

Christian Love.

The spirit of Christian love, if allowed to work deeply and thoroughly in all hearts and lives, will prevent variance and alienation among Christians. It will lead us to forget ourselves and think of others, not pushing our own interests unduly and demanding the first place, but in honor preferring one another. It will make us willing to serve, to minister, even to stoop down to unloose a brother's shoes. It will make us thoughtful, too, in all our acts, in our manners, in our words. It will make us gentle, kind, patient, teaching us to be to all what Christ would be if He were in our place.

An Old Story 1014 Over Again.

Once upon a time a cat and a mouse made friends and lived together in an old brick oven that was no more used. One day the cat was knitting, and the mouse, to plague her, bit off her wool. The cat looked very cross at the mouse, and said in a low voice, "If you bite off my wool again I'll hide away your small baby mouse."

The mouse waited till the cat's ball of wool fell on the floor, when she jumped up and bit it off.

Pussy sprang at the little mouse quick as a flash and ran away with it. The mother mouse began to cry, and said, "Please, Mrs. Cat, bring back my dear little mouse again."

The cat said: "I will if you will go to the cow and get me some milk."

So away he went, trit-a-tree trot, The faster he went the further he got, and said, "Cow, please give me milk; I will give Puss the milk, and Puss will give me my dear little mouse again."

The cow said, "I will if you will go to the barn and get me some hay."

So away he went, trit-a-tree trot, The faster he went the further he got, and said, "Blacksmith, please give me the key; I will give Barn the key; Barn will give me hay; I will give Cow the hay; Cow will give me milk; I will give Puss the milk; and Puss will give me my dear little mouse again."

The Blacksmith said, "I will if you will go to the coal-mine and get me some coal."

So away he went, trit-a-tree trot, The faster he went, the further he got, and said, "Coal-mine, please give me some coal; Blacksmith will give me the key; I will give Barn the key; Barn will give me hay; I will give Cow the hay; Cow will give me milk; I will give Puss the milk, and Puss will give me my dear little mouse again."

The coal-mine was rich and generous, and was glad to have the chance to help the poor tired, lonely mouse.

So the coal-mine gave the coal to the mouse, and he gave it to the blacksmith; the blacksmith gave the key to the mouse, and he gave it to the barn; the barn gave hay to the mouse, and he gave it to the cow; the cow gave milk to the mouse, and he gave it to the cat; and then Mrs. Puss brought back to the mother mouse the dear little baby mouse again, and the mother mouse never bit off the cat's wool any more, but was a quiet good mouse ever after.

MARRIED.

In the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Havelock, Ont., on Tuesday morning, October 27th, 1896, by the Incumbent, the Rev. A. Overton Terrant, Willis Simpson, of the Township of Dummer, to Alberta Anna, daughter of the late Daniel Wigmore, Esq., and granddaughter of the late Major Wigmore, of the same place.

An Ugly Thing.

Come, now, boys and girls, I want to have a little talk with you about one of the very ugliest things in the world. The world is so full of beautiful things that I wish we need not talk about this hideous thing nor know anything about it, but we are certain to come face to face with it sometime, and I would like to put you on your guard so that you can give this frightful thing a wide berth.

You will sometimes find its presences in the most beautiful homes. I came across it one day in a home so rich and beautiful in all its appointments that nothing which art, cultivated taste and wealth could supply was lacking. The only daughter of the family, a little girl of thirteen, dearly beloved by her parents, had been given a birthday party. Beautiful presents had been lavished upon her and she was happy enough until it came time for her to dress to receive the little guests who were coming to the party. Then she insisted on wearing an elaborate lace-trimmed pink silk dress instead of a simple white gown selected for her.

"But I want you to wear the plain white dress for the reason that some of the little girls who are coming to the party are the children of papas who cannot buy their little daughters anything but the simplest dresses, and my little girl must not be dressed better than her guests."

Then this ugly thing that I have in mind appeared and took full possession of the little girl's heart. Regardless of all that had been done for her happiness, she screamed and cried and tore the pretty white dress when they tried to put it on her, and when her little friends came she was sullen and red-eyed from weeping, and the day ended in shame and sorrow to her parents and to herself.

And once there was a poor boy living in a little village with his widowed mother, who died when the boy was about fourteen years old. He had remarkable musical talent, and a childless and good woman in the village who had faith in the boy gave him a home for a year and then sent him to a distant city to cultivate his musical talent. She had a few thousand dollars, and during the next six years she spent nearly all of it on the boy's musical education, so great was her faith in his talent and so eager was she to see it cultivated. She sent him abroad to school for two years, and the result proved that her faith in his musical ability was well founded, but, alas! her faith in the integrity of his character was not.

When he returned to his native land famous and with rapidly increasing wealth, he absolutely ignored the existence of the good woman whose little fortune had been spent in making

Who'd Wear Two Coats...



when one is warmer? That is if the one is interlined with **Fibre Chamois**. It gives such a wholesome comforting warmth without adding weight or bulk, that you can enjoy outdoor exercise or labor as much again as if you were all muffled up. Besides you know it is only a matter of time till the piercing wind gets at you even through three ordinary coats, while neither the frostiest winds, nor rain, nor sleet can penetrate this invaluable **Fibre Chamois**. See that it is put in your ordered clothing and find the **Fibre Chamois Label** on every ready-to-wear garment you buy. Then you're sure of perfect satisfaction.

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A fortnight ago in a special offer hundreds of yards went out of the city. The important matter is to write promptly.

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him what he was, and who had befriended him when he was homeless and friendless. He did not even go to see her, and when she died of a broken heart he did not attend her funeral, because his whole nature was permeated with that ugly, offensive thing called ingratitude.

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