

Children's Department.

THE FLOWERS.

Without the sun, nor hill nor plain
Could yield us fruit or flowers;
Nor could they flourish, if the rain
Fell not in gentle showers.

'Tis thus within each infant heart,
No holy seed can grow,
Till Jesus doth His grace impart,
And light and warmth bestow.

GLAD TO HELP.

Bessie is a Chicago girl, who works as book-keeper for a leading insurance firm. She has been with them for four or five years, has a responsible position, and earns a good salary. This she is not able to spend according to her own inclinations, for she has three sisters to provide for. She is not a strong girl, and the steady work in the office, day after day, wears upon her. But she is faithful to duty, and every day sees her at her desk.

In the winter she began to think and plan for the vacation that would come sometime during the summer, and little by little laid aside money, which she had saved through careful economy, to pay the expenses of a vacation trip. She looked forward eagerly to the time when she could get away from the city for a while, even if only for a few days, to some quiet place, where she would not have even to think of her work. The little fund that was laid aside grew slowly but surely, and as the bright, sunny days of June dawned, the vacation began to seem very near.

There was one thing, however, that troubled her a good deal and threatened to cast a cloud on the brightness of her well earned holiday. Her brother was out of work, and depending upon her for his daily bread. Day after day he walked the streets of Chicago, looking for work. Every night he returned with the same old story. There seemed to be no work. Bessie

Delicious Drink

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Allays the thirst, aids digestion, and relieves the lassitude so common in midsummer.

Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."

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Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

scarcely knew what to do. The money she had saved was not enough to set her brother up in business, and there seemed to be no way in which she could help him. Usually he came home moody and discouraged with his lack of success.

One evening, however, there was a gleam of hope on his face. "If I only had a wagon," he said, "I believe I could get started. A man that I know, who's out of work, too, has a horse. If only we had a wagon, we could go to work peddling vegetables, and I believe we could do pretty well at it. There are a good many in the same line, but they all seem to make a living."

"How much would the wagon cost?" Bessie asked, thinking of the sum laid away for her vacation.

Her brother told her, it was less than the sum she had saved, but there could be no vacation trip if the wagon were bought. Bessie did not hesitate, however.

"I will give you the money to buy a wagon," she said to her brother. His surprise and gratitude were very great. She did not tell him for what she had meant to use the money, but without further words handed him the amount he needed.

"I can spend my vacation in the city," Bessie said to herself. "I can go to the parks, and I can use the little bit of money that is left for an excursion or two on the lake."

Thus cheerfully she gave up the prospect to which she had looked forward with such pleasure, and settled down to spend her vacation time in the city which is the scene of her daily toil. It is such sacrifices as this, made quietly and with a glad spirit, that add fragrance and beauty to the wearisome round of everyday life.

AFTER A SEVERE COLD.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated and Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well. After a severe cold I had catarrhal fever. I again resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which accomplished a complete cure." Sarah E. Devay, Annapolis, Nova Scotia.

—Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

GAIN AND LOSS.

Harry was on his way to school along a country road, carrying his dinner-basket. Suddenly he heard a cry in a field near, and saw a boy, a little younger, floundering in a mud hole where a shallow stream had made the ground wet and last night's thaw had made it worse.

In getting over the fence to help the boy, Harry found he must put down his basket, which he did, and left it, to run as fast as possible to do what he could for the stranger. It was a stranger, but Harry did not stop to think of that or of anything but helping. He was not very big, but he had strength enough to help the little fellow up, and get him on his feet.

"You're ever so good," said the boy. "I'll go home by the road now. If it hadn't come through this short way, I wouldn't have fallen in the mud."

He ran off as fast as he could, and Harry went to look for his basket. It was gone. A hungry dog had made off with it!

That was a sad loss, wasn't it? But Harry trudged on, saying cheerily, after the first disappointment. "When I feel hungry at noon, I'll think how glad that boy was to get out of the mud!"

After Harry had eaten his supper, he forgot all about the hunger of noon, but the boy was his friend always. He lost a dinner, but gained a friend and did a kind deed. The gain was greater than the loss, after all.

—We know the great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are genuine because the people themselves write about them.

ONE RAINY DAY.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried three sad little voices one June morning. For it was raining. Not a little rain when one can don rubbers and waterproof and run between the drops and have such fun, but a big downpour when it seemed as if a river was running out of the sky.

Then it began to rain in the house from two pairs of brown eyes and one of blue.

"It's most always rains when you don't want to have it," sighed Connie. "And when it's your birthday," sobbed Nan.

"And when you're going to dear Uncle Paul's," cried Ted.

Then the door flew open and Clement came in, shaking the rain from his hat and slipping off rubber coat and boots.

"Well, isn't this a glorious rain!" he cried. "Why the very trees are clapping their leaves for joy, and the flowers are almost laughing outright. Every man I met between here and the village had a broad smile on his face and called out: 'Won't this make the corn grow!' or, 'This will give the grass a start.'"

"When I came by Uncle Peter's he was out in his garden and he said: 'Bress de Lawd! de garden's pickin' right up and de chillun is sated from starbin'."

"And the Widow Graham, who washes for people, to get bread and molasses for her three little children, is so happy to think her cistern is running over, and she will not have to bring all her water from the brook. Why! I do believe you youngsters are crying. What is it all about?"

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Then the three children hung their heads for very shame.

"We're not crying—I don't s'pose," said Connie. "Not now, anyway."

"We're glad it rains," said Nan. "We love to have it—sometimes—don't we, Ted?"

"Yes," said Ted, "we forgot that it was God that made it rain. I'm sorry I was cross about it."

"We need the rain as much as the sunshine," said Clement. "God knows best, and we must not be selfish."

Then the sun shone from two pairs of brown eyes and one of blue.

CULTIVATE CANDOR.

An excellent way to cultivate character is to cultivate candor, to acknowledge it when you are wrong. It will inspire self-confidence, open the door of knowledge to you, and you will have the sweet consciousness of always being right in excluding at once all the spurts of wrong.

—The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit.