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ins and veget- he most nutri- entrated form, simulated more or grains,

on this subject s, people run of low vitality meat. If the at first it may by the regular pepsia Tablets of these excel- r dinner will grains of meat, ood in three or malt diastase tuart's Tablets stion of starchy read, etc., and he stomach may e experienced if made of using ablets, because in and diastase t digestion, and on and stomach of the stomach, their daily use. eople, who come rvious dyspeptics, meat and insure 1 by the system- rmless, digestive art's Dyspepsia of the natural peptones and illy perform the i give the abused to rest and to d brain with the Cheap cathartic ding under the cures are useless indigestion, be- solutely no effect estion of food.

s forms is simply omach to digest e way to solve the indigestion is to eal time of a safe ; endorsed by the und known to com- principles, and all said of Stuart's oughout the United Great Britain sell rm price of fifty ment.

seemed heartless to allow a boy to do what called for the strength of a man; besides, I thought it would be economy to employ one who could do it in less time, never thinking of holding the wee man to his bargain. When he finished, however, he said, with pardonable pride:

"There, it's done! An' just as good as a man could do it, too." "Of course it is!" was my hearty rejoinder, and you deserve great credit for your pluck, too. Now, what shall I pay for your hard work?"

"Why, ten cents, of course, same's yesterday."

"Oh, but this is an exceptional case, and is well worth more," urged I.

"But I shan't take a cent more," he made haste to say, in a decided tone, as I stood with my purse open. "A bargain's a bargain, you know. Yesterday it wasn't worth a dime; to-day it's worth more, an' that's the way it evens up."

I shook my head as I attempted to hand him a larger sum, saying:

"A boy who shows such pluck, as well as a sense of honour, is deserving of better pay."

"Ten cents was the bargain, an' I'll not take a cent more," replied he, firmly, as he put his hands behind him and took a step backward.

Meantime, to learn more of the boy, I had drawn him in out of the cold, and as he pocketed his own price, to further draw him out, I said:

"It is nice for boys to earn a little spending money. Are you working for a pair of skates?"

"Skates?" Not much!" And then with an air of dignity, he added, "I'm earning the money for my folks. Pa's got typhoid fever, an' so I'm tryin' to help all I can. Ma says I'm the man of the house now."

"But do you not attend school?" next queried I.

"Oh, yes, other times I do; but now there isn't anybody else to earn money, so I have to stay out. I hate awfully to get behind, but I'll study hard an' catch up when pa gets well again."

"And what do you find to do this cold weather, when there are no paths to shovel?"

"There's a'ways something for a fellow to do, if he isn't afraid of work," was the cheery answer. "Sometimes it's wood or kindling to carry in, an' sometimes jus' errands. Some days I earn a lot, an' other days not much, but it evens up, you see, like the snow shoveling."

"Yes, such boys as you are always in demand," said I, as I looked admiringly into the manly face of the boy who was so cheerfully doing all in his power to assist his parents in a trying time, "but it seems to me that, under the circumstances, you should allow people to pay you extra for your work, especially when you are entitled to it; saving which I again opened my pocket-book.

But this boy of boys was not to be coaxed into doing what to

him seemed unbusiness like, and he suddenly donned his cap, saying:

"A bargain's a bargain. But I'm your man, just as long as you want me."

And off he started, whistling as merrily as if care-free, while the one who watched the manliest wee man she had seen in many a day, as he bounded away, half envied the mother of so noble a boy.— Helena H. Thomas, in the Young Churchman.

TARDY DEVELOPMENT OF GIRLS.

There is no time in a girl's life when she needs a mother's care and advice so much as when she is just budding into womanhood. From neglect of proper treatment at this age nine-tenths of the cases of female weakness and consumption are concerned. Who is to tell the girl what she is, what she may expect, and how to take care for herself, if her mother does not?

