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"Of course, mamma," cried little Jeanne. "We shall be there long before eleven!"

"What shall you get with your sou?" asked Marie, as they trotted on together.

"I shall put it in my box," said Jeanne, grandly. "I'm saving up, you know."

"I shan't; I shall buy a piece of gingerbread with white sugar on. Gingerbread is so nice."

Thus chatting gaily the two children walked briskly on until, in the distance, they saw where the four roads met, and the white cross standing in the middle. It was getting very hot now, and the fine dust rose in clouds at every step.

"I'm getting very tired," said Marie; "and my basket is so heavy."

"So's mine," replied Jeanne, rather shortly; "but I don't complain."

Then they trudged the next half-mile in silence, until they came to the cross-roads. A huge ash tree stood at the corner of the opposite road, and cast a grateful shade on the patch of grass below and the little stream bubbling by its roots.

"Hello, Jeanne and Marie!" cried a shrill voice. "Where are you going with those heavy baskets? Come in here and have a rest."

"We're going to the White House, Lizette, and have to be there by eleven. Monsieur has a party, and we mustn't be late."

"Oh, but what nonsense! It has only gone ten a few minutes ago, and the White House is but a stone's-throw from here! Rest a minute, and have a chat. Ann here has been telling us such news about her sister."

Then Jeanne looked hard at Marie, and Marie looked hard at Jeanne, and finally they both stepped under the cool green shadow of the tree, and put their baskets down on the grass.

"Just for one little minute," they said to themselves. And then the gossip began.

Lizette and her sister were there, and Jacques from the mill, with two little friends; and altogether they made a fine chattering under that big ash tree.

It was Marie who remembered first, and she gave Jeanne's frock a little tug.

"Oughtn't we to be getting on?" she whispered.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Jeanne, conscience-stricken. "Please can you tell me the time, Jacques?"

"Certainly," replied Master Jacques, pleased at being asked, for he had a watch of his very own; "it is just five minutes to eleven."

"What!" cried poor Jeanne. "Five minutes to eleven, and the White House is still half a mile off! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"I expect your mother will beat you when she knows," said Lizette; and then all the others laughed.

"It's all been your fault!" began Jeanne, indignantly, when little Marie caught her hand.

"Oh, Jeanne," she cried, "do let us go at once, and perhaps, if we run all the way we shall be in time!"

And the little girls took up their baskets, and, followed by the mocking laughter of their companions, began to run down the road.

But, alas! running is not good for eggs, and they had not gone far when one of the cherished two dozen sprang right out of Marie's basket, and were smashed before her eyes. This was too much for both children's feelings, and, hot and tired and dusty, they collapsed on the side of the road, and cried as if their hearts would break.

"What is the matter, little girls?"

With a start they both looked up, for they had been so intent with crying that they had never heard the approach of the carriage. A kind-looking lady was leaning over the side of the victoria, and holding a pink sunshade over her head.

Something in the stranger's face was so winning and attractive, that Jeanne's shyness suddenly left her, and she poured out the whole sad tale.

"The White House!" exclaimed the lady, when she had finished. "Why, I know it quite well. Jump in, both of you, and we shall be there in less than ten minutes."

And before the astonished and delighted children knew where they were, they were being whirled off down the road at a rate of ten miles an hour.

On the way the lady found out their names, and where they lived, and she gave them both a little lecture, which they never forgot, on the evils of gossiping, and the duty of obeying mother implicitly. When, at last, they turned in with a sweep through the White House gates, the big clock over the porch was just striking eleven, and so I think that Master Jacques' watch must have been a trifle fast.

Then the children and their baskets were deposited at the big front door.

