

THE DOMINION BANK

SIR EDMUND B. OSER, M.P., President
W. D. MATTHEWS, Vice-President

Capital paid up	\$ 4,700,000
Reserve Fund	5,700,000
Total Assets	70,000,000

C. A. BOGERT, General Manager

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will find the Letters of Credit and Travellers' Checks issued by THE DOMINION BANK a great convenience.

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Capital and Surplus \$1,400,000.00
Assets - - - - - 2,800,000.00
Total Assets - - - - - 4,200,000.00

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2nd Vice-President:
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Children's Department

A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet,
And her age was half-past three;
And she lived in a house on Wellington street,
In the yard with the walnut tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Was almost half-past four;
And he said, when they gave him a
baseball and bat,
That he'd "play with the girls no
more."

Gwendolen Jones, she gazed through
the fence,
At an end were all life's joys,
As she saw the friend of her youth
depart
"To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith,
Up to the field marched he;
But his eye was blacked and his head
was whacked,
And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "Baby," be-
cause he cried,
Did Teddy, and Willie, and Tim;
An they chased him away when he
threatened to tell,
An said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the
fence,
And her face wore a joyful smile,
When Harold Percival Marmaduke
said
He'd play with her "once in a
while."
—St. Nicholas.

DETECTIVES.

Nancy put down "Sherlock Holmes" with a long sigh of regret. "I wish I were a man. I'd be a detective," she declared.

"Why not be a woman and a detective?" Uncle Porter asked smiling—the picture of Nancy with her dimples and her daintiness as a Sherlock Holmes was certainly one to please the fancy.

Nancy tipped her head and looked at him doubtfully. Uncle Porter was a joy, but nobody ever did know just when his remarks would bring one out.

"I am sure that would not be at all the same thing," she replied. "But you may tell me—I can see that you are aching to."

"Well," Uncle Porter declared with a twinkle over Nancy's penetration "there are a great many women detectives. Some of them specialize on dirt; they could 'run down' a speck of dust in the dark. Others are remarkably skillful in seeing the faults of other people; I've heard them say that they knew there was something wrong about such and such a person—they just felt it"—Nancy, for some reason, colored brilliantly—"and of course, very soon they discover the terrible thing. That I am

The Meaning of a Name

"SALADA"

means everything that is choicest in fine tea. "SALADA" means the world's best tea—"hill-grown Ceylon"—with all the exquisite freshness and flavor retained by the sealed lead packages.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

bound to say, is a cheap 'erm of detection; almost anybody can learn to do it in three lessons. But there's another splendid variety of detective—the one who can always find beautiful things in people no matter how disagreeable they seem to others. Your grandmother was like that; she was one of the real seers of life—she

to add, "wee Tom was not the easiest child in the world to look after, being, despite his tender years, an accomplished explorer."

Certain it was that the last time Hilda looked up from her story, Tom was playing all right in front of the house, and, when she had found "how it turned out," he was nowhere to be seen.

Quickly she jumped up, and ran to the end of the street, but no sign of the blue "pinney." Perhaps he had gone into the house without her noticing, so back she flew. Mother was standing at the door, having come out to call them to dinner.

"Whatever is the matter, Hilda, child?" she said, as the little girl, breathless and excited ran up the garden path.

"O mother, is Tom in the house? I can't find him and he was here a minute ago."

"How long is a 'minute ago'?" asked her mother.

"Just while I finished the chapter, really, mother."

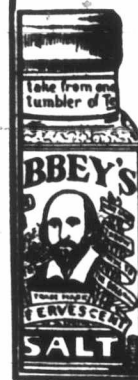
"Well, we must go at once and look for him, for he is not in the house"; and she added, glancing around, "His little cart is gone. With whom was he playing?"

"With Tony, I think."

"Run over, then, quickly, and see if he has gone home with him."

Hilda needed no second telling, for she felt a bit guilty and mother looked worried.

Which is better?
A bottle of prevention
or a run of Spring
Fever?
You ought to know.



Abbey's
Effervescent
Salt
25c and 60c bottle.
Sold everywhere.

saw a child of God in everybody. Sometimes it takes genius to do that Nan."

"Yes," Nancy answered, softly.—Canadian Epworth Era.

HILDA'S LESSON.

"Rejoice with me for I have found my sheep which was lost."

It was the lesson text for Sunday; and, though not often credited with paying attention, ten-year-old Hilda had listened rather thoughtfully to her teacher's explanation and picturing of the trouble and anxiety caused to the Shepherd by the little lamb straying, and His joy and gladness when He had brought it safely home.

The coming days were to bring her an illustration of it, which she was not likely soon to forget. It was mid-summer, holiday time, and Wednesday of that same week mother was extra busy planning to take her flock of four to a picnic next day, and Hilda was left to "keep an eye" on little Tom, her brother, who owned two-years' and a half.

Now Uncle Jack had once said that "minding small boys was not one of Hilda's talents"; but then he was always a tease, and had had the grace

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