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to God thanks-

A. To have a special place to put our offerings.

Q. What is a help in this?

A. A thank-offering box.

Q. What is the mission of thank-offering boxes?

A. To gather in the thank-offering day by day, that none may put off their giving.

Q. Where should these boxes be found?

A. At least one in every home.

Q. Where do we first read of mite-boxes or chests?

A. In 2 Chron. 24:8.

Q. What was the money wanted for?

A. To repair the house of the Lord.

Q. How did the people respond?

A. Willingly.

Q. Where was this box placed for public offerings?

A. At the door of the Lord's house.

Q. Did the people pay into it regularly?

A. This they did day by day.

Q. With what result?

A. They gathered money in abundance.

Q. If all Christians would give regularly and in abundance to build up the Kingdom of Christ in this and other lands, what would be the result?

A. It would hasten the time when "every knee shall bow unto the Lord, and every tongue confess Him."

Q. What is the duty of our Juniors?

A. To give early, to give regularly and systematically to the Lord.

Q. What is the least that any one should give?

A. One-tenth of all he has, plus a thank-offering. — Junior Missionary Magazine.

HER MAJESTY AND MOTHER.

Peace tiptoed softly downstairs to the play-room. At the door she held up a small warning finger.

"Sh-h!" she said. "Stop making a noise and begin to keep still this minute! Her Majesty has a royal headache."

Four pairs of lungs and eight pairs of hands and feet promptly stopped making a noise. It grew astonishingly still in the play-room. They were all going to work; but it was going to be a play, because Peace said Her Majesty instead of just plain mother. Her Majesty was a sure sign. Peace was always making things you had to do in plays, so you didn't mind doing them.

"Is Her Majesty very awfully sick?" whispered Rebecca Nan softly.

"Yes," Peace whispered back sorrowfully. "I've darkened her room—the royal apartment, I mean, and smelling-salted her. Now we all have to go right straight to work and clear up the—palace. Becky Nan and I will be the Royal Dishwashers, and 'Ginia can be the Maid o' the Duster, and Marjo the Lady-in-waiting, be-

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A GREAT PHYSIOLOGIST

Once Said the Way to Keep the Stomach Healthy Is To Exercise It.

But He Did Not Tell How to Make It Healthy.

The muscles of the body can be developed by exercise until their strength has increased manifold, and a proper amount of training each day will accomplish this result, but it is somewhat doubtful whether you can increase the digestive powers of the stomach by eating indigestible food in order to force it to work.

Nature has furnished us all with a perfect set of organs, and if they are not abused they will attend to the business required of them. They need no abnormal strength.

There is a limit to the weight a man can lift, and there is also a limit to what the stomach can do.

The cause of dyspepsia, indigestion and many affiliated diseases is that the stomach has been exercised too much, and it is tired or worn out. Not exercise, but rest is what it needs.

To take something into the stomach that will relieve it from its work for a short time—something to digest the food—will give it a rest and allow it time to regain its strength.

The proper aid to the digestive organs is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which cure dyspepsia indigestion, gas on the stomach and bowels, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, and all stomach diseases.

Rest and invigoration is what the stomach gets when you use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, for one grain of the active principle in them is sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food.

The Tablets increase the flow of gastric juice, and prevent fermentation, acidity, and sour eructions.

Do not attempt to starve out dyspepsia. You need all your strength.

The commonsense method is to digest the food for the stomach and give it a rest.

Stuart's-Dyspepsia Tablets do not make the cure, but enables the organs to throw off unhealthy conditions.

Perfect digestion means perfect health, for under these conditions only do the different organs of the body work right and receive the building-up material found in pure blood.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a natural remedy, and is a specific for stomach troubles. The ablest physicians prescribe them.

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cause she's the stillest sitter. She must sit outside the door to Moth—to Her Majesty's room, and wait till she

needs something. Now come on—easy!"

As they stole away, a little figure in a Russian frock, at the farther end of the play-room, slowly rose to its feet.

"They've gone and left me out," Philip thought indignantly. "Just's if she wasn't my Moth—my Majesty—too, and I wasn't sorry much as anybody! Peacie never gave me a single thing to do, no, she never!"

It was hard work to keep the tears back where they belonged. A girl would have given it up and cried, but of course a boy—it was different if you were a boy. You had to wink your eyes like anything and swallow hard then.

If there were only another royal office left—Philip cast about in his mind eagerly. Then a sudden flash of inspiration came to him. There were Lord High Chambermaids! He would be a Lord High Chambermaid to Her Majesty—and make the beds! That would help as much as being a Royal Dishwasher or a Duster. Beds had to be made, didn't they, even in palaces!

First he went into Peacie's room, and because it was directly over Moth—Her Majesty's room, he slipped off his clumping little shoes before he went to work.

The bed was rather high and he was rather—well, maybe Lord Low Chambermaid would have fitted him better. But love and pity for Her dear Majesty downstairs gave him courage, if not any more inches in height. He toiled away with steady patience—on this side, on that side, and up on top, to smooth out the places in the quilts that were out of reach. Poor little Lord High Chambermaid! As fast as he smoothed one place, he unsmoothed another, on his way back to the floor! It was toilsome work and his face was rather red and his short arms rather lame and aching.

But he made the other beds, one after the other, in his own particular way. And, meanwhile, down in the darkened royal apartment, Her Majesty dropped out of pain into gentle sleep, while the palace work went on about her. It was all done when she woke up. But she did not know it. She lay for a little while, spent and weak after the pain, and dreaded it all. There were the unwashed dishes, the undusted rooms, the unmade beds how could she go to work on them without bringing the pain back?

"Your Majesty—"

It was the patient little Lady-in-waiting at the door, who had heard her stirring. "Your Majesty, is your—your royal ache better? Just a little snip better? Oh, I hope so!"

Then it all came out about the palace being in order and no dishes for Her Majesty to wash—no rooms for Her Majesty to dust—no beds for Her Majesty to make!

"Why!" Her Majesty cried, and then, all in a minute, she was mother again, plain mother; and they were

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plain Peace and Rebecca, Nan and Virginia and Marjorie—and the little Lord High Chambermaid was Philip. The "play" was over then, for how can you kiss a queen and say how sorry you were and how glad you are, and how much—oh, how very much!—you love her! You'd feel a little embarrassed, don't you see? But when it's a mother—it's different when it's a mother! Then you can just do it like anything, and the mother hugs you all up and says, "You little blessed ones!" Plays—Peacie's kind—are nice, but it's nicer when Her Majesty wakes up and she's mother!

But, oh, dear me, Lord High Chambermaids are queer! For when you go to bed at night, something's the matter with the quilts and the sheets. You can't get into bed!

"You in bed, Peacie?" you call out. "No; you?"

"No, I can't find any hole anywhere to get into!"

"Sh!—nor me either, but don't let Philip hear. We must not hurt his feelings."

That's just like Peace.—Annie Hamilton Donnell in S. S. Visitor.

I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon the window-sill, especially at night. He hops onto the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops to a tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth.—Martin Luther.

