

feast. The mother and the young ones had a fine time of it that afternoon, for the corn was delicious, although rather dry. And when they were fully satisfied they set off back to the water to quench their thirst, and have a cool bath before going to bed. But as they waddled along something very sad happened. The smallest of the ducklings could not quite keep up with his brothers; so it fell a little behind in the procession. And as the mother went on in front, she never noticed a dark spot in the sky above. It was a hawk hovering over the corn field; and as his cruel eye fell on the poor little yellow toddler, he thought what a nice meal the fat duckling would make. With a swoop and a rush, the foe came down. His sharp talons clutched, and stabbed to instant death, the mother's fluffy treasure: and ere she could say "quack," he was gone. So Toddlers did not float upon the pond that night.

#### Hold of Papa's Hand.

The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I've come to 'scort you home," made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour to take me home, as she said. Soon we were going, hand in hand, on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and lead me along, and tell me where to stop and where to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began. "Now step up, now down," and so on, until we had safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying,—

"Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once."

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer,—

"Oh no, mamma; I had a tight hold of papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

#### Through the Palings.

Poor little Tiny! It was really too bad, she thought. Mamma was out, and Nurse was busy, so she had been banished to the garden, to amuse herself as best she might till dinner-time. It was a nice big garden, however, with flowers, bushes, and pretty creepers climbing up the wooden palings by which it was enclosed. But Tiny wanted someone to talk to, someone to play with.

"Doesn't like to be all alone," she murmured. "Wants someone to play with me. Nasty old hoop; can't talk to me!"

Suddenly she heard a little voice sounding quite near. It was a little mite of a girl who spoke, smaller even than Tiny. She stood just at the other side of the palings, peeping through. Tiny was delighted. This was just what she wanted! There was someone to talk to who could talk back again. She went straight up to the little girl.

"I say, who's you?" enquired the visitor. "I've Tiny—who's you?"

"Well, I've papa's 'pet,' but mamma calls me Little Dame Trot."

It doesn't take children long to "make friends," so Trot and Tiny were soon on the best of terms. Trot had a little black kitten, which she pushed through the palings for Tiny to kiss. Kitty didn't like it, though, and presently she scampered off.

## For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

## Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

## Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

## DIABETES FLOUR.

Also Gluten Dyspepsia Flour & Barley Crystals. UNRIVALED IN AMERICA OR EUROPE. Circulars and Baking Samples Free. Write Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.

## DR. WOOD'S



## Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant pine syrup.

PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

What a pleasant morning Tiny and Trot spent in talking through the palings! They told each other everything they could think of. Tiny was lonely no longer, and could scarcely believe the morning was gone when Nurse came and called her to dinner.

#### Getting Used to It.

Once upon a time, faraway in Russia, there was a gentleman who kept a tame bear. Rather a rough pet, we should think, but his master had had him from his bear babyhood, and had perfect confidence in his good nature and amiability.

He was very frolicsome and amusing—indeed, his master was so fond of him that he liked him always to sleep

in his bed-room. His wife however objected to this, and naturally was a little doubtful about such a companion; but her husband always quieted her by saying—

"Don't be afraid, my dear, you will get used to it by degrees; you know one can get used to anything."

But the poor lady did not get used to it; on the contrary, she got more and more frightened as the bear grew bigger and stronger. Still the gentleman kept on with his good advice that people could always get used to things if they tried. There is a saying that use is second nature, but it did not come true as regards the lady and the bear.

One night, after they were gone to bed, the bear's mind began to hatch mischief; he rose on his hind legs and appeared at the bedside, and, as the gentleman sprang up, put forth his arms with the intention of embracing him. And a bear's embrace, we all know, means a fatal hug—squeezing the breath out of the body.

The master managed in some way to elude him, rushed for his gun at the other side of the room, and shot the bear dead. And never afterwards did he bid his wife "get used" to such a dangerous pet!

Well, I want you to make up your minds that you will have nothing to do with doubtful things, which, like the bear in the bed-room, you must try to get used to. Cannot you think of many such?

Let us see; for the boys there is smoking. A boy thinks that to do what men do will make him a man, and so he tries to smoke. He does not like it—oh, no! It turns him sick; but, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, he goes on at it because he supposes it is manly. Do not be so foolish; all sensible people think it remarkably silly to see a boy aping a man. It is an idle self-indulgent habit in almost every case; pray remember the bear, and do not try to "get used" to it.

Then for the girls there is dress. Perhaps you come from some simple country home to school or to some situation where dress is the order of the day. You look down at your own attire and think you must alter; you must be a little more like others. You do not care for finery, and you are sure your mother would not care for it for you, but still, it is the way of the people round you, and you must "get used" to it.

And then there is Sabbath-breaking. Of all that you do, never "get used" to this. Fresh from a pious well-guarded home, and a mother's care, you may be thrown into scenes where you will be tempted to put aside the good old ways and to take your pleasure on the Lord's day. You would be shocked at first at the idea of a railway journey or an excursion instead of going to a place of worship; but only allow yourself to yield, and terribly soon you will "get used" to it.

We have been often told, and it is an awful fact, that a large proportion of the prisoners in our jails confess that Sabbath-breaking was their first step in the paths of sin.

But there is another side. Happily good habits as well as bad ones can be got used to. We are so framed that everything becomes easier the second time we do it. Say you resolve to get up a little earlier to read your Bible. It was an effort this morning, a great effort; to-morrow it will be less,

## Sunlight

BRINGS

Ease and Comfort



WITH poor soaps and old fashioned ways of washing, it is cruel and hard upon women of advancing years to attempt laundry work. But with the world-famed, labor-saving

## Sunlight Soap,

Anybody can do a Wash with comparative ease by following the simple directions

With "SUNLIGHT" there's no hard rubbing, sore knuckles, hot steam, or tired backs. A trial will astonish you.

Works: Pt. Sunlight Lever Bros., Limited Near Birkenhead Toronto



Children

always

Enjoy It.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

so by-and-by the early rising will come quite natural to you.

Suppose we try to get used to a few good habits instead of bad ones. Suppose not only in this rising betimes for reading and prayer, we set ourselves to do something kind to somebody every day, and exercise a little self-denial for the sake of others. Suppose we endeavour to make the world in our little corner a happier place because we are in it.

We cannot build up a good character, we cannot do the simplest good act, without the grace of God enabling us. Let your first act be to seek that grace through Jesus Christ our Lord, with a trusting and seeking heart.