

Children's Department.

The Dreadful Surmise of Polly.

Little bald head on the pillow,
Little red face underneath,
And puckers and wrinkles galore,
And never a sign of teeth.

Such a queer little, dear little morsel
Is Polly's little new brother
That, at first sight, she isn't quite cer-
tain
She's satisfied, somehow or other.

"I like him, nurse—of course so,"
Says this dubious little maid.
But he looks so dreffully 'culiar,
He's a foreigner, I'm afraid."

—*Youth's Companion.*

Keep Your Promises.

A promise made should be kept, no matter how hard it may be to keep it. "I entirely forgot my promise," one says,—as if forgetting it were much less a sin than deliberately breaking it. We have no right to forget any promise we make to another. If we cannot trust our memory, we should make note of our promises and engagements on paper, and then keep them scrupulously on the very minute.

Kind-hearted Nellie.

"Do you think they will come soon now, mamma?"

"Well, Nellie, I don't think you will have to wait much longer. But you see it is only three o'clock yet, and Ethel and Winnie have a long drive before they can reach here."

"I do hope they started early," sighed Nellie. "It is such a lovely afternoon for a birthday party. May I run down to the gate and see if they are coming along the road, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I think you may as well if you like."

So Nellie stationed herself at the garden gate, and was soon rewarded by seeing the carriage containing her friends, who were coming to spend the

afternoon with her. "How hot poor Prince looks!" said Nellie, when the greetings were over. "I think he ought to have something nice and cool before taking that long run home again."

"And running into the garden, she soon returned with some fresh green leaves, which Prince took with great relish."

"There now," said Nellie, "we can enjoy ourselves. I am sure I should have been very unhappy at the thought of poor Prince going home so thirsty and hot."

And I am sure that the thought of kindness done to others gives us far more true happiness than we get from merely selfish pleasure.

A Chance for us all.

The possibilities of winter comfort seem now to be only limited by the extent of the spruce trees in the land. So long as a "wooden cloth"—and this is practically what Fibre Chamois is, can be had for a trifling expense to line our outer garments with, no one need ever suffer from the sharpest winds or frostiest air of winter. An absolute non-conductor of heat and cold, Fibre Chamois is also durable, light and pliable, so that the presence of a layer of it through a coat is never felt save by the protection it gives from a roaring gale of icy temperature. As its thorough worth has long since been proved, there is no possible chance of disappointment in preparing to enjoy the healthful warmth it always provides.

The Sympathy of Jesus

Jesus suffered. He suffered that He might personally know what His people have to endure and pass through. He wished to know all about us—to be as nearly like us as He could. He now knows not only what we feel, but how we feel.

No angel in heaven knows this; no angel can, for an angel never suffered. The tenderness, therefore, of Jesus is far beyond the tenderness of an angel; yea, of all the angels in heaven.

He knows what bodily pains are; and He knows what mental agitation, dejection, and agony mean. His nerves were shaken. His soul was troubled. His body suffered from hunger, thirst, cold, weakness, and wounds. He suffered in every part, and from every possible cause.

And He knows, therefore, the strength necessary to bear, and the comfort needful to sustain. He feels for us. More, He feels with us. He is our Head, and we are His members. The sympathy of the Head with the members is quick and constant, tender and perfect. Such is the sympathy of Jesus.

Sure to Win.

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely, permanently cures. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

Resisting Temptation.

It is sometimes easier to resist a great temptation than a little one. We do not realize the lowering effect of a succession of trifling transgressions, and so we make no effort to say No to them as they confront us one

by one. But we do realize the probable consequences of yielding to that which stands before us in the guise of a great power, and we the more resolutely withstand it. The Christian who could not be induced to entertain the proposal to indulge in a gross immorality for once when he is at home in the winter-season, will go away in the summer, and, inch by inch, give way to the trifles that may lower him more in the end than if he had yielded to the seemingly worse temptation which he found himself able to cope with. In some respects he is morally worse off because the succession has degraded him below the moral level of the acts themselves, by forming in him a habit—and a habit is a more serious evil than an act. Persons sometimes wonder how great a temptation they could resist; but it might be a good moral exercise to try how small a one they can withstand.

Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition.

They Deserved It.

"We've both finished our work, father," Tom Walton said to his parent one Saturday morning. "After Sam filled the wood-box, he helped me to clean up the yard, and then I helped him to clean the harness. May we take the horse now?"

"Most certainly you may," was the hearty reply. "You've earned your drive. Be careful now, and get back in time for lunch, so as not to worry mother and keep her waiting."

Away the brothers went, happy and light-hearted, and it is not hard to imagine that each would have a better time for having helped the other and for having worked in harmony.

To-day, not To-morrow.

There are duties that must be done at a particular moment, or they cannot be done at all. It is to-day the sick neighbour needs your visit, your help; to-morrow he may be well, or others may have ministered to him, or he may be dead. It is to-day that your friend needs your sympathy, your comfort; it may not be of use to him to-morrow. It is to-day that the tempted one needs your help in his struggle; to-morrow he may be defeated, lying in the dust of shame. It is to-day you must tell the story of the love of Christ; to-morrow it may be too late. Learn well the meaning of "Now" in all life. To-morrow is a fatal word; thousands of lives, and countless thousands of hopes, have been wrecked on it.

A Strong Incentive.

"Will you do it?"

"N-o," hesitatingly. Then with gathered courage and emphasis, "No," and there was no mistaking the syllable, this time.

Some Academy boys were urging one of the students in the preparatory department to do something unworthy a good student.

"Why won't you?" came the question, in a contemptuous tone.

"Ellis White wouldn't do such a thing, and if he wouldn't, I won't."

Arthur Gaynes turned and left the little group, and no one followed him.

"Do you know, old fellow, that Arthur Gaynes has taken you for a model?" asked Herbert Grey of his

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made

That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice of a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

friend Ellis, a day or two later. "It is true," he went on. "Dave Perkins told me they couldn't get him to go with them last Friday because he said you wouldn't do such a thing, and he wouldn't. He must be glad now that he took your example for a guide, for the rest of the fellows were caught and punished. But it is wonderful how that boy looks up to you. He thinks what you do is exactly right."

Ellis flushed uneasily and turned the conversation. When he was alone he took up a book his mother had sent him the day before and opened it at random. His eye fell upon these words from Thoreau, at the head of a chapter: "Can there be any accident so sad as to be respected for something better than we are?"

Ellis closed the book. "I will not do it," he said aloud, though he was alone. The words so firmly spoken announced a victory that Arthur Gaynes had helped him, all unwittingly, to win. He had been tempted to take unfair advantage of another in his class. The knowledge of the regard of a younger boy urged him to be worthy of it.

Ah, the responsibility of those who are heroes and models in the eyes of younger boys!

A Bit of Sunshine.

He was a real boy, not the hero of a fancy sketch, and he flashed a bit of sunshine very unexpectedly upon me, while we were in a train upon Christmas day, when I saw him for the first, and, unless our paths should very unexpectedly cross each other again, for the last time. He was sitting beside his sister, looking out of the window, which was raised some six or eight inches, and he seemed to be taking even more interest than most boys would, in everything which could be seen from the car windows.

Presently some one behind him felt the air coming in from the open window, and leaning forward asked him to close it.

"All right," he answered cheerily, and promptly did as he was asked, but there was a little shadow of disappointment on his face; and wondering why he had wished to have the window open, I could not resist asking

Delicious Drink

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

with water and sugar only, makes a delicious, healthful and invigorating drink.—

Allays the thirst, aids digestion, and relieves the lassitude so common in midsummer.

DR. M. H. HENRY, New York, says:—"When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.