If your daughter seems to be going into decline, has a poor appetite, dull eyes, pimples on her face, or a pale, sallow or greenish complexion, headache, a pain in the side, is irritable and easily tired out, immediate steps should be taken to build her up, so that each organ will perform its proper functions. To delay treatment with the expectation that she will outgrow it, and that nature will bring her around in time, may make her an invalid for life, to ent her suffering only in premature death by consumption. Nature requires assistance to develop her properly, or she would not be in this weak and run-down condition, and nothing does this so completely as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great health restorer. It supplies new life, colour, and strength to the blood, which makes her a woman of perfect health, with a complexion that cannot be obtained by artificial means.

Working Girls.

The life of working girls at best is a hard one, and under the most favourable circumstances they have more to contend with than men in similar positions. The delicate female organism and the nerves of girls were never intended to be strung up to the high pitch and tension required to perform duties that are often imposed upon them.

Whether the work be in office, store, or factory, it is often one of daily misery, and there is no wonder that so many are breaking down after resorting to narcotic drugs for relief from the nervous exhaustion and fatigue from which they suffer. Such drugs deaden the nerves, and only produce a false temporary strength.

With Dr. Chase's Nerve Food it is quite different. By feeding the blood and nerves there will be a steady increase in natural strength of body and mind, that will brighten the eyes, clear the com-

plexion, and instead of the depressed and fatigued feeling, it will be one of buoyancy, with elastic step and easy movements.

Anæmia - Watery Blood.

This is an impoverished condition of the blood, which, instead of being rich, vitalizing, and strength-giving, is thin and watery, and fails to nourish the body. When the blood is in this run-down state, disease soon sets in, as it is lacking in the essential elements that sustain life. Women are more subject to this disease than men, perhaps on account of the many wasting drains peculiar to their sex.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the richest of all restorative preparations, making an ounce of new and pure blood each day, which turns the thin, pale face of the sufferer into a picture of perfect health. Weigh yourself before taking it.

JOHN'S OBJECTION.

"Look ye, man, why haven't you cleaned and polished your boots?" asked Dean Swift of his eccentric servant, John, at an inn where they had just passed the night.

"What's the use of polishing such things?" asked John, as he held up the boots, discoloured and grimy.

"Very true," said the Dean, and without further protest he put them on. Then he went on to the office and gave orders that John should have no breakfast. He partook of his own, and told the hostler to saddle the horses and lead them to the door.

"I haven't had any breakfast yet," said John.

"Oh, I can't see the use of your breakfasting; you would soon be hungry again."

John could think of no answer to such an unexpected application of his own sophistry, so he maintained a stoical silence.

They mounted and rode on, the Dean in advance reading his Prayer-Book, and the servant following at a respectable distance.

"Hark ye, my man," said a stranger whom they met, after he had observed the two closely, "you and your master seem to be an uncommonly sober pair; may I ask who you are and where you are going?"

"We are as near saints as we can be," replied John, solemnly, "and we are going to heaven, I hope. My master's praying and I'm doing the fasting."

COULDN'T MAKE A BISHOP.

Among the many good stories told of the new Bishop of London is the following:

"One day, in his beloved East End, he noticed a dirty little urchin playing beside the gutter. 'Hallo, my little man,' said the Bishop, who is a great lover of children, 'what are you doing here?' 'Making a kefeedral, was the reply. 'A cathedral,' exclaimed His Lordship, 'but where's the Bishop?' Dr. Ingram's sense

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of humour, always keen, was quite overcome when the small boy answered, 'Please, sir, I ain't got dirt enough to make a Bishop.'

"WAITING."

Learn to wait—life's hardest lesson, Conned, perchance, through blind- ing tears; While the heart-throbs sadly echo To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait hope's slow fruition; Faint not, though the way seem long; There is joy in each condition, Hearts, through suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome, Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower; Greatest oaks owe half their greatness To the scathing tempests power.

Thus a soul, untouched by sorrow, Aims not at a higher state; Joy seeks not a bright morrow— Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness Spring not from life's sunny side; Heroes must be more than driftwood Floating on a waveless tide.

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