

unreasonable," thought I, but I only said aloud, "Is that not pretty well done for a girl no older than Mary?"

"Ah!" sighed grandmamma, "you haven't looked at the corners! Mary never fastens her threads!"

I looked again. It was quite true. A stitch or two had been taken at the end, and the cotton cut short off. Evidently the first laundering must loosen the edges entirely.

"Poor little Mary!" said I to myself, "she is not the only workman whose labour is lost because of the lack of thread-fastening."

The six-story building which fell recently, crushing a score of men in the ruins, was a very massive and beautiful structure. It was proved at the inquest that there had been a single weak point in the wall. The architect had not fastened his thread!

One might have gone far to find a finer field of wheat than Farmer Brown's. He lost the crop because, after it had been cut and bound, he neglected to store it in the barn, before the two days' rain. Another case of a loose thread!

The great firm of Draper, Yardstick & Co., which did a yearly business of millions of dollars, and had its agents by land and sea, was forced into bankruptcy because a certain possible contingency had been left unprovided for. Too late to fasten that thread!

My young friend Dick Jones could by no means have been called an idler in college, yet he failed in his examination and came home disgraced, because he had just fallen short of mastering his studies. And poor Tom Fairly—do you suppose he ever meant to make a drunkard of himself and break his mother's heart? No, no! He simply never came to the decision, "Not one drop more of the stuff will I touch while I live!" Unfastened threads!

There is a good, old proverb, "well begun is half done," but there is another quite as true: "A poor ending makes quick mending." And the worst of it is that some things can't be mended at all. Boys and girls, at work on the long seam of life, beware of an unfastened thread!

That Tired Feeling

Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for a this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills act easily yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver. 25c.

Some Questions.

Here are three questions and the answers given in one of the papers:—
Are all our prayers answered?

Yes, in God's way. The most perfect and earnest prayer—that in Gethsemane—was answered, but the cup was not removed. Paul thrice prayed that the thorn in the flesh might be removed, and had an answer which left the thorn, but along with it a word which sweetened the trial: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Do we watch for answers to prayer?

Elijah did, and was not disappointed. How needful this is—asking, and then waiting, and looking for the answer.

This honours God. Nor must we forget another most important part of prayer—thanksgiving. Do we take our mercies without a word of thanks! How this must grieve our God! How selfish it makes us!

For what are we praying most?

Is it for greater likeness to Christ, fuller knowledge of self and of Him, a deeper insight into His word? These surely are the great subjects which should engage much of our time in prayer, both for ourselves and others.

Gladly a Witness.

Rev. W. E. Hassard, Bruce Mines, Ont.: "The package of K.D.C. you sent me some time ago was duly received, and I have been giving it a fair trial. First of all I must thank you for it, and then proceed to say—and that gladly—that it did and is doing me a wonderful amount of good. It is just the thing I need, I believe, as I have cultivated an aversion to cathartics. Have also used the pills once or twice and find them very mild in action."

Thousands of Canadians are suffering from indigestion, who can be cured if they will only test "The Greatest Cure of the Age," K.D.C. Send for a free sample of K.D.C. and Pills. K. D.C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

"Well Enough."

"Mamma," cried Rob, putting his head in at the door. "I'm going fishing with Ned till school-time."

"Have you learned your arithmetic lesson, dear?"

"Well enough, mamma!" rang his clear, young voice in reply, as he ran away down the lane in the dewy morning.

Dinner-time came, but Rob only appeared when Bridget was serving the dessert.

"Why are you so late, my boy?" asked his mother.

Bob flushed. "I had to stay after, to do my example," he answered in a low tone. "Just my luck! I did more than half of them all before I went. How could I know they weren't all to be worked the same way?"

"Rob," said his father, the next Saturday, "be sure to mend that piece of fence this morning. I want to turn the cattle into the south pasture."

"Yes, papa," said Rob cheerfully, and he went to find the hammer and nails.

Before evening, there was great trouble on the farm. The cattle had broken from the south pasture into the grain-field adjoining, where a splendid crop was almost ready for

harvesting. Now it lay torn and trampled the mischief could scarcely be estimated. Rob's father was surprised, and Rob crept away almost broken-hearted at his sharp reproof.

