an' th' doctor—'cause nobody—never—cared 'bout me till I got—hurted."

"O, dear little girl, don't say that again. Somebody is going to care for you all the rest of your life. Somebody's going to help you grow into a strong, brave woman, who will live to make life brighter for other little girls."

"Then— why, you— don't mean—"

"Yes, dearest, that's just what I mean. I've nobody in the world who is near to me, and I'm going to adopt you. Don't say a word, dear, nor move much, because it isn't good for you. Just nod your head a very little if you would like to be my very own little girl."

The gray eyes of the child had grown larger and wider during the words. Now they filled with tears, while a strange look of wonder, of trust and aroused affection overspread the wan little face.—*Christian Advocate.*

CUTICURA OINTMENT

Purest of Emollients and Greatest of Skin Cures.

The Most Wonderful Curative of All Time

For Torturing, Disfiguring Skin Humours

And Purest and Sweetest of Toilet Emollients.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humours of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases, by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humours, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing and healing the most distressing of infantile humours, and preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scald and hair.

Cuticura Ointment possesses, at the same time, the charm of satisfying the simple wants of the toilet, in caring for the skin, scalp, hair, hands and feet, from infancy to age, far more effectually, agreeably and economically than the most expensive of toilet emollients. Its "Instant relief for skin-tortured babies," or "Sanative, antiseptic cleansing," or "One-night treatment of the hands or feet," or "Single treatment of the hair," or "Use after athletics," cycling, golf, tennis, riding, sparring, or any sport, each in connection with the use of Cuticura Soap, is sufficient evidence of this.

Cuticura Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; Boston, 137 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Sole Proprietors.

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A BOY'S TWO FAVORITES.

There is a boy uptown, ten or twelve years old, who is extravagantly fond of his pet cat. The animal lives in the basement, and the boy makes daily visits there unless some accident prevents him from doing so. Recently he underwent an operation for the relief of enlarged tonsils, and as a result he was compelled to remain in bed for several days. On the second day of his confinement to his room other members of the family caught a glimpse of the cat making her way upstairs with something in her mouth. She made her way to her master's room and, jumping upon the bed, laid a tiny kitten beside the pillow. After noting the astonishment with which the boy regarded the advent of this unexpected visitor the mother cat made her way to the basement again and returned with a second kitten. This was all the family pussy had, and she purred with satisfaction to the delighted expression of the sick boy.

The boy who was so fond of his cat was also passionately attached to the maid who had taken care of him all through his earlier years. He frequently vowed that he would marry her when he grew up and besought her to wait for him. One day he was suddenly taken with the toothache, and a visit to the dentist became necessary. It was decided to extract the tooth, and laughing gas was administered.

"Mamma," stammered the boy, thickly as he was lapsing into unconsciousness, "will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, anything you want," replied the indulgent mother.

"Then raise Annie's salary $5 a month."

After the tooth had been taken out the boy could remember only one thing that had happened, and that was that mamma had promised to raise Annie's pay. As the mother had always brought up her children in the way of truth she felt obliged to accede to the request, and Annie was made that much richer.—*St. Louis Star.*

WHAT BECAME OF THE QUARREL.

"What in the world!" cried Mrs. Cary, looking out of her front door at two little figures coming up the walk. Their boots were muddy — oh, very muddy! Their hands were dirty and their aprons dripping wet in front.

Jim's hat was not worn upon his head at all, but was carried carefully in his chubby hands, evidently heavy with some precious treasure.

Where had they been? They had been to the pond to teach Buzzy to drink. Yes. Mrs. Cary knew that. She had heard them in high dispute over that very subject—Aleck wanting to make Buzzy drink, and Jim declaring that it would wash all the paint off his nose. Buzzy was a wooden horse.

But what was this in Jim's hat? They had found it in the pond, and Smoot, the cow man, had told them that it was what made frogs; so they had brought it home to keep until it grew into frogs. "It's very dirty and horrid," said Mrs. Cary, holding her dress away from Jim's dripping hat. The hat was full of a sort of milky jelly, "very cold and slimy," and "quivery." This jelly was full of tiny black spots.

Mother loaned the little fisherman a tub, and for many days their joy and delight was to watch for the little tadpoles, which finally appeared.

"What became of that quarrel you were having about Buzzy's drinking?" asked the big brother, Ned.

"Why," said Aleck, looking up from the tub, "we forgot all about it."

"Yes," nodded Jim, "we forgot."

"That's the best thing to do with a quarrel that I ever heard of in my life," said Mrs. Cary.—*Sunbeam.*

WIND COLIC.

"In my opinion," writes Mrs. Philip Collins, of Martindale, Que., "there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets. Before I began the use of the Tablets my baby cried all the time with wind colic and got little or no sleep, and I was nearly worn out myself. Soon after giving baby the Tablets the trouble disappeared. I have also proved the Tablets a cure for hives, and a great relief when baby is teething. I would not feel that my children were safe if I did not have a box of the Tablets in the house."

All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets speak just as highly of them as does Mrs. Collins. The Tablets cure all the little ills from which infants and young children suffer, and the mother has a solemn assurance that this medicine contains neither opiate nor any harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN INTERNAL DIFFICULTY.

Little Archie Richards, at the close of the Thanksgiving dinner, sat at the table with his face suffused with tears. His mother was greatly troubled. With a sweet smile and with gentle intonation she put one arm around her little baby boy and asked:

"What is it mamma's little darling wants?"

But mamma's little darling continued to cry.

Mamma made another effort to find out the trouble.

"Does mamma's boy want some more cake?" she asked.

"No'm," said the child while tears continued to flow.

"Does he want some more pie?" she further inquired.

"No'm," he further replied.

"Well," said the mother, making a last effort to reach his case, "tell mamma what baby wants."

The little boy managed somehow to say between sobs, "I wants some of this out I've got in." — *November Lippencott's.*

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

When crackers become soft from long standing, put them in a pan and bake them over. They will be as crisp as fresh ones.

If vegetables have become frosted, peel or otherwise prepare them for cooking and cover them with cold, salty water, leaving them in a fairly warm room over night.

The proper proportion when making stock is two-thirds meat and one-third fat and bone. A little experience in marketing will teach you to pick out at a glance a well-proportioned soup bone.

EASING THE CHEST.

It is the cold on the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strains the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop coughing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know of or can hear about in the shape of medicine. eW take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes anp roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whiskey, but the thing that has its grip on the chest hangs on and won't be shaken loose.

If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that it is so efficient a remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a simple preration, made of extracts of barks and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Adamson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore chest and you will find prompt relief.

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HAD OVER 500 BOILS.

This may seem an exaggeration to you,
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All sufferers from Bad Blood should read about this miraculous cure by

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

CURED IN 1885.

Mr. David F. Mott wrote us from Spring Valley, Ont., in 1885. He said:—I suffered from impure blood and had over 500 boils, but since taking **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS** I am entirely cured, and can recommend it to any person troubled with bad blood.

CONFIRMED IN 1901.

Mr. Mott writes us from 62 Broad St., Utica, N.Y., under date of Dec. 31st, 1901. He says:—Some time ago I received a letter from your firm, saying that some years ago you received a testimonial from me, stating that I had over 500 boils. Yes, sir, I had, and I must say that I have never had the reappearance of one since I took the course of your **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.** I thank God that I have had good health ever since, for I was a great sufferer.

I wish B.B.B. a world of success, which it surely deserves.

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