



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.

She also 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 overworn;
I cannot wield a broom, I fear,
Nor pull and husk the corn.

"I would jeopardize my health to 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 bonnet and rode off
Ten miles upon her wheel.

—Christian Work.

Two Friends.
In the zoological gardens in San Francisco is a big lion named Paul. There wandered one day into these gardens 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 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 to be his friend; and when it was 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 little Kitty crawled right on his neck, and there the keeper found her. 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, started, shrieked shrilly. Seeing sailors, she stared surprised. Smiling, she said:

"Sir sailors, sing something softly. Something sorrowfully, sweetly said."

Silas Sears, senior sailor, seeing Sophia's sentence singular, stood stupidly silent.

She, still standing sorrowfully silent, saw sunset splendours stealing skyward, saw silvery stars soon studding silent sky. Sheltered spots soon shaded seemed, sun setting silently, surely.

Sophia's serene splendour subdued Silas Sears' soul—singing seemed superfluous. Still some sweet singers—strangers—softly, sweetly, serenaded Sophia.

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

"Stranger, sit," suggested Sophia. "Scarlet streaks slanting skyward, say storm."

Sophia's sister Susan, sensible spinster, soon served supper.

"Supper, stranger," said she. So Sears, supping serenely, sagaciously said some sensible sentences. Sophia's serene splendour subdued Silas Sears' soul—singing seemed superfluous. Still some sweet singers—strangers—softly, sweetly, serenaded Sophia.

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The Poets.

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 ennobled and enshrouded, Myriads and millions of brighter are now in the wind.

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 anguish hath pined; He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind.

James Clarence Mangan.

At Emmaus.
They did not know Him as they walked, Their eyes were hidden while He talked, But when at home He broke the bread, 'Tis the Lord! they quickly said.

Wouldst know the Christ? Make Him thy guest, His heart-stone manner shows Him best.

William H. Woods.

Hark! I Hear de Angels Comin'.
Hark! I hear de angels comin', Take 'em to de old darkey home; Some a-blowin', some a-drummin'; Sure de jubilee am comin'!

Massa Gabriel, look splendid In his robes so dazlin' white, Eyes like diamond 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, Bress de love dat from sin frees us, Satan's wicked arts destroy.

Wait a minute, Gabriel, honey, Won't detain you very long, I've no houses, lands nor money To divide my friends among.

Nothin' but dis worthless 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 any more?

Blessed Master! 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 thy always' promises, All my hope an' guide to be.

Massa Gabriel, don't be 'fended, Don't go 'way from me any more, Dis de time I need be friended, Bery weak I'm growin' now.

Guess dere's nothin' now to hinder, Lift me up now bery tender, Or I drop to pieces sure, H! I feel like shoutin' glory!

Sure de jubilee am comin'! Tears at heaven was just before me! Bress de Lord! I'm goin' home!

—[William G. Haesebarth.]

Good-Luck and Bad-Luck.
Good-Luck is the gayest of all gay girls;

Long in one place she will not stay; Back from her brow she strokes the curls,

Kisses you quick and flies away! But Madam Bad-Luck soberly comes

And stays—no fancy has she for ditting; Snatches of true-love songs she hums,

And sits by your side and brings her knitting. —[Translated from the German by John Hay.]

THE "SMITHY'S" DAUGHTER
Attacked by That Most Insidious of Malarious-Kidney Disease—Gets Good Health Back by Using South American Kidney Cure—A Kidney Specific.

Theophilus Gaboris, of Arrapier, 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 until South American Kidney Cure was tried did she get any benefit. Three doses brought great relief. Two or three bottles completely cured her. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINTMENT, and one hour from the first application I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared.

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

Ingersoll, Ont. CHRISTOPHER GERRY.

A Smile: A Laugh.

Purchaser—What is so remarkable about this noodle-dog?
Dealer—His name ain't Flido.—New York Journal.

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

"Say, are you goin' to Johnny Williams' ball?" "I guess so. I got an invite." "Was it present?" "Ruddy. 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 wid me."

Miss Bacon (of Boston)—Do you never feel an insatiable craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortally, and merge the 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."—Selected.

Not Very Nearly Related.—New Neighbor—Be them Halls over on the cross-roads any connection of yours, Miss Hall?
Mrs. Hall—Wa-al, we is jest connected so 's't of anybody dies out on the cross-roads any connection of yours, Miss Hall?

