

the difficulty, and he was the only one who had gone bravely to work to face it and get the better of it.

"Teacher seemed to think it was something wonderful for Theo. to get that example!" Jack grumbled, as he and one of the boys loitered along in front of the school building after the class had been dismissed. "I got just as many examples as he did, and I don't see what difference it makes."

"Let me tell you the difference, Jack," a familiar voice said behind him, and he turned quickly around to see his teacher, who had just come out, and who had overtaken the two boys. "As you go on through school, you will have more and more of these hard examples to do. If you go right to work at them, as Theo. did, and conquer them now, you will find that they grow easier all the time, because your mind is getting exercise that makes it strong. But if you give up the hard example to-day, and do just the easy ones, the hard example to-morrow will seem even harder than it did to-day, and so they will grow harder as you go on, just because you're not getting the training that you need. That was why I was so glad to have Theo work out the example to-day without thinking or caring about the easy ones."

And what is true of school is true of the world outside. The only way to grow strong and capable, is to meet difficulties and conquer them, instead of trying to dodge them.

**POLLY'S TANTRUM.**

Polly was a pretty, green parrot, with red wings and yellow head. Susie was a pretty little girl with blue eyes and dainty aprons, that were very clean, when she had not been making mud pies.

Polly had come to Susie's house while her mistress was away on a visit. Susie thought Polly very funny, she could do so many things. She would laugh in a man's voice and then in a woman's voice, cry like a baby, whistle, scream out, "Polly wants a biscuit! Polly wants a cup of tea!" and so many things that Susie never tired of watching her.

In most ways Susie was a pretty good little girl, but in one way she was very bad, indeed. When people did things which did not please her, she would throw herself down on the floor and kick and scream and behave like a little wild beast, instead of a nice little girl. Her mother was very much mortified to have her little daughter act so badly, but she had not been able to stop it.

For three weeks after Polly came, Susie was very good indeed, and her mother was beginning to feel quite encouraged. Then a bad week began, and nearly every day Susie had a tantrum. Polly watched her from her cage, with her pretty yellow head thrust far out from the bars.

One afternoon, Susie had gone home with her aunt, and Susie's mother sat sewing. The house was very still. Suddenly there was a tremendous noise from Polly's cage—scream after scream. Susie's mother thought surely the parrot was being killed. She rushed into the dining-room. There, on her back, in the bottom of the

cage, lay Polly, kicking and screaming and behaving just as Susie did in one of her tantrums. When she saw Mrs. Benton, she screamed harder than ever. Then she laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Benton was very much ashamed, and covered the cage with a black cloth. Then Polly kept still, but she had another tantrum the next day and the next. She seemed to think it very funny. But Susie and her mother did not think it funny at all.

"Do I act like that, mamma?" said Susie, with a very red face, and Mrs. Benton had to say "Yes." Then, for the first time, it came into the little girl's mind what a shameful way it was to behave, and she really resolved to be good. Now, when she feels the tantrum coming, she makes haste to drive it away, for, she says: "Polly is littler than I, and I mustn't teach her bad things."

And so Polly's bad behaviour did a great deal of good.

**ESTELLE'S PANSIES.**

Estelle was a very little girl, so little that her blue eyes could just peep above the tops of the tables, and see the lovely and curious things people were always putting on them. She wondered what they were all for, and why they were nearly always just out of reach of her little hands.

One day, she saw something which seemed to her more beautiful than anything she had ever seen before. It was a low glass dish filled with pansies. How lovely they were! Every time she went near them she wanted Mamma or Mary to lift her up for one more look at their bright faces, and she was very happy when her Mamma gave her three of them, for her own.

Estelle looked at them joyfully for some time, and then trotted off, the stems squeezed tightly in her little hand.

After that, her Mamma was very busy looking over a great pile of clean clothes, and she did not notice that her little girl was quiet for a long time, till, just as she was folding and putting away the last garment, she heard a pitiful little sob in the next room. What could be the matter? Had her little girl hurt herself? No; there sat Estelle on the floor, the petals of the three pansies all picked off and spread over her white frock, all but one, which she was trying again and again to put back on the stem where it belonged.

"Mamma do it," she said, holding out the stem and the petal, and lifting up at the same time a sorrowful, tear-stained face.

"Mamma can't do it, dear; Mamma doesn't know how."

Then there were many more tears, and Mamma took her little daughter in her arms and they had a long talk about those beautiful pansies, and God Who made each one of them; and Estelle learned that though anyone might pull a pansy to pieces, no one could put it together again, or make one like it. And although she is a very little girl, I think she learned that she must treat with care the wonderful works of God, which she can never make again, if she destroys them.

—All but God is changing day by day.—Charles Kingsley.

—There are two ways of beginning the day—with prayer and without it. You begin the day in one of these two ways. Which?

—We are saved sorrow and regret whenever we check angry and uncharitable words before they have had a chance to cross the lips.

—Let the current of your being set toward God, then your life will be filled and calmed by one master-passion which unites and stills the soul.

"Christ is born," the angels sang,  
How their glorious anthem rang,  
Reign of "Peace on earth" to tell  
In a gladsome choral swell.  
Since the angels' blessed story  
Thousand years have twice passed by  
Making earth at last reply  
"Alleluia!" Song of glory  
Saints re-echo to the sky.

Chris'tmas carols have a remarkable history. At one time they were sung in churches, and that only; at another, although still hymns of religious joy, they were intended rather for domestic than for Church use; while in another phase, remarks a contemporary, "they were elements in Christian festivity, neither evincing religious thoughts, nor couched in reverent language." The origin of the word carol is uncertain. By some writers it is supposed to be of Latin, by others of Italian, by others of French extraction; but whencesoever it was derived, and whatever may be its etymology, it has long been naturalized in our language, being familiarly used by Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, and doubtless other authors of Elizabethan times. The meaning of the word is, generally, a song of joy and exultation, especially of religious joy; in particular the "Christmas Carol" denotes such a song adapted to the festival of Christ's Nativity.

**Bronchitis  
a  
Serious Disease**

**Becomes Chronic and Returns Year by Year or Develops into Bronchial Pneumonia, Croupous Bronchitis, Asthma or Consumption.**

The real dangers of bronchitis are sometimes overlooked. It is too serious a disease to trifle with, and for that reason everybody should be familiar with the symptoms.

Children are most liable to contract bronchitis, and, if neglected, it becomes chronic, and returns year after year until it wears the patient out or develops into some deadly lung disease.

The approach of bronchitis is marked by chills and fever, nasal or throat catarrh, quick pulse, loss of appetite, and feelings of fatigue and languor.

Bronchitis is also known by pain in the upper part of the chest, which is aggravated by deep breathing or coughing, until it seems to burn and tear the delicate linings of the bronchial tubes.

The cough is dry and harsh, and is accompanied by expectoration of a frothy nature, which gradually increases; is very stringy and tenacious, and is frequently streaked with blood.

There is pain, not unlike rheumatism, in limbs, joints and body, constipation and extreme depression and weakness. In some people, the exhaustion amounts almost to nervous collapse, delirium follows, and in young children, convulsions may follow.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is, we believe, the most effective treatment for bronchitis that money will buy. This fact has been proven time and time again in many thousands of cases.

It is the most effective remedy for bronchitis, because it is so far-reaching in its effects on the whole system, not merely relieving the cough, but actually and thoroughly curing the disease. It loosens the cough, frees the chest of tightness and pain, aids expectoration, and permanently cures.

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