

unbroken forest. To spend a day with Mrs. Hadley, to have a romp with her roguish, good-natured baby boy, and to gather wild flowers to their hearts' content; this was the treat to which the little girls had been looking forward for some time. And now the day had come, the glorious twenty-fourth of May, warm, bright, and sunny, and two very happy little girls set out for their walk.

As the greater part of this walk lay along the railway track, they were cautioned over and over again, by their mothers to look out for trains, and over and over again promised to be watchful. It was still early in the day when they arrived at Mrs. Hadley's home. Baby Frank was delighted to see them and showed his appreciation by clapping his tiny hands, and giving vent to such expressions as his limited vocabulary of eighteen months could command. They romped and played with him out in the warm sunshine, rolling about on the soft grass, and laughing at his baby tumbles. His little black dog, Trip, completed the party, joining in all their sports, and apparently enjoying them as much as did the children. Presently Mrs. Hadley called them to dinner, and you may be quite sure they were all ready for that part of the day's enjoyment. After dinner, however, it was a rather unwilling little boy the mamma carried away for his mid-day nap. But wearied with play he was soon sound asleep, and Mrs. Hadley said, "Now is your time to gather flowers girls: Baby will sleep a couple of hours, you will be in by that time and all ready for another play."

"All right, Aunt Mary, and may we take Trip with us?" said Mabel.
"Oh yes!" replied Mrs. Hadley; "I don't suppose he will pick flowers, but he will enjoy going just the same; and now girls," she continued, "be careful not to go too far into the woods; you might get lost you know."
"Oh! we couldn't get lost, Mrs. Hadley," said Allie confidently; "we could hear the trains passing, and see the smoke you know."

Mrs. Hadley smiled at the child's eagerness, but nevertheless repeated her caution, and giving them a basket in which to carry flowers, watched them climb the fence into the wood, and then returned to her domestic duties. The children were wild with delight. Every mossy bank was a mass of bloom. May-flowers and violets, lilies red and white, golden adder tongues, and to all of these "jack in the pulpit" was preaching on every side. Eagerly they ran from one to the other, Trip dancing about them in doggyish glee, catching twigs in his mouth and racing out into the forest, then back again, barking in sheer delight. They went on and on, until the basket they carried was filled with flowers, and then sat down on a mossy bank to sort them over, and enjoying a rest before going back to the house. As they were arranging their treasures, the rumble of a passing train fell on their ears, and Mabel, for the first time, looked around to see where they were.

"That train sounds a long way off, and I can't see the smoke Allie," she said, a trifle anxiously. "I hope we haven't come too far into the woods."

"Oh no!" said Allie, "the trees are so thick here Mabel, that is the reason that we can't see the smoke, it can't be very far off, for we've only come a little way. It's right over there, listen!" said the little girl, pointing in the direction from which the sound seemed to come.

Mabel was easily convinced for the time, and went on contentedly arranging flowers, and gathering moss to put around them in the basket. A large pine log lay athwart the bank, and they amused themselves by cutting their initials with a sharp stick upon its decaying surface.

"Oh! I'd like to stay here all day, isn't it lovely Mabel?" said nature-loving Allie.

"Yes," answered Mabel, with a long-drawn breath, "but I think we'd better go now, Frank will be awake, and Aunt Mary may be anxious if we stay longer."

They picked up their basket, swinging it merrily between them, and started in the direction from which the sound of the train had seemed to come a short time before.

"Where's Trip?" said Allie, "why there he goes Mabel, in another direction, here Trip!" she called and he came bounding back, and stood for a moment looking into their faces, and wagging his tail, as if he were saying, "why do you go that way?"

Our little friends had reason to interpret his mute language later on, although it did not occur to them then. They trudged on through the forest, and for a little while chatted merrily, trying to imitate the birds' queer notes, and laughing at the antics of chipmunk and squirrel, when startled by Trip's sharp barking. Suddenly on rising on a little knoll, they found themselves on the edge of a deep ravine. Trees grew very thickly on its steep sides, so thickly that the sun's rays could not penetrate their branches, and to the two startled little girls looking down into its depths, it looked awesome and dark and lonely. They turned and looked at each other for a moment and then the fact dawned upon them that they were lost in the woods, and did not know which way to go. A look of terror crept into Allie's blue eyes. The wood had looked so lovely half an hour before, but now, to the frightened child, it seemed like a great, dark, gloomy prison, and she burst into tears. Those tears roused all the courage in Mabel's nature. She was a whole year older, and much the stronger physically of the two, and she felt instinctively, that getting out of the present trouble depended largely upon herself.

"Don't be frightened Allie, don't cry," she said, taking Allie's hand reassuringly, "I've heard Uncle Hadley speak of this gully and I think it is west of the house. We'll turn and go east, and we'll be sure to come out somewhere."

"But which is east?" said Allie, bravely trying to suppress her tears; "even the sun has turned around and it seems to be away in the north."

Mabel laughed in spite of her own fears, at the idea of the sun going to the north. The laugh did them both good. They turned their backs on the ravine and walked resolutely in the opposite direction. They were two very sober little girls now as they walked along; even Trip seemed to share their trouble, for he walked beside them very soberly, forgetting to chase the squirrels, or bark at flying birds. After walking for what seemed to them a long while, they came suddenly to a standstill, looking at each other again in astonishment, and again Mabel, who had the happy faculty of seeing the humorous side of things, burst into a merry laugh.

