A Lesson in Worldliness.

A CHAPTER FOR PARENTS.

said Mr. tention." Green, referring to his eldest son, a lad whose wayward temper and inclination to vice demanded a steady, consistent, wise, and ever-present exercise of parental watchfulness and authority. "You may well say that," returned the mother of the boy, for to her the remark had been made. "He is

getting entirely beyond me."
"If I only had the time to look after him!" Mr. Green sighed as he uttered these words.

"I think you ought to take more time for a purpose like this," said

Mrs. Green.
"More time!" Mr. Green spoke with marked impatience. time have I to attend to him, Margaret? Am I not entirely absorbed in business? Even now I should be at the counting-house, and am only

kept away by your late breakfast." Just then the breakfast bell rang. and Mr. and Mrs. Green, accompanied by their children, repaired to the dining-room. John, the boy about whom the parents had been talking. was among the number. As they took their places at the table he exhibited tertain disorderly movements. and a disposition to annoy his younger brothers and sisters. But these were checked, instantly, by his father, of whom John stood in some

Before the children had finished eating Mr. Green laid his knife and fork side by side on his plate, pushed his chair back, and was in the act of rising, when his wife said :

"Don't go yet. Just wait until John is through with his breakfast. He acts cheadfully the moment your back is turned."

Mr. Green turned a quick, lowering glance upon the boy, whose eyes shrank be neath his angry glance, saying as he did so:

I haven't time to stay a moment come home at dinner-time; and, if but I can't have him there." hater given your mother any trouble, or acted in any way impro- thing?" perly. I will take you severely to accough, his outrageous that the whole trouble by you. Now, be on your guard!"

A moment or two Mr. Green stood frowning (non the boy, and then re- Elden and have a talk with him

Scarcely had the sound of the closing street-goor, which marked the fact of Mr. Green's departure, ceased; to echo through the house, ere John began to act as was his custom when his father was out of the way. His stand how he is progressing, and mother's remonstrances were of no avail; and, when she finally compelled him to leave the table, he possessed." obeyed with a most provoking and Margaret."

ernment of his wayward boy and the to devote to the boy even a single evening. novanices.

the customers satisfied him that he on him in the broadest terms. had done right. Business, in his The unhappy Mr. Green called imthem the means of external comfort, school, ease and leavny. Worldly well-doing Stran was a cardinal virtue in his eyes.

of two shillings in the way of profit and to get John entered therein; duron sales, by being at his counting- ing which long period the boy had house ten minutes earlier than would full liberty to go pretty much where have been the case had be remained be pleased, and to associate with with his hamily until the completion whom he liked. It is hardly to be pan full of greasy dish-water and of their morning meal. What was supposed that he grew any better for lost to his boy by the opportunity this. thus afforded for an indulgence in a By the time John was seventeen perverse and disobedient temper it is hard to say. Something was, un- had become greatly enlarged, and his doubtedly, lost-something, the valu- mind more absorbed therein. With ation of which, in money, it would him gain was the primary thing; and buys, on the first day of every

ner-time. She was so often forced to ready to supply the demand; that complain (Bat she avoided the task whenever she felt justified in doing so; and that was, perhaps, far too often. Mr. Green asked no questions; for lae knew, by experience, to what results such questions would lead, and he was in no mood for unpleasant in telligence. So John escaped, as he had escaped hundreds of times lefore, and felt encourag?d to indulge his bad propensities at will, to his own injury and the annovance of all around him.

If Mr. Green had no time in the morning or through the day to attend to his children, the evening, one might think, would afford opportunity for conference with them, supervision of their studies, and an carnest inquiry into their conduct and moral and intellectual progress. Mr. Green was too much wearied with the accupation of the day to bear the annoyance of the children; or his thoughts were too busy with business matters, or schemes of profit, to attend to the thousand and one onestions they were ready to pour in upon him from all sides; or he had a positical club to attend, an engagement with some merchant for the discussion of a matter connected with trade, or felt obliged to be present at the meeting of some society of which he was a member. So he either left home immediately after ica, or the children were sent to bed

HAT boy needs more at- in order that he might have a quiet evening for rest, business reflection, or the enjoyment of a new book.

