

from his stool and tried to catch it, but mouse was too quick for him. In a moment it was off to its hole and out of sight.

That night Hans set a wire trap near the hole and put a little bit of toasted cheese in the trap. Poor mouse could not resist temptation, and during the night it crept through the opening in the wire trap and was caught. When morning came, there it was, trying in vain to get out of the trap. The big cat wanted to get hold of mouse; but Gretchen kept it in her arms, and would not let it near the trap which Hans had in his hand. It was not a common mouse that was caught, but a pretty little field-mouse, which had found its way into the cottage.

The field-mouse, you know, lives among the long grass of the fields. It is only about two inches in length, and its coat of brown fur is so soft and thick that it feels like velvet. No bird can make a nicer or prettier home for its little ones than this mouse makes. The nest is a small round thing, with a very small opening. It is built only of dried grass, very close and firm. In winter it has a home underground, which it makes cozy and warm with grass and thistle-down.

Hans and Gretchen would not let the big cat get mouse, nor would they let it be drowned. They had read in their lesson book about the field-mouse and its pretty ways; so they decided to set mouse free. They took the trap out to the big field at the back of the cottage. There was a running stream on one side of the field, and there the grass was long and soft. When the door of the trap was opened, out came mouse. One light, nimble spring and it was free, and was soon hid from sight among the long, soft grass. It was never seen in the cottage again.

"Heaven."

"And what do you think will make us most happy in Heaven?" I asked one and another of my class one Sunday.

"The grass and green trees," said one poor lad, evidently remembering his one peep at the country during our summer treat.

"The beautiful music," "Nobody ill," "Everybody round us happy," "No death," came different answers. Ben had not spoken. He is a very quiet, shy little lad.

"Ben, what do you think will make us most happy in that happy place?"



February.

Baby sends a Valentine,
Saying in it, "Thou art mine,
All I want in life is thee,
Thou art life itself to me.
Dearest friend of babyhood,
How I love thee—Nestlé's Food."
We will send to any mother
samples of Nestlé's Food free,
on receipt of address.
Thos. Leeming & Co. Montreal.

Nestlé's Food.

"How are you?"
"Nicely. Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,
COUNTY OF YORK, to wit:

We, George Young Timms and John Alexander Imrie, formerly members of the firm carrying on business as printers at Toronto, in the county of York, under the style of Timms & Co., do hereby certify that the said partnership was on the 17th day of February, A.D., 1892, dissolved.

John Alexander Imrie retires from the business, and George Young Timms will carry on the business at the same place, No. 13 Adelaide Street East, under the name, style and firm of "Timms & Co."

Witness our hands at Toronto, the 17th day of February, 1892.

Witness:
(Signed,) G. Y. TIMMS.
(Signed,) J. A. IMRIE.
(Signed,) H. V. KNIGHT.

In reference to the above, we beg to state that the business is under the personal supervision of Mr. Timms, and we shall be glad to hear from our old and esteemed patrons, and while thanking them for past favors we assure them that no effort will be spared to meet their wishes in the future.

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We illustrate and give prices in this Catalogue, which is handsomer than ever. It tells NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.
Write for it to-day.
D.M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

"Cause the Lord Jesus will be so glad to see us come."

"He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied," I thought, but I waited for Ben to speak, and after a moment he went on,—

"Don't you remember, teacher, when Stephen was being stoned, God let him look right up into Heaven, and says he to the cruel men who were killing him, 'I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.' Not sitting down, teacher, as if it didn't matter. He stood right up ready, 'cause he was glad Stephen was just a coming!'"

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