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Head Office, Toronto, Can.

#### MARY AND THE BAIRN.

By J. Dodd Jackson.

A Story in Three Parts

##### PART 1

The story is almost forgotten now, but when someone mentioned it in our wandering talk the veteran put his hand to his ear and listened eagerly. In a manner the tale was told again, and he followed every word with eager attention. He had only been a member of the Fraternal for a short time, having been invited to join us on his settlement as a superannuated minister in our town, with which he was reported to have had old-time associations. Hitherto he had never spoken in our sessions, save to acknowledge the courtesy of his invitation and the welcome he had received on his first visit. We were all surprised when, with much vivacity of manner, he interposed as the speaker finished his narrative,

and prepared to point its moral. "Excuse me, you've got it quite wrongly," he said. "I know it from beginning to end, and can tell the whole matter as it happened."

"I don't think it ever really did happen," said "the heretic." I doubt the historicity of the whole narrative. No woman ever would, or ever could, act as that woman is said to have acted. It is psychologically impossible!"

The veteran laughed curiously, and "the heretic" flushed a little. He has been accustomed to be treated with some little awe, due to his reputation as a denier of things most commonly received. Of course, the old man had not yet taken his measure, and would no doubt learn his lesson in time. Meanwhile, with what appeared a waste of emphasis, he asserted the truth of the tale. "I can tell you when it occurred, and I can tell you where, and I can tell you how," he proclaimed. It was useless to try to turn the torrent of his eloquence; we prepared ourselves to listen with what appearance of interest we could command, and thus the story ran:

#### How Nature Cures an All Too Common Ill

And Why Drugs Are Being Used Less and Less for that Purpose

The custom of Internal Bathing for keeping the intestines pure, clean and free from poisonous matter—curing constipation, biliousness and the more serious diseases which they bring on—has become so universally popular and so scientifically correct in its application as to merit the most serious consideration.

Drugs for this purpose have proven that their doses must be constantly increased to be effective, that they force Nature instead of assisting her, and, once taken, must be continued.

On the contrary, the scientifically constructed Internal Bath gently assists Nature but is infinitely more thorough in its cleanliness than any drug, no matter what its nature. The J. B. L. Cascade, which is now being used and praised by thousands and prescribed by many eminent physicians, is now being shown and explained by the Owl Drug Stores in Toronto.

Its action is so simple and natural as to immediately appeal to all common sense. That is the reason for its great and deserved popularity.

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"As to when it occurred: it was in 1848; and as to where: it was not a mile from this very place. The house that Mary—for that was the woman's name—lived in was in what was called, for a joke, Quality Row, though the name of the street, if street it could be termed, was Piper's Buildings. It has gone now, thank God! and the railway station stands upon the ground. For noise and dust and smoke the station is bad enough, but better twenty roaring stations than one Quality Row, as it used to be. Its old and dilapidated houses reeked with disease as they reeked with

Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take **Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers**. They do not contain phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

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wickedness, and only the lowest of the low would live in them—foul, drinking men; coarse, cursing, quarrelling women, screaming, savage children sprawling and fighting in the gutter. 'He lives in Piper's Buildings, your worship,' was about as damaging a thing as could be said concerning a prisoner before the bench. The case was prejudiced from the commencement, and in the almost certain event of a conviction, the punishment was sure to be 'according to the utmost rigour of the law.'

"It was in 'Number Seven' that Mary lived. 'Number Seven' had three floors, and provided habitation for as many families. Mary and her husband and the bairn lived in the lowest story. The husband, Joe Meadows, was a labourer, and there were far worse men in the Row. Of course, he drank and cursed, as all his neighbours did; but he was neither a thief nor a poacher. He was not a wife-beater, and he was not over and above lazy. Then he did care for the bairn in his own rough fashion, and the way in which the poor little chap had come into his house was all to his credit. He had stood one night by the bed of a cousin who, from hard living, was coming to his end at five-and-thirty. Only a year before his wife had preceded him through the dark valley, and the bairn was all she had left. 'Joe,' said poor Ned, 'wiltak' him an' look after him a bit, poor little 'un'? He'll soon be able to go to factory, Joe, and then he'll cost thee nowt. Not much fathering has he had fra' me, but I canna go wi'out seein' him provided for somehow, an' none o' our lot ever went to th' union, Joe.' Almost as he pleaded, the man died, and Joe had carried the child home to Quality Row the same night. He was a rough, ignorant man, ready always with an oath and a blow, but, for all that, he did in his own way show kindness to the 'boy; and the lad, who had known but little tenderness, loved him well. He had been almost happy, had none been worse to him than drunken, swearing Joe.

"But someone was worse—there was Mary! What a woman she was! From the very day of his coming her heart was set against the lad. Perhaps it was because she had been made childless by the loss of a little boy only a week before he came. Another circumstance, that might have something to do with it was that her

child had been deformed and apparently idiotic, and a neighbour woman, on the first morning after the orphan had come into the house had made some tactless comparison which had set all Mary's jealousy ablaze.

(Continued in Next Issue).

## My Digestion Is Now Good

And I Feel Like a Young Man Since Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.



Prof. A. T. Smith.

What a horrible condition the digestive system gets into when the liver becomes sluggish and the bowels constipated. The poisonous waste matter is thrown back into the blood stream and finds its way into all parts of the body, causing pains and aches and feelings of fatigue and misery.

It is wonderful how quickly Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills sweep the poisons from the digestive system and enable the organs of digestion to resume their natural functions.

Prof. A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles street, Montreal, and formerly of Boston, Mass., writes:—"I suffered for many years from bad digestion, constipation and horrible backaches. I have been treated by many doctors without any results. One day a friend in Boston advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes I noticed great improvement, and after the fourth box I was completely cured. My digestion is good. I never feel any pain in the back. My head is clear and I feel like a young man. I think Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are one of the best medicines on earth."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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