July 11, 1895.]

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How Tom was Cured.

"Well, Tom, my boy," said papa, looking up from his breakfast one bright Sunday morning, as his little son came limping to his place at the table, "what's the matter this time? Lame again ?'' Tom looked a little suspicious, as he saw a suggestion of a twinkle in his father's grave eyes.

" Now, papa," he said quite solemnly, and with a much injured look, "I've hurted my leg just terrible; I have, for truly, and 'taint just 'count of Sunday, eiver."

Tom was six, but his tongue still tripped over many of the words, and he often talked very crookedly when he was a bit embarrassed.

"Never mind," said papa, with a laugh; "I don't believe it's serious. Eat your breakfast quickly, or you won't be ready to go to church with me.'

Tom looked dismayed, and the little mother, who never failed him in trouble, this time had contented herself with putting sugar and cream in his oatmeal, and bidding him make haste.

Papa finished his meal, and went into his study to look over his morning

sermon. In a few moments mamma

followed him. "Well," she said, "I don't know what to do with Tom. This intermittent lameness which attacks him every seventh day has recurred, and the case calls for serious attention. I can tell the child he must come to church, of course, and can show him that I think him not truthful."

Papa knit his brows. "Tom doesn't mean to be untruthful," he said ; " he deceives himself. I wish we could shame him out of this.'

Mamma looked up suddenly. "I have an idea," she said, and she whispered in his ear. Papa laughed aloud. " All right," he said ; " I'll see Alec after service."

The house was very quiet after everyone had gone to church. Tom sat reading by the long open window that looked across the lawn, and tried not to remember that mamma had said it would be better for him to stay indoors.

The soft, warm sunshine crept across the grass, and the old apple tree tossed its blossoms in the breeze in the most tantalizing way, as much as to say, "See how lovely it is out here." Up in the branches a robin perched, and looked at Tom with his head on one side. "Cheer up, cheer up," he

called ; " come here, here, here.' "I can't," said Tom; "I'm lame." Then he looked down, ashamed, and his cheek grew quite pink. He wondered if the robin really knew.

"How is the knee, Tommy ?" she AGENTS! AGENTS! said. "I've brought Uncle Alec home with me to see it. You have been lame a good deal lately, and I thought it quite time something was done."

Tom dropped his book in dismay. "I don't need Uncle Alec, truly I don't," he said eargerly. "It will be all well in the morning, I shouldn't wonder, and 'f I's you, mamma, I'd just let it go-I would-honest."

But all in vain. Uncle Alec came in, and papa, and they sat down beside the big chair.

Mamma unbuttoned the shoe and drew off the stocking very slowly. "Does that hurt?" she asked. Tom hung his head. His face was very red now, and his voice was very low as he said, "No'm."

Uncle Alec pressed his fingers slowly and gently on every part of the strong, brown little knee, on which a tiny black and blue spot showed faintly. " Does this hurt, Tom ?" he said, pressing his thumb on the bruise he

could hardly see. " Not much," Tom said, reluctantly.

But Uncle Alec was decided. "We'll bandage it for a week," he said, cheerfully; "and then you will be quite well again.''

"A week !" Tom's heart sank nearly to his shoes.

"Can I go out?" he asked, with a lump in his throat.

"Not to play," replied Uncle Alec; you may drive out with mamma, but you must be quiet."

Tom thought of the brook where he and Ned were going to look for minnows to-morrow after school, and of the swing papa made in the barn, and he wanted to scream out, "I'm not lame, not one bit, and I'll go to church every day if you don't put a bandage on," but he was not brave enough yet

Births, Deaths & Marriages DEATH.

Entered into the rest of Paradise, on June 29th, at Barrytown-on-Hudson. N.Y., ged 53 years and 6 months, Emma Marie Newson, the beloved wife of Rev. J. Gough Brick, rector of St. John's, Barrytown, N.Y. Interred in St. James Come-tery, Toronto.

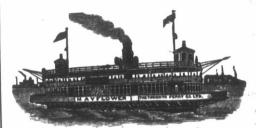


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ent to any gow, N.S., Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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By-and-by a white butterfly sailed directly past the window. It looked almost like the leaf of an apple blossom. Tom caught his hat and was off like a dash.

The lame leg made as good time as the well one as he scampered down the path in hot chase after the white butterfly. From branch to branch, now low, now high, sometimes just near at hand, sometimes almost out of sight, it went, and Tom kept pace as only a small boy sound in wind and limb could do. The minutes flew by, and Tom did not see the three people who were walking slowly up the path. One of them-it was Uncle Alec,

the doctor-burst into a peal of laughter, and Tom, away over by the hedge, heard and fled into the house by the side door.

They had seen him, but he did not know that was why Uncle Alec had laughed. What did Uncle Alec come home with papa and mamma for ? He always went to grandma's after church. But Tom was settled again in the big chair, industriously studying his Sunday-school lesson when mamma came in.