

"HONEST JOHN."

"That careless, untrustworthy Brown girl is waiting for medicine; not much use to send it by her. Why don't they send a boy? Are you going out?"

"Yes, we're going out driving," said Mrs. Stoneman in answer to her husband's inquiry. "We're going to take 'Honest John,' so you needn't worry."

"That's a funny name for a boy," thought the careless Brown girl, who sat waiting in Dr. Stoneman's office for a package of medicine for her sick sister. "I s'pose that's the reason they're going to take him, because he's a good boy; but I should think a boy could keep from telling lies and stealing without having everybody told that he was honest. I could, I know."

"Could what, little girl?" asked the doctor, as he turned to her with the package. "Can you carry this straight home and remember what I tell you? Is that it?"

The Brown girl blushed and stammered, as much at the doubt in his voice as anything; then she remembered that he had just called her careless. "Twasn't about that, though I didn't know I said it so's 't you could hear; 'twas about bein' honest—'Honest John,' you know?"

"Yes, I know him; well, it'll be all the same if you run right on. Yes, I'd rather be 'Honest John' than Bucephalous—that's his picture on the wall. There, run along now."

The Brown girl couldn't have run then for sheer wonder that the doctor should talk so funny—why, the picture on the wall was a horse! Johnny was his boy, too, she supposed. Blue-sulphurous, indeed! or any other kind of sulphur. What had blue matches or red matches to do with the boy they called "Honest John," or a girl they called "that careless Brown girl?" Why couldn't a girl be called honest as well as a boy, and do errands as well, too? How would "Honest Jane" sound? She wondered—and then all at once she reddened in the face and started.

The town clock struck three, and the doctor had told her to run right home and that would be "all the same."

"All the same as what?" she said to herself as she sped along. "As what that Johnny does? I didn't know that running home quickly when you're sent had anything to do with being honest, though. I'll ask mother. I'm tired of being called 'that careless Brown girl,' and having boys called 'Honest John.'"

"Why, daughter!" was the surprised answer; "don't you know that 'Honest John' is a horse in Mr. Given's livery stable that all the ladies in town like to drive?"

"And not a boy?"

"No."

"But I don't see how a horse could be honest."

"Well, that's just a name they have given him because he can always be trusted to do his best, uphill or down."

"And to go quick—is that honest?"

"Yes. What in the world does the child mean?"

No one answered, but that "careless Brown girl" went straight out of the house and sat down on a pile of chips and commenced digging holes in them with her heels. "Just to think," she muttered, as she strove

to crowd the hot tears back with her fists: "I thought all the time it was a boy, but he made me out worse than a horse! I won't stand it!"

"Won't stand what?" asked a voice that made her start. "You're not standing, anyway, are you? Did you really get here before me with the medicine? I thought I'd better call around this way and be sure. How's sister?"

"She's had her medicine and is better, and you needn't call around to 'be sure' after me any more; I'm not going to be shamed by a horse, or called 'that careless Brown girl' any more, so there!"

And the kind old doctor stooped and patted her on the head, and said, "There, there! if you've learned that to be honest means to be prompt and reliable, you won't have to, I'm sure."

And the Brown girl dried her tears and followed him in.

AN EXPLANATION.

The reason for the great popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla lies in the fact that this medicine positively cures. It is America's Greatest Medicine, and the American people have an abiding confidence in its merits. They buy and take it for simple as well as serious ailments, confident that it will do them good.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"GREAT I AND LITTLE YOU."

"How do you like that little new neighbour of yours?" asked Herbert Green's big brother Wallace, who had seen the two little boys playing in the yard.

"O, you mean Georgie Worthman?" said Herbie. "Why, I don't know. I like him, and I don't like him."

Wallace laughed. "Then you quarrel a little sometimes," said he. "Is that it?"

"No, we don't quarrel," said Herbie. "I don't let him know when I am mad with him."

"What does he do to make you mad with him?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, he says things," said Herbie.

"Such as what?"

"Well, he looks at my marbles, and says, 'is that all you've got? I have five times as many as that—splendid ones, too. They'd knock those all to smash.'"

"Ah, I see!" said Wallace. "It is a clear case of 'great I and little you.'"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Herbie.

"Well, if you don't find out by Saturday night, I'll tell you," said Wallace. This was on Monday.

On Wednesday afternoon Herbie was out at play, and presently Georgie Worthman came out. Wallace was in his room reading, with the windows open, and could hear all that was said.

Georgie brought his kite with him, and asked Herbie if he would go to the common with him to fly his kite.

