

TRUTHFULNESS.

True heroism consists in doing what is right, come what may. In war, this may mean giving your life for another; in peace, it often means sacrificing money, honour, position, for what is honest and right. The first qualification towards heroism is absolute truthfulness. Come what may, be the consequences light or serious, a true hero, boy or girl, will never tell a lie. Lying is the mother of cunning, of meanness, and most other vices. Every boy and girl should feel in his or her own heart that a lie is the most contemptible, the most cowardly sin that they can commit; and of all forms of lying, the worst is the cowardly one of lying to escape punishment. If a boy does wrong—and the best of us may get into mischief or do wrong at times—it may be that the whole course of life will be influenced by the answer he gives when questioned concerning it. The coward will lie to screen himself, but the boy who has a shadow of heroic feeling about him will boldly confess to his share in the affair and take his punishment. Then he can look the world in the face again; he has paid the penalty, he has no need to be ashamed of himself, while those who have lied are regarded with contempt by their fellows, and suffer a

lasting feeling of shame and fear on their own part that the truth may come to light some time or other. I consider of all virtues absolute truthfulness stands first, and forms the foundation of heroism.—G. A. Henty.

FLORIDA WATER AND THE LIONS.

We had often heard that animals were very fond of perfumes. So Mamie and I saved our pennies and bought a bottle of Florida water, which we took with us to the Zoo. You just ought to have heard the racket in the lion house. It was very near their dinner time, and they were all very hungry. The old lion and his wife were prancing around their cage, roaring with all their might. Their noise started the puma, and when he began he started the panther. It was, I assure you, pandemonium let loose.

So Mamie poured half of the Florida water on a piece of raw cotton and threw it in the lion's cage. He stopped his noise, sniffed at it, and acted just like a good-natured puppy dog. He rolled over and over with his four big, strong legs in the air. He was perfectly happy, and forgot that he was hungry. Then Mrs. Lion came up and had a roll; and he never once snarled at her, as he so often does. They both were as nice and quiet as two pussy cats. Mamie and I didn't regret having spent our money on the perfume.—Lottie Canfield, in Our Dumb Animals.

A PAIR OF MITTENS.

"The mittens, Rob—where are they?"

"At school."  
"Well, don't forget them to-morrow. Your hands look so chapped, it worries me."

Mother took the cold little hands in hers; but Rob drew them away impatiently, and ran out into the toolhouse, where he had a snug corner to himself.

He hauled out his tool chest and looked at everything in it. He thought he would make a linch-pin for his cart; so he whittled away at a piece of pine for a few minutes. But soon he changed his mind, and decided to patch his old wheelbarrow. But the search for suitable wood was so tiresome that he had no energy left to begin his work.

He sat down to rest and think. Something troubled him.

"They are at school," he said to himself; "or, anyway, I left them there. And mother wouldn't care. She'd be real glad."

"Why don't you tell her, then?" asked a still voice somewhere inside of Rob. He could not tell what it

was; he heard it with his "inside ears."

"She'd be glad, I know," he repeated.

"Tell her, then," urged the voice, and Rob ran.

"Mother!" he called, before he reached her room; "I gave my mittens away. I can't get them to-morrow," and he stopped outside her door.

"Gave away your new mittens?" Mother's voice did not sound glad. "Why did you say they were at school?"

"Oh, 'cause."  
"Cause is no reason. Come in here."

Rob slowly came in, and his mother took him on her lap. He hid his face against her heart while he told his story.

"There's a poor little boy at school, and his mother's dead, and his hands are bloody with chaps. And I felt so sorry, I gave him my mittens; and then I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

Rob was sobbing, but he felt a tear drop on his forehead—mother crying, too!

"Rob, darling, I would have been so glad you wanted to make the poor boy warm, if only you had told the truth. You might give everything away rather than tell a lie!"

Rob cried harder at the dreadful word.

"But you have confessed, and I forgive you. This will make you remember. Tell the boy you had no right to give the mittens, and ask him to bring them here."

When the boy came, what do you think? Rob's mother gave him a new pair of mittens just like Rob's!

—The wilfully idle man, and the man who lives only for himself, have no place in a Christian community.—C. W. Stubbs.

—All nature is the language in which God expresses His thoughts; but the thoughts are far more than the language.—W. R. Inge.

Neglect the Liver And You Will Suffer.

Scarcely an Organ in the Body but Feels the Effects of a Disordered Liver.

When the liver gets torpid and inactive, bile is left in the blood—causing jaundice.

Indigestion results, because the liver is an important organ of digestion.

Constipation arises, because bile from the liver is nature's own cathartic.

A torpid liver means a poisoned system—pain, suffering, chronic disease.

By their extraordinary influence on the liver Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively remove the cause of such disorders.

Biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation—headaches, backaches and bodily pains disappear when the digestive, filtering and excretory systems are set right by the use of this great medicine.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

no?

month if you thought

pecial sale uch below owner of or \$7.00 a start the

in good over- it \$400. \$67

e rose- nd lyre, v. \$98

rough- Orig. \$113

of fine old sell \$117

walnut / keys. \$195

ut case, a, muff. \$205

finely ic fold- months, Now. \$243

i walnut Wessell, cturer's \$245

Upright l in re- be told \$274

pretty ll board, anufac- \$285

ze, rich & Gross as new. \$298

with Five

he same as a nt within five Piano to be ument so ex- \$10 per year

nth. nth. nth.

eming onto. ilton.



Cents Produce Dollars

In life insurance more quickly and more surely than in any other form of investment, provided death occurs—and that is just the time when ready money is most needed.

Unexcelled security is obtained under a policy with the

North American Life

and if on one of the Company's Investment Plans an excellent return is made should the Insured survive the Investment Period.

Premium rates and full particulars of a policy at your age may be obtained from any of the Company's representatives, or on application to the

Home Office, Toronto, Ont.

J. L. BLAIKIE, - - - President.  
L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A.,  
Managing Director.  
W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Sec.

Ask your Grocer for  
**Windsor Salt**  
Its Pure—That's Sure.

It makes life worth living on hot summer days.

# Abbey's Effervescent Salt

It keeps you cool and comfortable because it keeps you healthy. No heavy, depressed feeling—no bilious headaches—no stomach or bowel troubles—as long as you take a morning glass of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

25c. and 60c. a bottle. At all Druggists.

Designers and Manufacturers of **GAS AND ELECTRIC FIXTURES**  
ECCLESIASTICAL BRASS WORK, - ALTAR RAILS, ETC.

The JAS. MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO., Limited, 89-97 West Adelaide St TORONTO