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THE RESCUE.

ren-year-old cat, is
a "life preserver."
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THE SAVINGS of YEARS

Should never be risked in un-
certain investments. Much
better to be SURE of your
money and reasonable inter-
est, than to risk loss of both
through an unsafe depository
or any get-rich-quick scheme.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

in its Savings Department of-
fers a perfectly safe depository
for money. Its large resour-
ces, its conservative manage-
ment, and experience of near-
ly fifty years, ensure all de-
positors and other customers
an unexcelled banking service.

**INTEREST PAID ON ALL SAVINGS
BALANCES TWICE A YEAR . . .**

THE BANK OF TORONTO

**CAPITAL - \$3,300,000
REST - 3,600,000
ASSETS - 28,000,000**

account of the heat. Ponto did not
like the idea, and growled so that the
man would not continue.

"Let me try; Ponto likes me," said
my mother. "Better not," answered
the man. But mother took the shears
and commenced to clip. Harry sat
close by, looking on.

Ponto didn't want to be sheared, and
continued his growling. Still mother
worked on, talking coaxingly to him
while she worked. Finally Ponto
could stand it no longer. With a quick
turn and an angry growl he seized
mother's wrist between his teeth.

In an instant Harry sprang at Ponto's
face, scratching his nose until the blood
came. Ponto in his surprise let go
mother's hand, and Harry, not yet sat-
isfied chased him out of the yard. On
Harry's return, he jumped into mother's
lap and began to purr as much as to
say: "I wouldn't let him hurt you."—
Lucy M. Hutchins.

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

You have often heard "it takes two
to make a quarrel." Do you believe it?
I will tell you how one of my little
friends managed. Dolly never came to
see Marjorie without a quarrel. Mar-
jorie tried to speak gently, but no mat-
ter how hard she tried, Dolly finally
made her so angry that she would soon
speak sharp words, too.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried poor
little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her
maamma. "The next time Dolly comes

in seat yourself in front of the fire and
take the tongs in your hand. When-
ever a sharp word comes from Dolly
gently snap the tongs, without speak-
ing a word."

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to
see her little friend.

It was not a quarter of an hour be-
fore Dolly's temper was ruffled and her
voice was raised, and as usual she be-
gan to find fault and scold. Marjorie
to the hearth and seized the tongs,
snapping them gently.

More angry words from Dolly.
Snap with the tongs.
"Why don't you speak?" screamed
Dolly, in a fury.

Snap went the tongs.
"Speak!" said she.

As snap was the only answer, Dolly
cried out: "I'll never, never come
again, never!"

Away she went. Did she keep her
promise? No, indeed! She came the
next day, but seeing Marjorie run for
the tongs, she solemnly said if she
would only let them alone they would
quarrel no more forever and ever.

WHEN GRANDMA SHUTS HER EYES.

Within the chimney corner snug
Dear grandma gently rocks,
And knits her daughter's baby boy
A tiny pair of socks.
But sometimes grandma shuts her
eyes
And sings the softest lullabies.

Across her face the happy smiles
All play at hide and seek,
And kiss the faint and faded rose
That lingers on her cheek.
While thoughts too sweet for words
arise
When dear old grandma shuts her
eyes.

Yet, sometimes, pictures in her face
Have just a shade of pain,
As golden April sunshine when
It mingles with the rain,
And then, perchance, she softly sighs,
Does grandma, when she shuts her
eyes.

She's growing younger every day,
She's quite a child again,
And those she knew in girlhood years
She speaks of now and then,
And sweet old love songs feebly tries,
Does grandma, when she shuts her
eyes.

I used to wonder why her eyes
She closed, but not in sleep,
The while the smiles would all about
Her wrinkled visage creep,
But I have guessed the truth at last:
She shuts her eyes to view the past.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

Let no boy think he can be made a
gentleman by the clothes he wears,
horse he rides, the stick he carries, the

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men's sizes and in
all varieties of cases.



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and the watch, sent
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dog that trots after him, the house that
he lives in, or the money that he
spends. Not one, or all, of these things
do it, and yet every boy may be a
gentleman. He may wear an old hat,
cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and
spend but little money. But how? By
being true, manly, and honourable. By
keeping himself neat and respectable.
By being civil and courteous. By re-
specting himself and others. By doing
the best he knows how, and, finally, and
above all, by fearing God and keeping
His Commandments.

ELSIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

When little Elsie was five years old,
her mother told her she could choose
what she would like to do on her birth-
day. She could choose between three
things: Going to spend the day at her
grandmother's, going to see the animals
in the park, or having a little tea party
at home. Which would you have chosen
if you had been Elsie? She knew
that she could go to see her grand-
mother some other day, and that the
animals would stay in the park, because
most of them were shut up in cages,
so she told her mother that she wanted
the party. Elsie lived in a big house
with a large lawn, and she asked her
mother if she might have the supper
under one of the trees. So her mother
took a round table out of the house and
set it on the grass close by the rose
bushes. A little bird sat up in a tree
while they were arranging the table and
chirped as though he wanted to be in-
vited.

"You shall have some nice crumbs
when we have finished," said Elsie.

The birthday cake was covered with
shiny white frosting and had five little
pink candles on it, with a big one in
the middle "to grow on." They put
the cake in the middle of the table, and
Elsie cut some lovely pink roses to lay
in a wreath around it. There was a
pink rosebud beside each plate, and
Elsie wore her new pink muslin dress.
Mother said they would have supper at
five o'clock, because Elsie was five years
old. The children were tired of play
by that time, and the table under the
tree looked very cool and pretty, with

the candles lighted on the cake. There
was a glass of creamy milk for each
child and a plate of bright strawberries.
Cook had made some cunning little bis-
cuits, and there was cold chicken and
jelly. Elsie blew out the candles and
cut the birthday cake herself.

After supper, Elsie's sister brought
some motto crackers. The children
pulled the little strings at the ends, and
—pop!—the cracker flew open and
there was a funny paper cap inside!
Then they joined hands and danced
around in a circle, wearing the paper
caps. When they said good-night, they
told Elsie that they wished she would
have two birthdays every year.

**Keep up Vigor
and Avoid Disease**

**It is the Run-down, Thin-
blooded Person Who Falls easy
Victim to Disease.**

Low vitality invites colds, fevers and
contagious disease.

When you hear a person say that he
takes cold easily depend on it his general
health is not good.

His blood is thin and watery, his nerves
are more or less exhausted, and his vigor is
at low ebb.

It is to such persons that Dr. Chase's
Nerve Food appeals most strongly.

This great food cure possesses restorative
and reconstruction powers which are not to
be found in any other preparation.

In this regard it is different to any medi-
cine you ever used. Instead of tearing
down the tissues it builds them up and
gives to the body the vigor which is re-
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You are invited to test Dr. Chase's Nerve
Food by keeping a record of your increase
in weight while using it. Gradually and
certainly the wasting process is overcome,
and week by week new, firm flesh and
muscle is added.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box,
6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edman-
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