

CHILD'S AWFUL SKIN HUMOUR

Screamed with Pain—Suffering Nearly Broke Parent's Heart—Twelve Years of Misery—Doctor Called Case Incurable—Helped from First, and

SPEEDILY CURED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I wish to inform you that your wonderful Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctors treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed, and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering, it surely breaks my heart. The screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep.

"One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial.

"I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold; and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. (Signed) Michael Steinman, 7 Summer Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for every Eruption, from Pimples to Scalds, from Itchiness to Acne, including all forms of Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Psoriasis, etc. in form of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent. Cuticura is sold in all drug stores, or by mail for 25c. per box. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, each 25c. per box. Cuticura is sold in all drug stores, or by mail for 25c. per box. Cuticura is sold in all drug stores, or by mail for 25c. per box.

Sir William Meredith's Retort.
Lippincott's Magazine has the following: The present Chief Justice of Ontario, Sir William Meredith, was for many years engaged in the practice of criminal law, and afterwards became a notable figure in Provincial politics, as leader of "Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition" in the Ontario Parliament. He is a man of fine presence, with a lionine mane of white hair, and might be speaking in Toronto at a turbulent meeting held toward the close of a hot campaign, when he was sharply interrupted by a strident voice from the top gallery:

"Aw, Willum, go an' get your hair cut!"

Instantly Meredith threw back his magnificent head, and, fixing the offender with the stern eye of the practiced examiner, exclaimed:

"My friend, if my memory serves me, I once had something to do with getting your hair cut."

There were no more interruptions. George Herbert Clarke.

Ponoka the Beautiful.
The other day attention was drawn to the manner in which a Western town got its name. A correspondent of the Winnipeg Free Press writes about Ponoka on the Battle River. He says it is a Cree word, meaning beautiful river, or beautiful deer. It is strange that a person who should take the trouble to write about a name would not find out what it did mean. Of course many of the Indian words in being put into English dress become so changed that even the Indian scholar is doubtful as to what they mean. Some day some one will arise to write a history of the settlement of Western Canada as disclosed in its place names on the lines of what Mr. H. F. Gardiner has done for Ontario in his "Nothing but Names," which is an inquiry into the origin of the names of the counties and townships of Ontario.

The less experience a man has the more advice he gives.

GOLD MEDAL

FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION

1904.

Only medal for Ale in Canada.

THE WINTER EVENINGS

HOW THEY ARE EMPLOYED INFLUENCE THE CHARACTER.

A TIMELY TALMAGIAN TOPIC

Preacher Pleads For a Wise and Careful Method of Spending the Leisure Period of the Day—What Men Should Do After Their Work For the Day Is Done—How Rest May Be Got From Change of Activities.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Oliver, Toronto, to the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 18.—The influence on character of the occupation of the evening hours is the topic of this sermon, which is especially timely at the beginning of winter. The preacher pleads for a wise and careful method of spending the leisure period of the day. The text is Psalm cly, 22, "When I go forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening."

I never take a walk or ride upon a street car or enter a store or finish a journey upon a railroad train without being impressed with the universal fact that this is a busy world. Most people are in a treadmill of ceaseless activity. Of course there are individual exceptions to this rule, but the vast majority of the human race are working just as hard and as long hours as it is possible for them to do. We may think that some men are not working up to the full limit of their mental and physical capacity, but if we once put ourselves in these men's places invariably we will find out that we could not work harder than they if we tried to do their kind of labor. "What a lazy fellow!" once said a gentleman who was impatiently watching a workman emptying a tank of water into the drain by means of a bucket. "Why, I could fill that bucket twice as fast as that fellow!" At last he determined to set his workman an example of the right kind of industry. So he took the pail out of his employee's hands and went to work with intense zeal. The water simply flew out of that tank. Instead of filling the pail two or three times a minute, he emptied six or eight bucketsful of water a minute. "There," he said to his workman, "Why do you not work like that?" "Please, your honor," answered the workman, "would you be kind enough to go on working that way for another twenty minutes?"

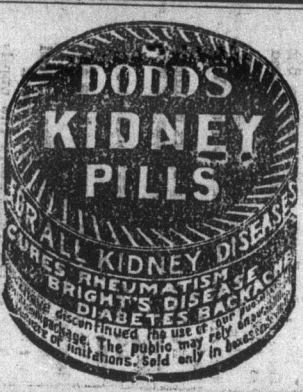
I never doubted that six pails could be emptied in a minute, but what I want to know is how long you could keep on working at that rate if you had to work all day long. It is easy to work a good race horse to run a mile under three minutes, but how many miles could he cover at that rate? Yes, I am right when I assert that the vast majority of people are working up to the full limit of their physical and mental capacity. If they were compelled to do much more, they would soon have a physical collapse, as an overdriven horse might be easily killed if forced to go far at racing speed.

