

**ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.**

She was a small child with one of those faces that the struggle for existence in the tenements districts too often develops. Her face was dirty, with here and there clean streaks showing where tears had recently trickled.

She entered Prospect Park and made her way to the hill where bloom the old-fashioned flowers that our grandmothers loved so well. She watched the big policeman and the man on the bench watched her. Twice she stole forward to seize a hollyhock bloom, and each time drew back afraid. At last she seized the flower just as the policeman looked toward her. He roared forth in a deep voice:

"Here there! get away; leave those flowers alone!" at the same time starting around the circle toward her.

With a startled scream she turned and ran a few steps, when she stumbled and fell. She plunged down the high bank and landed in the road on her head, with her left arm doubled under her. The man on the bench reached her before the policeman. She was unconscious, and her left arm was broken.

They stretched her out on the grass beneath the shade of an oak and a mounted officer called an ambulance, from a near-by hospital, which soon reached the spot. As the surgeon lifted her head she opened her eyes, and looking up into the anxious faces bent over her, said: "Mr. Policeman, please don't arrest me, mamma's so sick, and she wanted one like what grew in her home when she was a girl. See, I just took one," and she opened her right hand, showing the crushed hollyhock blossom.

The big policeman turned quickly away. He took several quick strides and broke off a whole stalk of hollyhock flowers. As he thrust it into her little hand the man on the bench saw the gleam of a silver coin as the dirty little paw closed over it. The man on the bench brushed away a tear and asked the surgeon:

"Is she badly hurt?"

"No; just a broken arm."

"Dress it, and don't take her to the hospital, but take her home. I'll go with you and see that she wants for nothing."

As he turned away to hide a tear the big policeman heard him murmur.

"My little girl would have been just about her age."

"Mine is," said the policeman. — *Times.*

**MAXIMS FOR YOUNG MEN.**

A young man beginning a business career, if he has the ability, can almost be assured of success by following a few simple rules:

Absolute honesty is the first essential. No one can be trusted with important business unless his integrity is beyond reproach.

Temperate living follows close on the heels of honesty, enabling a young fellow to maintain a clear mind in a sound body.

Modesty is another thing. The cheeky fellow is not popular with his employer or the public. But modesty always commands respect.

Never miss an opportunity to make a friend. Never neglect an oppor-

tunity to help a friend. Be unflinchingly loyal to your business associates. A large number of friends is always an element of strength in business life. Membership in some good Christian church is a strong aid to honest and temperate living, and a good place to form true, lasting friendships.

Another important matter is the spirit with which one does his work. The young man who will give his entire mind to his work, watching carefully every detail, making as few mistakes as possible, doing the work of his employer as though all the responsibility and profit were his own, will (even with moderate ability) become indispensable to the business. Such men are sought after every day. So many men work without thinking, and work along in ruts, watching the clock for quitting time, that the man who thinks as he works, and thinks solely about his work, and makes it his master passion, will find himself in great demand.

Be patient and persevering. Sometimes we may give up on the eve of great success. Be sure you are fitted for the career you have chosen and then stay with it until you win.

Test these rules by watching some successful business man of your acquaintance.—*Epworth Herald.*

**HIS MOTHER'S BIBLE.**

It is said that the steamer "Scotia" once picked up a dozen shipwrecked sailors in mid-ocean. Among them was a boy of twelve years.

"Who are you?" said the captain.

The answer was: "I'm a Scotch boy. My father and mother are both dead, and I am on my way to America."

"What have you here?" said the captain, as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body.

"It's a rope," said the boy.

"But what is that tied by this rope under your arms?"

"That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that."

"Could you have saved something else?"

"Not and have saved that."

"Did you, expect to drown?"

"Yes, sir; but I meant to take the Bible down with me."—*Selected.*

**WHAT DOES IT MEAN?**

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you was a drunkard, and her father said so, too."

Had a bomb-shell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all. But Kate, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question; and it was answered:

"A man who drinks liquor, and makes a beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"

"It is what I have done sometimes," he replied, in a choked voice.

"It's bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do."

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her? and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes?"

Only one word in reply to this: "Yes."

"Then I shouldn't think you'd not do so any more; 'cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?" said Katie, and she looked up to her father so confidently that he caught her up in his arms and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Say, father, won't you, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't;" and raising his right hand he promised never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. "God helping, he added, reverently. "Bless you, my darling; you have saved me!"

Then there were tears and sobs, and broken ejaculations, all for very joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference whether her shoes were old or new; but when, a few days after, she became the possessor of some long boots with red lace and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place.

Since then she has often received beautiful gifts; and always she remembers with grateful heart that her father is not a drunkard.—*The Issue.*

**YES, THEY KILL.**

Just as really as a pistol, although it may be slower, Mr. G. W. Stevens draws the picture of the boy and his death weapon. He says: Boy: the biggest developing possibility known to men. Cigarette: a boy killer by a more or less rapid process. If it did it straightway, as arsenic or or strychnine does its work, it would be better, for the preventive would be applied, and it would kill no more people than these; but it is all the more dangerous because it does not do its fatal mischief in a day or week, but insidiously, by inches, painlessly, and even pleasantly, yet none the less certainly. We can imagine a boy saying: "What! One of those innocent looking things have harm in it—kills me? Why, I can smoke a dozen of them in an hour! I have done it, and it did me good. I never feel so well as when I have one in my mouth, and plenty of them in my pocket, and I am perfectly miserable when I am out and can't get any. And, besides, I have tried to quit, and failed." Nevertheless, they'll kill, and that in a very few years, unless, indeed, you have an iron constitution, which is not probable in these days of degeneration; certainly not if you smoke to excess—and nine out of ten boys do that who smoke at all. And even if you do not now and never will, smoking them in moderation seriously hurts a boy.

**HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.**

You can make baby sleep by giving him laudanum or the "soothing" stuffs which invariably contain opiates. But no sensible mother will do that. The way to make baby sleep happily and in comfort is to take away the cause of his wakefulness. This cause is located in his little inside—nowhere else. Babies seldom have anything the matter with them but their stomachs, and it is safe to say that the baby who cries unreasonably is complaining of his stomach. There is no ailment of

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WOULD HAVE TO STOP HER WORK AND SIT DOWN.

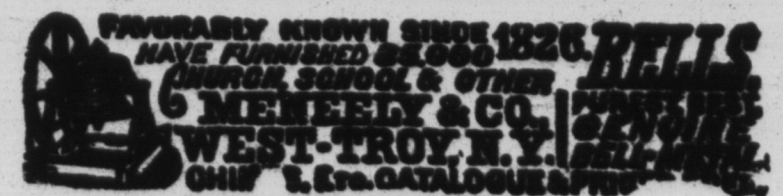


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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are a blessing to women in this condition. They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Weakness, Listlessness, and all troubles peculiar to the female sex.

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a baby's stomach that Baby's Own Tablets will not cure right away. They make baby cheerful and happy and give him sound natural sleep—not the drugged sleep produced by soothing stuffs. Mrs. Wm. Smidt, Listowell, Ont., says: "My baby used to be very restless and sleepless, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets, he is better natured, sleeps better, and is better in every way." These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and can be given to the very youngest baby. You can get them from any druggist, or they will be sent post-paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.