

"Yes, sir; but the berries I had weren't of the same quality as those outside, and so—"

"But the other fellow whose stand was over across sold nearly every box he had, and they came from the same lot as yours." Mr. Hall did not explain that before the sales referred to went out in the delivery cart, they were carefully exchanged for fresh burries, unknown to the unscrupulous young salesman.

"I had to tell the customers the truth about them when they asked me," said Phil, manfully. "Mine were soft and I had to acknowledge it. I'm sorry I've lost the place; I wanted it—"

"Lost it!—who says you have lost it?" exclaimed Mr. Hall. "Your lack of sales gives you the place, boy! Had you sold those berries as young Harri-man did, you'd have been seeking another place this afternoon."

He turned abruptly in his chair.

"That's the motto of the firm," pointing to the words above the door.

"Then I'm to have the—"

"Place?" smiling. "Yes; come tomorrow."—From the Church Standard.

#### THE CAT AND THE YOUNG ALLIGATOR.

Our Tabby, the cat, showed great curiosity, not unmixed with jealousy, when Beelzebub, the young alligator, was installed as another family pet. And she acquired the unkind habit of walking up to him at every chance and showing her displeasure by deliberately cuffing him with her paw. Then she would retire with a show of dignity, as if she had performed a duty. This was done once too often; for the little alligator had evidently remembered her former insults, and this last proved too much. His eyes flashed; and, when Tabby was walking away, he scrambled after her, seized her tail, and clung to it viciously. This frightened the bully, and she started on a race around the room, taking flights over chairs and tables, with the alligator clinging desperately to her tail. When we released the frightened Tabby, we were surprised to find the alligator none the worse for his wild experience, and with widely distended jaws breathing a general defiance; but Tabby treated the alligator ever after with due respect.—Christian Register.

#### DREAMING AND DOING.

To dream through the hour that should be filled with doing is one of the snares and delusions in life. When a noble deed or a clever one is announced as accomplished, what a chorus goes up to the tune of "I thought of that years ago!" And the difference between men who do things and men who do not, lies

very often in the mere fact that one goes ahead into action, while the other doesn't, rather than in any superiority of vision. Doing the good deed one thinks of, filling the moments with what one's thought is urging—that is the path of service.—Sunday School Times.

#### LIFE'S HARDEST BATTLES.

There are many who are ready to lay down their lives for their country, who are not willing to live for it. Is it then a harder thing to face life than it is death? Evidently there are foes that are harder to conquer than those we meet with murderous steel. The hardest battles are the battles of peace. The conflict with temptations must be fought out in secret without the sound of martial music or the enthusiasm of thousands round about us; and many fail in the crisis. They have tried to win the battle alone instead of calling in the help of their Divine Ally. A failure to win has brought discouragement, the hope of better things has been defeated, all attempt at good is given up and the life permitted to drift wherever the current of occasion may serve. It is without doubt a harder thing to live for the right than it is to die for it.

#### HAPPINESS.

I followed happiness to make her mine,  
Past towering oak and swinging ivy vine,  
She fled, I chased, o'er slanting hill and dale,  
O'er fields and meadows, in the purpling vale  
Pursuing rapidly o'er dashing stream  
I scaled the dizzy cliffs where eagle's scream;  
But always Happiness eluded me.

Exhausted, fainting, I pursued no more,  
But sank to rest upon a barren shore,  
One came and asked for food and one for alms;  
I placed the bread and gold in bony palms.  
One came for sympathy and one for rest:  
I shared with every needy one my best;  
When lo! sweet Happiness with form divine,  
Stood by me whispering softly, "I am thine."

H. W. Burleigh.

A Delicious Spice Cake.—Cream well together one cup of butter (half-pound) and two cups of sugar; then add five eggs, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, and half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little water. Mix well, then sift in three cups of flour, to which a pinch of salt has been added. Pour in gradually a cup of milk and stir well. Bake in a good oven two hours. For half quantities use three eggs.

#### TABACCO AND LIQUOR HABIT.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

Truly marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge street, Toronto.

#### FRAIL LITTLE ONES.

The little ones are frail. Their hold upon life is slight. No symptom that indicates any of the little ailments of childhood should be allowed to pass for a moment without proper attention. The little ailment may soon become a serious one, and then it may be too late to save a precious little life. If Baby's Own Tablets are kept in the house, the danger of serious trouble can be averted, and the minor troubles promptly cured. An occasional Tablet to the well child will prevent illness. The Tablets are absolutely safe and contain no poisonous soothing stuff—they give children healthy sleep, simply because they banish the cause of sleeplessness. Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Lawrencetown, N.S., says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets just as you represent them—the very best of medicine for young children." You can get the Tablets from druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### FEARLESS AND SWEET.

Consider then the lilies,  
O heart of mine, today;  
They neither toil nor spin to win  
Their beautiful array;  
I would that thou couldst lead a life  
So fearless, sweet as they.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## Greetings from The House of Orme



"Every week we shall advertise in this same space telling of the superior excellence of our musical merchandise.

If you desire anything musical write us addressing Dept 3, and a prompt response will be made.

No trouble to answer questions.

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