Aunt Matilda's Off Days.

days, Phemie. Don't mind her child," and I mustn't mind it. I tried to do

feet higher than the little girl's head, as she stood with a small pail full of water from the spring.

| Sikkless | Sikk "You came just in the nick of time. don't seem to be a catching diesease, I was so thirsty I thought I'd have to and I am glad of it. I wouldn't like leave my work and go for water."

Grank of the clear, cold water. Phemie had been crying, and Jacob knew it as soon as he looked at her wear, and gives us enough to eat, but You see, Phemie, that Aunt Ma-

tilda's crab apples did not jell as stiff as she wanted them to yesterday, and the doll's flaxen hair, and said, "Oh, she had to boil all that stuff over what a comfort you are to me! I love a big job to pour all that jelly out of never has off-days."
The glasses and boil it over twice, all While Phemie was those glasses to wash and dry."

I didn't mind-only-only-I wish Aunt Matilda was always pleasant, as she is sometimes. I love her stood by the closet shelf she heard way. She's so very kind when she is

"Folks will have their off-days, Phemie, the best of them."

of folks, child." "Well, your cow broke into the oat of her overcoming them. She sat down lot, you know, and the bay colt was in the large easy-chair by the firelost for a week, and then the army place. Living so quietly, she had not worms came, and such lots of potato given out love as she ought to have bugs, and just such sort of things as those make off-days, don't they? But herself. She began to realize Phemie's you never talked cross or looked cross about these troubles, Uncle Jacob." 'Maybe the Lord gives me a large

keep our tempers without his grace, child. And besides, if I had been upset and made off-days for myself, what good would it have done? Your aunt

"Oh, yes, Uncle Jacob, I know it, |

dead sister. Her father died before had cured her.

When Phemie was riding on the

There had never been any children in the house where Uncle Jacob and Aunt Matilda lived, until Phemie came They had lived twenty years without a child in the family, and Aunt Matilda had very prim ways of keeping house, because there had never been any little busy hands to but anything out of place. put anything out of place. And Aunt Matilda did her own work, and not being ver; strong, she got very ofter tired, and rhemie had heard her tell how she seemed to have her nerves all on the outside of her body. She spoke kindly at times to Phemie, but there were a great many off-days in Aunt Matilda's life, and the little girl tried to be very patient and do every-thing she could in the way that would please her aunt. Aunt Matilda had even been so kind as to buy Phemie a large doll, and she had made pretty clothes for it, and it was the little girl's greatest comfort.

went back to the house, leaving the little tin pail of water in the corn field with Uncle Jacob. It was her work, and of course the pleasantest kind of work, that of carrying a pail fresh water to Uncle Jacob, when he was working far away from the well. It saved him from walking back and forth and losing time from his work, and then Uncle Jacob was always so loving and kind when she brought him the water. When Phemie went into the kitchen

there was a pan of potatoes on the table to pare and some sweet corn to husk for dinner. She sat down by the big table and began to pare the potatoes. Aunt Matilda was straining her jelly and putting it into the glasses; she had a troubled look on her face, and when Phemie asked how many potatoes she should pare, she spoke up in a sharp way and said, "I should think you'd pared potatoes long enough here to know without So the little girl put what she thought would be the right number in the kettle.

"Such a bothering time as I've had with that jelly," Aunt Matilda spoke

Somehow Phemie thought Aunt Mafirst time she had ever been there at a grandmother."

Uncle Jacob came in, but he did not Uncle Jacob came in, but he did not say much. Phemie had noticed that he never did when Aunt Matilda had one day to see what was the matter. Which we could do thorough exact. The young man, during the reading, looked at him in some disputable. The young man, during the reading, looked at him in some disputable. After the dinner work was done up, Phemie went to her little bedroom, over the kitchen, and got her doll.

She had named the doll Sarah, after together and sit down under the lilac bushes by the parlor window. You've been shut up here all day. I was



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lilac bushes; the lilac blossoms had gone long before, but there were some yellow artichokes in blossom, and at the right hand side Aunt Matilda's gay bed of phlox made the place very

"I'm very lonely, Sarah," spoke By Susan Teall Perry.

Phemie, in a low tone of voice, "so very lonely today. It is one of Aunt Matilda's off Matilda's off-days, Uncle Jacob says, and Uncle Jacob, who was cutting corn in the field.

