

Children's Department.

Little Voices.

Little voices, soft, uncertain,
Yet distinctly heard,
Gently, reverently reading
God's most holy Word.

Little voices, pleading slowly,
In a childish prayer,
Flushed in simple, deep devotion,
Knowing God is there.

Little voices, little heeded
Mid the din of earth;
But the tender Heavenly Father
Knows their priceless worth.

For those little pleading voices
Come from little hearts,
Whence the current of life's river
Quick, impulsive, starts.

And if little hearts are opened
Towards God's throne above,
Pouring out their tiny steamlet
Towards the King of Love,

We shall see the river guided
By the streamlet's bent,
And the strong man's heart will follow
Where the child's heart went.

Two Sides.

A few hundred years ago there lived many people called "Knights-errant." These men thought themselves very gallant. They bound themselves to be very polite to ladies. They always carried swords, whether in times of peace or war. They rode up and down the country hunting for some others like themselves who wished to fight.

We think that way of living is very foolish; but these knights-errant felt very proud of themselves.

I want to tell you a story of two who met and had a fight. They met at a guide post on the road. On the post hung a shield. The knights greeted each other. To have something to say, one said to the other:

"How this golden shield glistens in the sun!"

Exhaustion

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

The phosphates of the system are consumed with every effort, and exhaustion usually indicates a lack of supply. The Acid Phosphate supplies the phosphates, thereby relieving exhaustion, and increasing the capacity for labor. Pleasant to the taste.

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"Gold!" says the other, "you must be blind. It is not gold, but silver."

This was enough for each knight. They bristled up and went to fighting. They fought until both fell fainting. In the tussle they had changed places.

With gasping breath the one who had contended that the shield was gold, looked up and saw a silver shield, and he said: "Oh, the shield is silver." The other looked up and the sunlight gleamed upon a golden shield. "Oh," he said, "the shield is gold."

There are two sides to the shield—one was gold, the other was silver. The old sign-post creaked and seemed to say, "Oh, foolish men, now bleed and die. Why did you not look on both sides of the shield?"

Did you know that every quarrel starts over something with two sides? Katie looks at one side and Susie at the other, and the quarrel begins; and the way the two angry girls use those small, sharp swords which they carry in their mouths! If Katie would put herself in Susie's place and Susie in Katie's place, they would never quarrel. The best way of all is not to answer back. One person will not quarrel long if no one answers him. When the insulting mob spit on Jesus, He did not say a word. Try to be like Him.

A Doll's Letter.

(To her little mother in the country.)

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER,
I love you so well,
Better than thousands of words can tell,
So I write to ask you not to forget
But to think sometimes of your little pet.
But it's very lonely when you're away,
And I lie and think all the dreary day—
What is she doing, my little mamma,
When from her dear baby she's gone so far?

Does she ever wish I was with her there,
To roam abroad in the free, fresh air,
Where the sun shines brightly all day long.

And the wee birds sing their summer song?

And when her head on the pillow lies,
Does she ever open her little eyes,
And say, in a whisper soft and light,
"I wish my doll was here to-night?"

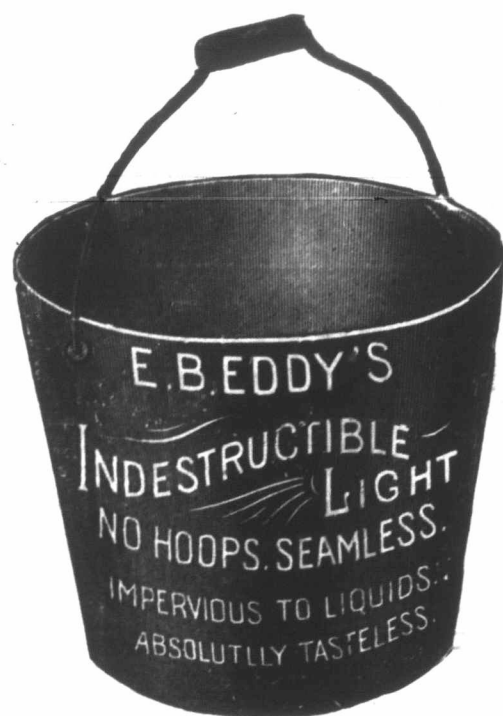
Little mamma, I want you so!
Nobody seems to think or to know
That Dolly wants loving and kissing too—
Nobody cares for me, mother, like you!
But I won't be selfish and wish you here:
For far away in the sunshine clear
I know you are growing rosy and strong,
Out in the meadows the whole day long.
I only ask you to think sometimes
Of the little Dolly who writes the rhymes!

Now I must stop with love to all,
(But most for you),
From your loving Doll.

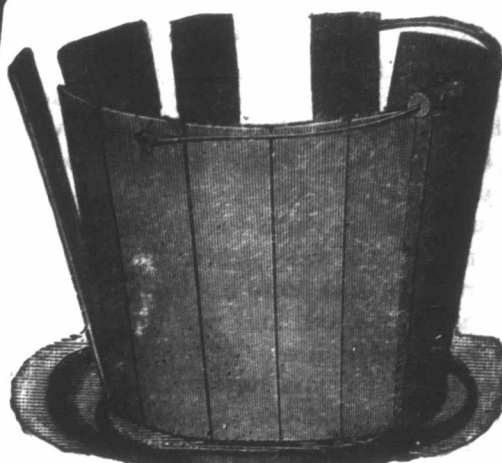
I remain, yours truly,
G. A. W. RAINBOW.

What we Owe to Animals.

Those who have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, the sailor who was shipwrecked on an island not inhabited by white men, will remember how he soon made companions of the various animals he found there, and with their aid sustained life until he was rescued. If one of us should be shipwrecked on a desert island where no animal lived—no horses to draw us, no ox to toil for us, no cow or goat to give us milk, no sheep to give us wool, no hens to give us eggs, no dog to be our companion and guard us in the night, no cat to lie on the hearth, no birds to sing their songs, no living creature to keep us company, no sound of any living thing by day or night, only solitude and silence everywhere, with nothing to eat but such roots as we could dig from the earth, and



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The Old Wooden Bucket.

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The counterfeit presentment of two (buckets).
See what a grace is here"—but here!!

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nothing to wear but such bark as we could pluck from the tree—we should then know how much we owe to these creatures, which God has mercifully provided for our use. And ever afterwards, if we escaped from such a life, how grateful we should be to God for giving them, and how grateful to them for the service they render us!

It has been said by those who have studied about it that if only the birds were all destroyed, we could not live on the earth; for the insects which the birds eat would destroy all vegetation, and all human life would perish.—*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals.*

A Boy on a Farm.

It is quite likely that no country boy needs to be told about the life of a boy on a farm, but he may more truly realize his own importance by reading what Charles Dudley Warner says about him:—

"It is my impression," says Mr. Warner, "that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a dinner than to wash the dishes afterward."

"Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the postoffice, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede, they would tire before night."

"He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows; he brings wood and water and splits kindling; he gets up the

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horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter he shovels paths; and in the summer he turns the grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but schools and chores. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantage of a liberal education in the way of chores."