Mr. Green had so much to do and so much to think about that he had no time to attend to his children; and this neglect was daily leaving upon them ineffaceable impressions that would inevitably mar the happiness of their after lives. This was particularly the case with John. Better off in the world was Mr. Green becoming every day-better off as it regarded money; but poorer in another sense-poorer in respect to home affections and home treasures. His children were not growing up to love him intensely, to confide in him implicitly, and to respect him as their father and friend. He had no time to attend to them, and rather pushed them away than drew them toward him with the strong cords of affection. To his wife he left their government, and she was not equal to the task.

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Green, one day, "that John is learning much at the school where he goes. I think you ought to see after him a little. He never studies a lesson at home.

"Mr. Elden has the reputation of being one of our best teachers. His school stands high," replied Mr.

"That may happen," said Hrr. Green, "Still, I really think you ought to know, for yourself, how John is getting along. Of one thing I am certain, he does not improve in good manners nor good temper in the least. And he is never in the house between school-hours, except to get his meals. I wish you would require him to be at your counting house during the afternoons. School is dismissed at four o'clock, and he ranges the streets with other boys, and goes where he pleases from that time until night.

"That's very bad," - Mr. Green longer: I ought to have been at my spoke in a concerned voice. - very business an hour ago. But see here, bad. And it must be broken up. But my lad." addressing himself to John as to having him with me, that is my lad." addressing himself to some there has been enough of this work. Not a day passes that I am not worried with complaints about you. Now, mark me! I shall inquire partone to your conduct when I

"Couldn't you set him to do some-

"I might. But I haven't time to attend to him. Margaret. Business is family should be kept in constant business, and cannot be interrupted." Mrs. Green sighed, and then remarked:,

"I wish you would call on Mr. about John."

"I will, if you think it best," "Do so, by all means. And beside, I would give more time to John in the evenings. If, for instance, you devoted an evening to him once a week, it would enable you to undergive you a control over him not now

"You are right in this, no doubt,

All this would have been prevent- acknowledgment. Mr. Green could ed if Mr. 6 reen had taken from busi-ness just pen grantes, and conscien-tiously devoted that time to the gov-tiously devoted that time to the gov-ure. or in the right mood of mind,

And thus it went on from day to On arriving at his counting-house, day, from month to month, and Mr. Greenfound two or three persons; from year to year, until, finally, waiting, and but a single clerk in at- John was sent home from school by tendance. He had felt some doubts Mr. Elden with a note to his father, in leaving home so abruptly, under in which idleness, disorderly conduct, the circumstances; but the presence of and vicious habits were charged up-

mind, was paramount to everything mediately upon the teacher, who else; and his highest duty to his gave him a more particular account family he belt to be discharged when of his con's bad conduct, and conhe was denoting himself most assi- cluded by saying that he was unduously to the work of procuring for willing to receive him back into his

Strange as it may seem, it was four months before Mr. Green "found Mr. Green was the gainer, perhaps, 'time" to see about another school,

years of age. Mr. Green's business be difficult to make.

Mrs. Green did not complain of John's concluct to his father at dinmoney were needed, he was ever done, he felt that his duty to them was, mainly, discharged. To the mother of his children he left the work of their wise direction in the paths of life--their government and educa-

has taught us how to make the best Emulsion in the world: Experience has proved that this Emulsion is worthy of entire confidence. There are many imitations of

Scotts Emulsion

and all kinds of substitutes for it; but none equal it. If your doctor recommends you to take Cod-Liver Oil, or you know yourself that you need it, get SCOTT'S EMULSION; is the best Cod-Liver Oil in the

best form. If we had your address we would send you a sample and a pamphlet telling more about it.

scott & BOWNE, Toronto.

tion; but she was inadequate to the task imposed.

From the second school at which John was entered he was dismissed within three months, for bad conduct. He was then sent to school in a distant city, where, removed from all parental restraint and admonition, he made viler associates than any he had hitherto known, and took thus a lower step in vice. He was just seventeen, when a letter from the principal of this school conveyed to Mr. Green such unhappy intelligence of his son that he immediately resolved. as a last resort, to send him to sea. before the mast-and this was done, spite of all the mother's tearful remonstrances, and the boy's threats that he would escape from the vessel on the very first opportunity.

