

### TANCES

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### Empire Bank Canada.

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### INVESTMENTS

Secured for Capital. Secured for Investments. LICENSURE INVITED. THE MERRITT COMPANY, Insurance and Brokers, 100 KING LIFE BUILDING, CANADA.

His eyes were wet, too. It was a useful time, but I suppose I'm not thinkin' I appreciate it.

### HE USED HIS EYES AND HIS EARS.

The cause of that great splash was not the water which splashed down on him, but the fact that he was followed by another and another, only that the small one made a visit that day, and, as something to prevent it, all the joy from life, leaving not a word or a fellow to do, nor time to look at.

It was what Jack was doing when, a few moments later, his cousin Godfrey came by. Taking no notice of the streaked little face, he said, "What a lot there is in the world to-day, Jack!" "Do you mean, Cousin Godfrey, a good deal of things I haven't seen any-

thing? Well, in the first place, a new house being built on the lawn. I have been there half an hour from the time you're behind you."

Jack twisted about to look over the great, but, of course, as he was known, there was no need.

"You're looking in the wrong way," said his cousin. "Take a peep into that window, through the open-ings just before your

eyes. The boy gazed. Then he said, "Look, Cousin Godfrey, the mate with a white eye. I never saw a nest like that before. What fun it is!"

"And then," Godfrey went on, "after they had watched the building for a few moments longer, those little black people down on the path are doing fine work. I think the whole army must be out this morning."

"Black people? Where?" cried Jack. But his eyes were beginning to open now, and running down the steps, he hunted about the broad path.

"Ants!" he exclaimed with a laugh. "Why Cousin Godfrey, what are they doing?" And flinging himself down at full length on the clean gravel, with his chin in the palms of his hands, he lay watching eagerly the busy, hurrying throng of tiny "black people." Jack had often walked over ant-hills, but it never had occurred to him to watch them. Now he thought that he never had seen anything more interesting than the manner in which they ran out of the hole "with a grain of sand between their teeth." His cousin explained how the ants were digging underground passages and making store-rooms to hold their winter food.

Jack's eyes were very wide open, indeed, by the time he came bounding up the steps again; but, before he could say a word, Cousin Godfrey asked him suddenly if he had heard the concert.

Jack shook his head with a merry laugh, and, sitting down on the steps, bent his head and listened eagerly. He hadn't heard a thing; but now, suddenly, the whole world seemed full of music and twitter. It appeared to him to have just begun, and he could hardly believe that it had been going on all the time. Robins, thrushes, bluebirds and wrens—what a glorious chorus!

Who would have imagined that there was so much to see and hear when a boy once began to use his eyes and ears?

### LUCY'S LIFE-PRESERVER.

Mother came to the door with Lucy to open the umbrella. It was no dainty modern affair with a silk top and a slender, pretty handle. This was the big family umbrella of stout blue cotton cloth, with a wooden handle, both large and strong.

"Hold it tight, Lucy," cautioned mother, "for the wind will blow it away."

Lucy took hold of the handle almost up in the wire frame-work to grasp it the more securely. It needed both her plump little hands to reach around the handle.

The wind tried to snatch the umbrella away from her, but she held it too firmly. Then the wind tried to turn it wrong side out. But the umbrellas of seventy years ago were not to be trifled with, and the wind wrestled with it in vain.

So Lucy and her umbrella went bobbing safely along to school till they came to the brickyard.

### Announcement.

The Originator of the Combination Oil Cure for Cancers and Tumors says that under his present management, the chances for a cure are far better than ever before. Write for free book to Dr. D. M. Bye, 316 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

The brickyard pit was the most fascinating place, but it was a spot forbidden as too dangerous. To-day the wind would be making fine waves on its water. Lucy knew. Her pace slackened.

"Of course, I wouldn't sail chips on it. I'd only look at the waves and the dimples the rain drops make in the water. Mother wouldn't care if I just did that," argued Lucy to herself.

So Lucy picked her way through the sticky blue clay of the brickyard to the edge of the pit.

The pit was fifteen feet across and eight feet deep—as large as a room and deeper than a man is tall. It was dug to catch and hold the water used in mixing clay to the right softness for moulding into bricks.

