

weary eyes and sad hearts, calling their son's name with their tired voices.

At last the father sat down to rest on an old fallen tree. Something seemed to stir in its hollow depths, and in a moment he had put his hand into the hole. It rested on his boy. Yes, there was the little fellow, warm and breathing, but very weak, and only just alive. The neighbours crowded around, and gently drew him out of the tree and carried him home.

By and by he grew stronger, and could then answer their questions. "What had he lived on all those seven long days?" Berries—always berries.

"But how had he kept warm through the cold, frosty nights?" Oh, he had slept in a tree, and a nice big brown dog had kept him warm by lying close to him.

The neighbours looked at one another, and at the father and mother. They knew every dog in all the country round. There were only a very few of them, and not one big brown dog was in the number. The hollow tree was again examined, and, from what they saw, they felt sure that a large bear had used it as a sleeping place, and that he had kindly allowed the child to share his bed.

The boy soon got well and strong, and in time grew up to be a sturdy farmer. When he had children of his own, nothing pleased them so much as to hear from their father the story of the big brown dog.

THE TIGER AND THE FISH.

One day a sportsman went fishing in India, accompanied by an old and faithful native servant, who carried his rifle to be ready in case any large game was met with, the country being exceedingly full of jungle.

The two became separated, but the fisher, knowing that the servant was well able to take care of himself, proceeded to the river, where, after a while, he hooked a large fish, weighing over twenty pounds.

Returning with the fish, he met in a ravine leading up from the river a huge tiger, from whose presence he moved before it saw him, hiding nimbly behind a rock. He was so anxious to avoid the fierce creature that the fish fell from his hands, and was fully exposed to the view of the tiger.

Even then, however, it seemed as if the tiger would pass it without notice; but, in an evil moment, just when the animal appeared to have made up his mind to move on, the fish gave a feeble flop, which at once attracted the tiger's attention.

The beast made straight for the fish, seized it by the head, and carried it off. The fish was still joined to the tackle, and no sooner did the tiger feel the resistance of the reel, than he gave a sudden jerk which resulted in hooking him by the lip.

At this moment the enraged animal caught sight of the hiding sportsman, and fixed his green and glittering eyes upon him. The latter, not knowing how to act, began to play with the beast, as he might with a fish; but, though the tiger was uncertain what to do for a moment, the proceeding was not likely to last long. Luckily, the native servant turned up, and with a well-aimed shot laid low the monarch of the forest.

IN THE ASSURED HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION.

The burial of Christ was thought by His enemies to be the end, but in truth this was the very way to the glory of Christ. He Himself had said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Christ's burial in the grave was but the necessary way to His final and glorious victory. So now, when we lay our beloved Christian dead in the tomb, it is in the assured hope of blessed resurrection. The grave is but the shaded way to glory.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF CHRIST.

The higher friendship brings a satisfaction of heart, and a joy commensurate to the love. Its reward is itself, the sweet, enthralling relationship, not any advantageous gain it promises, either in the present or for the future. Even if there were no physical or moral rewards and punishments in the world, we would still love and serve Christ for His own sake. The soul that is bound by this personal attachment to Jesus has a life in the eternal, which transfigures the life in time with a great joy. This friendship with the Lord knows no fear of

loss; neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come can separate us. It is joy and strength in the present, and it lights up the future with a great hope. We are not much concerned about speculations regarding the future; for we know that we are in the hands of our Lover. All that we care to assert of the future is that Christ will in an even fuller degree be the environment of all Christian souls, and the effect of that constant environment will fulfill the aspiration of the apostle, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Communism produces likeness. This even now is the test of our friendship with the Lord.

A WORD ABOUT GIVING.

"No, she isn't stingy, she's just selfish," said the old woman, speaking of a relative. "She'll give money if it's needed; she'll give a share of anything that grows in her fields or her orchards, but the one thing she never gives is a mite of herself.

"I'd expect her to send broth and jellies if I were sick, or blankets if I were cold, but I wouldn't ever expect her to come and spend the afternoon with me because I was lonely, or to be really in

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines, and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary tablets."

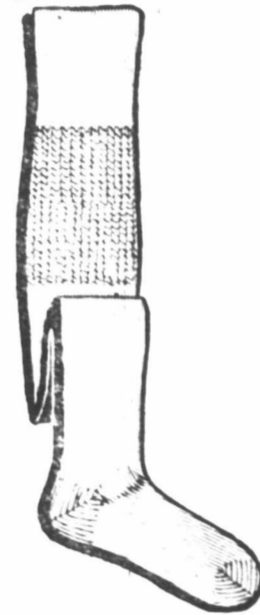
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interested in any trouble I had—or any joys, either, for that matter. I'd never think of carrying her any of my boy's letters to read, as I do to little Mrs. Stone at the corner. Tom's been away nine months now, on a voyage, and Mrs. Stone has heard every one of his letters. We've hunted up together in her big atlas the places where he'll go, and when she comes across anything about one of them in the newspapers she always remembers and tells me. She doesn't do it just to please me, either; she's interested.

"Mrs. Stone scarcely has a spare dollar to share with anybody, but you never think of that. I guess it's as much what folks'll let you share with them as what they share with you that counts."

A CAT-ARTIST'S STORY.

An artist famous for his pictures of cats, told the following story when asked why he had taken to painting cats:—

"Some years ago Peter was a black-and-white kitten, and had a great love for mouse-hunting. I had him when he had just gained his eyesight, and the second day in his new home he brought a half-dead young mouse, who had held on so tight to Peter's nose that it bled.

"Peter was so plucky that I took a fancy to him, for he would not part with the mouse, and marched

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up and down with his tail bolt up right till the mouse was killed for him. He had the run of the house, and strength coming apace with courage, he soon learned to kill his mice himself, and these he always brought upstairs and laid at my feet. "I began to pet him a great deal, and he would come and sit on my drawing-table for hours together."