Aunt Mary grieved for the boy, and sought him out where he had thrown himself, face downward, upon the grass in the orchard.

"Oh, Aunt Mary!" he sobbed, when he felt her gentle hand on his head, "I surely thought I had mended the fence well enough!"

"There is the very trouble, dear!" said Aunt Mary, "'Well—enough!' The two words are like oil and water—never meant to go together. Good words, both of them, but they must be kept apart. 'Enough' diligence to learn a lesson 'well'! 'Enough' care to mend a fence 'well'! You see, Rob, everything must either be done well or ill—nothing can ever be done 'well enough'!"

Right Where You Are.

To walk with God. Did you think that it was a rapturous, beatific, ecstatic sort of thing, possible for people who lived in the olden time when the world was not so big, and possible for some people now perhaps, who are supposed to live a little apart from the real life of the world—but situated as you are, hardly possible for you without making a radical change in your circumstances which you are not able to make? No, no. The path on which to walk with God is just that plain, practical, prosaic, commonplace path on which you are walking every day. And walking there with purity, with truth, with honour, with high character, you are walking with God just as much as any apostle or prophet or martyr ever did, or any Scriptural hero, or any traditional saint.

Keep Looking Up.

An instructive and beautiful story is related of a little girl, who was playing near the edge of a precipice, when she suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her feet. Before she had time to spring back to a place of safety, she had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, that love of life implanted in us all, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deeply into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung suspended in the air.

Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone, "I am coming! Keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed. She never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully, "I am coming! Keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great, loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast. Children, "keep looking up!"

The Best Use.

It is not enough to love; the love must find expression. We must let our friends know that we care for them. We must do it, too, before it is too late. Some people wait till the need is past, and then come up with their laggard sympathy. When the neighbour is well again, they call to say how

Rheumatism Cured



Mr. Byron Crandell

"In July last I was taken with rheumatism in its worst form. Local physicians treated me, but their remedies did not give me any relief. I was advised to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial, which I did. I take great pleasure in stating that two bottles gave marked relief. Continuing regularly with the medicine, I am now cured. While afflicted I was frequently obliged to use crutches. I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly. BYRON CRANDELL, engineer at Water Works, Toronto Junction, Ont."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ailments. 25c.

sorry they are he has been sick. Would not a kindly enquiry at the door, or a few flowers sent to his room when he was ill, have been a fitter and more adequate expression of brotherly interest? When a man without their help has gotten through his long battle with business difficulties and embarrassments, and is well on his feet again, friends come with their congratulations. Would it not have been better if they had proved their care for him in some way when he needed strong practical sympathy? The time to show our friendship is when our friend is under the shadow of enmity, when evil tongues misrepresent him, and not when he has gotten vindication and stands honoured even by strangers. Life is hard for many people, and we have no right to withhold any look or word or act of love which will lighten the load or cheer the heart of any fellow-struggler. The best use we can make of our life is to live so that we shall be a benediction to every one we meet.

Two Kinds of Fun.

It is just as natural for boys to like fun, as for kittens to play or for birds to sing. Indeed, this world would be a rather dreary place if it had no fun-loving boys and girls to brighten and gladden it. But it is worth remembering that there is more than one kind of fun, and that the one-sided sort, which gives pleasure to some and pain to others, is a very poor kind indeed.

There are boys who can never come near a dog without teasing it, until it begins to growl savagely and show its white teeth. They can never see a cat without wanting to torment it. And this they call "having fun." They never stop to think whether or not it is fun for their dumb pets, as well as for themselves.

"I wonder what can be the matter with baby," said a lady one afternoon as she heard a shrill crying in the nursery. When she had hurried upstairs she found her twelve-year-old son holding the baby's toys just out of her reach and listening to her angry screams as if he enjoyed them. And this is the strange excuse he made when his mother reproved him: "Well, mamma, I was only having a little fun."

The right kind of fun is one of the best things in the world. The wrong kind is one of the poorest. Let us be sure that our pleasure is never obtained at the expense of the happiness of some one else.

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