

## How Mary Got to Her Evening Party.

"Aunt Mabel, how did Mary manage to get to the evening party? I have waited three whole days to hear. How I wish people would not call just when you are going to tell me something nice! Please begin all over again!"

"Well, Mary was invited to an evening party given by the mistress of the school where she was a daily teacher; and only because she was so poor, and could not afford more than one best dress, she was obliged to refuse. It was winter, and her dress was of serge, and she knew all the girls would be rather smartly dressed in muslins and laces, and she did not like to go in a heavy, dark serge. On returning home, she told her mother about it, and her mother said:

"I hope you accepted, dear; for I would like you to get a little pleasure, and meet more people."

"No, mother," said Mary, breaking into tears. "I may be proud, but I can not go unbecomingly dressed for an evening party; so I refused. But I would like to go so much, for I heard all the girls talking about it, and what

a lovely programme had been arranged; but it is of no use—I must not mind."

"Mary's mother drew her into her arms, kissed her tenderly, and said:

"Darling, poverty is sometimes hard to bear; but this is only a small denial compared with what you may have to bear. And so often I have found that, if I give up patiently, God gives me something else to compensate; so dry your eyes and wait; perhaps He will enable you to go to the party."

"Two days later, Mary received a very interesting looking parcel by post; and what do you think it contained? Why, a very pretty yellow and white crepon dress, ready to wear, and fitting her almost exactly."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mary, "I can go to the party now, if Miss Ellis will not think it odd of me to accept after having refused."

"No, dear; Miss Ellis knows you are poor, and you need not be ashamed to tell her of this present; and what is more, you need not be ashamed to thank God for it, for He is the Author of all good things."

"Aunt Mabel, was that your yellow and white dress that I used to call 'the poached egg'? I suppose God did tell you somehow to send it to Mary."

"Yes," answered Aunt Mabel, "and I want you to try and take care of your clothes, and remember how they may some day make some other little girl happy."

## Most Excellent.

Rev. J. W. Leggott, Brookline, Ont., writes: "After giving the K. D. C. a fair trial, I am satisfied it is the best remedy for dyspepsia ever brought within my reach. I have found it all that is claimed on its behalf, and have much pleasure in recommending it as a most excellent remedy."

Free sample of K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., or 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

## As You Pass Through Life.

Pay your way as you pass through life, by giving the world as good as it bestows on you. The world owes no one a living until he has earned it. Manhood and womanhood mean usefulness, if they mean anything.

The sloth climbs a green tree, takes up its abode there, and, after stripping the boughs of their leaves, drops to the ground to perish there. The sloth, however, is wise, compared with the youth who seeks to play the part of a parasite in life. It enjoys plenty for a season, while the youth who fails to learn the lesson of manhood and independence may prepare for misery and failure from the beginning.

The verbs "to do" and "to be" rule the world. They are freighted with the burden of time and of eternity. They who have learned their meaning have made usefulness and consequent independence their own. "The unlucky," says Bulwer, "are never the valiant and wise." So the failures in life are never those who earnestly seek to do their part in the world's work.

## The Vain Duck.

A little duck lived on a farm where there were doves, and pretty chickens, and a peacock. There was a big pond on which the ducks swam all day.

The pretty chickens and the peacock were allowed to go on the green lawn in front of the door, but the ducks

were not permitted to go near the house.

The little duck thought she was very fine, and she would swim about all day, and admire herself in the water, which was as good as a looking glass.

One day she said to another duck: "See how pretty I am. See how my feathers shine in the sun."

"I have never heard any one say you were pretty," said the other duck.

"Because the grand people at the house do not see me," said the silly thing. "They let that ugly peacock go to the lawn when he pleases, but they do not let us go near the house. I am going there to-morrow, and then you will see how they will admire me."

"You had better stay by the pond," said her friend.

The next day, the vain duck brushed her feathers and marched up on the lawn to show herself. But the servant drove her off.

Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Living at Our Best.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life looking for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win His smile of approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and to do deeds of valour at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and the stake; to find the one noble trait in people who try and molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.

## The Little Disciple.

In a charity hospital in one of our large cities a little girl lay on a small white bed looking at a bunch of bright fragrant flowers which she held clasped in her thin little hands.

This little girl suffered great pain day and night. She seldom slept, and would lie for hours at a time gazing at the flowers that kind ladies would give her.

## Notice to Lovers

Of good Roasted Coffee

A. J. Billingham, for 18 years tea blender and coffee roaster for the late Ed. Lawson, has opened his new store, 31 Church street, opposite Lawson's old stand, where he will be pleased to see all his old friends.

Fresh Roasted Coffee while you wait, by the latest English machine. Nothing to equal it in Canada at 35 and 40 cents per pound.

Special lines of TEAS at 30c., 40c. and 50c. per pound. Try a pound and be convinced of its quality.

Note the address, 31 Church Street. Telephone 2008. Give us a trial.

Jessie was very patient; she never complained, and used to amuse the boy in the Memorial cot next to her by telling him stories and repeating Bible verses to him.

Her gentle voice soothed many beside Tom. The nurses and doctors all learned to love her, and felt how they would miss her when Jesus called her to her home above.

One day a lady came to see Jessie, and asked her what made her so patient?

Jessie looked up at her kind friend and answered, "Why ma'am, its the verse Miss Bessie taught me. It's very pretty and comforting; it says 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example.'"

It was not long before Jessie's summons came, and she left this world to sing God's praises with the angels in paradise, where "no sorrow can be found."

Perhaps if we all remembered how "Christ suffered for us" we might be able to bear our crosses and afflictions as patiently as Jessie, the little disciple did.

## Deaths, Births, Marriages.

## DEATH.

On Monday, October 18, at "Davenport" the residence of her nephew, Rev. A. U. de Pender, Welle Hill, Anna Maria Ingall, eldest surviving daughter of the late Surgeon-Major G. B. Dartnell, of the 1st (Royal) Regiment.

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## Freehold Loan &amp; Savings Co.

DIVIDEND NO. 72.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the 2nd day of December next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Sts., Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th November, inclusive. By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD, Managing Director. Toronto, 28th October, 1895.

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