best for her, and we tried all the remedies at command, and not Dear Sirs - A few days ago I was taken until South American Kidney Cure until South American Kidney Cure tried did she get any benefit. er. For sale by C. McCallum and B. A.

Minard's Liniment Cures Neuralgia

A Smile:

A Laugh. . .

Purchaser-What is so remarkable bout this poodle-dog? Dealer-His name ain't Fido."-New York Journal.

Thirsty Thornton—Does yer notice lately how many fools der are dat's killin' demselves in bathtubs? Soiled Sammy-Don't condemn 'em, Thirsty. Would you feel like livin' if you found yourself in a bathtub?

"Say, are you goin' to Johnny Williams' ball?" "I guess so. I got an invite." "Was it pressin'?" "Rayther. Johnny saw me in the street an' says if I didn't show up at de ball he'd come over and wipe de pavement up

Miss Bacon (of Boston)—Do you never feel an insatiate craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite?
Omaha Man—Ye—es, kinder.

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."—

Not Very Nearly Related.—New Neighbor—Be them Halls over on the cross-roads any connection o' yourn, Mis' Hall? Mrs. Hall-Wa-al, we is jist enough connected so 's't ef anybody dies out er one fambly the other fambly follers arter the funeral in the larst kerrige,

but don't stay ter the supper. minutes the creaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil-can in hand, to lubricate the same crank. Again he resumed his post; but it was only a few minutes before the same old crank was creaking louder than ever. "Great Jupiter," he yelled, "the thing's bewitched." More oil was administered; but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the

Throughly Grateful

crank squeaked again, when, slipping

Mr. Stephen Belisle Cladly Tells How He Was Cured.

After Other Remedies Failed to Help Him, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made Him a Healthy

[From the Montreal Herald.] Down on William street the bulk of the butter and cheese trade is done, and it is there that the Montreal cold storage and freezing company's mammoth building is located. In the summer time, when extensive shipments are being made, the big block is a veritable beehive. Several well-known exporting firms have their warehouses in this building, and one of them is Wm. T. Ware & Co. Their head warehouseman is Mr. Stephen Belisle, who, as his name indicates, is a French-Canadian, and in the prime of life. If ever there was a grateful man on the face of the earth today that man is Stephen Belisle. After suffering indescribable agonies for several months, he is now the picture of health, and feels that it is his duty to tell all the world how he was restored to health and happiness. Mr. Belisle explained 2:30 p.m. on March 2 my vessel was his troubles, now fortunately a thing proceeding under full sail when we obof the past, to a reporter of the Herald recently. "My work called me to all parts of the warehouse," said he; "and sometimes I went into as they passed our vessel we saw that the freezing room without my coat or cap on, and then back to the other canvas trousers on.' parts of the warehouse to the warmer atmosphere. About a year ago I became very ill with a complication of diseases. I was suffering with indigestion, biliousness and the resulting nervous disorders, such as sick headache and loss of appetite. I began doctoring, but I seemed to grow worse every day. I slept very little, and as time went on I was not able to do any work, and even the exertion of moving about would tire me out. I had a very poor appetite, and what food I ate did not agree with me. I also suffered from a severe pain in the back and side. During that time I had tried many remedies, but they gave me no I had become so weak and my system was so run down that life was a burden to me. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I did with extremely beneficial results. commenced taking the pills about Christmas-time, and now I am feeling so good that I thought it my duty to write the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and let them know how extremely grateful I am for the cure their medicine has effected in me. I had taken only six boxes when my condition of health was a paradise to what it had been for some months previous."

ways be a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. ing to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you liams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases. tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Oint-ment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. Avoid substitutes.

Mitchell.

The proportion of people in Norway who speak English is larger than in any other country in the world.

The length of life may be increased by lessening its dangers. The majority of people die from lung troubles. These may be averted by promptly ling once asked Schumann how he got con with Wagner. "Well," he replied, "Wagner is a great man, but I don't

Stories of the Day.

Trail to Spain.

It was on the 47th day out when ne of the crew began to murmur, and one of them, more outspoken than the rest, walking into Columbus' cabin, implored him not to go fartner.
"Why?" asked Columbus. "What's the use of turning back, now that we're the implementation of the imp nearly half-way there?"
"We are afraid we'll never get back,"

said the sailor. "You'll lose your way before long." "Not at all," said Columbus, pointing through the stern window of his ship. "We can't lose ourselves. Do you see the wake of this ship?" "Yes," said the sailor. "I see. It's

my own wake I'm thinking of, your "Well, never fear," said Columbus, "When we decide to return all calmly. we have to do is, to follow that wake back to Gibraltar, and from there the way is easy. The sailor departed satisfied.

