

may find countless numbers of Mother Nature's pet productions.

Man prides himself upon his power of invention; is proud to exhibit the stately edifices which are the result of his work. Let him study the homes of the ants; he will learn that they were architects long before a stone building ever existed upon the earth. They have dug tunnels, compared with their own size, more vast than anything man has ever attempted.

The modern lady plumes herself upon the beauty of her dress, the richness of the hangings in her parlor, or the colors of her carpet; she forgets entirely that there are little insects that furnish their cells with scarlet more brilliant than anything she possesses, make laces she may well envy.

The butterfly you love to chase was once a worm-like caterpillar; after shedding its skin, drawing itself into a silken ball, and remaining in a sheath still as death for months, it bursts its case, and appears in all its present loveliness.

What hungry creatures they are! Think of a boy eating double his own weight in a day and night! That is just what many of these maggots do. A boy requires eighteen years for his growth; the common moth ten days. Armies of caterpillars make raids on our orchards sometimes, and are able in a few hours to strip a lovely tree of its beautiful dress, and leave it in the leafless livery of winter to make new conquests elsewhere.

An Enormous Spider.

At the Zoological Gardens in London may be seen a spider which is about as big as a house sparrow with his wings folded. When the spider's legs are open, he is most formidable-looking. The whole of his body is covered with dark red-brown hair. He is fed upon cockroaches, and he spins threads across the ground, in which the cockroaches get entangled. He will also kill and suck the blood of young mice, of the brain of which he seems especially fond. He is confined in a glass case, the temperature of which is kept up by warm water. The bite of this spider—which comes from South America—is said to be very injurious to both man and beast.

That Little Hand.

"He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters."

Black and blue eyes opened wide with wonder in the bright faces of the children who had gathered lovingly around old Mr. Elden, as he slowly spoke these words.

"What does he mean, Elsie?" whispered Jane Lee to her cousin. We asked him for a story, and you know he always has one ready. I hope he isn't going to preach a sermon!"

"Wait, Jennie; we shall see." "This text," continued Mr. Elden, "always reminds me of an incident of my childhood. When I was a little boy, I had a pleasant company of playmates, and we used to enjoy our sports together, just as you children now do. At the lower part of the village where we lived was a river, and a bridge across it. We often went there to play, and many times I have stood a long while trying to see the fish as they swam below.

"One day we were playing on the bridge, and one of our number, who had mounted the railing, was watching something in the water, when he sud-

denly slipped, lost his hold, and fell. We heard his cry, and the splash as he struck the water. We ran to the side of the bridge and looked over. The water had already closed above him, he had sunk so quickly, and bubbles were rising where he went down. We were too young to know exactly what to do, and too much frightened even to shout for help. The little fellow rose once more to the surface, struggling for life, but could only give us a beseeching look, when, with his arms uplifted, as if imploring help, he sank again.

"We were still speechless with horror, but a kind man had noticed our movements from a short distance, and suspecting what had happened was hastening towards us. He reached the bridge. Nothing was in sight but one little hand above the water, and that was fast disappearing. We had recovered our voices, and pointing at it, we cried eagerly, 'There's his hand! Oh, there's his hand!'

"That outstretched hand! I seem to see it now—I shall never forget how it looked to me. But our friend waited not a moment. As that hand went out of sight he plunged into the river, and soon brought the drowning boy to the shore. He looked earnestly into the pale face of our playmate, as he held him in his arms, and in a tone of voice that sent a thrill of joy through all our hearts, he said,—'Saved! Then turning to the rest of us he added, 'Boys, I know you will never forget that little sinking hand. Remember, when it comes into your minds, that we are all sinking in a colder and darker place than that river, unless we have asked One to save us, who alone can do it. This boy will soon recover now, and be able to say that I took him from the river. It is my prayer that he and every one of you may be able to say of another, better friend, as you think of the dark waters of sin, in which all who do not love Christ are sinking, 'He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters.'"

"Dear little friends," said Mr. Elden, closing his story, "I trust the prayer of that good man, for me, has been answered. Will you remember that little hand, and the lesson it taught us? Jesus is ready to take hold of those little hands of yours as you lift them up imploringly from the depths of sin and evil in this world, and He will bring you at last, not to the shore of such a river, but to the 'Shining Shore.' Will you ask Him to do it?"

Sagacity of a Sparrow.

I live in the city, and one afternoon I saw in the kitchen area an unfledged house-sparrow, unable to fly any distance, and which had tumbled down into this prison, across which was laid an iron bar, extending within a foot of the concrete pavement; the mother was at the top, looking down with pity and alarm at the awkward position of this, perhaps her only child. Many and ingenious were the attempts on the part of both parent and offspring for the regaining of the latter's lost liberty, but each and all proved useless.

I looked on with some fear and anxiety, lest the drama should be concluded by the flying away of the mother and the desertion of the child; but no, although each new plan seemed to fail in the carrying out, at length the mother sparrow flies away, and returns with a stout straw in its beak, and rests for a few seconds on the edge.

