

"It is really too funny the way I found them packed when I first began. And the soap dishes clean and fresh soap when it is needed, and dusters in their bags, and waste baskets emptied, oh, yes, and buttons sewed on to the shoes. I believe I sew on a half-dozen every day.

"I go over the house daily, in the morning right after the children are sent to school.

"I begin by picking up the things they have dropped, and putting them in their proper places.

"Then I go into the library, sharpen the pencils that need it; fill the ink-well; see that the pens in the penholders are good, the blotting pad not too old, the waste basket empty; and then I go through the other rooms, and, if you'll believe me, I always find something to be done, something aside from the regular work of clearing up, sweeping, or bed-making these belong to the girl to do.

"You see, I only do the little things that get left for the general cleaning, or neglected altogether.

"It is very pleasant, and helps—at least mother says that it does."

"Yes," said the mother, "and no one else knows what a difference it does make in having those chinks filled."

THE Illustrated Christmas number of the Canadian Churchman is - handsomely - and artistically - got - up. It is a finished work of high art. It will be sent free to all new subscribers.

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"TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP."

"You think I'm dead,"
The apple tree said;
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."
"You think I'm dead,"
The quick grass said;
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid;
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flowers without branch or root."
"You think I'm dead,"
A soft voice said;
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown;
Patiently I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."
Edith M. Thomas.

GOOD SECURITY.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said, gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance, "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket, and drew out a paper, carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco.

As respectfully as if it had been the deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement, laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think that I know nothing about him," smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully, in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge; and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as a security."

A BIG DAY FOR GRANDPA MOORE.

"Now do be careful, Ben!"
"Yes'm, I won't forget. Don't worry, mother!"

With a final wave of his cap, Ben Lawson bounded down the road toward the next farmhouse to join his friend and chum, Dick North, who was going with the rest of the family to the farmers' picnic, down at Chippewa Grove.

"Hello, Ben! Isn't it a fine day, though!" Dick shouted, catching sight of his friend from the barn, where he was "tackling up" the bays to the big hay-waggon. "I'll be through in a minute," he added, hurrying so fast that old Bess looked over her shoulder at him in quiet wonder.

It certainly was a radiantly beautiful day. A light frost the night before had lent a crispness to the air; and blue skies and golden sunshine gave promise of perfect autumn weather. Holidays were scarce among the farmers; but this was the annual Harvest Home gathering, when everybody, young and old, within driving distance, was sure to turn out.

There was always a bountiful, old-fashioned picnic dinner, with chicken pot-pies, roasted corn, scalloped oysters, and potatoes roasted in ashes. Everything was hot and toothsome, coming from the great brick oven on the grounds, or the embers beneath.

Ben's father had been hurt in an accident the week before, and his mother was staying home to keep him company. Ben had worked like a beaver all the week, to get both his father's work and his own in shape so he could be spared for this one day; and soon he and Dick, crowded in at the back of the old hay-waggon, with feet dangling over the edge, were bumping and thumping merrily on their way to the grove. Before they had gone far, they began to overtake other similarly loaded vehicles, and soon a jolly company was jogging on together.

Dinner was served early, partly "to get it out of the way," and partly because the early morning drive through the exhilarating air had developed keen and hearty appetites. Everybody turned in to help, the boys husking corn, carrying pails of water, bringing wood, and doing other similar errands, while the women set the long tables and the men watched the oven with its big, fragrant pans of pot-pie and oysters, and set the huge coffee-pots over the glowing camp-fire.

Everything ready, a large and merry company surrounded the well-filled tables; and when the boys had eaten till they could eat no more, they drew off into another part of the grove and began to look eagerly toward the wood road, down which a nutting expedition always started soon after dinner.

"Come on, Ben," called Dick,

Reward of Merit.

A new Catarrh Cure Secures National Popularity in Less than One Year.

Throughout a great nation of eighty million it is a desperate struggle to secure even a recognition for a new article to say nothing of achieving popular favour, and yet within one year Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, the new catarrh cure, has met with



such success that to-day it can be found in every drug store throughout the United States and Canada.

To be sure a large amount of advertising was necessary in the first instance to bring the remedy to the attention of the public, but everyone familiar with the subject knows that advertising alone never made any article permanently successful. It must have in addition absolute, undeniable merit, and this the new catarrh cure certainly possesses in a marked degree.

Physicians, who formerly depended upon inhalers, sprays and local washes, or ointments, now use Stuart's Catarrh Tablets because, as one of the most prominent stated, these tablets contain in pleasant convenient form all the really efficient catarrh remedies, such as red gum, blood root and similar antiseptics.

They contain no cocaine nor opiate, and are given to little children with entire safety and benefit.

Dr. J. J. Reiter, of Covington, Ky., says: "I suffered from catarrh in my head and throat every fall, with stoppage of the nose and irritation in the throat affecting my voice and often extending to the stomach, causing catarrh of the stomach. I bought a fifty cent package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at my druggist's, carried them in my pocket and used them faithfully, and the way in which they cleared my head and throat was certainly remarkable. I had no catarrh last winter and spring and consider myself entirely free from any catarrhal trouble."

Mrs. Jerome Ellison, of Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I suffered from catarrh nearly my whole life and last winter my two children suffered from catarrhal colds and sore throat so much they were out of school a large portion of the winter. My brother, who was cured of catarrhal deafness by using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, urged me to try them so much that I did so and am truly thankful for what they have done for myself and my children. I always keep a box of the tablets in the house and at the first appearance of a cold or sore throat I nip it in the bud and catarrh is no longer a household affliction with us."

Full sized packages of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold for fifty cents at all druggists.

Send for book on cause and cure of catarrh mailed free. Address, F. A. Stuart & Co., Marshall, Mich.

joining the others; and all together they started across the grove.

"Wait a minute," said Ben suddenly, turning back, "Grandfather Moore's lost his specs. I'll go and pick 'em up for him."

He darted over to an old hickory arm-chair, where a very old and feeble man was sitting, bending forward and groping helplessly in the grass for the fallen spectacles.

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