TOO STRONG A TEMPTATION. The only instance I have ever heard of smuggling by anyone on a big scale, says a writer in Nineteenth Century, was the case of a traveler who had brought from Cuba a large quantity of cigars for his own smoking. He was honest up to a certain point; for, on being asked by the customs officer if he had anything to declare, he pointed to his portmanteau, saying: "That is full of cigars." "Oh, I dare say," said the official, laughing, and, writing his cabalistic hieroglyphics in chalk, let him go free. I regret to say that the traveler's honesty was not proof against such a temptation to evade the proper

GOOD GROUND FOR OBJECTION. Prof. Max Muller, in Cosmopolis, recalls the story of what happened once in the coinrooms of the British Museum, where, during a visit of a number of gentlemen and ladies, it was observ-Maccabe, the ventriloquiest, was a great practical joker. Several years All the gentlemen present in the room engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine-room. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to creak. The engineer oiled it and went about his duties. In the course of a few minutes. was swept and every corner searched once more. At last the missing coin was found in a chink of the floor.

Every apology was made to the sus-pected person, but he was asked why he had so strongly objected to being searched. He then produced from his pocket another specimen of the very same coin. "I came here," he said, "to compare my specimen, which is very perfect, with the only other specimen up behind Maccabe, he squirted half-a-pint of oil down the joker's back. which is thought to be superior to mine, and almost unique, in the world. Now, He shall rejoice when his relics are "There," said he, "I guess that crank suppose," he added, "that you had not dust in the wind. any more."-Spare Mo- found your coin, and had found my pecimen in my pocket, would anybody have believed in my innocence?"

HE SHOCKED THE QUEEN. Who does not know the "Copper Horse" at Windsor, says the Manchester Guardian, that equestrian statue at the end of the Long Walk, to which (and back again), the local flyman always offers to drive the tourist? The Queen was entertaining a great man, who in the afternoon walked from the Castle to Cumberland Lodge. At dinner her majesty, full as always of gracious solicitude for the comfort of her guests, said: "I hope you were not tired by your long walk?" "Oh, not at all, thank you, ma'am. I got a lift as far back as the Copper Horse." "As far as what?" inquired her majesty, in evident astonishment. "Oh, the Copper Horse, at the end of the Long Walk." "That's not a copper horse. That's my grandfather!"

THE CAPTAIN'S YARN VERIFIED. Two American captains were recently relating their experiences on different voyages. One of them told the following story: "About 1 p.m. on March 2 my ship was proceeding under full sail when a cloud about the size of a man's hand was observed on the horizon. It came on, and as it neared the ship we discovered that it was composed of locusts. They settled on the sails and you couldn't see a bit of canvas for them. When they flew away there was not a stitch of canvas left on the yards. "Ah," said the other captain, I can quite believe that, for at about served a small cloud on the horizon. As it approached the ship we discovered that it was a cloud of locusts, and every man Jack of them had a pair of

WASN'T HIS FAULT. A minister met a little boy Sunday afternoon with a string of fish, none of which were more than two inches in length, says the Ohio State Journal.

'Don't you know," said the minister, "that you committed a sin in catching those little fish on the Sabbath day?" "Tain't my fault," replied the boy. "'cause the big ones wouldn't bite."

NIECE COULD GO UP EASILY. Here is a new story that a London publication has saddled on the Bradley Martins:

An American was occupying a couple of rooms on the first floor of a highclass hotel in Paris when Mrs. Bradley Martin arrived at the hotel. She was rather annoyed to find that she couldn't have the whole of the first floor, as she invariably did, so she wrote a polite note to the gentleman asking if he would mind moving up one floor, as she particularly wanted his present rooms for her niece and

governess. The gentleman thereupon sat down and presented his compliments to Mrs. B. Martin, and begged that she inform him "if her niece was an inebriate." The lady was furious, and wrote him Mr. Belisle is a quiet, unassuming man an indignant answer, but his reply left and evidently not given to over-en- nothing further to be said on either thusiasm, but there was no mistaking side.

his earnestness when recounting his "The gentleman did not wish to inexperiences to a reporter. He will al- sinuate that the niece was an inebriate: indeed he was delighted to hear that she was not, as in that case she Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by go- was much more competent to go up two flights of stairs than he was.

