

a moment from his antagonist. It was his first mistake. Puss saw her opportunity and leaped at the terrier, landing fairly on his back. In a second she had her claws full of his hair, and he was running for dear life down the street. Puss held on like a circus rider, contriving to sink her sharp claws into his back at every jump. The crowd followed, shouting. As they passed an alley puss jumped off and disappeared in the darkness. *There is one terrier in Toronto who has had enough fun with cats to last him a lifetime.*

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It is highly recommended.

Where the Blackberries Grow.

Kate and Amy lived in the city, and did not know how things grow in the country. One day their mamma heard them dispute about blackberries. Kate said they grew on big trees, and Amy said they grew in the grass on the ground.

Their mamma told them they were both wrong, and in the summer she would take them to the country, and let them see for themselves.

So when the days grew warm, they all went to the country.

When it was time for the blackberries to be ripe, they went to the fields to gather some. Kate was a greedy girl, and she was very careless too. As soon as she saw the nice ripe berries, she ran into the bushes and tried to pick them all off the branch at once. She did not know that the branch was full of briars, and they hurt her hands so that she cried.

When she tried to run to her mamma, she found the briars held her fast. Her mamma soon took the briars out of her dress, but she said the berries were ugly things, and she did not want any.

"I think it was my little girl's fault," said her mamma. "Look at Amy. Her basket is nearly full, and she has not a scratch."

Gratitude of a Cat.

Although cats are usually supposed to possess little reputation for gratitude, the following instance proves that there is a diversity of character and feelings in cats as well as in men:

"I was on a visit to a friend last summer who had a favourite cat and dog, that lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family while I was at the Park, and Pincher paid a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house.

"One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Pincher was in the drawing room, and the cat was attending her family in the garret. Pincher seemed to be considerably annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning which continually startled him; and just as he had crept closer to my feet, some one entered the drawing-room, followed by Puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, mewing with all her might. She came up to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, and then walked to the door, stopped, looked back, mewed—all of which said as plainly as words could have done: 'Come with me, Pincher.' But Pincher was too much frightened to give

any consolation to her, and took no further notice of the invitation. The cat then returned and renewed her application with increased energy; but the dog was immovable, though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look and crept closer to me; and Puss, finding all her entreaties unavailing, then left the room. Soon after this her mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter.

"I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close to the open door of my sleeping-apartment. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens and lodged it there for safety. But, her fears and cares being so divided between the kittens above and this little one below, I suppose she wanted Pincher to watch by this little one while she went for the others: for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened up stairs. I followed her with my young charge, placed it beside her, and moved their little bed farther from the window, through which the lightning had flashed so vividly as to alarm poor Puss for the safety of her family. I remained there till the storm had subsided and all was again calm.

"On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found Puss waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house, but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I made my appearance. She went to the breakfast-room with me and remained, as I have mentioned, till breakfast was over, and then she went up stairs to her family. She had never done this before, and never did it again. She had shown her gratitude for my care of her little ones, and her duty was done."

Who Knows Them.

There were once two little sisters who lived in the same house. One little girl had pleasant things happening to her every day; but the other little girl was always in discomfort about something.

"Dearies," said mamma, "it is too stormy to-day for you to go out."

"Oh, then we can use our new teaset!" cried the first little girl. "You promised we could the first rainy day. How nice!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the second little girl; "that is always the way. I particularly wanted to go out to-day. Now I can't. How provoking!"

It did seem queer, didn't it? By and by, after a fit of sulks, the second little girl consented to play tea-party. They ran to fetch their tea table.

"But you broke the tea table last week," mamma reminded them. "I sent it to be mended. I'll put this board across two stools for you. That will make a good, big table."

"I don't think that's nice at all, mamma," complained the second little girl. "It hasn't any leaves. Now, there! Whenever I want to play tea-party, then I can't find the right things. It seems as if it happened on purpose."

"But see, it's a prettier shape," said the first little girl. "It's a square one. Plenty of room for all the new dishes and room for every door. Isn't that lucky?"

So they played tea party awhile, and presently mamma called:—

"Come, children, the rain has stopped, and we can go for a bit of a walk before supper. Get your rubbers and thick coats."

"Oh, good!" shouted the first little girl. "Then we can have fun! We can run through all the puddles, and our thick coats are our old ones; so it won't matter if they do get spattered."

"I think it horrid!" answered the second little girl. "The thick coats are too hot, and I just hate to wear rubbers. But then, I always have to do the things I hate, and I s'pose I always shall."

It is a very strange thing, but it does seem so. I wonder if it will happen to her the same way all her life.

Forgetting Willametta.

Mother was teaching Celie that first sweet lesson of all, how much God loved her. "God loves my dear girl more than I love her," she said; and Celie looked much surprised. "More than papa loves her," continued mother, and Celie stretched her eyes wider still, for papa seemed to her the biggest sort of lover. "More than—" mother stopped, and wondered what to say next.

"More than I love Willametta," suggested Celie, pressing the doll's black wig against her cheek.

Of course mother said, "O yes, better than that; much better." But I think Celie's faith stopped here; she didn't believe God loved her that much.

Now, in the darkness of midnight, mother was startled to hear a sound of crying in the nursery. "Why, Celie, darling," she cried, "what is the matter?"

"I forgot Willametta and left her out in the hall," sobbed Celie.

In vain mother told her to never mind; that she would find her safe and sound in the morning. Celie cried on. "She'll be frightened in the dark,

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and she'll think I don't love her," she said piteously.

So mother lighted the nursery lamp, and tripped out to find the doll, saying, "Hush! don't wake baby! Johnny."

Celie "hushed" in a minute when she got Willametta in her arms, and cold and sleepy and happy, she sat on a cricket by Johnny's basket cradle, in the dim light of the nursery lamp, and undressed Willametta and took her to bed with her.

"But, Celie," said mamma gravely, as she tucked the covers closely round her, "God never forgets you for a single minute."

Neither did Celie forget this little lesson.