

Children's Department.

An Evening Song.

The little birds now seek their nest;
The baby sleeps on mother's breast;
Thou givest all Thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayeth on the sea;
The little one's at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears,
The troubled hopes for happier years,
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.

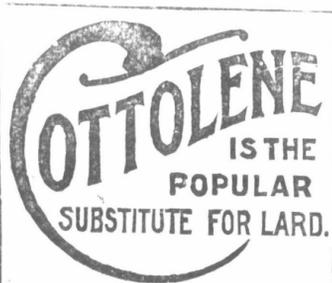
Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumber sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain;
Thou makest love a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as Thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

A Wise and Kind Dog.

M. Doyen, the painter of the magnificent picture of St. Genevieve des Ardens, which may be seen in the Church of St. Roch, in Paris, had been commissioned by the Duke of Choiseuil to paint a part of the Cupola des Invalides. One day Doyen, wishing to judge of the effect of a figure he had just sketched, stepped back unconsciously, and seeking the most favorable point of view arrived at the extremity of the scaffold. The slight railing gave way and Doyen disappeared. Fortunately he was not killed, but one of his sides was very much bruised. Everybody immediately bestowed on him the attention that he



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deserved. The physicians and surgeons of the establishment hurried around him and he was conveyed to the Invalides. An under officer, his neighbor, came often to keep him company and to offer his services. This officer had a dog named Azor, well trained and very lively. By his gambols and his caresses he often made the sick artist forget his pains. One day the dog disappeared. He did not return until five or six days afterward, and then with a broken leg. Doyen engaged the surgeon who visited him to attend to the injury of the dog, which the surgeon willingly undertook, and cured him.

After some days Azor was again absent, but he returned to the establishment shortly after. He ran straight to Doyen's apartment, fawned and caressed him, and then started toward the door, returned to him, renewing his caresses and uttering plaintive cries. M. Doyen naturally wanted to know the cause of these caresses and rose and opened the door, where he found a dog that had a broken leg. Azor increased his caresses and barking, and M. Doyen, perceiving what was wanted, made the dog enter, called the surgeon, and relating the circumstances begged him to attend to the poor animal. The surgeon, out of respect for M. Doyen, undertook the cure. "I am quite willing," he said, "but this must be the last. If you knew, as I do, the nature and instinct of this breed of dogs, you would know that Azor is capable of bringing to this place all the lame dogs to be found in Paris."

M. Doyen used to relate this story with peculiar pleasure, and would accompany it with some remarks on the unconcern of many men in the

presence of the suffering of their fellows, which is rebuked by the intelligent and kind sympathy of the good dog Azor.

What Bert Did.

There was a great procession in the street. Little Ray ran after it, never thinking to ask leave.

He went on till he did not know where he was. His feet could not keep up with the procession, so he stopped and sat down.

"I wonder if I'm losted?" he thought.

After awhile he saw his older brother coming toward him. Bert, who had seen the procession from another corner, and had been home since, was not looking for Ray. He looked surprised to see him, and knew in a minute that Ray must have run away. He knew it was wrong, too, but he did not scold. He only said, "Why, how'd you get here? Mamma would not like it."

"Where you goin'?" asked Ray, to gain time.

"On an errand for mamma. But s'pose I take you home first?" He thought, "Mamma will wonder where he is."

Somehow, Ray did not want to go, but with a little coaxing, Bert got him to come with him.

"Now run in and tell mamma all about it," he said at the gate; and Ray went in.

If Bert had scolded, it would have done no good; and he had no right to do it. How much better to kindly coax Ray home! The right way is always the best.

Daisy.

Isn't it a pretty name for a little girl? But if you had seen Daisy Rae, I am afraid you would not have thought her a pretty child. She was far too small for her age. She never had had enough to eat, and she lived in a close, dirty room at the top of a long stair in one of the dismal Canongate courts that disgrace the beautiful city of Edinburgh. Her mother had been in bed for more than a year, and consequently Daisy was sick nurse, housekeeper, washerwoman, and cook all in one. She had a funny old-womanish look on her little white face—it was far too sad and careworn a face for a child. Did she ever go to school? Oh, yes, sometimes—when she took it into her worldly-wise brain that if she did not put in an appearance she would get her mother into trouble. Then she would attire herself in a torn black jacket that reached to her heels, and completely hid her ragged undergarments. She did not possess a hat, and there wasn't a comb in the house, so what could Daisy do with those tangled elfin locks, that hung like whisks of straw round her head.

Daisy went one day to the Sabbath school, with a child who lived on the same flat. The lady who talked to the five little girls among whom Daisy sat, asked her name.

"Daisy Rae," she replied, with one finger in her mouth, her black eyes studying the trimming on the lady's dress.

"Daisy—what a pretty name! There's a little flower called daisy that grows in the park; but, oh, it has such a clean, clean face, it is always white and pretty. Won't you wash your face, Daisy, and be like the other daisy?" said the lady.

Daisy gave one upward glance, and then she looked down, but no word did



Mrs. William Lohr

Of Freeport, Ill., began to fail rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from Dyspepsia. She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking

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she speak during the rest of the night.

She was no botanist, poor little mite, and she classified lilies, roses and gowanans under the name of "Floo'rs," but it was unlike Daisy to leave a mystery unsolved, and the next day she set off for the park to find her namesake, the daisy. She wandered about enjoying the air and the sunshine, and looking for "white, clean floo'rs."

"Please, mum, is them daisies?" she asked a Newhaven fishwife who had laid her basket on the grass, and was resting in the noontide heat. She held a bunch of white clover heads in her little hot hand.

"Na, na, bairn, them's clover. See, there's daisies." She pointed to the shadow on the wall; and the child ran eagerly towards the flowers.

"Daisy's my name," she volunteered confidentially to the fishwife, who thought of her own chubby-cheeked, clean-skinned little ones, and sighed.

"Eh, bairn, clean yourself," she said. "If I gi'e ye a haddie will you try to keep yourself as fresh as a gowan?"