

For Boys And Girls

An Ingenious Little Old Man.

A little old man of the sea
Went out in a boat for a sail;
The water came in,
Almost up to his chin,
And he had nothing with which to bail.

But this little old man of the sea
Just drew out his jackknife so stout,
And a hole with its blade
In the bottom he made,
So that all of the water ran out.

Odd Things About Rainbows.

Did you ever see a rainbow in the west?
In discussing this curious question
The Philadelphia Times gives some interesting facts in regard to a rainbow and how it is formed.

1. It is never seen except when the sun is shining in one part of the sky, and rain is falling in the other, or opposite, part.

2. It is generally seen in the east, because our showers come from the west, and pass off toward the east.

3. It cannot be formed in the east except in the afternoon.

4. It cannot be formed in the west except in the morning.

5. It is never seen at midday, because the sun is then above us, and we cannot, therefore, stand between it and the rain.

Some of you may wonder why a rainbow is always semi-circular in shape. As a matter of fact, it is always a complete circle, because the earth cuts off our view. If we were poised in the air, high above the earth, we could see it all. The circular shape is due to the fact that the raindrops are round and that each drop reflects but one color to our eyes. It may strike you as a strange thing, but it is true, that no two persons see the same bow. That is because no two persons can possibly occupy the same position, and thus the reflections fall differently upon their eyes.

The Midnight Sun.

Our talk was of the far, far north,
And Norway's sleepless sun;
A bashful little voice piped forth,
When other folks had done:

"How lovely it must look, mamma!"
"To see the sun, like some big star,
Shining in the dark!"

Five Arab Maxims.

Never tell all you know; for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.

Two Kinds of People.

The two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find too,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

A Desk With a History.

If the thousands who have occasion to sit in the president's reception room waiting their turn for audience only knew it, they might make the time seem less monotonous by contemplating the chief article of furniture. Many of these visitors are anxious to go to foreign parts. The massive desk which occupies the center of the room has traveled further than any of the candidates will. It has circumnavigated the globe by a route which no human being has followed. The president sits behind it and writes his messages to congress. With its massiveness and wealth of carving the desk gives no indication of its historical origin. School boys know that Sir John Franklin went to discover the north pole and never came back. The good ship Resolute drifted and drifted in the Arctic Ocean, until it was spared from destruction in some mysterious manner, until she reached the waters of the adventurous American whalers off the shores of Alaska. She

was boarded and claimed by those who found her. When the Resolute reached San Francisco the United States bought her, repaired and refitted her, manned her with an American crew, and sent her to England with international compliments. Twenty years ago the coast ship was broken up. From the soundest of the timbers was made a handsome desk, by direction of the queen, to be presented to the then president of the United States. That is the desk which stands in the reception-room at the White House, and upon which the state papers of six administrations have been written. Few of the president's visitors know it.—New York Mail and Express.

Her Awful Dream.

A little maid of tender years
Had such an awful dream!
She came to me almost in tears
"I just was going to scream."

"When both my eyes came open wide,
And, oh, I was so glad
To find it was a dream," she cried.
"Because it was so bad."

"What could it be, poor child?" I said.
"Were you pursued by bears?"
Perhaps your dolly broke her head?
Or did you fall downstairs?"

"Oh, dear! It's most too bad to tell!
You know, in school our class
Are having 'zaminations. Well,
I dreamed I didn't pass."

Dolly's Failing.

Dottie—Mamma, I guess my dolly's mamma must have been a very un-
lucky lady.
Mamma—Why so, Dot?

Dottie—Why, she made her so her knees won't bend. I have to put her on her stummick to say her prayers.

Baby's Conundrum.

[By Ella Beecher-Gittings.]
"A conundrum for the baby!"
Little Margarita said:
"Tell me, dear, why mother's lap
Is better than the bed?"

Baby speaks in queer crow language,
And he bobbed his cute bald head;
"That's an easy one, you folks—
'Cause 'tis mother's lap," he said.

A Chimpanzee's Memory.

[By Margaret Holmes Bates.]
During the winter months a big chimpanzee named Johanna is kept in the Central Park Arsenal in New York. In the summer Johanna goes traveling around the country with the other animals of the Barnum & Bailey menagerie.

A year or two ago Johanna had a mate named Chiko, who died. He had been dead several months, when a visitor at the Arsenal asked the keeper if he believed that Johanna remembered Chiko.

"Let me show you," he answered, as he took from his pocket a photograph of Chiko and handed it to Johanna.

She took it and squatted on the floor of the cage, holding the picture in both hands. She looked at it intently for a moment, then pressed it to her lips as if kissing it. Next she rubbed it up and down on her face, and then gazed at it again, looking so sad and seemed about to cry. Presently she folded her arms about it, and going away into a corner she awayed her body to and fro, as a mother rocks a little human baby.

An amusing instance of Johanna's memory is her experience with a seltzer-bottle. One day a friend of the keeper brought a bottle for him, with the usual siphon attachment. Johanna is very curious. As soon as she saw the bottle she was quite eager to have it in her hands.