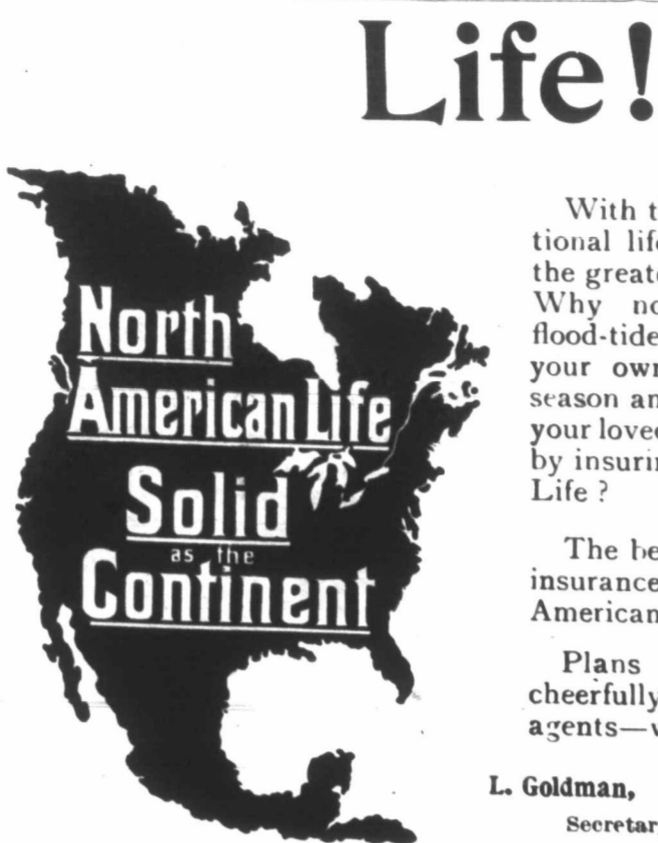
"Good-bye, my dears," said the lady. "One day I shall come and see you both at the Red Farm, and meanwhile tell your mother all about your loitering, and make up your minds never, never to gossip again when sent on an errand."

And this the children willingly and gratefully promised to do, and, between you and me, they have kept their word.

LEANDRA'S TOWER.

Opposite Constantinople a small rock is to be seen, rising sheer out of the deep green water, which goes by the name of "Leandra's Tower." A curious tradition is connected with it.

Long ago there lived a Sultan of Turkey who had many sons, but no daughter. It was his great de-



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sire that he might have a little girl, and at last his wish was granted, and a daughter was born to him.

She was a lovely babe, and the fond father would bring many of his friends to look at and admire his treasure, for he was never tired of listening to their praises.

One day an old priest came in to look at the child. He gazed at her long and closely, and a troubled expression overspread his kindly face.

Drawing back, he tried to escape from the room unperceived, but the Sultan had been watching him and commanded him to come back. "What is the matter? Do you see anything peculiar?" he enquired, anxiously.

The old man hesitated, unwilling to alarm his royal master.

"I insist upon knowing the truth—tell me at once!" cried the latter, becoming more and more agitated.

"She will die from the bite of a serpent," faltered the priest, sadly.

"This shall not be!" said the Sultan, fiercely. "Am I Sultan of all Turkey and cannot protect my daughter from a snake's bite!"

With all haste he commanded a tower to be built on the rock opposite his capital, and to this the infant was removed. Not a vestige of vegetation was allowed to grow upon the rock, nothing that could possibly harbour a snake was ever permitted to be landed there.

Surrounded by nurses and guardians, and furnished with every luxury which her doting father could devise, the child grew into a lovely maiden. He would frequently cross over to the Tower to see and converse with Leandra, for so she had been called.

One day the Sultan received a present of exquisite grapes, so tastefully arranged in a basket that he would not disturb them, but sent it as it was to his daughter. She was delighted, and eagerly began to pluck the luscious fruit. In a moment she gave a cry of horror



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and threw the basket from her. But it was too late! A small poisonous snake had reared its head from the basket and bitten her upon the hand.

In a few short hours the beautiful Leandra lay cold and still upon her bed.

—Christianity excludes malignity, subdues selfishness, regulates passions, subordinates the appetites, quickens the intellect, exalts the affections. It would unite man in one great brotherhood.

Earthly treasures are fleeting. Why spend all our efforts for that which you cannot keep. Get knowledge, get wisdom, build character—these are eternal.