

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Edward's mother... Want of reflection...

Edward never seemed to think of others... or, we should say, how his conduct would affect others...

Thus Edward made himself the disturber of the household... As we have said he was a great trial to his poor mother...

One afternoon Edward came dashing into the house, in his usual boisterous manner, slamming the door behind him...

It was day when he started, and he hurried on anxious to complete the journey before night set in with its dangers...

He heard them drooling round, ever coming near. Tigers never go straight to their prey, but circle round and round...

Still they came and he could see their eyeballs glaring in the dim light. He knew that one false step would have been his death...

Steadily, with his eyes looking straight before him (he had peculiarly glistening black eyes), he pressed on, when through the gloom he saw a bright light...

There was, to the ear of the boy, a still deeper sadness in his mother's voice. He did not attempt to excuse himself...

The mother's voice trembled; then she burst into tears and hid her face in the pillow.

Edward's feelings were touched. He stood, for a few moments, near his mother, and then slowly moved away.

Uttering a cry of grief, the unhappy boy threw himself beside the lifeless form of his parent. Oh! what a crowd of rebuking memories now thronged through his mind!

Not until he had hurried down to his mother's room and looked upon her living face, was Edward fully satisfied that he had been asleep.

"I will try to be good, mother; indeed I will," came earnestly from his lips.

Only for me one... Edward's mother... Want of reflection...

A Tiger Story. Here is a perfectly true tiger story, illustrating the effect of the human eye on the lower animals...

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Some Original Proverbs

A white lie often makes a black story.

It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet.

He who would eat the egg must first break the shell.

Every back has its pack. Pens and ink out of reach avoid many a breach.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you.

The present is the child of the past and the parent of the future.

The want of money is the root of much evil.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.

If you'd know a man's character, follow him home.

Better a line of sense than a page of nonsense.

The surest road to honor is to deserve it.

Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all.

It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

Signs are poor things to fly with.

Home is the rainbow of life. Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread.

They who live in a worry invite death by hurry.

It Saved My Wife's Life

This is the report of a Princess street gentleman who had the opportunity a few nights since of testing Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure.

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