

"Jem always told me that God cared about me," she said simply.

"I, too, remember Jem, he was good to me, too!" exclaimed Sibyl. "I know it was he who put me on a donkey, and I fell off and cut my head, but I can't remember how it happened." As she spoke she lifted the hair from her forehead and showed Dorothy the scar which had so much puzzled her parents.

"Ah," said Dorothy eagerly, "Jem often told me about that; he used to look for that mark on my head, and he couldn't make out how 'twas gone, for he said mother thought as how I should carry it to my dying day; but 'twasn't his fault you fell off, 'twas one of Joe's boys that made Turk jump."

(To be Continued.)

The great reason for the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in its positive merit. It cures where other preparations fail.

The One Faithfulness.

Only one faithful Heart, where we are sure
Of perfect rest;
Friend, brother, sister, may not long endure
This life's hard test.

Only one faithful Hand, for ever near
To clasp our own,
And make us feel in weakness and in fear
Never alone.

Only one faithful Arm, that will not fail
As others do,
But in the valley where the bravest quail
Will lead us through.

Only one faithful Eye to watch through day
To nightfall drear,
Whose light unto the timid soul doth say,
"Peace—I am here!"

Only one faithful Love, beyond all types
That earth can show,
Which neither for sharp thorns nor cruel stripes
Will let us go.

The Horse that Said "Thank You."

A good man was once talking to a carter about the subject of prayer to God, and how each of us should thank our Heavenly Father for His goodness and mercy to us day by day. The carter had given no thought to this matter, but he seemed struck by the remark that was made to him, "Why, see what your horse does when you have given him a good feed of corn! he goes down on his knees, just as if he were thanking you for your kindness to him! And yet, though every day you enjoy the mercy of the Lord, you never fall on your knees to render thanksgiving to heaven!" Even a dog barks "Thank you" for a bone; even a canary will often sing a thankful song for a bit of ground-sel; even a kitten purrs in return for kindness. Nothing can be meaner than the disposition, whether of a man, woman, or child, that forgets to say "Thank you" in any shape or form. Some boys and girls take all the good they receive as a matter of course, and seem to have no sense of gratitude. It would do them good to know for a little while the feeling of "going without," so that they might fully understand how fortunate are their present lives. Let lips and behaviour alike say "Thank you" to parents, teachers, and loving friends, and above all, to the good and bountiful God from whom all good and precious gifts come down.

Business Law.

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."

A note drawn on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

A note given by a minor is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

Taskmasters

Great was that cruelty of Pharaoh, by which he forced the free people of God to serve in making clay and bricks. Yet far the worst of it was that, not giving them straw, he ordered them to supply the same number of bricks as before. When they could not bear this, they appealed to the tyrant, crying, "Straw is not given to us, yet the same number of bricks is demanded. Lo! thy servants are beaten, and there is unjust dealing against thy servants." What more violent than this tyranny?

But like to this does the Devil, the prince of this world, act against ambitious and proud men, whom, although they are poor and in need of all things like the "straw," he nevertheless draws on and stirs up to desire to live with a great luxury and pomp, as if they over-flowed with riches and abundance of all things. For though riches, like the straw, are denied them, yet lust and pride remain in as great abundance as before; and they are not weakened or broken by any trouble from adverse circumstances. What could be more wretched or more mad than this?

Tried Gold.

Upon a glowing Fire rested a Crucible, at the bottom of which lay a piece of Gold. More and more intense became the flame; hotter, and still more heated grew the vessel—and the precious metal melted, till it trickled like water.

"Unfortunate creature that I am, to have been cast into this place?" it cried.

"No; not unfortunate," replied the Furnace.

"Is it not my misfortune to be such a sufferer?" said the Gold.

"Not your misfortune," answered the Furnace.

"I shall certainly be consumed!" exclaimed the Gold.

"No; not consumed," said the Furnace.

"Alas! you have no consideration for me, surely!" observed the tried Gold.

"I am truly concerned for your best welfare," replied the Furnace.

"Then why must I suffer this agony?" asked the glittering Gold.

