

Children's Department.

Proud Isabel.

"Green peas for dinner,
And who'll help to shell?"
"I will," cries Lottie,
"And I will," says Nell.
"But I'll help to eat them,"
Says proud Isabel.

Green peas for dinner!
Heap Lottie's plate,
Seat Nell by father
Grandly in state;
As for Miss Isabel,
Perhaps she may wait.

How Curly Lost His Dinner.

He was just the softest, funniest, prettiest little puppy you ever knew, and his name was Curly. May, his little mistress, thought he was a really wonderful dog. He could run after a ball, jump over a stick, and bark at anybody or anything. Yet, one day he lost his dinner all through a harmless sparrow.

This is how it happened. Curly always had his dinner in the yard outside the kitchen door. On this particular day, when he came out at the usual time to get his dinner, he saw a sparrow sitting on the edge of the dish calmly helping itself to his food. Curly quietly watched the bird for a few minutes, wondering what he should do; but when the bird prepared to help itself to the biggest piece of biscuit, he thought it was quite time for it to stop, and gave a short bark. The bird seemed rather astonished, and left off eating, but did not show any signs of moving. Curly sat upright and stared at it, quite overcome with astonishment. The bird waited to see if anything were going to happen, and then went on with its dinner.

"This cannot be allowed any longer," said Curly; and, giving a quick "bow-wow," he made a sudden jump at the bird. Mr. Sparrow flew away very much frightened, but Curly unfortunately

A Tonic

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Given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Exeter, N. H.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla enough for what it has done for my boy. Some four years ago, when six years old, George was attacked by hip disease in his right leg. We had to get him a pair of crutches, with which he was able to move about, but became badly deformed. We had to have his right leg lanced just above the knee. In a few weeks a second sore broke out, both discharging freely. Agonizing pains afflicted him, he could not bear to be moved, his growth was stopped and

He Was a Mere Skeleton.

He had no appetite, and it was hard work to make him eat enough to keep him alive. A few weeks later we had his hip lanced, and following this five other eruptions broke out, making eight running sores in all. We did all we could for him, but he grew weaker every day, although we had three of the best physicians. As a last resort we were prevailed upon by relatives who had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with beneficial results to give the medicine a trial. We got one bottle about the first of March, 1892, and he had taken the medicine only a few days when his appetite began to improve. When he had taken one bottle he could move about a little with his crutches, which he had not been able to use for the preceding three months. We continued faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in 6 months he was

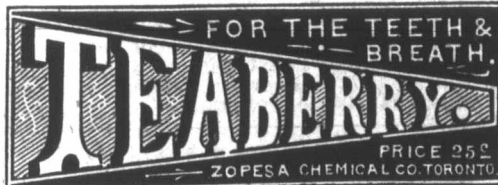
Able to Be Dressed

and go about the house without the crutches. He has now taken Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly for eighteen months, and for the past six months has been without the crutches, which he has outgrown by several inches. The sores have all healed with the exception of one which is rapidly closing, only the scars and an occasional limp remaining as reminders of his suffering.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla in his case has truly done wonders, and he is daily gaining in flesh and good color. He runs about and plays as lively as any child. We feel an inexpressible joy at having our boy restored to health, and we always speak in the highest terms of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. HENRY W. MURPHY, Exeter, New Hampshire.

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had jumped rather too far, and came down with one paw in his dish, nearly upsetting it.

"Now I can get my dinner in peace," said Curly; but, just as he was beginning to do so, he happened to look up, and there sat the sparrow on the fence, evidently waiting for an opportunity to come back. It was impossible to enjoy a comfortable dinner with that provoking bird twittering and chirping as if it wished to tell the whole neighbourhood that it had been insulted. Presently three more sparrows appeared, and there was more chirping.

"I expect they are planning to fight me and get my dinner," said Curly, forgetting that his bark was enough to make them all fly away. "They shall not have my food, anyhow; I will just sit on it, and then of course they won't be able to get at it."

Accordingly the silly little puppy curled himself into his dish, right on top of his own dinner! There he watched until he fell fast asleep, and there May found him when she came home from school.

"Oh, Curly, you greedy little dog!" she said, as she picked him up. "You have eaten such a good dinner that it has made you sleepy."

Curly sighed, for he was very hungry. He knew it was no good to protest, for May would not understand.

When he reached the house, however, seeing a very tempting bit of meat on the kitchen table, he jumped out of May's arms, and was not long in finding his way out of the house with his prize in his mouth.

May was too much horrified to move at first, but when she recovered herself, she quickly gave chase, and Curly was captured and brought back in disgrace.

His meat was taken from him, and he was shut up for a time in the coal-cellar.

He lay for some time quite quiet in the dark, thinking what an unhappy dog he was. "Well," he said, "perhaps I ought not to have taken that meat, but I was so hungry. From this time, I will bark at every sparrow I see, and then some day I may frighten that horrid bird that got me into trouble and lost me my dinner."

A Ministering Child.

Little Florence was a ministering child. She had been early taught that the way to be happy is to do good, and make others happy. So she was never so delighted as when her mother sent her on some errand of mercy to some of her poorer neighbours.

One day she went out with a basketful of good things. The air was raw and chilly, but Florry was well wrapped up and did not mind it; besides her heart was too warm to notice the weather. She tapped at a cottage-door, and in response to the gentle "come in," walked in to the little room. An infirm woman lived there, scarcely able to walk from rheumatism. She gladly greeted her young visitor, and begged her to sit down.

"How cold you look," said Florry, "yet I am glad to see you have a nice fire."

"Yes, indeed, it is a mercy. Mr. Welford sent me in some coals the other day, and I don't know how to be thankful enough."

Florry eagerly took her gifts out of the basket. "Mamma sent you these," she said, placing a parcel of tea, sugar, and a loaf of bread on the table.

Tears filled the woman's eyes:

"How good God is to me!" she exclaimed, "I have nothing in the house, Miss Florence, and now this is just what I need."

"That is why you look cold," said the little girl. "I expect you have had no breakfast. See, I will lift the kettle on the fire, and make you a cup of tea before I go, that will warm you, Mrs. Mitchell."

Florry fetched the cracked teapot out of the cupboard, and eagerly made the tea, staying with her afflicted friend till she saw her warmer and brighter, cheered and comforted by one little ministering child.

The Insect World.

Did it ever occur to you how many insects there are in the world? Including every variety of beetle, butterfly, wasp and ant, there are hundreds of thousands. In whatever way you choose to consider them, whether their form and colour, their habits of life, the knowledge they display, the wars of the various tribes against each other, the study of insects is one of the most attractive pages of the book of Nature. Turn whichever way you will, and you

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