

Sunday Reading.

AN HONEST DAYS WORK.

Willis walked down one of the city wharves. He was going to see his father, Mr. Sutherland, who was one of the men employed by the State Harbor Commissioners in repairing wharves.

Seven or eight other men were employed like Mr. Sutherland. It was mid-forenoon, but Willis saw that three or four of the men were not working.

'Where's father?' asked Willis. 'Under the wharf, working,' answered one man.

Willis saw some planks had been taken up in a distant part of the wharf's flooring. He went there and swung himself down under the wharf.

'That you, Willis?' asked his father pleasantly.

'Pa,' said the boy, 'some of the other men are up there eating crabs. Why don't you go up and get some, too?'

'It isn't lunch-time,' returned Mr. Sutherland. 'We're expected to work now.'

'Three or four of the men aren't working,' said Willis.

'No,' rejoined his father. 'Several of the men lately have taken to catching crabs sometimes during work-hours. The men tie a rope to a big twine net, and bait it, and let it out into the bay.

While Mr. Sutherland talked he was working. Several of the other men were working up on top of the wharf, as Willis could tell by the sounds, but the boy's thoughts were with those three or four other men who were idling.

'It isn't fair for them to stop and you to have to keep on,' objected Willis. 'I should think those men would be discharged.'

'They may and they may not,' said his father. 'They are appointed by different Harbor Commissioners, and as long as the Commissioners don't know, I suppose the men will keep their places.'

'One man told me you thought the State was looking at you every minute,' said Willis.

'My boy,' answered Mr. Sutherland, fitting a block into place, 'it's true that I'm employed to work for the State, and I feel just as much that I must do honest work for the State as if I were working for some individual.

Willis climbed upon the wharf again. He saw when the men who had been eating crabs came back to work. He noticed they did not work very heartily.

'My father doesn't work that way,' thought the boy.

'An honest day's work.' The words

followed Willis as he went away from the wharf. The next week Willis was going to begin work for a large dry-goods store.

'I'll do honest day's work, too,' resolved Willis.

He did not put it into words, but he thought that the One who saw whether a man under the wharves did an honest day's work would see whether a boy working for a store did the same.

Busy days Willis had after that. The large dry-goods store had many customers who often did not wish to carry bundles home.

One afternoon Willis, out delivering dry-goods, drove by the house where August lived, and saw the store's other cart standing there.

'August is home,' thought Willis. Just then, August came out.

'Why, no!' answered Willis. What would they say at the store, if they knew?

'They can't know,' asserted August. 'I often stop, that way. Yesterday I went to see my aunt. How can the store tell? They don't know just how long it will take to deliver all the parcels.

Willis hesitated. He remembered that the thought of the men at the wharves had been: 'Who would know?' Willis had never heard that anybody had lost his place at the wharves on account of dawdling.

'No,' thought Willis. 'I'm going to be honest.'

Late one afternoon August came into the store. Willis was later still, because he had had more parcels to deliver.

'There was a big fire up-town,' said Au-

LANOLINE Toilet Soap advertisement with logo and text: 'For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN. Lanoline Toilet Soap. Wholesale Depot: -67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.'

either,' thought Willis, uncomfortably. That week August was discharged.

'I happened to be at the fire myself, and saw you,' said one of the store's proprietors to August. 'The next time you stop to see a fire, you will not have a chance to keep one of our delivery carts waiting an hour while you waste your employer's time watching the firemen.'

graduating there. Miss Havergal used to talk of 'turned lessons.'—[F. B. Meyer.]

Sympathy as a Power.

Sympathy is a large factor in human power. It means more, as an element of strength and of success, than brawn or brain, than skill or experience.

Woman's Idea of Excellence.

The economical and wise woman, who has the management of a home, knows from experience that when the 'excellence' of any home necessity is established and guaranteed, money and time are saved when such goods are used.

The Diamond Dyes for home dyeing have a world-wide reputation, and stand first in purity, strength, fastness and simplicity of use.

Diamond Dyes, like all other popular and perfect goods, are largely imitated. Do not allow your dealer to sell you some inferior make of dye; ask for the "Diamond" and see that you get them.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q., for valuable book of directions and sample card of colors; sent free to any address.

Knew His Man.

H—Want to consult your broker There's no dependence to be placed upon the advice of a broker.

W—Not with some brokers, perhaps; but I have every confidence in Podsnap. I've consulted him a hundred times, and I never regretted it.

H—And you always follow his advice?

W—On the contrary; when he says "Buy," I sell, and when he says "Sell," I buy.

ALWAYS WITH SUCCESS.

N. A. Montminy, merchant, of St. Julie, Lotbiniere County, declares that he has always used Morin's Creso-Phates Wine with much success in his family.

To his knowledge several people have been cured of pulmonary sicknesses after having used this remedy. New testimonials are given every day.

Did it all the Same.

'I suppose you had to do the driving,' suggested her best friend, pointedly, when the beautiful creature came back from her ride with the handsome young man.

'Indeed, I did not,' replied the beautiful creature.

'No?' 'Well, I should say not. There was no compulsion about it at all, but under the circumstances I preferred to.'



WINTER'S GIFT TO THE EARTH.

'Don't tell' called August, laughing. Willis, hardly comprehending, drove on about his business.

That evening at store-closing time, both boys were back with their receipt-books, signed by customers who had received their packages.

'Saw me coming out of our house today, didn't you?' said August to Willis. 'Don't you ever stop off half an hour or so, when you're on your rounds?'

gust secretly to Willis afterwards. 'I stopped to see it before delivering my parcels. You just ought to have been there!'

'How long did you stay?' asked Willis, gravely.

'Oh, I don't know!' returned August. 'Three-quarters of an hour, maybe. I delivered my parcels all right afterwards.'

Willis did not tell anybody about August's actions.

'I wish he wouldn't tell me about them,

'And you were seen once,' added the other proprietor, 'with one of our carts standing beside an open block, while a ball game was being played there last week.'

As Willis regretfully saw his companion turned away, there came back to him the scene in the semi-darkness under the wharf, when his father said, 'A Christian ought to give an honest day's work.' And I will,' he muttered.

Lessons of Sorrow.

In suffering and sorrow God touches the minor chords, develops the passive virtues and opens to view the treasure of darkness the constellations of promise, the rainbow of hope, the silver light of the covenant.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

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