The stalks of corn were two or three everything I could to please her, because off-days, I suppose, is some kind of a sickness, and folks can't help sickness. I'm glad Uncle Jacob don't to get it. Aunt Matilda seems so un-Uncle Jacob had what Phemie call-happy when they come, those off-days.

d "a lovelight look" on his face, when he put the pail to his lips and for this is the only home we have on you don't have to eat, Sarah."
Then Phemie hugged Sarah close to her heart as she buried her face in

That's what upset her. It is you just as Uncle Jacob loves me; he While Phemie was talking to her doll, Aunt Matilda was putting her washed the glasses, uncle, and jelly away in the china closet near the window. The blinds were closed, but the window was open, and as she

what Phemie said. Aunt Matilda was really kind of heart, but she was one of those per-sons who unfortunately keep their best memie, the best of them."

feelings in reserve. It had not occurred to her that she had off-days; she knew when upsetting things came she "Maybe things do not go as criss- felt much irritated. It was true, she cross with me as they do with most acknowledged to herself, that the upsetting things overcame her, instead done. She had lived too much within loneliness, her sweet obedience and patient work in her new home. It is love the child wants, love that shows measure of grace, Phemie. We can't itself, and Aunt Matilda quickly went out of the parlor and opened the back

kitchen door, and called. "Phemie, dear! Where are you?" good would it have done? Your aunt does well by you, she gives you plenty to eat, and she makes you as nice clothes to wear as any of the other girls have."

"Oh you Under Jeach Ligary it."

Where are you?

Phemie jumped up in surprise.

"Phemie, dear!" She had never called her in that way before, and she spoke the "Phemie, dear," in such a kind, loving tone.

The little girl came as quickly as she could, but before she stepped Uncle Jacob took the little girl in across the threshold of the door, Aunt his strong arms and hugged her close Matilda caught Phemie in her arms, to his loving heart, and then he gave kissed her, and smiled in such a levher about a dozen kisses on both ing way. Aunt Matilda never had any cheeks. Phemie was the only child of his she had taken some medicine that

out to the far west and brought the wood sled up the mountain side, one out to the far west and brought the little orphan girl home to live with him. He knew it was love that Phemie wanted that morning, as she stood with such a lovely look on her face among the tall cornstalks. Love is the greatest thing in the world for us the greatest thing in the world for us wood sled up the mountain side, one cold winters day, with Uncle Jacob, she said: "Aunt Matilda is just as good to me as—as you are now, Uncle Jacob, and I really think she low me, and oh, I am so very, ve., happy!"—Evangelist.

"What is this mental poise that wonen talk so much about nowadays?" "It is being able to look at caterpillars without feeling them crawl all

"Jamie," called out his mother, sharply, "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle

"Have you seen any black-faced antelope?" inquired the keeper of a men-"No," said a visitor, "whom did your black-faced aunt elope with?"

"Well," said Snaggs, 'I think many dogs have more sense than their mas-"Yes," chimed in Craggs, "I have a dog like that myself.' And yet he coudn't make out why

they laughed. "I wish my little boy would try to be good all the time," said Bobby's mamma, as she was rocking the little fellow to sleep. "I do," replied Bobby. "But I don't think I am big enough to do very

well at it yet." "If I were so unfortunate," said the man who had no use for the clergy, "as to have a stupid son, I'd prepare him for the ministry." "In that respect," replied a mildmannered divine, "you think very differently from your father."

A small boy, after writhing and out, "it's enough to try the temper of twisting under his mother's attempts it was not because we feared the man, who did not know who he was, to wash his ears, recalled what his papa had said about his own mother, and vehemently exclaimed: "Oh, mamtilda meant that she was to blame for ma; you do hurt so; you must have it in some way, because it was the inherited washing ears from papa's

> A minister, missing one of his conone day to see what was the matter. "Well, Mr. McNab, I was wondering what was the matter that you were not at church these few Sundays back." "Oh, I have been at Mr. Dun-lop's kirk." Minister—Oh, I don't care for my congregation going to other churches. How would you like your sheep to go into strange pastures? Mr. McNab-I wadna care a bit if they got better grass.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the English preacher and author, tells this story against himself: "When I was going with my boy for a day's trout fishing on the loch, we chanced to meet with a grave Scotch divine, who said: 'Pray, sir, are ye the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse?' 'I am,' said I, with all the cheeriness that a holiday puts into a tired Londoner. 'Ye are not what I pictured ye when I read your buiks,' said he. 'I am very sorry,' I stammered. 'Ah, but when I read your buiks I pictured ye as long and een and sanctimoornious-looking.'

In the absence of the regular golf profession for twenty years. (Ask beginner was referred to the turf edyour Doctor.) This is because it stor for an answer: "In a game of Hypophosphites. Insist following reply: "In case a player snaggles his iron, it is permissible for him gles his iron, it is permissible for him to fuzzle his put, but a better plan would be for him to drop his guppy into the pringle and snoodle it with a

Under the Cloud. The cloud that dims our skie.
The hot tears blur our eyes We enter the cloud, alas!

