sect was not inviting. But many a but smiling and ready to play, was morning had Rosy smiled out on that sitting in her mother's lap, while the

"Rosy, child," said grandmother, to answer for her. As for you, my from her seat at the table, "we must girl," giving Rosy a pat on the shoul-

"Yes, grandmother," assented the litthe girl, listlessly.

"He knows his own," the lady went and only too rare. If ever you want and only too rare. If ever you want a recommendation, come to me."

"I musn't worry grandmother. That will only make things worse, and they are bad enough anyway. But I do wish I was bigger, and looked older, so that the ladies would trust me with their babies. I am sure I could make a nice nurse. But what a diflear!" And Rosy heaved a long, deep

"My girl is not going to lose heart," said grandmother, troubled by the sigh, and perhaps more by the silence, which, to tell the truth, was not much in Rosy's line. "My Rosy comes of a stock that isn't quick to let trou-ble in nor hope out. Your father, and your grandfather, and his father, before him, were men that trusted to dod and did their duty; and there's nothing like that to make the spirit high and the heart bold; no matter it's the spirit and the heart of strong men like them, or of a weak old woman like me, or of a bonny. blithe lass, like my Rosy."

Rosy left the window, and stooped over her grandmother's chair for a "Grandmother, dear," she said, "you are too sweet for anything! And so good for a person. It isn't all the rich folks that can have an angel in their house all the time.' Thereupon Rosy went to the closet

and got out her hat.

"If I can't get a job for money," she
said, "I know one I can have for love.
Mrs. McDonald will trust her baby to
me, I guess, to take it for an airing." course, she will; and it will be to get to her work for a while, without the children underfoot."

"O, grandmother," she exclaimed at last when they had talked her prospects over; "wasn't it lucky that I

Mrs. McDonald's baby Nell had been very ill. But she was getting better ious little lady, very chary of bestowa royal favorite, Nell cooed and smiled, and held out her little hands, as ed, and held out her little hands, as soon as she appeared, and both mother and baby were very well pleased

for Rosy to get her ready, and take her off in her carriage. When they got to a broad coel streat. Rosy found a girl there that she knew, named Mary Murray, with two or three little nothers and sisters, and for a while

He is an awfully cross and crabbed Old Man, they say."
Nell's screams died down into a

scared whimper. Now it was Rosy who was out of patience. She turned on Mary with flashing eyes. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Frightening a poor little baby that way! There, Nell! Never mind her. It is all a made-up story. There isn't any Old Man at all. Don't you be afraid. Rosy will take care of you."

"Rosy is a goose," said Mary, bluntly. "What harm is there in it? Nell is nothing but a baby. She doesn't understand. "What do you tell it to her for,

"You know what I mean. Babies don't understand such things enough to hurt them. And it is only a joke,

"Maybe it's a joke to you," said Rosy, hotly, "but it is a lie to them. Excuse me for such a word, but that is just what it is. Babies do understand enough to hurt them. They are beginning to learn, and they ought to learn the truth, the real, true truth. and nothing else. But folks will tell dittle children anything at all that's convenient, and call it fun. Then byand-by when the children for conwenience tell them what isn't true, they are shocked, and wonder where on earth they learned such wicked tricks! It does seem too bad for anybody to be so foolish.

"Good!" cried a hearty voice be hind the two girls. They turned round, and saw an elderly gentleman. who had evidentry come out of one of the houses near, and was about to get into a doctor's buggy, waiting at

"Good!" he repeated, with a nod of epproval at Rosy, "you hold to those opinions, and spread them as fast as you can. Then perhaps this old world will have a chance to get rid of some of the crookedness and false-heartedness that are in it. Upon my word, in these new-fangled days, it is refreshing to hear a dose of plain, old-time truth prescribed for the ills of

He drove away. The girls specu-lated over him a little, and then, as the baby had stopped fretting, they were beginning to take up their former talk again, when Mary's small

shut, her face was pinched and pale, and her head sunk forward. "You must take her right home to her mother," cried Mary in fussy

Rosy thought of the four or five long blocks between her and Mrs. McDonald. Then she glanced anxiously in the other direction. Yes, sure enough the doctor's buggy had stopped at a house half way down the square. Without a word, she seized hold of the baby's carriage, wheeled it swiftly toward that house, and almost sooner than it can be told, was ringing at the bell.

"Is there a doctor calling here?" ste at the window, looking out on the narrow, straggling street, with its rows of small, shabby houses, and the hoisy, dirty-faced children playing and fighting in the gutters, the prosent fighting in the gutters, the prosent fighting in the gutters, the prosent fighting in the gutters and fighting in the gutters, the prosent fighting for the gutters and fighting in the gutters are given by the gutters and fighting in the gutters are given by the gutter of the gutters are given by the gutter of the gutter

morning had Rosy single and contented part.

strange prospect, so happy and contented part.

