

"I'm on my way to her now," he continued, "and shall go there straight this time, but if I had to go through the town and to pass the 'Blue Lion' tired and thirsty as I was a time back, I must have gone in, and ten to one I should have sat there till I was too fuddled to remember mother or anything else. So you see what you've saved me from. Good-bye, and thank you."

He was off, leaving Patty more pleased than she could say; she had done something then to help others—that was the glad thought that kept surging in her heart.

Nor was it that sailor alone who had reason to bless the thoughtful little girl—in after years Patty was able to help many another along life's pathway, and yet she was neither a rich nor a clever child, but only a child who longed for Christ's sake to help others, were it only with "a cup of cold water."

To The Editor:

I wish to tell all Christian readers, clergymen, brothers and sisters of the church, that the Brandenburg Mfg. Co., of Dayton, Ohio, is investing small sums of money, secured by mortgage as lien, so that investors of \$10 get \$1 each month dividend, and each year the \$10 is handed back to them in addition to their monthly profits. The only stipulation they make is, that you must be a member of some religious denomination. Why don't our brothers and sisters write them for particulars? Clergymen are officers.

J. R.

Nat Made a Mistake.

Nat was a venturesome little chap. One day he heard at school that Sam Webb's boat had struck the rocks under the bridge and was breaking to pieces.

Nat wanted to see it, so on his way home he turned off to the railroad bridge which crossed the little river just where it was full of rocks. It was a rough and dangerous place. Creeping along, the little boy bent over until his head grew dizzy, and if he hadn't jumped up quickly he would certainly have fallen over. And something else might have happened, too, if he had stayed there two minutes longer, for he had no sooner got off the bridge than a railway train came rushing along that would have crushed him to death in a moment.

But Nat thought he had done a very smart thing. He ran home, and at the dinner-table he boasted that he had been down to the railroad bridge



A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat.

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"For the last 25 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that its use has

Saved My Life

I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses."—T. M. Matthews, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

"My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure."—R. Amero, Plympton, N. S.

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Prompt to act, sure to cure

and seen Sam Webb's boat among the rocks, and had just time to get off when the Boston express came along.

Father and mother looked at each other, but not a word was said. Nat thought they would praise him, but they did not.

After dinner father took the little boy into his study. He looked so very sober, Nat began to feel that something dreadful was coming.

Father sat down in his chair, drew the boy up to his side and put his arm around him.

"Nat," said he, "you thought you were very brave to-day, didn't you? But going into danger when there is no need of it is no mark of courage. It is rash and wicked." Then papa stopped, and Nat began to cry, but he never forgot the words of advice that followed:

"My dear boy, never try how far you can go in a dangerous place; always keep on the safe side."

God's Eyes.

One beautiful autumn morning Sam Turner and Jim Strong started out to wander off among the hills eight miles from their homes in the city, in search of mischief. Each carried a good sized bag in his hands, and they started straight for Farmer Brown's apple orchard; for they knew that the whole family were away, spending the day in the city. They stole quietly into the orchard, after looking all about to see if any one was watching them. No eyes were in sight but God's, they thought; and for Him they did not care.

At first they kept quiet, but becoming more bold they shouted and pelted each other with apples, and after eating as much of the fruit as they wished and filling their bags, they started for town. Yes, God's eyes had seen them, and He told Professor Mitchell in the observatory dome to turn his telescope in that direction as he was setting it for his hunt after a new star that next night. And in looking through the big telescope, he saw

eight miles away, our two wicked boys in the orchard stealing apples.

Professor Mitchell, the good old white-haired astronomer, went and informed the police of what he had seen.

And when Jim and Sam reached the city with their apples, they were taken possession of, and immediately carried off to the police station, and afterward sent to the house of correction.

God's eyes are not only more wonderful than the microscope, but more powerful than the telescope, which brings things near enough for us to see them when they are a great many millions of miles from us. The Father in heaven sees and cares for all that He has made, from the tiny atom of life to the largest creature. And he also sees the bad we do and say, as well as the good.

Do Your Duty.

September and school time has come round again. Those of you who have "passed" will enter the new grades with probably some regrets for the teacher you have left, and I hope with a firm resolution to do your best in the new place, or, as the Catechism says, "to do your duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call you." Observe, the sentence reads not *has pleased*, but *shall please*, which means something quite different.

To those who have failed to pass, I say again, "Do not be cast down, but go to work with good courage, determined to do your very best." That is all that any one can do. And here let me give you a bit of advice. Do not spend the most of your time on the study you like best, but on that which comes the hardest to you. If you are slow at arithmetic, put your best work on that. If spelling troubles you, give your attention to spelling, and so on.

Let me give one more caution, not to the dull scholars, but to the bright ones. Do not fancy because you have "passed" in any subject, history, for instance, that you have learned all there is to be known on that subject. In fact, you have only made a very small beginning. The knowledge of any great subject to be obtained from school-books, bears to the subject itself about the same relation that the catalogue of the great library bears to the library. It shows you what to look for and where to look. That is all. Or, to change the figure, school-books are like keys, worth very little in themselves, but valuable because they help to unlock the storehouses where the treasures are hidden away.

In conclusion, let us all take up the year's work with good courage, remembering that we have only one day's work a day to do, and in all hard

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places—and easy ones, too—looking for help to Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

A Story About Field-Mice.

I live near a rifle range, that is, where the Volunteers meet for target practice; and they meet very frequently just at this time, preparing themselves for competitions, or friendly matches with other Volunteers.

The range is on a common, which was once an immense forest, but now supplies turf or peat, which is used as fuel. Of late years some parts of it have been cultivated, and crops of potatoes may be seen growing.

The place from which the riflemen shoot is a bank formed of turf and sods, raised like a platform. My husband, who is one of the officers, when he came home from practice on Saturday, told me that in the side of the bank, and near the top (at the 200 yards range), there was a nest of field-mice—father, mother, and several children—which are so tame that they come out of their home, and run frolics about, taking no heed of the men, who shoot away, never even frightening the little creatures.

You would suppose that the noise of the firing would scare the mice to their holes, and keep them there also, till the men had done shooting and had gone away; but instead of that they come out of their holes, run about at their leisure, and appear to be very fond of the company. The day being very wet, macintoshes had to be spread on the ground for the different positions the men have to assume when firing, such as kneeling or lying down; and so tame were those little mice that they ran over the men's legs as they were shooting. A rifleman caught one of them, but it evidently did not like that, for it began to squeak; so the man set it free, when it quickly ran home, no doubt with a long tale of its capture and escape, and it is quite certain with its own natural tail as well; so it had two tales when it arrived home.

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