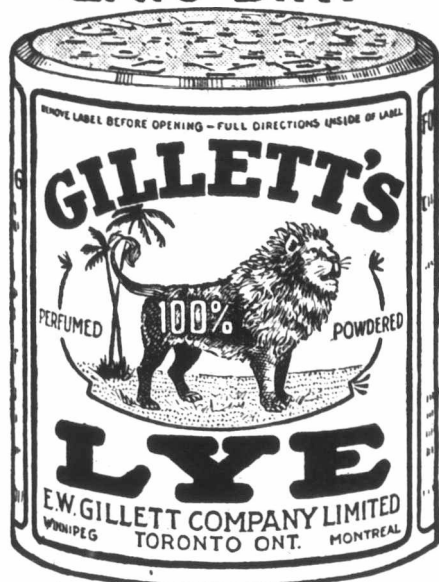


GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



NAMING THE BABY.

Did you ever try to think of a name for a tiny little baby. It was hard work because no name seemed half as nice as baby, and you were so afraid it would not suit when the baby grew to be big.

Many people of foreign countries have a regular way to select the baby's name, and perhaps it saves some worry.

A Hindu baby is named when twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles. To each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that turns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The children of the Ainu, a people living in northern Japan, do not

JAPANESE FIREWORKS.

They come on at three o'clock every afternoon at the Canadian National Exhibition, and they never fail to start a craning of necks all over the grounds. The youngsters go wild with delight as they scramble for those tissue paper figures that float gently down from the exploding balls high above the banners and towers of the Exhibition City.

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receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards to be called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, Number Four, and so on, according to their birth.

In Russia when a baby is baptized, the priest shaves the top of the baby's head in the form of a cross. The godfather gathers the soft downy hair together and mixes it with drippings from a candle into a tiny ball. This is dropped in the baptismal font, and, if it sinks, the parents believe the baby will die within a year; if it floats, everyone is happy.—Union Gospel News.



ELEPHANT V. ALLIGATOR.

Mr. Dan Crawford, the missionary, who has followed up Dr. Livingstone's work in Central Africa, and has returned to civilization after an absence of over twenty years in the Dark Continent, has published a book of experiences in which he describes many remarkable and thrilling incidents. He tells, for instance, of a fight he once witnessed between an elephant and a crocodile. "The elephant," says Mr. Crawford, "came down in the tropical effulgence of moonlight to bathe in the fen-marshes, their gleeful splashing quite lively. Timid, little baby calves shrinking on the edge, and refusing to plunge, the mother coming up and squirting a shower-bath as their share in the fun. Comical little rogues these, standing about four feet high, skin falling in little folds, and far too big for them. There they are, looking exactly like a dozen youngsters wearing the coats and trousers of their elder brothers. This submerged marsh, however, be it noted, is alive with 'crocs,' and these reptiles quite coolly commence to nip poor Jumbo's toes, forgetful of the fact that Jumbo's trunk is Jumbo's glory. At any rate, Nemesis falls like a bolt from the blue, for, smacking like a long whip, down comes that elephant's trunk, twisting round the crocodile's tail, and—tableau! With one half-shriek, half-squeak, the long, greenish-yellow 'croc.' is seen flying over the marsh—flop! splash! thirty yards off. That deft, tight grip of the tusker took off the huge reptile's tail, and the way, in the moonlight, he waved it theatrically aloft, like the figure-of-eight smack of a whip, doubtless made that crocodile unto the third and fourth generation resolve never again to meddle with an elephant's toes."

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TEDDY BOY'S RESCUE

By Barbara Yechton.

Before Teddy went to grandpa's farm in the country for a holiday, and before grandma had invited Johnnie, the sick boy on the roof—across the yard from Teddy's house—to go, too, something happened that I must tell you about.

As Teddy always said, 'twas Sukie that started it—late in the afternoon.

"Ef that grocer ain't done forgot them oranges!" she said. "Teddy, honey, you run roun' an' tell 'im to send 'em this very minute! Now run—like a good boy!"

There was to be company to dinner. The lady was in the parlor, now, with mother. And her husband was coming home with daddy, so Teddy knew the case was urgent.

"All right!" he said, and went on the errand.

As it happened, the grocer had just

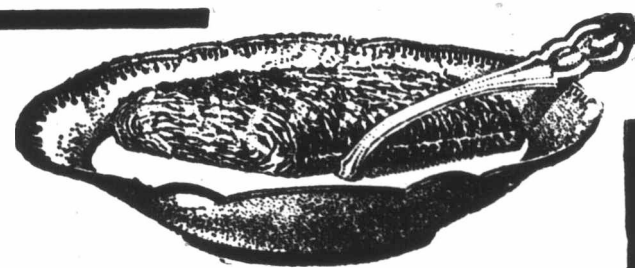
sent his boy round with the missing fruit. So Teddy walked leisurely homeward. Being dressed for dinner, he knew he need not hurry. If it hadn't been so late—after six—he would have stopped to see his friend, Johnnie Byrnes, who could not walk, and had to lie on the roof of his house in the sunshine every fine day. Teddy had given him a canary; and together the boys had made up a set of signals—a "code" they called it—by which they sent messages across the yards to one another. And once the "code" had been of great service to Teddy and his family.

Johnnie's big brother Tim, whom Teddy had never met, always came home about six o'clock, and took Johnnie downstairs for the night. So Teddy concluded he would not call in there just then. If grandma would only ask Johnnie to go to the farm for a little visit, thought Teddy, as he walked along, what a perfectly jolly time they two would have together—

"Hullo! What's that?" exclaimed Teddy, suddenly.

Across the open lot on his left came a crowd of boys. Over and around

Three Meals a Day



are three too many if they are not appetizing, wholesome and nourishing. Cut out heavy meats and starchy vegetables for a while—eat

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