

Cutlery
Easily Quickly
Thoroughly Cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser

Our minister had but lately returned from a tour in the Holy Land, and he had on several occasions mentioned some of the curious things he saw there. The point of interest on this particular Sunday was the symbols which are to be seen above the doors of some of the houses in Palestine. In Jerusalem the symbol is that of a hand, denoting the belief of the inmates that they are dwelling under the protection of God's hand. The symbol looks as though the workman, in painting the door, had placed the palm of his hand on the wet paint.

In Gaza, the sign takes the form of what might be a tree—one long stroke with two smaller ones on either side of it. This quite evidently was originally a hand, but with the passing of time has become what is now to be seen, a sign with only a superstitious meaning.

Above the doors of some of the Christian homes in Bethlehem and Nazareth may be found ordinary crosses, and on other houses there are Maltese crosses. In Essault, or Sault, a more modern town, the cross and tree are combined, this sign, of course, being only found above the doors of Christians.

Our minister also told us that some of the Egyptians show their belief in the protecting power of their gods by

painting above their doors the outstretched wings of the huge vulture, with the sun in the centre.

DOES MA WISH SHE WAS PA?

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Said pa, one winter's night;
"I'd go down south an' stay awhile,
Where days are warm and bright."
He sat an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing,"
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet),
Fetched cheese and doughnuts, made the tea;
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez pa. "I'd have a snap."
Next from the lounge we heard a snore;
Pa—at his ey'nin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed and put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa woke an' sez, "It's time fer bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

A GIFT GARDEN.

By Frances Kirkland.

One, two, three, four, five packets of garden seeds in Bobby's pocket. Bobby slipped his hand over them that he might count them again. Yes, they were all there—the tiny lettuce seed, the radish packet, the big beans and corn and the smaller "pickle seed," as Bobby called the package of cucumber seed.

WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY TRY
"SALADA"

Iced Tea with a slice of lemon in it. It will refresh you wonderfully and besides it's invigorating and absolutely pure.

Allow the tea to steep for five minutes and then pour off into another vessel to cool gradually. Never use artificial means of cooling until ready to serve; then add sugar, ice and lemon.

Uncle Will had given the seeds to Bobby that morning as he was on his way to school. Yesterday grandfather had marked off a piece of ground in the garden and called it Bobby's land. The ground had been ploughed and broken by the harrow. To-day Bobby intended to smooth it with a rake and pick out all the stones, then he and his grandfather would plant the seeds in straight rows. After all the seeds were planted Bobby would have to wait days and days while the seeds swelled and burst. At last the little green shoots would break through the soil. Bobby thought he would be very happy to see them, but he would have to set to work then to keep the weeds out of his garden and to water the tender plants when the ground became parched and dry.

Bobby knew how to take care of his garden, because he had often watched grandfather at work. This was the first garden Bobby had ever had of his very own. Father had given him a notebook so that he might keep a record of his planting time and also of the dates when the first seeds begin to peep; for of course they would not all spring up at the same time. Do you know which of Bobby's seeds came up first?

"But what are you going to do with your vegetables?" grandfather asked Bobby.

"Perhaps he'll sell them," father suggested.

But Bobby said, "Wait, just wait and see."

And mother said, "It's his own garden; let him do what he pleases with his vegetables."

The others answered, "Yes, oh, yes, let the boy do what he pleases with his garden."

Then Bobby smiled a broad, big smile and kept quiet.

One morning, weeks after, Bobby's mother looked in her refrigerator and there lay the crispest, whitest lettuce just waiting to be made into a delicious salad.

"Why who? Why where —" cried Bobby's mother, then she turned and there was Bobby behind the kitchen door, laughing.

"It's a gift from my garden," he explained.

Bobby's mother thanked him as prettily as she thanked Mrs. Brown for making her a fine surprise birthday cake.

Grandfather got the next surprise—a dish of pretty red radishes. How he did enjoy them!

"It's just a little gift from my garden," said Bobby laughing merrily.

After that Bobby's gifts came fast and thick. Mealtime often found his vegetables all ready to be eaten. How they all enjoyed the delicious beans and cucumbers and later the ears of sweet corn. The neighbors, also, received gifts from Bobby, for though the garden was small, careful culture made it very productive.

"Bless the boy, it's a gift garden he has!" cried grandfather, as he leaned over the fence and watched Bobby at work.

"Yes," Bobby answered; "it was given to me and now I am having the fun of sharing it with other people."

VALLEY FORGE, U.S.A.

The Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge has recently received three notable memorials. The Commander's Door, given by Chapter 2 Philadelphia of the Colonial Dames of America was the first. Next the Colonial Dames of America presented the New York Bay in the Cloister of the Colonies. In it there is a stone pulpit which will be used for open-air services. A richly carved doorway opens from the Bay into the garth. The third memorial is the New Jersey State panel in the roof of the Republic. This panel is richly carved.

Had a Stroke of Paralysis

And Found a Cure in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

It is always better to prevent serious diseases of the nerves. There are many warnings, such as sleeplessness, irritability, headaches and nervous indigestion.

Prostration, paralysis and locomotor ataxia only come when the nervous system is greatly exhausted. Even though your ailment may not yet be very serious, there is a great satisfaction in knowing that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will cure paralysis in its earlier stages.

Mrs. R. Bright, 215 Booth Avenue, Toronto, writes: "Two years ago my husband had a stroke which left him in a weak, nervous condition. He started taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills, and we saw the good results almost immediately. They have made a new man of my husband and we cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Limited, Toronto.

"GOIN' FISHIN'?"

Of course you are! But where?

Almost innumerable unfished waters in new territory are made accessible by the rapid expansion of the Canadian Northern lines from year to year.

The Transcontinental from Montreal and Ottawa westwards will pass through the northern part of Algonquin National Park with its hundreds of lakes teeming with fish.

Through the virgin territory north of Lake Superior, noble rivers and streams in abundance, that rival the world-famed Nepigon waters for trout fishing, cross the line.

In the famous Rainy River country, bordering on Minnesota, is Quetico Park, an Ontario Government Reserve, 1,000,000 acres in extent and dotted with uncounted lakes where fish abound.

Every angler should read "Where to Fish" and "The Rainy River District—Quetico Forest Reserve." Write and ask

R. L. FAIRBAIN, General Passenger Agent
68 King Street East. TORONTO, Ont., for them.

