

Sunday Reading.

FOSTER'S SELFISHNESS.

'It isn't worth while to have a bicycle if fellows like Lew White are beginning to have them,' said Foster Barney, as he stood tightening the girth of his saddle, which creaked with a delightful newness. 'They are getting too common altogether; Duke's back is good enough for me this afternoon. We will let folks who don't have horses ride bicycles, won't we, Duke? Whoa, sir,' and with a strong swing he mounted and sat, holding the curb, as fine a specimen of handsome, supercilious boyhood as one often sees.

'Why should you care?' questioned Suzanne from the verandah, where she sat watching her brother's movements.

'Oh, it isn't so flattering, after all, to be aped in everything one does and has. It gets monotonous after a time,' replied Foster, contemptuously, turning Duke around restlessly, and Lew White of all people. 'What business has he got to have a bicycle? Why, he hasn't another thing in the world. He does the janitor work at school, and works at Dale's in the afternoon. His sister has been taken by a lady who has given her a home—'

'That's one of his blessings,' put in Suzanne.

'And as I say, he hasn't another thing in the world but a bicycle. I have a good mind not to ride mine any more.'

'Well, I wouldn't be so disagreeable, Foster, if I were you,' replied Suzanne, with sisterly frankness. 'If Lew White has saved up money enough for a machine, I think it is to his credit, and no doubt it will keep him out of no end of mischief. He hasn't any happy home life. I don't blame him for wanting a little pleasure. Look at all you have. Ride Duke, if you had rather; but I do not like your reason. I do not think it is worthy of you,' and Suzanne subsided into the hammock's embrace with a sense of satisfaction. She had spoken the truth in love. Foster gave Duke's rein an unnecessary jerk, which sent the animal forward uneasily. He controlled him readily, however, and then rode close to the verandah, evidently for a parting shot; but Suzanne anticipated him.

'Couldn't I ride Duke some day soon, Foster? You say he is used to a side-saddle.'

'Oh, I suppose so,' said Foster, disinterestedly. 'He is rather frisky, though,' he added.

'That is because he isn't ridden enough I suppose. If you use him every day, have forever eschewed the bicycle, I ought to be able to manage him some of the mornings you are at school.'

'I do not see why you cannot, after riding Paul Lyman's broncho last summer. Of course, I shall have to ride my wheel to school. I can't leave Duke there.'

'Then I want to try,' cried Suzanne. 'I am not a bit afraid; Mary Foy will lend me her saddle. I am glad I brought my old habit home from the West. You go as groom on your wheel, like a good boy, for the first time, at least, just to see what Duke may do. Then I can ride around these country roads perfectly well.'

Foster was as good to his sister as he was disagreeable to some other persons, and he consented willingly, and the two had some fine trips.

One bright morning, some weeks later, Suzanne started off alone, after Foster's careful inspection, to call on an invalid friend down the river road.

'Come on, I'll go as far as school with you,' said Foster from his wheel. They passed Lew White riding, and Suzanne gave him a bright greeting, while Foster nodded briefly.

'He must take the same size wheel you do,' said Suzanne, turning to watch him, he is so tall. You two must be by far the tallest boys in school. How do you compare?'

'We have never measured,' replied Foster, shortly.

'Well,' said Suzanne, undaunted, 'I should laugh to see 'Count' Leigh or Frank Benson try the machine your long legs would fit,' and she laughed merrily. 'Good-by,' she said, curbing Duke, as they reached the school.

'Good-by, sis. Remember me to Lottie. Tell her I may get down next week.'

Suzanne rode off over the slope of the hill, and Foster, with an air of ownership, supported his bicycle against the front of the fine brick building, and went in with a high head. Every scholar knew to whom that handsome wheel belonged. No one would dare to try it. Indeed, as Suzanne had said, no one could who might dare but Lew White, and he had one of his own. But Lew's machine was in the basement, and Foster stood but alone in its attractiveness this morning.

Just before the noon dismissal, Lew White, having an errand with the principal stepped out of the front door preparatory to going around the building. A clatter of hoofs caught his ear, and, looking up the hill, he beheld a powerful gray horse galloping toward him and the town.