"It is to purge away your dross, that you may be the purer, and therefore more valuable," answered the Furnace.

"Oh, when shall it be ended?" said the Gold, stirred at the bottom of the crucible.

"As soon as possible; but not a moment before the good purpose is accomplished," kindly remarked the Furnace.

"How may it be known?" inquired the Gold, which increased in brightness.

"Immediately that the watchful Refiner who is sitting by, shall see His face reflected in you," replied the Furnace, "at which instant the process will end, and you will come forth the better and richer for the fire."

A Rat Story.

Thos. J. Cook, first mate on board the *Oronsay*, writes us as follows:

"During a recent passage from Sydney, N.S.W., to London, I found one day in the lazaretto a nest of young rats, about eight days old. I brought them on deck and called the cats, and put them down before them. We had two cats. One of them picked up one of the rats and ran away with it, and came back again empty mouthed, evidently ready for another (we supposed to eat). But meantime the other cat had gobbled the remaining three young rats. We thought nothing more of it at the time, but a few days later, to our surprise, we found the little rat as lively as a cricket, suckled with a young kitten by the cat that had taken it away in its mouth the day I brought them on deck. This rat was a little black one, and seemed quite contented with its unnatural mother, was quite tame, and would nibble pieces of biscuit from our hands. But as it grew older, it desired to roam, and used to run about the fore-castle, watched carefully by the cat. It would, however, go back

to the nest. Once it was missing for nearly a day, and the cat seemed to be very anxious concerning its safety, and eventually found it and brought it back. But about a week later we missed it altogether. Whether the other cat made a meal of it or not, or if it took a liking to its own kind in preference to cat society, and so went to roam with them, we know not. Anyhow, we never saw it again."

Hints to Housekeepers

RICE JELLY.—Mix one tablespoonful of rice flour in cold water, put it in a pint of boiling water and sweeten, break in while boiling one stick of cinnamon. Pour in molds and set on ice.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—Soak half a pint of tapioca several hours, put on to boil in a quart of water; sweeten and flavor with lemon juice, boil one hour, put in molds and set on ice. Eat with sugar and cream.

For an aching tooth, saturate a piece of cotton with ammonia, and lay it on the tooth, or try oil of sassafras, applying it frequently.

A good tonic for the hair is of salt water, a teaspoonful of salt to a half-pint of water, applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be surprising.

PANADA.—Lay six or eight crackers in a bowl, sprinkle with powdered sugar, add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of fresh butter. Pour over a teacupful of boiling water, let stand near the fire an hour; add a teaspoonful of wine or brandy, grate nutmeg over the top.

RASPBERRY PUDDING.—One half gallon of new milk, yolks of eight eggs, two spoonfuls of sugar, two pints or more of bread crumbs, lump of butter the size of walnut, and some nutmeg. Bake in pudding-pan until custard sets, then add one-half gallon of raspberries, some sugar, and have the whites of eggs and a little sugar beaten to a froth, spread over all and grate nutmeg over top, return to the stove and let get a light brown. Eaten hot or cold. If canned berries are used, drain off all the juice. A quart can is enough, as that is one half gallon of fresh berries.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.—A Good Suggestion.—By constipation is meant irregular action of the bowels, often called costiveness, and commonly caused by dyspepsia, neglect, excess in eating or drinking, etc. It is a serious complaint and not to be neglected under any circumstances, as it leads to impure blood, head-ache, debility, fevers, etc. A uniformly successful remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters, which, if faithfully tried, never fails to effect a prompt and lasting cure even in the worst cases. The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

THE BYE-ELECTIONS have passed by, and we can now consider the best protection against disease. There is unrestricted reciprocity of sentiment between all people in Canada in pronouncing Burdock Blood Bitters the very best blood purifier, dyspepsia and headache remedy, and general tonic renovating medicine before the public.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN, especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

HOW TO STOP A HICCUGH.—A very good authority gives as a very simple remedy for hiccough, a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases tried as an experiment, it stopped hiccough in nine.