

as we go along. When we sit down quietly and bring up memory's pictures one by one I am afraid there will be many in which we shall not look 'pleasant,' Sadie, and, like you, we shall wish them destroyed or blotted out. But memory's photographs cannot always be thrust out of sight at will, and they often rise up and confront us when we least expect or want them," she finished. "So we'll both endeavor to make only good pictures hereafter."

#### THE JACKDAW AND THE PIGEONS.

A Jackdaw seeing how well some Pigeons in a certain dove-cote fed, and how happily they lived together, wished much to join them. With this view he whitened his feathers and slipped in one evening just as it was getting dark. As long as he kept quiet he escaped notice, but growing bolder by degrees, and feeling very jolly in his new quarters, he burst into a hearty laugh. His voice betrayed him. The Pigeons set upon him and drove him out. When he would afterward have joined the Jackdaws again, his discolored feathers and his battered state drew attention to him, and his former mates, finding out what he had been at, would let him have no further part with them.

#### THE LITTLE MAN.

There was once a little gentleman who every day grew twenty-four hours older. But when he went to the inn to drink a glass of wine or a schooner of beer, the innkeeper always greeted him with, "Good morning, my little man!" which vexed him greatly.

One morning he went to the shoemaker to have a pair of high heels put on his boots. No sooner had he entered the shop than the shoemaker said, "Good morning, my little man, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Master Crispin," he answered, "hasten to put a pair of high heels on my boots, and let them be high enough to make people stop calling me little man. I'm tired of it."

The shoemaker set to work, and when he had finished and paid, "Good morning, little man," he said, "If you are satisfied, remember me another time."

The little gentleman was greatly vexed that the shoemaker had no more respect for his own work. "It will be different with the innkeeper," he thought. "He will open his eyes, and greet me by another name."

He entered the inn, stamping his feet, and standing as straight as if he had swallowed a bayonet. As soon as the innkeeper saw him, he cried, "Good morning, my little man; what will you have, beer or wine?"

Fancy the vexation of the little gentleman that his heels had produced no more effect! He hastened to the hatter to buy the tallest hat that could be found. He had not let go the door-knob before the hatter greeted him with, "Good morning, my little man; what can I do for you to-day?"

"I want a hat tall enough to make people stop calling me little man! It vexes me beyond measure."

The hatter gave him a hat that might have served for a grenadier, took his money, and thanked his

customer. "Good bye, my little man, remember me next time."

The little man was angry that the hatter paid so little respect to his own wares. "Bah!" thought he. "It will be different at the inn." He hastened thither and entered the bar room, his hat on his head like an Englishman.

"Good morning, my little man," said the innkeeper. "What will you have, beer or wine?"

It is needless to say how much the little man was vexed. What was the use of having such high heels under his feet, and such a tall hat on his head? How was it that, in spite of these expensive things, every one persisted in calling him little man?

Right and left, up and down, he asked all he met, why, in spite of his heels and his hat, he was still called little man. But no one could or would tell him. This vexed him horribly.

"How stupid I am!" thought he. "The people here know nothing; I will go to Rome and ask the Pope, who knows everything."

No sooner said than done; he packed his valise; and set out for Rome.

On the way he stopped at a tavern to pass the night. "Good day, my little man," said the host. "Where are you going at this pace?"

"I am going to Rome to see the Pope," said the little gentleman, crossly. "The Pope will tell me why, in spite of my high heels and my tall hat, every one takes the liberty of calling me little man. It makes me furious."

"Bravo!" cried the host, "I will go along with you. I, too, have something to ask the Pope. I should like to know why every one calls me the poor tavern-keeper. John, you lazybones, pack my valise, I am going to Rome."

"Master, I am going, too," said the hostler. "I want to ask the Pope why every one, without knowing me, calls me lazybones."

On reaching Rome, the three friends asked an audience of the Pope. They were received in a drawing-room, in which there was a mirror.

The Pope received them kindly, and said to the tavern-keeper:

"Turn your back to this mirror; then look over your left shoulder, and tell me what you see in the glass."

