

IDS—RUIN

OR LIFE.

Smooth and
s Soon As
ou Allow
ue Your
Dis-
red

Package

is of the im-
ugh the skin
parts of the
ples, black-
s, eczema,
bby crusts,
simple and
in, red skin
carbuncles,
nue indefin-
roy the skin
figure your
lands in the
nd fatty se-
the nourish-
en destroyed
thus causing
s, and leav-
nd shrunken

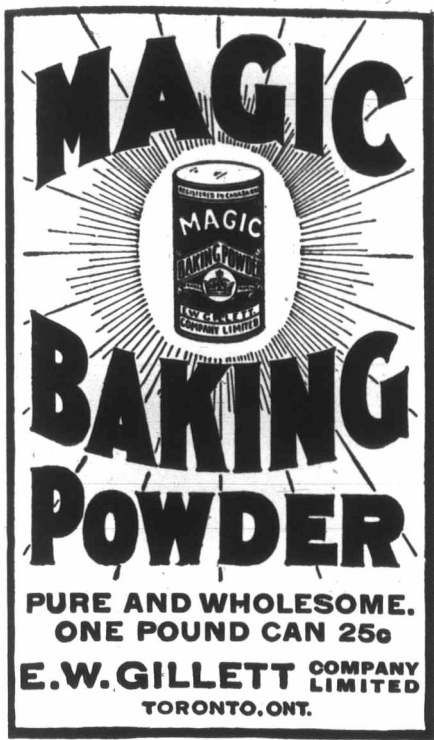
s have made
all skin dis-
not contain
ig, opiate or
ion in most
ts. Calcium
ntrated form
ng power of
Calcium Sul-
tain golden
belladonna,
ves and lax-
essential to
lood.

n dry, com-
ets—easy to
cannot lose
evaporation
es do. They
te, are easy
ill cure any
disease and
a perfectly
lition.

around any
looking face
at you and
1, when you
ave a nice,
Stuart's Cal-
many cases
n five days.
Stuart's Cal-
ey cost only

l address on
l send you a
ium Wafers
al to F. A.
Bldg., Mar-

I went. It
fe belt. It
't cut adrift;
o' line. All
in my teeth
at it. But it
cut adrift.



MAGIC
BAKING
POWDER
PURE AND WHOLESOME.
ONE POUND CAN 25c
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

"Then I saw the boat coming. It got nearer and nearer. I could see some one leaning over the bow to grab me, and then I felt the tugging again, and down I went under the water. It was just as I had thought. As I looked up through the water I saw the boat rush past over my head, and I knew, once it was leeward, it could never get back to me. Then I lost consciousness. Of course they went on and told everyone I was lost. But I suppose the Lord hadn't done with me yet; for soon after the steam carrier came along and saw the boat, and then saw me still in the life-buoy. They picked me up, and after a couple of hours rubbed life into me again. So here I am, you see."

God's ways are not ours. Here in this unexpected way he had put into my mouth a subject that would be sure to interest the little company that gathered in the strange trawlers' after-cabin. When the meal was over and the pipes alight again, while the cook-boy washed up the last remains of the meal, I produced my pocketful of hymn-books and proposed to sing. With a ready response, such as sailors generally make to such a proposal, we launched out into "one with a chorus." The various members of the crew chimed in with the nearest tunes they knew, so that it was a cheerful noise together that ascended the hatchway. Owing to the vigour displayed, it reached the man at the wheel, and even he couldn't resist joining in, too, as he steered the ship:—

"Why should I remain,
With ONE step between me and
Jesus?"

The life-buoy and its lessons served as a subject all could understand. The life-buoy hanging in the rigging warns us in finest weather to take heed; it is easily able to hold us in the deepest waters if we take hold. Yet we must trust to it entirely, and get loose from every tie, however little, that binds us to perishing things, if we are to be safe. We must follow His footsteps who went to the cross, and must have no reservations if we are to be useful. Though we cannot shake off the sins that tie and bind

us, Christ is more than a mere life-buoy, for He can and is waiting to set us free if we ask Him.

"What is binding you now, Dick? Will you ask Him to set you free?" For the tie, however small, that holds us to the world, spells death. The tie that binds us to Christ spells life here and hereafter.

Do not despise any opportunity because it seems small. The way to make an opportunity grow is to take hold of it and use it.

Prayer is the key of the day and the lock of the night. We should ever begin and end, bid ourselves good-morrow and good-night, with prayer. This will make our labour prosperous and our rest sweet.—Berkeley.

