

as actual Head over His own Church, that Church, under His leadership, shall have purpose and power enough, perhaps by the ordinary machinery of constitutional government, to establish Him as King of all the kings and governments of the world."

"Yes, the whole Millennium springs from the Church being brought actually to yield to the Headship of Christ over herself; and it culminates and continues by the world being brought, by means of that now loyal Church, actually to submit to the Headship of Christ over the nations."

That conversation was a very important one in Bill's life. It filled the Bible with a new meaning, the history of the human race with a new hope, and the movements of the present time with a new significance.

### The Roof Dining-Room.

BY MRS. C. C. TOWNSEND.

Edith's mama had been sick a long time, and they had pulled her bed close to the window.

One morning she said to Edith's brother, "Willie, if you will put some crumbs on this little conservatory roof I think the birds will come right up to my window." So Willie scattered plenty of bread crumbs.

That day mama counted thirty-three birds that came to eat. Perhaps the same ones came more than once, but at least thirty-three dinners were served that day from the conservatory roof.

In a few days mama and Edith and Willie knew them all. Would you like to know them too?

Well, first there was Billie, a slick sparrow with brown earlappers—the weather was chilly—and a beautiful black necktie so well spread out that only a narrow strip of his white shirt bosom showed on each side.

Billie generally came alone, but when he found dinner quite ready he stood up straight and called "Sweet! Sweet!" That was his pet name for Mrs. Billie, who always came quietly when he called her that.

She wore a light brown tailor-made suit, trimmed down the back with stripes of a darker shade. Sometimes with Mrs. Billie came her Aunt Nancy, whose brown suit, once so fine, was frayed and worn.

Now Mr. Billie is so particular about appearances that he will never allow poor Aunt Nancy to eat at his table, and is really quite rude to her. The only way she can do is to steal up behind him, snatch a bite, and take it to the kitchen to eat alone. But if by chance Billie is called suddenly away, Mrs. Billie and Aunt Nancy have a social meal together.

Once Billie had a party, and so far forgot himself as to introduce his little wife all around by the pet name of "Sweet! Sweet!" But it really didn't matter much, as the guests were all busily eating before the introduction.

After Mr. Billie and his company had finished, Dandy came. He always wore a dress suit even to breakfast. His broad white shirt front was relieved only by a dainty black tie, bat-wing style.

Then came Mr. Dick; he is very fat, wears a four-in-hand black tie and very dark brown earlappers.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick take their meals somewhere else, and only use the conservatory roof for a little café.

But Mr. Dick knows the regular boarders, and one day when three real little tramp sparrows came to dinner he ruffled up his head, dragged his wings, and told them just what he thought of tramps.

But when he flapped his wings and started toward them each bold little tramp stole a big piece and flew away.

Dickie called out "Sneak! Sneak!" But they, safe in the elm tree, held their bread by one foot and screamed back, "We've beat it!"

When the boarders have all eaten and the dining-room is clear, you can hear a soft flutter of wings and there is little Mephishosheth.

(Edith's mama told her how she knew his name, and you can ask your mama. It is a Bible name.)

Poor little Mephishosheth is very lame. One little foot is always drawn up under his coat, and he walks in a pitiful way, rolling along from his well foot to the curled-up toes of the poor lame leg.

He is very timid, but is fat and happy, and is just as particular to wear his black necktie every time as is Dandy. Mephishosheth is very grateful to find dinner always ready, and as he lies over on his little lame leg to eat he says softly, "What a treat!"

His wings are not a bit lame, as you could know from the cheery "whirr" as he rises from his late dinner.

I wish I didn't have to tell you of a real naughty bird, but there is Mr. C. Patch.

No matter who is holding a dinner party, if Patchy flies down all ruffled and cross screaming, "Queet! Queet!" all the birds do quit and leave the nice dinner for Mr. C. Patch. Once Billie dared to come back. How angry Patchy was! His mouth was too full to say "Queet!" but Billie understood and quit.

Do you want to see these birds?

Put some crumbs on your piazza roof and they will all come out except Mephishosheth. He is too lame to go so far.—S. S. Times.

### The Miner's Dog.

In the Isle of Man there is a zinc mine named the Sixty Mine. For a number of years Mr. Kane was one of the most skilled workmen in the mine. He had a lovely cottage about five miles away from the mines, where his four children lived. Their only companion was a Scotch terrier named Rover.

They formed a happy family. In summer when the children went to work in their flower garden Rover was provided with a small basket to receive the weeds, and as soon as it was full he carried it outside of the garden, overturned it, and came back for another load.

Mr. Kane was only able to go home from the mine occasionally, as there was no railroad nor stage that he could use for his journey to and fro, and in order to get his money sent home to his children every week, he had a collar made for Rover, with a pocket attached to it, and every Saturday Rover was dispatched to the mine to receive the money, and after getting it he always returned home with it safely.

On the road that Rover traveled, about half way to the mine, stood a tavern, where a lawless set of men spent most of their time. These men by some means obtained a clue to the object of Rover's weekly visits to the mine, and on Saturday as Rover was returning home as usual, with his trust, they tried to stop him. They failed to do so until one of the men procured a gun. At the sight of this Rover stopped, and the men robbed him of the money.

Now, instead of going home without the money, Rover turned directly around and retraced his steps to the mine. Having arrived there he went up to his master and

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

"Keep your little ones stomach and bowels right, and they will be healthy, happy and grow well." This is the deliberate opinion of a physician of world wide reputation. One mother who followed this advice—Mrs. Albert Boisvert, St. Claude, Que., proves the truth of it. She says,—"I have the greatest faith in Baby's Own Tablets for young children, and I always keep them in the house. Both my little ones were troubled with constipation and sour stomach. I gave them the Tablets and they are now perfectly well. Once in a while I still give them a dose to prevent the trouble coming back." If all sensible mothers follow this advice there will be fewer cross, peevish, sickly babies in the land. These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

commenced scratching his own neck with his paw.

Mr. Kane perceived at once that the dog had been robbed. Calling some of his companions they started for the tavern, the dog leading the way. When they arrived they were refused an entrance, but after much trouble they gained it, and Rover immediately recognized the man who had taken the money, and he was compelled to return it to Mr. Kane. Rover's fame spread all over the island, but his master could no longer make him his messenger from the mine, because it became so widely known that he was entrusted with money.—The Humane Journal.

### Why Some Plants Die.

From being overwatered and having little sun, they grow dropical.

From being overdelicate and not protected by glass, they take cold.

From being dwarfed by starvation, and the spindle stems not cut back by pinching the end buds.

By being frozen when unprotected by newspapers, and thawed in the sunlight instead of in a pail of cold water.

By being roasted by flaming gas jets, and chilled by drafts.

By being left unsponged when attacked by the mealy bug or red spider, and unsmoked with burning tobacco when the green fly makes its appearance.

By being left unwatered. Some plants perspire seventeen times more than human beings, or about one pint a day!

## Your Chief Aim

in "banking" your savings is to have them safe. Then, deposit them with the

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Mortgage Corporation.

which has the third largest paid up capital of all the financial institutions of the country.

It allows interest at 3½ per annum, compounded half yearly, on deposits of \$1 and upwards. You can make and withdraw your deposits by mail with perfect confidence. Send at once for our booklet SAVING MONEY BY MAIL.

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