

The Real Cure For An All Too Common Ill

No, this does not consist of some special or new form of drug, because drugs are not a permanent cure for Constipation. The real cure for Constipation is something that will appeal at once to your commonsense, because this cure consists simply of pure sterilized water.

The sufferer from Constipation usually realizes the danger of his affliction, because from Constipation arises the vast number of more serious diseases brought about by the retention and promulgation of germ life in the system, in turn caused by our failure to get rid of this waste.

Such a sufferer has probably tried all kinds of drugs, and his experience is enough to prove that drugs form only a temporary relief, and require constant use in constantly increasing doses to be at all efficacious. The sufferer greatly adds to his illness by becoming a slave to this drug habit.

How much simpler and saner is this method of Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, inventor of the J. B. L. Cascade—an appliance now endorsed by physicians everywhere, and used by over 300,000 people. With this system of the internal bath, you dispense with drugs entirely, and you secure a perfectly natural treatment that brings about immediate relief and gradually attains a sure and permanent cure.

Hundreds of people have enthusiastically endorsed this treatment, as Mr. E. Nighswander, of Green River, Ont., who writes: "For years I have been troubled with Constipation, ulcers in the bowels, and piles, which all the money and doctors only seemed to relieve temporarily. The J. B. L. Cascade has completely cured these troubles, and I feel it a duty I owe to my fellow-men to endorse the Cascade in the very highest terms. No amount of money could estimate the value it has been to me. No home should be without a CASCADE."

Write for Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's book, "Why Man of Today Is Only 50% Efficient." We will gladly send you this free if you will address Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, Room 561-6, 280 College St., Toronto.

"Why, yes," Marguerite answered quickly. "There is the cave by the river. Follow me."

No one was yet in sight, and without a word the two sped toward a little grove of trees and bushes above the river. Marguerite pushed the thick curtain of bushes aside and revealed a dark opening in the rocks. "Follow me," she said again, and led the way down a rocky and very dimly-lighted passage way. Soon the narrow pathway widened, and at the

other end there shone the sunny waters of the Seine. Here the child stood still.

"They will never find you here," she said. "No one knows of this place but father and mother and me. Sometimes I come here to play. See, here is a soft seat of fir branches. When it's dark perhaps father will come for you in the boat. It's easier that way."

The man's eyes were now becoming used to the half darkness, and he looked around the little cave with a great thankfulness in his heart for this place of rest and safety. "God bless you," he said, as his little friend turned to go back. "Will you accept this little gift from me?" He put a small book into her hands, and with a hurried, "Thank you," she sped toward the cottage.

Scarcely had she entered it when two horsemen came in sight. They drew up their galloping horses at the door and dismounted.

Marguerite's heart beat fast, for she knew they were the king's soldiers. She had acted without a thought of what might be the result, but now she felt afraid. "Love your enemies," were words she had never heard, for neither she nor her parents had ever read the Bible. Only the priests were allowed to read it. Yet her own heart had bidden her to help this poor man in his trouble.

The men came in and enquired for Mr. St. Claire. Hearing that he was away, one of them, a dark, fierce-looking man said, "Well, perhaps you can tell us if one of those preacher men came this way not long ago, a tall, fair man dressed in grey."

Marguerite grew pale, but did not answer.

"Speak up, girl!" the man cried impatiently, and she answered timidly, "Yes."

"Good! Now tell me which of these two roads he took."

Again Marguerite kept silent.

"Speak up, and be quick about it," the man commanded roughly.

"Or it will be the worse for you," the other added.

Marguerite's breath came fast, but she kept her lips tight shut. The man laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and shook her roughly. "Now will you speak?" he thundered

She looked up at him with a sudden courage, and answered, "I will not tell you."

"What! you won't! We'll see about that, you little rebel," and again she was shaken till her teeth knocked together.

"Now will you tell?"

"No."

The two men laughed mockingly, and a hard hand tightened round her wrist in a grip that made her almost scream out with pain. Still she stood firm.

"Put a bullet through her, Pierre," the man cried, "and be done with it."

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HIGHEST AWARD—ST. LOUIS, 1904.

"Not yet," the other replied, taking aim at the cat which came purring toward its little mistress. Quick as a flash Marguerite sprang forward and seized her pet in her protecting arms. The bullet struck her bonnet and knocked it from her head. White and trembling she faced her tormentors again.

The dark man then thrust the muzzle of his gun almost into her face. "Speak now," he cried, "or you shall never speak again. Which way went the heretic?"

It would have been so easy to tell an untruth and save herself, for either way the stranger would be safe, but it would have been Marguerite's first lie. "I shall never tell you," her white lips whispered.

The dark face grew darker and more cruel. There sounded the click of a rifle. But the other man sprang forward. "Let the child alone," he said; "we butcher none but heretics, and the St. Claires are loyal to king and faith. As for this self-willed maid, she will know better by-and-by and she is a plucky one. Let her go. We are only wasting time."

To this the angry soldier assented with an oath, and flung the girl roughly into the midst of her daisy-bordered flower-bed. When she arose, faint and dizzy, the men had ridden away.

With a great thankfulness she re-entered the cottage, and at once her glance fell upon the stranger's little book. It was a New Testament. Marguerite had learned to read and she was soon absorbed in the new and wonderful story.

Just as the stars were coming out in all their glory Mr. and Mrs. St. Claire returned with the news that the sick one was out of danger. They trembled as Marguerite told them of her own strange adventure, and of the little book.

With awe and fear her parents opened the forbidden book and read for the first time the glad sweet story of the kind and loving Saviour to Whom they need not fear to pray freely. Their eyes were opened and they no longer wondered that thousands were ready to endure torture and death rather than deny such a blessed hope.

It was late and dark when Mr. St. Claire went to the cave and rowed the stranger to a place of safety. During the voyage down the river they

spoke in low tones together, and Mr. St. Claire learned many things.

Before another month had passed both the fugitive and the St. Claire family had fled in safety to England where thousands of their countrymen found peace and liberty in new and happy homes.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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