This worldwide work starts at early dawn and continues right on to sunset. Hour after hour the watchman paces his lonely beat during the long, dark hours of the night. No one seems to be anywhere around. The great city seems to be dead. One o'clock passes. Two o'clock comes. At last still. The 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock. Then the milk wagons begin to rumble. The electric cars begin to roll. By and by the myriads upon myriads of people begin to stir. Then the day workmen begin to climb their scaffolding, and the mechanics sit at their benches, and factory wheels begin to turn, and the stores are crowded with customers, and the law courts are filled with busy lawyers, and the various human beehives begin to hum and buzz with life. But as the sun and stars begin to show, the day speeds on the tired laborer begins to look at their watches. Three o'clock in the afternoon comes. Then 4, 5, 6. Then the factory whistle blows. The great business centres of the town are emptied. The workers are put up. The securities are locked away in the vaults. The showcases are covered with protecting cloths. Man may work eight, ten or even twelve hours, but the evenings for the most part are his own.

Now, I want to consider with you what we shall do with our evenings. I am not here to talk about what we shall do as clerks down at the store, when the eyes of our employers are on us. But what shall we do with our winter evenings, when we are practically our own masters and can do with our time as we will?

The evening, in the first place, should be the home hour. It is the time when a man should get acquainted with his family. It is the time when he should become a child again. Then, instead of being like Paul and putting away "childish things," he should drop the cares of the store and play with his children and shoot marbles with his boys across the figures of the carpet and tell stories to his little ones, as Eugene Field used to make rhymes for his babies. It is the time when you should try to beat your biggest boy at a game of checkers and when you should read your eldest daughter's last composition and find out how she likes her new teacher. Then, after the babies are put to bed and the good-night prayers have been said and the kisses given, it is the time when you should draw your chair up to the sitting-room fire alongside of your wife's chair. While she is darning the stockings is the time when you should open to her your whole heart and tell her everything about your hopes and your plans.

My brother, have you a right to outgrow your lover's love? Have you a right to steal from the home those sacred hours which you ought to consecrate to the companionship of your wife and children? Shall we do as many men are doing who never have their children think of their fathers except as money-making machines? Shall we let our wives work and slave for us and yet have that aching heart void which only a true husband's love and companionship can fill? I wonder if when we come to die some of us will spend most of our time regretting



the evenings which we have spent away from our children and from our dear wives who have done so much for us? Indeed, my brother, do you not regret even now the evenings you have spent away from home?

Your children when they grow up should be able to look upon you as something different from a mere boarder. When Major D. W. Whipple, the evangelist, some years ago was suddenly called upon to preach to a great audience which had assembled in Pittsburg, he turned to his wife just before he left the hotel and said, "My dear, what shall I preach upon?" Major Whipple's little daughter spoke up and said, "Papa, tell them to come home." By that she meant, "Tell them to come to a heavenly Father, who has never ceased to love his children, who will never leave them unprotected for and who will never let them wander beyond his care." That was what the one sentence symbolized. To-night in the eyes of your children stand as the representative of a loving heavenly Father. Have you by your actions taught your children to feel that there is no place in all the wide world where you would sooner be than by their side? Have you taught them that they can come to you in every trouble and that you will be to them a loving, tender, protecting, gentle, forgiving friend? As a father and a breadwinner you must work from early morning until the sunset hour. But what have you been doing with your evenings? Have you given them to the club, and to the lodge, and to business, and to outside pleasures and devoted any of them to holy associations with your family?

The evenings also should be held sacred for mental improvement. They should be the time when we should lay out a systematic course of reading and study. They should be the time when we find out what is happening in the great wide world and what progress the world has been making in the last fifty or hundred years. It is just as easy to discuss the characters of great men and learn about the policies of Governments as it is to gossip about your neighbors' affairs. It is far more beneficial to the mind and restful to the fagged-out mental and physical energies to try to study the origin of China's superstitions than it is to enter into the quarrels of some husband and wife who are living on the opposite corner of your own home. By personal observation I know among a man and a woman do not rigidly keep their evenings employed for their own mental and spiritual development they are apt to get into mischief.

There never was a truer proverb written than that which says, "The devil has to seek the busy man, but the innocent man hunts the devil." Martin Luther well illustrated this fact when he said, "When I am assailed with heavy tribulations I rush out among my pigs rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill—when you put wheat under it, it turns and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat in it, it still grinds on, but then it is

itself it grinds and wears away."

Luther was right. You must set yourself some definite task during the winter evenings else you will get into mischief. You will be like the millstone grinding itself away. You must have your evenings occupied with useful duties else you will drift into sinful pleasures. There is no exception to this rule.

