

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY
(LIMITED)
ASSETS, \$4,000,000.
Offices: 78 CHURCH STREET.
522 QUEEN ST. WEST.
3 1/2 %
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.
Withdrawable by Cheque.
Office Hours:
9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Every Saturday Evening 7 to 9.
JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

The RELIANCE
LOAN & SAVINGS CO. of Ontario
HEAD OFFICE: 84 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO
DEPOSITS
SUBJECT TO CHEQUE WITHDRAWAL
3 1/2 per cent. interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards, compounded half-yearly.
DEBENTURES issued for \$100 and upwards, for terms from 5 to 10 years; interest at 4 per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.
Moneys for the above may be forwarded by mail.
HON. JOHN DRYDEN, J. BLACKLOCK,
President. Manager.

go, too." Now, the Princess was a beautiful wax doll, with lovely curls, dressed in pink silk.

"Better not take the doll, Lucy," said her father. "Young ladies don't go fishing in pink silk."

Lucy was determined, and so Princess Irene accompanied them to the creek. Here she put the doll on a stone under a large tree, where she was sure it would be safe.

Suddenly she heard a loud bark, and there came Rover, dashing down to the bank, and with such force against the Princess that he knocked it over into the creek, and Lucy saw the water close over her darling.

The creek was deep at this point, and Lucy's father had to fish some time for it. When he at last drew it from the water the wig was soaked off, the paint gone from its face, and the pink silk ruined.

All the crying in the world could not restore poor Princess Irene.

Had Lucy remembered the fourth commandment she would have obeyed her father's suggestion, and the dolly would never have met with such a sad fate.

MASTER JACK DAW.

A friend had given Harry a jackdaw in a wicker cage, which he kept hanging upon a large nail outside the house. It was then only a few months old, but as he grew up Mas-

ter Jack became a most mischievous bird. The first thing he did was to peck away steadily at the wicker bars of his cage until it was nearly falling to pieces. So Harry made another cage with a stout wooden back and front and sides of thick wire. Jack couldn't pull that to pieces, although he often had a good try. He ate biscuit meal, and was also very fond of boiled potatoes, and when Harry's mother made a pie there was nothing he enjoyed more than a piece of uncooked paste. Harry used to roll the past into small pills, and Jack would swallow them so quickly that his little master often wondered he did not choke himself. When Jack got to know the household well he was allowed to come out of his cage, and would hop about the kitchen looking very important. He was exceedingly curious, and always wanted to poke his black beak into everything; and I am afraid he was a thief when he had the chance.

One evening he was allowed to come into the sitting-room because Harry had a friend to tea, and wanted him to see Master Jack's funny ways. So he came in upon Harry's finger, and looked at the strange little boy out of the corner of his round eyes, as much as to say, "Who are you, I should like to know?"

After he had allowed them to stroke his head and had screamed "Hallo!" three or four times, he was put on the back of a chair and told that if he was a good bird and kept quiet he might stay there a little while.

After that every one went on talking, and, as mother began to tell a story, they soon forgot to take much notice of Master Jack. Suddenly they were startled by a loud tearing sound. They looked round and saw that Jack, whose chair was near the wall, had pecked a piece of loose paper from it, and was tearing it off as fast as he could.

It was no use punishing him, because, of course, he could not understand, but he was spoken to in a very grave voice and given one or two pats upon his back. He really seemed to understand, for he was taken to his cage looking very sad and serious.

He was not allowed in the sitting-room after that. One day Harry was left at home to take care of the house. He began to feel very dull, and thought he would like to have Jack for company. He knew his mother allowed the bird only in the kitchen, and he was by a cozy fire in the sitting-room. He did not feel at all inclined to go into the kitchen, but he wanted Jack to come in all the same. At last he gave way to temptation, and brought Jack into the room with him.

"I'll only keep him a few minutes," he said to himself, "and he can't do any harm if I watch him all the time."

Jack sat on the back of the chair looking very demure for a minute or two. All at once he flew to the table,



Time is the measurer of all things. - COLTON
THE ELGIN WATCH
the most accurate of time's instruments
Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have them. "Time-makers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free.
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

and, before Harry could do anything, he had picked up his mother's thimble that was lying by her work-basket and flew straight out the door with it. Harry followed him, calling, "Jack, Jack!" But Jack didn't take any notice. He flew to the back door, which Harry had left open, and through it out into the garden. There was a large water butt just outside, and Jack perched on the rim and deliberately dropped the thimble into it. When Harry saw it disappear under the dark water his heart sank, too. Then Jack went into his cage, and seemed very pleased with himself, indeed.

"Oh, you wicked bird!" cried his master.

Jack looked at him, and his small, bright eyes seemed to say, "Oh, you wicked boy, for letting me in!"

Harry tried to find the thimble, while Jack looked down at him with great interest. When he was obliged to give up the search in despair, Jack gave a loud caw of delight.

So Harry was obliged to confess the truth to his mother, and, although she was grieved by her little son's disobedience, she could not help smiling at Jack's behaviour.

Harry saved his pocket money, and gave his mother a new silver thimble, which every one was very careful to keep out of Master Jack's way.

CAN YOU?

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharfs in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant: "Have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?"

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's hesitation, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentle-

man. "You may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

When Nerves Play Out

MIND AS WELL AS BODY IS IN DANGER—HELP FOUND IN

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Suicide, insanity, falling sickness, paralysis. These are some of the results of worn-out nerves.

The vitality of the body cannot stand the strain, and, overcome by worry, failing health, anaemia, menstrual derangements, overwork or exhausting disease, mind and body have been wrecked.

No one would neglect a disease so dreadful in its results as nervous exhaustion if the danger were only realized with the first symptoms.

The time to begin the restoration of the nerves by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when you find yourself unable to sleep at nights, suffering from headaches or neuralgic pains, indigestion or weak heart action.

Loss of flesh and weight, growing weakness and debility, a tendency to neglect the duties of the day, gloomy forebodings for the future, are other indications of depleted nerves.

You cannot liken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to any medicine you ever used. It is a nerve vitalizer and tissue-builder of exceptional power.

Naturally and gradually it rekindles life in the nerve cells and forms new red corpuscles in the blood—the only way to thoroughly cure nervous disorders.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Windsor Salt
For the table, for cooking, for butter-making. It is pure and will not cake.

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

ave been Pianos, and are rerooms, te these
\$107
\$117
\$138
\$157
\$178
\$189
\$210
\$225
\$238
\$274
\$282
\$285
\$293
\$325
\$365

subject to

MING