He caught his breath. 'Foster Barney's Duke!' he exclaimed; 'Miss Suzanne! Where can she be? Has he thrown her?' He gave one wild look around; then, seeing a bicycle, he realized that to take it was to save, perhaps, many precious minutes, as to procure his own meant entering the school-house for the key, explanations, and so on.

'It's for his sister's sake,' he said to himself, and, wheeling the bicycle down the terrace, he was mounted, and off down the river road in an instant. 'Duke will go home,' he thought, as he bent his energies to mount the hill over which the horses had come. On he went, seeing hoof tracks along the road, moistened by a shower the night before. About a mile down the road a noise of hammering arrested his attention across a field. He looked sharply, then said aloud:

'Blasting—and Duke was frightened—no wonder. But where is Suzanne? He did not go much further. Not far beyond, by the side of the road, lay Suzanne, with a pale, distressed face. Her eyes were open and she watched Lew approach, but she did not move.

'Oh, Miss Suzanne!' exclaimed Lew, 'are you much hurt? and he bent his long awkward body rather bashfully over the prostrate girl.

'I don't know,' she answered, weakly, 'but I cannot seem to move this foot, Lew. I think—I think—' and she grew white.

Lew hesitated a moment then spoke. 'See here, Miss Suzanne. Let me move you to a shadier spot, out of sight of the road; then I'll wheel back and get some help,' and suiting his action to his word, he bent and lifted Suzanne a few feet back on the slope, where she was sheltered. 'I will hurry,' he said, mounting again Foster's wheel, he turned homeward, riding as he had rarely ridden before.

School was dismissed. Foster Barney, after a word with his chum, had come to the door, and without stepping out stood chatting about a gunning party for the next Saturday. Suddenly he ceased, as a bicycle rider went racing by. He gave him and his machine a second glance, then, looking out of the door for his own, exclaimed:

'Lew White! and on my wheel! Is that the kind of a fellow he is? Isn't content to have one of his own, but must go stealing rides on other people's when they are not looking! I'll teach him where he belongs,' he said, angrily. 'Say, here, Lew White!' and his enraged shout made itself felt. Even Lew heard and recognized it. And it would have surprised Foster if he had, for an instant, imagined that it was a welcome sound to the supposed culprit. Lew made a swift sweep with the wheel round the gravel circle, and stopping, dismounted before Foster, whose eyes were blazing, and whose tall figure was quivering with feeling ill-suppressed. But before he could command his voice Lew burst forth:

'O Foster, your sister—Miss Suzanne—Duke has thrown her, and I went as fast as I could, but had to leave her to come back for some help, and I'm mighty glad to find you. Was afraid you had gone gone. Here, take it,' pushing the bicycle towards its owner; 'go down to her. Just beyond Field's ten-acre lot, up in the shade of that great pine behind some bushes, out of sight of the road. I'll go for a carriage.'

'Is she badly hurt?' Foster managed to say. The wind had been so completely taken out of his sails that he was reduced to very simple utterances.

'I don't know; she conscious, but she says she cannot move her foot. The blasting at the ledge scared Duke. He has gone home. That is how I knew he had thrown her. He ran past as I came out, and I'm right glad your wheel was here,' Lew added, unconsciously.

'All right, Lew,' said Foster in an altered tone. 'I'll wheel down and cheer her up till you come with a carriage. Too bad she is so far from a house. Send a carri-

age from Berk's at the corner,' and, mounting, he took the direction from where Lew had come with the same amount of speed.

Suzanne escaped, most fortunately, with nothing worse than some wrenched and twisted cords, and being denied the privilege of riding for some time to come. But when she found that she had been the instrument—no matter how badly used—of eliminating from her brother's nature what promised to be a most disagreeable and reprehensible trait that would surely grow, she remained content and submissive to her lost pleasure. For Foster certainly had experienced a conquering of worldly pride. And it was Suzanne who was proud as she saw the two tall fellows marching down the street together, bent on a mutual interest, or setting off on excursion with their wheels; and Foster had called to her this last time:

'We would take you, too, sister, if we had not sold Duke.'