To-day the pit was full to the brim and the wind raised quite a sea. It was even more exciting than Lucy had thought it would be.

In her eagerness to watch the waves chase each other across the pit, Lucy leaned forward a little too far. She lost her balance, a gust of wind pushed at the umbrella from behind like a sail, her feet slid on the slippery wet clay, and the next instant she was struggling in the water.

Instinctively she had clung to her big umbrella, and it buoyed her up so that she did not sink. She shrieked for help, and the brick-makers, burning brick at the kiln, heard her terrified cries, muffled though they were under the umbrella.

The men were sure the cries came from the direction of the pit. But when they reached it, all their astonished eyes could see was an open umbrella floating on the surface of the water.

As soon as they understood that the cries were coming from under the umbrella they acted quickly enough. They were none too soon.

The waves that had looked so enticing got into Lucy's mouth and blinded her eyes; her clothes were soaked, and their weight was dragging her under in spite of the umbrella.

But the strong arms of the brick-makers reached over the pit and drew out the little girl choking and very much frightened, but still clutching desperately in both hands the big umbrella that had made such a good life-preserver.

### NO TIME TO GROW.

A small office boy, who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of \$3 a week, finally plucked up enough courage to ask for an increase in wages.

"How much more would you like to have?" enquired his employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I don't think \$2 more a week would be too much."

"Well, you seem to me a rather small boy to be earning \$5 a week," remarked his employer.

"I suppose I do. I know I'm small for my age," the boy explained, "but to tell you the truth, since I've been here I haven't had time to grow."

He got the raise.—St. Nicholas.

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# Red Rose Tea

## "is good tea"

Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets. T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, 8 WELLINGTON ST., E.

### A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Father, let me dedicate  
All this year to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have me be:  
Not from sorrow, pain or care  
Freedom dare I claim;  
This alone shall be my prayer,  
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine;  
Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And whatever the future brings,  
Glorify Thy Name.

If Thou callest to the Cross,  
And it shadows come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shriving heart and home;  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on,  
"Glorify Thy Name."

### THE BUNDLE WAS ME.

This true incident was related to me by a friend, who was the small boy of the story:—

"From my earliest recollections my father was fond of horses, and he usually kept from one to five in his stables. They were well cared for, and in return he expected good service and speed. We had one horse, Fan, who was the pet of the whole family, and was considered so safe that I, a little fellow in kilts, was allowed to play around her head and neck without restraint.

"One day I was playing in the yard as usual while old Fan was being hitched up. When all was ready, father jumped into the wagon, gathered up the reins and gave the word to go. But the horse moved not a muscle. He then lightly touched her with the whip; old Fan merely pricked up her ears, but would not budge. Just then my father, a little out of patience, gave the horse a sharper stroke. What was his amazement to see Fan lower her head, carefully seize with her teeth a small bundle which was directly in



front of her, gently toss it to one side, then start off on a brisk trot. As the small bundle proved to be me, it is needless to say that after that old Fan was more petted than ever before.—W. M. S.

summer at the Nonantum House. Many years ago we passed a Newton, and rode a horse so spirited that the landlord of the hotel, who owned it, sometimes found it difficult to get into the saddle. Looking out of our window one Sunday, we saw the horse grazing on the lawn just back of the hotel, and a little girl about two years old sitting right at the horse's heels on the grass, pulling its tail. The horse seemed rather to enjoy the matter.—Geo. T. Angell.

### Never Expected to Walk Again

Mr. John Best, Thamesville, Ont., could not walk a step when he began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, could scarcely feed himself, could not read, was very hard of hearing, had pains in his back and sides. His doctor treated him for locomotor ataxia, but told him he could never get better. He could not feel the needles the doctor stuck into his legs.

Three months after beginning the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, Mr. Best wrote as follows: "I am glad to tell you that I have been wonderfully benefited by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I can now walk all over without crutch or cane, can sleep and eat well, and do lots of work about the farm. In fact, I am the wonder of the neighbourhood where I live, for I never expected to be able to walk again. Thanks to God and your wonderful medicine, I am around again and tell every one what it has done for me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.