

THE LITTLE WHITE CHICKENS.

Two such pretty little white chickens! They belonged to Neddy and Floy, and their names were Fluff and Nixie. Aunt Chatty gave them to Floy and Neddy one night when they stopped at her small house going home from school.

"They're all the hen's got," said she, putting one in Neddy's checked apron and one in Floy's checked apron; "and I can't have her scratching round with them all summer and not laying an egg. So you're welcome to 'em, dearies. Take good care of 'em—they're real Leghorns."

Neddy and Floy were very sure they would take good care of the little, fluffy, white things, though they hadn't the least idea what a "real Leghorn" was.

"Aunt Clara's got a new hat," said Floy, "and I heard mamma say it was a real Leghorn."

"Chickens ain't hats," answered Neddy, with a sniff; "they're worth more, because they'll lay eggs, and hats won't. I'll tell you Floy, let's buy a sewing-machine for Aunt Chatty with the eggs ours lay, first thing."

"Yes," chimed Floy, eagerly, "and then we'll buy a goat-carriage to harness Fido in."

They were opposite Colonel Bell's big house just at that minute, and down across the lawn rushed a tiny, white dog, barking and snapping. Maybe Floy was a wee bit frightened, and dropped one corner of her apron. At any rate, out tumbled the little downy chicken; and the little dog snapped at it and caught it, and tossed it on the ground—quite dead. And that was not all that happened; for Neddy, who had sprung to the rescue, dropped his own white chicken, and in an instant the dog had shaken that, and it was lying beside the other. Then Floy and Neddy began to cry—not softly, but with a perfect storm of tears and reproaches, which very soon brought the little dog's mistress to see what the trouble was. She was a very pretty lady, with a sweeping white dress and smooth, brown hair, and a soft voice.

"Oh, General, you naughty boy!" she cried to the little dog, who really hung his head and looked very sorry though Neddy and Floy didn't believe he was. "Those poor little chickens! Can't you get some more, children?"

"No'm," said Neddy. "Aunt Chatty's hen only had two."

"We were going to buy Aunt Chatty a sewing-machine with the first eggs they laid," said Floy, "because she's poor."

"And then a goat-cart," said Neddy. "But we can't, now, because they won't lay any."

"Naughty General!" said the lady, trying hard not to laugh. Somehow she didn't feel like laughing as she watched the sorrowful little pair trudging off down the street with their dead pets in their checked apron; and she boxed General's silky ears soundly, and sent him to bed in disgrace. And the next day she did—she really did—order her carriage and drive into the city, where she bought a very nice sewing-machine, which she sent by express to Aunt Chatty; and she bought the very prettiest little carriage that could be found to harness Fido into, because it happened that she had a great deal of money. And it also happened, which is not so common, that she liked, better than almost anything else, to make people happy,

The true gate into the city is of one pearl, and that pearl is of great price, for it is the pearl of the whole heart, which is also Christ.

BEWARE OF COCAINE.

Thos. Heys, Analytical Chemist, Toronto, says:—"I have made an examination of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure for Cocaine and any of its compounds from samples purchased in the open market, and find none present." Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is a cure—not a drug. Price 25 cents, blower included.

—All kinds of wrong become possible to the man who makes his own pleasure or aggrandisement the supreme rule of his life.

An ordinary cough or cold may not be thought much of at the time, but neglect may mean in the end a consumptive's grave. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will not cure consumption when the lungs are riddled with cavities; but it will stop the cough, will cure consumption in its early stages, and even in its last stages gives such relief as to be a perfect Godsend to those whose lives are nearing a close.

—He is religious who is filled with a religious sense so deep and strong that it permeates all his deeds and all his speech.

Richmond Fire Hall,
Toronto, 26th, Feb., 1897.

Dear Sirs,—Constipation for years has been my chief ailment; it seemed to come oftener in spite of all I could do. However, some time ago I was told to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have done, with the result of what appears now to be a perfect cure. Truly yours,
J. Harris.

—Moral perfection is unattainable if the heart cannot be touched with the love of what is good.

GAINED VERY MUCH.

"My wife was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for three years. Seeing an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla we concluded to give it a fair trial. After she had taken a few bottles she gained very much and she continued its use until she was cured." Chas. B. Abbott, Coldwater, Michigan.

—Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure. 25c.

WILD ROSE'S COMING.

Tony Tomkins had everything the world could give him, yet he went through life with a deep line between his eyes, and his mouth was turned down at the corners.

One day, after a worse grumble than usual, the man went out walking, and an old beggar woman whined to him for alms by the road-side. Tony tossed a copper, being kind-hearted, and was moving on when, to his surprise, the woman said:

"You shall have whatever you please in return for this. Those who give deserve to have."

Tony pondered, for, in spite of his discontent, he had hardly a wish unfulfilled, and not for some minutes could he answer.

"I should like a little girl, not a baby, or my wife would be fussing over it all day. A child would be company for me, and we have none."

"Very well," and the beggar nodded. "Only remember, if you go on whining you'll lose the little one, and be punished into the bargain."

When Tony got home again he found a stranger there—The prettiest little girl you ever saw. She was like a wild rose blossom, her tattered green dress showed off to advantage the yellow hair that framed her face, and she explained tearfully that some gipsies had left her behind. Of course Betty Tomkins' heart warmed to the wanderer, whom Tony consented to to keep; though he said no hing about the old woman's promise.

At first all went well, but when Rose, the adopted daughter, had been for a few months in her new home a change came over her. She no longer laughed merrily, sang or danced about the place, her head drooped, her colour faded, and none knew what ailed her. At last the child begged Tony to allow her to introduce him to some friends who lived within a walk, and the man, who by this time was very fond of Rose, said yes, though he wondered why these friends had never before been mentioned.

Presently a sluggish stream was reached, on the further bank of which sat a tiny boy in a ragged red blouse, and his legs were purple with cold.

"How are you, Ragged Robin?" called out Rose, kissing her hand.

"Quite well, thank you," was the cheerful answer. "Though the wind blows cold, I shall stay as long as I can, to beautify this bank."

"But you must feel lonely down there?" went on the little girl.

"Oh, no!" and Robin laughed rather sadly. "My cousins, the Bladder Companions, are not far off, only they are rich people who prefer to live in a dry soil, and they are too proud to come down here where their white robes might be soiled."

"Who are those ladies yonder, in yellow silk dresses with green collars?" whispered Tony.

"Mrs. Mallow and her sisters," answered Rose. "They suffer terribly from rheumatism and can't move a muscle, yet they never complain. They always smile and look up."

Further on the pair passed a stiff-backed, quaint looking person in dull green, and pointing to him Rose said:

"That is Dr. Nettlehead, who does more good in the world than nine out of ten people, though he is apt to tell the truth in short stinging speeches. He makes gargle for sore throats, tea to purify the blood in springtime, and brings back power to deadened limbs by rubbing. Ah! here are the Teazles,"



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PRESENTATION

ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY

A. H. Howard, R.C.A.,

53 King St. East, Toronto

Freehold Loan & Savings Co.

DIVIDEND NO. 76

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, on the capital stock of the company, has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the 1st day of December next, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, inclusive.
By order of the Board.
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 27th October, 1897.