"Why Allie!" she said, "here we are back to our log again; here are the flowers we threw away, and here are our initials: we've just gone round in a circle."

"But how will we ever find the way out Mabel?" said timid Allie, who was too thoroughly frightened at the situation to see anything humorous in it. "I have heard my papa say that when anyone was lost in the woods they would just keep right on walking and walking, and come right back to where they started. And Mabel, what if we should do that, just keep on walking and coming back to this log again until it gets dark? Oh what would we do then?" and here the little girl's tears burst forth afresh.

"Oh don't cry, Allie dear!" said Mabel, again suppressing her own fears to comfort her friend; "it's a long while until dark, and someone who knows the woods would surely come for us before that. But hark! hear another train; let's see if the smoke doesn't come through the trees somewhere". But though they strained their eyes, no smoke could be seen, owing to the fact that the wind carried it in the opposite direction, a fact, however, which did not occur to them then. As for the sound it seemed to come from all over the wood at once.

As the train passed, a new hope dawned in Mabel's heart.

"Oh Allie," she said softly, "do you remember what our teacher said last Sunday? She told us whenever we were in trouble to go right to God, and tell Him all about it, just as we would to papa or mamma, and He would be sure to help us somehow. Let's tell Him now Allie."

"Let's do, Mabel," said little Allie, and together the children knelt on the mossy turf, and bowed their heads on the old pine log, and an earnest prayer went up from two anxious little hearts, straight to the heart of the great loving Father, whose watchful eye was over them all the while, and who, in His wisdom, was allowing them to meet this little experience, that their faith in Him might be strengthened to meet life's severer tests.

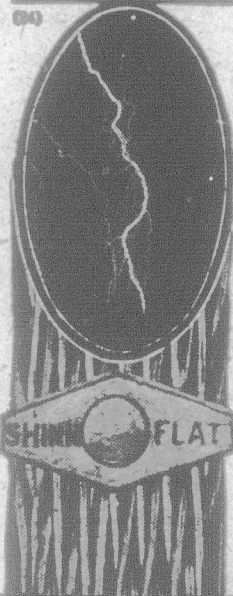
Mabel's clear, sweet voice prayed earnestly, "Dear God, Allie and I are lost in this big woods, and we don't know which way to go to get out. Please God

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help us to take the right direction out to the railroad track. Don't let us go wrong again for Jesus sake. Amen."

"And Allie's trembling voice responded, "Amen."

"Well," said Mabel hopefully, as they stood side by side again, "we'll take another direction, Allie. We went that way before; don't you remember going out under that old bent tree? But where's Trip? There he goes again towards that tall stub. Oh Allie!" she continued, a sudden thought striking her, "don't you remember his going in that direction when we started the other way before? That way doesn't seem a bit right to me, but dogs hardly ever get lost you know. Let's follow him anyhow." So they turned about and followed the dog, who barked with delight when he saw them coming, raced on at a pace that made it hard for them to keep up. In a very short time they could see a clearing before them, a few moments more and the telegraph poles came in view over an embankment and they knew they were nearing the railway, but they were much surprised on reaching the track to find themselves nearly a half mile east of the house, when they supposed they were west. As they climbed down the embankment to the track, Mabel said softly,

"Allie don't you think we ought to thank God for answering our prayer?"
"But," said Allie, half doubtfully, stooping to pat Trip's shining coat, "it was Trip who showed us the way out."

"Yes, I know!" answered Mabel, "but it was God who made Trip know the way, and made us think about following him, 'cause you know we didn't think of such a thing until after we asked Him to show us the way out."

"So we didn't," said Allie, "let's thank Him now." And again two little girls knelt reverently against the railway embankment, and thanked God for His guidance and care.

When they reached the house they found baby Frank had been awake for some time, and Mrs. Hadley was growing anxious indeed but could not leave Frank to go in search of them. They related their experiences to her, and Trip was fondled and petted, and called wise doggie to his heart's content.

"But Aunt Mary," said Mabel, "I

don't believe we would ever have thought to follow Trip if we hadn't told God about it, and asked Him to show us the way out."

"God always takes care of those who trust Him Mabel," said Mrs. Hadley as she kissed the earnest little faces.

Mabel and Allie have grown to womanhood, and both have a little girl of their own, but they have never forgotten the day they were lost in the woods, nor how God came to their help so quickly in answer to prayer.

Some Prize Letters.

(Written in May last.)

To do even a little toward helping to win the war is every one's duty, whether by growing foodstuff, saving in the use of flour, meat, and sugar, or giving money to the Red Cross. In doing this children can help a little.

I am going to try this year to do my bit by raising a pig, which I am going to buy with the money I saved last year, because every extra pig raised this year means more meat for the brave boys fighting for us.

Then I am going to have a good-sized vegetable garden, in which I hope to successfully grow enough for use during the summer and perhaps a few to store for winter. The Irish Cobbler potatoes that I grow will be kept for seed, as I would like to plant a good many more next year.

Then I am going to buy a setting of eggs, which I hope to hatch under our next clucking hen. I do hope there will be more hens than roosters, because one can get eggs from them, and when they stop laying one can always have them for meat, whereas with roosters they are useful for meat only.

Last of all, I have quit taking sugar in my tea, and very little on my porridge, and also try hard to leave no scraps on my plate or in my dinner pail.

KENNETH WRIGHT.

Marter P.O., Englehart, New Ont.

I have two brothers fighting in France and am going to do my best this summer to help win the war by helping my mother to grow vegetables and look after the hens.