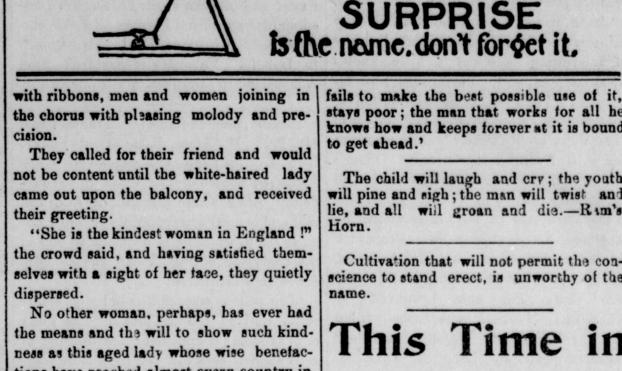




April ('fool's day')-his father gave him a letter to mail on his way to school, cautionhim, as usual, not to forget it. 'It is very important,' he explained, 'and if it does not go into the morning mail it will cause me,

T)



stays poor; the man that works for all he knows how and keeps forever at it is bound to get ahead.'

The child will laugh and cry; the youth will pine and eigh; the man will twist and lie, and all will groan and die.-Ram's

Cultivation that will not permit the conscience to stand erect, is unworthy of the

This Time in Quyon.

Hundreds in the Town Can Vouch for the Truthfulness of

Her host and hostess were to entertain one of the candidates for the mayoralty.

it; then you will understand what your "He is our man," they said, "and we hope to elect him, for he is an earnest Chrisian, Rheumatism's Ruthless Hands Clutched Dear John: I have your letter giving and stands for high principle in public and terms and descriptions of the Shetland in private life." The gentleman came, and was about to be introduced to the visitor, when, to her surprise, he spoke her name. She could not recognize him in the handsome, bearded man before her, but he was her bad boy of the Boston West End Sunday school. 'I lived a reckless life for several years after I left Boston,' he told her, but I was



11

as well as another person, a great disap pointment.'

Elbert said he would be sure to drop it into the post-office as he passed, but before he reached that point he was joined by several of his schoolboy friends, all intent upon having a jolly time in playing April fool tricks. He joined them and forgot all about the letter in his breast pocket until the school bell rang.

'l'll put it in at recess,' he said to himself, but he did not think of it again until the study bell rang again. 'I'll mind it at noon; it would be of no use to mail it now, as the train has been gone for an hour,' was the way he tried to quiet his conscience.

At noon, however, he was so full of the pranks to be played that night that he never thought of the letter once, and if his conscience reminded him of the neglected duty again he quieted it in some way, and went home in the evening with the letter still in his pocket, instead of in his uncle John's possession, as it should have been. When the evening train came in, who should come off but this same uncle John, and the first thing his father said, after the greetings were over, was, 'Well, John, how did you succeed in that little deal ? I hope you got my letter in good time.'

'Your letter ! Why no, I got no letter,' exclaimed uncle John. 'No indeed, and you missed the chance of a lifetime by not notifying me. I never hated to see anything go into the hands of another man so badly in all my life as I did when that beauty was knocked down to Mr. English, and at half price too.'

'There must have been some trickery about the matter then; somebody must have been meddling with the mail, for I wrote you early this morning, advising you to buy the pony on the terms specified in your letter received last night,' replied Mr. Horton.

'It did not reach me,' returned his brother. 'Fearing there might be some carelessness in the delivery, I went to the office myself, after the noon mail came in, but there was nothing there. The oversight must have been in the office here.' 'Did you mail that letter, Elbert ?' de-

manded Mr. Horton, turning to the culprit who stood by the window, trembling. 'I forgot,' stammered the boy, looking confused.

'And after all my charges !' said his father sternly. 'Why did you put the letter out of your hand at all until it was was sate in the office ?'

pony which you say Mr. Barnes will hold until noon, awaiting my decision. Elbert has long wanted such a pony, and as I am sure he will take good care of it, I would not miss the bargain for anything. Secure it by all means, and bring it with you when you come this evening. I wish to give him a genuine surprise, and as this is fool's day I have taken it into my head to

do a little April-fooling myself. Hoping to see you and the pony this evening, I remain as ever, your brother-JOHN."

Elbert obeyed, and this is what he read :

father means.'

'Now you know the secret of this important letter, and understand why I said another person as well as myself would be disappointed if it missed the morning mail,' said Mr. Horton.

'If I had known what it was I would have remembered better,' replied Elbert. 'Ah, yes, but it was to be a surprise,' argued his father. 'And then boys should be as trustworthy where their own interest | it may. are not at stake as where they are. There is a good deal of poetic justice in the way this thing has turned out. All your life your unfaithfulness to duty has given you, as well as other people, trouble. How often have you been told that duty should always have right-of-way when it seems to conflict with pleasure, and now more forcibly than ever before, perhaps, you

have learned the lesson from experience, an experience which I trust may never have to be repeated. I know you are disappointed; but if your disappointment teaches the much needed lesson of prompt obedience it will be worth all that it costs. Remember a boy's faults, if uncorrected, will cling to him in manhood, and it would be as unreasonable to expect an unreliable boy to grow up into a trustworthy man as to count on seeing a crooked, deformed sprout grow up into a straight and beautiful tree.'

Though emarting with the sting he had inflicted upon himself, Elbert was just enough to indorse his father's words and to determine to overcome this evil habit, and if he comes off conqueror the Aprilfool experience will prove of more value to him than half-a-dozen Shetland ponies.

The dark cloub is little dreaded when beyond the tomb.

not able to forget your great patience and kindness, nor some of the things you said to me. Under God I owe what I have today of true manhood to you.'

