

Children's Department.

On Saving Time.

Time is so precious a thing that if there are any means of saving it we ought to know it. Well, now, one thing is quite clear, we cannot save the time that has gone. A miller cannot turn his mill-wheel with the water that has gone past. He can only turn it with the water that is there at the moment. So in the same way we can only save the time we have now. Well, then, one way to save this moment is, "Be methodical." A big word, is it? Yes, but it simply means this—have a time in which to do a thing, and do it; have a place for everything, and see that everything is in its place. Why is it so commonly said that, "if you want anything done you must get a busy man to do it?" Why? Because, in the first place, the busy man is an industrious man, and, then again, he has an order, or method, in his work. Lay hold of a man who has succeeded in his business, and ask him how he did it, and he will, doubtless, tell you by hard, regular work and strict order. The more we have to do, the larger number of things we have to deal with, and the more necessary it is to put everything in its proper place and do everything at its proper time. What a waste of life it is to have to go here and there for a thing that has been put out of its place—to turn over twenty books to find a lost piece of paper. Many a boy could learn his lesson while he is seeking for his book, or run an errand while he is hunting for his cap; many a girl could sew on a button while she is wondering where she put the thread, and so life goes on. I have seen things most hopelessly lost because some tidy person picked them up and put them where they ought to be, in their proper place. This, then, is one of the very first things to learn—"Be orderly." It will save no end of time, as well as temper, to have a regular system, or order, in which to

Exhaustion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Overworked men and women, the nervous, weak and debilitated, will find in the Acid Phosphate a most agreeable, grateful and harmless stimulant, giving renewed strength and vigor to the entire system.

Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Maine says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Be ware of Substitutes and Imitations.
For sale by all druggists.

Price Reduced **\$10** by express.
from \$25 to **\$10.25** by registered mail.

Delivered free of duty in Canada.



The Electropoise
An Oxygen
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Often Cures
Cases

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"Incurable"

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By its new method of
introducing oxy-
gen directly into
entire circulation

A CANADIAN REPORT

St. Johns, Que., Canada, Feb. 19, 1895.

NEURALGIA. I have now used the pocket Electropoise in my family since last August, and cannot speak too highly of its merits. I fully believe it does all you claim for it. My daughter, who has been an invalid for the past three years from spinal trouble, partial paralysis, and neuralgia, and had the best medical advice that St. Johns and Montreal could give, has greatly benefited by the use of this wonderful little instrument; she is now able to walk about and come down stairs alone; she looks forward, and with good reasons too, to a complete restoration to health. I have also tried it on myself for muscular rheumatism, and on others for inflammatory rheumatism, cramps in the stomach, inflamed sore throat, indigestion and other ordinary ailments; in all cases the effects were so convincing that I cannot speak too highly of its curative powers.

DYSPEPSIA. I have recommended it to a number of my friends, and to my knowledge they all speak highly of its virtues. I consider it invaluable in a family if the directions are faithfully carried out.

Very truly yours,
R. C. MONTGOMERIE

BOOK FREE
telling all about the Electropoise, with 25 letters similar to above mailed to any address.

Electrolibration Co., 1122 Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY

do things. Don't leave it until you are men, or women; you will learn the duty now better than later on, and men, you know, are only older boys, and women are only old—I mean, girls out of their teens.

More Curative Power

Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber more and it is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

—Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Betsey and the Froggies.

Betsey was tired of playing with her doll, tired of drumming on the window pane with a fork, trying to make believe it was music; she was even tired of watching mamma bake, for she didn't open the oven often enough to suit Betsey. So like all

little girls who have nothing to do, she became cross. First she would stand on one foot, then on the other, then sigh, and call out, peevishly: "Mamma, isn't it nearly time to look again? something smells awfully burnt," or "Oh, dear, when will it ever be lunch? Mamma, can't I have just a teeny piece of citron? I'm so hungry."

And when mamma said "no," in a way that Betsey knew meant no, she screwed up her face in that ugly, sulky fashion little girls have.

At last mamma told her to go out in the garden and see if the birds and flowers couldn't teach her to be quiet and contented.

Betsey put on her white sunbonnet and walked slowly out among the sweet, nodding flowers. A brown linnnet on the laurel bush near by was singing his morning song, but when he caught sight of the frowning face under the bonnet, he thought it was a scare-crow, and—flip-flap—in a second he was in the clouds.

This made Betsey feel naughtier than ever; it was just as though the bird had said, as plain as could be: "I don't want to play with such an ugly girl; I'd rather be by myself."

"I don't care, anyway," muttered Betsey, kicking the neatly graveled walk. "I want to be all alone by myself, too."

"Croak, croak, croak," went some thing right in her ear.

Didn't Betsey jump! It came from an old tub filled with water, and it was a funny little green frog that was saying, "croak, croak," as he jumped up and down. Then another came, and another, until Betsey counted five. They hopped, and kicked, and spluttered, looking such quaint, wise, little fellows all the while, that Betsey forgot all about being cross, and began to laugh and clap her hands, trying to see how high she could jump too.

After awhile she thought they must be hungry, so she sprinkled some cake crumbs she found in her pockets, in the water, and would you believe it—they opened their round mouths, and with a hop and a gulp, they ate up the crumbs, one by one.

Betsey gave them all names. She called them "Greenie," "Jumper," "Diver," "Spot," and "Hop-o'-my-Thumb."

Before she knew it, mamma was calling, "Betsey, Betsey; come to lunch Betsey."

"Why, Betsey," said mamma, as she came running in with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, "so the birds and the flowers did teach you to be good, after all?"

"No, they didn't, mamma," laughed Betsey, "it was Greenie, Jumper, Diver Spot, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb."

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

Which would you rather trust? An old, true friend of twenty years, or a stranger? You may have little health left. Will you risk it with a stranger? If you have a cough, are losing flesh, if weak and pale, if consumption stares you in the face, lean on Scott's Emulsion. It has been a friend to thousands for more than twenty years. They trust it and you can trust it.

Let us send you a book telling you all about it. Free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

"What are you talking about, child?" exclaimed her mother, nearly dropping a dish of hot potatoes in her surprise.

Then Betsey told about her froggies.

MARRIAGE.

DAVIDSON—LEWIS.—At the Church of the Advent, Montreal, by Rev. Canon Ellegood, M.A., assisted by Rev. Henry Kittson, M.A., John Cheyne Davidson, M.A., Rector of Peterborough, to Fanny Mauda, eldest daughter of F. J. Lewis, Esq., Bank of Montreal, Montreal.

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The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

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