

they used to get the chickens to go up and knock them down. When they heard anyone coming, off they went as fast as possible, for they seemed to know quite well that they were taking what did not belong to them.

I am not making these stories up to amuse you, but I am just telling you what I know did happen, and showing you how kind and clever animals can be.

How Noah's Ark went to School.

Mamma was ill, and aunt Tina had to stay with her a good deal. One afternoon, when mamma was feeling worse than usual, Aunt Tina coaxed Arthur, the youngest of her two nephews, to take a nap in his crib. She told Clarence to be a good boy, and not get into mischief while she bathed mamma's head.

By-and-by, when mamma had dropped asleep, Aunt Tina went softly out of the room to see what Clarence was about, for he was full of mischief, and often got into trouble.

His playthings were strewn about the garden, his rocking-horse, his kite, and bow and arrows; but no Clarence could she find. At last, away down the dusty road, she saw a little red figure plodding away as fast as possible out of sight. Fearing that he would be run over, or stray too far and be lost, she hurried after him. He heard her coming, and, turning his head covered with yellow curls, saw her so near that he started to run. His chubby feet and short legs were not strong enough for the long wayside grass and tall daisies, and he somehow got all tangled up in them.

When Aunt Tina reached his side he was sitting half-buried in the grass and daisies and clover. His blue eyes were drowned in tears as he rubbed them with his fat, dirty little fists. When she picked him up in her arms to soothe him he sobbed out all his grief on her shoulder.

"Aunt Tina, see!" pointing to a great heavy basket he had brought with him, crammed full of the animals from his Noah's ark. They were now scattered in great disorder through the grass. "I was takin' Mr. Noah an' his fam'ly to school, so they could learn to spell an' read like other boys, an' not have to always keep still. An' now—an' now they's all losted or broke, an' me'll never find 'em an'—"

Here he broke down in sobs once more. But after a while Aunt Tina comforted him and helped him to find all the men and animals. Hand in hand they trudged back home to tell mamma how he tried to take Noah and his family to school.



A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat.

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Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Onkrupa, Cleveland, O.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Little Jacques and the Seagulls.

There was once a little boy named Jacques, who lived at the sea-side. He was not very clever at his books, and as he did not get on fast at school, his father and mother sent him to his grandmother to be taught. The grandmother did not begin by teaching him dull lessons, and giving him long columns of spelling to learn, but read him beautiful Bible stories, and talked to him often about God and the dear Saviour, and the little fellow was never tired of listening to her, and soon grew to love God very much.

One day his grandmother had been telling him that it is God who feeds the birds that sing so sweetly; but the simple little boy answered,

"Grandmother, it's we that feed the fowls every day, not God."

His grandmother pointed to some seagulls that were just then flying from the sea to the land.

"And who feeds them?" she said.

"God," answered the little boy, after pausing a few minutes to think. He knew that they had no "storehouse nor barn" or any hand but God's to feed them.

Some time after this, Jacques was again watching the sea-birds as they flew about; but this time his heart was very sad. He had left his grandmother's, and was living again with his father and mother.

It was a very sorrowful home, for Jacques' father had lost a great deal of money, and kept getting poorer and poorer, till at last there was hardly enough to buy bread. Jacques had been sent with his younger brothers and sisters to play on the beach, but he was too downcast to care to play; he knew how sad his father and mother were, and how little food there was left for them all to eat. Was God going to let them starve?

Just then he happened to see some seagulls, the bright rays of the sun shining upon their white wings as they dived in the sea for their food; and as he looked, the thought came into his mind, "God feeds them; won't He feed us, if we ask Him?"

How earnestly Jacques asked the good God, who feeds the birds and gives the flowers their beautiful smell, to help him and his parents. And when he had ceased praying his eye fell upon something bright which glittered upon the sand. He picked it up. It was a ten-franc piece (about nine shillings of our money).

Jacques took it home at once to his mother, who, feeling certain that a piece of money thrown up by the waves would never be claimed by any one, and that she might honestly keep it, spent it in bread for her family, till the father should get work, or help come to them in some other way.

Jacques lived to be a minister, and he never forgot the wonderful way in which his prayer as a child had been answered.

Kind Deeds.

O how many hearts are breaking!
O how many hearts are aching
For a loving touch and token,
For the word you might have spoken.
Say not in the time of sorrow,
"I will soothe their grief to-morrow;"
Prove your friendship, lest they doubt it.
Go at once; be quick about it.

Granny's Little Angel.

Granny Dykes lived in a lonely cottage by the side of a loch in Scotland. It was a funny-looking house, just one room with one window, and a thatched roof, green with moss and lichen.

Yet here she was perfectly happy and contented, with her goat, her canary, and a few tame rabbits. "She had God and her Bible," said she, "and what else did she need?" There were beautiful woods around the loch, where Granny went to gather sticks for her fire. One winter day the path was slippery, and Granny lost her footing and fell, spraining her ankle very badly. She couldn't move a bit for the pain. Poor Granny! She knew it would be most unlikely that any one would pass that lonely way; but she did not fear, as she asked God to help her in His own way. Time went on, it was getting cold and dark, when hark! a sweet voice sounded in Granny's ears, and in a moment Molly, the farmer's little daughter, stepped briskly out from the trees.

She started when she saw some one there, but she knew Granny directly, and ran up saying, "Oh, Granny, can I help you?"

"Molly, my lamb," said Granny, "I can't move a bit with my ankle, it is so painful, so I am just waiting for God to help me."

"And He must have sent me, Granny," said Molly, "I'm sure, so I'll go and fetch father."

Molly took off her warm cloak and wrapped it round dear old Granny, and very soon the wagon came and took her safely home.

"Good night, Molly," she said, "you have been God's little angel to me," after Molly had seen her safely into bed.

—The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang from the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—Long-fellow.

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