She begged so earnestly that the keeper placed it within her reach on the outside of the cage. Instantly she grasped it, but handled it very gently. She seems to understand the nature of glass since she was so unfortunate as to break a mirror.

The siphon puzzled her. She turned the bottle round and round, fingered the cap, and at last held it in such a position as to point the nozzle straight in her face.

At the same instant she happened to press the spring. The seltzer squirted into her face and over her head. Then such screaming!

Johanna held on to the bottle, and not understanding what had caused the flood, she kept her finger on the spring until the bottle was nearly empty.

How frightened she was! The keeper, fearing she might be savage, did not dare to enter the cage and relieve her, but after a while succeeded in persuading her to place the bottle on the floor.

Then poor Johanna lay on her back screaming and moaning alternately, and it was some time before her keeper could quiet her. He tried to explain the mystery of the bottle to her; she would not listen to him, but went scudding to the furthest corner of her cage at the sight of the cause of her shower-bath.

By and by the keeper succeeded in pacifying her, but her curiosity in regard to bottles was fully satisfied. Since this misadventure she is very much afraid of them.

Sometimes Johanna gets cross and peevish without any apparent cause. Then she is willful and sulky, and will not allow her keeper to wash her hands and face, which is his daily custom. When he finds that kindly coaxing will do no good, he takes an empty bottle from a convenient corner and shakes it at Johanna. That is enough. She at once becomes pleasant and obedient.

Johanna's bill of fare for each day is usually eighteen oranges, as many bananas, twelve apples, and twelve eggs; and as much bread as she can carry. Her keeper to give her. He says bread is not good for her, but she is very fond of it.—The Outlook.

Turkey's Content.

"Gobble! Gobble!" cried the turkey.
"What a happy life is mine!
Our great world is full of beauty,
Gilded o'er with God's sunshine.
Those dear red and yellow leaflets,
Decking all the gaudy trees,
Are the cutest little dancers—
And how sweet this autumn breeze!"

"This self-satisfaction, madam," cried the nervous Mr. Drake, as he paddled up the mudstains in his muddy little lake.

"This self-satisfaction, madam," is the ruin of a hen!
On Thanksgiving Day, dear madam,
Pray you, who will 'gobble' then?"

"Gobble! Gobble!" sang the turkey.
"Not a quack, dear sir, care I.
Would you think a lake less lovely
That you could not swim the sky?
I shall sing the song you laugh at,
Finding all the cheer I may.
Thus to end my life most fitly,
Queen of cheer, Thanksgiving Day."

A mere literary man is a dull man; a man who is solely a man of business is a selfish man; but when literature and commerce are united they make a respectable man.—Dr. Johnson.

The Poets.

Man's life is but a working day,
Whose tasks are set aright,
A time to work, a time to pray,
And then a quiet night.
And then the peace God, quiet night,
Where palms are green and robes are white.

A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,
And all things lovely on the morrow.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

An Epitaph for a Husbandman.

He would start life and rise
Before the crowing cocks—
No more he lifts his eyes,
Whoever knocks.

He who before the stars
Would call the cattle home—
They wait about the bars
For him to come.

Him at whose hearty calls
The farmstead woke again
The horses in their stalls
Expect in vain.

Busy and blithe and bold,
He labored for the morrow—
The plow his hands would hold
Rusts in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim;
The clouds he used to cleave
Now cover him.

But the green, growing things
Lean kindly to his sleep—
White roots and wandering etirings,
Closer they creep.

Because he loved them long
And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
About his heart.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

A Vagabond Song.

There is something in the autumn that
Is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles blowing by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke
upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the
gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls, and calls each vagabond by
name.

—Bliss Carman.

The Carpenter.

That evening, when the Carpenter
swept out
The fragments shavings from the
workshop floor,
And placed the tools in order and shut
to

And barred, for the last time, the
humble door,
And going on His way to save the
world,
Turned from the laborer's lot for
evermore.

I wonder—was He glad?
That morning, when the Carpenter
walked forth
From Joseph's doorway, in the
glimmering light,
And bade His holy Mother long fare-
well,

And through the rose-shot skies with
dawning bright,
Saw glooming the dark shadow of the
Cross,
Yet, seeing, set His feet toward Cal-
vary's height.

I wonder—was He sad?
Ah! when the Carpenter went on His
way,
He thought not for himself of good or
ill.

One was His path, through shop or
thriving mart,
Craving His help e'en to the cross-
crowned hill,
In tilling, healing, teaching, suffering—
all.

His joy, His life, to do His Father's
will;
And earth and heaven are glad!
—Alice Ranlett.

THE CRAB ORCHESTRA.

Beautiful Yarn of Crustacean Melody
Spun by a Prize Story-Teller.

