

"Treasure" Ranges

Are positively guaranteed to work satisfactorily. You make no mistake if you buy a

BRITISH TREASURE RANGE

No expense has been spared to make the best and most economical range on the market to-day.



BRITISH TREASURE

It is a perfect baker, as all the heat passes in one volume entirely around the oven, therefore you have the oven evenly heated all through.

Every British Treasure is fitted with our Patent Shell Bar Grate, which will not clog.

Grates easily removed for any purpose, without touching the lining of firepot.

The British Treasure is perfectly plain, which makes it very easy to keep clean, all the nickel-plated parts are removable for cleaning, they simply lift off, no bolts to unfasten.

Try a British Treasure and be a satisfied Treasure customer. See you receive the guarantee with it.

Send for a Mrs. Tom's Booklet for useful information; also give us name of your stove dealer.

Treasure Stoves and Ranges sold everywhere.

MANUFACTURED BY

The D. Moore Company, Ltd.

Hamilton, Ontario.



The Rayo Lamp

The Lamp That Saves The Eyes

Children naturally never think of possible strain on their eyesight when poring over a fascinating book.

It is up to you to see they do not ruin their young eyes these long evenings by reading under a poor light.

The Rayo Lamp is an insurance against eye troubles, alike for young and old.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp, but it is constructed on the soundest scientific principles, and there is not a better lamp made at any price.

It is easy on the eye because its light is so soft and white and widely diffused. And a Rayo Lamp never flickers.

Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney, and clean and rewick. Solid brass throughout, with handsome nickel finish. Available in many styles and finishes.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps, or write to any agency of

The Queen City Oil Company, Limited

When Writing Advertisers, Please Mention The Farmer's Advocate.

helping a comrade in need, we are refusing to dwell in the Love of God, refusing our Lord's appeal that we should minister to Him.

Friendship with God—love for Him—is like friendship with anyone. It is the little things that count. A handsome present once or twice a year will not do much to build up a friendship. Friends must keep in touch with each other spiritually, must take pleasure in being together, in talking together, must try to give pleasure to each other, and live up to the friend's ideal of their character. Are we cultivating earnestly that kind of friendship with God? Do we welcome a quiet hour alone with Him, when we can speak to Him or listen for His special confidences to us? Do we try to please Him by thanking Him for all the love He is always giving to each of His children, by being happy in His safe keeping? One who is "in love," feels that it is not a trouble, but a glad privilege, to be allowed to do something for the one beloved, so a soul that is dwelling in the radiance of love for God can find the Divine Lover everywhere. The little children are His, and so are even the wild flowers and the sparrows; the world is full of people, and wherever we come in contact with one of Christ's brethren, we touch Him. Why do we ever let days and weeks slip past without recognizing the Lord we love? Why do we dare to look down contemptuously on any of His brethren, or draw away from them as though they were not our own brothers and sisters? Sometimes we act as if our love for our Master were only make-believe, for—as St. John warns us—it is untrue to say, "I love God," when we are in a state of bitter uncharitableness towards one of His children.—1 St. John iv.: 20. If we intend to dwell in a state of love, Godwards, we must be on our guard to cultivate a real love for the people around us. We are climbing after Him Who is LOVE; stumbling, falling, but climbing still, we cry out to Him for His priceless gift of Love—a Love that may demand the sacrifice of all we have to give, even to life itself. Though we see something of the cost of this best Christian grace, we demand it still, and cry:

"O Love for Men, O human Heart of God,
On that fair day when we shall reach
Thy throne,
We shall behold Thy Face and know Thy Love.
Therefore, for Thy sake, give us eyes
that see
In this the day of earthly pilgrimage
Thy likeness in the souls and hearts of men.
Give us Thy love that we may quick discern
Thy image in Thy sons, our fellow men.
So shall we serve both Thee and them
for love.
E'en as before some wayside shrine of Thee
We stop, to bring sweet flowers and kiss
Thy Feet
And offer for the journey's end a prayer.
Teach us to live Thy Love."

Do you remember that beautiful act of the Master, when He stooped to do the work of a slave and washed with His own hands the feet of His servants? When you find some act of humble service waiting for your hands, you can do it reverently and joyfully, remembering that you are permitted to wash the feet of the Master.

All consecrated work is radiant and splendid. Kneeling in the morning, with heart and eyes lifted to the Face of Christ, you can receive from His hand the orders for each day, and at night offer the finished work as a gift to Him. To dwell constantly in the love of God is to dwell in joy: "A man without religion is to be pitied, but a godless woman is a horror above all things," someone has declared. And it is very easy to drift into a state of godlessness, to forget God day after day. A man once said earnestly to Abraham Lincoln: "I hope, Mr. Lincoln, that God is on our side." He was rather astonished to hear the unexpected reply, "That does not concern me."

"What!" said his startled follower. "It does not concern you to have God on our side?"

"No," was the quiet answer, "what

concerns me is that we shall be on God's side."

God has called us to work and fight for Him, and our eyes and ears must be watching and listening for His hourly directions. As soldiers and servants, it is not our business to choose our own work and then call on the King to help us in it, but our business is to find out His wishes and work obediently at His side. Then every moment will be lifted into the glory of God's Presence, and the humblest duties will be ennobled by the fact that He cares about us and our work. The Master is offering you His Love, and trying to catch your attention this moment. Could any king receive a greater honor than that?

"Rejoice that not unworthy thou art found
For Love to touch thee with His hand
Divine;
Put off thy shoes, thou art on holy ground;
Thou standest on the threshold of His shrine."

DORA FARNCOMB.

A Suitable Christmas Present.

"The Vision of His Face."

By the author of "Hope's Quiet Hour."

This book contains seventeen chapters—more than 200 pages. Cloth, with gilt lettering, reduced to 75 cents, postpaid. Handsome binding, richly decorated with gold, \$1, postpaid.

Canadian edition, The William Weld Co., London, Canada.

BISHOP BRENT (of the Philippine Islands) writes: "It's simplicity, it's unstudied devoutness, it's buoyancy—it is as though beaded bubbles winked at its brim; commend the book to me."

CANON DYSON HAGUE says: "The book is valuable in the extreme. It is a devotional work of deeply spiritual quality."

REX. J. STUART HOLDEN writes: "This book vibrates with the music of the harp, and I am certain that those who take it up in the desire of gaining more clearly the Vision of the King in His beauty, will lay it down with deep gratitude and satisfaction of heart."

The Ingle Nook.

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The Fatal Spirit of Rivalry.

Dear Ingle Nook Folk,—I was rather amused to-day to read the following article on "The Fatal Spirit of Rivalry" in Boston Cooking School Magazine;—amused because I have heard the same complaint so often in connection with our own Women's Institute and Sewing Club meetings.

Perhaps discussion of the subject just at this season, when clubs of all kinds begin to flourish again, may be opportune.

"Why is it that when people belong to a club that meets at the members' houses, they are apt to cause ill-feeling—even to bring the whole thing to an untimely end—by trying to outdo each other in the matter of food? I have known three such cases lately and it seems such a pity."

"Early last winter my sixteen-year-old niece was asked to join a skating club of boys and girls. They were to go skating every Saturday evening, and then go to somebody's house for something to eat. It was stipulated that these refreshments should be extremely simple, but no more definite limit was imposed. For a time all went well. The young people were treated to cocoa and sandwiches, or to oyster stew and crackers, and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Then came a night when the hostess set before them chicken salad, ice cream, cake and coffee. 'Regular party food,' one girl said scornfully.