

she called on me, her minister; and I happened to know a man, not of the church, who could advance the money to the poor widow. So we went to the man, the widow and I, and the man said he would be happy to help the widow. And he drew out a bill for 20 l., and the widow signed it, and I signed it, too. Then he put the signed paper in his desk, and took out the money, and gave it to the widow. But the widow, counting it said—

"Sir, there is only 15 l. here."

"It is all right," said the man, "that is the interest I charge." And as we had no redress, we came away. But the widow prospered. And she brought the 20 l. to me, and I took it myself to the office of the man who had lent it, and said to him—

"Sir, there is the 20 l. from the widow."

"And he said, 'Here is the paper you signed, and if you know any other poor widow I will be happy to help her in the same way.'"

"I said to him, 'You help the widow!' Sir, you have robbed this widow, and you will be damned if you do not repent."

On the public platform he was a most persuasive speaker. One phase of his oratory has been thus described: "Alas! that the manner in which he uttered his humorous passages cannot be retained, as well as the matter—the intense glee shining in the face, the audible smack of the lips, the voice becoming plaintive with excess of merriment, while there were unshed tears of riotous satisfaction in his eyes, and a strange sound sometimes broke from him when he had reached the climax of his satirical or ironical triumph. Yet there was not one trace of malignity in it."

He celebrated his jubilee in March, 1871, on which occasion he was presented with a silver salver and 1200 l., but he accepted the latter portion of the testimonial only that he might give it away for the foundation of scholarships to aid students of the United Presbyterian body. He died at Uddingston on the 15th of June, 1872, and a handsome monument was erected to his memory in the Necropolis.

"I RUBBED IT OUT."

The mother who is always the best theologian for a child, said to the boys: "Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, show it to me."

He brought his slate to his mother, who, holding it in front of him, said:

"Where is what you wrote?"

"Oh," he said, "I rubbed it out."

"Well, where is it?"

"Why, mother, I don't know."

"But how could you put it away if it was really there?"

"Oh, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone."

"Well," she said, "that is what God meant when he said, 'I will blot out thy transgressions.'"—G. Campbell Morgan.

TWO ARCTIC BABIES

On the Fourth of July, 1899, in a broad level valley in the heart of Ellesmere Land, I came upon a herd of five musk oxen. When they saw us they ran together and stood back to back in star form, with heads outward. This is their usual method of defense against walrus, their only enemies in this land. After they were shot I discovered two tiny calves, which then had been hidden under their mother's long hair.

Such funny little coal-black creatures they were, with a gray patch on their foreheads, great, soft black eyes, enormously large, bony knock-kneed legs, and no tails at all.

With the falling of the last musk ox my dogs made a rush for the little animals which, though wide-eyed and trembling with fear, showed a bold front to the savage unknown creatures which surrounded them. Fortunately I was too quick for the dogs and rescued the little fellows.

Then I hardly knew what to do. I had not the heart to kill them myself nor tell my Eskimos to. Finally I thought I would try to get them to the ship, fifty miles away, though I did not know how I was to do this over the miles of mountains and rough ice.

After the dogs were fastened the little fellows stood quietly by the bodies of their mothers till all the animals were skinned and cut up; but when we were ready to start for camp, and put a line about their necks to lead them away, they struggled so violently at the touch of the rope that I knew they would soon strangle themselves to death, and had the ropes taken off. Then we tried to drive them, but could not. Then I remembered my experience years before at far-off Independence Bay, and told Ahngmalokok to throw one of the musk ox skins over his back and walk off.

With a baa-a-a the little fellows were at his heels in an instant, and with noses buried in the long hair trailing behind him followed contentedly, while the rest of us kept off the dogs.

In this way everything went nicely, and we scrambled along over the rocks, waded across two or three streams, and walked through an exquisitely soft, green little patch of meadow, cut by a gurgling crystal brook, until we reached the ice-boat where the sledge had been left.—Robert E. Peary, St. Nicholas.

PROMISES.

Once when I was very sick.

And the doctor thought I'd die,

And mother couldn't smile at me

But it just turned to cry,

That was the time for promises,

You should have heard them tell

The lots of good things I could have

If I'd get well.

But when the fever went away,

And I began to mend,

And begged to eat the goodies

That Grandma Brown would send.

They said beef-tea was better,

And gave my grapes to Nell,

And laughed and said: You're mighty

cross

Since you got well."

WHEN BABY SMILES.

When baby smiles mother knows he is well and happy. When he is cross, ailing and fretful, she gives him Baby's Own Tablets, and finds that there's a smile in every dose. These Tablets cure all little ailments of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers. They make teething easy, and promote natural sleep and repose, and are guaranteed not to contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Robt. Dean, Tisdale, N.W.T., says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for little ones, and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the "Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

"There was a beautiful scene at the wedding to-day. Old Brown put his handkerchief to his eyes and snivelled when he was giving the bride away, and Mrs. Brown wept outright." Jackson—"That was extremely beautiful and touching. The Browns have seven daughters, you know, all unmarried, and they have been doing their level best for ten years to get one of them off their hands. I suppose they were shedding tears of joy because they had succeeded at last."

Some people will go out of their way to tell the truth, specially if it is unpleasant.

Statistics show that about twice as many bankers as ministers remain bachelors all their lives.

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