'The will is as good as the deed, answered Suzanne, laughing, 'but I will remember the invitation.'—Helen T. Wilder, in 'Our Sunday Afternoon.'

SOME TOOTH POWDERS.

Useful Information From a Dentist, About Tooth Powders and Mouth Washes.

Many of the best tooth powders contain coarse particles or grit, and many of the mouth washes contain Acid. Grit injures the enamel of the teeth, and also causes inflammation of the gums; and the slightest acid (sometimes used in mouth washes to whiten the teeth) will soften the enamel after a short time, and finally destroy the teeth; some washes contain ingredients 'to harden the gums;' this is dangerous, as it causes the gums to recede from the teeth, which finally become loose and are removed. It is well to be sure that what you use is free from all these evils, Grits, Acid, Astringents—(such as Myrrh which is too commonly supposed to be harmless, or Camphor, which tends to make bone brittle, and will cause the teeth to split more readily). Ask your Dentist about this important matter and he will tell you to use the "Q. C. Liquid Tooth-Powder."

It contains the finest precipitated powder, washes, strained, and again re-precipitated, rendering it so fine that it remains for hours suspended in the fluid forming the mouth wash, which is delightfully refreshing to use and guaranteed to be absolutely free from Acid or any injurious ingredient. "Q. C. Liquid Tooth-Powder" for sale at all Druggists, 25 cents per bottle.

LORD TENNYSON.

Some Interesting Anecdotes of the Great Poet Laureate and his Ways.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly gives a few reminiscences of Tennyson at the Isle of Wight, where the visitor was amused to see upon the Freshwater Cliffs, notices relative to trespasses and the like, all signed, 'A. Tennyson, Lord of the Manor.'

Later the visitor was admitted to the very sanctum of the Lord of the Manor, taken thither by Tennyson's old friend, Mr. Maurice. Indeed, the poet's attitude toward Maurice was most deferential, or even reverential. Many significant talks took place in that room; a very memorable one about the book of Ecclesiastes.

Tennyson said that he could not understand its admission among the sacred books it was utterly pessimistic, of the earth, earthy. Maurice fired up.

'Yes,' said he, 'if you leave out the last two verses; but the conclusion of the whole matter is 'Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgement, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.' So long as you look only down upon earth, all is 'vanity of vanities.' But if you look up, there is a God, the judge of good and evil.'

At another time, a certain whimsical obstinacy seems to have animated the poet. The newspapers had just contained the story of some one who had fallen heir to a fortune, on condition that he assumed the 'name and arms of Smith.'

Tennyson raged about it. Nobody, he said, ever left fortunes to poets. Why

CATARRH!

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure

PEEDY, INEXPENSIVE AND ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS.



See, Bessie, this is the way mother does.

You insert the tube and give one good blow and away she goes. And do you know I have never had bad breath or a touch of headache since using it. Now just let me try it on you and I am sure it will help that cold in the head and fix up that red nose.

- Is the breath foul?
- Is the voice husky?
- Do you ache all over?
- Is the nose stopped up?
- Do you sneeze at night?
- Does your nose discharge?
- Does the nose bleed easily?
- Is there tickling in the throat?
- Is the nose sore and tender?
- Do you sneeze a great deal?
- Is this worse towards night?
- Does the nose itch and burn?
- Is there pain in the back of the head?
- Is there pain across the eyes?
- Is there pain in the back of the eyes?
- Is there a sense of smell leaving?
- Is there a dropping in the throat?
- Is the throat dry in the mornings?
- Are you losing your sense of taste?
- Do you sleep with the mouth open?
- Does the nose stop up at night?

If so it is sure and certain indication of Catarrh.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE

Gives instant relief—in less than a minute after the first application the air passages are freed, and the breathing becomes natural and easy—the most acute attacks of cold in the head are cured in a few hours—cures incipient catarrh in a few days—and will permanently cure most chronic cases in from one to three months—it allays pain—counteracts all foulness of the breath—keeps the mucous membrane moist and healthy—absorbs and dries up all discharge. It contains no injurious ingredients, such as cocaine, the use of which, like morphine, in many cases has been the means of contracting the dreaded narcotic habit. Beware of catarrh cures containing such ingredients. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is pure, harmless and easily applied. Dr. Chase's Improved Inhaler accompanies every box free of charge. Follow directions closely. Here are a few from a thousand or more testimonials who have been helped and cured.