We mourn for our vanished bliss, For the days that come no more, With her laugh at the dear home On our lips her tender kiss.

We sigh for the might-have-beens

For the words we did not say— Was it only yesterday?— And memory sits and spins. A web that is like a shroud So thick and dark does it fold Woe for the tale that is told Like children we cry aloud.

For when she was here, and yet Our own, for love's sweet grace When the lighting up of her face Could vanish our dull regret

And give us surcease from pain, (Ah! there is the sharpened sting) The touch, the look, the strain,

The music and cheer she gave-

And now she is gone away, Lost into heaven's bright day: And we-plant flowers on her grave. Aye, friends, we are under the cloud. So white, so chill, so thick, And the heart grows faint and sick,

So fast do our wan thoughts crowd. But the cloud has an upper side, And somewhere out of the blue Our darling is looking through, And our sorrow is glorified. -Margaret C. Sangster.

A Goddess of Girls.

Brief-skirted and slender. She mounts for a ride; Six gallants attend her-Brief-skirted and slender She claims the surrender Of all at her side. Brief-skirted and slender, She mounts for a ride.

O, radiant creature; She wheels and she whirls. Till no one can reach her-O, radiant creature; She's a goddess of girls-O. radiant creature; She wheels and she whirls

There's no use denving She's captured my heart; There's no use denying She did it by trying The bicycle art. There's no use denying She's captured my heart.

I'll ask her to marry Without more ado; No longer I'M tarryner to marry And try in a hurry A whele built for two-

I'll ask her to marry Without more ado. -Susie M. Best.

Large-Mindedness.

By Lady Henry Somerset, in the Un-

ion Signal. I do not think that to take wide views of any question need necessarily mean that our vision is less intent; put it into the fare box at the front and nor do I think that we need see less of the vehicle. A neighbor saw him clearly because we are able to look do this, and said, "Judge, the fare in round a subject and to feel that there have put in a quarter." "Is that so? are other aspects that we have not Just like me." And running his finyet faced, and that conclusions may gers into the other vest pocket, he has arrived at by traveling over a road drew out a nickel and dropped that other than the one by which we have been wont to journey. It was natural that in the early

days of our reform insistence on personal total abstinence should have been so emphasized that we were obliged to exclude the possibility of looking upon the subject with the eyes of those who did not see their duty in this matter; but now, when the first heat of the battle is in a measure over, when we have won many victories, in the skirmish, we have attained a vantage-ground from which we are able to survey the land yet to be conquered, I often think we shall do well to take calmer, cooler views, and to put ourselves with all possible fairness and magnanimity in the position of those who oppose us. In order to do this, we have to ask ourselves, what led us first to adopt them off."
the position of total abstainers? It The Boston Journal tells : was not, with most of us, that we deemed the moderate drinking of alett Hale, He went to get registered coholic liquors to be in itself a sin; temptation even (though it is well, told him to read a passage from the sometimes, I think, to face the fact constitution of the United States as that we ourselves were by no means a proof that he could read. Now, exempt from the danger that has overcome so many brighter, holier spirits); left his spectacles at home, and so but rather, in the first instance, it was because we felt that to fight this uncertain. The young man, during which we could do thorough execu-

not see as we do that to free themselves is the only means of freeing

we were hardly prepared. others; but our position seems to us now to be so logical and so obvious that we are apt to overlook the threads of argument by which in the labyrinth of prejudice we arrived at and to blame unduly those who do not hold with us. I deprecate the language in which I sometimes hear our temperance cause spoken of by worthy friends as being likely to do the list with 147, closely followed, For instance, at a recent public meeting, I heard an earnest speaker say that the public house stood in the same relation to morality as the house of shame, and I could not but feel how infinitely weakening such arguments are, and how impossible it was to maintain that the supply of that which to many hundreds appear to be perfectly innocent should be classed with the house of infamy into which no man or woman enters without an absolute knowledge that it is sinning against the holiest laws of God and

the standard of every right-thinking individual. I have heard it said by earnest abstainers that it is a sin for any man to drink wine, and again I must say that I think that this position is utterly weakening to our cause, and one which cannot be logically maintained.
Rather let us hold that our truth is
strong enough to stand without exaggeration or over-statement, and that, broadly speaking, it amounts to this: The race-brain has been poisoned by the abuse of a drug which is far more powerful than public opinion has esti-

called to stand for the truest interests of humanity, for the best progress of the race, for the upbuilding of the home, for the advance of right against wrong, and above all, for the Christianity of Christ, have voluntarily abandoned the use of that which in itself, in moderation, may be harmless. We have done this in order to endeavor to bring our nation to that deavor to bring our nation to that better estate which will value sanity of mind, balance of brain and steadiness of purpose as the greatest gifts that God has given to man. These arguments may seem old-fashioned; they may seem as though we were returning to the first days of our crusade; but I believe it is better to brave such a taunt than to overstate our cause, and thus miss kindling the light of truth where it might shine in the darkest places of the world.

