

NOT COUNTING THE COST.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him, "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briars."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy; she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell anything about the briars in my feet."

The man rode on. Sammy's remarks had given him a lesson, and he resolved that henceforth he would try to hold up the berries and say nothing about the briars.

THREE WEEKS IN AGONY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism so acute he could not attend to his daily duties—Lived Three Weeks in Agonizing Pain when that "Good Samaritan" of all Cures, South American Rheumatic Cure, Passed his way—It Helped in a few Hours, and Speedily cured—Cost 75 cents.

Mr. E. A. Norton, a well-known citizen of Grimsby, Ont., was severely attacked with inflammatory rheumatism some 20 years ago—after a time he recovered, but five or six weeks ago the dread disease returned so violently that he had to give up work. For nearly three weeks he lay in bed suffering terrible agony. Another resident of the town who had been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure, persuaded him to try it, and, to his great surprise after using the medicine but one week he was so far recovered as to go about town. From the first dose taken he felt marked improvement, and to-day he is most enthusiastic in singing its praises. No case too severe for South American Rheumatic Cure to check in six hours, and cure permanently.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

In a pretty country village, about six miles from London, where, on a bright summer's morning, every thing looked gay, peaceful, and happy, little children might be seen, with bright smiling faces, running to school clean and neat. There were many wealthy inhabitants, who were much interested for their poorer neighbours, and provided schools for their little ones, so that they might be able to read, and know the truths of the Bible, and other good books.

They also instituted saving clubs for the parents, where they might deposit one penny or twopence per week, by which means their children, as well as themselves, were respectably clothed; and these halfpence, with what the ladies added to them, were of great assistance to industrious mothers, at the end of the year.

You might observe them, about Christmas time, when the cold winds blew, and the rain fell heavily, with good new shoes, to keep their feet warm and dry, and their children still going to school warmly clothed.

But there was one very poor boy, whom we shall call ragged Jack, who was very often to be seen wandering about this pretty village without shoes, and with such clothes as would scarcely hang upon his poor shivering limbs, they were so torn and old. This poor boy called often to offer his bundle of matches, and beg a little bread at the house of a kind-hearted lady, who intended, if he came again, to inquire into his case; and finding that he had no parents or friends to look to, she determined to enable him to provide for himself; for it is always better to help ourselves than to depend upon others.

Hood's Pills

Should be in every family medicine chest and every traveller's grip. They are invaluable when the stomach is out of order; cure headache, biliousness, and all liver troubles. Mild and efficient. 25 cents.

For this purpose she procured a large basket, purchased an assortment of cotton, needles, tapes, pins, and other suitable things, procured of the friends some decent clothing, and sent him round, from house to house, to sell what he could. Sometimes he was very successful, and would gain generally from one to two shillings a day. Every night he brought his money to his kind benefactress, who used to stock his basket again ready for the morning; and she had the pleasure of seeing the spirit of independence growing in the bosom of this poor motherless boy, who was now clad in such apparel as he never before could call his own.

But you will say, what became of him at night, and through the cold days of winter? In this village there was a kind, aged widow, with one only son, living in a neat, pretty little cottage, with a nice garden at the back and front. This kind widow took care of him. But he was no longer the little beggar. It would have cheered you to see him after the labours of the day, seated by her comfortable fireside, learning to read, by the kind assistance of the widow's son, while she adopted him in some measure as her own. He was now able to repay her for her kindness, and entirely support himself from the profits his basket produced; and, while he kept steady and honest, he gained the esteem of those who knew him, and, it is hoped, did not fail to raise his heart in gratitude to the Almighty, who had bestowed such blessings upon him.

We must ever remember, my dear little children, that all our blessings and comforts come from God. He it is that inclines the hearts of those who have it in their power to help the needy, the destitute, and the afflicted; and even very little children are invited in the Bible to pray to God, in the name of their Saviour, to protect and bless them, and the more grateful we daily feel for past mercies, the more likely they are to be continued to us.

KIDNEY PAIN.

John Snell, of Wingham, Ont., was in a Maelstrom of Pain and Agony from Diseased Kidneys—South American Kidney Cure was the welcome "Life Preserver"—It Relieves Instantly and Cures Surely.

"Five years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe which affected my Kidneys and caused intense pains in my back urinary organs. I suffered untold misery, at times I could not walk, and any standing position gave me intense pain. I became worse so rapidly that my family became alarmed. Just at this time I noticed South American Kidney Cure advertised. Although I had little faith left in any remedy—having tried so many worthless ones—but a drowning man will grasp at a straw, and I procured a bottle. In a few days it had worked wonders, and before half a bottle was taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me."

LESSONS ON TIME.

"Can you tell me how many seconds there are in a minute, and how many minutes in an hour?" Mrs. Marsh asked her little son Harold.

Harold was seated on a stool at his

mother's feet: he considered a little while, but he could not quite remember.

"I think you are old enough to learn something about the divisions of time," said his mother; "so I will tell you what they are, and you must repeat them after me."

"Sixty seconds make one minute."

"Sixty minutes, one hour."

"Twenty-four hours, one day (which means day and night)."

"Seven days, one week."

"Four weeks, one month."

"Twelve months, one year."

"In the year there are three hundred and sixty-five days."

"And one hundred years make a century."

"It will be some time before I remember all that," said Harold.

"Perhaps you can learn it quicker in verse," said his mother; and she took a paper from her work-basket, and read as follows—

Sixty seconds in a minute,

Sixty times the clock ticks in it:

Sixty minutes make an hour,

To stay its flight we have no power;

Twenty-four hours one day and

night,

Some hours of darkness, some of

light;

Seven days there are in every week,

To keep the seventh day holy seek;

In every month the weeks are four;

And some have two or three days

more;

And twelve months make up the

whole year,

Spend well each one God grants

you here.

Harold thought he could remember the verse much better than prose; he repeated the four first lines several times after his mother, and then found he knew them quite well.

"That will do for this morning," said Mrs. Marsh. "If you remember these lines to-morrow, I will teach you some more. Now tell me the days of the week."

Harold repeated, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday."

"You know, my dear Harold, why we keep the seventh day (Sunday) holy?"

"Yes, mamma, 'In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.'"

"Quite right, Harold: and be sure if the day of rest is truly valued, and rightly used, it will bring a blessing to body and soul. You may go to play now, and we will talk about the time again some other day."

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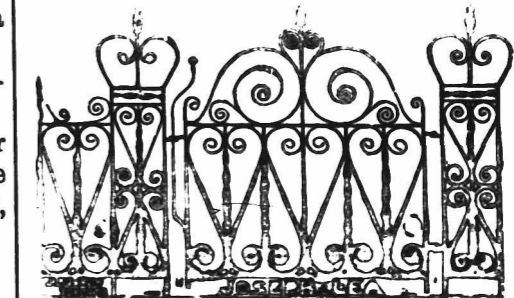
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