Examples of apparently utter depravity are met by every lover of his kind who gives himselt to the uplitting of humanity, but it is an unsolved problem whether there was ever a really "hopeless case." We are told that "genius loves difficulties" and it is equally certain that supreme faith in Christ and in His teachings loves the hopeless cases-let the phrase mean what

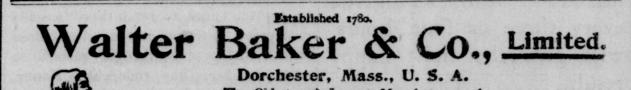
A Pleasing Incident.

A touching little incident of the Queen's Jubiles last summer was seen by a few people only. A half dozen years sgo the Baroness Burdett Coutts, while driving one day near Covent Garden, where the costermongers of London buy most of their supplies, noticed the wretched condition of their donkeys that were, as a rule, halfstarved and brutally beaten.

The next day she publicly offered prizes to be given yearly to the costers whose horses or donkeys were in the best condition. Since then an annual inspection of them is held in Regent Square, and the prizes are awarded.

Hundreds of costers wearing their quaint holiday costume, long-tailed coats with huge silver buttons, and accompanied by their 'donahs'-as they call their sweethearts or wives-in high plumed hats, lead their donkeys and carts around Regent Square before the venerable baroness, who has a kind word of advice and sympathy for each one of them.

During the jubilee, without any warning to the authorities, the same strange procession formed in the Strand and marched up Piccadilly, [singing the coster songs, which are in a dialect of their own. They we are sure there is no tempest in waiting | surrounded the palace of the baroness in a solid mass, the donkeys and carts covered



William McAleer, Farmer, Creemore P. O. writes : For years I have been a sufferer from acute rheumatism. At times I have been completely laid up with it-could not put on my clothing without assistance. Before I had completed the second bottle of South Rmerican Rheumatic Cure I was a well man. If those two bottles had cost me \$50.00 I would have considered it cheap medicine."

\$500.00 FOR RELEASE.

Him for Five Years-Two Bottles of

South American Rheumatic Cure

Gave Him His Liberty.

Too Classic for Them.

A resident in a small suburban town quite a long distance from Boston had a visit from a German friend who knew very little English but played the violin well. One of this resident's neighbor's gave a "musical evening," and of course he and his visitor were invited. The German took his violin, and when his turn came he played one of his best pieces, from one of the great masters. When he had finished there was an awkward silence, and no applause. The people were still looking expectantly at the German, who looked disappointed and flustered. The silence grew painful. Finally the hostess, quite red in the face, edged over to the side of the German's friend.

'Can't you get him to ?' .ha whispered. "What do you mean ?" 'Why, now that he's got tuned up, isn't he going to play something ?'

DEATH'S WORK

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.

Dear Sirs Your Morin's Creso-Phates Wine has preserved me from the blows of Phthisis which were threatening me with their deadly work. After having been convalescent for some time, I am now enjoying the best of health,

Believe in my gratitude, ART. TESSIER. Montreal.

The Quest of Fortune.

'The longer I live the more firmly I am convinced,' said Mr. Gozzleton, 'that a man who wants a fortune has got to do something besides wish for it. Fortunes, large and small, are shy, very shy. In one form and another they are passing by all the time, but they won't stop for the mere asking, however polite and graceful and earnest the invitation may be. We might sit out on the veranda from now till doomsday and rise and bow and scrape at every one of 'em that came along and ask 'em all in but never any of 'em would stop. They might want to come in, but nothing short of actual collaring would bring 'em in. The

the Story.

Mrs. Rass is Cured by the Great Spring Medicine, PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

SHE SUFFERED FOR LONG YEARS FROM FRIGHTFUL NEURALGIA.

She says:

"No Tongue Can Describe the Agonies I Suffered"

Paine's Celery Compound the Great Medical Prescription for Neuralgia, Sciatica and Rheumatism.

Beware of Imitations; PAINE'S" IS THE KIND THAT CURES.

The quiet little town of Quyon, situated on the Ottawa river, has furnished many a strong and convincing testimonial for earth's most popular medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. One of the latest letters received is from Mrs. David Rass, a lady well known and highly esteemed ; she writes as follows : WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIRS :-- I have much pleasure in testitying to the worth of your life-saving medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. I was s victim of neuralgia in its; worst form for many years, and no tongue can describe the agonies I suffered. A friend recommended your Compound to me, and after using two bottles I am completely cured. I cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compuond to the world, especially to all who suffer the agonizing tortures of neuralgia.

Yours very truly, MRS. DAVID RASS, Quyon, P. Q.



1 the

'I met the boys and they would have me go down to the tank to play a fool's day trick on Joe Kelly, and I forgot all about the letter until the school-bell rang,' explained Elbert, ruefully.

"April-fooling, eh,' said his tather with a peculiar look that Elbert did not understand. 'Well, we shall see who the Apriltool was in this instance. Have you the letter still in your pocket.'

'Yes sir,' replied Elbert, producing the letter, somewhat crumpled from its contact with a real boy's pocket. When he offered it to his uncle, he

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE ocoas and hocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs le³ than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Checolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a gre t favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Waiter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal

fact is that if we want a fortune we've got to work for it.

'Men have made fortunes, to be sure, without working. Oil may spout up out of the ground one owns and cover him with riches. Another man may find iron ore in his land, and so on. But such cases are so few in number that they don't count, the chances of our getting rich in that way are really not worth considering. If we would be rich we must work for it. And work early and late; all the time. Plug at it, and keep plugging at it. There is practi-cally no other way. 'The man who idles away his time, or

