

ing. She got behind a large tree, and Monte, brave dog, stood on the other side of the tree facing the bear. He was so large and bold that the bear didn't quite like to attack him, but kept edging about the tree to get at Margie. She would move around out of his way, and Monte kept always between her and the bear.

Just then one of her father's miners came along. When he saw the danger she was in, he ran to the cabin and called out, "Give me a gun, quick! There's a grizzly up in the wood trying to get at Margie." Her mother was a brave woman, who had lived on the frontier many years, but she trembled all over while she took her husband's rifle and gave it to the miner. They went as fast as their feet would take them to the spot where the dog was guarding his dear little mistress. How glad they were to see Margie safe behind the tree and the bear climbing the hill with long, slow steps. He had come down too near the houses around the mine, and thought he had better take himself off to the mountains, where he would be safe.

"Oh, Margie, darling, did he hurt you?" cried her mother, as she caught her in her arms.

"O, no, mamma, for Monte was here, and the old bear didn't dare to."

It was a glad home that night, after the father came and heard the story of his dear one's narrow escape. She is now a tall woman with a little daughter about as large as she herself was when Monte saved her from the bear. No dog was ever praised or loved more than he was all his days.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen, who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You will never amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you four men can do."

"Ah; what is that?" said they. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do—that neither of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point. The testimony of the boy was heroic and timely, a worthy example for those of larger growth.

—When the heart is full of God, a little of the world will go a great way with us.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON ROUTED.

An English farmer saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He sent a boy to shut the gate, and not to open it for anyone. The huntsman came up, and ordered the boy to open it. This he declined to do. He said his master had told him not to open the gate, and he intended to obey him. After a while one of the huntsmen came up to the boy and said, commandingly:

"My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, and I command you to open that gate."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honour, and he answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one is to pass through but with my master's permission."

Greatly pleased, the honest old soldier lifted his hat, as he replied: "I honour the man or boy who cannot be frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the French, but the world."

Handing the boy a gold coin, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do. I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

"ADDIE LETS ME, AND I LET ADDIE."

There were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said I to them one day. "How is it that you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the older answered: "O, you know, Addie let me, and I let Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah, that is it," I said; "she lets you, and you let her; that's it!"

Did you ever think what a cause of discord not "letting" is among children?

Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball," screamed Gerty.

"Well, Gerty won't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want her to have my ball."

"Fie, fie! is that the way sisters should treat each other?"

"She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty; "she'll only lose it."

"And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it." A disobliging spirit begets a great deal of quarrelling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, and unselfish, and always ready to oblige each other. Neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? Oh, yes. And do you not love them already?"

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes.

"My thumb is very sore," she complained. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Then there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"Oh mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am better now."

—There may be times when silence is gold, and speech is silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death, and speech is life—the very life of Pentecost.—Max Muller.

—Do you desire a kind, loving Friend, Who will be a helper always? Then learn to do things in Jesus' name, and you will draw near to him.

—All virtue consists in having a willing heart; God will lead you as if by the hand, if only you do not doubt, and are filled with love for Him rather than fear for yourself.

A man never describes his own imperfections and failings so accurately as when he is describing those of another.

—There is no good substitute for wisdom, but silence is the best that has yet been discovered.—H. W. Shaw.

—When we labour with God we find ourselves in the company of all the world's best workers.



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—When Paul was making tents, was he not working for Jesus just as much as when preaching? Do you do all things—even your study and your play and your errands—for Jesus' sake, asking His blessing upon them?