

than he could bear, but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

"Please, mother, I'll never do it again!" he cried, in humble tones. "Poor kitty! I see now just how badly I treated her."

Johnny was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.

—There is a story told of a little girl, who had been told in Sunday school that every kind word and every gentle action was a link in a golden chain, which would continue to grow in length till it would reach from earth to heaven.

The little girl was rather given to selfishness, but she persevered one day, and felt that she had made many "links," and so was very happy of course.

But on awakening the next morning, she was too drowsy and stupid to be ambitious, and so she said, "I don't feel very well, and so I guess I'll let Nellie make links to-day."

It is a child-like story, but it shows the tendency of human nature. We hear every day, of trials and sufferings among those who are destitute, and talk about the necessity of helping all such, but go our way leaving it for someone else to do. We are always wondering why "someone" does not do the work that is so plainly necessary, while we take our ease and conclude not to make "links" to-day.

If we are going to teach the children to be kind, courteous, thoughtful of others, and to distribute blessings as they go on in life, it is far better to set them an example of "link" making, than to let them rely wholly upon an invisible chain.

COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS.

To those who have the happiness to live in the country, October is perhaps the most beautiful month in all the year. To the boys it is especially so; for then the ripe nuts are dropping from the trees, and apples are being gathered, to be packed safely in barrels, or gathered in glowing red and yellow heaps under the trees. The great yellow pumpkins lie smiling in the sun, giving promise of delicious pies by and by, while the little ones may be made into gorgeous Jack-lanterns. Let every country boy be thankful that he does not live in the city; that he can go to school with the soft grass under his feet, instead of the hard pavement; that he can open his window in the morning and breathe the fresh, pure air that blows over the fields,

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instead of the smell of the streets; that he can run and play, with no policeman to arrest him for throwing his ball, or to shout at him to keep off the grass.

And the country girls are as well off as the boys, even though they have to work hard at times, though there are meals to get for thrashers, and dishes to wash afterwards. It is far pleasanter to wash dishes by a pleasant window, from which one can see the trees in their splendid dresses of red and gold, and hear "Bob White" whistling in the corn, than to do the same work in a basement kitchen, from which one cannot even catch a glimpse of the sky. Oh, country boys and girls, be thankful to Him who has caused your lines to fall in such pleasant places, and let nothing tempt you to forsake your country homes for the city.

A BOY AND HIS BROTHERS.

The eldest boy in a family where there are several brothers has a great responsibility. His standard of right is accepted as their standard; his manners are their manners; what he does they will do. A little brother always has one model—his older brother—and he is a faithful copyist.

If you are a big brother you may find this very inconvenient and sometimes annoying, but it is a fact which you must accept, and you ought also to accept the responsibility which goes with it. You are your brother's keeper. A boy does not always like to think of that; it is likely at times to interfere with his fun. But, my boy, if it does interfere, your fun is of a kind that ought to be interfered with. For instance, if you are off for a good time with your own special set of comrades, and you get thirsty, you might, perhaps, go into a saloon for a drink. You would not take anything intoxicating, of course, and you reason that it would not hurt you to go under the circumstances. But there is Harry, you do not quite feel that you would like him to go in; you say, "he is not old enough yet." Still, if he knows you do such things he will do them to a certainty.

Once I knew three boys who had an elder brother of whom they were very fond. They were always telling me about him, but I had never met him because business kept him from home. It was surprising how many things this elder

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brother could do according to the boys. He could sketch, he could sing, he had very good manners, he was always plucky, and they used to end his praises by saying in their boyish vernacular, "You would like Bancroft; he is square every time."

This very flattering description of Bancroft's character and qualifications certainly excited my curiosity.

By and by Bancroft came home, I made his acquaintance, and I came to think him as fine as did his brothers. He was a noble, modest, manly young fellow. One day he was talking with his mother and myself about his brothers. "Well mother," said he, "the boys all seem to keep on the right track still, don't they?"

"Yes," his mother answered, smiling, "They miss you, but I think they are doing well."

"Mother," he continued, "do you remember how you used to keep telling me that I ought to set a good example for the boys, and made me feel my responsibility for them?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"Well, mother," went on Bancroft quietly, "I suppose it is a very good thing for the boys, but I am sure it was a good thing for me, because you know wherever I went and whatever I did I had that small fry on my mind; I used to get tired of it sometimes and wish I could forget them, but I never could and the thought of them kept me out of plenty of folly, and sometimes worse

things, too. That's the reason I never smoked, that's the reason I never drank even so much as a glass of wine, and sometimes one is tempted to do something a little wrong when there is money in it; but I never dared yield, because those boys were watching everything I did. It was the same way about religion. If I did not go to church they would know it; if I felt 'too tired' to go to prayer meeting, so did they. In fact I could never get away from the sense of my responsibility as an elder brother. And now, looking back, I see that those boys kept me true many a time when I might have faltered and perhaps have gone wrong if it had not been for them."

"A good rule," you know, works both ways, and certainly Bancroft found that it did.

An elder brother ought not to be content with simply keeping his own life right, he ought to be the friend and companion of his younger brothers. He ought to let them share in his work and in his play. And a boy who takes his younger brothers as heartily and seriously as this, needs someone stronger than himself to lean on sometimes, and needs a wisdom wiser than his own to tell him what to do; but a Christian boy knows where to look, he has always a Model before him who is Perfection, and He who is the elder brother of us all, and the first-born among many brethren, who was the eldest brother in an earthly home, and who understands the situation perfectly, will not fail to give to any boy the wisdom and strength to bear his responsibility as he should.—Christian Work.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Roscommon, in Ireland, in 1729. He first came to London in 1756, a raw Irish student; he was then fresh from Italy and Switzerland. He had already had a varied experience, having been at times almost a beggar, then a quack doctor, a reader of proofs, an usher of a school, and then a writer of articles for a journal. But he did not find London a city of gold.

Early in 1764 he went to live in the Temple. He took rooms on the library staircase; they were humble rooms enough, but it was a hard year with him, and he could not afford better accommodation. In 1766 his celebrated book, "The Vicar of Wakefield," secured his fame, but he was still in difficulties. Whenever he was better off he spent his money lavishly, furnishing his rooms richly and entertaining many friends.

He was a man of wonderful spirits and gait, delighting his friends by singing his native Irish songs, and contributing in various ways to their amusement. Dr. Johnson was one of his most intimate friends, and lived in the Temple at the same time.

In 1768 Goldsmith wrote his celebrated poem, "The deserted village," and shortly after his "History of England," beside many other works.

He died early in the year 1774, aged only forty-four, and was buried in the Temple churchyard.