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Nine Offices in Toronto

Savings Accounts of One Dollar and Upwards specially solicited.

Full Compound Interest Paid.

This institution was originally established as a savings bank, and it now does a very large volume of business with thrifty depositors.

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\$1.50 Per Gallon

25c. extra for Jar.

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D. G. STUART

391 Church Street, Toronto
M. 1329

Boys and Girls

A REAL RESPONSE

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said:

"I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote?"

"Yes, mamma; but I got tired of loving Dolly."

"And why?"

"Oh, because she never loves me back."

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first one and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes were very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love back."

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and "we love God because He first loved us." It is the love of God for us that awakens and feeds our love for Him.

THE OSTRICH AND THE TORTOISE

An Entirely New Fable.

By D. K. Stevens.

An ostrich, filled with self-conceit
And giddy ostentation,
One day a tortoise chanced to meet
In casual conversation.
The tortoise, though extremely plain,
Was, like the ostrich, rather vain.

As all of you, no doubt, have guessed,
In noting this allusion,
The ostrich was, of course, possessed
Of feathers in profusion.
The tortoise had a useful shell
Wherein it was his rule to dwell.

The question they discussed was made
A theme for disputation:
What is the best way to evade
Unwelcome observation?
As each had fixed ideas, you see,
They were not likely to agree.

"My scheme is this," the ostrich said:
"If any one pursues me,
I'll dig a hole and hide my head—
They cannot fail to lose me.
The plan's so simple, I'm surprised
That it should be so criticized."

"Your plan," the tortoise said, "is quite
Delusive and fallacious;
To draw the head in—out of sight—
Is far more efficacious.
Till I have cause to change my view,
That method I shall still pursue."

In this dispute they persevered
With vain vociferation,
Till suddenly two men appeared,
Commercial by vocation.
One gathered ostrich-plumes to sell,
The other dealt in tortoise-shell.

The ostrich, showing no dismay,
Was busy in a minute;
He dug a hole without delay,
And placed his head within it,
And thought, with egotistic pride,
"This is the only way to hide."

The tortoise said, "I still protest,
Though ostriches deny it,
My method is the very best—
At any rate, I'll try it!"
And with sarcastic smile withdrew
His silly head from public view.

The traders came, as you surmise,
And made an easy capture.
The feather-merchant viewed his prize
With nothing short of rapture.
"I didn't want his head," said he;
"His plumes are quite enough for me."

The other man was pleased as well,
And, after brief inspection,
Removed the tortoise from his shell
In spite of all objection.
"The tortoise not a penny brings,
But shell," said he, "makes combs
and things."

Of morals there are nine or ten,
But this one is selected:

ESTABLISHED 1856
P. BURNS & CO., LIMITED
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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half-yearly, since the Securities of this corporation have been placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. Write at once for full particulars and booklet.
NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Don't wear your shells and feathers when
You go out unprotected.
The other lessons taught hereby
I leave for others to apply.
St. Nicholas.

THE BOY WITH A QUEER NAME

Little "I Will" was a very small boy with the sweetest face any one could wish to see, and under his white blouse, with its big sailor collar, beat the sweetest little heart that ever grew.

Of course "I Will" had another name. His "really truly" name he would have told you was Louis, but those who knew him thought that "I Will" suited him better.

"Dear," mother would say, "will you run upstairs and get my scissors? You will find them on the sewing machine."

"I will, I will," would sing out the pleasant little voice. And in a twinkling the scissors would be put in mother's hand.

Or father would say: "Louis, gather up your toys; it is almost supper time."

"I will," would come the smiling answer.

Dear little "I Will!" He is a big boy now—big enough to study Latin and all sorts of other hard things—but the sunshine of his merry baby ways has never faded from his mother's heart.

Wouldn't it be pleasant if there were a little "I Will" in every home?
—Anna C. Hall, in Sunbeam.

A LETTER FROM INDIA

Strangely-constructed letters of strange diction are common enough. Sometimes it is by sheer ridiculousness that they entertain. The original of the following was recently received from India by a Liverpool shipping firm:—

"Most Honoured Sir,—Understanding that there are several hands wanted in your honours' department, I beg

to offer my hand as to adjustment. I appeared for the Matric. Exam. in Octy, but failed, the reason for which I shall describe, to begin with my writing was illegible this was due to climatic reason, for having come from warm to a cold climate found my fingers stiff and very disobedient to my wishes. Father I had received great shock to my mental system in the shape of the death of my only fond brother, besides most honoured Sir I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances, being the soul means of support of my fond brother's seven issues, consisting of three adults and four females, the latter being the bain of my existence, owing to my having to support two of my own wives as well as their issues, of which by God's misfortune the feminine gender predominates. If by wonderful good fortune the few humble lines meet with your benign kindness and favourable turn of mind, I the poor menial shall ever pray for the long life and prosperity of yourself, as well as your Honour's post-humous olive branches."

Child Almost Strangled

You never know what minute a child will develop a bad cold or be seized by croup. For this reason it takes a great burden off every mother's mind to have at hand Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Mrs. E. W. Silver, South Milford, Annapolis county, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for my little boy with most satisfactory results. His throat would fill up with phlegm so bad that he could scarcely make a sound, and I thought he would surely strangle. He grew worse, and had frequent bad attacks, so I began using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Scarcely half a bottle was used when the strangling ceased. This medicine had a wonderfully soothing effect, and when he had taken two bottles I could not tell that he had any throat trouble. We have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment with equally good results. It is a grand medicine for salt rheum."

There are imitations, but the genuine Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine bears the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.