"What," you say, "what is the good of your talking to me about giving my evenings up to work? When I come home from the store I am so dead tired I can hardly move. What my brain needs is rest. I can only go to some vaudeville performance and have a good laugh or go and have a good dance, all is well. I do not want work but rest—complete rest." Oh, no my friend, you are wrong. The mind and body are never properly rested and recreated by doing something foolish and mentally enervating. You are depleting your mind and emasculating it, as some people spoil their children. The some of us treat our minds like spoiled children. We say, "I am resting my mind. I will go to a cheap theatre or to a dance hall." No, you are not resting it. You are feeding it with oaks and candy. Rest of mind simply comes from change of work. What you need to do is to give your winter evenings to good reading, to good thoughts and to high ideals. This means work, but it will mean work that will recreate and strengthen your energies, depleted by the struggles of the day. We are willing to pay the price by which our evenings can provide us with a true, beneficial mental development?

But I take a step farther and declare that a large part of our evenings should be consecrated to direct service to Jesus Christ. These should be the sacred hours when you say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do for my own self or for my own family?" "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do for my neighbor?" You know that the Lord's commandment is to give a tenth of our income to him. But that is not enough. We must also give to him our time and our service. Most of us cannot give this time and service during the day. These hours belong to our employer, and he goes forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening. But we can give to God's service part of our evenings. And we must give to him these hours because he is to do the work he wants us to do.

"But," you say, "I cannot understand you. Is not this inconsistent with your advice to stay home with our families? Now, how can I visit hospitals and go into sickrooms and look after the poor unless I turn my back upon my family? Can a man be in two places at the same time? Can a farmer help a neighbor build his barn and plough his own fields on the same day? How can one look after his own children and yet be associated with those who need help and who are not members of his own family?" I am glad you mention this. You are just the person with whom I want to talk. You say you are a family man. You say you would be willing to give up certain evenings of your life to serve Christ if thereby you would not have to neglect your family duties. Go forth and invite to your own home the young men and the young women who are living in boarding-houses. Ask them sometimes to supper. Surround them with the influences of your Christian home. You cannot serve God better than by working for him in just this way. I want to tell you the history of a noble Christian woman, and what she did in a city of the east.

This lady was not wealthy. She had but little money and a family of growing children. Man may live in his work and to his labor until the evening, but this woman had to work in the evenings as well. So she said to herself, "I can do little, but that little I will do for my Master. My home shall always be my Saviour's home, and every one I can welcome here in his name I gladly will." She went to work for Christ. She gathered up a large Sunday school class of boys who, for the most part, were homeless. By that I mean those boys who were away from their fathers and mothers and living in boarding-houses. There were eighteen or twenty of them. These she used to invite to her home. Every week she would have some of them to dinner. Her next-door neighbors were their parlor. Her books were their books. When they were sick she took them into her own home and cared for them. Would you like to know the result of that humble Christian woman's life? When I was called to my Chicago church I found every one of the members of that Christian lady's Sunday school class harnessed up in Christian work. Although these young men had been boarding-house boys when they first came to Chicago, they were then grown up men, all of them members of the church of Jesus Christ and workers in his vineyard. Cannot you do the same for Christ? Can you not make your Christian home the place of spiritual refuge for those who have no Christian homes and who can be won for Jesus by gathering them around your fireside during the winter evenings?

But I cannot close this talk on evening occupations without placing a special emphasis upon the fact that at least a part of each evening should be consecrated to God for studying his holy word and for prayer. It should be the time when we should go off alone to read the Bible or to open the dear book in the midst of our loved ones and let the messages which God has written for us and the divine commandments which teach us how to live and how to die. The majority of people never study the Bible intelligently. They rarely read it alone. It is to them a sealed book except as it is interpreted for them by the pulpit. It is just as much a sealed book as during the dark ages, when no layman was allowed to touch it any more than the holy of holies during Mosiac times. Your ignorance of the Bible is so appalling that I do not believe you know whether the book of Corinthians is in the Old Testament or the New. I do not believe you could tell me, to save your life, why Jesus was born in Bethlehem or why Moses was not allowed to enter the promised land. Now, you would laugh at a woman who was so ignorant as to suppose that Goethe wrote "Hamlet" or that Alfred Tennyson was the author of "Thanatopsis." Yet you are so ignorant of God's word that

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SOFT AND PLEASANT NOT THE ITCHING KIND

Some underwear always seems to rub you the wrong way—a nasty, prickly, disagreeable feeling. You know how that kind makes you squirm.

Ceetee UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

Insist upon seeing this trade mark. If Ceetee is not all we claim to be, let it be replaced by a dealer who will replace it. If dealers have it, they will replace it.

It is as soft and fits as well at the end of the season as at the beginning.

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THE C. TURNBULL CO. LTD. GALT, CANADA.

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