I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon the window-sill, especially at night. He hops onto the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops to a tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth.—Martin Luther.

No Ability To Digest Food.

NERVOUS SYSTEM SO EXHAUSTED THAT VITAL ORGANS ARE FEEBLE IN ACTION

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The digestive system is a wonderful piece of machinery, but power is necessary to make it effective.

In this case the power is the nerve force contained in the body, and if the nerve force is lacking the digestive system becomes crippled and their is suffering from indigestion, nervous headaches, neuralgic pains, dizzy spells, weakness and discouragement.

Strength cannot be regained from the food you eat so long as digestion is so imperfect, but you can be restored by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which contains in condensed pill form the very elements of nature which go to form new nerve force.

Overwork, worry, anxiety and excessive mental effort exhaust the nervous system at a tremendous rate, and repair must be made before some dreadful form of nervous disease sets in. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food invigorates the nerves which control the digestive fluids, sharpens the appetite, is slightly laxative, so as to encourage the action of the bowels and strengthens every organ of the body.

You can use this treatment feeling certain that every dose is doing you at least some good, and can prove it by noting your increase in weight.

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

Why Have a Silent Piano or Organ?

—or any other unplayed instrument in your home, when, by just turning a key, you can have every sort of music, faultlessly played by finished artists? The Boston Symphony Quartet will play Schumann's "Traumerei" with a beauty of expression rarely heard—the greatest of sopranos, Sembrich, will sing for you. You can even hear the famous Westminster chimes ringing out "Auld Lang Syne" or "Rock of Ages."

Once you hear the smooth, clear, true reproductions of the

Berliner=Victor

Gram-o-phone you will no longer enjoy listening to the stumbling, pounding playing or singing of beginners or mediocre musicians.

With a Berliner-Victor, you can have Caruso sing whenever you like (this wonderful Tenor gets thousands of dollars a night for singing in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York)—or you can have Sousa's Band play—or a Coon-Song gurgled out—or a funny story. Ask for the booklet telling all about the 3000 different records. Sent free.

If you hear the Berliner-Victor, we shan't have to ask you to buy. Prices, \$12.50 to \$120.00



Records from 40c. up.

Get one for Christmas and pay for it on the easy payment plan. Write for particulars.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone Co.
of Canada, Limited,
MONTREAL.

"THE LADY-KING."

Grave little violet-eyes I met
Slow toiling up the stair;
Laden her arms with book and doll,
Laden her brow with care.

To a stand I must come at once—
Something there was to show;
Something she almost hoped, I think,
Perhaps I might not know.

Carefully page by page she turned,
Then with an eager ring—
"Dis is the King of Spain," she cried,
"And dis is the Lady-King!"

We hold you right, little violet-eyes,
She beareth a kingly heart,
This English girl whose royal blood
Hath played, so brave a part.

—M. A. K.

There is a pretty Indian legend of a good spirit who, wishing to benefit a young princess, led her into a ripe and golden cornfield. "See these ears of corn, my daughter; if thou wilt pluck them diligently they will turn to precious jewels; the richer the ear of corn, the brighter the gem. But thou mayest only once pass through this cornfield, and canst not return the same way." The maiden gladly accepted the offer. As she went on, many ripe and full ears of corn she found in her path, but she did not pluck them, always hoping to find better ones further on. But presently the stems grew thinner, the

ears poorer, with scarcely any grains of wheat on them; further on they were blighted, and she did not think them worth picking. Sorrowfully she stood at the end of the field, for she could not go back the same way, regretting the loss of the golden ears she had overlooked and lost. To each of us are golden opportunities offered; life speeds on to the goal from which there is no return. Let us redeem the time for fields are white to harvest.

Once when Charles Wesley was preaching to a crowd of rough stone cutters and quarrymen at Portland, he turned his appeal into metre and improvised a hymn in which occurs the vigorous lines:

"Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy Power to us make known—
Strife with the hammer of Thy Word,
And break these hearts of stone."

Sorrow sounds the deeps, and if rightly taken makes the surface-life impossible. For sorrow lies nearer to the heart of life than joy, and to get near life's heart is always blessed. —G. H. Morrison.

FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

This year's beautiful illustrated Christmas Number of the "Canadian Churchman," which will be issued on the 12th of December, will be sent Free to all new subscribers. Now is the time to subscribe.