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"It is always a trouble of some kind, my child; and to learn how to bear it cheerfully, as well as help others to bear theirs, is God's way of preparing us for heaven."

"But if you have no cross, mamma?"

"Help others to bear theirs, my Edie."

The next day the little girl vanished from her home. Thinking she was abducted—for the family was wealthy—the distracted mother spread the alarm, and searchers were sent out all over the city. Towards nightfall, when they had become almost discouraged, they found her leading a blind man, followed by a crowd, and stopping on every corner to sing in her clear, childish voice.

"What did you do it for?" her mother enquired, hysterically kissing the sweet, tired face and damp hair.

"Why, mamma, I was helping that blind man to bear his cross, but—" bursting into tears, "I didn't do it cheerfully, I was so frightened, and maybe it won't count."—Margaret Kibler, in Lippincott's.

A MEDDLESOME SERVANT.

Firmin Abauzit, the celebrated French philosopher and mathematician, whose widowed mother was obliged to flee from France with her two boys in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who attained to great eminence in the scientific

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world, when residing in Geneva, studied the barometer, and during twenty-seven years made numerous observations concerning atmospheric pressure, noting them daily on papers in his study.

A new servant one day came to the house, and in her zeal for "putting things to right," she tidied up his room in great shape. Entering it after she had finished, he enquired: "What did you do with the papers that were around the parlor?"

"Oh, sir, they were so dirty that I burned them." Abauzit crossed his arms upon his breast, and after an internal struggle, said in a calm tone, "You have destroyed the results of twenty-seven years' labour. In the future, touch nothing whatever in this room."

A man who could thus rule his own spirit was well worthy of the friendship of the great Isaac Newton, and also the respect of the greatest writers in France, as well as the most flattering testimonials from eminent men in other lands. But how sad to think that the results of twenty-seven years of such a man's labour could be destroyed in one moment, by the meddlesome activity of one ignorant, blundering girl. Persons who have access to the rooms, the work, or the papers of others should be very careful not to meddle with or destroy things which may seem insignificant to them, but which may be of great value and importance to others' who know how to use them.

OUR DEBTS TO OTHERS.

According to Christ's teaching, the priest and Levite did not pay their debt to their Samaritan neighbour, because they thought him a strange man with no claim on them. Devils ignored his rich man's debt to Lazarus. We can all think of manifold debts—to the lonely whom we might visit, the misunderstood whom we might sympathize with, the ignorant whom we might teach. Is it not bewildering even to attempt to realize our debts? And yet, let a man make a beginning, and all will be well. Let him steadily set himself to behave towards those whom he employs, or those who employ him, towards railway porters and shop assistants, and others who minister to his convenience, as being men and women with the same right to courteous treatment, and to a real opportunity to make the best of themselves as he has himself; let him thus realize his debts to his nearest "neighbours," and the whole idea of humanity, of brotherhood, will be deepened and made real to him. He will get a habit of consideration and thoughtfulness for others, as belonging to Christ, which will express itself habitually towards all, and especially the weak.—Bishop Gore.

A BABOON HERO.

The German naturalist, Brehm, tells this story of an adventure with baboons in Africa:

"Our dogs, accustomed to fight



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with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed toward the baboons, which, from a distance, looked more like beasts of prey than like monkeys, and drove them up the precipices to right and left. But only the females took to flight; the males turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide, showed their teeth so furiously that the hounds shrank back discomfited, and almost timidly sought safety beside us.

"Before we had succeeded in stirring them up to show fight, the position of the monkeys had changed considerably, and when the dogs charged a second time, nearly all the herd were in safety.

"But one little monkey, about half a year old, had been left behind. It shrieked loudly as the dogs rushed toward it, but succeeded in gaining the top of a rock before they had arrived. Our dogs placed themselves cleverly so as to cut off its retreat, and we thought that they would catch it.

"That was not to be. Proudly and with dignity, without hurrying in the least, or paying any heed to us, an old male stopped down from the security of the rocks toward the hard-pressed little one, walked toward the dogs without betraying the slightest fear, held them in check with glances, gestures and sounds that seemed almost like speech, slowly climbed the rock, picked up the baby monkey, and retreated with it before we could reach the spot, and without the slightest attempt to prevent him on the part of the dogs.

"While the patriarch of the troop performed this brave and unselfish deed the other members, densely crowded on the cliff, uttered sounds that I never before had heard from baboons. Old and young, males and females, roared, screeched, snarled, and bellowed all together, so that one would have thought that they were struggling with leopards or other dangerous beasts.

"I learned later that this was the monkeys' battle-cry. It was intended to frighten us and the dogs, possibly to encourage the brave old giant who was running into such evident danger before their eyes."

FAMOUS BOYS.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the

water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that no body could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

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