

they give us a satisfaction and happiness that are hard to equal. I am proud of my boy for taking his stand on honour's side, and I hope that he will always be found there."

There was a flush on Walter's cheek as he listened to these words. He said nothing, but his mother knew from the light in his eyes that he intended to do his best always to be worthy of them—that he meant to be found always on the side of right and honour.

DO YOU READ

What people are saying about Hood's Sarsaparilla? It is curing the worst cases of scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all forms of blood disease, eruptions, sores, boils and pimples. It is giving strength to weak and tired women. Why should you hesitate to take it when it is doing so much for others?

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THE SWEETEST OF VOICES.

They were travelling through a dreary waste of country, without so much as trees and green grass to look at. Nannie took the seat nearest the window, while grandpa looked over her curly, golden head at the scenes passing so swiftly by. Suddenly the car stopped and several people came aboard, very conspicuous among them being an old lady and a little boy.

They were seating themselves when the old lady's voice sounded loud and shrill through the car:

"Samuel! hev' yo' got the basket?"

"Yes, grandma." Nannie could not but notice how soft and gently he spoke.

"Is it right side up?" the old lady queried in raspish voice.

"The basket is all right, grandma."

A silence followed, interrupted only by the jolting of the train and the whispered conversation of grandpa and Nannie.

"Samuel! did you bring my umbrella?"

"No, grandma."

Nannie started at the unexpected expression from the old lady's lips, while grandpa, for a moment, turned his gaze to the inside of the car.

"Just like your carelessness!" continued the old lady. "There's a black cloud now a-risin' in the west. Like as not I shall get as wet as water. But what could it matter to you if I did? you wouldn't have the rheumatism. Young folks never do have any feelings for old ones."

"That is not a cloud, grandma; it is only smoke." This, too, was spoken in the same kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, and here I sit in my blindness, to be told that I can't see straight. I can remember when I could see as straight as anybody,

and wouldn't have had to take anybody's word for a thing."

Here Samuel seemed to be in some unexplained way at fault for his grandmother's blindness and looked the picture of sorrowful sympathy, when grandma raised her glasses and asked:

"Samuel! did you shut up the chickens?"

"They were already in the coop, grandma."

"Another piece of your thoughtlessness," continued grandma, "left there to choke and starve, while you are having a good time."

"I fed and watered them, grandma."

"What'd ye say?"

"I fed and watered them." This time in a trifle louder tone of voice.

"Well, I wish that folks that talk to me would talk so I can hear them."

The old lady was silent for some little time now, and Samuel was quietly enjoying the scenes flitting so rapidly by the car window, when the old lady's sudden call aroused all within hearing:

"Samuel, my shawl is falling! I should think you would see something!"

"There it is, grandma," and the child quietly raised the shawl, fast slipping from off the old lady's shoulders, and carefully wrapped it about the thin, shriveled form. "Here is your handkerchief, too, grandma; think you must have dropped it."

"It's awfully cold here, Samuel; I wish you would build a fire."

"There's no stove in the car."

"No stove in the car!" Here the old lady's voice seemed filled with unutterable consternation! "Did you bring your old grandmother into a car without first knowing if there was a stove in it?"

An abused expression now crept into the features; but Samuel, apparently unconscious of its appearance, added in a soothing tone:

"Never mind; we will be there in a few moments, grandma. See! the houses are getting close together; we will soon be inside the city."

In spite of herself, the old lady's attention was diverted from herself, for the moment, as she watched one after another of the buildings they came in sight of.

"I had a house as nice as that myself once, before I knew what it was to be poor and old."

"I think your home is lovely, grandma!" said Samuel, with emphasis; "the climbing roses are the prettiest I have ever seen."

"Pretty!" and an indignant expression covered the old lady's face.

A moment later the train stopped, and the peevish grandmother, with the sweet-voiced child, stepped out of the car and they were lost in the crowd.

"What a beautiful voice that child had," grandpa said to Nannie, when they were alone again; "I do not think I ever heard a sweeter."

"Why, grandpa, he talked through his noise and lisped."

"He spoke beautifully, Nannie. Every word sounded like some sweet distant music. I shall never forget that voice."

"Why, grandpa, you could not have heard distinctly; his voice was harsh."

"No, child, his voice was beautiful. I shall save that voice and store it away in my music room among other voices that I cherish."

"But, grandpa, you have no music room."

"None that you have ever seen, I know, my child, and none that you may enter, for it lies here," pointing to his forehead, "and strangers are not allowed to enter."

"It is an old room, is grandpa's music room, and full of sweet, happy strains. Here are the voices of those gone before and the tender words they have said. Here are the cherished lisps of my own darling babies, now, alas! dead or wandering far away. Here are the sweet psalms I learned in childhood, and the beautiful voices I have gathered, one by one, and placed with my other treasures. Then when the twilight comes on, Nannie, and I sit in my open door and watch the gathering darkness, I open the door of my music room and listen. They never refuse my request, but one after another they make their free-will offerings, and I think what a beautiful world it is that we live in after all."

Nannie remembered how often she had seen grandpa sit in this way, while a bright smile played upon his features. These were the times, then, that grandpa had the door of his music room open.

"Here I shall place Samuel's voice, and when I am tempted to be cross or impatient, I shall think of the poor freckled boy who placed before me such an example of patience."

Nannie could not imagine grandpa ever feeling cross.

"How beautiful it must be to spend even a moment in your music room, grandpa."

"Yes, Nannie, but this music room is one each must make for himself. These selections are one's own."

Nannie wondered if the unpleasant expression some faces wore was caused by the unpleasant selections their music room contained.

They had reached their own little station now, and as grandpa assisted Nannie to alight, she whispered:

"Are you sure the voices in your room are not angel voices, grandpa? for I most believe God hears Samuel's voice as you do."

But grandpa only smiled as they trudged through the muddy streets together.

Help is wanted when the nerves become weak and appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives help by making the blood rich and pure.

TWO WAYS OF WORKING.

There are two boys in the Reamer family, brothers, so unlike in habits and dispositions that no one would ever suspect them of being related. There occurs to me no better way of illustrating the difference between them than to tell how each boy cleaned the carriage not long ago. Their father, after he had started down town to business one morning, came back and said to Felix, the older son:

"Felix, I wish you'd clean the carriage this morning. My drive yesterday got it pretty muddy."

Felix looked up with something very like a scowl on his face.

"I wanted to go over to Cary Hope's this morning," said he. "Can't I wait until after school, father?"

"Your mother is going to take Miss Elliott out for a drive before lunch, and I think she would like to have the carriage in good shape," answered Mr. Reamer.

"Miss Elliott is so near-sighted she'd never notice whether the carriage was muddy or not," grumbled Felix.

"Your mother isn't near-sighted," remarked Mr. Reamer, dryly. "You can clean it to add to her pleasure. If you begin now and work briskly, you can get through in time to go to Cary's."

"Can't I wait until after school, mother?" asked Felix, with a whine that irritated his father beyond all endurance. He brought his cane down on the floor suddenly and sharply, and answered for his wife with considerable sternness:

"You cannot wait until after school! Clean the carriage this morning and get at it right away!"

Felix left the house to begin the work which his own unwillingness made doubly disagreeable.

Going to the barn, he opened the big sliding door with a jerk, and lifting the thills of the carriage he gave it such a bad-tempered

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