

Children's Department.

Love Each Other.

Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?
Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions
Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speaks in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
Be not selfish to each other—
Never mar another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

"A Sad Story with a Sad End."

Many a childish head had been peeping out of the lattice windows of a Welsh village, early on the morning of St. Mark's Day, some twenty years ago. There had been great anxiety the night before about the weather, but one glance at the cloudless blue sky made every heart grow light. By nine o'clock some dozen children, each provided with a packet of lunch and a basket, stood ready to start for the woods. The rector's daughter was to be married the next day, and it had been arranged that the girls belonging to her Sunday class should gather the flowers with which to decorate the old gray church for the wedding. Very happy did the children look as they set forth on their labour of love, and soon they reached a wood, where the ground was carpeted with moss, and primroses grew in beautiful clumps.

When they had been working for some time, Maggie Saunders suddenly called out, "I say, let's go into the Castle Wood and gather some of the lovely white violets which grow there."

A dead silence followed her words, for every one knew, as did Maggie herself, that this was forbidden ground. It was a dangerous place for children,

for the wood sloped down hill—the clay soil being very slippery—to where the river rushed along with many a whirlpool and rocky descent. So the children hesitated, and, in spite of Maggie's threats and taunts, refused to join her in her act of disobedience.

At last, by dint of coaxing, she persuaded one small child to go with her. The violets were lovely in the Castle Wood. Little Joyce was delighted at their sweet smell, and so much absorbed was Maggie in gathering them that by and by she failed to notice that Joyce had left her side, and was wandering nearer the river.

Suddenly her hat fell off, and lodged on the roots of a tree which grew out of the bank. The child grasped a small branch with one hand, while, with the other, she strove to reach her hat. In another second she would have had it—no, there was a scream, a splash, and Maggie looked up to see the little girl topple over and disappear under the water. Her cries for help attracted the notice of two men who were fishing, and they quickly came to see what was the matter. But they searched in vain; and though others joined them, it was not until sunset that the body of little Joyce was brought to land. A sorrowful party of children set out again a few days later to gather spring flowers, but this time they were to lay on the little new made grave.

When St Mark's Day came around once more there was a white cross added to the monuments in the churchyard, and upon it was written—"Sacred to the memory of little Joyce, who was drowned on St Mark's Day."

But deeper than the words cut on the marble was the lesson written on the heart of Maggie Saunders—the certain punishment of deliberate disobedience.

Spruce Trees in Demand.

The important question of how best to withstand winter's frosty weather interests everybody. And this question is now settled by the great possibilities offered by Fibre Chamois. It is the pure fibre from the spruce tree made as soft as silk or wool by an interesting chemical process, and then felted together just as wool or cotton is, making a strong, windproof and cheap fabric. Nearly every one knows that spruce is one of the best non-conductors of heat and cold to be found—so this interlining made entirely from the wood affords thorough protection from the most cold or searching winds, at the same time preserving the natural heat of the body. These facts, united with its light weight and pliable nature, make it an invaluable interlining for outer clothing of every description.

A Little Swiss Boy.

An exchange tells the following story of a brave, wise little boy.

A few years ago a fire broke out in a charming little Swiss village. In a few hours the quaint houses were entirely destroyed.

The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of their burnt cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. His home and cows were gone, and so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages.

Just as daybreak came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little boy.

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried.

"Are you really alive?"

"Why yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture-lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

Do Not Do This

Do not be induced to buy any other if you have made up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. Do not give up in despair because other medicines have failed to help you. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and you may reasonably expect to be cured.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

Pins in Pussy's Toes.

Little Fred is now in the third summer of his mortal life. Of course, he doesn't remember much that happened in the first or the second one. So that Fred's observations on matters and things this summer have all the freshness of a first experience.

This summer, Fred's golden curls have been sheared—beautiful blossoms of infancy, they have fallen into a box which mother keeps privately to remind her of her vanishing baby. Now Fred has been moved into the country, and his round, blue eyes are growing rounder and bigger every hour with new and wonderful experiences.

Most striking among them, and most puzzling to Fred is Pussy. Not a big cat, but a kitty, of tender years like Fred's own. What a wonder she is, seen now for the first time serenely walking on all fours! A Maltese kit of pure blood and glossy mouse-colour, with a little white breast-pin in her bosom.

Eagerly Freddy seizes her; he hugs her very tight, and Pussy squirms in vain. He examines the wonder; he pokes his fat little fingers into Pussy's bright eyes; he opens her mouth and looks at her little pink tongue. He nurses her a little while with her head up, and then, for variety's sake, he nurses her with her heels up and her head hanging down. Then it occurs to him that Pussy's tail is a handle meant to carry her by, and he tries that experiment.

At last Pussy's patience fails her, and out from her pretty velvet paws fly the ten sharp, pearly points that have been given her for her defence, and Fred feels a new sensation. He throws Pussy on the floor, and runs screaming to his mother.

"Oh, mother, mother, Pussy got pins in her toes!"

Then mother explains to Freddy why the pins were put in Pussy's velvet toes. "Poor, soft, furry, helpless little Pussy! what could she do if she had not pins in her toes? Does Freddy like to have people poke their fingers in his

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

eyes, or open his mouth, or feel his tongue? No more does Pussy. Would Freddy like to be carried round, squeezed up under somebody's arm, with his head hanging down? No more does Pussy. But Pussy cannot speak. She cannot explain—all she can do is to use the pins in her toes.

"When Freddy holds Pussy right end up, strokes her gently, and speaks lovingly to her, the little sharp pins in her paws go away—go in, where nobody can see them, and Pussy begins to sing a low, purring song, to show how happy she is! So, Freddy dear," says mother, "there is a right way and a wrong way to handle everything. If you hold Pussy gently, stroke her softly, and treat her kindly, you never will be troubled by the ten little pins in her ten toes; but if you trouble and worry and tease Pussy, she will scratch."

Little Fred's lesson is a lesson also to us older ones. These helpless little dumb ones who form part of our family, have some rights that we are bound to see maintained.

We have sometimes wondered to see a helpless kitten or puppy given up to be tortured in a nursery, without even an attempt to explain to the children the pain they are inflicting, and the duties they owe to the helpless. Thus, what might form the most beautiful trait in a child's character is changed to a blemish. Instead of learning from the kitten a generous care for weakness and helplessness, the little one receives in the nursery the lesson of brutal tyranny.

Pure, rich blood is the true cure for nervousness, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

is, without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

DR. E. CORNELL ESTEN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.