

favor of his comrades, had a sudden inspiration—

'Gen'omen!' said he, 'I'm goin' to vencha 'pose a toast—"The belle of Neth'bro," Miss Jennie—'

Then up sprang Dick Bardsley, and rushing forward, he angrily pulled the demented speaker backward on the floor. In drunken rage, Stanford struck right and left, and Bardsley was ready enough to retaliate. Everybody rose, some to mingle in the fray, and others to leave the room, and still others to gather into a corner and dispose themselves to continue the 'evening's entertainment!' Mr. Huddleston, whose somewhat expansive features always had a certain flavor of rubicundity, carried his face, which, as the song says of the 'blood-red flag of England,' did 'most terrific burn,' from the scene, and he was followed by Lord Seaton, who was glad to hold by his Majesty's coat-tail as a sort of personal protection. In his case, immoderate indulgence only had the effect of rendering him more imbecile and harmless than was his wont; that, however, is a condition difficult to imagine or to understand. By two's and three's the guests of the evening reeled out into the streets, and more or less noisily sought their homes, which many of them failed to find, and so abode in the street all night.

So ended the dinner—that celebrated an epoch in the history of Netherborough. Ended, did it? Alas, not yet!

(To be Continued.)

The Story of Old.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold,

I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head;

That his arm had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when
he said,

'Let the little ones come unto me.'

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

To that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

'Tis a beautiful story the Bible has told,
And happy the children who know
The way that leads up to that city of gold
And the door Jesus opened below.

But what about children who never have known
Of this way to the happy land?—
Who are bowing to idols of wood and of stone
Which in heathen temples stand?

They tell me of homes so sad and so drear
Far over the ocean-wave;
No welcome is found for a daughter there,
Not a flower for a baby's grave.

Yet Jesus has left the same blessing for them
Which rests on my own little head:
Isn't somebody going to tell them of him,
And all my dear Saviour has said?

Yes, yes; we must tell that sweet story of old
Till all the poor heathen shall know
Jesus calls little children like lambs to his
fold,

And shows them the way they must go.

—Adapted from the hymn by Jemima Luke.

Bargains for Subscribers.

Subscribers should carefully consider our 'Renewal Bargains' offered in this issue. 'Messenger' subscribers will find that they can get a daily or weekly news magazine for a merely nominal sum by taking advantage of our clubbing offers. These clubs are designed to cover all the essential reading—news and periodical—of a family for the smallest amount of money. A greater number of families all over the Dominion are availing themselves of these wonderful club offers than ever before. Please make them known to your friends.

Excuses.

Have you ever noticed how hard some boys and girls find it to own up that they are in the wrong? They try to lay the blame on some one else when the fault is clearly their own. When John breaks a window by playing ball with Henry, he says: 'It wasn't my fault; Harry stood right in front of the window, and I had to throw the ball to him. I couldn't help its breaking the glass.' When Jenny neglects to dust the table, she says: 'How could I, when Ned had left all his playthings on it?' If John and Jenny stopped to think how silly such explanations sound they wouldn't try to excuse themselves.—The 'Morning Star.'

Margaret's Blue Eyes.

(Esther Converse, in the 'Child's Hour'.)

'Come here, dear,' said Aunt Louise, 'and let me examine your eyes.' 'My eyes?' questioned Margaret. 'Why, my eyes are all right.'

'Are you sure you are not afflicted with myopia or astigmatism?'

'Why, auntie, what do you mean, and what are those dreadful things?' inquired Margaret as she came for examination.

'Yes,' said Aunt Louise as she looked into the startled blue eyes,—'yes, they seem all right—and the ears also—pretty, pink, and clean. I fear the trouble may be internal, for when mamma was here a few minutes ago I feared something serious might be the matter with both eyes and ears.'

'What do you mean?' questioned Margaret again. 'I heard every word mamma said.'

'Oh, then you also heard the bell before she asked you to go to the door, and you heard baby at the door before she asked you to open for him?'

'Why, yes, mamma always asks when she wants me to do things for her.'