"I guess she will be all right now," he said, "but if she had waited ten minutes longer I would not have liked minutes longer I would not have liked girl," giving Rosy a pat on the shoul der, "you are a very good sort, in-deed. A cool, quick head, as well as an honest one, is a fine possession, Rosy blushed and dimpled under Rosy opened her mouth impatiently, the doctor's praise. Then the form then shut it again. There was a little pause, while she was thinking to struck upon her mind, and her face grew grave, and her eyes bright and

eager. "O, doctor," she cried, "would you really? I meah," beginning to stammer when the doctor turned his sharp eyes inquiringly on her, "I do want with their babies. I am sure I could make a nice nurse. But what a difference is it for me to be sure? It's the mothers that must feel that way. O, dear!" And Rosy heaved a long deep

"Of course you could," interrupted the doctor, "I should think you could. She wants a place, does she?" and he turned to Mrs. McDonald, who promptly took the occasion to expatiate upon Rosy's excellencies, with all her grateful heart, The doctor listened nationally. tened patiently.
"Well, now," he said, "don't you

worry. You shall have the best kind of a place. Leave it all to me."
Off he went. And Rosy, who did not know what a great man the doctor was in his own circle, was very much afraid that he could do but little for her. That same afternoon, however, he stopped a handsome carriage on his way home, and said to its fashionable occupant:

"Mrs. Schuyler, what lady do you know, who wants a nursemaid?"
"Mrs. Bemis," suggested Mrs. Schuyler doubtfully after thinking it over, but then she is extremely particular

about all sorts of things."

"Yes, an outrageously particular woman," said the doctor, "she even concerns herself about her children's morals, I have heard. Nevertheless, I believe I can suit her."

The next day Mrs. Bemls sent for Rosy, who came back to her grandmother in a whirlwind of delight.

"The next day Mrs. Bemls sent for Rosy, who came back to her grandmother in a whirlwind of delight."

"Yes, an outrageously particular woman," said the doctor, "she even concerns herself about her children's My pretty angel has to go.

But while my eyes are shut, I hear His white wings rustling very near; I know it is his darling wings, Not mother folding up my things.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

happened to take Nell out that very s little lady, very chary of bestow-her smiles upon her large circle dmirers. But Rosy McDown McDown and the spectacles, "it's the luck that the look that

ECZEMA IN ITS WORST FORM.

server.

Physicians Failed, but We Cured. From London, Ont., comes the following sworn testimonial: Mrs. Sarah they were all very happy together. But by-and-by the baby got fretful, and not even Rosy could quiet her, though she used her prettiest wiles, At last Mary Murray lost all patience.

"O, be still," she cried, giving the carriage a little shake. "What a naughty baby you are! The Old Man that runs off with naughty girls is that runs off with naughty girls is all over her body, and was a constant

looking for you, I think. He will be and harrassing source of irritation here pretty soon, if you don't keep and pain. Kootenay Cure purified her blood, and she has not the slightest symptom of Eczema or any other eruption on her body. She had the disease in its worst form, and now gladly recommends the medicine that cured her, namely, Kootenay Cure. Declaration made before C. G. Jarvis, Notary Public, Ang. 25, 1896.

"Whether it's wet, whether it's hot, we have to weather whether or not." So runs the philosophic entry in a Devonshire visitor's book.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, which has outlived and superseded hundreds of similar preparations, is undoubtedly the most fashionable as well as economical hair-dressing in the market. By its use, the poorest head of hair soon becomes luxuriant and beautiful. Two miles from Hale Bank, on the Mersey, to the southeast of busy Liv-

erpool city, sands the grand timbered

mansion known as Speke Hall, built during the fifteenth century. How to Cure Skin Diseases. Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are

Great Britain has a long lead in the export of bicycles. In the month of July last alone over \$5,000,000 worth of wheels was sent abroad from that busy

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, mostly at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointraent stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. All druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayr.e & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, During ordinary seasons the British mint turns out 420,000 sovereigns a week. But it can turn out a million in a week, and has done so more than

Give Hofloway's Corn Cure a trial. "Look at Nell! I guess something It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

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Toronto.

Only the inferer knows the misery of dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubbord cases of this disease.

Work.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines. For all the heat And death's mild curfew shall from God did anoint thee with his odorous

To wrestle, not to reign; and All thy tears over, like pure crystal-For younger fellow-workers of the

To wear for amulets. So others shall Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand, From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer, And God's grace fructify through thee

The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand And share its dewdrop with another -Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

.... The Dying Never Weep.

The dying never weep! Does vision of the heavenly height Break in upon their waning light? Or doth God wipe away all tears, Ere yet they touch th' eternal years? Is there no weeping for the eyes That soon shall ope in Paradise? While we our fearful vigil keep, And wonder that they to not weep

The dying never weep! But, oh, the living weep, and cry For God's dear pity, as they lie Before His throne in helplessness And break their hearts in vain dis-

tress, The while His saints in blessed place Behold the beauty of His face, And drink His peace with rapture deep, And wonder we for them should weep! -Zitella Cocke.

At Bed-Time. When my good-rights and prayers are

And I am warm tucked up in bed, I know my guardian angel stands And hold my head between his hands.

AUTUMN WOODS.