Then conceive my delight when the little nestling, after a chirp or two from its mother, learning no doubt the particulars of the plan, climbs to the upper part of the bar, nearest to the pavement, takes the offered straw into its beak, and is raised to the iron bar, and flutters away with its delighted mother.

A Cat's Mind.

A noisy milkman came rushing up the back steps every morning, banged down his tin pail and shouted "Milk!!!" The cat always received a saucer of milk on his arrival. When the rattle and the shout were heard, the cat would spring to the door with his eyes sparkling. A mischievous boy, noticing this, thought he would fool the cat. He ran up the steps, and shouted "Milk!!!" The cat was at the door in an instant, but when it was opened no milkman appeared. There was something so funny about making a fool of the cat, that the experiment was tried from time to time with great success; but suddenly it failed. When the boy rushed up the steps and shouted "Milk!!!" the cat lay beside the stove and purred sedately. The boy was resolved not to be beaten by the cat, so he took with him a tin can, banged it down with a great rattle and cried, "Milk!!!" when the cat sprang for the door as if she had been touched by electricity.

—Joys come to us like blossoms, and we think we have them; and then, when, like blossoms, they fall, we think we have lost them, although the seed or shadow is left; but they are not gone because they have passed through a particular period of their development.

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, 920 Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.

MONUMENTS

In every variety of Granite and Marble, Fonts, Tablets, etc., of latest designs. Best material and workmanship at lowest living price.

J. HASLETT,
563 Yonge Street, Toronto.

D. McINTOSH & SONS

524 Yonge St. (Opp. Maitland)

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS

MURAL TABLETS, FONTS, &c.

FOR SALE.

A large handsome Reed Organ, suitable for good sized church or large school room, nearly new exceedingly fine tone, cost \$300 cash, will sell for \$200. Address ORGAN, CANADIAN CHURCHMAN Office, Toronto.

J. YOUNG,

THE LEADING
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
Telephone 679. 347 YONGE ST.

MEMORIAL
STAINED GLASS
WINDOWS
N. T. LYON, TORONTO

The OXFORD PRESS

Notice of Removal

TIMMS & CO.,

Ecclesiastical, Music and General
Printers, have removed to

48 Richmond St. West

TELEPHONE 2493

Lear's Lights

Are in all the elegant houses of Toronto.

ELECTRIC and GAS FIXTURES

The largest stock, the most reliable makes, the lowest prices

ARE HERE.

Don't do yourself the injustice to buy before you see what we have to sell.

R. H. LEAR & CO.,

19 and 21 Richmond St. West

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY

COLLARS AND CUFFS PER DOZEN 25c PER PIECES.

York Street (2nd Door North of King),
G. F. SHARPE.

Life Insurance

UNDER THAT MOST POPULAR PLAN

The COMPOUND INVESTMENT

—OF THE—

North American

Life Assurance Co.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

Pays the insurer handsomely should he survive the period selected, and in case of his death during the first ten years of the investment period, his beneficiary is paid the full face of the policy; if after that, and within the investment period, in addition a mortuary dividend of the 15th and subsequent premiums paid thereon is payable.

THE INVESTMENT ANNUITY POLICY

issued by the same company contains special advantageous features not found in any other form of policy contract.

Write for particulars.

WILLIAM McCABE,
Managing Director.

P. W. Newton,
Teacher of Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin. Private lessons, thorough instruction. Clubs conducted reasonably. Studio, Nordheimer's Music store 15 King St. east.
Evenings, at Residence, 112 Sherbourne St.

Bates & Dodds,

UNDERTAKERS,

931 Queen St. west,

Opposite Trinity College.

SPECIAL.—We have no connection with the combination or Ring of Undertakers formed in this city. Telephone No. 518.

ICE Grenadier Ice and Coal Co.

Rates—\$1.50 per month for ten pounds daily; each additional five pounds only costs 1c. per day extra. The only company in the city who have cut and have in stock nothing but pure ice for domestic purposes, as required by Health Act regulations. Send orders early. Full weight guaranteed.

Office—(33)—39 Scott Street. Telephone 217; Ice Houses and Shipping Depot, 4103.

Wheat, v
Wheat, re
Wheat, g
Barley .
Oats . . .
Peas . . .
H: y . . .
Straw . .
Straw, lo

Dressed l
Beef, fore
Beef, hin
Mutton .
Veal . . .
Beef, sirlo
Beef, rou
Lamb . . .

Butter, 1
lb
Butter, t
Butter, f
Eggs, fre
Chickens
Turkeys,
Ducks, p
Geese, ea

Potatoes
Onions,
Apples,]
Turnips,
Celery,]
Carrots,]
Parsnips
Lettuce,
Radishes

R FI
C:

ORON

486 GB

Dr. Pe
The great
ous Del

Try G
Constipa
tive in
remedies
et.

D. L. T

C
C

Are res
to HIGH
to LOW
but jus
with fi
Therefo
Report
gramm
the ves
wanted
can't s
haven't
country
fair ma

N. W

Portrait of a man's face.