

points in this world when we're least expecting 'em," she said, thinking aloud. "Tisn't likely that the young king realized how much depended on how he answered those people. It didn't seem much to him, but it wrecked his kingdom. How many a man to-day!—Oh, I mustn't think about it—I must not! Here comes that dear child."

And here came the "dear child" indeed—too full of news to take note of his mother's wet cheeks.

"I've got a place—oh, mother, you can't believe it, can you? It's with Dodson and Green, mother. Mr. Dodson is going to take me into his own office, mother. He's the old gentleman that gave me the gold piece, you know, oh, you didn't know, did you? Mother, he knows all about father," sinking his voice at the last word. "But he says he's not afraid, because I brought back the money. I came near not, mother, I never thought 'bout its being a temptation. I never prayed about it once; but it was, wasn't it, mother?"

"You forget that I haven't heard the story."

"Well, I'll tell you every word," And he did.

THE KING'S MANY HATS.

"Is it generally known," asks "Le Matin," "that his Majesty Edward VII. of England, has the largest choice of headgear of any living monarch?"

"His collection of hats is numerous and varied. Among them is the round grey hat, known in Paris as a 'melon,' and in London as a 'bowler.' This is a style of which the King is particularly fond. He wears it encircled with a thin black ribband, and always travels in it.

"Then there is the 'Tyrolean,' a soft hat, which he always wears when shooting, very large and very supple, with the traditional feather—a partridge's feather in England, a grouse's in Scotland—stuck in the band.

"Special mention must be made of two kinds of Scotch cap. They are the bonnet and the glengarry. Each carries a silver medal pinned on the side, and one or other is a necessary complement of the Scottish national dress King Edward loves to wear.

"Then come the silk hats, the soft hats of all shapes, the army of caps, which alone cover thirty varieties. To be specially mentioned is the cap the King wears on board his yacht. It is of flannel or white cloth, with a device in gold thread running round it."

THE GRAND TRUNK PLACES ORDERS FOR 100 ENGINES.

The Grand Trunk management has just placed orders for one hundred new locomotives, which represent an expenditure of nearly \$2,000,000.

These locomotives will be built during the winter, spring and summer—the last delivered by August next—in time to take their place in the road's equipment for the movement of next season's crop. The fact that no less than seventy out of the one hundred engines are to be built in Canada is likely to give satisfaction to all who are interested in the development of local industries.

Among Dr. B. P. Grenfell's recent discoveries at Oxyrhynchus, where the famous loggia of Christ was found a few years ago, was a vellum fragment of an uncanonical gospel relating to a conversation on the nature of purity between Jesus and a Pharisee, supposed to have been held in the Temple at Jerusalem. A recent London despatch says that this fragment is about to be published and is regarded as a valuable addition to the many traditions which were current regarding Christ's teaching during the third and fourth centuries.

KEPT HOUR BY HOUR.

He was a tall, powerful Scotchman and had held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works for years. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said: "I shall never take a drink mair, lads. Na drunkard can inhabit the kingdom of God."

A knowing one smiled, and said: "Wait a bit; wait a bit. Wait until the hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel pit, then he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he never seemed to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him.

"Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he, emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Well, just this way. It is now 10 o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, to-day is the 20th of the month. From 7 till 8 I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar right near the twenty. From 8 to 9 he kept me, an' I put down another dot. From 9 to 10 he's kept me, and now I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these I pray: 'O Lord, help me; help me to fight it off for another hour!'"

UNCONQUERABLE.

By William T. McIlroy, Jr.
Would he the sickle or the pen.

And he his gains or large or small.
Who presses onward clothed in right
Must conquer all.

Let tempests roar and billows rage,
Let mighty monsters block his path,
He trusts his shield and pauses not
Despite their wrath.

For what fear he? The God of storms
And monsters, too, is at his side
To bear him up and guide him on
Across the tide.

—Philadelphia Westminster.

WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownish bits that looked at first sight like flakes of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"

"No, Butterflies."

Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a foot before morning, was accepted as a pleasantry and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snowstorm seemed too "fishy" for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of the butterflies, these delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for whom the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or Vane-sides. They are frequently called "haw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally, they remain in the chrysalis form only about two weeks; but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of their hibernating as chrysalis.

—From "Nature and Science" in January St. Nicholas.

SLEEPLESS BABIES

ARE SICKLY BABIES

Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. When little ones are restless, sleepless and cross it is the surest sign that they are not well. Probably the stomach or bowels are out of order, or it may be teething troubles. Give Baby's Own Tablets and see how quickly the child grows well and happy and sleeps soundly and naturally. Not the drugged sleep of "soothing" medicines, but the natural sleep of health. You have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or narcotic, and you can give the Tablets just as safely to a new born babe as to the well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BRAY'S ENEMY.

"Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you."

"At the back gate? Bring him in at once."

"He won't come, sir; says he's awfully busy and hasn't time."

"How busy is he?"

"About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—for he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat, and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," the boy answered. "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep for free days. He's got to be killed."

"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.

"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?"

"No sir, I telled you."

"Ah, that's well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it. "That'd be paying me for a lie," he said, indignantly.

When he said this Mr. Joynes took off his own hat and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he's afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice fifteen cents and take you into my service. Meanwhile Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman."—English Magazine.

Repentance, mind you, is not something by which we buy forgiveness, by which we purchase the love of God; repentance is something inspired by the love of God; repentance is a saving grace; it is the melting and softening and casting of the heart into a new mould under the power of the love of God. It is not a substitute for Christ's atoning love; it is something that Christ's atoning love begets in the souls of men.—James Denney.