

June 15, 1933

shamed the boy's tormentor, but he only said, "Let me see it."

"I can't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses and shook his head.

"Here, Bob, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of the note," said the tempter.

The child turned away as if he did not wish to hear anyone, but the young man opened the bag and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the boy's face: I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat at the other end to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of pretty gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, "Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation and wise enough to run away from it."

#### AN UNJUST ACCUSATION.

It was in the busy holiday season when the stores were full of customers that a lady came rushing up to the ribbon counter. She pushed her way through the customers already being waited on, and addressing one of the young women behind the counter, said, in an excited tone of voice, "Did you see my pocket-book? I left it right here on the counter, only a few moments ago?"

The young woman had not seen it, and moved away a box of ribbon from the place the lady designated as the one where she had laid her pocket-book. It was not there.

"I am perfectly sure I laid it there," said the customer. "There was a cash girl with a blue dress on standing right at my elbow at the time. There she is now," she exclaimed, pointing in the direction of the glove counter. In an instant the owner of the pocket-book had rushed up to the girl, and asked in tones suggestive of suspicion, "Did you pick up a pocket-book a short time ago, lying on the ribbon counter?"

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"I didn't see any pocket-book," the girl replied, in a short, dazed manner.

"You certainly must have seen it," the woman continued. "You stood right by me, and now I remember that you were looking at it while you were waiting for some goods to take to the cash counter."

The cash girl's face was crimson and the tears came into her eyes. Customers had turned to look at her, cash girls had stopped on their way to the cashier's desk to see what the matter was. "I think the best way for me to do is to report you at the desk. Give me back my pocket-book and I will say nothing of it," she continued.

"I haven't your pocket-book, madam," answered the child, emphatically.

"You may not have it, but you know where it is," the owner replied, who by this time had allowed herself to show her suspicions in a very pronounced manner.

Not long after, the cash girl was ordered to report at the desk. There she was questioned and cross-questioned by the proprietors of the store, her accuser putting in a word to try to establish the child as a thief, but she stoutly maintained her honesty. There had never been any complaints made of the girl before, and she had been in the store some time.

Her sobbing and her distracted manner, however, seemed to be an indication of her guilt, and she was sent home, although she had been searched by a woman detective in the store and the pocket-book had not been found on her person.

"I will see your mother, later," the head one of the firm had told her.

How thankful the poor child was to go home and throw herself into the shelter of her loving mother's arms, and to tell her troubles to her.

"Accused of being a thief!" exclaimed the mother, an honest, hard-working woman, "my child a thief. I'll never believe it."

In the midst of the outburst of mother and daughter, a messenger from the store came in, and said, "The boss wants you to come back as quick as you can—something has happened. I don't know what, but one of the girls said the pocket-book has been found."

With joy the innocent girl returned to the store; the pocket-book had been found. It seems a lady who was at the ribbon counter had picked up the missing pocket-book, which outwardly was just like her own, and when she got home she found two pocket-books in her shopping-bag, and concluded that she must have picked it up at the ribbon counter, as ribbons were the last purchase she had made. She hurried back as quickly as she could, fearing that some innocent person might be suspected. "It was so very, very careless of me," she explained. "I hope there has not been any trouble about it." When the story was told to her the lady spoke very kindly to the little girl, and took her name

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and number, and said, "I shall not forget you," and it is presumed that she did not. The accuser, however, felt that she had been the injured party, and made no concessions. She reasoned that she had been the one wronged. The wrong she had done the little girl apparently did not trouble her in the least.

But it must be said in justice to the firm that in the store reparation, so far as possible, was made to the little cash girl who had suffered such great injustice. Careless, suspicious people make a great deal of trouble for others, and often cause much suffering by their hasty, unjust judgments.

#### WHAT "SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE" MEANS.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented sitting in his parlour, counting out

his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—has risen, is the day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The bird who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

—Life is too short to idle away one moment. Give to every fleeting one some duty performed.

—There is one thing that you can do in life better than anything else. Find out what it is, and do it.

—It is well to make frequent excursions into the future under the guidance of reason and conscience, but irrational and irresponsible day dreaming is a delusion and a snare.

—Let every man do as if God were present in physical form to condemn or approve the act.