And yet, for all this sad result of parental neglect, Mr. Green devoted no more time nor care to his children. Business absorbed the whole man. He was a merchant, both body and soul. His responsibilities were not felt as extending beyond his counting-house, further than to provide for the worldly well-being of his family. Is it any cause of wonder that, with his views and practice, it should not turn out well with his children; or, at least, with some of

At the end of a year John came home from sea, a rough, cigar-smoking, drain-drinking, overgrown boy of eighteen, with all his sensual desires and animal passions more active than when he went away, while his intellectual faculties and moral feelings were in a worse condition than at his separation from home. Grief at the change oppressed the hearts of his parents; but their grief was unaviling. Various efforts were made to get him into some business, but he remained only a short time in any of the places, where his father had him introduced. Finally, he was sent to sea again. But he never returned to his friends. In a drunken streetbrawl, that occurred while on shore at Valparaiso, he was stabbed by a Spaniard, and died shortly after-

On the very day this tragic event took place, Mr. Green was rejoicing over a successful speculation, from which he had come out the gainer by two thousand pounds. In the pleasure this circumstance occasioned, all thoughts of the absent one, ruined by his neglect, were swallowed up.

Several months clapsed, Mr. Green had returned home, well-satisfied with his day's business. In his pocket was the afternoon paper, which. room, to turn deadly pale. She had attention .-- Selected.

not power to ask the cause of her husband's sudden exclamation; but her heart, that ever yearned toward her absent boy, instinctively divined the truth.

"John is dead!" said Mr. Green, at length, speaking in a tremulous tone of voice.

There was from the mother no wild burst of anguish. The boy had been dying to her daily for years, and she had suffered for him worse than the pangs of death. Burying her face in her hands, she wept silently, yet hopelessly.

"If we were only blameless of the poor child's death!" said Mrs. Green. lifting her tearful eyes, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, and speaking in a sad, self-rebuking tone of vaice.

When those with whom we are in close relationship die, how quickly is on which lies the record of unkindness or neglect! Already had this page been turned for Mr. Green, and conscience was sweeping therefrom the dust that well-nigh obscured the handwriting He inwardly trembled as he read the condemning sentences that charged gim with his son's ruin. "If we were only blameless of the

poor child's death!" How these words of the grieving mo?her smote upon his heart. e did not respond to them. How could he do 'so at that moment?

"Where is Edward?" he inquired. at length.

"I don't know," sobbed the mother. "He is out somewhere almost every evening. Oh! I wish you would look to him a little more closely. He

is past my control."
"I must do so," returned Mr. Green, speaking from a strong conviction of the necessity of doing as his wife suggested; "if I only had a

little more time-He checked himself. It was the old excuse-the rock upon which all his best hopes for his first-born had been fearfully wrecked. His lips closed, his head was bowed, and, in the bitterness of unavailing sorrow, he mused on the past, while every moment the conviction of wrong toward his child, now irreparable, grew stronger and stronger.

After that, Mr. Green made an fort to exercise more control over his children; but he had left the reins loose so long that his tighter grasp produced restiveness and rebellion. He persevered, however, and, though Edward followed too closely the footsteps of John, yet the younger children were brought under salutary restraints. The old excuse - want after the younger children were in of time-was frequently used by Mr. bed, and the older ones out of his Green to justify neglect of parental way, he sat down to read. His eyes | duties; but a recurrence of his turned to the foreign intelligence, thoughts to the sad ruin of his eldand almost the first sentence he read less boy had, in most cases, the right was the intelligence of his son's effect; and in the end he ceased to death. The paper dropped from his give unterance to the words — "I hands, while he uttered an expression haven't time." However, frequently of surprise and grief that caused the he fell into neglect, from believing cheeks of his wife, who was in the that business demanded his undivided

thus becoming a wardrobe, of service in the limited and usually closetless room of the summer boarder. It pays to make the rounds of the shops before selecting new luggage-boxes, their improvement, through even the last year, being remarkable.

