

Children's Department.

Whiskers.

Perhaps you think that a drain would not be a nice place to live in. Well, opinions differ. Whiskers was a rat, and having been used to drains from childhood, he thought darkness, and dirty water, and bad smells rather agreeable things than otherwise. Whiskers had been one of a large family, but young rats are exposed to many dangers, and by the time he was half grown he was the only one left alive; as it happened also that his worthy father, to escape from a ferret, had jumped into the very jaws of a terrier, and so lost his life, our young friend became the sole object of the affection and anxiety of his afflicted mother.

Of anxiety she felt a good deal about him, for he had a fault which often brings rats into danger—he was too fond of nice things to eat; and, as she knew, the enemies of rats are constantly placing tempting baits in their way to lure them to destruction. So she let Whiskers go out of her sight as little as possible.

Mother Rat's home, though not exactly in a drain, was in a hole in the side of one, and from this drain there were different ways of reaching the world above. By one the house itself might be entered; another led in to a disused malt-house; but that by which Mother Rat commonly took Whiskers when they went in search of food opened close to the trough of a pig-sty. This was convenient, for as the pigs were fed on barley-meal and water, abundance of plain, wholesome food was always to be had.

But this did not content Whiskers as it did his wiser mother, and when to amuse him, as they sat together in their hole, she told him about the wonders of the upper world, it was always those parts of her stories which

Like a Miracle

In Very Low Condition With Consumption

Physicians Said She Was Incurable

Wonderful Results From Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Miss Hannah Wyatt
Toronto, Ont.

"Four years ago while in the old country (England), my daughter Hannah was sent away from the hospital, as the doctors there could do nothing to help her, and said she would never be any better. She was in a very low condition with consumption of the lungs and bowels, and weak action of the heart. The trip across the water to this country seemed to make her feel better for a while. Then she began to get worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get off the bed. She grew worse for five months and

Lost the Use of Her Limbs

and lower part of body, and if she sat up in bed had to be propped up with pillows. She would go ten days without a movement of the bowels. All medicine seemed to do her no good. She would have spells when her heart would pain her, and then, with the outside door open in mid-winter, would faint away. Physicians, after holding a consultation,

Said She Was Past All Help

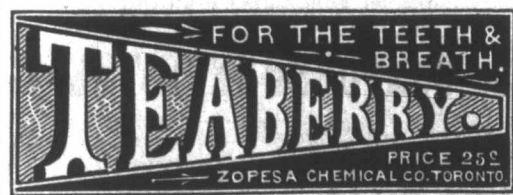
and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go, and about this time a kind neighbor came in and asked me to get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and try it. We did so and she has taken the medicine regularly. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day; has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite,

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

is gaining in flesh as well as strength, and does not look pale. Our doctor says he is glad she took Hood's Sarsaparilla as it has done so much for her. We regard her cure as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 89 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Sold by all druggists. 25c.



related to good things to eat which pleased him best. Sometimes she would speak of the house and all the stores she had seen in its larder, and to this she always added that it was a dangerous place, into which no prudent rat ought to venture. Or sometimes she would talk of the old malt-house, where vast quantities of barley used to be brought and made into the

most sweet and delicious malt. By her showing it must have been quite a paradise for rats in those days; but that was long ago—no malt was made there now. When Whiskers was left to himself after listening to these tales, he would think about the dainties she had spoken of, and wish he were not obliged to live on barley-meal porridge, and would plan how he might get nice things without his mother's knowing of it.

The result of this was that one day when she was taking her afternoon nap, he slipped away to do a little exploring on his own account; and by-and-by he found his way into that old malt-house about which he had heard so much. The door was locked, and it was perfectly quiet, so that he could scamper about the floors wherever he liked; and very much he enjoyed it.

But of course none of the sweet malt was to be found; none had been made there for many years, and the place was now only used as a sort of storehouse. Little was there that was eatable. There was, to be sure, a heap of potatoes, but after trying them, Whiskers was of opinion that he did not care greatly for raw potatoes. Rather better was a sack of barley-meal, which he found no difficulty in tasting, as some other rat had been before him and gnawed a hole through the sack; but this was much the same thing as the porridge at the pig-trough, only more cloying.

At no great distance from this sack, however, he stumbled upon something of a very different kind, a something the fragrance of which made him smack his lips. It was a piece of fat and rancid bacon, which seemed to have been toasted before the fire. To our young friend's taste it looked and smelt deliciously; only he feared that he might not be able to get at it, for it was hung in the middle of a kind of wire cage. As he sniffed round, however, he found by great good fortune, as he thought, a little door in the cage, just big enough to admit a rat. Nothing at that moment could have been farther from his thoughts than his mother's warnings. In he popped, and seized his prize. As he did so there was a loud "click," which made him loose it again in a fright, and he would have run away again if he could, but the little door was now shut. He had in fact entered a rat-trap, and was caught.

Round and round the cage he ran trying to find some means of escape, but none was to be found. He could not get out, and great was his alarm and distress; at last he sat down, feeling utterly tired out and forlorn. Thus he spent a very miserable hour or more. Then he heard the malt-house door unlocked, and two boys came in; and he again began to dash wildly about the trap in his fear of them.

Those boys it was who had set the trap, and great was their glee and excitement when they saw that a rat was

What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?

COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?

COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?

COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?

COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?

COTTOLENE

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Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?

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