

"Come, evening, once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet evening, and continue long!
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still."

—Christian Guardian.

A Voyage at Night.

The hands of the sitting-room clock were moving rapidly towards half past seven. Carl watched them from out of the corner of his eye. Sometimes he glanced cautiously at mother. She seemed to see nothing except the little coat she was sewing, but Carl knew from long experience that she never failed to notice the minute hand touch the half-after. He kept on playing with his soldiers, but he played very quietly.

The hand moved nearer, nearer; it touched. Mother laid down her sewing, and went to the closet for Carl's nightgown.

"O mother! it is as cold as Greenland up there," he complained. "Must I go now?"

"It is Greenland," responded mother in a matter of fact tone.

"What?" demanded Carl, dropping his soldiers in astonishment.

"Captain Peary and his crew are just starting on a voyage there," she continued.

Carl knew all about Captain Peary, how he sailed away for the frozen north, and stayed there years, searching for the north pole, which wasn't a pole at all, but just a place that no one has been able to reach because of the snow and ice,—the northernmost place in the world.

"I choose to be Captain Peary," he said, "and you're the crew. Now let's get ready."

Captain Peary came over to the fire-place and sat on the crew's knee, while she got him out of his everyday clothes and into his arctic suit.

"Haden't I better take some provisions for the voyage?" he inquired.

The crew said that was a wise thought, and got him an oyster cracker out of the pantry. Then Captain Peary was wrapped up in a large grey shawl that trailed behind, and holding the crew's hand, started out for New York Harbor.

First they sailed up the Atlantic—which stupid people called the front hall—till they came to Climbus Mountain. Captain Peary's legs were short and the shawl was bothersome, but he puffed bravely up to the landing. There the crew said, "If I may be so bold, sir, I'll carry you: I've often carried young men up this mountain." And Captain Peary accepted this kind offer.

After the mountain climb came a dash across the plain to the big iceberg for which they were aiming. Captain Peary scaled this, and slid right into the middle of it.

The crew saluted respectfully. "I'll be ready to go back to New York with you at seven to-morrow morning, sir," said the crew.

Captain Peary cuddled warmly in the middle of the iceberg, and clasping the oyster cracker in one moist little hand, giggled comfortably.—Mary Allen Hopkins, in Youth's Companion.

Autumn Tasks.

Formerly every good housekeeper devoted a good deal of time in the fall to the homely tasks of preserving and pickling summer fruits and vegetables for winter use. At present canned fruits may be purchased in great variety, and jams, jellies, conserves of every description are put up with skill by

people who make this specialty their business. It hardly seems frugal for a woman taxed with multimodum cares of a house to do her own preserving, when she may buy preserves at so small a cost. Yet there are women who enjoy the weighing and paring, the measuring and watching and filling jars and glasses with luscious syrups and crystalline jellies, and certainly their pride in the domestic triumph of their art is justifiable. When the snow falls the household will enjoy heartily the sauces, relishes and sweets which the mother's hands have provided.

Early in the fall, before cold weather comes, every window cord, sash fastening, hinge and latch should be gone over with care. If there is cleaning to be done, or papering, or painting, the early autumn days lend themselves to the work. In the fine windy days of late September or of early October, blankets should be washed and hung out to dry in breeze and sun. And now the children's winter wardrobe should be examined, and whatever is to be done in the matters of alteration and addition should be done at once.

FOR DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

Little Helpers.

BY HELEN STIRLING.

"Oh, mother," said Elsie, "come and look at the leaves chasing each other, quick, quick, mother," and Elsie in her excitement danced almost as fast as the little leaves.

The wind had blown hard all night and the trees which yesterday had been so pretty in their dresses of crimson and gold, stood bare, while the leaves scudded about, driven by the gusts with which Old Wind was now amusing himself.

"Why do the leaves fall, mother?" said Harry, little Elsie's big brother of six years.

"The trees are tired, Harry, and the old earth is going to sleep too. Soon she will be under the white blanket fast asleep. The trees cannot get food for the leaves, so they die, and fall off. Winter is night for the earth and plants and trees. All summer they work, all winter they sleep. Look at dear little Mabel."

Mabel was out on the lawn filling her chubby hands with leaves, throwing them up in the air, and lifting her little face to them as they fell.

"Let us go and play among them too," said Harry. "I'll get the big wheel barrow and you may have mine, and we'll play we're dray men."

"Oh! yes," said Elsie, "and we'll carry all the leaves away and hide them, and tidy the lawn for mother. I heard her tell father that the wind had made a lot of work for him."

"He needn't do it, when we're here, El?" and they run back and forward with their barrows, little Mabel helping to fill them, and getting rides from Harry with the leaves.

When Mrs. Stirling looked out of the window she saw three very busy little folk, and a very tidy lawn. When they came running in to tell her of their work, she kissed each one, and called them her helpers, and they were all very happy.

Home-Made Xmas Gifts.

I like the idea that a young girl puts into her request for an idea for home-made Christmas gifts. She says she puts so many loving thoughts into presents she makes and sends to her friends or for those at home,

Disorders of Childhood.

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hence she prefers to make each one some hand-piece, and asks me to please suggest some simple, pretty gift. I would advise making dainty little collars, such as are now worn, made of white linen, etc. They can be hemstitched, or you can make them with French dots and every lady would certainly appreciate one or more. Then there are the lovely sheer cambric ones, worn with mourning gowns of white mull; for sleeves and turn-over collars, just simply hem stitched. I saw a present ready to be sent of them, and they were very pretty and chaste-looking.

Then comes the sheer cambric handkerchiefs, made with hem-stitching above a narrow hem. They are easily made, and not expensive, and yet an excellent gift, for every lady loves a dainty handkerchief. You might make half a dozen of these and have them ready. If you have to launder them, just rinse them in a nice warm suds of rain-water, and press them while damp against your window pane, and leave all night. Next morning they will be dry and look as if they were fresh from the box, and had never been washed. You had best hem-stitch them above a narrow hem, and put the initial letter on one corner. It adds so much to its beauty. A crest with initial letter is pretty.

S. H. H.

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