"Oh, yes, if mother is willing," said Herbie. "But where did you get that kite?—made it yourself, did you? I've got one ever so much

bigger than that, with yards, and yards of tail, and when we let it out, it goes out of sight quick, now, I can tell you."

"That isn't the best I can make," said Georgie; "but if I had a bigger one, I couldn't pitch it, or hold it after it was up."

"Pooh! I could hold one that pulled like ten horses," said Herbie; and he ran to ask his mother if he could go with Georgie to the common.

His mother was willing if Wallace would go too; and so, after a little good-natured bothering, Wallace took his hat, and Herbie got his kite and twine, and the three boys set off for the common.

Georgie's kite was pitched first and went up in fine style. Then Herbie's went off and soon passed it, for it had a longer string; and both were far up in the sky.

"There now?" said Herbie, "didn't I tell you my kite would beat yours all to nothing? I bet that there isn't another kite in town that will begin to be a match for it."

"How is this? how is this?" said Wallace, "seems to me 'great I and little you' are around here pretty thick."

"What do you mean by that?" said both little boys.

"Why when a fellow says that he has the best marbles, and the best kite, and the swiftest sled, and the handsomest velocipede, and the most knowing dog, anywhere in town, we say his talk is all 'great I and little you.'"

Herbie looked at Georgie and blushed a little. The boys had great fun with their kites; and when they got home, and Wallace and Herbie went up stairs to put away the kite, Herbie said: "Well my kite did beat Georgie's, just as I told him it would."

"That is true," said Wallace "but you said the other day that you liked Georgie, and didn't like him, because he was always telling how much bigger and better his things were than yours; and now, to-day, you are making yourself disagreeable to him by bragging about your kite. Now, if you want the boys to like you, my lad, you must give up talking 'great I and little you,' for it is not sensible nor kind."

So Herbie found out what Wallace meant, and he said to himself: "I don't mean to let the fellows hear me talking 'great I and little you' any more."

—The victory rests with America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, when it enters the battle against impure blood.

—When a just man is permitted, in the bright summer-time, to walk, amid fields of ripening grain, to watch the toilers in the ripened and fruitful harvest, or to eat of that which is thus provided, his thoughts are naturally lifted upward. It is so when we receive gifts from our friends about us, why should it not be so when we enjoy God's gifts. Need we ask how a man can show his gratitude to God? Surely it is in doing good, God's will, living obedient to His commands, upholding His Church, continuing steadfast in the faith, praying to Him in public and private, receiving the spiritual food he provides, and esteeming these gifts above all others, and rendering

a hearty and glad thanksgiving for them. More than this the just man, conscious of the debt he owes, delights to show his gratitude by some return for the favour.

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PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

ISSUE OF FORTY-YEAR ANNUITIES

Sealed Tenders for the purchase of Terminable Annuities running for a period of 40 years, issued under authority of an act of the Ontario Parliament, 47 Vic., Chapter 31, will be received by the undersigned at his office, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on or before 14th day of July next, at 2:30 p.m., when the tenders will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants, or their agents, as may attend.

The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer, in which certificates the Provincial Treasurer will agree to make half-yearly payments at his office, at Toronto, or in London, England, of sums of \$100, or larger sums, or their equivalent in sterling at the par of exchange (£20 10s. 11d.), on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year, for forty years from 30th day of June instant, the first half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1898 is \$5,700 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$200 annually.

Tenders may, if preferred, be upon condition that the annuities be payable in sterling in London, England. In each case the conversion will be at the par of exchange, \$4 86 2-3 to the pound sterling. Tenders will be required to state the purchase money which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Notification of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 20th July, and payments from the persons whose tenders are accepted must be made within ten days thereafter at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, but if, from any cause, the purchase money is not paid by the 1st day of August next, purchasers who have not then paid will be required to pay interest on their purchase money from that date to date of payment, at the rate of interest which the investment will yield, according to their respective tenders.

The Annuity Certificates will be delivered at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, where, if desired, they may be specially registered.

The Provincial Treasurer reserves the right to determine what tender is most advantageous to the Province, but no tender will necessarily be accepted. Tenders should be on the accompanying form.

Envelopes containing tenders should be endorsed, "Tender for Province of Ontario Annuities."

Further information may be obtained on application to the Provincial Treasurer.

R. HARCOURT,
Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's Office, Toronto, 2nd June, 1898.

P.S.—No unauthorized advertisement will be paid for.

Note.—Illustration of calculation on interest basis: At the rate of 3 per cent. per annum (or in strictness 1 1/2 per cent. half-yearly), present payment of \$2,320.36 would represent an annuity of \$100 for 40 years, \$50 payable each half-yearly.

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