'And did you see her spool of silk roll across the floor, and see baby tear her pattern before she asked your help?'

'Yes,' said Margaret impatiently, 'but I always do what mamma asks me to do, and how can I know what she wants?'

'Yes, dear,' said auntie, 'I am sure you do all she asks of you, but do you not see how much trouble you might save her if you anticipated

her wants in these little things and thought for yourself?'

Margaret made no reply. It was not pleasant to be criticized by Aunt Louise. How could she know what people wanted unless they asked her, and she always did everything she was asked to do, and that was quite enough she thought.

A few weeks after, Margaret met with a serious accident in falling from a swing. A broken arm and other serious injuries confined her to her bed several weeks, and when at last she was allowed to lie on the couch in the sitting-room, surrounded by brothers, sisters, and pets, she thought her trials nearly over. But mamma, who had devoted her whole time to the suffering child, now found many duties awaiting her, and Margaret left alone, or with the children, missed sadly the mother's care. It seemed that she must ask for everything she wanted. The sun hurt her tired eyes, she must have the curtain lowered. The afghan slipped to the floor, her book fell from the tired left hand, she could not prepare the apple or orange lying just beyond her reach. She wanted to see the new game the boys had brought home, and, oh, if someone would only bring her a glass of water or lemonade without her asking for it!

'Mamma sees without being asked,' thought Margaret. 'She anticipates my wants.'

Unconsciously she had used her aunt's words and now she understood their meaning.

'It is like blindness,' she said. 'Auntie was quite right.'

Day by day poor, tired Margaret learned the lesson Aunt Louise had sought to impress.

'When I get well,' she often thought as she noticed the carelessness of brothers and sisters, 'when I get well I'll just see and hear for myself. How tired mamma must be of asking us to do things.'

When Aunt Louise again visited Mrs. Wilbur, Margaret's warm greeting gave her much pleasure. She asked many questions about the long illness and expressed pleasure in her full recovery, but thought her little niece greatly changed. She saw her cheerfully going off on her bicycle to do errands for mother.

She saw slippers and evening paper brought to Mr. Wilbur, the curtains drawn, little Bessie made ready for dinner by loving hands that needed no asking, and wondered.

At the table quick eyes saw the omission of a napkin and butter-knife, and when Mrs. Wilbur looked enquiringly around, Margaret promptly supplied the spoon she sought.

'How you see everything, child,' said Mrs. Wilbur gratefully. 'Margaret is my right hand,' she added turning to her sister. 'She anticipates my wants.'

Quick, loving glances were exchanged between the two to whom these words were familiar, and during a long visit Aunt Louise failed to discover defects in the bright eyes and delicate ears of her favorite niece.

The Hour of Prayer.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave—
Pray; ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, from that battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Felicia Hemans.

Pictures.

Many of the full-page pictures in the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be framed—and, indeed, they are well worth it.

BOYS' WATCH FREE.

We give this fine Watch free to any boy who sells 24 copies of the new monthly, the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'—ten cents a copy (with a ten cent coupon in each). The Watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, highly polished, an enamelled dial, bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, reliable American movement. Will last with care for years.

The 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' sells like wildfire from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Delights everyone. Costs about \$1,000 an issue and contains about 1,000 square inches of Pictures. News of the world by views. Many of the full page pictures are worth framing. Fine, glossy paper. Exquisite printing. Interesting reading matter. Fashions, patterns and household hints, unsurpassed as a souvenir to far away friends. Many people will buy several for that purpose alone.



A FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

For selling 18 copies of the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' at 10 cents each, as above, we give you a fine Fountain Pen, full size, with gold nib, fine, medium or stub.

JACK KNIFE FREE.

For only 12 copies of the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' at 10 cents each, as above, we give you a fine, large Jack Knife, two blades, such as any boy would be proud to possess.

HOW TO GET THEM

Send a postal to-day for package of 'PICTORIALS' and full instructions.

Cash in advance, at rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premium by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once; just as soon as you remit for the first. Each premium to be earned by papers of the same month.

Orders promptly filled.

Write for cash commissions, if you prefer it.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.