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THE S. S. RYCKMAN Med. Co.
 HAMILTON, ONT.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Flora and Neddie: A Love Story.—The New Neighbors, a Juvenile Sketch—Call About Neddie: The Pretty Neddie's Eyes.

The Tune of Voice.
 It is not so much what you say,
 As the manner in which you say it;
 It is not so much the language you use,
 As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
 And the baby cowered and wept;
 "Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
 And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
 And the tones may pierce like a dart;
 The words may be soft as a summer's day,
 And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
 And grow by study and art;
 But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
 And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
 Whether you mean or care,
 Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
 Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrel a word
 And in peace and love rejoice,
 Keep anger not only out of your words,
 But keep it out of your voice.

—Youth's Companion.

Flora and Neddie: A Love Story.
 Emory Hill was located in Elsie's workbasket, and was inhabited by needles of all kinds and sizes. I know these needles never went to sleep. How do I know that? Because they never shut their eyes, and how could they go to sleep without shutting their eyes?

And I know, too, that all I am going to tell you about them happened in the night. It did not happen in the daytime, so of course it must have happened at night—some moonlight night, when the needles looked very bewitching in their steel-gray costumes, and when their golden eyes sparkled as they told the Cambric Needle of their adventures during the day.

It was always the Cambric Needle in whom they confided, for she was the only one who was not proud of what she could do, and who would listen kindly to their long stories. She had reason to be proud, too, for she could hem more beautifully than any of the others, and do it very rapidly. The Basting Needle, however, would not grant this. She felt that rapidly was her specialty. She was a nineteenth century affair, and knew how to do effective work without wasting any time over it. The ladylike Cambric Needle would not dispute the question with her, even granting that her stitches were more showy; but in spite of that she clung to her own way of working, and was thorough and patient in all that she did.

The Shoe Needle felt that she was superior to every one else because of her strength, for she could be pushed right through leather and not break. None of the others were equal to that!

The Zephyr Needle felt that strength was not the thing to be proud of, for she had a large eye and was able to do artistic work. She also felt her bluntness to be another trait that helped her prove her superiority. But the other Zephyr Needles disputed this, for they felt they were a point ahead of her because of their sharpness.

The Darning Needle was proud of her usefulness; no wasting of time over fancy work for her! Number Eight could do at least eight different kinds of sewing. How the Cambric Needle did wish she had been called Number

Eight, for then perhaps she could have done more than one kind; and she thought quite sadly that if a Pin ever should come again to visit Emory Hill he would never look at her, she was so small and had so little ability.

Now it happened that this very evening a Pin did arrive at the Hill, a fine Brass Pin with a large, bright head.

"Of course he will admire strength more than anything else, he is so big himself," murmured the Shoe Needle.

"Not at all," whispered the Darning Needle. "Usefulness will appeal to him most, for he is evidently bright."

"You are both wrong," whispered the Basting Needle, quite audibly, "for any Pin with such a well-developed head must be able to appreciate my aspirations and advanced ideas."

"Dear me," thought the sweet little Cambric Needle. "I do hope he'll not overlook Number Eight, for she is gifted."

And so it was very exciting, and grew more so as it became evident that the Brass Pin was growing more and more devoted to the Cambric Needle.

"He has taken her to walk in the moonlight three times," said one needle. "And I heard him say, 'Will you marry me?'" said another. And sure enough it was the Cambric Needle he married, and they lived happily on top of Emory Hill ever afterward, and were noted for their polished manners.

"Well," said the Zephyr Needle, who was noted for her blunt remarks, "she was certainly better tempered than any of the rest of us, and perhaps that was the reason he admired her most.—M. H. Fink.

New Neighbors.
 "I see they are building a two-story house in our back yard," said Papa.

"O papa, that won't be nice!" said Marjorie. "People will look right into our windows!"

"Yes," said Papa; one of the builders was sitting on my window-sill this morning; but when he saw me he flew away."

"Oh, you mean a bird!" cried Nan Nan.

"A pair of the prettiest little yellow-birds you ever saw," said Papa.

"But what made you call their nest a two-story house?" asked Tom.

"Because it is one," answered Papa.

"You see, there is a great, selfish, coward, who is too lazy to build a nest for herself or to take care of her own children; so when she spies the nest of our yellow-birds had made, she was mean enough to leave her great egg in it for her tiny neighbors to take care of."

"I would have smashed it, if I had been in their place!" cried Tom.

