

WHEN DAVE CAME.

BY HARRIET G. CANFIELD.

Elm Dale was the scene of joyful preparation, for Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hammond were soon to celebrate their golden wedding. From far and near their children and grandchildren were coming to the old country home under the great elms.

All of the neighbors were interested in the coming event, and a number of them were pledged "to help out on chairs and china." Patience Saybin, familiarly known as "Patty," and her brother lived only a mile from Elm Dale, but they had not been asked to contribute, and Patty felt slighted.

"I've offered to lend them everything on the place—even you, John," she said to her brother, "but Mrs. Hammond says they have all the arrangements made. I'd want a finger in the pie."

John laughed. "Never mind, little girl," he said, consolingly. "Mr. Hammond says they may ask us to sleep one or two, if the old house won't hold them all."

The day before the celebration Mrs. Hammond drove over in the morning to see Patty. "I thought we could stow 'em all away," she said, with a smile, "but I was thinking Mary had four children, 'stead of five! I don't see how I came to forget little David when I was making the arrangements."

"Oh, yes," Patty cried, delightedly. "I should love to, Mrs. Hammond. The old lady said, 'I brought his picture along,' she said, 'so you could see what a dear little fellow he was.'"

Patty bent eagerly over the photograph. A pleasant little face smiled at her from the cardboard—the round, dimpled face of a five-year-old. "He's a perfect cherub," she cried.

"I'm expecting most of my children this evening, and, if his folks come I'll send him over before bedtime."

The dear old lady forgot to tell Patty that the picture of David was taken 23 years before.

ed you that small boy photo, did she?"

Patty nodded and smiled again. After all, this David had pleased her eyes, quite like the little fellow. "I am glad that you came," she said, hospitably. "My brother and I are often lonely, and John will be delighted to entertain someone of his own age. I hear him coming now, and she rose and went to the door to meet him."

"John," David heard her say, "Mr. Torrell is here."

"Mr. Torrell," the answer came, "and who is he, Patty?"

"Hush! He'll hear us; it is little David. Don't laugh so loud, John!" She slipped her hand into his and led him to the sitting-room, and in a few minutes the three young people were on the short road to friendship.

Late in the evening they adjourned to the dining-room for a little lunch. Patty had forgotten the high chair and its accompaniments, and it was with a feeling of dismay that she saw their visitor's eyes traveling in that direction.

"Are those things for my use?" he asked, laughingly.

"What things?" Patty said, innocently.

"This high chair, tin tray and so on."

IT READS LIKE A MIRACLE.

Only Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Doing Similar Things Daily.

Reuben Draper's Gravel Was Cured Three Years Ago—It Has Never Come Back.

Bristol, N. O. Quebec, Aug. 2.—(Special)—Reuben Draper, well known here, tells a story of his cure of a bad case of gravel that would be considered miraculous if similar cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills were not being reported almost daily.

"About three years ago," says Mr. Draper, "I was taken ill with what I thought was gravel. I was suffering great pain, and the doctor I sent for gave me but little relief. Another doctor I tried failed to cure me, and I was getting weaker all the time."

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, as they had cured his mother, and I did so. In just one week after I started using them I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and in four days after I passed another about the size of a walnut. That is two years ago, and I have not had any trouble since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all ailments of the bladder and urinary organs.

Awful Threat. Baltimore Herald. Beryl—Yes, Mrs. Grimshaw's husband often gets very sarcastic and irritable, but she soon subdues him with a few words.

Difference in the Old Days. Baltimore American. "And now," said the inquisitive person, who had been asking all sorts of pertinent questions of the raw-boned mountaineer, who sat at his cabin door smoking a corncob pipe.

The Man Who Grows on You. Roxbury Gazette. Your most delightful acquaintance is the man who grows on you. You know people in plenty who do not gain in your appreciation; every time you meet them they seem more shallow and more petty than before.

THESE BE WISE MEN.

Monuments Left to the Intellect of Other Days and Happier.

Our time needs stronger souls.—Beethoven. Conscience! Man's most faithful friend.—Cranbee. In counsel it is good to see dangers, but in execution not to see them unless they are very great.—Beacon.

Do not do that respect confidence will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from the heart; the source of nobler actions becomes extinct in him.—Auffenberg.

The first merit of pictures is the effect they produce on the mind; and the first step of a sensible man should be to receive involuntary impressions from them. Pleasure and inspiration first; analysis afterward.—H. W. Beecher.

The world yields a dreary prospect, if we think of it only as a collection of mountains, rivers and towns; but to know here and there one another, who think and feel as we do, and with whom we live in silent fellowship—this makes the broad earth a choice garden.—Goethe.

As nothing is more provoking to some temper than rallery, a prudent person will not always be sarcastically witty where he can, but only where he may without offense. For he will consider that the finest stroke of rallery is but a witticism, and that there is hardly any person as mean whose good will is not provoked by the pleasure of a horse-laugh.—Burgh.

Lacked Courage. A fair and buxom widow who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman, who paid marked attention in the days of his adolescence, to inspect the graves of her dear departed. After contemplating them some minutes in mournful silence, she murmured to her companion: "Ah, Joe, you never have been in that row if only you had had a little more courage."—Exchange.