A BAD CASE BUT A PERMANENT CURE.

For years I suffered from that dread disease—catarrh—I spent a small fortune in medicines without receiving any relief—I had the disease in a very bad form, and nothing seemed to reach the seat of the trouble until I procured and used Chase's Catarrh Cure. I got almost instant relief and I declare that, though I can hardly credit it myself, I have been permanently cured, and gladly give my testimony to the merits of this great cure.

ARTHUR P. THORNE.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

CHRONIC CATARRH FOR 15 YEARS.

I had been a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years—it became chronic. I have spent a lot of money and tried many doctors. I also treated with a catarrh specialist in London—in fact, had tried most everything I saw advertised without getting any benefit. I was directed by the advertisements and testimonials I read to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I used three boxes and a complete cure was effected. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh.

JAMES SPENCE.

Clachan, Ont.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE WITH BLOWER FREE—AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

didn't some one leave him fifty thousand pounds on condition of his taking the name and arms of Smith? He would do so at once.

'No, you wouldn't,' asserted the guest. 'I would do it, and I would never write another line.'

'Yes, you would!' and so the controversy went on. It is interesting to remember that his brother Charles did change his name, becoming Tennyson-Turner; but the writer still refuses to believe that the poet would have become Tennyson-Smith for a consideration.

HEART PAINS LEAVE IN A DAY.

Unable to Attend to Her Daily Duties—And a Great Sufferer from Heart Trouble—Induced to Try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it Proved a Wonder Worker.

These are the words of Mrs. W. T. Rundle of Dundalk, Ont.: 'I was a great sufferer with severe pain in the region of my heart. For a time I was quite unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me, and after the first day I have had no pain or trouble since.'

Guarding a Coast by Electricity.

A correspondent of Nature suggests that a long coast-line may be rendered safe to ships in foggy weather by means of an electric cable lying ten miles offshore, and parallel with the coast, is about fifty fathoms of water. When even an iron ship approached within 200 yards of the cable, he says, an electric detector on board the vessel would give the alarm. In support of the suggestion he asserts that messages sent along an electric cable lying on the sea-bottom have been read, with suitable apparatus, on a ship floating above the cable.

Completely Knocked Out.

'I was so much run down I had to give up work, and I felt as if life was not worth living,' writes Wm. W. Thompson, Zephyr, Ont. 'I took Scott's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling as I did years ago.' Scott's Sarsaparilla tones up the entire system, purifies the blood, and eradicates rheumatic and scrofulous poisons. Ask for Scott's and get it.

A Skilled Machinist.

Mrs. H. E. Cooley, wife of a machinist in Kansas City is herself a skilled machinist and works daily at her husband's shop. She served an apprenticeship of two years, and is now trusted to do the most delicate work. She handles a steam drill with the utmost precision, and has bored 10,000 holes in brass in a single day, a record not attained by any man in the shop. Mrs. Cooley is small but muscular, and says she enjoys the work. Her husband says she is the best artisan he ever had in his shop. She has invented one or two valuable articles, and does not hesitate to repair gasoline or steam engines when they are brought into the shop.

Fast Losing Ground.

Dealers and druggist who handle and sell common package dyes for home dyeing are finding out that they are fast losing ground as business men.

Once a woman is deceived she never returns to the merchant that caused her loss of time and money.

The dealers who give their customers Diamond Dyes when dyes are asked for are the successful and trusted business men in every part of Canada.

Fearful of the Water.

'Why do you take squash pie, George? You told me you much preferred punkin.' 'I do, but I don't know just how to pronounce it in a fashionable hotel like this and with as little money in my pocket as I've got. But squash is dead easy.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mean of Him.

Mr. New Wed—These biscuits remind me of the ones mother used to— His wife (throwing her arms around his neck)—Oh, George—

Mr. New Wed (interrupting)—Wait until I get through, will you? I was going to say they remind me of the ones mother used to throw away.

That is how their first quarrel began.

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**PURE, HIGH GRADE
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