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THE LEEMING, MILES CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

and Mrs. Owen. There was a large congregation present at the service, and the Bishop, in an address which he gave, referred to those to whom the gifts were being dedicated, and in particular spoke with much feeling of Mrs. Penrose Welsted, dwelling upon the loving and unflinching sympathy which she had ever shown to all who were in trouble or distress.

### Children's Department.

#### THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work;  
Who never is by toil dismayed,  
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet  
All lions in the way;  
Who's not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do  
The very best he can;  
Who always keeps the right in view,  
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be  
The men whose hands will guide  
The future of our land; and we  
Shall speak their names with pride.



## Karn Pipe Organs

Tubular,  
Pneumatic and  
Electric  
Actions.

Catalogues, Estimates and Designs  
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Tuning, repairing and rebuilding  
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to meet the requirements of any  
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The Largest Church Organ Builders on this  
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### A MERRY SHEPHERD BOY AND A QUARRELSOME RAM.

In mountainous districts of Norway the farmers usually in the spring send their dairy maids, hired men and shepherd boys with their cattle—cows, oxen, horses, pigs, sheep and goats—up on the mountains to the saeters, where they keep them in pasture during the summer. A saeter is a collection of houses, surrounded by green fields enclosed with a fence and outside of this are stretched the great grazing grounds, over mountains and valleys, through wood, along rivers, brooks and lakes. When everything has been put in readiness and the weather has become more like summer the housewives come and take the places of the dairy maids, and these and the hired men are sent home.

I will not describe to you the many dangers to which herd and shepherd boys were formerly exposed, when wolves and bears were hunting around for lambs, sheep, calves and other animals for their breakfast or dinner; but I will tell you about the bright side of these boys' lives to show that they can also play their little tricks and manage to get a good deal of fun out of their daily work, lonesome though they are in those lofty regions.

Nature has blessed them with a wonderfully clear and healthful air, with plenty of sunshine and outdoor life. Though they often are drenched in rain to the skin and have to wade in water all the day long, often for many days at a time, rheumatism, nervousness, dyspepsia and toothache are unknown in their experience. Theirs is a life in clear, healthful and invigorating mountain air, hundreds, often thousands of feet above sea level. They are very generally healthy, sound in mind and body, playful and full of good humour. Their ringing laughter, a good sign of a sound constitution, re-echoed from mountain-side, is like the sound of pleasant music.

One summer my father and mother—living in Gol, Hallingdal, a mountainous district in the southern part of the country—had in their herd a big ram with large horns bent backward into spirals. For some reason or other, this ram could not stand to see the shepherd boy having on his rain shawl—a large shawl that the boys put on to cover the head and shoulders on rainy days. As soon as he caught sight of the shepherd boy with the shawl on, he would look at him a moment, his eyes would suddenly flash fire, he would back up a few feet, and then with all his strength he would leap forward and butt the boy so that he would tumble heels over head along the ground. This was quite dangerous, as the ram had great bodily strength, so the boy had to look out for him every time he wore his shawl.

One day the boy made up his mind he would play a trick on the ram.

The herd was grazing through the woods, at the foot of a high mountain, toward the shore of Tisla Fjord. At this point the bank of the lake is very high, and it runs up nearly perpendicularly from the water. A few feet from the edge of the bank the boy found a stub of a tree. The



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stub was just of the same size as the boy, and it was so decayed that only a small kick would send it crumbling over the ground. Over this stub the boy hung his shawl, on its top he placed his cap, and in other ways made it look like himself. Then he hid himself behind some trees, watching the herd, that now was coming grazing toward the bank.

All of a sudden the ram caught sight of the stub-boy and the shawl. He threw up his head, looked at the figure a moment, the old fire came into his eyes again, he backed up a few feet, put his neck into a stiff curve, and laid his ears flat back on his woolly neck. You could read anger all over his face. Calculating only the distance to the stub-boy, he uttered a harsh baa, and then suddenly, with all his strength, threw himself forward into a run and rushed toward what he supposed was the boy. The stub with a loud crack flew into a thousand rotten pieces that, together with a cloud of dust from decayed wood, completely covered the ram's face and the front of his body, the shawl covering his head, blinding him—and bump! with a tremendous force out over the bank flew the ram, still covered with the shawl—and with a great splash fell into the lake!

In a moment he came to the surface again, managed to get the shawl from his head, and swam ashore. With drooping ears and water streaming down from all over his body, he crawled out and up the bank, every now and then shaking himself violently to get rid of the water. Having reached the top of the bank, he slowly rejoined the grazing herd.

But you should have seen the boy when the big ram started on that expedition of his through air and water.

As soon as the ram butted the stub with that great "crack," and plunged out into the water, he jumped out from behind the trees, doubled up with side-splitting laughter.

And when the poor ram crawled up on the bank, drenched to the very skin and looking very "sheepish," the boy ran over to him and greeted him with peals of laughter again and again.

"Oh, Billy," he said, derisively: "where have you been, Billy? How did you like it, Billy? Was it good—will you try it once more, Billy?"

But Billy never again tried to butt the boy.—St. Nicholas.

### THE DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins.

Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me!" she said. "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired, having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep."

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up in her crib and opened her blue eyes wide. "Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk!" cried Dollikins, joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice; "and you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins. "And I didn't have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner," cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potatoes. Why don't I have things that I like mamma?"

Dollikins' cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more? It makes my head ache." Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins. "I am very glad that you do not know how to talk, my dear, for then you might be a sore trial to your mother."—Babyland.



### THE DIFFERENT MAN.

The Japanese expression for foreigner is "ijin"—the different man. I well remember a day in New York, when I saw a Chinaman walk through the street, and a number of workmen who were repairing the pavement laughed and called out to him: "Hey! what's the matter with you, John? What will you take for that pig tail?" I always felt sorrow

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