CHILD'S AWFUL

Screamed with Pain — Suffering Nearly Broke Parent's Heart — Twelve Years of Misery — Doctor Called Case Incurable — Helped from First, and

SPEEDILY CURED BY **CUTICURA REMEDIES**

"I wish to inform you that your wonderful Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with

sery I passed with my son. As an in-fant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different rem-edies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put himunder the care of doctors. Under e disease spread to their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At right it would be cracked, inflamed, and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering, it mearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep.

"One doctor told me that my gon's eczema was incurable and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial.

"I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold; and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. (signed) Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

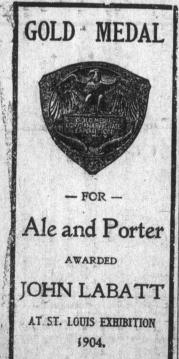
N. Y., April 16, 1905."

Compiete Katernal and Internal Presiment for every flumour, from Pinpies to Scronias, from Internal to Age, consisting of Cuttlears Song, (Intiment, and Seconderal (also: In form of Chocolate Coated Pilis, in vial of 89), may be nad of all druggers. A single set often cures. Patter Drug & Chem. Corp., Soic Propa., Boston, U. S. A. Ser Mailed Free, "Mow to Care Humour of Childhood.

Willing to Oblige.

Willing to Oblige.

A little cockney boy from one of the back slums in London was invited, with about 30 others, to a charity dinner given at the house of a lady in fashionable society. When dinner was ever the lady asked the little ones to sing or recite in turn. All went well until it came to the little cockney lad's turn, but he made no sign of starting to sing or recite until the lady said, "Come, Tommy, let me hear you sing." After a moment's pause the voung guest answered, "I cann't, lidy." "What," said the lady, "you cannot sing? Then what can you do, Tommy?" "Well," said Tommy, "I aren't used to singing, but I'll do my best. I'll fight any of the other kids in the room."



Aunt Mary's Home Made Bread

Only medal for Ale in Canada.

Anut Mary extends to you her thanks
For responding to the call,
In using of Aunt Mary's Bread—
Again, I thank you, one and all.

Aunt Mary has met with great suc Even better than she expected. The qu lity will be maintained And nothing will be neglected.

On each loaf of Aunt Mary's Bread There is a label on the top, Which plainly indicates to you A loaf from Aunt Mary's shop.

To those who wish a daily supply, Please have our wagons call; The demand Aunt.Mary will meet— She can make enough for all.

Jos. Waterhouse.

The happiness that comes suddenly leave ugly feelings on departure.

GIVING AT CHRISTMAS

PARENTS' LIMITATIONS - HEAV-ENLY FATHER'S ARUNDANCE.

BRING HIM LARGE PETITIONS

To the King For He Hath Promised That "Whatsoever Ye Shall Ask In My Name That Will I Do"-Practical Lessons Concerning Gifts and the Increasing of the Joys of the

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Diver, To-ronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 2.—In this sermon, when all are looking forward to the joys of the approaching holidays, the preacher draws a practical lesson concerning gifts, which applies to all classes. The text is John xiv, 13, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do."

13. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do."

Many years ago the beautiful custom was started of giving Christmas presents. May it never become obsolete. This custom dates as far back as the first Christmas day, when the three wise men came journeying from the east and brought their presents of gold and frankincense and myrrh and laid them at the Saviour's feet.

This beautiful custom of Christmas giving is practiced not only in the homes of the rich, but also in the cottages of the poor. It is practiced not only among the young but among the middle aged and those in the twilight of life. But, though Christmas giving means much to all classes of people in Christian lands, I believe that it means the most to those homes where there are a lot of children and where money is not overplentiful, as was the case in the homes of our fathers and mothers, where our brothers and sisters and ourselves grew up side by side.

When I mention the Christmass of our youthful homes the vivid general.

When I mention the Christmases of when I mention the Christmases of our youthful homes the vivid scenes come back to us. They flood the minds and hearts with grateful memories. First we think of the preparations for those Christmases. Our father's income was not very large. The daily demands made upon his wages reduced that income to the neget No. wonder your cith.

father's income was not very large. The daily demands made upon his wages reduced that income to then utmost. No wonder your father and mother had to figure very close how to make the income meet the necessary outgo. Thus there was not very much money to spend for the Christmas preseate. A little money had to be made to go a great way. Now, how did our mothers bridge over the difficulties? This was the way they did it:

A few weeks, or, rather, a couple of months, before Christmas our mother would call all the children together. Then she would give to each a pencil and paper. Then she would give to each a pencil and paper. Then she would say:

"Now, my son, I want you to write upon that paper a list of all the things that you would like for Christmas. Do not make your desires too great. Then, if your father and mother can afford it, from among those lists we will make our selections and give you what you want. Otherwise we may buy you something you may not desire." Then our mother would take the lists that our brothers and sisters and we had made. Every day after the work at the home was done mother would go shopping. My, how tired she used to look when she returned! She would be too tired to eat. Then those mysterious bundles would come home from the store and be piled away in the closet, which would be locked as tight as the one in which the fabled Bluebeard kept the decapitated heads of his murdered wives. We remember how, as boys, we used to try to peek through the keyhole of that door and hold a lighted match just under the knob to try to see what was behind that unturnable lock. The longer and the more often we looked the slower that Christmas day crawled around.

Then that going to bed on Christmas eve—why, it did seem as though we never could get to sleep. When we lay awake we could hear the strange bustling downstairs and the rumbling of the delivery wagons coming and going. And when we got out of bed just to look over the banisters to see what was going on our mother would cach sight of our little nig

we scurried back to the bed nest. But after a long time, after it seemed as though we had lain awake for at least thirty-six hours, we awoke. It was Christmas morning—then the stockings by the bedpost, filled with candy and a few toys, which we grabbed; then the hurried dressing and the hurried breakfast. Mother and father never let us have our toys until after breakfast and Christmas prayers. Then the family formed into line, the youngest at the head and our brothers and sisters going up in steps until the line ended, with mother and father last. Then the door of the back parlor swung open.

Then the Christmas tree—the different chairs, filled with bundles, each with the owner's name marked upon them and the name of the giver attached. Then from every part of the room can be heard the same cries of delight as the different bundles are opened, then the kisses and the hugs. But after the presents have all been examined and we have time to stop and think we find that for the most part the presents we received were selected from the lists we gave to mother weeks or perhaps two months ago. Ah, those were happy days, when a toy that cost 50 cents could fill our and to the control of the control of the cost of cents could fill our ator that cost 50 cents could fill our ator that the cost 50 cents could fill our ator that the cost 50 cents could fill our ator the store of the control of the cost of the control of the cost of the control of the cost of the could be seed.

made our Christmas day happy and blessed.

Ah, those were happy days, when a toy that cost 50 cents could fill our hearts with joy, when a boy was made happy with a pair of skates and his sister with a doll's house. What would it take now, my brother, my sister, to cause you so much joy? I suppose the deed of a house and a lot or a beaver sack and a diamond ring might cause some elation. But it would not be such whole souled joy as that you felt over the litle gift of those Christmas days of old. The gifts now must be commensurate with our larger ideas. What would really make you happy



now? Could any gift in the world do it? I doubt it. Well, then, I want to draw your attention to another world, where one sits who, better than your mother in the old days, knows yourneeds and the gifts that will satisfy them.

needs and the gifts that will satisfy them.

What our mothers demanded from us when we were little children many years ago Jesus Christ is demanding from us now. As the Christmas holiday approaches, God wants us to make out a list of all the gifts we should like from him for the day which commemorates the birth of Jesus Christ. Furthermere, God does not limit us in the sense that our mothers had to limit us, because their incomes were meager and the outgoes taxed all their resources. God comes to us in the same way as Alexander the Great came to his office one day and said, "Make me any request, and if it is possible I will grant it." So God says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name for the blessed Christmas time in memory of my unspeakable gift, that will I do." Oh, is not this a blessed offer? Let us try to enumerate some of the Christmas requests we ought to make to God, which he can and will satisfy if we only come to him in the right Christmas spirit.

The first Christmas request that I

only come to him in the right Christmas spirit.

The first Christmas request that I should like to ask from God is that I might have the simple faith of my childhood. By that I do not mean simply the faith with which I could trust my father and mother and my God, but also the simple faith with which I can learn to trust my brothers and sisters and all those with whom I am associated in life. Ah, that should mean much to you and me, for of all unhappy and miserable natures I think one of the most miserable is what we call the suspicious nature. It is that awful characteristic which is always hunting for the faults and dealways hunting for the faults and de-ceits rather than for the virtues of

always hunting for the faults and deceits rather than for the virtues of others.