Here let me wander in my sadder Amid the muffled silence that bre-

Here is no artifice, no languid locks.

Gaze from the thraldom of eartifice narrow bounds;

Only the mingled laughing of the Breaks on the stillness gathered o'er these grounds.

Here in the coral leafage luminous, Amid the dusk of the vermillion shade, There is a joy that seems mysterious When autumn splendor crowns the forest glade.

No utterance, no symbol of alarm, All day the old primeval wood is still, And like an infant twined in slum-In hazy air he dreams upon the hill.

Against the leagues of blue October The maples are aflame with crimson light. And all around the glowing landscape More beautiful than poets great could

The leaves are scarcely ruffled by the breeze That glowing hang in many brilliant gleams: O, what a glory here among the trees To shelter from the world's deluding

dreams. O, never were the waves of western At sunset hour, in brighter colors Than are these leaves that fascinate

And lend a grander beauty to the grove. great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, The mossy mounds, where withered violets are And now they fall, soft as a falling

That trailed so lovely in the early spring. Deep in the woodlands when the sable

Unrobes her starry shadows in the Pent up in all the flood of golden light The tall spires glitter in this dream-land fair.

The golden thrush has flown away, or now Though you might hear his noon-day ponderings, tinted bough
The wizard movement of his gleam-This is the haunt of the Arcadian

The beauteous region of that fairy The flowers That linger still in the enchanted

This is the shadow of no earthly port, A glimpse of the untraveled vale of Where souls pursue each uncompleted And hear no murmur of complain-

o, should you sigh for but a moment's m the great world's misery Turn fro and care. Enter the glowing woods, and you will The voice of solace sweetly whisper

-Noel J. Jarvis.

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Wilmot Co., Spokane, Wash. James Cairns, Agent, Spokane, Wash. J. J. Warren, Barrister, Toronto. F. J. Kilner, Asst. Supt. Columbia and Western R. R., Spokane. W. T. Stuart, M.D., C.L., Toronto.

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to \$96 in gold per ton. The latter

Toronto, Ontario, Sept. 14th, 1896. F. J. Stewart, Esq., Toronto:

JUDGMENT.

Dear Sir,-In answer to your uiry regarding the White Bear Mine understand you are desirous of getting some outside opinions as to its value for profitable investment. As a director of the Le Roi Mine, I tried to opinion that the Le Roi vein extends through it. I had several assays made from White Bear ore, which I obtained myself from the property. The

I consider the White Bear one of the very best prospects in the camp, and from my past experience and judgment it is a very safe investment.

Yours very trul W. J. HARRIS.

Mr. Gordon's references are Anton B. Ailers, of New York city, president of the United Smelters of Great Falls and East Helena, Montana, and J. N. Judson, M.E., with the American Metal Company, of No. 80 Wall street, Manager Le Roi Mine. New York City. The directors have authorized me to place 250,000 shares, par value \$1 each, non-assessable, upon the marke

ters the dividend paying list.

It is only a question of time and do

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Respectfully W. B. GORDON

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Temmy (inquiringly)-"Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?"
Mamma—"No, that's glue." Tommy (nonchalantly) - That's why

I can't get my hat off. Bobby-Mamma, do the streets of heaven flow with milk and honey? Mother—So the Bible says, dear. Bobby-And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walking's so

Cout Le Fraug (rapturously)-Zere is only vun vord in ze Eenglish language to descr-r-ibe your beauty, Miss Goldrox. Miss Goldrox-Oh, count!

Count Le Fraug-And unforchunate-yl I haf forgotten vae eet ees. "Patsy, run down to the station and see what time the last train starts for Dublin." "I will, your honor." (Exit.) (An interval of six hours.)
"Well, what on earth kept you all that time?" "Sure wasn't I to see what time the train started? And how was I to come back before she went?'

Littles Elsies (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)-"Oh, mamma! have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?' Mamma-"Why do you say that, my Little Elsie-"Look at all its freck-

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, as school opened, "you may recite your geography lesson. Where is Afghanistan?" Willie hesitated a moment. "Don't you know?" asked the teacher. "Yes, I've got it in my head somewhere, but I can lay my brain on it just this minute," Willie replied. The delegate was approached by

newspaper representative. He was a breezy, enthusiastic delegate, one who seemed to be fairly bubbling over with good material for an interview. "What do you think of the situation?" the reporter asked.
"What do I think? Young man, you utterly mistake the nature of my employment. I'm not here to think. I'm A Northern man traveling through

Missouri on horseback arrived at the bank of a river. There was no way to cross it, except by swimming; so, dismounting, he tied his clothes to his horse, and drove him into the river, swimming after him. Reaching the other side, he dressed and con-tinued on his way. Before going 20 feet, however, he came to the forks of the road, and looked around for a sign. There was none; but just across the river, near the spot he had en-tered to swim across, he saw a board nailed on a tree. There was nothing to do but to get in and swim across again, and read that sign. He swam across, and after climbing up the bank, he read the following notice dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk."

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Sugar......two pounds Lukewarm water.....two gallons Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle, place in a warm place for 24 hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open spark-ling, cool and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug

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