

The Object

OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS TO
INDUCE YOU TO TRY

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

Get a Package.
Lead Packets.

It Really Merits a Trial.
All Grocers.

the lid of the basket a trifle and disclosing the wares inside.

"Going to sell crabs?" Mr. Wilkinson indulged in a little laugh as he pointed at the basket. "My dear young man, don't you know that crabs won't live away from salt water, and these you have are too small to eat. Cockles, now, are good food. Why didn't you fill your basket with cockles?"

Porter Groggins, who was passing with some luggage at this moment, smiled and remarked in tones loud enough to reach the ears of the group:

"He won't catch nobody soft enough to buy his crabs here today."

Ralph turned around angrily, but Porter Groggins had started off at a run as he uttered the last word, and was making such a racket with his truck that it was useless to try and make him hear.

"Well, I am not going away from here until I can see what I can do," Ralph said, throwing back his head.

"All right, young man. You'll believe what you yourself find to be true," Mr. Wilkinson said as he passed along, stopping a moment to add, "But I think it was rather unfair of Ernest to fill his pail with cockles, and then not tell you that cockles sell better than crabs."

An hour later the two boys left the station, Ernest with an empty pail, and a penny in his pocket, Ralph with a full basket and a consciousness that for once he had known too much.

Jimmy Walsh was presented with his puzzle the next day, but there was no jolly outing down the pier for Ernest and Ralph. However, the latter had learned his lesson, and the next time someone who knows better than he tries to impart useful information to him, he will be readier to accept it than he was when Ernest and he stood beside the little rocks.

CONSECRATION.

"Consecration is a putting of our will into a certain attitude to God's will." It is simply giving God a chance to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. It is a yielding, a surrender, an appropriation. Mr. Meyer said that the discovery of this truth was the great experience of his life. He was asked by one who saw his need, "Are you living day by day as if you were absolutely the property of Christ?" He acknowledged that he was not. He

retired to his chamber for prayer and meditation, and there alone by himself saw that he was Christ's.

"All Worked Out."

Weak in Body, With Trembling Nerves, Aching Head and Feelings of Depression and Discouragement.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

What hosts of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case. "They are all worked out." They have spent their nerve force and vitality in the care of their children, in the daily grind of house work, in nursing the sick and suffering, in attending to social duties and church work, and in spite of headaches, weakness and feelings of weariness and depression have kept going.

But there is a limit to human possibilities, and sooner or later there must come a day of reckoning. With some it takes the form of nervous collapse and prostration, with others serious feminine disorders set in and often there are weary months and years of helplessness and infirmity.

But why neglect the health until the vitality is so far depleted? Dr. Chase, the woman's friend, has put within the reach of every woman a preparation which restores wasted nerves and builds up run down systems. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is, on account of its mild and gentle action, especially suited to the needs of women. It supplies the body with an abundance of pure, rich, life-giving blood and puts new vigor into every organ.

Mrs. Dick, 54 Hayden street, Toronto, states:—"I think Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a grand medicine, for I was all run down in health when I began to use it, and can say to-day that my health is much better than it has been for years. My nerves were weak and exhausted. I could not sleep at nights and suffered very much from severe nervous headaches. This medicine seemed to be exactly what I needed, as it has freed me of these distressing symptoms."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

not by his own act of consecration, but His any way, and that consecration was only a recognition and acceptance of this fact. "Ever since that day," said Mr. Meyer, "I have rejoiced with Paul to call myself the slave of Jesus Christ."

Then followed these words of deep wisdom, which ought to be written in the heart of every believer, whether old or young: "Do not try to feel that you are His, and do not try to make yourself His. You are His; recognize this blessed fact, and live in the power of it."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The Rev. A. W. Snyder tells how in a certain parish the morning service was well attended; but the attendance at the evening service was miserably meagre. There came a change. "One of the Vestry resolved to amend his ways. He heard the church bells ring, hastily put on his coat and hat and went. He was late. The congregation was small. Here and there in the central part of the church, there were scattered a few people. They had a lonely look. Our Vestryman being late, too, slipped into the first vacant pew, and during the sermon fell into a vague reverie. The vacant space before him seemed the clearing near his childhood home. The backs of the scattered few were its blackened stumps, and the voice of the far-away preacher was as the rumbling of the old mill in the valley. But suddenly the stumps arose; the vision vanished. He knew he was in a church, and that the sermon was over. Then they sang

"Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise."

But no flames did arise. Even Lacordaire could not have moved men under such circumstances. As our Vestryman went his way he resolved that this state of things should last no longer. The next day he went to the church wardens and talked the matter over. They saw, first, every member of the Vestry. Each one of them acknowledged his carelessness and fault in the matter. Each of them promised that for the next three months he would not miss a Sunday evening service. They promised to speak quietly to everyone they could and try to get from them a like promise. The next Sunday night every Vestryman was at the church and many more beside. The service was prompt, hearty, inspiring. The Rector was astonished.

"Those Vestrymen went from God's House that night with a quickened conscience and with a new sense of their duty, privileges and responsibility in the work of bringing men to Christ. They kept their word. They found pleasure in it. Their example was contagious. Their words were caught up and repeated by those who heard them. The good work has gone on. A revolution has been wrought in that parish."

No doubt many a Rector would approve of such a "surprise."

—Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.

An Object Lesson

In a Restaurant.

A physician puts the query: "Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty, vigorous old men at the tables; men whose ages run from 60 to 80 years; many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile?"

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson which means something.

If you will notice what these hearty old fellows are eating you will observe that they are not munching bran crackers or gingerly picking their way through a menu card of new fangled health foods; on the contrary they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned loin of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food, and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bran crackers.

There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee and many other good things are rank poisons, but these cadaverous, sickly looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories.

The matter in a nutshell is that if the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantity any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress, one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remove all difficulty because they supply just what every weak stomach lacks, pepsin, hydrochloric acid, diastase and nux.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels, and, in fact, are not strictly a medicine, as the act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly, and thus gives a much needed rest and giving an appetite for the next meal.

Of people who travel nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time, and also having found out by experience that they are a safe-guard against indigestion in any form, and eating as they have to, at all hours and all kinds of food, the traveling public for years have pinned their faith to Stuart's Tablets.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full-sized packages, and any druggist from Maine to California, if his opinion were asked, will say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble.