

and the Litenin Express and the little doggie, who had at once made friends with him appeared at mother's back door, she smiled down upon the happiest little boy in town—"Sunday School Times."

A Good Deed

Harry Blane had been sent by his mother to a neighboring store for a pound of tea. He had just emerged from the gate at home, and started on his way down the sidewalk, when he heard footsteps approaching from behind him. A moment later someone called:

"Wait a moment, boy, I would like to speak to you."

Harry waited, and before he was aware of it, a kind hand was laid on his shoulder, and he stood side by side with a tall young man, who addressed him thus in a polite manner:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Harry Blane, sir," answered that person.

"Ah, the very boy I am looking for!" At these words Harry became interested and asked:

"Why are you looking for me, sir?"

"Where were you yesterday at this time?" asked the stranger, without heeding Harry's words.

"Returning from school," answered Harry.

"And did anything unusual occur on your way from school yesterday afternoon?"

"Nothing, only a horse ran away," said Harry laughing.

"A horse ran away. Tell me all about it."

"Yesterday afternoon as I was coming along past the church I met a horse which was running away. An old lady was riding in the buggy, but she had lost control of the horse. I sprang to the middle of the road, and as the horse drew near, he slackened his pace considerably, and started to the side of the road, where he could easily pass me. But he was not quick enough. I made

a jump, caught the horse by the bits, and after some pulling and jerking I succeeded in bringing him to a stop. The woman was very much frightened, but otherwise she was unhurt. After asking me my name, she thanked me for helping her, and started on her way."

"You are a very good boy," said the stranger, giving Harry a pat on the shoulder, "and your mother ought to be proud of you."

The boy smiled in gratification, and once more made an attempt to start on his errand, but again the stranger detained him.

"I suppose you would like to know who I am, my boy, and why I am keeping you," he said.

"Yes, sir, I would," answered Harry politely.

"Well, my name is Kenneth Colby, and it was my aunt whose horse you stopped yesterday. She informed me that the bridge over which the horse must have sped had you not stopped him was badly broken, and she was in danger



Enjoying the Morning Spin.

of her life. Now, I have kept you here to tell you this, and that my aunt sent me here to find you, and present you with this reward."

"I do not want any reward, Mr. Colby," answered Harry. "I do not deserve it."

"But you must take it, because my aunt sent me here on purpose with it, and told me not to rest until I had placed it in your hands," said Mr. Colby, drawing something from his pocket, which proved to be a handsome leather purse, which he passed to Harry, who opened it eagerly and examined its contents, which consisted of about fifty dollars in bills.

"This is not the full value of your services but it cannot be fully paid. I feel that you have done my aunt a great service and I shall remember you for it."

"You are very kind, Mr. Colby. I will give this purse to my mother. She will be pleased with it, and call me a good boy, and she will not have to work so hard to pay next month's rent. Tell your aunt I am very thankful for her reward and that I would gladly do as much for her again. And now, Mr. Colby, I must be going on my errand."

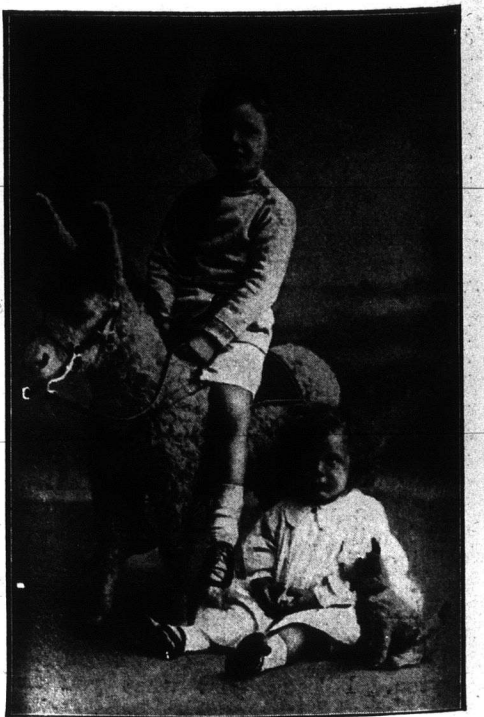
"I am very sorry for having delayed you so long, Harry, and if you wish, I will explain to your mother why I detained you."

"I don't think it is necessary," answered Harry, "the present will make amends for all, and now I must be hurrying along. Good-by, Mr. Colby."

"Good-by, Harry."

The two passed on their way, Harry going on his errand and Mr. Colby to his home.

When Harry returned home he found his mother impatient because she had to wait so long for her tea, but when Harry explained to her why he had been gone so long, and when he gave her the money, she was more than pleased, and called her boy by many a loving name, and said that he was the pride of her household.

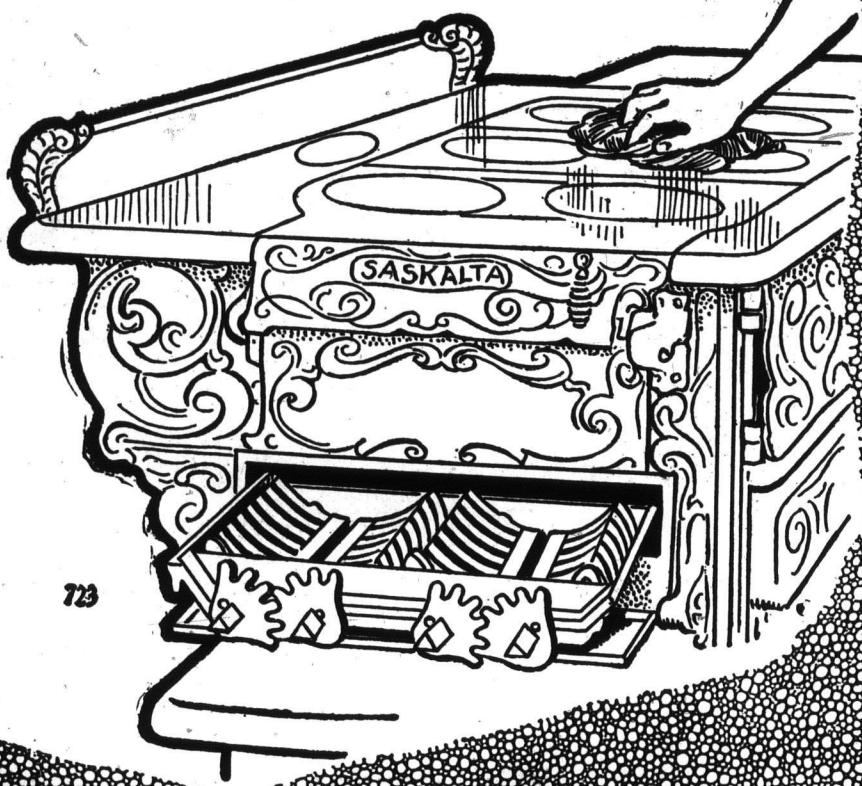


Christmas Delights.

The cooking top is burnished by a special process making the surface perfectly smooth—easily kept clean without blacking. This point appeals strongly to the woman who prides herself on a clean, highly polished range.

The cut shows a double duplex grate, each section of which can be operated independently. Another good point about these grates is that you will have no dead ends in your fire. This feature is exclusive to the Sask-alta and patented.

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