"I see" cried the tavern-keeper, "ten or twelve women, sitting round a table, drinking coffee and chattering. Why, there's my wife! I'll warrant she'll not lose a word of the gossip."

"Well, my son," said the Pope, "so long as your wife spends her time in this way, away from home, you will be called a poor tavern-keeper, and you will stay a poor tavern-keeper."

It was the hostler's turn. He placed himself in the same position, and looked over his left shoulder.

"Holy father," he cried, "I see dogs chasing a hare. They think to catch him; ho, ho! Dash and Rover, you did not get up early enough; the hare is too fast for you!"

"Well, my son," said the Pope, "when you run as fast as this hare the first time an order is given you, be sure that no one will call you lazybones any longer."

After the hostler came the little gentleman. He, too, turned his back to the glass, and looked over his left shoulder. The Pope asked him what he saw.

"I see nothing but myself," answered the little man.

"Do you see yourself larger than you are?"

"No," said the little man; "I see myself just as I am, neither smaller nor larger."

"In that case, my son," said the Pope, "I have but one piece of advice to give you; to have yourself measured until you have grown. When you are tall, you will no longer be called little man."

The little gentleman retired discontented, which was wrong in him. But how many silly people there are just like him! How many wish to soar above their shadows, think to add to their stature by borrowed plumes, need to go to Rome to see themselves just as they are between their hats and their heels!

#### KILLED BY A MOLLUSC.

"To look at an oyster you would never imagine that there was any fight in it, would you? No one would think an oyster could and would fight unless he had been a witness, some time or other, of the oyster's fighting qualities. One of the most exciting contests I ever saw was between an oyster and one of the most deadly enemies of the oyster family, and I am glad to say that the oyster won the fight. The enemy was a starfish, and if all of its kind were as fresh and indiscreet as this one was, they wouldn't be a source of so much dread to the oyster farmer."

"Every person who has anything to do with raising oysters has seen many a battle between them and starfish. These destructive enemies of the oyster grow fast, but seldom attempt to attack the bivalves before they are six months old, and then their inexperience and over-confidence are apt to get them into a heap of trouble. A starfish that has cut its eye teeth, so to speak, will get the best of an oyster every time, for it will mount the shell, drill a hole through it, inject its stupefying liquor into the oyster, and then envelop the whole thing with its capacious and elastic mouth-stomach before the poor shellfish knows what has happened to it."

"Starfish are virtually walking stomachs, and I have found them stretched over clams, shell and all, that were a great deal bigger than the natural dimensions of the starfish. When one of these rapacious marauders envelops a clam or an oyster, it simply turns itself wrong-side-out and pulls itself over its victim, as you would pull on a pair of new socks. This fight I was speaking about occurred in a shallow water, and I had a good sight of it. I saw the starfish work warily along over the oyster, and then settle down upon it. The bivalve was on the lookout, however, and when the starfish was near enough, the oyster's shell closed like a steel trap on one of the starfish's five rays and cut it off as slick as if it had been done with a knife."

"A starfish doesn't mind the loss of a ray or two; in fact, it can stand the loss of four of its rays and then makes its way off, in a short time spreading and growing the lost members again. But if the starfish loses all five of its rays its doom is sealed. It will die almost immediately."

"The oyster had no sooner clipped off one of its foe's legs than it set its trap again and waited for a renewal of the attack. This was not long in coming. The starfish dropped itself slowly, with so much confidence that I could almost see it, and was soon astride the oyster again. Again the trap flew shut, and the starfish rose with but three of its five rays left. But it was plucky, and, with confidence unimpaired, returned for the third round with the prompt and watchful oyster. The round was a repetition of the other two, and the starfish was bereft of another leg. The persistent enemy of the oyster had apparently set its mind on having that particular one, and, without a moment's hesitation, turned its crippled body to the fourth assault. The oyster was now mad all the way through, and shifted its position, turning its open shell upwards as the starfish dropped towards it. This was the last round of the fight, for the oyster caught both remaining rays of the starfish in the trap and snipped them off at one bite. The rayless starfish turned over and sank to the bottom, dead."

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