Maccabe, the ventriloquist, was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a river steambot, and, having made a great success of the engine-room. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to creak. The engineer called it and went about his duties. In the course of a few minutes the creaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, all-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!"

Mog-oil was administered; but the engine began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the crank squeaked again, when, slipping up behind Maccabe, he squeaked his back. "There," said he, "I guess that crank won't squeak any more."—Spare Moments.

Throughly Grateful.
Mr. Stephen Belsie Gladly Tells How He Was Cured.

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

[From the Montreal Herald.]
Down on William street the bulk of the butter and cheese trade is done, and it is there that the headquarters of the company's mammoth building is located. In the summer time, when extensive shipments are being made, the place is a veritable beehive. Several well-known exporting firms have their warehouses in this building, and one of them is the Ware & Co. Their head warehouseman is Mr. Stephen Belsie, who, as his name indicates, is a French Canadian, and in the city of life, it is a fact that he is a grateful man on the face of the earth today that man is Stephen Belsie. After suffering from indigestion 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.

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Stories of the Day.

Columbus Pointed Out the Back Trail to Spain.
It was on the 47th day out when some of the crew began to murmur, and one of them, more outspoken than the rest, walking into Columbus' cabin, implored him not to go farther.

"Why?" asked Columbus. "What's the use of turning back, now that we're 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 honor."

"Well, never fear," said Columbus. "We have to do so, 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, "but your cabalistic hieroglyphics in chalk, let him go free. I regret to say that the traveler's honesty was no proof against such a temptation to evade the proper duties."

GOOD GROUND FOR OBJECTION.
Prof. Max Muller, in Cosmopolis, recalls the story of what happened once in the company of the Bishop of the same name, where, during a visit of a number of gentlemen and ladies, it was observed that a very valuable and almost unique Sicilian knot had disappeared. All the gentlemen present in the room at the time had to be searched, and no one objected except one. He protested his innocence, but declared that nothing would induce him to allow his pockets to be searched. All the other visitors were allowed to go home, but he was detained while the room was swept and every corner searched once more. At last the missing knot was found in a chink of the floor.

Every apology was made to the suspected person, but he was asked why he had so strongly objected to being searched. He then produced from his pocket a small specimen of the same knot. "I came here," he said, "to compare my specimen, which is very perfect, with the only other specimen which is thought to be superior to mine, and almost unique, in the world. Now, suppose," he added, "that you had not found your knot, and had found my specimen in my pocket, would anybody have believed in my innocence?"

HE SHOOK THE QUEEN.
Who does not know the "Copper Horse" at Windsor, says the Manchester Guardian, an 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 number of guests, and the local flyman, who in the afternoon walked from the Castle to Cumberland Lodge. At dinner, her majesty, as always, was accompanied by a great number of guests, and the local flyman, who in the afternoon walked from the Castle to Cumberland Lodge. At dinner, her majesty, as always, was accompanied by a great number of guests, and the local flyman, who in the afternoon walked from the Castle to Cumberland Lodge.

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THIS TELLS THE WHOLE STORY.

A Hamilton Lady restored to Health.
Mrs. A. Simpson spoke to our reporter as follows, at her cozy residence, 113 Locke St., Hamilton, 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 felt very miserable 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 place or time.

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

When I heard of Dr. Williams' Heart and Nerve Pills I decided to try them, and procured a box at John A. Barr's drug store, and now after having used two boxes can say that I am completely cured. My appetite is good, I feel as if I would like to eat all the time. I sleep well and am thoroughly toned up. Truly I am better than I have been for many years."

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A CLEAR COMPLEXION
The Outward Sign of Inward Health.

LOVELY FACES,
BEAUTIFUL NECKS, WHITE ARMS AND HANDS, DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS.

AND
FOUL'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

Will Give You All These.

If you are annoyed with PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, FRECKLES, BLOTCHES, MOLES, FLESH WORMS, ECZEMA, or any blemish on the skin, or desire to have a clear complexion, use Dr. Campbell's Complexion Wafers and a cake of Foul's Medicated Arsenic Soap.

These are the only genuine beautifiers in the world. Wafers by mail, \$1; 6 Large Boxes, \$5. Send 50 cents Address all orders to H. B. Foul, Sole Proprietor, 141 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. LYMAL, BROS. & CO., Wholesale Agents, 71 Front Street East, Toronto, Canada.

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