FIRST COMMUNION DRESS. Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, in a letter to the faithful, gives some excellent and timely advice to parents on the character of the dress to be worn by children on first communion and confirmation days. The vanity of personal adornment shows indication of its existence in the tenderest years, and we know that more thought is often given by the children to their appearance, as they approach the altar for the first time, than to the heavenly gift they are to receive. Somethat page in memory's book turned times Catholic parents themselves drained on a piece of the porous seem to forget that the King's daughter is within; and they, as the Cincinnati Archbishop points out, make the mistake of dressing their children with too much expense and show. This causes rivalry to spring up, and there follows a consequent great burdening of the poor, and the engendering of petty envy in the hearts of the young. "The plainer hearts of the young. the dress," says Archbishop Elder, both in material and make, the more becoming it is on these occa- mon one, is so tempting that : sions. There should not be silk, nor fine lace, nor fancy show, nor jewel-1 with it.

ry. I beg the richer parents to lead: the way in this matter.'

FRYING SPUDS. -We doubt very much whether our matrons will adopt these suggestions in preparing the appetizing dish of fried potatoes :---

In a demonstration at the Boston Cooking School in making fresh fried potatoes, emphasis was laid upon the careful drying of the pieces before frying. The raw potatoes were cut lengthwise in sections like an orange, and left an hour in ice water, They were taken out in a sieve, and carefully drained before being laid upon a clean towel and each pres separately wiped perfectly dry. The fat was smoking hot when they were plunged in, in a frying-basket, a for at a time. The pieces should be brown paper. They should be crisp, of a golden brown color, with the heart cooked tender and mealy. Too often they are burned on the outside and raw within, which comes from too hot fat, or they are grease-souked either from improper draining or because the fat is not hot enough and the pieces being very cold take a long time in cooking, meanwhile absorbing the grease. When properly prepared this dish, though a comseems worth while to take Parks

A WOMAN'S BURDEN

THE STORY OF A WOMAN AD-DRESSED TO WOMEN.

It Tells How Those Weak and Despondeut Can Obtain New Health and Strength at a Small Expense-The Facts Fully Verified by Investiga-

From the Mail, Granby, Que. The reading public have evidence put before them almost every day of the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is sometimes asked whether these cures are permanent, and in reply to this we would say that a case which recently came to the attention of the "Mail" indicates that the results following the use of this medicine are as lasting as they are beneficial. Some years—ago Mrs. Robert Webster, who is well known in Granby, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost jeet to headaches, heart paint turned to water. She was very weak, her appetite fickle, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent Williams' Pink Pills o for the medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion of health to pale and sallow exercise would fatigue her, and finally she and make the feeble and despond was for a time unable to do her housework, and was confined to bed. ing. The genuine are sold on Her husband suggested the use of Dr. boxes, the wrapper bearing the Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a mame "Dr. Williams' Pink Pink 15 few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not Pale People." May be had from been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her six boxes for \$2.50, by addressed headaches disappeared, her appetite the Dr. Williams' Medicare of improved, new blood appeared to be Brockville, Ont.

coursing through her veins, and ber nerves again became strong and and tive. After using the pills for a conple of months, she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her housework without feel, ing the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has clapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if size feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is soon all right, and she thinks there is to medicine to equal them. Mr. Webster speaking of his wife's cure, says by Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing, There are a number of others in the vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the "Mall" can learn the results have always been beneficial. There are thousands of wearer

throughout the country who stated as Mrs. Webster did, who are pale selfand dizziness, who drag along quently feeling that life is a badder To all such we would say give These pills make rich, red [6] strengthen the nerves, bring they feel that life is once more worth! dealers or by mail at 50c, a box or

Random Notes For Busy Households.

details of housekeeping that are with a cloth, and let stand until the neglected every day in nine-tenths of dough has increased one-half in size: the houses throughout the land. It is then place in an oven in which the the exception when the cook will hand may be held while ten is countempty the pot immediately after ed quite slowly. Later the heat of breakfast; instead, it usually goes on the oven may be slightly increased. the back of the range for a possible If a thick crust is desired, take the cup for herself later in the day. Its loaves, as soon as baked, out of the contents simmer gently, and the last pans, and let them stand resting on rank flavor is extracted from the their sides against a board or folded berry. From this strong decoction a cloth until cold. If a thin crust is deposit is made upon the inside of preferred, take from the pans, brush the coffee-pot which almost defies rapidly over with cold water, and removal, and which the next time fresh coffee is made, gives the unpleasant flavor that so tantalizes the house-keeper. The coffee purchased in the berry may be of the best, it may be perfectly browned, and great care taken that it is kept in air-tight receptacles to prevent evaporation of its own aroma or absorption of deleterious flavors, yet all this vigilance is useless if a coated coffee-pot is used.

