

The Hurry Habit

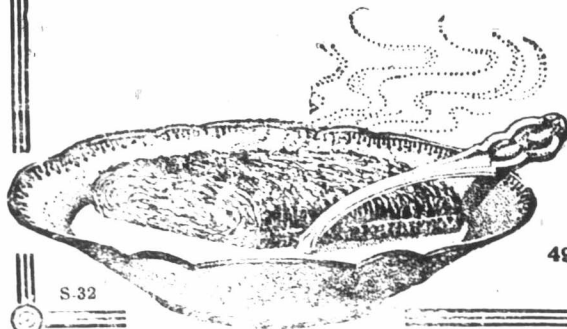
Hurry and Worry are the advance agents of Nerve Exhaustion. Avoid them. It is easy to get Johnny off to school or husband off to work in the home without hurry or worry where

SHREDDED WHEAT

is served at the morning meal. Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. Two of the Biscuits with hot milk or cream make a warm, nourishing meal, supplying all the strength needed for a half-day's work or play.

For breakfast heat the Biscuit in the oven a few moments to restore crispness; then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. It is deliciously nourishing and wholesome for any meal with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, preserved peaches, pineapple or other fruits. At your grocer's.

MADE IN CANADA
A CANADIAN FOOD FOR CANADIANS



The Canadian
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Toronto Office:
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der and took their seat on the fatal pile; then the cry 'Cha, 'kill,' burst forth, rifle-fire was opened on the poor victims, a copious supply of petrol was poured over them, and a burst of flame announced to the town the victory of the literati!

"This is not all, however. 'Man-hunting' has begun; \$10 is the price laid on the head of every leper—\$5 for information leading to his cap-

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Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No clogging. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold-ing and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz. 40c, 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.
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393 Hargrave St., Winnipeg

ture, and another \$5 for arresting him. This morning a young man was arrested at his home, among his family, conducted to the parade-ground, shot, and burned."

In issuing a proclamation in which these facts were duly stated, Tsan Hao Ming, the president, concludes with the words: "I assured myself of universal approbation."

Such an atrocious act will have a great influence in deciding the attitude of foreign nations towards the Republic, thinks the "North China Daily News" (Shanghai).

Boys and Girls

A LITTLE GIRL AND HER MISSIONARY JUG.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

"Father, what is a missionary?" asked little Lucy Gray, running into the house, with flushed cheeks and excited eyes.

Dr. Gray lowered his paper and

looked over his spectacles, as he answered shortly, "A fanatic, child, a fanatic."

"A—a what, father?" she asked with a puzzled air. "Is it nice to be what you say?" Lucy was a little doubtful from the tone in which it was spoken.

"As nice as to be a missionary, I reckon," replied her father, taking up his paper again.

"Then, father," with slow decision, "I wish I was a—a fanatic, 'cause I think a missionary is drefful nice."

Dr. Gray laughed, and laying aside his paper he drew his little daughter to his knee, as he asked, "What do you know about missionaries, little one?"

"O father," she replied earnestly, "a missionary man talked in Sunday School to-day and he was splendid! He told us stories about a country away 'cross the sea where he lives, and where the people are so wicked that they don't even love their little children, and they sometimes kill them."

"It must have been interesting," interrupted the doctor, with a slight sneer, which, however, was lost on little Lucy.

"But, father, wait," she said eagerly. "This is what they do before they know about Jesus; but when they love Him, they love the little children and everybody, and are not wicked any more."

"Oh!" said her father. "And did he ask you all to go to that heathen country to convert these interesting people?"

"Oh, no," Lucy replied, looking inquiringly into his face, for she did not quite understand the tone in which he spoke, as it was one rarely used to her; "but he said we could help to send somebody else while we are little, and I mean to try. Do you mind if I do, father?"

"Oh, no, child; do anything you like if it amuses you; but give me a kiss now, for I must go to see some sick folks. That is my missionary work."

Dr. Gray was the only physician in a small village. His skill in the profession caused him to be in the greatest demand, and his practice extended through all the country round about. Married late in life, all the love of his mature years was poured out at the feet of his pretty young wife; and although people shook their heads at what they considered a strange match they watched in vain for any evil to arise. Even the most prying eyes could discover naught but happiness in their pleasant home. We see many strangely matched teams in this world every day that nevertheless pull pretty heavy loads together; and the burdens of life seemed very light to Dr. Gray, as he journeyed on with his fair young yoke-fellow by his side.



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This commonsense treatment we speak of is Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's J.B.L. Cascade, now recommended by the best physicians and used by over 300,000 people. If you are a sufferer from any of these skin tortures profit by the experience of Wm. DeVoy, 703 Seventh Avenue, Lethbridge, Alta., who writes as follows: "I feel it my duty as a thankful patient to express my enthusiasm for the great blessing the J.B.L. Cascade has been to me. Previous to using it I could not go a day without a drug of some sort. Since using it I have not, on my word of honor, swallowed five cents' worth of drugs. I spent over \$300 in the two years previous to hearing of the J.B.L. Cascade. Would that all young men and women I see in this town with their faces covered with horrid, unsightly pimples might use it. They would soon get rid of them as I did."

In plain justice to yourself learn more about this simple and remarkable treatment. Write to-day to Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 561-9, 280 College St., Toronto, Ont., and he will send you free his book, entitled, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient."

But one day she grew weary and lay down to rest, and the light and love faded from her sweet eyes and left him in darkness. Then he who had so often been instrumental in restoring the comfort to other homes when it had well nigh departed, was comfortless. Thus it remained through many weary months, until one day, as he looked on the face of his baby-daughter, he saw the likeness of her mother there. From that day the tendrils of her young love twined themselves around his heart and bound up the bleeding wounds, and he was comforted. Oh, it was a rare love that encircled the heart of little Lucy Gray, as she grew more and more in the likeness of that dear dead mother, so that she did not miss the mother-love that she had never known.

Dr. Gray was a Christian. That is to say, he had joined the church when quite young, and was for years an active member, rarely missing a service. But in later years, as his practice increased, it grew to be quite the natural thing for him to start on a long drive into the country to visit his patients as the church bells were calling others to the house of God, so that now he was seldom seen in church. His life was upright and conscientious, and he felt rather gratified than otherwise that his name, fair and clean, could be seen on the church roll; but as to any active service for the Master, he knew nothing. In dealing so much with ma-

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