A thoughtful observer remarks that there are two classes of people whom it is hard to convince against their

In her lecture before the New York Chautauqua Assembly the other day, Miss Jessie A. Ackerman made this remarkable statement: "There is not an impure woman in all Iceland, and this is because all men are expected to be as good as women.'

The Esquimaux have a queer custom in regard to doctors. At each visit the doctor is paid. If the patient recovers, the physician keeps the money; if the patient dies, the money is returned to the family of the de-

The proportion of women criminal in the United States is exceedingly small. According to statistics, only 2.10 out of 10,000 women look out from prison bars. Twenty-eight out of the same number is the proportion of the men. It looks as though women, morally, might be trusted with the

Sir Charles Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England, was asked by a Montreal interviewer, "Have you seen our Sunday newspapers?" He replied: Yes; I think they are monumental and awful. It is something we do not have in England. Whenever I see one I am reminded of the case of an old gentleman of Oxford, who read his paper with great care and thoroughness, but whose progress was so slow and whose paper was so large that he was always six months behind the current issue.'

Miss Ella Collins, daughter of a New York tailor, will be the first woman of the United States raised to a throne by marriage. She will short-ly become the wife of Col. John F. Hoobs, who, under the name of Oumalea, reigns over the semi-barbarous people of the Jilka Islands, in the New Hebrides group. Col. Hoobs was born in South Carolina, and after a wandering life full of strange adventures settled on one of the Jilka Islands. Since then he has become the undisputed ruler of the 1,200 or more people The Boston Transcript says that this story of Daniel Webster has

never before appeared in print: "He was once sued by his meat man. The man did not call upon Webster afterward to trade with him. Webster met him in the course of a few days and asked him why he didn't call. 'Because,' said the man, 'I supposed you would be offended and wouldn't trade with me any more.' To which Webster replied: "Oh, sue me as many times as you like, but for heaven's sake, don't starve me to death!" Associate Justice Bunch took a herdie to go to the capitol. With an air of abstraction peculiar to him, he drew a quarter out of his pocket and that into the box to the great edification of the other passengers. But the

judge was so lost in thought that he never paid any attention to them. Archdeacon Sinclair, in his "Leaders of Thought in the English Church, ells this delicious story of Dr. Keate, who was so noted a disciplinarian during his regime as headmaster of Eton as to be known as "Flogging Keate:" in his study, he began, as usual, to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate till he had gone half-way down up for punishment—we're a confirma-tion class!' 'Never mind,' said Dr. Keate, 'I must be fair all around, and cake. it will do you good.' So he finished

in Boston the other day, and a young reproving look, that if he had paid more attention to his books when a There are many thousands who do boy than he had to baseball, he would

We were hardly prepared for the figures which we have from a trustworthy source showing how the movement in favor of the use of unfermented wines at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is spreading in Scotland. In that country six hundred and thirty churches of all denominhowever, by the United Presbyterians, which number 144. In the Established body thirty-two churches use unfermented wine, while almost all the Baptist congregations in the country use this wine. Such figures would hardly have been anticipated a decade or two since. **************

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It isn't possible for all women to be beautiful, but none need be other than good-looking. Age will come, all too soon, to every one of us.

Meantime we can try to prevent the clear rosy tints of health being merged into a sickly pallor, and to avoid the affliction of eruptive blemishes on the face and skin. A WOMAN needs a good complexion and a soft smooth skin, else her

happiness is lessened and her charm to the other sex diminished. She needs also color in her cheeks, sparkle in her eyes and strength in her nerves, else she is pale, dejected and her duties weary her, A MAN needs a clear skin and a wholesome complexion in business, else other men fight shy of him. He needs also strength, energy and vitality,

else he will be a laggard in life's struggle. EVERYBODY should have a smooth, rosy, firm skin, free from eruptive defacement. Neither men nor women can attain these things unless they

have pure, rich, red, vitalizing blood. It is a law of nature that it should If you are pale, wan and anæmic you cannot be good looking, but if you take Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and use Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap regularly you can be, because they will gradually restore the roses to your cheeks, the fire to your eyes and brightness to your complexion. If you are of eruptive tendency or subject to pimples, boils, blotches, Blackheads, Freckles, or breakings out, it is needless to tell you how this handicaps your attractions and also your usefulness in life. But Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Waters will both purify the blood and restore its "Finding one morning a row of boys vital powers, and hence do you more real good than any other blood medicine

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