When the average cook finally attempts the cleaning of the coffee-potthat has stood on the range around the kitchen for hours, holding the renmants of the breakfast coffee, she will probably plunge it into a wash it out with a far from clean round."

dish-cloth. Nothing but clear, fresh

Just water and a cloth kept for the purpose or metal-dish-cloth should be used. One housekeeper who has grown weary of contending with her cooks month, a cheap new tin pot costing twenty cents, and sees that the old one is discarded when its successor arrives. The coffee is made daily in this and poured off into the table pot for serving.

HOME MADE BREAD. - A corres-

pondent of an exchange offers the following formula for ordinary white bread. For four small loaves of bread take 2½ pints of lukewarm water, milk, or milk and water half and half; if all water, add 1 small teaspoonful of butter or lard. When milk is used scald it and let it stand till lukewarm. Having the lukewarm wetting in a large bowl, add to it two teasponnfuls of salt and one yeast cake, or one cupful of liquid yeast (one tablespoonful of sugar may also be added if a slight sweetening is desired), and sift in, gradually, sufficient flour to make a thick drop batter: beat vigorously until the batter is perfectly smooth; then cover and set aside to rise. When the batter is light and spongy, and the bubbles form in a ring round the centre, sift in more flour, stirring until the mixture becomes a soft dough. Turn the dough out on a flour-board and knead lightly and evenly until it feels smooth and velvety and no longer sticks to the hands. Return to the bowl, cover, and set aside to rise a second time, until it is doubled in size; take out again and knead, using very ittle gowns may go, each suspended as if flour, until the air bubbles appear to be of even size throughout the dough. I the sides of the trunk open, the box ness of their own pure breasts.

ME COFFEE POT .- The care of | Well greased pans. Wet the top of the coffee-pot is one of the simple each loaf with water or milk, cover roll in two bread-cloths. Do not put away in box or jars until quite cold.

> THE HOME DOCTOR -- There's a good home-treatment story in a recent number of "Chamber's Journal." A doctor in an English town had a little patient, and the little patient had a little mother who believed herself to be a "born doctor."

One day, when the "made" doctor was taking his leave, the other said: "Now, if there is any rise in temperature."—she was specially great on temperature, by the way—"I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermometer and can take the temperature myself, without troubling you to come

Just as the doctor was going to bed he was startled by a violent ring at the bell, and hastening to the door saw a terrified domestic, who gasped:

"O, sir, please, sir, do come at once! Miss Marjory is worse! Missus said I was to tell you that her temperature is one hundred and eight, and is risin' fast!"

Scarcely waiting to put on his hat, the doctor rushed round to the house of his little patient, and discovered the whole family assembled in the sick-room awaiting the end of little Marjory, the mother ringing her hands and crying.
"What is the temperature now?"

the doctor almost shouted.

"Oh," sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared look since! Oh, my poor darling! It was one hundred and eight, and they say that one hundred and five is always fatal!" and she broke down completely.

Without wasting time the doctor turned down the blanket and found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm, and the bulb imbedded in a freshly applied hot poultice.

MORE TRUNKS. -The care needed to keep the belongings of the welldressed woman in good condition has brought out all sorts of inventions for her convenience. Tray trunks succeeded the Saratogas into which an entire summer's wardrobe went, solidly, and now costume trunks are rivalling the tray-boxes. The costume trunks stand on end, the rounded top making it impossible to stand it upside down. Into these trunks a dozen in the home closet; and, best of all,



A pure hard Soap which has peculiar qualities for Laundry Uses.

5 cents a cake.

DAISY AIR RIFLE

For pure blood. A bright eye and A clear complexion, A keen appetite, An easy digestion And refreshing sleep.

TAKE

It arouses the Liver, Quickens the circulation, Brightens the spirits and Generally, makes life worth living.

Sixty seven years trial have proved it to be beyond question, the most reliable BLOOD purifier known.

All the leading Druggists sell BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA. 0 - 00

There are lives sown in out of the way places, and carclessly passed by pain; and the most acute reasoner

might stoop to wear in the white-

The great duty of life is not to give as weeds, whose blossoms angels cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart. of a