THE SPECS CAME BACK. A veteran fisherman of Portland, Me., says that when he was a boy his purchase is enclosed in a wrapper mother sent him to get his father's bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Wil-glasses mended. The boy indulged in a little fishing en route and lost the glasses overboard while landing a sculpin. He went home; got intimate-Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." ly acquainted with his mother's slip-No internal medicine required. Cures per and went hungry to bed. Six chilly months passed before he dared to go fishing again. But when at last he threw his line, a big codfish arose to the surface near by, and there on the fish's nose rested the gold bows that had cost the spanking. Of course the cod was safely landed and the bows recovered. The juvenile fisher-man didn't go to bed on an empty

get on with him at all. He talks at such a rate I can't get a word in edge-wise." Shortly after this Hanslick met Wagner and put a similar question to him about Schumann. "Ah," said Wagner, "I can't get on with him at all. He just looks at me with a vacant

stare and never says a word at all."

THE SINNER ESCAPED. A Scotch clergyman, remarkable for the simplicity and force of his style, was one day discoursing on the text, "Except ye repent ye shall likewise

In order to impress upon his hearers the importance of attending to the solemn truth contained in the passage. he made use of a figure of a very simple but striking character.

"Yes, my friends," he emphatically urged, "unless ye repent ye snall as surely perish," placing one of his fingers on the wing of a blue fly which alighted on his Bible, and having his right hand uplifted, "just as sure, my friends, as I'll flatten this blue fly!" Before the blcw was struck the fly got off, upon which the minister, at the top of his voice, exclaimed: "Ah, weel! There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"

J. FROST'S ANXIOUS WIFE. A few days ago the Vicksburg, Miss.. Herald said in a jocose way that there would be relief from yellow fever as soon as J. Frost arrived. Two days later the editor received this letter: New Orleans, Sept. 27. I see in your columns about J. Frost. I am the wife of J. Frost, and I'd like you to know what you want of J. Frost. Please advise all parties

concerned to address me at once in

regard to this.

MRS. ELIZA FROST.

IMPROVING THE STORY. Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collection plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience and blurted

"We cud dae wi' less o' yer manners and mair o' yer siller, ma leddy."

Dining on one occasion in the house of a nobleman, Dr. Chalmers happened to repeat the anecdote, whereup the host, in a not over well pleased tone,

"Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?" "I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor, "but, with your permission, I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."



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This excellent testimony from Dr. W. H. Wright, L.R.C.P.I., L.M., M.R. C.S.E., L.S.A.I., Medical Officer of Health, London, England, should be of service to you. "I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to your excellent preparation. I take it every morning before my cold bath, and it keeps me in the best of health and spirits. I may say, by its continued use during a terrible evidenic of La Grippe I escaped an health and spirits. I may say, by its continued use during a terrible epidemic of La Grippe I escaped an attack, although often worn out with the extra fatigue and great strain upon me when grappling with it. It keeps the blood cool and allays fever, and thus keeps the system in a condition of insusceptibility to Diphtheria, Fevers, and other blood disorders. I also find it a valuable antirheumatic."

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INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

DOANS KIDNEY PILLS CURE BACKACHE LAME BACK RHEUMATISM DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIZZINESS AND ALL KIDNEY & URINARY DISEASES ARE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY

THIS TELLS THE WHOLE STORY.

A Hamilton lady restored to Health;

Mrs. A. Simpson spoke to our reporter as follows, at her cosy residence, 113 Locke St., Hamiston, Ont. Said Mrs. Simpson, "For the last two years I have suffered greatly from heart and nerve troubles.



also pains in my head. My appetite was very poor, and I get very interable all the time, hardly able to do my household work. My heart was so bad that I frequently fainted away, and was liable to drop down at any phase or time.

Sometimes my heart seemed to bound into my throat so that I thought I would smother. My rest was very much broken, and I grew quite discouraged after using so many inclinias, without relief.

When I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I decided to try them, and procured a box at John M. Barr's drug store, and now after having used two boxes can say that I am completely cured. My appetite is good, indeed, it seems as if I wanted to eat all the time. I aleep well and am therengally bened up. Truly I am better than I have been for many years."



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