And why should we not make this Christmas request of God? Do not faith in God and faith in men go hand in hand? Are not the goodness and kindness of man manifest on every hand? Did the spirit of honesty and love and self sacrifice pass away when your mother died? Are not your sisters and brothers doing for their children exactly what your parents once did for you? I believe the reason we take such a depressed view of the human race to-day is not because all people are bad. We simply refuse to open our eyes and see the good qualities of people who are everywhere around us. Satan has placed a blinding cataract over our eyes. Oh, how happy the next Christmas would be if we could only see the good in mank at rather than the faults of our brothers and sisters! A merry, merry Christmas truly would then be our next Christmas truly would then be our next Christmas truly would then be our next Christmas truly would then I speak thus I am making a Christmas request inspired by a purely selfish motive. I am not coming to God and saying, "O God, make me a great man in order that other men may





Ask for Minard's and take no other

tall down upon their knees and worship me!" but I am saying, "O God. let me fill a position of usefulness in order that I may be of service to my fellow men and help them on in the struggle of life!" That is a just ara holy request to make of Jesus for a coming Christmas present.

Let me illustrate by a simple story, I am a young man. I have a wealthy father, who is a great merchant. I go to that parent and say, "Father, give me some money that I may live and support my wife and children." Then the father gives to me ten, fifty, a hundred thousand dollars. You say that is a noble request. I do not think so. That is the request of the loafer, the idler, the good for nothing deadbeat. But if I go to my father and say, "Father, do not give the money, but give me a position where I can earn honest wages and give a full return in labor for the money that I receive," then I call that a noble request. The soldier who returns from the war when he is disabled may feel grateful to the king who gives him a pension to support him during his years of helplessness, but the soldier who is strong physically ought not to want a pension. He should be glad to have had the opportunity to go forth to fight the battles of his country and his king. So the strong Christian should not desire from his God a place of ease, but a place of labor. To-day, for this coming Christmas, cannot we say to God: "O God, give to me a place to labor in thy kingdom." This is not a foolish request to make.

It is right and proper for every one to have a healthy ambition. Every man, woman and child, no matter how humble their sphere, should strive to make the mast out of life. But, though I should come to God to-day and make the sprayer, "O God, give me a position of usefulness, where I may do something for thy glory!" I should also circumscribe that prayer with another prayer. I should say, "O God, do not give me a position of earthly influence greater than that which my mental and physical and spiritual capacity to fill it seceptably.

The race is pot

were denied them. But better be the great orator who can charm only a few listeners rather than the poor speaker who disappoints a large throng. Better be the inspired writer in a small, neglected study, writing for the ages which are not yet born, rather than the incompetent statesman whose official pen is plunging a nation into international strite and who is bringing misery and woe and poverty and death to hundreds and thousands of innocent homes. When the Christian believer asks of God for a Christian believer asks of God for a Christian believer asks of fod for a christian believer to shirk work and responsibility. Neither should he ask of God a place too big, a place which hy brain and held and acception by

ity. Neither should he ask of God a place too big, a place which by brain and body and consecration he is unable to fill. Then he may not only dishonor his Master, but disappoint all his earthly friends who love him and who would be proud of his success as they will grieve at his failures.

But as I go on making these Christmas requests there comes to me still arother, which we should all be willing to make. We should all be willing to make. We should come to God and say: "O God, give me these blessings if it be thy will. Then, I beseech thee, take away my position of influence as soon as I outlive my influence for good or when I am to meet temptation greater than I can bear."

thee, take away my position of influence as soon as I outlive my influence for good or when I am to meet temptation greater than I can bear."
When I make this plea I especially make it against the temptations of the forties and the fifties and the sixties and the seventies as well as the temptations of the twenties and the temptations of the twenties and the thirties. It is easy enough to pray for help to guard against the temptations of youth. But who specially prays for help to guard against the temptations of middle and old age? Yet I for one always feel that the temptations of middle age and of old age are as great as if not greater than the temptations of the twenties.

The young man has many restrainte surrounding him which the older man has not. The young man's finances are generally low. To go to destruction stylishly and pay the way of your friends there costs money. The young man is living, as a rule, in his father's home and is carefully watched by parents and by elder sisters. He is, as a rule, looked down upon by the world at large because he is young. But when a man becomes a successful minister or lawyer or merchant then comes the greatest test of temptation. When he becomes an employer instead of an employe and there is a large account to his credit in the bank, then temptations come to him with all their most subtle enticements. No one but a successful minister knows how many temptations are ready to beckon him from the right path. No one but a successful merchant knows how easy it is to misuse his powers. When Solomon was young he was true to God. When Solomon became old he became false to the God of his fathers. O God, give to me a position of influence if it be thy will! But take away that position of influence if it be thy will!

