

is way, but you have shown more of the merchant than of the child. Well, Edward, what did you do?"

Edward modestly replied: "I gave my peach to the sick son of my neighbour—poor George—who has the fever. I found him asleep, but I left it on his bed and came away."

"There now," cried the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?" "Edward, to be sure," said all the others; while the mother with joy clasped him to her heart.

THE UNSELFISH ANTS.

A traveller in the Australian bush has written a book describing his adventures. Like most travellers in the tropics, Dr. Semon suffered much at the hands, or rather at the jaws, of the ant. After endeavouring in various ways, and unsuccessfully, to cope with these resolute marauders, the author hit upon the happy device of scattering their advancing armies by means of cyanide of potassium. The result of this measure is thus narrated:

"How astonished was I when I saw the whole surface of the heap strewn with dead ants like a battlefield. The pieces of cyanide, however, had totally disappeared! More than one-half of the community had met death in this desperate struggle, but still the death-defying courage of the heroic little creatures had succeeded in removing the fatal poison, the touch of which must have been just as disagreeable to them as it was dangerous. Recklessly neglecting their own safety, they had carried it off little by little, covering every step with a corpse. Once removed from the heap the poison had been well covered with leaves and pieces of wood, and thus prevented further damage. The heroism of these insects—which far surpasses what any other creature, including even man, has

ever shown in the way of self-sacrifice and loyalty—had made such an impression on me that I gave up my campaign, and henceforward I bore with many an outrage from my neighbours rather than destroy the valiant beings whose courage I had not been able to crush."

You will see that it is not only the sluggard who would benefit by a visit to the ants. Many a selfish boy and girl might learn a useful lesson from these little creatures.

HOW TO TURN.

There are some flowers which always turn toward the sun. There was a little potted rose-bush in a sick room which I visited. It sat in the window. One day I noticed that the one rose on the bush was looking toward the light. I referred to it; and the sick woman said that her daughter had turned the rose around several times toward the darkness of the room, but that each time the little flower had twisted itself back, until again its face was toward the light. It would not look into the darkness. The rose taught me a lesson—never to allow myself to look toward any gloom, but instantly to turn from it. Not a moment should we permit our eyes to be inclined toward anything sinful. To yield to one moment's sinful act is to defile the soul. The Bible says in its every verse, "Turn from the wrong, the base, the low, the unworthy, to the right, the pure, the noble, the god-like." We should not allow even an unholy thought to stay a moment in our mind, but should turn from its very first suggestion, with face full toward Christ, the Holy One. But we should train ourselves to turn, also, from all shadows and discouragements. There is also a bright side, and we should find it. Discouragement is full of danger. It weakens and hurts the life.

WHAT A BOOK SAID.

Once upon a time a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seem worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you have finished reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of my leaves, but have a neat little book mark to put in

Life!



As in July the thrifty housewife—taking advantage of summer's plenty—shows providence in preserving for winter use, so a wise man, while the summer of his life permits, insures, that there may be no direful want by loved ones when winter comes.

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L. Goldman, Secretary. Wm. McCabe, Managing Director

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where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys. Besides, I may meet you again some day; and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

READING.

If young people only knew the value of their youth! A half-hour each day steadily given to the vanishing of some real books in history, science, literature, is three hours a week, is more than twelve hours a month, and is more than twelve solid days of twenty-four hours each a year. What can not the business man accomplish by such a seizure of fragments of his time? Oh, if the young people only knew the culture possible for them by such simple means! And for evermore it is the man who knows who gets to be the man who does, and to whom the chance for doing comes. Merely frittering newspapers and novel-reading—a youthhood devoted only to that, how pitifully sad! No ships drift into harbour. No young persons drift into an achieving manhood or womanhood. — Wayland Hoyt, D.D.

DOGS AS MESSENGERS.

The experiment of training dogs to carry messages and to act as sentinels in the army has been made in Germany, and, it is said, with very encouraging results. The dogs have now been in training for some time, and have made really wonderful progress.

The kind found to be more suitable for this work is the shepherd's dog. The plan adopted is to accustom each dog to regard one of the soldiers as his master, the conduct of his training being in this man's hands.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD.



For Infants and Invalids.

Is a compound of MILK, WHEAT & SUGAR.

Chemically so combined as to resemble most closely the MOTHER'S MILK.

It requires only water in preparation, thus making it the Most Economical and Convenient

preparation in the market, besides doing away with the DIFFICULTY and UNCERTAINTY of obtaining pure milk of a suitable and uniform quality.

It is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is especially adapted as a Summer Diet for Infants.

Samples on application 12.

LEEMING, MILES & CO., MONTREAL

When on duty the animals are kept with the sentinels. As an illustration of their intelligence, it is related that on one occasion a soldier, taking a dog from the sentinel, went off to reconnoitre.

After making his observations, he wrote two reports, giving one to a man mounted on a fast horse, and placing the other in a casket tied to the dog's neck. The dog reached the sentinel first.

—The Christ who prayed on earth teaches us to pray; and the Christ who intercedes in heaven helps us to pray, and presents our poor cries, acceptable through His sacrifice, and fragrant with the incense from His own golden censer.

—"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." (Joshua i, 9).

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DIVIDEND NO. 80.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the six months ending 30th June, 1899, payable on and after the 3rd July, 1899, at the Office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 6th to the 30th June, inclusive. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.

Toronto, 15th June, 1899.

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JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President