

the Easter angels. You see what I mean, girls?"

So, during the remaining weeks of Lent the fund was started and grew from Sunday to Sunday. Miss Maynard was treasurer, and received the donations from the girls every week in carefully sealed blank envelopes. These told no tale of the less expensive ribbon on Jennie's hat; of Mary's nickels put by each day as she sturdily passed her favourite candy store; of Sue's regular matinee money from her wealthy uncle; or of pennies and dimes saved in a hundred different ways. Every week the girls conjectured how much was "in hand" by this time, but as Miss Maynard never opened the envelopes, she was no wiser than they.

On Monday, in Holy Week, the girls met at their teacher's home to hear the combined results of their self-denial.

"We are going to have a little something to warm us up, first," said Miss Maynard, after all were assembled. In a few moments the tea-kettle was bubbling merrily. As the girls sipped their tea luxuriously, Miss Maynard poured the contents of the envelopes into her lap, and counted out the money to the music of a crackling wood fire within, and a roaring wind out of doors.

Excitement ran high as the money to be counted grew less, and as Miss Maynard said, "Fifteen dollars and eighty cents, girls," there was such a hubbub that nobody knew what anyone else was saying, and all the girls seemed to be talking and laughing at once. Finally one said:

"But, Miss Maynard, this is not all, we have something else, too." And she produced from the hall an enormous box filled with packages of all sizes and shapes.

"We made these things ourselves, Miss Maynard," she exclaimed, proudly, bringing to light aprons, little hoods, some small children's garments, and a knit shawl or two.

We met every Saturday at each other's houses," said another girl, waving an apron frantically to get the young teacher's attention.

"Dear girls," said Miss Maynard, with tears in her brown eyes, "all I can do is to tell you that the Risen Christ will accept these, your offerings of time and self-denial, as a true and holy Easter gift from each of my girls."

The happy afternoon was completed by the purchasing of gifts with the "Easter Fund." And many a passer-by looked with envy on that bevy of six rosy, laughing girls, as they made the round of the shops with Miss Maynard. Such fun as they had choosing the things! The very spirit of the Easter-tide seemed to fill their hearts, bubbling forth in merry laughter or shining in quiet happiness from each young face. Altogether it was a beautiful afternoon.

On Easter Eve the girls met to do up the packages. It took some time to apportion the proper articles to each family, but all was finally completed. As the girls were putting on hats and wraps, preparatory to going home, Miss Maynard said, with a mischievous smile: "You know I told you I would see to the delivery of the parcels. Suppose you go with me, if you will. Our chariot is at the door."

Looking outside, the girls saw a large, old-fashioned carry-all, and two fat horses standing at the gate. Amid exclamations of surprise and delight they took their places in the "delivery wagon," as Miss Maynard laughingly called it, and started off on their mission of love. What a ride that was!

Each one in turn played Easter Angel; and great fun they had leaving packages and then scurrying away before anyone appeared.

It was a beautiful preparation for a happy Easter Day. And each girl of Miss Maynard's class felt that, irrespective of the happiness their gifts must have made in many

Picked a Pimple

DIED FROM THE RESULTS

Blood poisoning is a frequent result of picking pimples, a practice at once so common and so dangerous.

Only a few days ago a young man in Toronto picked a pimple on his face. Some deadly germ was given entrance to the blood, the sore became worse, he was removed to the hospital, and in spite of all the the best physicians could do for him, he died within a week.

Nearly everybody has had the experience of a small pimple becoming a large and aggravated sore because of being picked, but it seems to need a death occasionally to warn people of the danger of picking pimples and sores.

The only safe way is to apply an antiseptic, such as Dr. Chase's Ointment, which at the same time kills all germs that may exist, and heals promptly any and every form of pimples or other skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, tetter or rash.

Mothers frequently say that they could scarcely keep house without Dr. Chase's Ointment, because it is used almost daily by some member of the family for pimples, blackheads, itching eyelids, barber's itch, chilblains, scalds, burns or bruises, ulcers or poisoned flesh. It prevents much suffering by instantly relieving itching of the skin and curing every form of piles.



Dr. Chase's Ointment

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homes, "The Easter Fund," had shown her personally the joy of self-denial and that truly, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

COUNTING LIFE DEAR.

The family had been speaking of a noble woman, who, at the time of a great epidemic, had volunteered her services as a nurse, had saved the lives of hundreds by her faithful care, and finally had succumbed to the disease. "She didn't count life dear unto herself," Ellen said, thoughtfully. "There aren't many of us who have an opportunity to show whether we do or not."

"I think such opportunities come every day," her mother replied. Then, she continued, in answer to the questioning of her daughter's eyes. "Yesterday, when little George was so restless, because of the rain, you said you didn't want to waste your time playing with children, but I noticed Clara laid aside her book and came at once to amuse him. That was a little bit of her life which she did not count dear unto herself, but preci-

ous chiefly for the sake of others." The girl's face showed that she understood.

"I see! And I believe it's easier to give your life all in a lump than in little pieces, day after day."

"Either kind of giving is the supreme test of love," her mother answered. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." And this is equally true whether we lay it down in one great sacrifice, or give it up little by little, in daily care for others and forgetfulness of self."

BEST OF ALL.

Two girls were talking one day. They were young and eager and ambitious, and their talk was of people who had "succeeded." Finally, one exclaimed, enthusiastically: "Oh, is there anything in the world finer than a cultivated brain?" Her friend was silent a moment; then she answered, slowly: "Yes, one thing—a cultivated heart!" It was an echo of the old word: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Life!



"Liberty-loving people!" No other race in the world has more liberty, and appreciates it more, than the Anglo-Saxon. The present war was caused by trampling on the liberty of the individual, and the sure and certain outcome of it will be "Equal Rights to all Classes" in South Africa. Every liberty-loving man should make absolute provision for those dependent upon him, by insuring in a sound company such as the North American Life.

Why not have this important matter attended to now? Pamphlets respecting plans and copies of the Company's last Annual Report furnished on application to the head office, or any of the Company's agents.

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