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its High Commissioner (Sir F. Lugard) have practically abolished slavery, and have taken up a most determined attitude in regard to the traffic in spirits. Dr. W. R. S. Miller, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society in the Hausa States, now in England, says that when he went out four years ago he saw slaves sold in the markets like cattle, but to-day there is not a single market in Northern Nigeria. Of the treatment of the sick Dr. Miller says that a least one person in twenty-five was either blind or suffered from some affection of the sight, and "remedies" applied by the natives did more harm than good. The sleeping sickness was regarded as a visitation of the devil, and the victims were turned on to the roadside, there to stay until they were killed by hyenas, for the Mohammedan knows nothing of mercy or tenderness. The medical missionary needed to be a good linguist, familiar with the Koran, and acquainted with the religious controversies of the people. Reading the Bible, and especially the Gospel of St. John, with the Mohammedan priests had been the chief part of his work during the last twelve months.

Children's Department.

LITTLE TIM, THE STREET-SWEEPER.

Little Tim McCracken was one of a large number of little boys who live in London, that great city, and who earn their living by sweeping the crossings of its streets.

Tim was under size, and so was always called "Little Tim." He was a favorite with many of his comrades because he was always so good natured and merry in all weathers and under all circumstances.

There is a good deal of rain in the city of London, and much smoke and soot, so that the crossings would soon be in very bad condition were they not swept many times a day the year round. People feel sorry oftentimes to see these little fellows, wet and dirty, working away with their stiff brooms to make the crossings passable. Occasionally someone speaks kindly or gives them a penny or a halfpenny. Some of the boys are rough and disagreeable, using bad and coarse words, for which they are not to be blamed when we remember that their surroundings and the kind of parents they have had. Others, even though dirty, have pleasant faces and voices, and answer respectfully when passers-by speak to them.

They thank them heartily with smiles upon their faces for a small gift of money and show by their manner that they have had a good bringing-up.

"Pity such a nice-looking child has to be a street-sweeper!" or, "He looks like a boy who has a good mother!" were remarks sometimes made about little Tim McCracken.

It was true of little Tim. He had a very good mother, and his father, who died a year before Tim became a street-sweeper, was a kind father, and made his home happy.

When a very small boy Tim lived in Glasgow. His father was a Scotch sailor, and had made many long voyages to different ports in many countries, always remembering his wife and children, writing to them often and bringing home curious things from these far-away lands. One evening a year before Tim came to London, when his mother was expecting the father home from one of these voyages she was sitting with her three children around the peat fire in their small cottage under the cliff, talking to them of the good times they would soon have with their father for a long month before he sailed away again. Tim was wondering if he would bring the fine parrot he had promised him from South America and a box of curiosities and pretty shells, while the mother was questioning in her heart what her dear sailor husband would have for her, and answering her question by the silent thought that if he came himself that would be all she would ask.

Suddenly there was a sharp knock on the window-pane. A neighbor fisherman came in as Mrs. McCracken opened the door. She saw by the look on his face as the fire-light touched it, that he had bad news for her. Instantly she suspected what it might be.

"Is there bad news from the ship, John?" she said in an earnest tone.

"I'm sorry to tell ye," replied the neighbor, "but word has come that has been a terrible gale at sea, and they say that the staunch old ship, 'Sarah Lee,' has gone down with all on board. Of course," he continued, without looking at Tim's mother, "there's a chance yet that a lot of them are saved. They may have been picked up by ships sailing to distant harbors, and in that case ye won't know for some time about him. I did not like to bring ye such bad tidings, but I knew ye'd hear of it some way on the morrow, so I thought I would just come in and tell it myself. We'll all help ye, Jane," he added, as he extended his brown, horny hand with a kindly grasp to her; "we'll help ye and the children all we can if the worst comes true, but we won't believe it yet."

Mrs. McCracken bowed her head on her hands as she sat speechless in her husband's big rush-bottomed chair, with the three awe-struck children clinging to her. In a moment all the joy of expectancy had been changed to the sorrow of disappointment. Instead of having her neighbors come in to welcome home her husband, to listen to his tales of adventure, his descriptions of countries he had visited, of incidents of his voyage, they would now come in to comfort her, and other widows would re-

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late their troubles when their own sailor-husbands had fallen from the masts into the great, cruel sea in awful storms or had been lost with all the crew on some rocky shore.

All this flashed through her mind as she sat there motionless and speechless.

Weeks and months came and went, bringing no word from any who might have escaped from the sinking ship. The lonely mother began to consider seriously what she could do to support herself and her three young children, as she had now very small means at her disposal. Neighbors had been kind and helpful, as John promised they would be, and none are more so than fisher folks, who are poor themselves, yet ever ready to give to those in need. But the mother could not continue to live partly by gifts from them. She was independent in her nature, and while grateful for the help which had been extended, longed to be where she could earn a comfortable living for them all. She knew she must leave the cosy cottage soon and go into Glasgow or some large town or city to get work.

A sister living in London in a comfortable home invited Mrs. McCracken to come to her with the children and remain until she could get work and provide a little home of her own. She also wrote that Tim could probably soon earn a good living, sufficient to take care of himself and to help his mother. The sister's husband was a teamster for one of the big drygoods houses in London, and had received steady wages for many years, gradually saving enough to buy a little home in the suburbs, where they lived in simple comfort.

Mrs. McCracken was very glad and thankful to accept her sister's invitation. She immediately packed all her small store of household goods and prepared to leave the cottage and the cliff, from which many a time she had watched the ship upon which her husband sailed until it was a mere speck in the distance, and had turned back to the little cottage determined to be as happy as she could with her little ones until the glad day to which she was always looking forward should come, when she would watch from the top of one of the high rocks the good ship coming. She felt sad as her eyes rested upon these rocks perhaps for the last time, which had so many pleasant associations for her. To leave her kind neighbors who had been such good friends to her these many years was hard.

Yet in the early morning of a December day, as she knelt for the last time in the cottage, with her little ones about her knees, her prayer was one of gratitude that in the midst of her sorrow and when she must otherwise have been homeless, a sister's love had opened a temporary home for her.

Tim was only nine years old, but he was a great comfort to his mother. He helped and cheered her at every turn of the way. He was manly and brave, and assured her with the utmost confidence that he would be her

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