

For Presentation Purposes

Our stock affords rare facilities for making selections—

Marble Statuary,
Chiming Clocks,
Bronzes,
Family Plate Chests,
Music Boxes,
Palm Pots,
Onyx Pedestals,

Choice assortment of
Stirling Silverware,
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Ryrie Bros.

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Streets.

Mail orders receive
every attention.

Squabble on a Tea-Tray.

The cream-jug and a tea-cup
Had a dreadful fight one day
Upon a shining surface
Of a bright and glossy tray;
But sugar-basin interfered,
And took part in the rout,
And thereupon the tea-pot said,
"Just mind what you're about."
A saucer then jumped up and hit
The tea-pot in the eye,
And soon a tea-spoon out of spite,
Made naughty saucer cry.
And now a plate stood up, and said,
"Oh fie! oh fie! oh fie!"
The sugar-tongs then screaming cried,
"Is it your business pray?"
"Oh dear me no, nor yours, I think,
It's mine," said Mrs. Tray.
She then got up, began to dance,
Turned round and round, and round,
When suddenly she tilted all
The tea things on the ground.
And there they lay until the maid
Came in to sweep the room;
Then all the naughty quarrelling things
Were swept up by the broom.

A Kind Foster Mother.

The Rev. Canham St. Vincent Beechey, of Hilgay Rectory, has contributed a wonderful story to the *Animal World*, which illustrates in a marvellous degree the high instinct of which a dog is capable. We have not space to give the whole story, or we would like to do so. Suffice it to say that there were three dogs in a household, two of them being very beautiful pugs of the Benthink breed, and one a smooth white terrier. The pugs were, of course, husband and wife, and they

WALKER'S

33-43 KING ST. EAST.

The Synod

which is to assemble in Toronto next week will have labors, arduous no doubt, but our effort to give the best satisfaction to every one visiting this great and growing place of business during the time of the assembly will be quite as arduous in its way. We have made every preparation for a lot of extra business; prices for clothing have been greatly reduced.

Gents' Furnishings and Ladies' Outfittings

will be a surprise to many when the values are seen and the prices. BOOTS and SHOES of the best makes; the qualities are guaranteed, as they must pass a most rigid examination before they go on sale. Our friends who have not tried our footwear should make a note of this.

Housefurnishings

for every part of the house. Remember, we deal in EVERYTHING. We make special rates to clergymen, and for parsonage and church furnishings.

R. Walker & Sons

Grimsby Park

The Great
Canadian Summer Resort

SEASON OF 1894

The best talent on the continent of America has been secured for Sermons, Lectures, Concerts, etc.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory will hold its Summer Session from July 5 to August 15.

Sunday-School Congress will be held from August 13 to 24.

Physical Culture Classes during July and August.

The Park contains 100 acres of forest and greensward; over 200 cottages, two large hotels, general store, telegraph offices, postoffice, etc. The Park Temple, the most unique structure in America, will hold about 6,000 people. Grounds lighted by electricity. Excellent beach for bathing and boating. Grand Trunk station on the grounds.

Steamers "Eurydice" and "Greyhound" will make regular stated trips between Toronto and the Park.

Illustrated programmes, giving full particulars on all points, may be had at the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, and from Mr. B. C. Fairfield, St. Catharines.

NOAH PHELPS, President,
W. O. WILKINSON, Secretary,
MERRITTON,
TORONTO.

had a charming family of four little puppy pugs; but, alas! the poor mother pug died shortly after her little babies were born, and they had to be fed by a bottle! But—will you believe it?—the terrier dog, as soon as she found that her friend the pug had died, undertook herself the care of the poor orphan puppies, and became their foster-mother, feeding them and watching over them with the most sedulous attention, to the great admiration of everybody, and, as you may imagine, to the intense satisfaction of the puppies' admiring father.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W.A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.

Bits of Wisdom.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear, looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her:—

"Bessie, never insist on having the last word."

The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust, and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace, with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence: Avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly talked and fussed over, explained and re-explained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling blocks. As a rule, beyond your parents or your husband, there is nobody who has the right to demand of you explanations at each step of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputation of keeping your own counsel. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of comfort.

Only a Flower to Give.

"Mother," asked little Phoebe Cary, "have you nothing I can carry to poor aunt Molly?"

Phoebe's mother was poor, and her cupboard was very empty that morning.

"I wish I had, Phoebe," said she. "Can you think of anything?"

Phoebe thought. "I've only a flower," said the little girl. "I will take her a sweet pea."

Phoebe had a sweet pea which she planted under her window, and as it grew and flowered both mother and daughter loved and enjoyed it. Phoebe

picked one and then ran down to a poor old sick woman, who, for a whole year, had laid in her bed suffering with great pain.

In the afternoon a lady called to see aunt Molly. She saw a sweet pea in a cracked tumbler, on a small stand by the poor woman's bed. "That pretty posy a little girl brought me this morning, who said it was all she had to bring," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a grateful smile. "I am sure it was worth a great deal to know I'm thought of; and, as I look at it, it brings up the image of green fields and the posies I used to pick up when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have. If this little flower is not beneath His making and His care, He won't overlook a poor creature like me."

Tears came in the lady's eyes. And what did she think? She thought: "If you've only a flower to give, give that." It is worth a great deal to the poor, the aged, and the sick, to know that they are thought of.

Greedy Joe!

"Give me a bit Joe!"

"No I shan't!"

"Greedy Joe never gives anybody anything," said a girl passing by who knew him; "that's why we've christened him 'Greedy Joe,' and he'll never be known by any other name down here."

Poor Joe! How I pity him! Don't you? It is so selfish and mean to be greedy. There he is now, with a cake. How did he get it? I cannot tell. Perhaps someone gave it to him; perhaps he bought it. But greedy Joe is eating it all alone by himself, and he won't budge until every bit is devoured—all gobbled up; and then, when he has nothing to share, he will go along and meet his young companions. Oh greedy Joe! Fie, for shame.

In the Hollow of a Hand.

A Scottish gentleman was lately walking through his fields when he heard the cries of a bird apparently in distress. Looking up, he saw a lark hotly pursued by a hawk, which by a series of fierce dashes tried to secure his prey; but the lark was for a time successful in evading his attacks. The hawk, however, was gaining the mastery, and the lark, terror-stricken, seeing the man below, came down like an arrow, and fluttered actually into his hand, where it cowered trembling. The pursuer followed until within six yards, but seeing what had occurred, he flew off in disgust. When the lark was liberated, it soared upward, singing doubtless a song of gratitude to its deliverer.

How safe and happy was the little wanderer! but not half so safe and happy as those who have "fled for refuge" from the power of sin, and Satan's malice, to the Lord Jesus Christ! Of these He says: "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand."

Are you, dear children, in that refuge? You know how afraid of the man the little bird would have naturally been; but in the presence of a greater danger its terror overcame its timidity, and it flew to the only place of shelter. May you each be able to say from your hearts to Jesus, "I flee unto Thee to hide me!"

"I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand."