

son's, uttered in haste or it never would have been said at all, for Harry was a kind-hearted boy, who would not willingly offend in word or deed. The boys sat together in Sunday School, and as the rector announced the service for Thanksgiving Day, he asked that the choir-boys especially should take heed, for in a very especial way the words he meant to speak were for them. And he went on to say: "We are to meet together on Thursday to give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the benefits He has bestowed on us; for our homes, our families, our food, the harvests of the earth, for our clothing and shelter, our friends and our health. The choir will assemble for an extra rehearsal on Wednesday afternoon, and I want every boy on hand. Count your blessings, children, and I am sure that you will each one offer to God a thankful heart."

You Can See How it Heals

No question or doubt as to the healing power of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

To people who have used internal treatment in an effort to cure eczema it is almost beyond belief what benefit can be obtained by a few applications of this soothing, healing ointment.

It is seldom that the cause of eczema can be determined, but one thing is certain, the itching must be stopped and the sores healed up.

These results are secured by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment. The itching is relieved almost instantly and you will be surprised at the healing which will take place overnight.

A little patience and persistent treatment with Dr. Chase's Ointment will give you more practical and definite results than a whole lot of dosing with internal medicines. You can see how the Ointment heals. The other is guesswork.

Mr. Geo. Peterson, South Bay, Ont., writes:—"I wish to communicate to you the great benefit I received from using Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment. For years I suffered with a great skin disease on my head, a sort of eczema. I tried four doctors, giving each a fair trial, but got no better. In fact, the disease spread to my left arm.

"I saw Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised and began using it. Persistent use of this treatment has entirely cured me, and I give you a statement of my case with pleasure, as I hope thereby to induce some other sufferer to try the same Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Because this ointment has made its world-wide reputation by curing the most severe and long-standing cases of eczema and piles is no reason why you should overlook its scores of uses in the relief of itching and irritation of the skin.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Company, Toronto.



A New Head In 30 Minutes

Exchange that aching, throbbing, suffering, muddled head for a clear, cool, comfortable one by taking a

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer

25c. a box at your druggists' or by mail from National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

"I'm thankful for my new suit," exclaimed Harry. "When are you going to get one, Billy? You need it badly, don't you? I can almost see skin through your sleeve."

"You can't!" answered Billy hotly. "Mother darned it last night."

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"I can, too. You needn't be so touchy! It's bursting out again," said Harry, carelessly.

Billy blushed hotly, and Harry seeing the danger-signal, stopped his comments. But they had sowed within the heart of our small hero the fast-growing seed of discontent.

"Count your blessings," the rector had said. Billy began to count Harry's, which is exactly the wrong way to go to work. If you want to be very thankful, always look around for the person who has fewer blessings; that is a sure way to develop gratitude and contentment.

But Billy began with Harry's! Harry's house, which was bigger, oh, ever so much bigger than his! and Harry's new suit, with its nine pockets, and Harry's shiny-visored cap, and Harry's kid gloves, sticking out of his pockets; and Harry's blue-edged handkerchief, surmounting them. Now if Billy had only looked a little farther down the line, he might have counted a sum total of quite another kind. For there sat Timmy Tilson, the little lame boy who hobbled to Sunday School each Sunday from the Orphans' Home, away up the street—Timmy in his faded blue-check jacket, with the lean look of heart-hunger in his face; Timmy, whose mother had died when he was a wee baby, and whose lot had not fallen in pleasant places, until kind people had found him a place in the Home.

But Billy was blinded by selfishness at this particular moment, and he didn't even see Timmy at all. Then school was dismissed and Billy found himself gloomily walking down the street, with discontent in his soul, and a hot feeling in his hasty heart.

Just in front of him moved Timmy—halting now and then to pause upon his crutches and take rest. Billy had never spoken to Timmy. He didn't know him at all, and to tell the truth, he didn't really want to, for Billy liked to play baseball and football and active things, and he liked best the boys who could join in the games. He had his head down, studying his patched shoe, and did not notice the sudden disappearance of the little figure before him into the bushes at the roadside. So he actually jumped, when a

moment later, a weak voice called to him: "Say, would you mind stopping a minute, to help me to get up? I can't seem to do it myself. My crutch is caught, and I'm on my lame leg."

Billy stopped at once, quite ready and glad to play the good Samaritan. "Why, it's too bad you fell!" he said, with ready sympathy. "Wait a minute until I get the crutch free, then I'll pull you up. You're all out of breath; don't you think that you had better rest here for a while?"

"I didn't know that I was going to tumble!" panted Timmy, as he sat down on the bank. "My best leg gives out once in a while when I least expect it."

Billy looked at him with a flash of pity and self-reproach. He read something in the frank blue eyes a look of valor and brave endurance, which was quite different from the hale and hearty courage of the boys who were his friends. The eyes were steadfast and did not falter. They smiled back, while Timmy went on speaking:

"I'm real glad that it was you who picked me up. I've always liked your looks. And I like your mother, too. She was very kind to me once, when I was going by the house where you live. She gave me a glass of milk. It was a hot day, and it tasted good, I can tell you."

"Where's your mother?" asked Billy slowly. It was nice to hear pleasant things about his mother; perhaps Timmy would tell him something about his own.

"She's dead!" answered Timmy shortly, and a big tear splashed from his troubled eyes. Billy gasped in dismay. A crying boy! Why; the boys he knew never seemed to cry; they could be pounded and cut on the ball-field and they gloried in their pain. But this was deeper and harder to bear, an inner hurt and loss such as Billy had never known. The brief phrase took his mind back to the look upon his mother's face when she mentioned his father. "My father's dead, too," he said. And then he looked away, that Timmy might not see the tears which had come to his own eyes, and he looked up, which is a good direction for tear-filled eyes to choose, and the blue sky seemed a pleasant, far-away land, where thankful people gathered around the Great White Throne. The brief moment seemed to knit the hearts of the two boys together, and they felt that now they were truly friends. They walked on together, when Timmy was rested, and Billy asked him to come in to supper, an invitation which he was sure his mother would second.

He told her the whole story when the little visitor was gone—the discontent and grumbling over life's comparisons, and his sudden stopping in the way. "And I tell you, Mother," he said, "I'm thankful now—so thank-

ful that I can scarcely wait until Thursday; for you see I might have been a lame boy, or a boy without his mother," and he gave her a great hug.—Dorothy Shepherd, in "The Young Christian Soldier."

Nervous Dyspepsia

A CURE FOR ALL.

Not a Patent Cure-All, Nor a Modern Miracle, But Simply a Rational Cure For Dyspepsia.

In these days of humbuggery and deception, the manufacturers of patent medicines, as a rule, seem to think their medicines will not sell unless they claim that it will cure every disease under the sun. And they never think of leaving out dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They are sure to claim that their nostrum is absolutely certain to cure every dyspeptic and he need look no further.

In the face of these absurd claims it is refreshing to note that the proprietors of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have carefully refrained from making any undue claims or false representations regarding the merits of this most excellent remedy for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They make but one claim for it, and that is, that for indigestion and various stomach troubles Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a radical cure. They go no farther than this, and any man or woman suffering from indigestion, chronic or nervous dyspepsia, who will give the remedy a trial will find that nothing is claimed for it that the facts will not fully sustain.

It is a modern discovery, composed of harmless vegetable ingredients acceptable to the weakest or most delicate stomach. Its great success in curing stomach troubles is due to the fact that the medicinal properties are such that it will digest whatever wholesome food is taken into the stomach, no matter whether the stomach is in good working order or not. It rests the overworked organ and replenishes the body, the blood, the nerves, creating a healthy appetite, giving refreshing sleep and the blessings which always accompany a good digestion and proper assimilation of food.

In using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets no dieting is required. Simply eat plenty of wholesome food and take these Tablets at each meal, thus assisting and resting the stomach, which rapidly regains its proper digestive power, when the Tablets will be no longer required.

Nervous Dyspepsia is simply a condition in which some portion or portions of the nervous system are not properly nourished. Good digestion invigorates the nervous system and every organ in the body.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at 50 cents per package.