

Honesty the Best Policy.

One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next day. Early in the morning, as the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent, "Hie, mun, come here and gie's a hand wi' this beast!"

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure as anything I'll gie ye half I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," replied the boy; "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," replied the boy, "and there's the half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake; and, as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there wi' the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately. "You have lost," said he, "your money, your situation, and your character by your deceitfulness; learn for the future that honesty is the best policy."

The boy now found out who it was that helped to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.

JUST A COLD IN THE HEAD very often develops into the most acute and disgusting form of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves a cold in the head in 10 minutes and precludes the possibilities of the Catarrh malady, but should Catarrh have gained headway this wonderful remedy will cure it in a wonderfully short time. The Lord Bishop of Toronto over his own signature gives a strong testimony to its curing qualities.

"Open the door of your heart for Christ, and He will open the door of heaven for you."

Wherever the sun shines Dr. Chase's remedies are known, and no music so sweet to many a poor soul as the song of rejoicing over restoration to health in the use of them. Ask your dealer about them.

Thousands are suffering excruciating misery from that plague of the night, Itching Piles, and say nothing about it through sense of delicacy. All such will find an instant relief in the use of Chase's Ointment. It never fails.

"The temple of perfection is entered by the gate of sacrifice."

Grover C. Connelly, of Richmond Corners, N.B., says of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure: "I am pleased I used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I had it in a very severe form for nearly five years. I used several so-called cures, but got no relief. None of them did me any good. One box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure completely cured me."

"Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous."

A Croupy Cough was soon Driven away by Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine

"My little boy had a bad croupy cough," says Mrs. Smith of 256 Bathurst street, Toronto. "My neighbour, Mrs. Hopkins, recommended me to try Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I did so, and the first dose did him good. One bottle completely cured the cold. It is surprising, the popularity of Chase's Syrup in this neighbourhood. It appears to me it can now be found in every house."

"On the day we have done no good we have done much evil."

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- " " Incipient Catarrh
- " " Hay Fever
- " " Catarrhal Deafness
- " " Cold in the Head in 10 minutes
- " " Foul Breath caused by Catarrh.

25 cents secures Chase's Catarrh Cure with perfect blower enclosed in each box. Sold by all dealers.

THE OPEN DOOR.

A STORY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Madame Van Loon was a poor widow, who had four children; the eldest, named Richard, was but eight years old. One evening they were all very hungry, for they had had nothing to eat all day, and their mother had no food to give them. Then she lifted up her heart to God, who she knew was able to help her, for she trusted in her Saviour, and taught her children also to do so.

When she had finished praying, Richard said, "Mother, does not the Bible tell us that God once sent some ravens to a man, to take him bread when he was hungry?"

"Yes, my child," answered the mother; "but it is a long time since then, a very long time."

"Very well," said Richard, "God could still send ravens to feed us: I am going to open the door, that they be able to come in;" and in a moment

he was at the door, and set it wide open, so that any one passing in the street could not fail to notice the light in the room.

A few minutes after, the mayor of the town happened to pass, and seeing the door open, and such a happy looking group inside, could not resist entering.

"Ah, my good lady," said he, "how is it that your door is open so wide at this hour?"

Madame Van Loon was rather embarrassed at the presence of such a fine gentleman in her small cottage. She rose in haste, and bowed to the mayor; then, passing her fingers through Richard's light hair, answered, "That was an idea of my little Richard's, who thought the ravens might come and bring us food."

The gentleman was clothed in black from head to foot.

"Ah, really!" said he, laughing. "Richard was not so very far wrong. Here is a raven, and a large one, too. Come, Richard, with me, and I will show you where the bread is."

The little boy followed him to his house, and returned to his mother with a basketful of provisions. The children began to jump for joy and clap their hands at the sight of such plenty. They did not, however, forget to give thanks to Him who had heard their prayers; and little Richard, when he had finished his supper, went to the step of the open door, and, taking off his cap, said, "We thank Thee, God, for having sent the raven."

Little children, learn to put your trust in Jesus whilst you are young, and He will not forsake you when you are old.

The Policy of Tongues.

If we could only control our tongues at the moment of anger and excitement, how seldom would we wish to recall a spoken word! It is the flood breaking over the dam that causes destruction; so long as the water is held in check, the landscape is enriched by a lake, a waterfall, a stream, but when the lake has burst its bounds it leaves behind it a mud-pond, and a trail of destruction wherever its force has spread. So words, if they burst through the self-restraint of good thoughts, good manners, and charity, rob life of its beauty, and leave a sadness that can be compared only to the landscape when a flood has swept over it.

If we could express opinions only when we controlled our emotions, when we sought to feel kindly toward our opponent or enemy, how much that

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becomes kindling, and adds to a fire already started, would be saved to good purpose! We all know that anger uses vital power. No person ever was angry and gave expression to it at the moment who did not, consciously or unconsciously, suffer in loss of physical power; and morally there is always a loss of self-respect.

If we gave expression to our feelings for another only when patience and kindness controlled anger and annoyance, unkind, uncharitable conclusions would never find voice. It is the unguarded moment that is responsible for the misunderstandings, the unjust charges, the scandals that have wrecked friendships, destroyed homes, and ruined reputations.

Every human being of any character can train himself to silence when the expression of opinion means an attack on another.

The strongest of us make mistakes, commit errors of judgment that misinterpret our characters, and give rise to opinions that reflect against our reputations. This common weakness should make us common champions, for we never know when our friends may feel obliged to use for us that voluminous mantle under which most of us must take shelter sometimes. Knowing this, is it not the duty of each of us to refrain from the expression of opinions at the moment when we are not at our best morally?



NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quick-best Soap to use. See for yourself.

How rich father called evening, at first penny Jessie's fat had not off he loved to pleasure, at more that to see her light at his sleep that treasure, a it. She shop in the dressed do besides qu and she v next morn day had c must pass penny. long that that after very diffe expression loved Je: the little asked no interest ments w tented lo

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