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Children's Department

MRS. QUAIL'S YARD.

By Hilda Richmond.

One day Betty and Richard came flying in from the wheat-field all out of breath, to tell of a wonderful discovery they had made. Right out in the wheat was a lovely little nest with twelve white eggs in it, and something had hurt the poor mother bird.

"She could hardly run through the wheat," said Richard as soon as he could stop panting. "I guess her wing was broken."

"Yes, and she was making a pitiful little noise as if it hurt dreadful," gasped Betty. "Won't you come right out and help us find her, grandpa? Maybe we could bind up her poor wing."

Then how grandpa had to laugh.

"Children, she was only joking you," he said. "You see, she did not want you to stay near her nest, so she played her wing was broken. When I was a little boy I used to run after quails time and again, but I know better now. They lead you as far away as possible, and then dart back as swiftly as they can to look after their eggs."

"Naughty bird!" said Betty; but Richard laughed and said, "I think they are very smart birds."

"When the men cut the wheat they will break her eggs, grandpa," said Betty.

"Well," said grandpa, with a twinkle in his eye, "if she is a naughty bird, you will not be sorry if the nest is broken up, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Betty. "May we take it up very carefully and put it in the fence-corner, grandpa?"

"No, you could not do that," said Mr. Gray. "I will tell the men to leave a little strip of wheat around Mrs. Quail's home for a front yard. She is a good little friend of mine, and I can afford to waste a little wheat to protect her."

So when the big machine went click-clicking around the field and Mrs. Quail was badly frightened as it came near her home, the man on

the seat saw the tall stick with the white rag Betty and Dick had put there to mark the place, and he left a nice little yard for the little family.

The wind and the rain beat down the ripe grain very soon, and one day the children sneaked down to the nest to see the eggs, but instead they saw Mrs. Quail picking up bugs and worms for a lot of hungry babies, instead of sitting on the white eggs. She picked up a lot of wheat for herself, but saved the tender bugs for the wide-open mouths in the nest. Mr. Quail was working, too, to save the grain in the yard, and none of the crop went to waste.

"I hope she will come back next year," said Richard when at last the nest was empty. "Grandpa said she could have the little home and yard always if she would only stay on the farm."

WASHING BABY IN AFRICA.

"One morning I heard the baby crying as if his little heart would break. I went to see what could be the matter with him, and found his mother washing him in front of his house. And do you think she had a nice little bath tub and scented soap and warm water? Oh, no! She was holding the little baby up on his little feet, and was pouring cold water over him by the handfuls. The poor baby was screaming at the top of his lungs, and fighting against the cold water as hard as he could; but the mother paid no attention to that, and went on with the washing. Did she have nice, warm flannel clothes to dry him with, and others with which to wrap him? No; but when the washing was over, she lifted the little baby up and with her mouth blew vigorously into his eyes and ears to drive out the water, and that was all the drying he got. Then she proceeded to dress him. The dress consisted of a string of beads around his waist, one around his neck, and one around each of his wrists and ankles. The air and the sun did the rest of the drying."—Lutheran.

HOW LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS PLAY.

Lucy Hawk is a little Indian girl who lives on a reservation in Dakota. Her grandfather is the loved and honoured Chief of the tribe, and Lucy is his favourite grandchild. She is a dear little girl with willing hands and feet ready to do the bidding of her teachers at the mission school which she attends eight months of the year. She speaks English with a pretty accent.

On cold or stormy days after school hours, Lucy turns with a happy heart to the play-room, where she amuses herself by making moccasins for her funny doll babies. When tired of the babies she gets her pebble tops, of which she has a number hidden away a corner of her peon-hole in the row of boxes in the play-room, or buried safely under the steps. It is only a common pebble, with smooth sides. Lucy drops it with a whirl of the

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fingers, and it goes spinning away with a dizzy rush. Then she follows it up with her whip, lashing it until she is tired and out of breath, the pebble whirling faster and faster the longer the lashing continues. Sometimes she pastes bits of bright paper to its sides, and then the spinning pebble seems to be covered with rings of colour. This play never loses its fascination for the little brown children.

When at her own home Lucy goes coasting. Can you guess what she uses for a sled? A Buffalo skin. She spreads it on the snow at the top of the terrace which divides the prairies from the river bottom. Lucy and her sister find a nice warm seat on the soft fur, another girl in front gathers the end over her feet and holds on tight and fast as those behind give a starting push, and away they go down the steep slopes and come to a quick stop at the foot, a screaming, laughing, squirming heap of tousled heads and twisted shawls.—"The Outlook."

MARKS OF MANHOOD.

A boy of seventeen was enthusiastically swinging a pair of Indian clubs. His bright, healthy face was fairly crimson with the strengthening tonic. Eagerness to excel in physical power was evident in every moment of his magnificently developed muscles.

"Some day you will be a man," remarked a fellow-student with something of a sneer in his tone.

"I'm that already," responded the youth sharply. "Look at my muscles."

He drew up his arm till the muscles stood in corded heaps upon it.

The other smiled satirically. "That isn't the mark of a man," he said at length, "but of a brute."

A bitter retort rushed to the young athlete's lips, but he thought better of it, and withheld it. Moreover, the other's expression, "but of a brute," had impressed him strangely.

By dint of hard training he succeeded in "making" the football team. He fairly reveled in the rough practice. Priding himself upon his physical

proWess, he rushed into the practice games with the reckless, unreasoning of a young bull into an arena. He employed every possible trick and turn to outwit his opponents.

Boys, do not forget to take off your hats when you enter the house. Gentlemen never forget to take off their hats in the presence of ladies; and if you always take yours off when your mother and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself when a guest or a stranger happens to be in the parlor. Habit is strong, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on all occasions, is to get into the habit of doing right. Good manners cannot be put on at a moment's warning.

Our love must make long marches, and our prayers must have a wide sweep. We must embrace the whole world in our intercessions.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.—George McDonald.

The only humility that is really ours is not that which we try to show before God in prayer, but that which we carry with us and carry out in our ordinary conduct.—Andrew Murray.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you are forced to do something and to do your very best, for that will breed in you self-control, diligence, content, strength of will and a hundred virtues.—Charles Kingsley.

An Aberdeen minister, catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, put the usual question to a stout girl, whose father kept a public house, "What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Nane o' your fun, Mr. Minister, ye ken my name well enough. D'ye no say, when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale?'"