Extinct. Teacher—Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct. Little Bessie—Dick! Teacher—Dick? What sort of a bird is that? Little Bessie—Our canary—the cat extirpated him!

Washing with Little Work. Clothes are torn and worn out by washboards and out-of-date washers. The new Century Washer saves the worst of the wear and separates the dirt from the fabric in a wonderful way. It washes small, delicate things perfectly clean without the slightest injury to a thread.



The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap.

Whiting to Accommodate Her. New Cook—Well, I dare say your place will do—oh, I forgot—have you any children? The Master (prospective, wearily)—Yes, I have five, but of course I could drown two or three if you insist upon it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. The Dead Sea Level. A marked rise in the level of the Dead Sea has been noted. The ruin, El Bahr, that stood like an island near the River Jordan, is now completely under water.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. Even With Him. Exchange. Mr. Flirty (tauntingly)—I saw Mrs. Berryman on the street today. She looked charming in her mourning gown.

AN ODD ACCIDENT. How a Soldier Involuntarily Committed Suicide in Battle. "It is not often that a man commits suicide on the field of battle," said Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, author, traveler, dramatist and soldier in seven wars, "either voluntarily or involuntarily, but it happens sometimes, and that it did happen once when I was a party to it saved my life. My first experience as a Confederate soldier was under Van Dorn, in Missouri, and some of the small battles we had in the southwest were about as nasty fighting as a soldier ever had to do. I belonged to a company of scouts, and early one morning we were surprised by a squadron of Federal cavalry that we thought was on the other side of a stream we were supposed to be guarding. I think we had about seventy-five men in our company, and there were just about that many Yankees. They came down on us with a rush, and while most of our men got to horse and went at them hot and heavy a dozen or so of us missed our mounts, and we were forced to fight on foot. We had the old fashioned sort, with hammers, and when the fight got real warm we had to scatter somewhat. Pretty soon I found myself hand to hand with a Yankee, and he was as big as a haystack.

"He came at me cutting and slashing to kill and murder, and I tried to shoot him, but I had my muzzle loader ready for business, but he was so close on me that I had to use my gun as a guard and could not get it into firing position. I tried hard enough to get it where I could shoot, but he was doing all he could to prevent such a result, and the best I could do was to punch viciously at him with my bayonet when I wasn't holding the gun up to ward off his saber. He had the advantage, and saw that he had, and he came at me with a wild rush. This time I would have gone down beneath his blows certain, for he fairly rained down on my gun barrel, but in some providential way—for me, at least, for it must have been Providence—he struck the hammer of my gun with his sword blade, and the gun went off with an explosion that threw it out of my hands and sent the entire charge spurting into the cavalryman's face. We went down together, both covered with blood—his blood. But only one of us was up again."—New York Press.

Cook and Bull Story. Regarding the origin of this phrase, Brewer, in his 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,' says that it is a corruption of a 'concocted and bully story.' The catclapnet hawked about the streets are still called 'cooks'—that is, concocted things. Bully is the Dutch 'bulen' (exaggerated) in halting.

Never Mind Expense. A traveller engaged a room in a hotel and was somewhat surprised at the meagreness of the furnishings. "Is this all the soap there is in the room?" he asked the landlord. "Well," was the reply; "all we will allow you."

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT. Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known.

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50 GIRLS WANTED FOR BISCUIT FACTORY, good wages, steady employment. D. S. FERRIS & CO., London, Ont.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERIES OF THE AGE. Write to me, I will send you the names of the discoverers of the 'Business Guide.' Both in English and French; makes positively the strongest proposition ever offered to agents; no book ever had such a phenomenal sale as the 'Business Guide.' If you have any interest in earning money honestly and very rapidly, write quick for territory and be first in the field. Experience not necessary, we run all risk. Don't sleep till you write. The J. L. Nichols Co., Limited, Toronto. Mention this paper.

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Western University and College. LONDON, ONT. Arts and Medicine. The Arts Department offers honor courses in Classics, Modern History and English. For information, calendars, etc., address W. C. JAMES, M.A., Ph. D., Provost.

ALBERT COLLEGE, Belleville, Ont. 340 students enrolled last year. 184 young ladies and 156 young men. One of the best equipped and most largely attended colleges in Ontario. Music, Commercial, Fine Art, Education, Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Matriculation and Teachers' courses.

USE R & D Summer Excursions. To Rochester, 1000 Islands, Bay of Quinte, Rapid St. Lawrence, to Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, River du Loup, Tadoussac, Saguenay River. Steamers Toronto, Kingston and Corcoran. Further information apply to H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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Good Things to Eat on the Lawn. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

VERY ODD NAMES

OF SOME

Maine is the origin of chewing gum. It was not Gambit, of the United States, who introduced the chewing gum, but the Board of Geographic Names of the United States, in its bulletin of 10,000, says that the American public necessity of the chewing gum in Maine, says the Washington Post, is that it is peculiarly necessary for that State to keep their streets clean. The practice of chewing gum is not of the origin of the chewing gum, but the chewing gum is not of the origin of the chewing gum.

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