

Children's Department.

BLACK, BLUE, AND GRAY?

Johnnie, Rob, and Walter,
Stood up side by side;
Sister Winnie stood in front,
With, "Open your eyes wide!"

Johnnie's eyes are blue as skies,
Rob's are black as jet,
Walter's, soft and pretty gray;
All, bright as e'er were met.

"Which of all these colors
Is the very best for eyes?
If a little boy could choose
Which one would he prize?"

"I guess you'd better try them all—
Run away and see;
Use them now the best you can,
To-morrow, come to me."

When to-morrow came along,
The boys stood up in line:
Black, and gray, and sunny blue—
How those eyes did shine!

Johnnie spoke up briskly first,
"I say, 'hurrah' for blue;
They found mamma's lost scissors,
I guess my eyes will do."

Rob came in for second speech
"Mine found me a new pet:
I saw a little hungry dog;
So, black will suit me yet."

Then up spoke gray eyed Walter,
"Gray's good enough for me!
My eyes saw Papa first last night
When he came home to tea."

Good Sister Winnie had to smile
At black, and blue, and gray;
"I guess the colors all see right
If you see the right way."

THE FISHER-LAD AND THE WOUNDED SEA-GULL.

Alan Robertson's home was on the seashore in the north of England, near Flamborough Head. The coast is wild and rugged; high cliffs of limestone rock stand boldly out to sea, making a home for countless wild birds, who build their nest in the clefts of the cliffs, far above the tossing waves, where they feel sure no one can reach them.

But men and boys often risk their lives by climbing down these dangerous places, or sometimes lowering one another by ropes, in order to get the birds' eggs, which they take to the neighbouring towns to sell. Alan had often been with his father in these excursions, and he knew the names and habits of the sea-birds as well as any one. He loved the wild free life on that exposed promontory, and when he was not engaged in helping his father with the boat, he was constantly roaming over the rocks, examining the various sorts of life he found in the pools or crevices, or watching the habits of the birds.

One day, while Alan was down on the shore, he noticed a seagull not very far off that was making a strange noise, and seemed as if it could not move. He scrambled over the rocks to see what was the matter, and taking the poor bird up in his arms, found that one of

its wings was broken. It seemed in great pain, but as the boy talked gently to it, and stroked it softly with one hand, the gull seemed to understand that Alan did not want to hurt it, and its anxious fluttering ceased as it lay quietly in his hands.

Then the boy took a piece of bread out of his pocket, and offered it to the bird, who eagerly took it as if it was very hungry.

Presently a loud laugh was heard as an older boy came round the promontory. "What have you got there? A wounded gull! Kill it and have done with it."

"No, indeed," said Alan indignantly, "the poor creature has hurt its wing, and I am going to cure it."

"Going to cure it! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the elder boy, "who ever heard of nursing a wounded gull? Let it lie there and die; there are plenty of them."

"No," said kind-hearted Alan, "I won't leave it here: its wing is so injured that it cannot fly to the water, and it would starve to death if no one cared for it. I shall try all I can to cure it. We read in Sunday-school yesterday about the sparrows, how God cares for even those small birds, and none of them die without His knowing. So I am sure He cares for the gulls, because they are ever so much larger, and He would know if this one died for want of my looking after it."

"Do you really believe that?"

"Why, yes; didn't our minister speak to us at the school only a week or two since of the lions that roar and seek their meat from God, and how He feeds them and all the creatures He has made? I am going to be kind always to all creatures because God watches over them and cares for them."

"You're a queer fellow, Alan; good fortune to you and your gull."

Alan hastened up the cliff, carrying the bird with him. When he reached his cottage-home, he begged some soft rag of his mother, and then with some difficulty he cut a tolerably smooth splint out of a piece of wood, and bound up the bird's wing as carefully as he could. Then he filled a basket with seaweed, and placed it in a niche of the stone wall that surrounded the little garden, where the sick gull could hear the roar and rush of the sea it loved so well, and where it would not feel so much of a prisoner as indoors. Alan became quite fond of his patient, and two or three times a day brought it up some fish to eat, besides giving it bread and milk, which was an unheard of delicacy to the sea bird.

A few days after he found the gull, Alan was out fishing with his father, and as they only got a small haul, they decided to stay out all night. The boy was a little anxious about his bird, but hoped he should find it all right on his return. But next day when he went to the basket, it was empty,

and he returned with downcast face to the cottage.

"Never mind my lad," said his father, "you did good while you could. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all—that's how the Word of God runs. You cared for the sick gull while you had opportunity, but it was your duty to go out with me last night, and you could not look after it then. Don't fret about it, the Lord knows you did what you could while you had the time. Only let us seek to do all the good we can while we have opportunity, and then leave everything to Him who cares for all."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for General Debility, and all nervous complaints; after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it is his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped, self-addressed envelope to

DR. J. C. RAYMOND,
164 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Our reporter visited the stores of Pettley & Pettley this morning, and found the workmen busily employed in partitioning off another portion of the building which is to be pulled down. This completes the whole of the new addition to the west store. We must say that they are in great confusion, and we can readily understand their anxiety to clear out their large stock at low figures.

WORTH KNOWING.—A Fact Worth Knowing. The best household remedy known for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough and all throat and chest troubles tending towards Pulmonary Consumption is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, to be procured at any Druggist.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. JAMES was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1082 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

Walter Linton, of Waterloo, writes that Hagyard's Yellow Oil has done great good in his family, his wife being cured of Callous lumps that other medicines failed to remove, he also states that a neighbour was promptly relieved of Rheumatism by the same remedy.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

THE MILK-MAIDS OF DORT.

If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of dykes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourselves some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting and historical event has taken place.

In the centre of the great market place of Dort stands a fountain; and if you will look close, you will see upon the tall pyramid a *relievo* representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are there to commemorate the following historical facts:

When the province of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon admission to the burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The Council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom. The magistrates in a body honored the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for their act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterward indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honored with the hands of the milk-maids. Then as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.—*Harper's Young People.*

"THE ONLY ONE IN AMERICA.—The International Throat and Lung Institute, Toronto and Montreal, is positively the only one in America where diseases of the air passages alone are treated. Cold inhalations are used through the Spirometer, an instrument or inhaler invented by Dr. M. Souvielle, of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the French army, with proper dietetic, hygienic and constitutional treatment suitable to each case. Thousands of cases of Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness and Consumption have been cured at this institute during the last few years. Write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet, giving full particulars and reliable references to 178 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.; 18 Philip's Square, Montreal, P. Q.

Married.

WATSON-BROWN—At Christ's Church, Marshville, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. C. E. Lee, of Mount Forest, Richard A. Watson, of Port Robinson, to Charlotte, third daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, of Marshville.

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