

Use



Old Dutch Cleanser

On Hard Things To Clean

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Boys and Girls

PROCRASTINATION.

There's a boy at our house,
And you'll sometimes find him in it,
Who, when asked a thing to do,
Says: "I will, but—wait a minute."

If his mother asks for wood,
And is wanting him to bring it,
He is sure to answer her,
"Yes, I'll come, just wait a minute."

When he has a task to do,
And is wanted to begin it,
He is sure to answer first,
"Yes, I will, just wait a minute."

If an errand he's to run,
Or a race that he may win,
He is ready with reply,
"Yes, I will, just wait a minute."

Should he reach the pearly gate,
And the angel ask him in it,
Will his answer then be, too:
"Yes, I'll come, just wait a minute?"

Wesley N. Speckman, in North-western Christian Advocate.

FOR THE MOTHER

The sun beat warm against the outside of the little house, and almost persuaded the bird swinging in his cage that it was Spring, instead of Winter. At least, he broke into so cheerful a song that Berta looked up from her knitting, and Karl from the little ship he was fitting with sails. The two children had been working silently, an upturned tub serving the

one for a seat, and the other for carpenter's bench, but now Berta held up the long stocking that had busied her and viewed it approvingly.

"I am nearly done," she said.

"So am I," answered Karl.

Berta bestowed a careless glance upon the carefully-made, pretty-rigged little vessel, and then looked back at her knitting.

"But mine is real work, useful work, to help our mother," she remarked, "and that toy is only play."

"Maybe—maybe not," replied Karl briefly. Berta's self-satisfaction was exasperating; she need not be so sure that no one but herself thought of helping the mother, or that no plans but her own were of any use. When the father had gone away to the far country across the sea, the children had talked it over together—that while he was making a new home for them they must help to earn bread in the old one. Berta was doing her best, but Karl thought, with a sigh, it was easier for big girls to find work than for little boys. When he had tried two or three times and failed, Berta seemed to think he had forgotten.

"The stockings will bring money," said Berta. "I shall sell them at the store, and then I shall have something to give mother." She rolled up her work and went indoors, and never once noticed how skilfully the little boat had been made, nor how patiently the boyish fingers had toiled at it; she only wondered how Karl could be content to idle over such things.

The stockings were finished and sold the next day, but, even with the price burning as a delightful secret in her pocket, Berta did not at once tell her mother; she was waiting for Karl to come home. So it was evening, and they all were together around the little table, when she drew forth her tiny hoard.

"I earned it, with the knitting, for you, mother."

Karl's eyes were shining, his hand was in his pocket; he, too, had a delightful secret, and in a moment a second pile of coins lay beside Berta's.

"I sold the little ship," explained Karl. "One day when I was in the small shop down by the water, where so many things are kept for the sailors, I heard a little boy asking for such a boat. It made me think, and I made one and took it there. The man said he did not have calls enough for such things to pay for it, but he told me of a toy shop where he thought they might want it. They did, and I am to make more for them—as many more as I can make this Winter."

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The glad mother praised both her children, but Berta's eyes were thoughtful, for that little boat, of which she had been so scornful, had brought more than the stockings. But she was an honest young soul, and when she next wrote one of her painstaking letters to her father, she put under the head of the things she was learning: "Not to be too sure my work is more important than other people's work."—The Morning Star.

THE LION OUTWITTED

(An African Folk-Lore Story.)

With us the fox is credited with being the most cunning animal, but in Africa the natives always think the little rabbit, besides being really wise, has this quality. As "Brer Rabbit" he has been immortalized.

I will give one of the many stories about him told among the Winamwanga—a Central African tribe.

A certain Master Bunny had been busy finding food for himself and his little family, moving about here and there the whole of one morning.

As the day wore on and the sun had risen high, it became too hot to be pleasant, especially as he was not able to change his beautiful fur coat for something lighter. Just at this junction he spied a cave which looked both cool and inviting. He made for it and was soon inside enjoying the refreshing shade.

A lion chanced to pass that same way and, feeling the oppressive heat too much for him, walked into the very same cave as Master Bunny had done. The poor rabbit stretched full length on the rock inside, saw him coming and, as can be imagined nearly died of fright.

He thought to himself, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm done for now; I've never been boxed so tightly before. I can lose nothing, but perhaps gain something by being polite to Mr. Lion; anyway, I'll pay my respects to him and gain a little more time to think."

So, jumping up, he bounded across to where the lion had settled and throwing himself backward flat on the ground in front of him, he clapped his forepaws together (the usual native way of greeting a chief) and said: "Good morning, grandfather."

The lion was evidently pleased, and responded to his salutation graciously, bowing and clapping his paws together, at the same time saying, "Good morning, my child."

The rabbit was meanwhile thinking desperately what he could do to save his life. His usual ready resource was hard put to this time, but quick as thought, what turned out to be a happy solution of his difficulty came to

him. Running in desperate earnest to the low entrance of the cave, he stood on his back legs and putting his front paws against the projecting rock, he called out excitedly, "Grandfather! Grandfather! The cave is tumbling down! Come quickly, and help me to hold it up!"

The lion, with a scared look, jumped up at once and was instantly by the rabbit's side, helping him with all his might to avert such a terrible disaster.

Master Bunny, so far successful, said as soon as he was there, "Keep on holding, grandfather. I'll run to fetch a prop. Don't leave go, mind, till I come back or you'll be killed for certain."

"All right," said Mr. Lion, "I'll hold on until you come." The kind and thoughtful rabbit bounded away, chuckling to himself at the complete success of his clever ruse.

Poor Mr. Lion, tired and hungry, kept on for hours supporting the cave, as he imagined, wondering whether it was better to remain where he was or risk letting go and perhaps be crushed to death.

At last, feeling he could stand the strain no longer cramped up as he was, and having decided that the rabbit was not coming, and saying to himself, "I can meet death but once anyhow," he let go and rushed outside, fearing the worst.

To his surprise and chagrin, he found on looking around that the rock overhead had been quite firm and strong all the time. The "king of the forests" muttered to himself, "Ah! I ought to have known that rascally rabbit better; I deserve this for my sheer stupidity."—Emmeline E. Dewar, in The Southern Workman.

The Secret of Good Digestion

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