Look Here, Mr. Rheumatic, Do You Really Want to Get Well?



If you believed that "Bu-Ju" would surely cure you, you would begin taking it once, wouldn't you?

We know that "Bu-Ju" will cure Rheumatism and back our knowledge with the be guarantee of faith in the world-Money back if "Bu-Ju" fails to Cure.

Liniments, Plasters, Blisters, Poultices, may ease the pain for a little, but they won't do any permanent good, because they never reach the cause of the trouble.

When the Kidneys are strained, weakened or diseased, poisonous matter is deposited on the nerves, causing that awful agony which we call Rheumatism. Stop the deposit, dissolve the uric acid, and there will be no Rheumatism.

That is just what "Bu-Ju" does. It strengthens the Kidneys, makes them do their work



Prevents and Cures RHEUMATISM.

Give "Bu-Ju" a fair trial and if, after taking a reasonable treatment, you do not see and feel the benefits they do you, get your money back. At Druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Large Boxes, 50c.

THE CLAFLIN CHEMICAL CO., Limited, WINDSOR, Ont.

ence when the temptations become too great for me to bear. Deliver me, O Father, from the temptations of middle life and of old age!

But, though the words of my text open wide the door of invitation for these Christmas requests, we must remember that God limits them to on. member that God limits them to one condition. Let me read the text to you: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do." If you are going to make these Christmas requests you must ask them in Christ's name. And can you ask them in Christ's name unless you yourself are part of Christ? Are you part of Christ? Have you surrendered your heart to him? Can it be that, with all your hopes and plans for next Christmas, you have not planned to celebrate that Christmas by becoming one with Jesus?

to celebrate that Christmas by becoming one with Jesus?

Ah, my friends, instead of talking about what God is going to give to you let us first for one moment talk about what you are going to give to God. You say you are young and weak and helpless. You say you do not amount to much. But, my friends, you amount to enough to have in your power the possibility of giving pleasure even to God. Do you not remember how when to much But, my friends, you have to comply to have in your power the possibility of giving pleasure even to God. Do you not remember how when you were out in the country your little baby girl went and collected a few weeds and came running to you, saying: "Here, mamma. Here are some flowers from baby" Don't you remember how you caught your darling up in your arms and placed a kiss up on her lips as you said, "What, did my baby think enough of me to give me all these?" Have you not those faded the little yellow curl you cut off just before her last sickness? And tell me, if your baby, now in heaven, made you happy by the girl of a few weeds, my limit to Christmas gift of your immore him to Christmas gift of your make you ready to make you of this time to keep forever? I tell you varily there is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repentet. My son, my son, give me thy heart!

Township.

W. Howell, of Euphemia, is clerking at the drug store during the

Township.

All the former officers, namely, Jas. T. Webster, honorary president: W. A. Gordon, president: Henry Buchanan, vice-president: Edwin Mills, treasurer: D. Corbett, secretary, were re-elected and the collectors appointed. A good audience was present and the meeting proved very interesting. The choir furnished special music for the occasion.

\$1.00 REWARD \$1.00.

Township.

W. Howell, of Euphemia, is clerking at the drug store during the busy season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gosnell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John B. Webster, Mrs. Gosnell's parents.
Rev. Mr. Ross, of Rutherford, and Mr. MacVittie, of the Florence congregation, exchanged Presbyterian pulpits on Sunday.

Mr. Allan Vansickle and wife have moved into town.

St. Matthew's Guild are preparing for a bazaar on Dec. 12th. Refreshments will be served during the evening.

Miss M. Trotter sang at the Presbyterian anniversary services in Thamesville on the 2nd inst.

The Misses Graves, of Croton, have opened a dressmaking establishment over R. Calderwood's store.

The Methodist congregation purpose holding anniversary services Dec. 16th. Full arrangements have not yet been completed.

Mr. Welter Smith and family have rented the house formerly owned by Mr. Will Mills and have moved into it for the winter.

Our artist, Miss Emma Kerby, will

RED ROSE

"IS GOOD TEA"

I wish you could pay a visit to the Red Rose Tea warehouse—the largest in Canada—and see for yourself the great skill and care that is given to the blending and packing of this famous Tea. The testing room and the packing room (where automatic electric machines, which seem almost human, are used) would interest you greatly.

If you ever visit St. John, it will be a pleasure to show you through; and after you see the care and cleanliness with which it is prepared, Red Rose Tea will taste even better than before.

will taste even better than before.

The Blue Label is especially recommended.

Prices, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and 60c., in lead packets.

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