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explained the text used as a motto for the paper which had been distributed in the class—"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." She knew that her mother wished her to be a Christian, and so be one of the jewels in the Saviour's crown. "How shall I know if I am one of His jewels, mamma?" asked Margaret. "You would try to honour him. The jewels in His crown will add lustre, beauty and glory to it, and so contribute to do him honour. And one way in which you could honour him would be to have a patient, uncomplaining spirit, even though we have not as many pleasant things in life as some others have." "I do want

to, mamma," answered Margaret, "and sometimes I think I do love Jesus a little." "I hope you do darling. But give Him your whole heart and He will help you to meet all the trials which will come to you in life, both small and great." Margaret went up to her own little room, and told the dear Saviour all about it, and that she wished to please and honour Him. When the day for the exhibition came she had asked Him to help her specially; and He surely did, for Margaret's face was so sweet and beaming that no one noticed whether she had any jewelry or not. But the minister who was present, leaned over and whispered to his wife: "I think Margaret must be one of the Saviour's jewels; there is such a peaceful light shining in her face, which used to look so fretful."

A CHILD'S BEQUEST.

Some years ago a clergyman was speaking at a Missionary meeting, and he there noticed a man with a little girl about five years old in his arms. The little thing seemed to listen with as much interest as anybody else in the room. Shortly after this he was asked to visit a child who was sick. He went to her, and found it was the little one he had noticed at the Missionary meeting. She was very ill, but she smiled when he came to her bedside. He talked to her, and found that God had made her His own child, and that though she was so young, yet she had learned to love Him; she was very quiet and very happy. A little while later she died. After the funeral her father came to the clergyman with tears rolling down his cheeks, and took a little box out of his pocket and gave it to him, telling him that when they were going home after the Missionary meeting she was talking about all she had heard, and reminded him that the gentleman had said, that "everybody might do something," and she wanted him to buy her a Missionary-box. She begged so hard that he went into a toy-shop and bought her one. This delighted her, but her father had more than this to do, for the next day she wanted something to put into it: he told her he was too poor; however he promised her, if she was a good girl, he would give her a half-penny a week to put into her box. "And so, sir," said the poor father, "I got the box when she was gone, or she used to keep it always near her. It is just thirty-four weeks since the meeting, and she had a half-penny every Saturday night since, so I think you will find exactly seventeen pence in the box." They counted it, but instead of seventeen there was eighteen pence half-penny. The father was quite puzzled, and went away much distressed, for he could not tell how his little girl had got the other three halfpence. A day or two after he came back quite satisfied; he had found out that a kind lady who came to see her had given her three halfpence to buy an orange to cool her poor parched mouth. The dear little

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girl first looked at the money, and then at her little box which was close to her bed, and then again at the money; but though her lips were burning with fever she loved Jesus better than herself, and the three halfpence were put into her box; and this was the reason that, when it was opened, instead of seventeen pence, her father found eighteen pence half-penny. How many little girls are there that love their Lord as this little girl did? What a lesson she teaches her little sisters! Her happiness was bound up in her Saviour, and she was able to prove her love for Him who had done so much for her young soul. This little story teaches us all, too, that nothing is too small to be dedicated to God. The widow's mite thrown into the treasury was accepted as a rich offering to God, and so, we doubt not, was this little girl's halfpence. There is no effort so feeble, no offering so small, no gift so poor, that Jesus will not accept it; and the earnest desire to do something for Him will, in itself, bring down a blessing far greater than we could imagine or expect.

THE ELEVATOR BOY.

There was a lean, freckle-faced boy who a year or two ago ran the elevator up and down in an old shakely office building. I often went up in it, but certainly I never suspected "Billy" of any noble quality which raised him above other boys, high as was Saul among his brethren. But one day the house began to shudder and roar to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell amid the shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets. And, Billy, as these walls came crashing down, ran his old lift up to the topmost story and back again, crowded with terrified men and women. He did this nine times. Only one side of the building was now standing. The shaft of the elevator was left bare, and swayed to and fro. The police tried to drag the boy out of it, and the mass of spectators yelled with horror as he pulled the chain and began to rise again above their heads. "There's two women up there yet," said Billy, stolidly, and he went on up to the top, facing a horrible death each

minute, and knowing that he faced it. Presently through the cloud of dust the lift was seen coming jerkily down with the three figures on it. As it touched the ground the whole building fell with a crash. The women and the boy came out on the street unhurt, and a roar of triumph rose from the mob. Scores had been saved by the fidelity of the heroic elevator boy. But it was six o'clock and Billy slipped quietly away in the dusk and went home to his supper. For your real hero does not care to remain for the shouts and clapping of hands.

LADDIE.

Isabel was afraid of almost everything. She was afraid of the dark, afraid of spiders and cows, and most of all she was afraid of dogs. It made mamma feel very badly, and Isabel was trying hard to overcome her fears, but it was discouraging work.

When Isabel was seven years old, her father moved to a small city. Poor Isabel! She had grown accustomed to most of the dogs in the little town where they lived, and was afraid of only Mr. White's Carlo and the cross little spaniel Mrs. Dobbs owned. And now to go to a strange city where all the dogs might be cross!

It did not seem so bad at first. It was such fun to ride on street-cars and have a smooth stone sidewalk in front of the house, instead of the uneven path that was in front of the old home.

Uncle Robert lived in the city, too, that was another fine thing, and when he gave Isabel a pair of roller skates

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