"There are many strange things to be seen and heard along the sand islands of the Mexican Gulf," remarked Assistant Engineer Thomas Pitt, of Arkansas, Pass Harbor, to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, recorder of wandering on the brown sands of the beach when the moon was full. One night, as I was seated upon a great log that had drifted to the shore, my ear caught the faint sound of what seemed to be an Eolian harp. The night was almost still, and the moon had swept the sea. Then, as I listened, the sounds increased in strength and sweetness, the notes ringing and the harmony varying each instant, producing an effect that was indescribably delightful and mysterious. I gazed about but could see nothing that might produce the melodious noises. Still, the sounds grew in intensity, and appar-
ently proceeded from the sand a short distance from where I sat, although the beach was apparently devoid of anything that might account for the mystery. Then I caught a distinct air, something familiar. I soon recognized it as one I had often whistled while in the vicinity of the old log, and this made it doubly strange. I got up from the log, and determined to investigate the found nothing. At last the melody became more familiar. It was the old song of 'Down in a Diving Bell,' and then I caught sight of a number of small objects moving upon a little damp knoll of sand. Creeping carefully in that direction, I at last found the cause of the music. It may sound incredible, but there, upon the sand knoll, were eight crabs. Each crab held a small conch shell in one of its claws, and as each shell was elevated and 'sway the conch shell it emitted a clear, whistle-like sound, just for all the world like blowing into the mouth of a bottle. To say I was amazed would be putting it light. I was absolutely paralyzed with astonishment, and as I looked at the crabs their claws began to move, with some force and energy, and as each shell was raised the air resounded in its depths, producing a different note, the eight making a perfect octave. And there they played, and I'll be hanged if they

did not play every tune that I had been whistling during my wanderings on the beach. Forgetting myself, I made a noise, and the crabs scampered into deep water, leaving the shells behind. I now treasure the natural curiosities. For a few weeks the music was not heard on the beach, but soon the expiration of that period, the eight denizens of the sea managed to collect another octave, and had added a drum fish to the band, increasing the violence of their music and creating an orchestra, the like of which I doubt if the world has ever known before.

A Smile: A Laugh.

Modernized.—"Our clergyman forgot himself this morning."
"What did he do?"
"He asked the congregation to sing the old hymn, 'From Klondike's icy mountains.'"

New house surgeon (to wife of an injured man he was examining)—"I fear your poor husband is dead."
Supposed corpse—No, I ain't.

Anxious wife—Hush, John, be quiet; the gentleman must know better than you what's the matter with you.

An old lady who was opposed to the use of tobacco, saw an ex-drunkard, who vaunted his repentance, smoking a pipe. "I am a brand plucked from the burning," said the reformed man.

"Anybody might know that," said the old lady, "for you're smoking yet!"

"Now, Robbie," said mamma just before the company sat down to dinner, "remember, you must not ask for more pie."

Robbie didn't; but he finished his first piece with much promptness, took a long breath, and addressed himself very audibly to the guests at his right: "Ain't that dandy pie?" he asked.

A gentleman calling at a hotel left his umbrella in the stand in the hall with the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card has been left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not come back."

The Washington Star does not give a detailed description of the old man's mule, nor is it necessary.

"I reckon," said the old colored man, "dat I better change de name o' dat mule."

"It doesn't make much difference what you call a mule, does it?"
"No. But I likes to hab it somethin' 'propriate. Did you ever heah tell 'bout sumstances ober which you hab no control?"

"Well, dat's what I see gwinter call him, 'Sumkumstances.'"

When Andrew White, now the United States ambassador at Berlin, was minister to Germany, nearly twenty years ago, he received some queer letters from Americans, asking for his influence in their behalf in court circles.

Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the west, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square.

"We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the members of the church, the crown prince and Bismarck; and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

It is generally best to curb our impatience before giving it vent in words, as at such times one's language may convey a different meaning from its real meaning. Miss Kate Sanborn, in her "Abandonment of Adopted Farm," reported that a runaway had been beset by agents, reporters and curiosity-seekers.

I was so perpetually harassed that I dreaded to see a stranger. One day with an air of business. The other day I was just starting for a drive, when noticed the usual stranger hurrying on. Putting my head out of the carriage, I said, in a petulant and weary tone:

"Do you want to see me?"
"The young man stopped, smiled, and replied, courteously, 'It gives me pleasure to look at you, madam, but I was going farther on.'"

Many of the North American Indians were magnificent specimens of physical manhood. This was due, largely, to their active outdoor life. Nevertheless, they had the wisdom to know that an active life in the open air alone, would not keep a man healthy. They had their medicine-men, who gathered herbs from field and forest and brewed decoctions to assist the natural processes of the various vital organs.

Modern civilized men do not as a usual thing recognize the same necessity until it is too late. They ignore medicine until they are within the grasp of some serious or fatal disease. The time for a man to begin taking medicine is when he begins to feel out of sorts. If a man is thoroughly well and healthy he does not feel that way. If he does feel that way he may be pretty sure he is a little sick. When he is a little sick it does not take long before he is "whole-sick." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for a man when he is sick or getting sick. It puts him all right all round, and that is the most important point. It puts his liver right, and that is the second most important point. It purifies his blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food he eats, and that is the third important point. It drives out all disease germs and impurities of every description. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It is the greatest blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, break lungs, catarrh of bladder, chronic coughs and kindred ailments. Thousands who were given up to die have testified each recovers of his disease by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives you what you ask for.

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