

Lida looked. "Oh, chocolates!" she said, longingly.

"Take one."

"Why—why—you don't mean it, do you?"

"Yes, I mean it; they're mine; grandma gave 'em to me."

She lifted one of the dainty cakes out and handed it to Lida, who accepted it without any remarks. Then she went on home. To her mother she gave the other cake.

An hour later the bell rang and Nellie went to the door. There was no one there, but she caught a glimpse of Lida flying around the corner. A small box lay on the doorstep, which Nellie picked up and carried in. It was directed to her, so she opened it. Within was a card, which read:

"To the dearest little girl in the world, from the meanest. I am ashamed of myself. Lida."

Underneath the card was the pretty little china doll in the pink satin dress.

THE HOMELESS SINGER.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing:

"Foxes to their holes have gone, Every bird into his nest; But I wander here alone, And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said: "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer learned to preach the good news: "Justified by faith, we have peace with God,

through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little singer into their home, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther.

Is Not This Stealing ?

Are Not Imitators Who Live on the Reputation of the Article They Imitate Thieves.

In Spite of at Least Half a Dozen Imitators, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has More Than Three Times the Sale of Any Remedy Recommended For Throat and Lung Troubles.

Have you been imposed upon when asking for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine by being offered an imitation? Many have been, and we know of some who have changed their druggist as a result. It is not safe to deal with a druggist who offers imitations and substitutes. An honest druggist will not offend his customers by such questionable methods.

The use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has become so universal that on all sides are springing up preparations of turpentine and linseed, put up in packages similar to Dr. Chase's, with the object of making sales on the reputation of this famous remedy. Is not this dishonest? Is it not stealing, or even worse? For, besides the injury done to the proprietors of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the people are being deceived. In some cases, no doubt, even life is lost as a result.

Are you being deceived? Have you asked for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and been given an imitation or substitute? There is no doubt about the virtue of this great throat and lung remedy. It is too well known as a thorough cure for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, coughs and colds to need further words of commendation. What we want to do is to warn you against these imitations. To be certain that you are getting the genuine, be sure that Dr. Chase's portrait and signature are on the wrapper.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has reached phenomenal sales, because it cures when other remedies fail. It is far-reaching in effect, curing the cold as well as the cough, and uprooting the most serious forms of bronchitis, asthma, and similar throat and lung diseases. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

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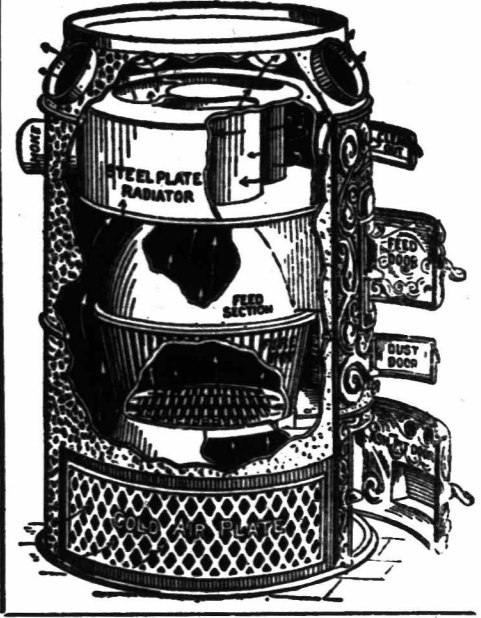
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LOOKING AHEAD.

A certain boy of fifteen secured a position in a mill. It was a good position for a boy. He got four dollars a week as a "piecer." There was a fair chance that if he were diligent he would soon earn six dollars a week as a "head-tender." He swelled with pride when he remembered that many men with families, earned little more wages than would soon be his, a boy of fifteen or sixteen years. So when he was given an opportunity to learn a desirable trade, beginning at wages of two dollars and a-half a week, he scorned the offer. He would not sacrifice a six-dollar-a-week-position for one of less than half that sum; not he!

But in a few years, after the boy of fifteen had become eighteen years of age, six dollars a week proved to be small wages—entirely too small for his needs. But there was nothing better ahead of him in the mill, and he had no marketable abilities to offer elsewhere. Had he accepted the apprenticeship offered him he would have become in four years a skilled mechanic, earning twice or three times six dollars a week, and with abilities which would make him self-reliant and independent.

When too late the boy saw his wasted opportunity. He had made the mistake that most boys are apt to make; he had not looked ahead. His plans had been only for the present day. He had sacrificed future prosperity for present profit, and his short-sightedness had wrecked his life.

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"We have used Shredded Wheat in our family since it first appeared on the market and find it by far the most satisfactory, as a breakfast cereal, of anything we ever tried. More recently we have been using it as the foundation of many other meals, following the admirable recipes as given in the "Vital question," and the result is not only appetizing, but perceptibly advantageous to the general health of the family. We cannot find language too emphatic to express our high opinion of Shredded Wheat Biscuit as a convenient, economical and satisfying food."—W. H. Brook, editor "Healthy Home," Athol, Mass.

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—He that allows himself everything that is permitted is very near to that which is forbidden.

—All Godlike things are joyous: They have touched God, and so they carry with them an irresistible gladness everywhere.

—The man or woman that has never known sorrow may be forgiven a life that is callous and selfish. There has never been a touch of anything better.

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