"They were not strong enough to break it, nor to roll it out of the nest," said Papa, "and they did not like to build a new one in another place; so what did they do? They just put in a new floor right over the coward's egg and built the walls of their house a little higher. So they have left that egg in their cellar, where it will never bother them."

"Wasn't that smart!" said Nan Nan. "Let's go and watch them."

The children visited the yellow-birds every day; and they examined the nest after the yellow birds had flown away. Sure enough, safely stowed away in the cellar, as Papa called it, was the coward's large, blotched egg.

Butterflies' Beautiful Eyes.
 A person of an L-quintessence turn of mind will learn that brilliant wings are not the only beauty of which a butterfly can boast. His eyes are hardy by less brilliant. Moreover, they are very odd. When held up to the light it can be seen that they are mottled with a curious group of dark spots, arranged in regular order each spot being surrounded by six others. At the edge of the surface of the eye are more spots just coming into sight. Upon close examination these spots are found to be regular hexagons in shape. Whatever their cause, they certainly present a beautiful appearance. How many of our boys and girls can tell the nature and use of the hexagons?

Have Eggs and How to Preserve Them.
 Voyagers to far-away islands often discover rare birds whose species they desire to propagate in their own country, but which they are unable to transport without incurring the danger of losing the captive by death on the voyage. In order to introduce the birds into other lands the eggs are taken home and hatched there. But this method is also fraught with more or less risk, as the eggs are quite apt to spoil during the voyage. To prevent this the following course is often pursued: Obtain an as aal intestine large enough to receive the egg to be carried. Remove all fat from the intestine, then cleanse thoroughly with powdered chalk. Pass the egg into the intestine, which must then be tied close to the shell at each end, and placed in a dry, cool place. When perfectly dry the incased eggs are placed in a box of grain or seeds. Care must be taken that the box is turned bottom upward occasionally.

To Add to His Merry.
 Freddy was on his first sea voyage. For two or three days he had lain in his berth, moaning wretchedly and wondering why he couldn't die.

"Where are we, dear boy?" he asked, feebly, as Gholly came into the state room.

"We are passing the Bermuda Islands," answered Gholly.

"That's the place where the sailors are," groaned Freddy.

"Tell the captain to hurry by, for the love of heaven,"—Chicago Tribune.

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LAYS IT TO HYPNOTISM.

John A. Hudson, Jr., late of Peoria, Ill., believing that he was under a hypnotist, hanged himself in his barn.

He son had been erratic ever since his wife died a year ago, leaving him with three small children. Some time ago he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Dora Lee, who claims that he begged her to marry him the first time he saw her. Lately he has claimed that Mrs. Lee hypnotized him, and one day he grew wild, begging that she be sent for, as she alone could take off the spell she had put on him. To hu-

mor him, Mrs. Lee was sent for, and when she arrived his little girl found him in the barn trying a rope to the rafters. He was even then preparing for suicide, and after a few minutes' talk with Mrs. Lee he returned to the barn and hanged himself. Mrs. Lee denies she had hypnotized him, and protests that she knows nothing about the act.

JOHN A. HUDSON.

It is a fact not generally known that the first and the last stand of the confederates were made on land owned by the same man. A part of Bull Run battlefield was owned by Mr. McLean. After this famous battle he decided to move to a locality where there would be less fear from the ravages of war. By a strange coincidence he took up his abode at Appomattox, which subsequently proved to be the final battlefield of the civil war.

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His Tiptoe New.
 "What a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Risley, and it's surprising, too. Before he was married he was one of the noisiest young men I ever knew. How did you break him of it?" "I didn't break him of it. The baby did it. It didn't take him long to learn the value of silence after little Alfred came."

The Secret Is Out.
 "I saw a statement printed somewhere the other day that two-thirds of the native inhabitants of New York have never been farther away than Jersey City from home." "That probably accounts for the fact that so many New York people think their old town is the United States."

She-I know that I am not good-looking, but people forget my face when I sing.
 He—Won't you sing now?

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE
 Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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Our own make, all-wool a perfect fit, from \$1.35 to \$2.00 per pair. We have a full range of blankets, flannels, yards under wear, ladies' double width 54 inch dress goods, stockings and hosiery at prices that you cannot resist buying. Remember we can save you money in any of the above goods, do not let us lead astray by buying trashy goods. Our all-wool goods are the best. We invite you out and all to examine our goods before buying. It will always be a pleasure to show our goods. Best family flour, feed, etc.

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Castoria.
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 Dr. G. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.
 "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
 H. A. Acker, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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